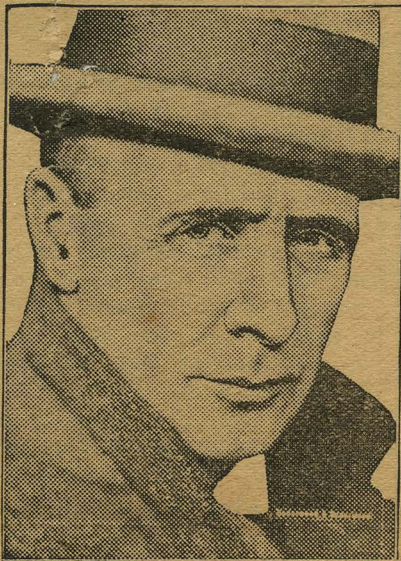


"MacMillan" Will Be a Familiar Name



The name of Donald B. MacMillan will be as familiar next winter to Americans as that of President Coolidge. Why? Because thousands of radio enthusiasts in the United States will be trying to get him from the frozen North and everyone with any kind of an outfit will listen in. For positive assertions are made that radio reports of the expedition's progress will be sent back daily on a wave length of 20 meters for general dissemination by the United States navy and the National Geographic society, under the auspices of which the expedition will operate.

Navy plans for co-operation in the ninth expedition into the Arctic zone of MacMillan next June have been practically completed. The expedition will leave Boston in June and base at Etah, with an advance plane base at the northern tip of Axel Heiberg land, or, if the ice permits, even farther to

increase the range of the planes by use of which it is hoped to do in days more than previously has been accomplished only through months of arduous toil.

Each of the three airplanes will be equipped with map-making cameras capable of mapping 750 miles of shore line at a width of ten miles and through their aid it is expected that new lands will be put on world maps and much of the vast unknown area between the Arctic circle and the North pole will be eliminated.

An article a day of enduring significance, in condensed permanent booklet form

BORN 1874 - DIED 1970

BY RUTHERFORD PLATT

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I'VE MET.

Donald B. MacMillan: explorer, scientist
and teacher of courage and beauty to men

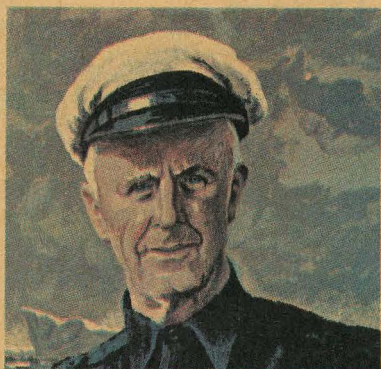
NEARLY 19 years ago I had the luckiest half-hour in my life.

Waiting for a train in Boston, I read a newspaper item about the great explorer Donald B. MacMillan, who was soon to take his famous schooner *Bowdoin* to Greenland again. That very morning I had learned from a botany journal that Danish scientists had found fossils of elm and maple trees 300 miles above the Arctic Circle in Greenland. Excited at the possibility that this island on the roof of North America had been warm and verdant in a distant past, I wondered if MacMillan would be interested in

checking to see if there once had been a Greenland forest.

I wrote MacMillan at his home in Provincetown, Mass. He replied and invited me to go along as the expedition botanist. "But you understand you must be a member of the crew," he said. I agreed, figuring this would involve only minor chores.

So in June 1947, I arrived on Fishermen's Wharf, Boothbay Harbor, Maine, to join the MacMillan Polar Expedition. Before stepping aboard I paused to watch the salty-looking men in dungarees hustling around in a confusion of rigging. Suddenly I felt like a new boy at school. How



quickly my incompetence would show among these old hands!

"Where can I find the Commander?" I asked. One of the men in dungarees pointed straight up. There, high in the rigging, I saw the 73-year-old MacMillan, in shabby pants and a paint-splotched canvas cap, vigorously applying varnish to the mast. He waved, reached for a halyard and slid down. "Glad you got here, Rud. Your bunk is midships, portside. You'll take the wheel next week."

MacMillan had the strongest voice I had ever heard, yet there was a profound quietness about him. His essential quality was poise. It gave him an aura of trustworthiness, the mark of an unquestioned leader. If this compact, blue-eyed man with the Down East twang has confidence in me, I thought, maybe I *could* help sail the ship. Within the hour I was polishing brass on deck.

Formula for Courage. At mess that evening I found that most of the "old hands" were no more

schooner men than I. There was a geology professor from Illinois; a 70-year-old Pennsylvania pretzel manufacturer; a surgeon from Maine; students from Harvard, Trinity, Bowdoin. We were a dozen men, aged 17 to 70, all alien to the sea; yet we formed a crew, made ready and sailed away to the polar regions. To MacMillan we were his "boys." He treated each inexperienced hand as a responsible, trustworthy seaman. On your first trick at the wheel Mac was there, casually pacing the deck. You did not realize that he was watching. Then he ordered a little to starboard, to port. He never showed any doubt that you could do your job. And, somehow, you didn't let him down.

On that 1947 expedition, in his quiet manner and with few words, he taught us his philosophy of life. We learned about courage, the practical matter-of-fact kind that MacMillan had made the keystone of his life. Usually courage is thought to be resoluteness or boldness. Mac's brand was simply the knowledge that he was prepared for any emergency. I was middle-aged, a little soft around the middle, had never done anything more adventurous than hunt for woodland plants, but I came to believe Mac's message: courage is available to everyone. Keep a level head, he taught us. Do your best; remember that courage is just a matter of being ready when the unexpected happens.

I can still hear MacMillan's voice from the ice barrel high on the for-

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ward mast—it was tremendous, booming, overtopping the roaring wind. Who could be afraid with a captain who could out-yell the wind? But he never boomed an oath. Once, on a dangerous course among icebergs, he called down, "Hard a-starboard!" to avoid a berg. In the excitement the helmsman turned to port. The schooner struck with a terrific bang. MacMillan said nothing. How that boy worked to redeem himself in Mac's eyes!

As we plowed northward, Mac was always observing, studying the actions of clouds and sea, the feel of the wind, the behavior of birds. He had come to know every mile, almost every dangerous rock, on our course—along the coast of Maine, past Nova Scotia, along Labrador, across to Greenland, up to within ten degrees of the North Pole.

A Man Called Nagelak. At Greenland, we put in at Eskimo villages. MacMillan was a great hero all along the Labrador and Greenland coasts. The Eskimos called him *Nagelak*, the Leader. When we sailed away from Umanak (today the site of the Thule Air Base) every man, woman and child of the Eskimo tribe of North Greenland came to line the shore and wave good-by.

Part of MacMillan's strength came from his seafaring ancestors. His mother was a shipbuilder's daughter, his father a captain of fishing schooners when Mac was born in 1874 in Provincetown. His father was his hero, strong and weather-beaten, who told exciting tales of the

sea. Every year his father sailed away for months, and each fall mother and son climbed the dunes to watch for a sail. One November, when the boy was nine, they watched for a sail that never came. Schooner and all hands were lost at sea, probably in a deadly nor'easter off Newfoundland.

Only the year before, Mac had shared his father's cabin as far as Nova Scotia. It was the peak of his young life: the creak of timbers, the thump of boots on the deck overhead as he lay in his bunk, the magic circle of the horizon with him and his father in the middle. Now, in lonely night hours, he fought his soul's battle—and chose not to surrender to the terrible fear of life.

To help his mother, Dan, as the boy was nicknamed, picked cranberries after school, skinned codfish, pumped the organ on Sundays. Three years later, he turned sorrowfully from his mother's grave.

In Freeport, Maine, where he went to live with his married sister, he studied with burning curiosity. "To learn something" became the overpowering passion of his life. In his senior year of high school the principal called him in. "You must go to college." Dan said he had no money. "You must find a way to go," the principal replied. Bowdoin College was nearby and, to earn his way, Dan worked as high-school janitor, sold books house to house, drove a milk cart, ran a private gymnasium, taught country school.

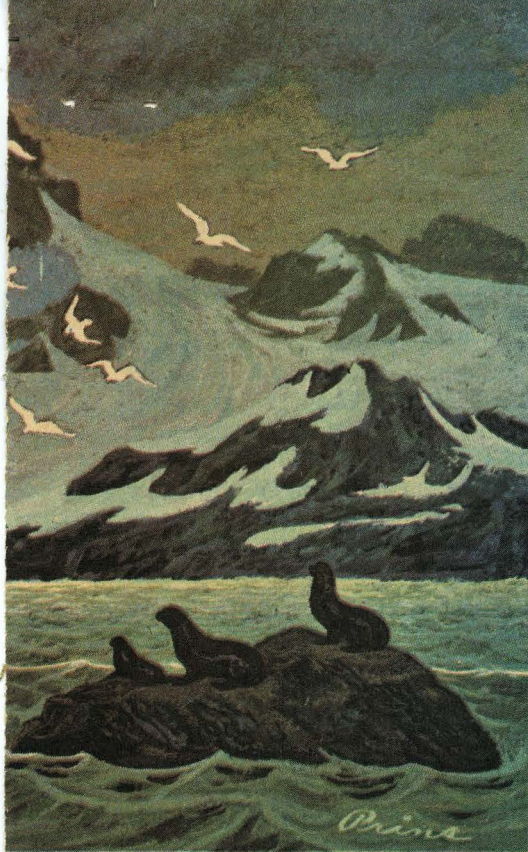
He was clearly cut out to be a



teacher. After his graduation from Bowdoin, he became principal of a high school at North Gorham, Maine, taught at a preparatory school in Pennsylvania and then, in 1903, went to Worcester Academy in Massachusetts as the gym director. But schooners, salty tales and a boy's dream were not forgotten.

A Taste of Adventure. In the meantime, MacMillan had established a summer camp on the Maine coast to teach boys navigation and sailing. One night he heard cries for help. Dan jumped into the camp

dory and saved six people whose boat was wrecked on a reef. By outlandish chance, four days later he again heard cries for help. This time he pulled four people out of the treacherous waters. Robert E. Peary, the arctic explorer, who had a summer house near the camp, heard about the rescues, made inquiries about the young teacher and developed an interest in him. In the spring of 1908 came a telegram: "If interested in arctic exploration, come see me at once, New York City. Robert E. Peary."



Dan went, then rushed back to school to tender his resignation. "MacMillan," the headmaster said, "I do not accept your resignation. When you get over this crazy idea of freezing to death, come back here where you belong." Today, 58 years later, Dan MacMillan is still on leave from Worcester Academy.

On the Peary expedition of 1908-9 MacMillan saw a fantastic polar world—fleets of gleaming icebergs parading in the sea, cliffs painted flame-red by lichens, birds glittering like golden snowflakes in the setting

sun. All too soon the fabulous adventure was finished. How could he return to the polar planet—on his own, without money?

The next three summers Dan made it as far as Labrador. Finally, in 1913, he commanded the famous Crocker Land expedition—a black thread of 19 men and 165 dogs who emerged from a schooner in North Greenland and filed westward along the north unexplored rim of America, living like Eskimos on polar bear and walrus.

No Relief in Sight. For two years the expedition made soundings, collected data on walrus, polar bear, musk-ox. Then the men returned to the rendezvous in Greenland during the summer thaw to wait for the relief ship. But the ship failed to get through ice-blocked seas. MacMillan spent another winter surveying. Again they waited; again there was no plume of smoke on the horizon. MacMillan headed the teams into another unexplored region. He shouted his dogs on and on—in four years he and his sledges crisscrossed 10,500 miles of the polar region. That fourth summer MacMillan again waited at the rendezvous, surrounded by 200 boxes of specimens and a restless crowd of Eskimos and dogs. This time they saw the plume of smoke, and so ended his historic dogsled expedition.

In those four years, Dan had become quieter, more inward. He had seen, instead of the dread arctic night in which so many men perish or go mad, "indescribable beauty

and serenity." Perhaps only the brave can know such beauty. He returned to civilization with an astounding idea which was to enable him to be at once explorer, scientist and teacher of men.

Arctic Shuttle Service. He designed a schooner like none other ever built. She was double-ribbed, sheathed in ironwood, with a spoon bow able to lift up and crack down an opening through an ice field. She had an engine that could burn a mixture of whale oil, seal oil and kerosene. To pay for this ship, he would run a shuttle service to the polar north. Scientists and students would buy a bunk, be the crew, learn seamanship, toughen their spirits with adventure.

The plan of making such voyages with amateur crews seemed madness. But men believed in his dream, and the beautiful ship was built. In 1921, when the schooner *Bowdoin* sailed on her maiden voyage, she was recognized as one of the strongest wood ships in the world (she still is). Graceful as a seabird, she became the nucleus of a unique institution of learning. The "boys," today teachers, scientists, doctors, leaders of industry, brought back pictures, records and collections which flowed into universities and museums. MacMillan spread the message of courage—and arctic beauty—through his lectures and books. In all, he ran 18 polar expeditions—taking 300 gentlemen sailors far beyond the Arctic Circle and bringing them back again, every one.

After 14 years of *Bowdoin* expeditions, Dan, at 61, married Miriam Look, the daughter of an old friend. He says with a twinkle in his eye, "I waited for her to grow up."

Three years later Dan decided to let Miriam accompany the expedition as far as Labrador, then return on the mail packet. After glorious, sea-tossed days she was packing her duffel to leave when a man handed her a paper: "Lady Mac is a good scout. We, the undersigned members of the 1938 MacMillan Expedition . . . unanimously elect her a member of the expedition."

Thereafter Miriam was part of the crew.

Sail On, Sail On. During World War II MacMillan sailed with a crew of bluejackets to locate airfields in Greenland. His *Bowdoin* led Navy supply ships through the fog, among reefs, into the fjords. In 1954, Congress commissioned MacMillan Rear Admiral, U.S.N., Ret., "in recognition of invaluable services."

That was the year I sailed north with him again. In Greenland, he took an interest in every specimen collected by his crew, from rocks to the embryo of a little auk. He was then in his 80th year. Nothing warned us that the trip home would be the most adventurous of all.

We had sailed south as far as North Labrador, and were lying peacefully at anchor in Hopedale that October when MacMillan noted that the glass had dropped an inch in an hour. To sea! We put out and rounded a headland and dropped

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both anchors. Then a great wind, Hurricane Hazel, struck. Our anchors held.

