

Our trip to Maine July 2012

Schooner *BOWDOIN*

By Spurgeon G. "Spud" Roscoe

John Dilks writes a monthly two page article with the title "Vintage Radio". This appears in the American Radio Relay League publication QST. John holds Amateur Radio Call Sign K2TQN and he started this monthly article in the January 2000 issue of QST. It is a most interesting section of QST. He includes many interesting old photographs each month.

John is also a member of the Radio Officers Group. This is mainly a gathering of former Radio Officers located around the world via computer. John made a request some time ago for old copies of The Sparks Journal. This was a publication of the Society of Wireless Pioneers. I had many of the first issues of this newspaper type document that were doing little more than collecting dust. I sent them on to John who did a fine job of putting them on CD and sent me a copy of the final product. I enjoy reading them via CD as much as I did when I had the real thing.

On June 24th, 2012 John sent an announcement to us Radio Officers inviting us to the following:

Castine Historical Society presents

WIRELESS NORTH POLE: DON MIX AND THE SCHOONER BOWDOIN

by radio historian John Dilks

Making Wireless Communication History

In 1923, a young ham radio operator named Don Mix was hand-picked by Arctic explorer Admiral Donald MacMillan to join the crew of the Schooner Bowdoin on a 15-month expedition wintering over in Refuge Harbor, Greenland. That history-making expedition led to the first successful short-wave radio transmission from above the Arctic Circle: Wireless North Pole.

An Amazing Story Captured In Photographs

With access to Don Mix's personal diary from his time on the Bowdoin, and more than 200 of Mix's own photographs from his adventure, radio historian John Dilks captures the amazing story of this young man who helped make wireless communications history – and life in the ice on an 88 foot wooden schooner in 1923.



Schooner Bowdoin, Refuge Harbor,
Greenland, 1923



Radio Operator Don Mix on Bowdoin, 1923

Photographs courtesy of the Mix family

Tuesday, July 10 7:30 pm

In the Mitchell Room of the Abbott School
at the Castine Historical Society

17 School Street (207) 326 4118

Free of charge * Open to the Public

Co sponsored by

Castine Yacht Club and the Castine Historical Society



On receipt of this information Joan and I decided to go to this event. We decided to leave on Sunday July 8th, 2012. I had included a description of this voyage of the sailing vessel *BOWDOIN* in my history of the Halifax Amateur Radio Club. One can read this description simply by bringing up my history of the club on this web site. When all of the nearly four hundred pages have come up go into Edit

and find and enter WNP, the wireless call sign of the *BOWDOIN* on this 1923 trip. This should bring up this description with little trouble.

Several claim they enjoyed my description of our trip in 2011 and this prompted me to try and record this 2012 trip in a similar manner. One can read this lengthy description of our 2011 trip on this web site as well. It makes it quite convenient for Joan and me to relive that trip and hopefully this will prove a similar experience.

We traded our one ton dually for our present small half ton pickup in November 2011 so was unable to take the trailer.

Sunday July 8th, 2012

July 8th was a nice sunny day after a few overcast and rainy days. We departed Halifax at ten minutes past 9 AM. We caught up to and passed a caravan of about 8 large "A Class" motorhomes on highway 102 as we went past the Halifax Airport. A "Class A" motorhome is like a large bus that has the engine in either the rear or front. If in the rear it is called a pusher. The caravan mechanic was and travels in the rear. He was towing a storage trailer on his motorhome for parts and a workshop. The other motorhomes all had a vehicle of one description or another in tow. One had a small motorcycle strapped to the back of the car he was towing. The wagon master was in the lead and travels in that position. He had the name of the caravan company on the back of his motorhome. All 8 were traveling just below the speed limit so one could get around them okay even with lots of traffic and there was plenty this morning. These caravans will travel with up to 15 units between the wagon master and the mechanic. One would think 15 plus the 2 making 17 units would be plenty. One can join one of these caravans for just about anywhere.

We pulled into Tim Horton's at Debert at 18 minutes past 10 AM. These outlets are a Canadian coffee shop and more a Canadian institution than anything else. They gather quite a crowd. They claim the new one down the street from us turned over ten million dollars last year. If that one did that well one could never guess what this one in Debert did. This is one of the few Tim Horton's outlets that have room for large double clutching knee bending semi trailer trucks to park in. I have never seen this one without a few in their yard. Our fifth wheel camping trailer was built down the road just to the left of this Tim Horton's. Joan climbed behind the wheel at Tim's and drove. This gave me a nice break.



We went through the booth on the Cobequid Pass toll highway seen in the distance below at 10 past 11 AM. The toll for the pickup was four dollars. We crossed into New Brunswick at 54 minutes past 11 AM.





This is RCI, Radio Canada International, the short wave Canadian Radio Service that is to shut down in August 2012. This is the transmitter site on the marsh on the New Brunswick side of the Nova Scotia New Brunswick border and has been since its inception. The studio is located in Montreal. The local amateur radio community is hoping to be able to use some of those antennae before they are torn down.

We arrived at the gasoline filling station at Sussex at 8 minutes past 1 PM. The tank was not full when we left Halifax but we managed to get \$77.65 in the tank. I took over the driving from there. We cleared U.S. Customs and crossed into the United States at Calais, Maine at twenty-five minutes past 3 PM. This was a distance of 532 kilometers. We went to the International Motel at Calais and rented room 39 for the night.



This is the office of the International Motel at Calais, Maine. Note the sailing vessels in the windows. They are probably models of old ships built in the area years ago.

Monday July 9th, 2012

There is a restaurant next to this motel so we ate our supper and had our breakfast there and was on the road at ten minutes to 10 AM. The time changes at the U.S. Border to Eastern Daylight Time but I will stay with Atlantic Daylight Time for this exercise. We had lots of time and actually were a day early but we enjoyed the time looking around. We had not driven along the coastal route of route one for several years so went that way. This is a beautiful drive with a lot of well manicured large lawns. They must spend a fortune on gasoline alone and never mind the hours spent on one of those ride on lawn mowers.



This was taken at ten minutes past 11 AM. This is at Machias. We stopped at a Dunkin Doughnuts and I had my first cup of iced coffee. It was probably my last. Cold coffee with two creams and the cup filled with ice cubes. Everyone gives me a hard time about my day old coffee but I believe it is better than that. I simply heat up a cup of day old coffee, if it happens to be that old, in the microwave and enjoy it. Joan was wise and stuck with her black tea. Hot of course and the weather was plenty warm at the time. The water and sail boats were just to the right of the lawn. There are many similar lawns along that route.

No one in Machias remembered Captain Jabez West. Not likely. He was a Captain of an American privateer during the American Revolutionary War in 1788-89 at Machias. He was a brother of my great times six grandfather Cyrus West. They both had immigrated to Nova Scotia from Tisbury, Massachusetts in 1760 with their father William, to farm the lands left vacant by the expulsion of the French Acadians. Jabez went back and fought on the American side in this war.



Rand McNally Maine state map

The bright green streak through Ellsworth over to route 175 and down to our destination at Castine is our tracks.



This photograph gave us the biggest laugh of the trip. We were wondering what "86 This!" meant on this store as we went through downtown Ellsworth. Joan grabbed the camera and took this photograph of it. As she took the picture a large fuel truck went by the store and she got a great picture of that truck. She deleted the picture of the truck so I cannot use it here. It struck us very funny at the time. This was taken at about 1 PM. We simply cruised along slowly. When something came up behind us I simply pulled over and let it pass.