Next afternoon the weather was still rough, and we continued south inside a chain of rocky islands. There were no beacons here, for ships do not navigate inshore in the dark. As twilight fell, we were still inside, with waves thundering on rocks all around.

It was my trick at the wheel. MacMillan stood close by in silence. "Hard starboard," he said in a quiet voice. We were headed into the breakers on the mainland rocks! MacMillan concentrated on the outlines of rocks against the dim glow of the western sky. "Hard port." We swerved, all but sucked into the crashing surf. "Hard starboard!"

I never felt the power of MacMillan's authority more. This course seemed suicide, yet nobody uttered a sound. Only MacMillan knew that there was a gap in the rocks—and we slid through the hellish surf with rocks so close you could almost touch them on either side. Suddenly we were floating peacefully in a little harbor. Instinctively I grasped Dan's hand. He muttered under his breath, "Just a stunt." Later he told me that he remembered the harbor's location because a North Pole expedition had called there—41 years before!

Now I understood the MacMillan miracle, how he brought back his "boys" without losing a man. Luck? Of course. But the infinite pains MacMillan took reduced the need for luck. Mac hadn't been afraid because every minute he had known precisely what he was doing. He met many perils but few surprises.

After 38 years and well over 200,000 miles the *Bowdoin* with MacMillan, 85, on board, sailed to her final berth in Mystic Seaport, Conn., where today thousands of visitors every year walk the deck.

Last summer some of us went to call on Mac in his home overlooking Provincetown Harbor. He was in his 92nd year but, as we sailed into the bay at ebb tide, Mac came splashing out into the shallow water through the wind and cold waves to shake hands. In the evening, after Miriam's tangy haddock chowder and broiled lobsters, we settled down in the living room, among tall lamps made of spiraling narwhal ivory, polar-bear rugs, walrus harpoons, fantastic Eskimo carvings.

Presently Mac became thoughtful. "The *Bowdoin* is still seaworthy," he said. "Perhaps we could get together some of the boys and take her to sea for a day or two." At that moment, we were all once again on the familiar deck, with the billowing sails white against a blue sky.



It takes individual action—national greatness is a product of sense, not census.

—Detroit Emergency Press

Thus, the schooner *Bowdoin* epitomizes the personality of a skilled explorer--Donald B. MacMillan--just as MacMillan represents the remarkable career of his illustrious schooner. The combination of man and schooner can be truly said to bring to Mystic Seaport a unique representation of the qualities of self-reliance and determination which the sea brings out in the mariner.

As a result of their lifetime of exciting voyages to the Arctic, the MacMillans wrote numerous books, recounting their experiences and the extraordinary services of their sturdy schooner. These volumes may be seen in the special exhibit at Mystic Seaport.

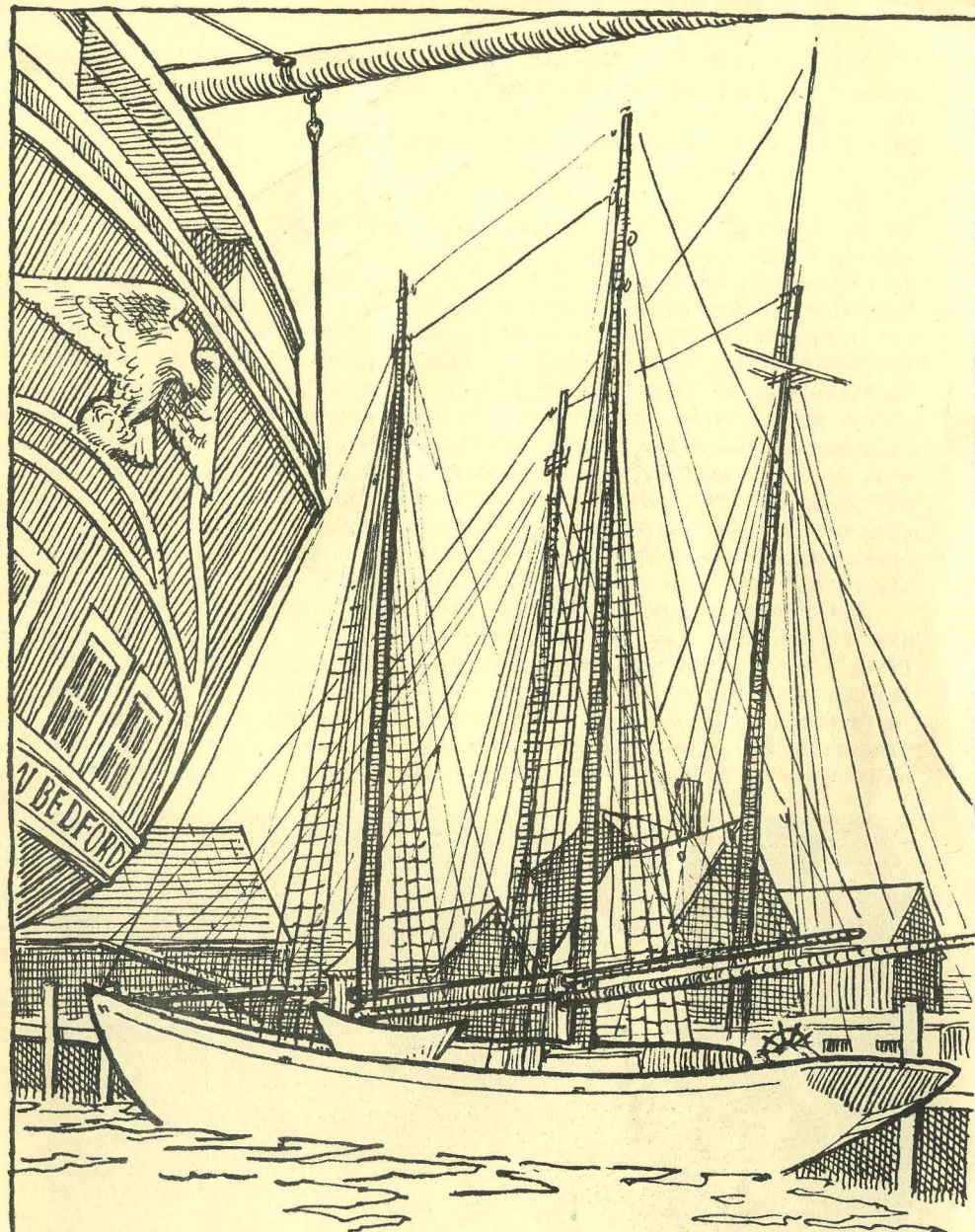
Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan

Explorer, Scientist, Teacher, Author



- Awarded Special Congressional Medal for "Distinguished Services"
- Elisha Kent Kane Gold Medal for "Daring Exploration and Scientific Research"
- Hubbard Gold Medal of National Geographic Society for "Outstanding Arctic Explorations from 1908 to 1952 and Valuable Service to Geographic Education and Science"
- Gold Medal from Chicago Geographic Society for "Geographic and Scientific Achievements"
- Medal of Explorers Club
- Bowdoin College Award: "Once in each five years to the graduate or former member of the college, or member of the Faculty at the time of the award, who shall have made during the period, the most distinctive contribution in any field of human endeavor."

PRINTED AT MYSTIC SEAPORT



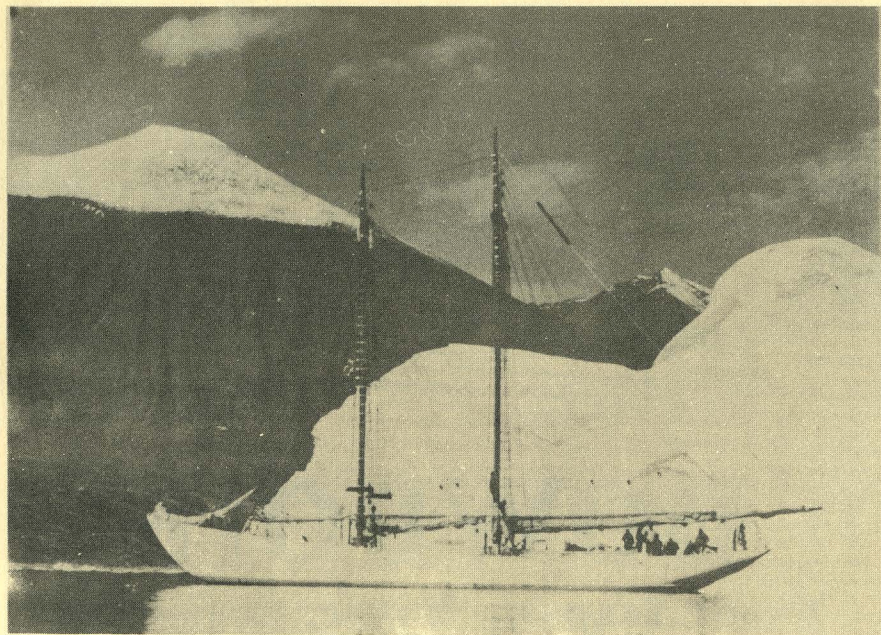
BOWDOIN

Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut

With her arrival on June 27, 1959, the trim, white schooner *Bowdoin* brought to Mystic Seaport not only a handsome and famous vessel, under the command of her internationally-known explorer-skipper, Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, but as fitting a combination of history and adventure as is represented along this restored waterfront.

The schooner and the man have become almost synonymous. Admiral MacMillan was one of Peary's redoubtable expedition when the latter led the way to the discovery of the North Pole in 1909. After several years of active participation and leadership in Arctic exploration, Admiral MacMillan determined to build a schooner in which he could incorporate all his needs for the hazardous work he felt he must do. The result was the schooner *Bowdoin*; designed by William Hand and built by Hodgdon Brothers yard at East Boothbay, Maine. Launched in 1921, the *Bowdoin* made a unique maiden voyage to the Arctic, proving to be just the type of schooner needed for Admiral MacMillan's rugged cruises in Greenland seas. No craft ever built has done more sailing in the dangerous waters off Greenland. She can be truly said to be the only vessel ever constructed in this country for exploration in the north, which still survives. During World War II, chartered by the U.S. Government, she did her part in the important work of keeping Greenland bases open.

Built of white oak in frame and plank, the *Bowdoin* is 88 feet long, has a beam of 21 feet and draws 9 feet of water. A belt of 1½ inch green-heart, or "iron-wood", is used as a sheathing for protection when the schooner battled her way through pack ice. A steel beak piece helps to further protect her stem in forcing her way through the ice, and her fine spoon bow allows her to rise up on the ice and crush it. She has no bowsprit or topmasts, which helps reduce danger in making and taking



in sail during gales or sudden squalls. Her unusually large rudder enables her to turn easily, and her propeller is protected by a skeg projecting from the keel to rudder foot. Stability in heavy weather is ensured by twenty-one tons of cement and iron permanently set into her ballast.

MacMillan took the *Bowdoin* to the Arctic on twenty-six voyages. During nine of these trips he was accompanied by his wife, Miriam, or "Lady Mac" as the Eskimos call her. No wife ever experienced such a sharing of adventure as Lady Mac with her husband. During these voyages no professional sailors were shipped for crew. The young men who accompanied the MacMillans on the *Bowdoin*, many of them college men, became skilled mariners under the tutelage of Admiral MacMillan.

On one of her voyages, the *Bowdoin*, being sailed in narrow, ice-choked waters, ran up on a rock in a remote corner of the northwest coast of Greenland. For a time she listed dangerously, her fate in the balance. But Admiral MacMillan's faith in the staunchness of his schooner was unshaken, and she survived another of her remarkable adventures. The incident was typical of the man and his craft. He is the only mariner who can pilot a craft close inshore the entire length of the Labrador coast north to its stormy Cape Chidley; proceeding along uncharted Baffin Land and Ellesmere Land coasts.

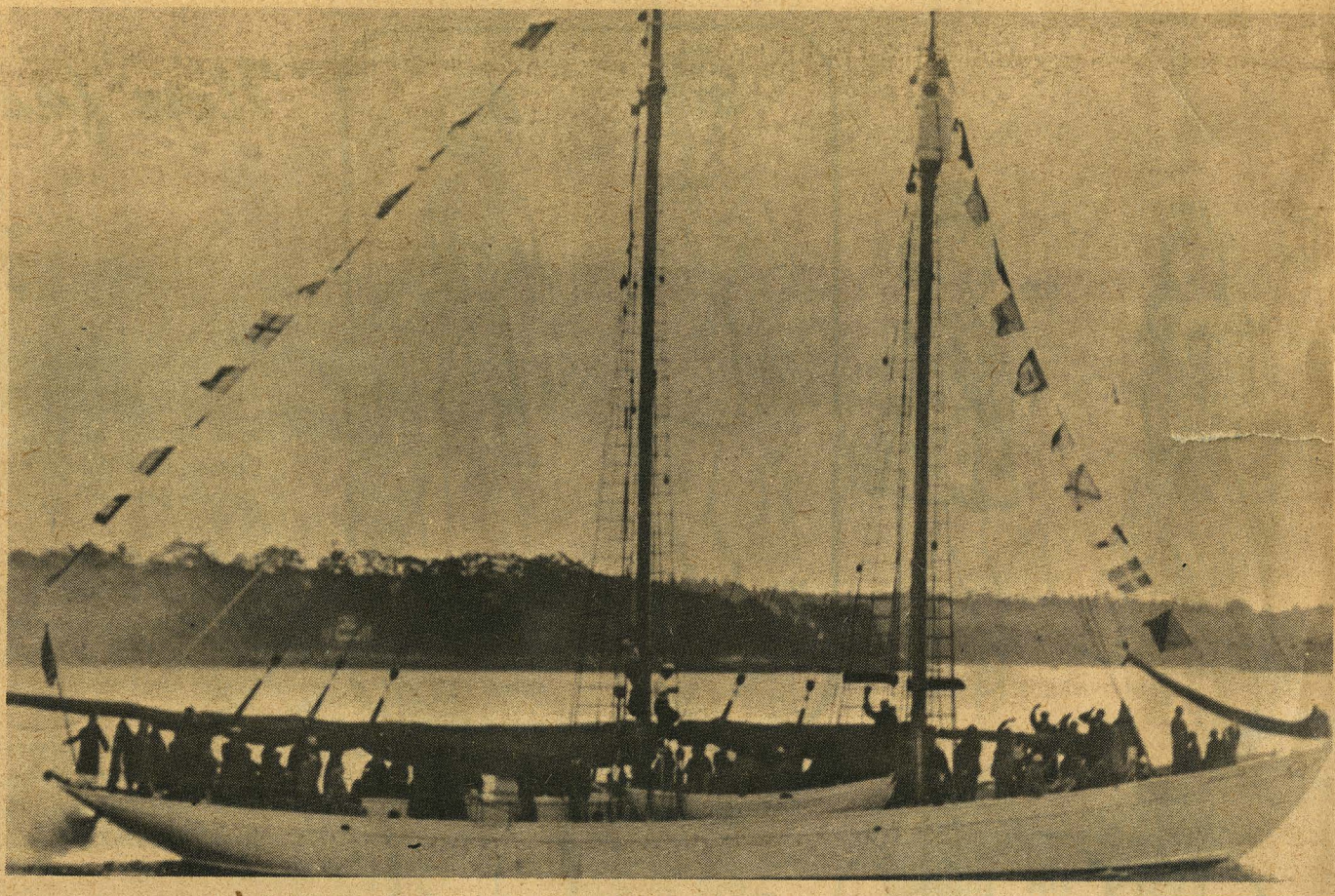


MacMillan in the *Bowdoin* has spent a lifetime locating uncharted stretches of coastline and islands at northwest Greenland. His trips made history, always bringing back information of unknown facts so that the hydrographic office was enriched and future navigation protected. Only a lifetime of experience in the north could have made possible these feats. Frozen in the icefields literally for years; working through dangerous fields of floating ice; dodging icebergs; surviving gales which spring from the icy shores of the land, MacMillan and the *Bowdoin* have lived lifetimes of adventure.