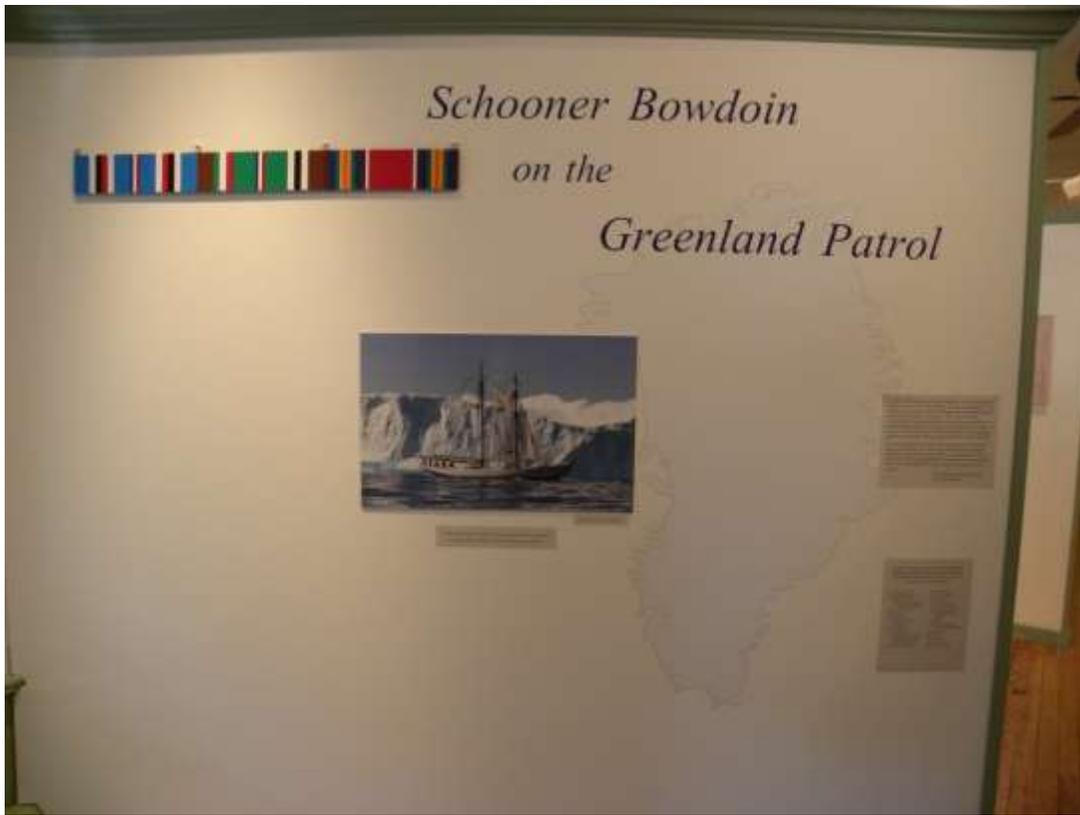
This is Castine Harbor as we entered Castine. There were a lot of boats coming, going and just plain laying at anchor waiting.

We drove around Castine, looked the place over and had a chat with a couple of the town's employees working on the road. We visited the Wilson Museum and spent a couple of hours there enjoying the exhibits. They had a number of models of the steam ferries that plied the waters of the area over a hundred years ago. There was a video playing of a local character describing these ferries and some of his experiences in the U.S. Navy that I found very interesting. There were a lot of china dishes and so on to keep Joan entertained.

We learned the location of the Abbott School-Castine Historical Society at this museum. This school had been built in 1859 and a lot of the buildings were of that vintage. John was to give his lecture in the basement of this school and the main floor was exhibits of the schooner *BOWDOIN*.



The door on the left front of the building enters into the main floor and holds nothing but the *BOWDOIN* exhibit that is very interesting.



This is the first exhibit one sees on entering the museum.



We met the gentleman who built this model of *BOWDOIN*. He attended John's lecture. The *BOWDOIN* did not have a bowsprit, the pole on the bow that holds the mainstay of the foremast. The reason behind this is that the ice would simply break it off as she sailed through ice and a swell. The small bowsprit one sees on this model is simply to hold the radio aerial, a wire from the foremast top. The radio or wireless room was in the bow of the ship.



Bowdoin dockside, Portsmouth, New Hampshire Navy Yard, 1941 (above).
Courtesy of the Bowdoin

Bowdoin at dry-dock in Boston, Massachusetts (below).
Courtesy of the Bowdoin and State Museum





Bowdoin's 1941 Crew

Front Row: Ensign Eugene Springman, 1st from left; Ensign Leslie Quackenbush, 2nd from left.
Middle Row: Guy "Doc" Abbott, Pharmacist's Mate, 4th from left; Bill "Curse" Dracou, Seaman
1st Class; Charles "Eggie" Edgams, Seaman 1st Class, 5th from left. Back Row: Victor "Sparky"
Patonoff, Radio Officer. Also pictured: Edwin Bell, Seaman 1st Class; William Lambert, Cook,
2nd class; Harvey Morgan, Machinist Mate. Not pictured: Donald MacMillan, Captain.
Courtesy of The Perry-Dea Miller Society, Bowdoin College.

Crew

Life aboard the USS Bowdoin



This is Dennett's Wharf Restaurant in the yellow where we ate our meals while in Castine.

BOWDOIN was built in 1921 the same year our famous fishing vessel *BLUENOSE* was built. *BLUENOSE* appears on the back of the Canadian ten cent piece.



BOWDOIN made another run north in 2008. *BLUENOSE* was sold and lost off Haiti right after World War II. They built a replica of *BLUENOSE* in 1963 and named it *BLUENOSE II*. *BOWDOIN* at 88 feet is 39 feet shorter than *BLUENOSE II* at 127 feet. One can tell they are from the same era. In 2012 *BLUENOSE II* was being completely rebuilt for nearly twenty millions of dollars. She cost \$730,000.00 in 1963. It certainly makes one wonder if nothing else.



Nova Scotia Government
BLUENOSE II

I have been fascinated with radio call signs since I first became interested in radio. *BLUENOSE II* has been assigned radio call sign CYJZ since new. Captain Coggins was from the old school and a great one to “make her number” whenever possible. Captain Coggins was the first captain of *BLUENOSE II*. A vessel makes her number by flying her call sign in a vertical line where it can be best seen; in the same location as the Canadian flag on *BLUENOSE II* and just below this flag.





BLUENOSE II making her number under her Canadian flag
Letter C over Y over J over Z in a vertical line as shown

Some vessels change their call sign often for one reason or another. The *BOWDOIN* was assigned radio call sign WNP in 1923. When all vessels went to a four letter call sign from the 1927 international agreement, *BOWDOIN* was assigned WDDE. The *BOWDOIN* was *USS BOWDOIN* during World War II and patrolled off Greenland with Lieutenant Commander Donald MacMillan in command. He is the one who had designed and built the *BOWDOIN* for Arctic exploration. She had pendant number IX50 while *USS BOWDOIN* but I have been unable to locate her four letter naval call sign that had the prefix N. *USS BOWDOIN* was commissioned on June 16th, 1941 and decommissioned on December 16th, 1943. Her radioman during the war was Victor Paounoff. *USS BOWDOIN* was stricken from the Navy List in May 1944 and was sold to friends of Donald MacMillan in January 1945.

When the *BOWDOIN* went north in 1946 she was assigned international radio call sign KLPO and when she went north again in 2008 she was assigned WAM8653. She has made 24 trips beyond the Arctic Circle. Unfortunately *BOWDOIN* was not at Castine on our visit. She was at Rhode Island getting ready for another northern voyage. She has had a lot of repair work over the years as one can imagine and they claim she will soon need more work on her upper deck.

Warships are the only vessels that make their number today and it has been some time since I saw one of them so it is becoming a thing of the past. This is a shame because it seemed to add some colour to a vessel if nothing else. These call signs are kept on file at the International Telecommunication Union (ITU) in Switzerland and they published an annual publication known as the List of Ship Stations. This not only included each of the world's vessels by name, their call signs, but stated the radio equipment fitted in each merchant or commercial vessel. Most of the world's warships were listed but did not list the radio

equipment fitted in warships. The ITU also produced a publication listing these vessels by call sign. In other words, if one met a vessel at sea and she made her number a quick check of this latter publication would produce her name.

After we visited the Castine Historical Society we went looking for a place to spend the night. Joan had checked the three Inn's in Castine by computer, the only places to stay in Castine and said they were expensive. We went looking anyway. They were old buildings built in the mid eighteen hundreds with dried out hard wood floors that squeaked every time one stepped on them. The most expensive was \$375.00 for one night and the cheapest was \$110.00. One had to carry their baggage up three flights of stairs and leave their vehicle on the street. We did not want to buy the place so went over to a motel in Bucksport for less than seventy dollars for the night.