50 years ago

By Lucy M. Wallbank

Expedition began



From Wiscasset, Maine, on July 16, 1921, the 115-ton auxiliary schooner Bowdoin sailed down the Sheepscot River on the first leg of a journey to Baffin Land, cheered by 2,000 friends and admirers of Donald B. MacMillan. With him were J. C. Small of Provincetown, the mate, who accompanied Dr. MacMillan on the Crockerland expedition of four years' duration; Harold E. Whitehorse of Boothbay, engineer; Thomas McCue of Brigus, N.F., cook; Ralph P. Robinson of Merrimac, Mass., steward and general assistant; G. Dawson Howell of Boston, who had been specially prepared by Carnegie Institution for terrestrial magnetism observations and who would serve as radio operator, and Richard H. Goddard of Winthrop Highlands, Howell's assistant. Gov. Baxter of Maine, the explorer's classmate at Bowdoin College, was among those who saw them off. The Bowdoin expected to be gone one to two years while engaged in exploration and scientific work.

Using her auxiliary power, the schooner made a beautiful picture as she circled the harbor once to accommodate camera fans and motion picture cameramen. The Stars and Stripes and the flag of the Boston Yacht Club, of which Explorer MacMillan was an honorary member, flew from the two masts, with the State of Maine flag and the pennant of the Portland Rotary Club between them. About 20 associates accompanied the Bowdoin down river to East Boothbay, where she was anchored overnight opposite the yard of Hodgdon Brothers, who built her. Here, the work of stowing away the supplies and equipment was to be completed, and everything made secure on deck. A second dory and the crow's nest, used in sighting for favorable openings in the ice packed channels of the Far North, were taken aboard. One of the last pieces of equipment taken aboard was a portable observatory to be set up when winter headquarters were established in Baffin Land. It was to be used in making magnetic and astronomical observations.

Call letters KTDQ were assigned for the long-range radio aboard, capable of receiving signals from thousand of miles away. Assorted scientific apparatus, and motion picture machines for recording valuable data along the west coast of Baffin Land north of Fury and Hecla Strait, which no white man is known to have trod; also the north magnetic pole and the aurora borealis, were aboard. Dr. Macmillan had planned, originally, to enter Hudson Bay about Aug. 26 and push northward to the west coast of Baffin Land as fast as possible and as close as he could to his chosen site for winter quarters. He had already delayed the start of the expedition 11 days because of the unusually large number of ice floes coming from the north, the result of the mild winter.

He had hopes that the Bowdoin could get through the ice leads into the Gulf of Boothia and through Lancaster Sound so he could visit Etah, Greenland, where he was well known among the Eskimos. Should he find it necessary to stay north more than one year, he expected to

Sails Spread, Schooner Thebaud Ready to Take MacMillan North





Commander Donald B. MacMillan of Provincetown who sailed today from Gloucester with 36 college students and scientists for exploration in the Arctic, is shown (bottom) at the wheel of the auxiliary schooner Gertrude L. Thebaud (top) which carried the party north.

Standard Times March '63

MacMillan Arctic Odyssey Enjoyed by Cape Readers

By ANTHONY SOUZA

"Arctic Odyssey" by Everett S. Allen is a book which should be immensely enjoyed by residents of the town of Provincetown. This adventure novel, which is full of hair-raising incidents and accidents, involves a year round resident of Provincetown. In himself this arctic explorer, Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, could never be calm or relax his weary muscles for even one minute.

He made tremendous use of his ample time in the Arctic by learning to know by heart every corner and crevice which made up that land of misery and mishaps. He went on many action-packed explorations to the North Pole and vicinity, which involved meeting many melancholy and happy faces. He loved everything and everybody which was created by God himself. He was and still is today a great contributor to this economic and scientific world.

By no stretch of the imagination does Mr. Allen in this book make a better man out of the Admiral than he really is. In this sense you can really enjoy reading this book, especially if you have met this admired man. Mr. Allen's diction also helped to understand the main idea he is trying to carry

on to the reader. If you have ever met the Admiral, you will realize, when he speaks his first sentence, that he is everything and even more than Mr. Allen says.

To give a little example of his sparkling personality, these next few lines are quoted from the book. A college boy, on board was asked by Admiral MacMillan to bail out the tender. He said, "No, I won't, I didn't come on this trip to work. If you want it done, do it yourself." Any other man in charge, right then and there would have had an argument, but he didn't. He just started to do it himself. The boy was very embarrassed, and wouldn't let the Admiral finish it. That is how he captures the friendship and love of people.

So you see why the people of Provincetown should read this book of Mr. Allen, "Arctic Odyssey," because it is the biography of our most distinguished native, Admiral Donald B. MacMillan.

Many Visitors Here To Honor Valors of Provincetown Explorer

Plaque Is Dedicated Saturday To Commander Donald B. MacMillan—Miss Mertie Kelley Reads Dedication Address

Nearly 100 members of the Bay State Historical League were guests of the Research Club here Saturday afternoon for the ceremony of dedicating a bronze plaque in the Historical Museum to Commander Donald B. MacMillan. Because of the large number in attendance it was necessary to hold the exercises in the Universalist Church.

Among the speakers were A. Leon Cutler of Groton, president of the Bay State League and Carl Robinson of Worcester Academy who told of MacMillan's trips into the North with Peary and also of the contribution which the Provincetown explorer has made to science through his studies of bird, plant and animal life in the North. "Jot" Small, who has made several trips with MacMillan and at one time lived with him for four years in the Arctic, gave a short talk in which he stressed the more personal side of his chief. He told of how successful the explorer has always been in dealing with people whatever their race or calling.

Presents Old Claim

At the beginning of Small's talk, he presented to the museum the claim made by his father, James H. Small, for indemnity against the British government for the loss of property and salary when the British-manned Confederate ship Alabama sank the ship on which Small was sailing during the Civil War.

Miss Mertie C. Kelley read the dedication address and Miss Nina Williams gave a short history of the Research Club. Tea was served in the church vestry.

Miss Kelley's paper which gave an interesting biographical sketch of Provincetown's famous explorer follows:

On this day, August 6, 1938, the Research Club dedicates a beautiful bronze tablet to Commander Donald B. MacMillan.

It is erected in the MacMillan Room of the Historical Museum in his honor and in recognition of his munificent gifts to the Museum.

It seems fitting on this occasion to recount some of the interesting incidents connected with our beloved townsman. Donald Baxter MacMillan, son of Neil and Rebekah MacMillan was born on November 10, 1874 in Provincetown. His birthplace has been marked by the Research Club. Captain Neil MacMillan, perished in Arctic waters when his son was but a lad of six years of age. In his early years his son went to the schools of Provincetown. Then he attended Bowdoin College and followed that with post graduate work at Harvard. He started out to be a school teacher becoming principal of the Levi Hall School at Gorham, Maine, then head of the classical department at Swarthmore, Pa., and instructor at Worcester Academy. He also maintained a summer camp at Casco Bay and it was there that the opportunity came for him to take up his life work. He saved nine persons from drowning and secured the body of another. The newspapers learned of these heroic rescues and published the story which came to the attention of Commander Robert E. Peary, who dispatched a letter of personal congratulations to the young man.

When thanking Commander Peary, MacMillan let him know his ambition and when Commander Peary sailed north on his triumphant quest of the pole, MacMillan went with him.

Again In North

Commander MacMillan is now on his nineteenth expedition to the North. He was with Peary on his discovery of the Pole. He was a member of the Cabot Labrador expedition and has done ethnological work among Eskimos and was a leader of the Crocker Land expedition. He became ensign in the U. S. N. R. in aviation and flew over Baffin Bay. He has also conducted a Newfoundland-Iceland expedition and an aerial expedition to Labrador.

What has been his work in making these many trips to the North? It is to bring back knowledge of conditions there and carry to the people here ideas and help from civilization.

He has made the first airplane flights to the Arctic, the first colored photographs and the most intensive study of bird, fish, flower and animal life in the Arctic that has ever been made.

In the MacMillan room are many

gifts which the Commander thought it worth-while to donate to the Museum. They are artistically arranged by him in frames and cases built under the direction of Jot Small. Probably no other museum in this country will ever have such a splendid exhibit of Arctic relics. Among them are snowshoes worn by MacMillan with Peary, two pairs of wooden snowbinders or Eskimo glasses, a hundred or more Eskimo toys exchanged for American toys, a seven foot horn from a narwhal which grows out of the creature's nose, of solid ivory and weighing several hundred pounds, a packet sextant used by MacMillan in taking latitude and longitude, many paintings, each a story of real life, a brant's nest for which \$1,000 was refused, a muskrat and a white wolf of which there are only two on exhibition in the world, one in the American Museum in New York and the one in our Museum.

Started School

Commander MacMillan has established a school in Labrador for the Eskimos and each time he goes north he carries to them all sorts of supplies. The Get-To-Gether Club, a small social group connected with this church, has worked and sent North warm coats and dresses, knitted goods such as caps, mittens, sweaters and stockings, warm underwear and layettes.

Commander MacMillan was married at Green Cove Spring, Fla., on March 18, 1933, to Miss Miriam Look, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Look of Boston and Mrs. MacMillan accompanies her husband into the north and assists in the work among the Eskimos in which he is intensely interested. The Commander is a member of many fraternities, societies and clubs. His Masonic Lodge, Kane No. 434, awarded him the Elisha Kane gold medal for daring exploration and scientific research. Commander Peary and he were the first ever to receive it. Besides being an explorer and scientist he is a lecturer and author. When his lectures are announced they attract large audiences who sit spellbound at what they see and hear. Some of the books which he has written are "Four Years in the White North", "Kahda", "With Peary on the Polar Sea", and "Etah and Beyond".

Of course, the Research Club is always on the alert to show courtesies to our numerous friends. From time to time there have been banquets and receptions when the spirit of warmhearted friendship reigned supreme. In June 1927 at a very impressive ceremony, an American flag was presented by the Club to the little cabin cruiser "Seeko" to be carried to the North that year. How feelingly the Commander thanked us for the gift!

And now again we look forward to his return home. I am sure we shall all be happy to see him on our streets and to meet him from time to time at church and other places. We know how dearly he loves his work and yet we wonder if when the time approaches for him to come home he is not a bit glad.

This is our wish for him: may he be spared for many more years and blest with excellent health to continue his noble work and when it is finished may he have time to enjoy the comforts of home and the quiet restfulness of dear old Provincetown.

PMPM00718

Cape-tips 'Cap'n Mac,' last of pole locaters, dies

By NEIL G. NICKERSON

PROVINCETOWN—"Cap'n Mac" is gone.

Provincetown's most famous son, an explorer known the world over, rear Adm. Donald B. MacMillan, died at about 9:30 p.m. Monday. He would have been 96 on Nov. 10.

He passed away at the Cape End Manor, where he had been a patient since Aug. 28. He was in a coma when the end came. He had been in a coma for the last two days.

Dr. William Locke, physician attending at the last, because his regular doctor had been called out of town, said that death came peacefully. The admiral had suffered cerebral hemorrhages on several occasions, and had been sent to the Cape End Manor for constant care.

MacMillan, whose home here was at 473 Commercial St., was a native of Provincetown, was born on Nov. 10, 1874, in a house not too far from where he lived until he entered the manor.

He had been presented many medals for exploration, had been active up to the last, and had been on frequent rides with his wife, Miriam, who is his sole survivor, to various parts of the Lower Cape, so he could see and hear his beloved ocean.

Affectionately known as "Cap'n Mac" throughout the years, he made over 30 trips to the frozen north, including the trip in April of 1909 when he accompanied Adm. Peary on the trip on which the North Pole was discovered.

For several years now, since the death of one of the Eskimos that accompanied them, MacMillan had been the sole surviving member of that trip.

Exploration schooner

In the early '50s, he made his last trip on his 88-foot exploration schooner, Bowdoin, named for his alma mater, Bowdoin College. This vessel was completely restored in Maine by the Schooner Bowdoin Association, and made a courtesy call to Provincetown, and the admiral, a short while before his 95th birthday last November. The admiral visited the vessel which was tied up at the end of MacMillan Wharf—named for the famed explorer.

The admiral didn't go aboard at that time, but he looked it

over from the wharf, and talked with the big crowd that had assembled. The part of Rte. 6 going through Provincetown is known as MacMillan Drive.

A separate section of the Pilgrim Memorial Museum near the monument atop town hill is given over to the MacMillan exhibit. Other of his Arctic items are in the Peary-MacMillan Museum at Bowdoin College.

Up until a year or so ago, the admiral took frequent walks about town, and at that time strode more vigorously, and stood stronger than most in their 20s or 30s. More recently, he took frequent rides, to see his favorite ocean.

Father lost at sea

In 1883, his father, Neil MacMillan was lost at sea when the schooner he commanded did not return from the Grand Banks.