Tuesday July 10th, 2012

There was no point in leaving early because John's lecture was not until 7:30 PM local time or 8:30 PM our time, the time we are using here. We visited "The Golden Domes" a MacDonald's outlet for breakfast at 10 AM and then went shopping in a nearby grocery. We did not get to Castine until 11:25 AM. We went to the Castine Wharf and found John and Sheri there looking over the harbor, the first time we had met in person.



This is John and I on the Castine Wharf. The ship behind us is the *STATE OF MAINE* the training ship for the Maine Marine Academy that has its headquarters at Castine. I'm sure I sailed with a graduate of the academy but for the life of me I cannot remember who it was.

John and I had a great visit. He showed me his car a Ford Flex that he has his HF amateur station mounted in. He had it tuned to 17 meters or 18 MHZ but found the band rather dead at the time we were looking at it.

John had not been to the Castine Historical Society so when we parted he went there and Joan and I continued to look around Castine. We parked under a shade tree next to a church while I had a snooze and Joan knit and read. We went to the Castine Historical Society at 7 PM and I gave John the only Canadian ten cent piece I could find with the *BLUENOSE* on the reverse. We had to tear the truck apart to find that one dime and the only one we had with us. I should get a few good ones and carry them with me especially when in the U.S.

John's lecture was in the lower room one entered from the outside and it was full. He gave one fantastic lecture on the voyage of *BOWDOIN* in 1923. Joan said she actually enjoyed it. It certainly brought back a flood of memories for Joan and I having lived in the north.

John had Don's diary and had it on a screen via a lap top computer. He also had copies of Don's photos and showed those alongside the diary entries. The trip to Castine for this lecture was worth every penny it cost. I was disappointed that I did not get to see *BOWDOIN* because she was in Rhode Island getting ready for another northern trip I was told.

Don's photographs are very good considering the time and place they were taken. I failed to ask John if they were using plate negatives or rolls of film. When we were in the north and experiencing very cold weather of minus 40 Fahrenheit or below we could not use 35 millimeter film. The film would freeze and when one went to change to the next shot it would tear. My 8 millimeter home movie camera would work but leave a light streak where the film cracked. These cold weather streaks in the various scenes taken during cold weather are annoying but not hopeless to watch.

John read from Don's diary and did not mention the Halifax amateurs who were a big part of the communications on this voyage. He had a very good description of Jack Barnsley, a photo of Jack, his home and his radio room. Jack lived at Prince Rupert, British Columbia and was a former ship's wireless operator who became the Agent for Union Steamship Company at Prince Rupert. Jack also had a hardware store he ran from his home. John had found more detail on Jack than I had found. According to Don's diary they were held up for compressed air and John did not know what that was used for. I said to start the engine. *BOWDOIN* had an oil engine in 1923 because Donald MacMillan did not want to carry

gasoline feeling it was too great a fire hazard. The World War I Submarine Chaser was started with compressed air. The engine was too big to crank. There were no electric starting motors and there were no Pup or Donkey motors. A Pup or Donkey motor was a small gasoline motor one started with a pull cord. Once it was going and warmed up they clutched in the large motor it was used to start. The large motor would cough, sneeze, puff black smoke (unburned fuel) and finally start. Once the large motor was going the Pup or Donkey motor was stopped and one could enjoy what seemed to be the relative quiet of the large engine compared to the rather sharp bark of the Pup or Donkey engine. Some called these small starting engines a Pup and others called them a Donkey and that was the only difference in the terminology I have heard. The thing that has bothered me since learning this is how in the world did the engineer in *BOWDOIN* keep compressed air in order to start that engine after it had been frozen in for months? The engine would have had an air compressor and an auxiliary water pump. But when the compressed air was getting low I am certain the engineer did not drain all the oil out of that large engine, heat it, replace it and start it just to make more compressed air. The answer to this question would be very interesting. The engine was a 60 horsepower Fairbanks Morse that could operate on crude oil, kerosene and even seal oil. It was one cylinder only commonly called a "one lung". I've seen them and heard them running but am unable to confirm the compressed air starting system

John had a photo of *BOWDOIN* leaving and it showed the black smoke from the engine. It also showed a train blowing its whistle in the background. John had the display rigged so one could hear the train whistle and it sounded identical to a train whistle of that period. Unfortunately it was one steady blast and not the customary three long blasts that stand for Good Bye, Good luck and God Bless.

Don had no time for commercial radio. Either that or John failed to mention he visited the station at Battle Harbour, Newfoundland. They lay in Battle Harbour for a few days before proceeding on north up the Labrador Coast. The Battle Harbour coast station was placed in service in 1904 with call code BH. When the Marconi stations were given the M prefix in January 1908 Battle Harbour became MBH. After the 1912 London Radio convention Newfoundland was assigned the international radio prefix VO and Battle Harbour became VOA. This station was in service and with call sign VOA when *BOWDOIN* visited the harbour.

One is never too old to learn something new. Don mentioned he became sick from eating Walrus liver. The first I had heard of Walrus in the area of Greenland so to prove him wrong I went looking and sure enough there are Walrus in that area including the Davis Strait. We did not see any when up there and no one mentioned them.

Don also mentioned a freshwater whale and that is the first I had heard that terminology. I told John I felt it must be a Beluga. They are white and the only whale with a movable jaw. I've seen them in the mouth of the Saguenay River.

When we lived at Inuvik a pod followed some fish into the fresh water Husky Lakes in the spring and remained until the water level was down so far they could not get back out to the Arctic Ocean. Some highly educated soul with some authority put up a sign on the hole these whales tried to keep open in order to breathe, that they were under scientific study and not to be touched. Joan and I flew out and saw this hole and watched them one after another come up simply to try and keep the hole from freezing. In the end the whales lost and the hole froze over and the whales drowned. Why they did not let the Eskimo catch them for their winter food was beyond everyone who knew they were there. There was no way to get them back out to the Arctic Ocean. From this experience and knowing the Beluga was in the area of *BOWDOIN*, I am convinced he was referring to this type of whale.

John showed some of Don's photographs of the Eskimo that visited them. One could almost smell them. They were dressed in furs that have more or less disappeared today. They put these furs on and more or less wore them off. They had a flap in the stern for a nature call. The old time radio operators in the north claim they could see a bit of bare butt now and then while the kids were playing in the snow, from a bit of an opening around this flap. The Eskimo was far from stupid and they had to be very intelligent to live in such a severe environment. Donald MacMillan made over 30 trips to the arctic. John stated that those who should know feel that he was the first person to photograph musk ox doing their thing that is so common to them. When musk ox feel threatened from wolves or any danger, they form a circle with their heads out and all the young musk ox in the centre of the circle for protection.

John had a photo of the dog Don brought home from the north and claimed it did not work out very well. No doubt the dog was homesick. If you want to see homesick in Technicolor bring one of those dogs outside as we called it and watch it experience its first snow storm. They go completely foolish because it is a little bit of the only home they knew. These dogs are now a recognized breed and have been for a few years. One old Eskimo told me that if the dog's tail lays over its back in a tight curl it is a good sled dog. For the life of me I have no idea why that would be.

The illustration of *BOWDOIN* up on what appears ice and lying over was taken when she was departing Refuge Harbour, Greenland where she had laid since October 1923. When they entered the harbour in October they had sounded the harbour and recorded all the rocks they found. The summer of 1924 was not to be a warm one. All the ice did not leave the harbour as they expected. Donald MacMillan decided to try and jump that rock with *BOWDOIN* after the ice around the harbour edge had melted. *BOWDOIN* had greenheart or ironwood on the bottom of her bow to protect her from the ice. She had to pull herself off with a kedge anchor in the end because that was the only way they could free her. This was a lecture on Don Mix and the communications he provided for *BOWDOIN* up north in 1923 and 1924 with call sign 1TS. Don passed away at the age of 71 in

1973 and still held call sign W1TS. All amateur call signs were given an international prefix from the 1927 international radio agreements. W was one of the letters assigned the United States.