The admiral's mother struggled to keep a home until her death in 1886 left him an orphan. Two years after her death Admiral MacMillan moved to Freeport, Me., to live with his oldest sister, Lettie, and her husband.

At the urging of his sister, he entered Bowdoin College in Maine, working his way through as a janitor, book salesman, shoe factory employe and and teacher. He was graduated from Bowdoin in 1898.

The next few years were spent teaching in public and private schools in the winter. Summers he operated, with a friend, a camp on Bustin's Island in Casco Bay.

This camp was founded to teach young boys the basics of seamanship and navigation while encouraging self-reliance and manliness.

The admiral met Robert Peary at his camp when the Arctic explorer asked him to tutor his son.

A year later Peary telephoned MacMillan asking him if he would like to accompany him to the Arctic that year, but commitments held MacMillan at Worcester Academy where he was a physical education instructor.

Peary asked again in the spring of 1908 and MacMillan

(Continued on Page 2)



CAP'N MAC



ADM. DONALD B. MacMILLAN

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

BARNSTABLE, SS.

PROBATE COURT

To all persons interested in the estate of DONALD B. MACMILLAN,

late of Provincetown,

in said County

deceased.

Dated October 15, 1966

A petition has been presented to said Court for probate of a certain instrument / purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased by HENRY W. HARDY,

of Needham,

in the County of Norfolk,

praying that he be appointed executor thereof without giving a surety on his bond.

If you desire to object thereto you or your attorney should file a written appearance in said Court at Barnstable before ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 10th day of November, 1970, the return day of this citation.

Witness, ALFRED C. KNIGHT, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this 28th day of September, 1970.

FREDERIC P. CLAUSSEN, Register.

LAW OFFICES OF
HARDY, PHELAN & COX
60 DEDHAM AVENUE
NEEDHAM, MASS.
02192

HENRY W. HARDY
JOHN V. PHELAN
GILBERT W. COX, JR.

TELEPHONE
444-2844

October 5, 1970

NOTICE TO HEIRS AT LAW, NEXT OF KIN AND DEVISEES OR
LEGATEES MENTIONED IN WILL OF DONALD B. MAC MILLAN,
LATE OF PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

A copy of the citation on the petition for the allowance of Admiral MacMillan's will is enclosed herewith, as required by the orders of the Probate Court. The will left all of his estate to his wife, Miriam L. MacMillan, if she survived. As Mrs. MacMillan did in fact survive her husband, the contingent devises and bequests in the will do not take effect.

Henry W. Hardy,
Executor

HWH:h
enclosure

Dear Admiral and Mrs. MacMillan:

Thank you for your kind note of October 30. We have heard about the Bowdoin for many years from Eutherford Platt and we're delighted that we were finally able to persuade him to write about it. The article -- which will be one of the best we have ever printed -- is now tentatively scheduled to appear in the February 1966 edition. When it appears many of our readers will wish, as many of our editors already do, that they could have gone on the Bowdoin.

Kindest regards.

Sincerely yours,

DAN O'KEEFE, Associate Editor
Reader's Digest

From another letter from Dan O'Keefe, the one in the Digest who worked with Rud on the article.

"Did you know that the Digest is going to run the article as the lead article in the February issue? I am anxiously awaiting the first copy of the issue and will send it to you as soon as it comes out. It's about the best Unforgettable Character I've ever read."

Coral Cove Apts.
88 South Ocean Blvd.
Delray Beach, Florida
January 15, 1966

Dear Clarence:

We're in Florida for a couple months and enjoying the short change. Will be heading back to Ptown in February.

I'm writing to tell you that in the February issue of The Reader's Digest there's to be an Unforgettable Character article about Mac by Rutherford Platt, botanist, naturalist, author of many nature books. He went North on BOWDOIN with us on two expeditions. He has written a fine article - the editors of The Digest are so pleased with it they are running it as their lead article of the February issue, which, I understand, is quite a compliment. Of course there's mention of Mac's being born in Provincetown and living there now.

The Digest have reprints made of certain articles and I understand are having reprints made of this one - there's to be a drawing of the BOWDOIN and one of Mac with the article. I thought the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Assoc. might be interested in sending out a reprint of this to your list, also to have reprints at the Museum for visitors next summer. Might be helpful to the Museum.

The Marine Historical Museum at Mystic, Conn. are doing this - sending a reprint to their membership and having reprints for visitors next summer.

I think there's a small charge for 1,000, 2,000 or whatever you want. If you're interested in having them for the Museum you could write to Mr. Dan O'Keefe, Associate Editor, the editor who worked on the article with Rud Platt at The Reader's Digest, Pleasantville, New York. He'll see that it is passed along to the right person and department.

Am enclosing copy of letter we received from Lowell Thomas after he read the article. He's having a reprint sent to all members of The Explorers Club. President Coles of Bowdoin College is having reprints sent to all Bowdoin alumni.

As you probably know, The Reader's Digest has a circulation of 26,000,000! All Mac and I hope is that a small portion of that number won't write in for an autograph or autographed photo! Letters and requests like that are still coming in - trailing us down here - from the news release on his 90th birthday!

Mac joins me in very best to you and your wife.

Cordially,



Dear Mac and Miriam:

This Rutherford Platt article for The Reader's Digest is just about perfect. Thanks for letting me have a look.

We know it is impossible to do full justice to Mac. However, this is a great piece, and I wouldn't be surprised but what many thousands of reprints will be asked for. I know I'd like to see them sent out to the members of The Explorers.

Mac was terrific last Monday night. As always, he was the hit of the evening. Had I been in charge of that hullabaloo, I would have introduced you, Miriam, and had you do one of your inimitable impromptu bits. Don't relax too completely. I still may have a chance to do it before long, just as I did that night in Boston.

Fran joins me in sending affectionate greetings to you both.

Cordially,
LOWELL

Lowell Thomas
Pawling, New York

\$5.00

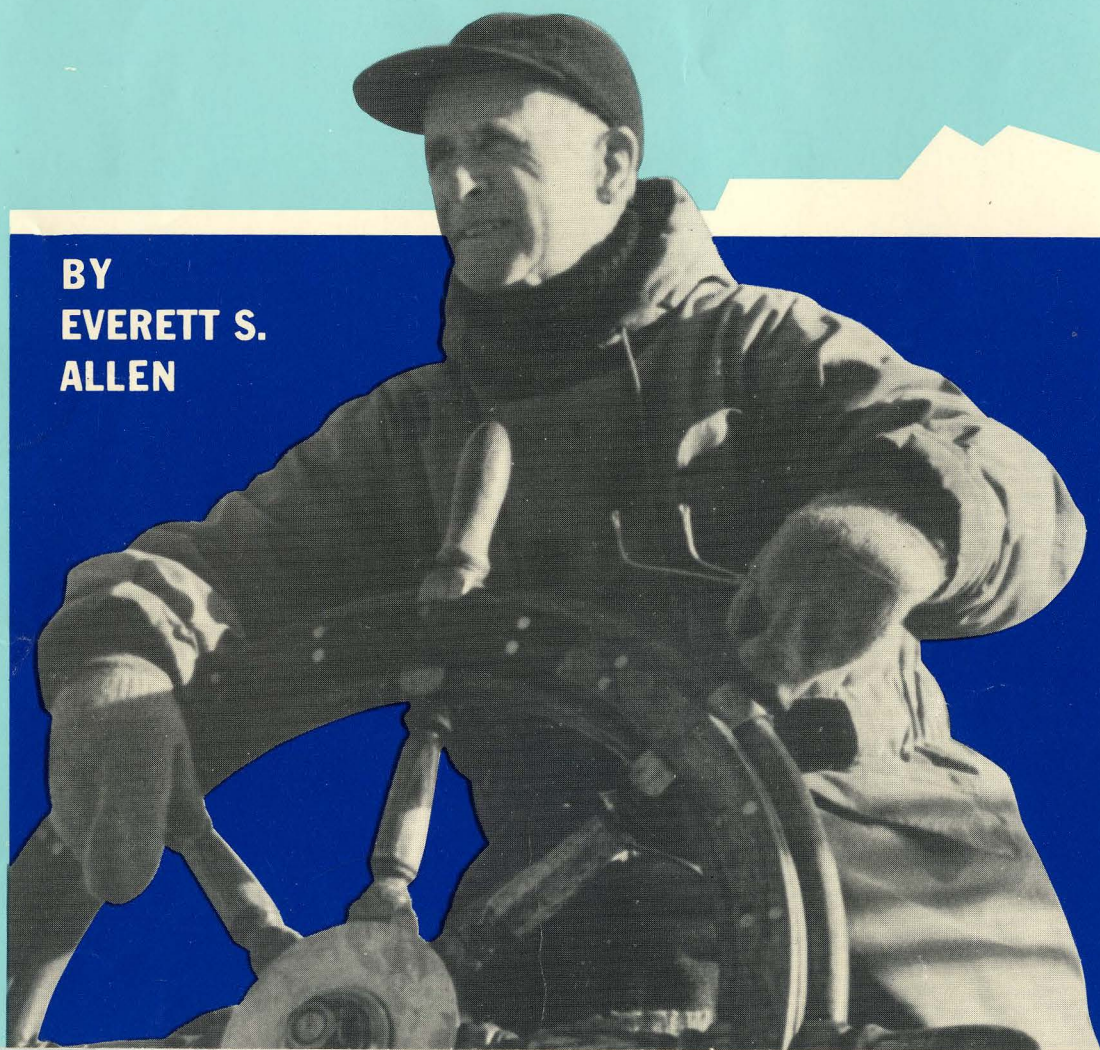
ARCTIC ODYSSEY

THE LIFE OF REAR ADMIRAL DONALD B. MACMILLAN

ARCTIC ODYSSEY

THE LIFE OF
REAR ADMIRAL DONALD B. MACMILLAN

BY
EVERETT S.
ALLEN



EVERETT S.
ALLEN

DODD, MEAD

ARCTIC ODYSSEY

The Life of Rear Admiral
Donald B. MacMillan

By **Everett S. Allen**

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND MAPS

IN THESE PAGES, the reader will meet one of America's foremost seafaring men and explorers. Donald B. MacMillan was born in Provincetown on Cape Cod and orphaned at an early age. After working his way through Bowdoin College and a brief stint at teaching, he became one of Robert E. Peary's chief assistants on the arctic expedition that finally fought its way across the bitter Polar Sea to reach the North Pole. He is now the only survivor of that expedition.

There followed a series of arctic expeditions spanning nearly half a century to Labrador, Baffin Island, to King Christian Island, Ellesmere Island and other unknown areas of

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DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

continued from front flap


the Arctic, resulting in valuable work in botany, ornithology, meteorology, and anthropology. He proved that Crocker Land did not exist.

The story of the schooner *Bowdoin*, which for many years visited the North with a crew of scientists and amateurs, is told in detail, as well as the researches and friendships developed with the Eskimos, in which Miriam MacMillan played a significant part.

Arctic Odyssey is the thrilling story of a rich and exciting way of life, centering in the lusty and vigorous personality of one of the last and most colorful representatives of the heroic era of arctic exploration.

Everett S. Allen is an experienced newspaper reporter for *The Standard-Times* in New Bedford, Massachusetts. For many years he has followed the career of Rear Admiral MacMillan and has worked closely with him while writing this book.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY




Dr. William Powers, Professor of Geology, Northwestern University, wrote:

... "Nothing in the future can bring you more happiness than just looking back over your useful, honored, beloved and exciting career as explorer, benefactor, and friend to so many. When you began your arctic career, only men of courage, endurance, fortitude and resourcefulness, like yourself and Peary, could hope to carry on exploration and scientific work in Polar regions. Men who could meet the Eskimo on his own ground, as equals in the business of merely surviving under such harsh conditions, and men whose relations with the Eskimos were on the basis of mutual respect. That period of Polar research has given way to the dominance of the machine and the vast expenditure of funds—which is the mark of science today.

"To you, a host of us owe a great debt—for you have introduced us to the Arctic, and have inspired us with your own enthusiasm and understanding of its fascination, its challenge, its desolate grandeur, and its very human Polar Eskimos. I'm thinking not only of the many of us that you have so generously taken north with you, but also of the multitude that have heard and loved your lectures.

"From a personal standpoint, I can say that going North with you and Miriam, in the *Bowdoin*, was the high point among all the things that I have ever done. You opened up to me a new world and realm of thought—and a world at the top of which are respect and affection for you both. . . ."



PMPM00725

Katie Hettasch did the primitive paintings in our exhibit

was their invitation to come aboard. They clambered over the rail like a rush of pirates. But, once on board, with perfect manners, they filed up to shake hands with Mac and to greet his Missis and her "fren" Fan. "Ahaila! Glad see! Glad see!"

Dr. and Mrs. Hettasch, the zealous Moravians who have been on the Labrador for nearly half a century, their daughter Katie, and Frieda Glaeser, both teachers in Mac's Eskimo school, were among the first to welcome us. I didn't have to be introduced. I felt I had known them always. It was like old home week for Mac.

The Hettasch family was delighted that Fan and I were to remain with them several weeks, and while I still had a hankering to continue on north, I looked forward with pleasure to a good visit in Nain.

A day of sight-seeing followed. Just as I had piloted Mac through the streets of Paris, London, Copenhagen, Edinburgh and Rome, so now he led me enthusiastically along the narrow dirt walks of the tiny Eskimo village of Nain, pointing out the church, the home of the missionaries, the Hudson's Bay store, the humble boxlike houses of the natives.

With marked pride he showed me the MacMillan-Moravian Mission School, the winter home of some seventy boys and girls. I could see that this school was Mac's big interest in Labrador. He wanted it to be my interest, too. He wanted me to find out just what was needed and to take over the job of collecting the necessary supplies.

More and more I realized why this bleak cold country and its people held such an attraction for him. I was beginning to understand why he would rather visit the sterile rock-bound shores of Labrador than the palaces of kings and queens or the art galleries of the great masters of Europe.

As the *Thebaud's* anchor was hoisted to the deck, her objective Baffin Land and north of the Arctic Circle, I wondered what there was beyond the skyline; what the true Arctic was really like. My desire to go back aboard and sail on and on with the

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young all up and down the coast—a good measure for replacing those which had been or would be extracted. We were well supplied with colored glasses, and a good friend gave us 300 pairs of reading glasses—different numbers—to be fitted on the eyes of the Eskimos. They always considered it a miracle to be able to see again.

I assembled worn and used clothing, but nothing so far gone as to be good meat for moths. The moths in Labrador would make quick work of a native's small winter wardrobe made chiefly of fur—untanned at that.

For Katie, Freida, the Eskimo girls who helped at the school and the Hettaschs, I bought special presents—dresses, stockings, slacks, sweaters, blouses, underwear. Also a pattern and material for making a dress for "Mommie" Hettasch, a blue wool sweater for "Poppie" Hettasch, and special kinds of foods which they particularly wanted and couldn't get.

For the school I bought flour, soups, sugar, molasses, corn meal, peas, beans, rice, canned milk, powdered milk, cocoa, malted milk, canned vegetables and fruits, and so on and on.

I not only collected the supplies but also the money to help buy them, besides interesting women in making garments and knitting caps, sweaters and mittens. After all, seventy children are too many for any one couple! Many of our friends didn't even know that Mac had a school or that he'd been helping feed, clothe and educate these young people of northern Labrador for years. The response was marvelous. Sometimes, however, the articles so generously contributed were a trifle incongruous.

For example, one friend of ours connected with a large department store had promised to send, if possible, some sale articles from their basement department. So when two huge cartons arrived on the dock one day I opened them with the hope of finding practical clothing for Eskimos. Instead, one of the boxes contained white belts and about 200 pairs of shoes—high heels, open toes, fancy styles and most of them *white*! Now, while Eskimos

delight in wearing anything we wear, they'll always stick to their comfortable sealskin boots, the most practical footwear for that country. Therefore, we disposed of the shoes and belts elsewhere before leaving port. There was really no room for the second carton. But I managed to get the thing on board—only to find it bulging with hats and other wearing apparel not included in an Eskimo's wardrobe. "Anyhow," I thought, "it'll make 'em laugh."

Another of my worries was keeping the ship's supplies separate from those intended for the school and Nain, since these had to be unloaded on the way north.

Silently I went about my work, thoroughly convinced that preparing for an arctic expedition is serious business indeed. One essential item forgotten may prove disastrous, for once you leave Sydney, Nova Scotia, there are no more stores to the north. Not even a screw, a spare part for the engine or stove, a pair of mittens, coffee, flour or milk can you purchase along the way.

Mac is a past master at preparing for such a trip. Except for lecturing and writing about the Northland, practically his entire life has been preparing for, in the process of or putting up from expeditions. In just a matter of hours he can list on paper everything that must go, and everything that must be done before sailing. Then, for the next two months that list is being ordered, checked and stowed away below decks.

I'm convinced that it is his expert planning which has saved many an expedition from disaster. Some call it "MacMillan Luck." There may be a little of that, too, but certainly he knows how to get off to a good start.

I'd always watched these proceedings in a sort of mystified way, a bit dizzy from the hustle and bustle of it all. But this time I was in on the ground floor with some of the responsibility thrown my way. That made all the difference. By actually helping with the preparations, I learned first-hand what an arctic expedition really involves.

The duration of this one was intended to be three months *only*,

their brass horns a little snappier, the tunes they played a little gayer. In fact, the whole world seemed a better place in which to live.

For two days we visited with our friends and unloaded supplies for the school. Each child, each mother and father wanted to carry something from the dock to the large storeroom where everything would be sorted and later taken to the schoolhouse. Our special presents for the Hettaschs made a hit: fresh vegetables and fruits, dozens of oranges and a bunch of bananas, purchased green in Sydney, but just right for eating when we arrived at Nain. They hadn't seen bananas, their favorite fruit, for many a day.

The enormous carton of hats I opened right on the dock. The entire female, and a good portion of the male, population were gathered, gaping, around me. Any kind of surprise amuses them no end. But those hats! Of all the queer-looking crazy bits of straw, felt, ribbon and feathers! Even I was amazed.

The Eskimos had never worn or even seen any covering for the head other than a sharply pointed hood, really a part of their jacket. Is it any wonder they shrieked and screamed and almost rolled as I pulled out one creation after another? A red straw, saucer-size, with long green streamers trailing down the back and a sizable green feather perched in front. A bright green felt, gaily decorated with a wide band of pink and red roses. A perky black straw with large red cherries dripping down the starboard side to touch and tingle on the shoulder. And some floppy white, yellow and red straws with dashes of colorful flowers, green leaves and all, sprouting from front, back and side.

There were about 200 models in all, and each one I tilted to a fetching angle on the head of a straight-haired Eskimo manikin. They were easy to please. Color, size, shape mattered little, just so long as they got one. Even the men shrieked and giggled and wanted a jaunty model placed on their thick black hair.

Price tags, some as large as the hat itself, dangled down as part of the decoration. There were many red lines drawn through the

prices on one tag. The starting price was \$7.95. Then, down, down it went to the low ebb of fifty-nine cents. But even that amount had been crossed out and replaced with "A total loss." Not so to the Eskimo woman who grabbed it, though; to her its value was high. The hat was her pride and joy. She wore it proudly—tag and all.

After that, we expected a continual Easter bonnet parade along the winding dirt paths of Nain. But, as we heard later, not one fancy hat appeared again until Sunday rolled around. The church must have received the shock of its lonely life when, with the solemn tolling of the bell, the women, decked out in all their flossy headgear, shuffled down the center aisle and took their places for worship. Some had even chosen that Sunday service to christen their new dark glasses, although we'd intended those for winter wear, when the glare of sun on snow and ice is almost unbearable. Indeed, any highly prized gift is initiated in their church. Even new sets of false teeth.

Our second and last night there brought a real treat for all. A motion picture show. I'd taken something new into their lives—a hat—but Mac had brought them many innovations in his past visits to Nain. He had entered their harbor in the first motorboat they had ever seen. He had dropped down out of the sky in the first plane, causing many nosebleeds—a common occurrence with Eskimos when overexcited. Several women even fainted. He had brought the first automobile, victrola, radio, telephone, wireless and electric light plant. And he was the first to show them motion pictures, the greatest thrill and mystery of all—especially when the movies featured their own people.

We had several reels which I had taken on the coast the summer before. Since they knew all the actors, it turned into an evening of shrieking, giggling and muttering as one familiar face after another—many right there in the audience—flashed on the screen.

A fitting windup to two days of fun and visiting at Nain.

to get worth-while results, and the longer the time the more accurate they'd be.

Even if we could land the boys with their equipment, we couldn't hang around while they did their work. The waters of the Kangerdluk Fiord, one of the deepest in all Greenland, are reported to be 3000 feet in places, while our chain locker carried only ninety fathoms, or 540 feet of chain.

True, we might tie up to a safe-looking berg as we did several times the year before, but Mac had no intention of repeating that maneuver in front of a calving glacier. Plenty would happen to the *Bowdoin* if suddenly a million-ton berg were born a hundred yards away. If we returned to Nugatsiak, leaving the boys to do their measuring, and a calving occurred, the huge icebergs born might block up the entire passage and prevent our return to pick them up for days and days—possibly for the season.

Reluctantly we abandoned the idea of further work at the Rink for that year.

The Umiamak Glacier, however, was near by and, while not so fast-moving as the Rink, we felt certain that it would be easier to approach. So we headed for the neighboring fiord, almost parallel but much easier to navigate.

When the Umiamak came into view we all let out a yell. There was plenty of ice out from its face and big bergs in our track as well, but by contrast with the Rink this looked simple. We forged through the ice quite easily to the bottom of the fiord where we looked Old Umiamak square in the face. Then, with a display of bravado, we paraded back and forth under his very nose. We hadn't been able to get within a quarter-mile of the Rink and were determined to make the most of this opportunity, even though a calving of such a fast-moving glacier may take place any minute.

In order to measure the daily rate here, it was necessary to land Chan, Bill and Andy on either side at a point where their theodolite could be set up in line with the face of the glacier.

showed excellent taste. It was doubly impressive in contrast with its environment of ice-covered waters and bleak, glacier-worn rocks. To us, coming from our unpretentious aftercabin on board ship, this home was a palace.

Mrs. Knudsen, a charming person, told us of her family—twin boys and three daughters. The twins and youngest girl were there and bashfully shook hands with two people who couldn't speak their language. Helga and Inger were still in school in Denmark, Mrs. Knudsen told me. Inger, the oldest daughter, was finishing school that year and would soon be returning to Greenland, but Helga had one more year. Since there are no schools in Greenland for their children, Danish officials must send them to Denmark at an early age to be educated. A real sacrifice, too. For example, Helga, born in Greenland, had left at the age of seven and had been back only three times during the following ten years.

There was much of interest outside the Knudsen home—a flourishing vegetable and flower garden; even chickens and pigs. But what caught my eye more than chicken, pig, vegetable or flower were the fifty or more Eskimo dogs running here and there near the house, all much the same grayish-black color with fawn tinge. Mr. Knudsen told us how he had been perfecting this strain for twenty-five years and now had several perfectly matched teams, each dog taking the colors of its wolf ancestors.

Presently he led us around the side of the house and there in a pen were three of the handsomest pups I'd ever seen. Momentarily forgetting our previous conversation on the subject, Mac said to Mr. Knudsen, "Miriam is mighty anxious to have a pair of pups."

"She can have the finest I've got," Mr. Knudsen declared.

That afternoon we walked to a high hill for a view of the ice fiord, and felt exactly like the Pied Piper as we strolled over the well-beaten path followed, it seemed, by every child in the village. We were more of a curiosity to them than the ice fiord to

Hill they

ARCTIC ODYSSEY

plorer's wives upset expeditions and he was going to put her ashore. But at chow the night before she was to be taken off, the crew presented a petition, watching in silence while she—and Mac—read it. They wanted her to stay aboard, to go north with them; they respectfully urged the captain to allow this, because she was an asset to the expedition. Mac did so then, and thereafter, and she stood her trick at the wheel with all the rest. She also stood her watch for'ard and did scullion duty, as with all of them. She did not have to be called but was always on deck when it was her turn to relieve the man on watch; she weathered gales in Baffin Bay and Davis Strait with the best of them, and has known what it is like to face tough going through ice packs, towering bergs, and uncharted ledges, with the outcome uncertain. Miriam is a sailor, in good weather and bad, and asked no special treatment because of her sex.

As fond of the Eskimos as is Mac, she has helped many times in preparations for arctic trips, became interested in photography, and eventually took most of the thousands of feet of color film her husband uses in lectures.

Another arctic bond between Mac and Miriam has been the MacMillan-Moravian School for Eskimo children at Nain. With civilization working in on the Labrador coast, Mac felt the children needed an education and clean, healthful living. He admired the work of the Moravians, with whom he had been friendly for years, and wanted to help them in their care of the young ones of northern Labrador. Thus, in 1929, he built the school.

On the *Bowdoin* he carried all things needed to start it: lumber for the building, desks, small chairs, blackboards,

Adm. Donald MacMillan, Arctic Explorer, Is Dead

Special to The New York Times

PROVINCETOWN, Mass., Sept. 7—Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, the Arctic explorer who was the last survivor of Robert E. Peary's history-making expedition to the North Pole in 1908-9, died here Monday in a nursing home at the age of 95.

His widow, Miriam, survives.

30 Trips to Far North

By ALDEN WHITMAN

"While I would like to go into the Arctic for the adventure that it promises, my greatest desire would be to bring back to scholars of all kinds bits of useful knowledge about this little-known great domain."

In these words, written just after the turn of the century, Donald Baxter MacMillan expressed an ambition that he largely achieved in 30 expeditions to the Far North between 1908 and 1954. He was 34 years old on his first trip and a few days short of 80 when he completed his final journey.

An anthropologist, ethnologist, geographer and skilled naturalist, he made fundamental contributions to Arctic geology, botany, zoology and geography as well as to the understanding of Eskimo culture. He introduced the airplane to the Arctic, pioneered in the use of shortwave radio there and was the first to use snowmobiles in the region. And in thousands of illustrated lectures across the United States, he made his knowledge available to the public and to generations of school and college students.

Oddly, the explorer, who became a rear admiral in 1954, never set foot on the North Pole; but he did fly over it in 1957 with three other Arctic veterans—Sir Hubert Wilkins, Peter Fruehen and Col. Bernt Balchen. His initiation into the North came through Adm. Robert E. Peary, whose son had attended, in 1900, a summer camp run by Admiral MacMillan, then a teacher. The two men corresponded, and Admiral Peary invited him to join the Peary expedition of 1908-09 as an assistant.

Fell Through the Ice

At the 85th Parallel, the neophyte nearly perished when he fell through the ice ("Peary held my freezing feet against his warm body to save them") and had to forgo the final stages of the trip, on which Peary insisted he had reached the Pole. Instead, Admiral MacMillan hobbled back along the trail to set up supply caches for Peary's return trip.

Undismayed by the hazards of polar life, Admiral MacMillan participated in the Cabot Labrador Expedition of 1910, in the course of which, in a 16-foot canoe, he almost reached Hudson Straits under sail and paddle. It was "a marvelous trip," he said later, recalling how he had relied on his shotgun and fishing tackle for food and how he had found shelter beneath the canoe hauled out on shore, or with the Eskimos. Few white men were held in



Keystone

Donald B. MacMillan, holding one of his dogs, returning on the Bowdoin from 1922 expedition to Baffin Island.

such esteem and affection by the Eskimos as Admiral MacMillan, whose Eskimo name was Nagelak, or Leader, for he strove to improve their health and living conditions and to create an understanding of their problems. Among other things, he compiled a dictionary of conversational Eskimo and established a school for Eskimo children at Nairn, Labrador, which he kept supplied with food and equipment for many years. He held Eskimo brain power in high regard, saying, "If they were not intelligent, they couldn't survive in that country."

Admiral MacMillan's attachment to the Far North began in childhood. He was born in Provincetown, Mass., on Nov. 10, 1874, the son of a hardy Scotch fisherman. His father, Capt. Neil MacMillan, was drowned off Greenland while fishing for halibut when Donny Baxter, as the boy was called in the Scots tradition, was 9. His mother died shortly thereafter, and he was brought up in Freeport, Me., by an older sister.

After working his way through Bowdoin College in the class of '98, he became a teacher; and it was while he was at the Worcester (Mass.) Academy in 1908 that he received Peary's invitation to join his polar expedition. Although he never taught formally thereafter, save for anthropology lectures at Bowdoin, he stocked his Arctic crews with scientists and students to whom he passed along his accumulated scientific knowledge.

Admiral MacMillan's first polar trip in which he was commander was the Crocker Land Expedition in 1913. Starting out with 19 men and 165 dogs, he expected to remain in the North for two years and had to stay for four years until a relief ship made it to the west coast

of Greenland. In this time, he and his sledges crisscrossed 10,500 miles of the Arctic, traveling the Greenland coast, Ellsmere Island, Exel Heidberg Island and the Polar Sea. The fare was often dog biscuit, birds' eggs and seal and walrus meat.

In addition to making basic geographical findings and to collecting 200 boxes of scientific specimens, Admiral MacMillan disproved Peary's "discovery" of Crocker Land by showing that it had been a mirage. He told about his feats in a book, "Four Years in the White North," published in 1918.

In World War I, Admiral MacMillan served in the Navy Air Arm, and later in the Reserve; but in 1920 he was back in the North, this time in Hudson's Bay. The following year he was again in the Arctic on the first of a series of voyages in the celebrated schooner Bowdoin, a vessel of his own design that was double-ribbed and sheathed in ironwood and had a spoon bow able to lift up and crack down through an opening in an icefield. The 88-foot-long ship, graceful as a seabird, made 26 Arctic trips before being laid up. Her last voyage was in 1954.

Aided Radar Network

On his voyages in the Bowdoin, Admiral MacMillan mapped the coast of Baffin Island; studied the great ice cap, Meta Incognita; found coal on Ellsmere Island; gathered biological specimens in Labrador; and offered evidence to show that the world was nearing the end of an ice age.

In World War II, the explorer was commissioned a Reserve commander in the Navy and dispatched to the Arctic with a ship and four planes. He made 10,000 aerial photographs

of the Labrador, Greenland and Baffin Island coasts, and then worked with the War Department in establishing a Northern radar network and served on the Secret Defense Board. Nevertheless, some of his last years were passed in official neglect on a small pension.

Admiral MacMillan's final voyage, in 1954, was one of the hardest he had ever undertaken. The Bowdoin took a terrific beating from 120-mile-an-hour winds and shifting ice packs. Moreover, an Eskimo pilot, guiding the ship along the coast near Holsteinsborg, Greenland, ran her onto a ledge, and rocks ripped off part of her iron keel and ironwood sheathing. For five hours the vessel lay keeled over, with waves crashing into the hull. Then a high tide refloated her, and the admiral was able to take her into port, where she was beached and repaired.

For his exploits Admiral MacMillan received many awards, including the Medal of Honor, the Elisha Kent-Kane Gold Medal, the Explorers Club Medal and the Hubbard Gold Medal of the National Geographic Society.

Admiral MacMillan lived the last years of his life in Provincetown with his wife, Miriam, whom he married when he was 60. His deck was the porch of a shipshape home facing the Atlantic. Erect as a stanchion on a schooner's fo'c'sle even into his 90's, and with a New England twang in his still strong voice, he liked to chat with visitors about the Arctic and his "boys"—the men who had sailed with him on the frozen seas.

The admiral did not like to think of himself as retired. "I am just not that kind," he said. And when he was 94, he was asked by Capt. Alan B. Shepard Jr., the nation's first astronaut, if he were available for a moon trip. With scarcely a twinkle in his blue eyes he replied:

"Damn right!"

BOWDOIN COLLEGE



THE PEARY-MACMILLAN
ARCTIC MUSEUM

THE PEARY-MACMILLAN ARCTIC MUSEUM, now permanently established by the generous gifts of the Class of 1925 and other interested alumni and friends, symbolizes the College's one hundred and seven year interest in the eastern sector of the American Arctic. It honors two of Bowdoin's sons: Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, Class of 1877, and Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, Class of 1898.

In illustrating the history of Arctic exploration, the collection emphasizes Peary's expedition of 1908-9, in which he reached the North Pole by dog sledge. Following his success, emphasis is placed on MacMillan's numerous trips to the North, culminating in his voyages on the schooner *Bowdoin* with scientists and students forming the crew. The collection is enriched by Eskimo artifacts brought back by MacMillan.

The College is grateful to the family of Robert E. Peary for its generous interest in the Museum, and to Donald and Miriam MacMillan whose gifts comprise the majority of the collection.

Cover:

Robert E. Peary and Donald B. MacMillan depicted as they looked on the North Pole Expedition of 1908-9, when Peary, at 53 years of age, crowned his career with the discovery of the North Pole and MacMillan, at 35 years, launched his Arctic career as one of Peary's tenderfoot assistants.

*The President and
The Members of the Governing Boards of*

BOWDOIN COLLEGE

Cordially Invite You to

the Dedication of

THE PEARY-MACMILLAN
ARCTIC MUSEUM

in

Hubbard Hall

Brunswick, Maine

Friday, June 9, 1967, at 3:45 p.m.

PMPM00729 (1)

Donald B. MacMillan's Arctic Exploration Schooner, BOWDOIN, in the Kangerdluk Fiord of West Greenland. The BOWDOIN, named for MacMillan's College in Maine, was designed and built expressly for exploring the ice-jammed, uncharted waters of the Far North. Said to be one of the strongest, small ships afloat - 88' long, 21' wide, double-timbered and double planked, MacMillan made 26 trips into the Far North in the BOWDOIN, on the last nine trips accompanied by his wife, Miriam - the only woman crew member on such an expedition.

The BOWDOIN, outfitted as she was when ready to sail for the Arctic, is on exhibit in Camden Harbor, Camden, Maine, fifty miles North of The Peary-MacM^lllan Arctic Museum at MacMillan's College, Bowdoin, in Brunswick, Maine.

1
COMMANDER

DONALD BAXTER MAC MILLAN

OF PROVINCETOWN MASSACHUSETTS
AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPLORER

Donald Baxter Mac Millan was born at Provincetown Massachusetts in 1879 he graduated from Bowdoin College at Brunswick Maine in 1898, after a decade of teaching he went on the expedition of Robert E. Peary, 1908-09 to the North Pole, in 1911-12 he made ethnological studies among the Labrador Eskimo, ^{and} leader of the Crocker Land expedition in 1913 to 1917.

Mac Millan established a base at Etah, Greenland from which he explored the Greenland coast, Ellsmere and Axel Heiberg Islands and by a ^{notable} march over the frozen ~~ocean~~ ^{ocean} ^{North} West of Ellsmere Island he proved (the non existence of Peary's supposed Crocker Land.)

His experiences are told in his book
FOUR YEARS IN THE WHITE NORTH. He
commanded a number of arctic expeditions
and brought back much valuable
scientific data.

In his polar expedition of 1925 he
was accompanied by Richard E. Byrd,
who commanded a naval air unit
of exploration.

For the Field Museum now the Chicago
Natural History Museum, he led the expeditions
to Greenland, Baffin Island, and Labrador
in 1926-27-28.

In 1938 he brought back over 40,000
plants from the arctic.

As a member of the United States Naval
Reserve he was recalled to the Navy in
1941, made a Commander in 1942 and
assigned to the Hydrographic office in
Washington. Later he was placed in
command of arctic expeditions during 1944
to 1947.

On the 1944 voyage to Greenland, Baffin Island, and Labrador he made extensive air surveys and brought back some 10,000 photographs, he received the Congressional medal of honor that year 1944.

Sponsored by Bowdoin College at Brunswick Maine, Mac Millan conducted expeditions to Ellsmere Islands in 1948 and to Baffin Island in 1949, returning with rare bird specimens and other material.

The expedition of 1949 was his 28th voyage of arctic exploration.

His writings include (Etah and Beyond ⁱⁿ 1927, and how Peary reached the Pole. (1934).

His SCHOONER BOWDOIN is permanently berthed at Mystic Marine Museum and the MAC MILLAN highway ^{in Thompson} has been so named in his honor.

artist name that painted the portrait should be included with this brief history.

Wesley Short
Seas & Short

MacMillan Moravian Mission School,

NAIN,

Labrador.

12th August, 1938.

Dear Friends,

Seeing that within a few days our dear Captain and Mrs. MacMillan will be with us once more I feel that it is the highest time to write a few lines to you, for I could not bear to see the Bowdoin go South without at least this wee note of hearty thanks from our children and from us.

I want to tell you how happy we were to hear first over the radio that Captain Mac. was intending to come North again. Then actually hear Lowell Thomas speak and tell us that Captain Mac. was leaving on June 23rd and later on that Captain Mac. had left and dear Mrs. MacMillan also. Hurrah! Now we started counting the days and naturally counted too quickly and hard to learn to have patience a few days more.

And then the shout arose - a shout different from those heard at the arrival of other ships. A shout of pure delight, joy and expectation. This time it was not the Gertrude Thebaud but to us the well known and beloved Bowdoin. Everyone rushed down to the wharf and into the boats. The band was off already playing hymns of thanksgiving and here we were again united with our dear friends. It was lovely, and I only wish you dear friends could have had a glimpse of this joyful party in Nain.

And more so, I wished you near when Captain Mac. and Mrs. MacMillan presented us with your gifts of love for our MacMillan Moravian Mission School. I wished to come to you at once dear friend, and thank you with all my heart for the deep interest you have taken in our kiddies and school. It seems impossible to express in a few words our gratitude towards you, only God, in whom we trust, is able to reward you in due time for all your kindness. We can only ask Him again and again to do so to you.

And the greatest joy for us would be if you could come and have a peep at our school and see how happy our children are. How many of the parents appreciate what is done by you for their children. How our children have improved year after year.

Great excitement was going on last Fall when the schoolhouse which Commander MacMillan had built for us was being moved to a more suitable place close to the other school building, which we had been permitted to use as boarding-school. The whole congregation, young and old took an active interest in these proceedings. First, all windows and doors were taken off, then the porch, and after having succeeded in bringing rollers under the whole building and lifting it up, there was one big pull, combined with lots of shouting, and there - hurrah! - our schoolhouse moved a few feet off the old spot. And to assure us of this great happening the school bell in the little belfry kept ringing, as if encouraging us to go on. And on we went day by day, up the bank, over the swamp, through the woods, a half-turn round and then after a hard week's work at last the staunch little schoolhouse arrived on the new place intended for it. Great rejoicing on all sides, and within a few days all was ship-shape and ready for thirty-seven boarders, hungry jolly Eskimo kiddies, eager to learn, eager to help, and thankful for a good scrub down and a change into clean clothing without holes, their faces beaming with contentment.

I would love to tell you more, but must leave this for another time. It will not be long, and we may have our children back with us once more for nine months. May God give us daily the strength, joy, patience, and wisdom we need to lead these little ones to Him, to show them how to live a useful and clean life and to fit them for their hard life here in the North among snow and ice.

Once more I would express my warmest thanks to you, dear friends, and ask you to remember in future also our children and our work.

God be with you, dear friends

My dear parents and colleagues join in sending their very kindest regards.

Yours sincerely
Kate Hellasch.

"Lynwood" Wianno, Mass.
July 24, 1927.

Research Club,
Provincetown, Mass.

Gentlemen:

The enclosed message was
received at Amateur Radio Station 1CCZ
from the Mac Millan Arctic Expedition
Schooner "Borodoin"

If you wish to send a reply
you may do so by forwarding the
message to us and we will give
it to the "Borodoin"

Yours truly

P. S. Hendricks, Opr.

One large carton contained over one hundred millinery creations of extreme style, generously contributed by one of Boston's largest department stores. The size, shape, and lightness of the carton when brought ashore caused considerable inquisitiveness; gaping individuals gathered around, eager to get a look at the contents.

~~I dipped into the surprise box~~

Surrounded by Eskimos, I dipped into the surprise box pulling out a large red straw model, elaborately decorated with flowers and ribbons. I chose a pretty Eskimo girl and placed the hat on her head, tipping it to a fetching angle. A spontaneous shriek came from the crowd! Most of these Eskimos had never owned a hat, some had never even seen one (I ^{myself} hadn't seen many like the ones in that box!). That was the beginning of ~~the~~ bargain counter rush; an effusion which grew wilder as I dipped deeper into the box. Every hat displayed on the straight black hair of an Eskimo manikin brought forth peels of laughter and screams of delight. They were easy to please; color, size or shape mattered little, just as long as they got on. Even the men wanted one. Why shouldn't they have one as well as the women?

The dangling price tags, some as large as the hat itself, they thought a part of the decoration

P. 55

The average child in America does not go to school voluntarily. He would much rather play, therefore our compulsory education laws and the appointment of -truant officers. Not-so at -gain, Labrador. Not-only are these children learning something of value, but really enjoying it; very evident - by the fact, etc.

but whatever it - was, we could depend upon its being practical, and always original with a flavor of surprise

in order that variety might - persist - to the very end of the voyage

It - was here at Port Manners that I had my first - experience in jigging, actually fishing with a bare hook.

From childhood they had listened - to accounts
 of a weird looking monster of the sea, this was
 all - they gazed for their lives toward the
 land, they are still wondering what it was
 I am wondering what became of it!

Until the wind and tide, the two powerful
 forces in the bay, agreed - to add their
 strength to that of our ship.

After I had witnessed with awe, on
 the revolving, the twisting and
 of those huge pans of hard blue ice,
 seemingly never at rest, I could
 easily understand why so many
 strong ships ^{had} failed to return home.

PUT UNDER THE OTHER END

Monday

Tuesday

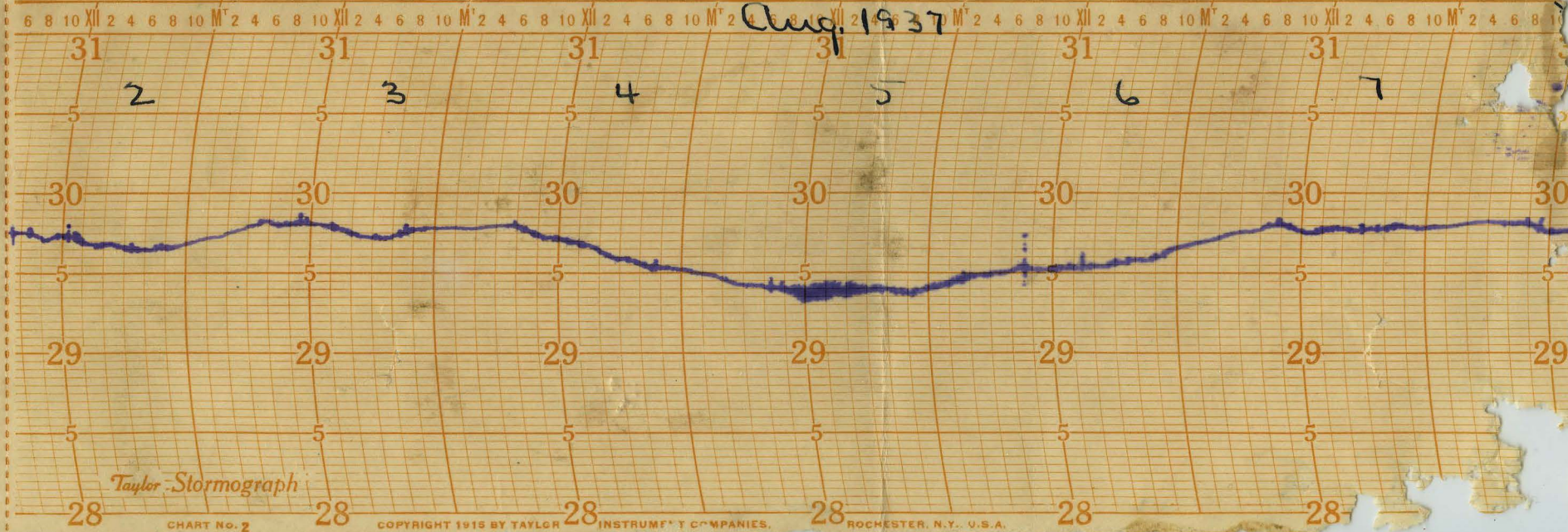
Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

Aug. 1937



Taylor Stormograph

CHART NO. 2

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY TAYLOR

INSTRUMENT COMPANIES,

ROCHESTER, N.Y. U.S.A.

Leif, the Lucky son of Eric the Red 1000 returning from Norway to Greenland where he was to introduce Christianity discovered a land to which he gave the name of Helluland (Icelandic helu - a stone) He speaks of land as "land without grass; snow and ice covered with stones. John Cabot 1497 discovered Newfoundland.

"far Cathay"

opening to the world a source of revenue more valuable than the wealth of Labrador - coast line of nearly 1100 miles greatest breadth 600 immense penn. lying east of Dominion of Canada.

Deeply cut by long narrow fiords surrounded by rocky hills that rise abruptly from the water to hts. ranging from 1000 to 4000 feet.

fringe of small, rocky islands extends almost continuously along coast.

Lab. visited periodically by terrific gales;

the coast is honey combed with reefs and shoals, their presence never suspected until the storm lashes them into fury.

slowly moving irresistibly as if by some unseen power rearing itself up like a wall of water as it approaches the craggy sides of the islands moving faster and faster as it nears the shores, until at last it bursts with fury over the islets or sends up sheets of foam and spray. sparkling in the sunbeams.

Many dreadful, doleful tragedies are recorded in fishing annals 1867 in the gale 100 lives were lost between Cape Harrison and Domino fearful havoc wrought.

Chateau Bay - 227.

cliffs towered above us on every hand, over which poured cascades of melting snow thundering in deep chasms below. The hoarse roar of the waterfalls came from far and near. serrated peaks rising to a ht. of nearly 2000 feet.

Theirs is an arduous and toilsome existence, but they seem happy and content with the harvest, oft-times skim which the sea affords them.

Wind whistled thru the chasms - wintry tempest

The fiord was altogether too beautiful not to see it again in good weather and each day, if winds were favorable, might help in removing the ice and thus give us a clean run up to the Rink Glacier.

The icebergs were ever on the move. Wind, however, is not the principal factor in the movement of bergs, which are known to move directly against it. As these huge masses are mostly submerged, they are acted upon more by forces beneath the surface than above.

As a result of continuous melting of the great ice cap, powerful streams of water pour out from beneath the glacier; therefore there is a constant movement of the entire bay toward the sea. Great blocks of ice which were near us at night had moved completely out of sight by morn and new ones had drifted into their places. The water in the fiord must be very deep to float such tremendous bergs, some of them towering to a height of two hundred feet above the surface, meaning that they extended sixteen hundred and to two thousand feet below.

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More and more we realized that it was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, esp. since it was getting late in the season, and we did not have the necessary time to wait for a more favorable opportunity. If we did find a place to land the boys with their equipment, it would be necessary for us to return to Nug. for we could not anchor in any spot in this fiord, which is one of the deepest in all Greenland, reported to be three thousand feet. Futehrmoe, it would be too dangerous to tie up to an iceberg, for a sudden break-up of any of the bergs or glacier would not give us time to get away. While we were at Nug. there might be a calving of the glacier at any minute, which could easily block up the entire passage, preventing our return for days and days, possibly for the season. Reluctantly we gave up the idea for this year, but we were determined to go back there some day.

We had not been able to get within a quarter of a mile of the Rink, therefore we were determined to make the most of this opportunity, even though we were fully aware of the fact that a calving of such a fast glacier is likely to take place at any time.

309

The fascination of this northern country had been creeping up on me little by little, and this trip to the Kangerdluk Fiord was the finishing touch. No matter whether we were rowing along shore, walking on land, picking flowers beside a babbling ice-filled stream, or just sitting quietly on deck riding at anchor amid ever changing scenery, I was completely lost in the magic spell of towering glacial mountains topped with newly-fallen snow, serrate peaks outlined against the clear blue sky, a brilliant sun glistening on the mirror-like waters, fantastic blocks of ice drifting slowly by - truly a wonderland. Sudden a land where solitude is broken only by the distant thunderous roar of falling bits of icebergs or the calving of great glaciers - the consequent ruffling of the sea for miles around. Nature at its best.

howled & screamed
cheerless.

whined & screeched

At intervals during the night the low melancholy growl of a "hudky" dog disturbed the solemn stillness.

And then all was hushed in silence.

gray time-worn summits

~~scrub the cliffs~~

coast line is ~~smt~~ studded with islets.

cataraact - a large, steep waterfall - a furious rush or downpour of water

crag - a steep, rugged rock rising abruptly or standing out prominently.

within its noble fiords, the majestic cataraact, the dimpling stream,

the age-worn crag. ice-shaved plateau

What a history it unfolds.

hue - color tint.

countless icebergs in shapes and forms fantastic, sombre-hued headlands

bluff, beetling crags mirrored in the sea.

Nothing more impressively beautiful can be conceived than a Labrador sunset when every mountain-top is bathed in a splendor of shifting light.

The granite-browed summits seem to melt in a rosy mist.

the silence of eternity seems falling on the world.

The blue of distant hills and mountains is subtle and luminous to a degree that surpasses admiration.

Even the atmosphere of the Northland has its own secret of beauty

charms the eye with aspects which one may be pardoned for believing
rable.

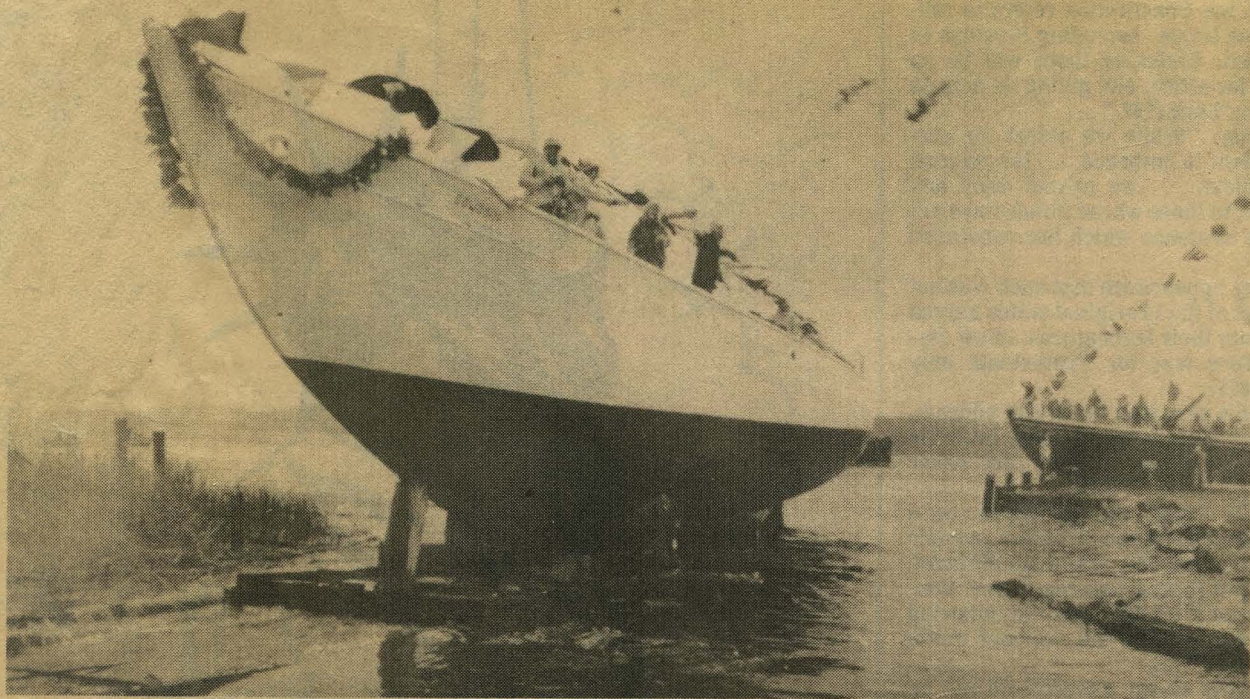
moniously huddled from my berth by a terrible bump

ad struck a cliff; it was only a "growler"; we were in

neighborhood of

ged numerous pansy, making fair progress till

the vast and wondrous Dome.



AP PHOTO

ARCTIC SHIP RENOVATED — Well-wishers toss flowers as the schooner Bowdoin, the Arctic research ship once owned by the late Provincetown explorer, Donald B. MacMillan, is launched into the Kennebec River in Bath, Maine. The boat was launched Friday after undergoing renovations for four years at the Maine Maritime Museum.

his famous auxiliary schooner BOWDOIN to her final berth at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut, on June 27, 1959. Here the 88-foot BOWDOIN has taken her place alongside the famous whaling ship CHARLES W. MORGAN and the square-rigger JOSEPH CONRAD, which has circumnavigated the globe.

The gift to the Seaport from the MacMillans, numerous Bowdoin alumni, and friends from all over the country, the BOWDOIN is outfitted just as if she were ready to leave on another Arctic voyage, with blankets on the bunks and a cribbage board on the cabin table. Each year some 200,000 people are expected to go aboard her.



Bowdoin College and Arctic Exploration

BOWDOIN'S INTEREST and active role in Arctic exploration are based on a record of exploration and achievement over a period of nearly 100 years. It is not without significance that the emblem of Bowdoin College is the Polar Bear. Bowdoin has such close ties with the Far North that it has been called by some the "Explorers' College."

In 1860 the 136-ton schooner NAUTILUS, owned and sailed by Charles E. Ranlett, cruised down the St. Georges River on a voyage to the North. This expedition included Paul A. Chadbourne, who at that time was Professor of Chemistry and Natural History at Bowdoin and later became president of Williams College. Taking part in that expedition were 20 stu-

dents from Bowdoin and Williams. One of them was Alpheus Spring Packard of the Class of 1861, son of the highly esteemed professor of that same name.

The NAUTILUS sailed along the coast of Labrador and up the coast of Greenland as far as Godthaab, following nearly the same route as the Norsemen must have taken.

In 1864, Professor Packard went North in the schooner BENJAMIN S. WRIGHT sailing from Boston, and going up the Labrador Coast as far as Hopedale. His findings and records from these two voyages led to his writing a book, "Labrador Coast," which even today is one of the outstanding works on the biology, geology and history of these Northern regions.

In these earlier voyages, Bowdoin men clearly established priorities for themselves and an abundant evidence of the interest of the College in the Arctic — activity and interest in a region which has emerged from icebound mystery to high strategic importance to our country and to the North American continent.

In 1891, under the direction of Professor Leslie A. Lee of the Biology Department of Bowdoin, another scientific expedition to Labrador was organized. This time only Bowdoin men made the trip on the staunch schooner JULIA A. DECKER, sailing from Rockland. (Impetus for this trip was given by the early efforts of Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, of the Class of 1877, following his first trip to the Arctic in 1886).

Among those who made this voyage in 1891 were: Dr. Charles S. F. Lincoln of the Class of 1891; Rupert H. Baxter of the Class of 1894; Walter Hunt and Warren Smith of the Class of 1890 and Gould Porter of the Class of 1891. This trip was notable for the rediscovery of the Grand Falls of Labrador and the discovery and naming of Bowdoin Canyon. The Grand Falls had been discovered in 1839 by an agent of the

Hudsons Bay Company, but until visited by this Bowdoin expedition they were known to few white men. These Falls, with a drop of 302 feet in the main fall and 85 feet more in the half mile of rapids immediately above, are nearly twice as high as Niagara and almost as high as the Victoria Falls in South Africa and are magnificent natural wonder.

The story of this grand tradition of Arctic exploration was continued in the explorations of Admiral Peary. He made a trip into the interior of Greenland in 1886 and first met the challenge of the desert of ice. For the next twenty-three years, he stacked his will against the furies of the Polar North. Following his confirmation of Greenland as an island in 1898, Peary determined to reach the Pole. His biographer called him "the man who refused to fail."

In the spring of 1909 came the crowning achievement. Peary's party neared the Polar ice cap and inched their way across the desolate ice for weeks. Food ran low and Peary sent men back — a few at a time — until he, Matt Hanson and four Eskimos were left. And together they strode to the top of the world, or to the point "where all the world was South."

Peary wrote in his journal: "*The Pole at last. My dream and goal of twenty years. Mine at last. How simple it all seems.*"

Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan of the Class of 1898 was chief assistant to Admiral Peary on that historic trip, and he is the sole survivor of the 20 men who left New York in 1908. He has sailed hundreds of thousands of miles in treacherous Arctic waters. He founded the MacMillan-Moravian School for Eskimos in Labrador and has made frequent appearances at Bowdoin, both as a member of the faculty and as a lecturer. After 38 years and more than 300,000 miles of rigorous Arctic travel, Admiral MacMillan sailed

IN REPLY ADDRESS NOT THE SIGNER
OF THIS LETTER, BUT

HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE
NAVY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON, D. C.



REFER TO No.

HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Now about Canada. In thinking it over perhaps it is better not to go at this time. I would like to go with you when you do go, and we shall have such good fun driving up. Then again I think you would rather spend your fifty dollars--certainly that much--in some other way. Between now and the opening of college your time and Helga's time will be pretty well taken up with Boston and shopping and visiting. Do not forget to find out how much Helga will need for her ticket to Cleveland. And again get her seat on the train well in advance; also your seat and Amy's seat on the 9 A.M. for Washington. All trains are jam full. The only seat I could get on the 9 A.M. for Washington one week ahead was a seat in the lounge, the way you do not care to ride. So decide on your day of departure and write Miss Fleming.

After I told my story to the navy about the Bowdoin, the officer in charge suggested that I make an offer of between \$500 and \$1000, which I shall do; therefore we may have the Bowdoin on our hands for the rest of our long life. We'll go down aboard and sit in the cabin and think of the good times we had years ago; and that will be worth something. We can at least pat her on the side and say "she's ours", and not carrying bricks up and down the coast or fish in from the fishing Banks. I am confident that if I should pay a thousand, we can't lose. We'll fix her up as a house-boat with cushions and pretty blue curtains and have all our cocktail parties out on board with Bertie as our boatman, which will put everyone in good humor even before they arrive at the side ladder. But God only knows how they will ever get down the ladder when the affair is over!

Goodnight, my dear, and love
to my family, and that means
a lot to you.

Dan



SCHOONER BOWDOIN
REAR ADMIRAL DONALD B. MAC MILLAN, U.S.N.R.

July 29, 1967

Mr. George F. Miller, Jr.
Provincetown, Mass.

Dear Filmore:

I am sorry it will be impossible for me to be at the meeting of the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association on August 5th.

Miriam and I want you and all the members of the Association to know that we have had many favorable comments on the Museum this year, and all are pleased, as we are, with the MacMillan Section. We are glad to have this section extended, as it is now, and our material spread out for easier viewing. Miriam will have more items to add in these cases in the Fall.

Our kindest regards and best wishes to you and all the members of the Association.

Sincerely yours,

Donald B. Mac Millan

HOME FROM ARCTIC SPACES



(AP Photo)

Lt.-Com. and Mrs. Donald B. MacMillan at Boothbay Harbor, Me., on return from 6000-mile cruise in the polar regions.

BOOTHBAY HAILS VIKINGS OF ARCTIC

MacMillan and Crew Honored On Return from North

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, Me., Sept. 10—Donald B. MacMillan's sturdy little 88 foot cruiser, the Bowdoin, with its crew of college and high school students, threaded its way into port of Boothbay Harbor today after an 11-week cruise of 6000 miles to the Arctic. It was surrounded by a local escort of boats celebrating the return of the explorer from his 17th polar expedition.

Every available space was occupied on the wharves and the roofs of buildings on the waterfront by enthusiastic spectators. The explorer was formally welcomed by Gov. Barrows and by the Boothbay Harbor Yacht Club members.

All summer the expedition has been cut off from civilization, with no wireless equipment to bring the Bowdoin in touch with the outside

world. The crew has encountered icebergs, ice floes and bitter winter weather in the chill wastes of the north. The Bowdoin voyaged to within 600 miles of the pole.

She was delayed five days by pack ice extending about 150 miles east from Baffin Land. On the trip the crew studied rocks, plants, and birds of the Arctic and the movements of glaciers. They also mapped several uncharted harbors. At the Moravian Mission at Nain, Labrador, they delivered large quantities of canned goods, blankets, clothing, candies, popcorn, soap, towels, and other goods for the Eskimos. These supplies were distributed by the explorer's wife, who went with him as far as Labrador before coming back to the United States.

Members of the expedition just returned from the Arctic are Harold Evans of Newton Highlands, Mass., who was on the last cruise also; Donald Hassell, East Orange, N. J.; Luther Howard, Brockton, Mass.; George F. Murphy, Jr., Pleasantville, N. Y.; Charles Rounds, Boston; Adrian Vansinderen, Brooklyn; Chauncey Waldron, West Newton, Mass.; Robert Nutter, Sanford, Me.; Harold S. Howe, Hyannis, Mass., first mate; Dr. Howard Appolonia, Camden, Me., ship doctor; James F. Wiles, Norway, Me., engineer, and Charles Hatcher, Gloucester, Mass.,

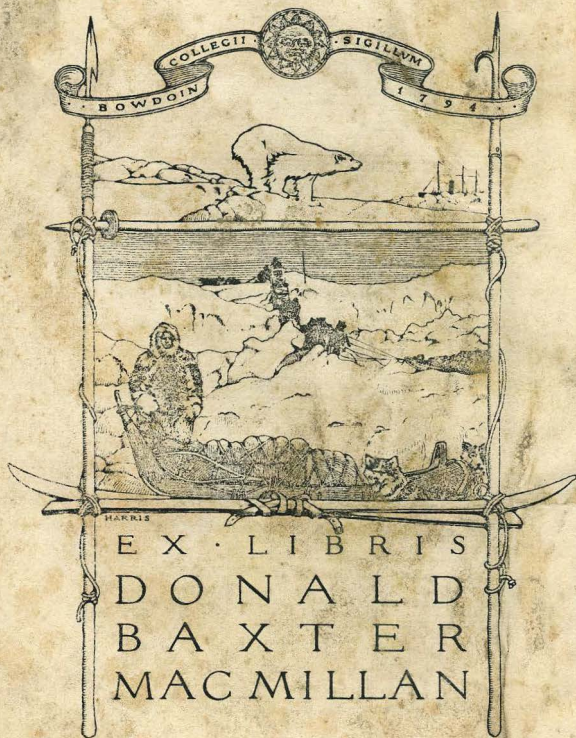
Colleges and preparatory schools represented in the group are Dartmouth, Cornell, Princeton, Columbia, Oberlin, Hyannis Teachers' College, Brockton High School, and Sanford High School. The Bowdoin has already covered 56,000 miles of successful cruising in northern waters and seems good for as many more. The veteran commander, in spite of his three-score years, appears to be as fit as any one of his vigorous young crew.

A banquet was given in MacMillan's honor at the Hotel Fullerton. The toastmaster was Richard Matthews Hallett. Among the speakers were Gov. Barrows and Lowell Thomas.



Donated by Grace Hager
The October trip on the
Bowdoin 1988 sponsored
by us.





Peary of the Arctic Circle.



Brown of the Arco Circle.

PM01290



Sixty-one years ago Commander Peary endured the hardships of the Arctic Circle on his way to the North Pole.

Today, men like Jim Brown of Atlantic Richfield Company, producers of ARCO petroleum products, are in the Arctic Circle drilling for oil. They're at the North Slope of Alaska, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle. The place we call the ARCO Circle. Since the time of

Peary, little has changed.

The Arctic is just as big an adventure for men like Brown as it was for Peary.

Atlantic Richfield, the company that discovered oil above the Arctic Circle, is the same company behind the Atlantic dealer in your neighborhood.

As long as we have men like Jim Brown working for us, your local Atlantic

dealer will always have the gasoline you need for your car.



PM01290

MacMillan, Explorer, Dies

PROVINCETOWN — Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer and a member of the expedition on which Adm. Robert E. Peary discovered the North Pole in 1908, died last night at Cape End Manor at the age of 95. He had been a patient there for 10 days.

Born here Nov. 10, 1874, the world-renowned explorer had shuttled back and forth to the frozen north so often he probably could be considered the nation's first polar commuter.

Age touched him slowly. At 79 he was spry and had just finished his 30th northern seas expedition: an 8,000-mile voyage in his schooner, the Bowdoin.

MacMillan was initiated into Arctic exploration the hard way, as a member of the 1908-8 expedition on which Admiral Robert E. Peary

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

Explorer MacMillan Dies, 95

(Continued from First Page)

discovered the North Pole. MacMillan nearly perished when he went through the ice and was forced to turn back at the 85th parallel. He related later that "Peary held my freezing feet against his warm body to save them."

UNDISMAYED by this experience, MacMillan's quest for knowledge never abated and the Pole star remained his constant navigational guide.

Although MacMillan never set foot on the North Pole, he did fly over it in 1957 with three other members of the Arctic fraternity, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Peter Fruechen and Col. Bernt Balchen.

One of MacMillan's earliest expeditions occurred in 1910 when all alone in a 16-foot canoe, he almost reached Hudson Straits under sail and paddle. He later described it as a "marvelous trip." During it he relied on his shotgun and fishing tackle for food and found shelter beneath the canoe, hauled out on shore, or with the Eskimos.

TWO YEARS later, he and Jot Small, a boyhood playmate, reached northern Labrador in a 21-foot power boat.

"We were the first to cross Labrador and live with the Indians," he reported.

In 1913 MacMillan started out on what was to be a two-year expedition to the frozen north.

With seven men and supplies, he landed on the beach at Etah, an Eskimo settlement in northwest Greenland. Because of ice conditions no vessel was able to reach him for four years. Coincidentally, Bob Bartlett, who also had been on the Peary expedition, was the one who took MacMillan off the ice.

When that expedition's supplies became exhausted, their fare consisted of dog biscuit, birds' eggs, seal and walrus meat.

During the four years MacMillan studied the customs, language and habits of the Eskimos and traveled 8,000 miles by dog team along the Greenland coast, Ellsmere Land, Axel Heiberg Land and into unexplored areas of the Polar Sea. He later wrote a conversational Eskimo dictionary which was issued to members of the armed forces serving in the north.

MACMILLAN had high regard for Eskimo intelligence and adaptability. "If they were not intelligent," he once said, "they couldn't survive in that country."

However, he fully recognized their lack of immunity from the white man's diseases and said they should not be brought from their native land. He referred to the tragic experience of nine Eskimos brought back by Peary, whose lives were cut short by exposure to white civilization.

When MacMillan returned in 1917 from his four-year enforced sojourn in the polar wastes, he found the world at war. Then 43, the Navy though him a little old but finally made him an officer in its infant air arm.

But when World War II came along, a quarter of a century later, there was no official hesitancy. The noted explorer, a reserve com-

mander, was given his own ship and four planes and promptly ordered back to the north.

HIS MISSION made 10,000 aerial photographs of the Labrador, Greenland and Baffin Land coasts. He worked with the War Department on Arctic fighting plans and served on the Secret Defense Board for two years.

MacMillan drew upon his vast knowledge of ice conditions in having his 88-foot schooner, Bowdoin, built at Boothbay Harbor, Me., in 1921. The vessel was so strong that she rammed her way through countless floes without harm and was so designed that when squeezed by solid ice, the pressure lifted her bodily from its grasp without being crushed.

All but one of his later voyages were made in the Bowdoin. When the Bowdoin set sail for MacMillan's 30th expedition on June 26, 1954, an admiral's flag was lashed to her foremast. Moments before her departure MacMillan was notified that he had been promoted to rear admiral.

THAT VOYAGE proved to be MacMillan's last. On June 27, 1959 the Bowdoin, veteran of 300,000 miles of cruising among icebergs, sailed into Mystic, Conn., for a permanent berth at the Mystic Seaport, a marine museum.

MacMillan received many awards for his exploits. Among them were the Elisha Kane Gold Medal, a special Congressional medal for his work on the Peary North

Pole expedition, the Hubbard Gold Medal of the National Geographic Society and the Explorer's Club Medal.

When he received the Bradford Washburn Award of the Boston Museum of Science as "the nation's most distinguished living Arctic explorer," in 1967, he received a challenging message.

IT WAS FROM Capt. Alan B. Shepard Jr., the nation's first astronaut, who announced there was a space available for the moon and asked "Are you available?"

"Damn right," said MacMillan in an aside to those near him.

But on April 6, 1969, the 60th anniversary of Peary's discovery of the North Pole, MacMillan received other messages of congratulations at his boyhood home in Provincetown, Mass., where he was born November 10, 1874.

He was 94 then. He still "walked the deck" of the street floor porch of the large frame house overlooking Provincetown harbor but his seaman's deep blue eyes were clouded by glaucoma and cataracts. His wife, Miriam, whom he married when he was 60, read him numerous messages.

One was from President Richard M. Nixon who said "Your courageous spirit of adventure will live forever to inspire endless new generation." Another was from three astronauts training to land on the moon.

They said "What you did represented a triumph of a hu-



DONALD B. MacMILLAN, as he was photographed in Falmouth in 1959, beside his Arctic schooner Bowdoin.



WITH HIS WIFE Miriam, Adm. MacMillan cruised the Charles River in 1967 after he was honored by the Museum of Science.

man mind, body and spirit over the harshest and most hostile environment here on our planet earth."

They said "What you did re-Armstrong, Michael Collins and Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr.

MacMillan was graduated in 1898 from Bowdoin College from whence came the name for his schooner. A museum at the college contains many of the artifacts of the MacMillan expeditions. Others are at

the Museum of Natural History in New York City and the Historical Museum at Provincetown.

His expedition inspired him to write numerous books and they were the subjects of extensive lectures.

Died. Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, 95, veteran Arctic explorer, anthropologist, ethnologist, geographer and naturalist; in Provincetown, Mass. MacMillan's first voyage to the Arctic was with Robert E. Peary on his historic discovery of the North Pole in 1908-09, and the experience so moved MacMillan that he returned 29 times over the next half-century. He crisscrossed the polar region by dog sled, snowmobile and airplane, and sailed into the ice aboard his sturdy schooner *Bowdoin*. All the while, he made vast contributions to the world's knowledge of Eskimos, glacial movements, polar flora and fauna, and the geography of the Canadian Arctic archipelago. He was 80 before he finally retired, and even then he lost none of his zest for adventure into the unknown. Three years ago, Astronaut Alan Shepard Jr. asked the admiral whether he might be available for a moon trip: "Damn right," replied MacMillan.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 21, 1970

Admit to "Bowdoin"



Akvarel af den grønlandske sølfanger Jakob Danielsen (1890-1938). Udstillet på Statens Museum for Kunst, 1941. - DISKO. Jakob kører ned over en isflod. -
 Painted in water-colours by the Greenlandic seal-hunter Jakob Danielsen (1890-1938). Exhibited in the "Danish State Museum of Art", 1941. DISKO. Jakob crossing a frozen river bed.

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