The room was full for this lecture and I am sure all there enjoyed it very much. There were only six of us who were amateur radio operators.



These are the six amateur radio operators that attended this most interesting lecture. They are left to right: Spud, VE1BC; W1UJR; John, K2TQN; Steve, W1ST; NE1S; W1VEH and W1LXE.

Steve's (W1ST) grandfather was 1KL and had worked Don 1TS on this 1923 voyage. Steve flew in from North Carolina to attend this meeting. Don mentioned 1KE and John proved it was 1KE and not 1KL so Steve was disappointed. One cannot blame him but I am sure there must be a record by Don of not only 1KL but 1AR and 1DD here in Halifax. They all were a big help in providing communications for this expedition.

I wanted to get all six call signs for this exercise and in making certain I had them accurate I failed to get their name.

There is something every so often that really gets the population aroused, interested, whatever the terminology and this voyage in 1923 would be similar to those walking on the moon that we of my generation remember.

Joan and I left right after John's lecture and drove to Bangor, Maine. We arrived at the Holiday Inn, Bangor at 11:30 PM and obtained a nice room on the ground floor. This cost us \$116.63 U.S. so will be slightly higher in Canadian funds but was well worth it.

Wednesday, July 11th, 2012

The Holiday Inn had a nice restaurant so we had our breakfast there. We departed the Holiday Inn at ten minutes past 11 AM. Joan found the address to a nice cigar store and programmed it into the GPS. We were 13 minutes from the store and arrived at 11:23 AM. We purchased some cigars for "Grand Dad Ron". Ron would love that place. It is a proper cigar store with a room in back that is sealed with glass windows and door to keep the thousands of cigars on display in a proper environment. In front of this was a place one could sit, enjoy a good cigar and conversation. There were three doing just that besides the store owner operator. One would have to enjoy cigar smoke in order to last very long in the place.

When leaving the cigar store Joan programmed the Bangor Mall into the GPS 15 minutes down the road. We went there and created a bit of inflation.

We departed the Bangor Mall and drove back to Calais via the Airline Route, the number 9 highway. We are not sure why this is known as the airline route and it may be because everyone flies up and down it. Wikipedia states many reasons for this name and we will let you decide the one that suits you best. It was a narrow rather dangerous trail when we first went up and down it over fifty years ago, but a lot of work has been done to it and it is a rather nice drive through the hills and forests of Southeastern Maine. It is a rather pretty drive to be truthful about it.

We departed the mall at ten minutes past 2 PM and arrived back at the International Motel in Calais at 37 minutes past 4 PM. We managed to get room 14 across from room 39 that we had on our way down. We did this so we could sit outside and enjoy the evening in the shade. The sun was bright and hot at 39.



This car backed in next to us at the motel and we felt it was a British amateur radio operator living in Ontario. Robert, G4PYR tells me it is not a proper British call sign. Actually it was Bonnie and Dennis from Toronto on their way back home from a wedding in Prince Edward Island. Bonnie made up the plate number to read "Give to the Juvenile Diabetes Federation". Their son had this disease and needless to say we had quite a chat. We compared a few notes of their organization with my experience on the executive of "The Tinnitus Support Group of Atlantic Canada".

Thursday, July 12th, 2012

We managed to depart the motel rather early for us and arrived at Canada Customs at the border two minutes later at 9 AM.



This is United States Customs on the left. Canada Customs is across the bridge over the St. Croix River just out of view. There is quite a lineup at U.S. Customs but none at Canada. We had a very easy crossing both ways. Both border patrols were girls. There were a couple of vehicles ahead of us going into the United States but no one was ahead of us at Canada Customs coming out. Both girls were very pleasant and a pleasure to meet. We turned the trucks motor off, had our sun glasses off, handed them our passports and a copy of John's invitation to the meeting. Who knows whether or not it helped?

Joan drove for an hour and 15 minutes on the way back. There was a lot of highway construction between St. Stephen and Saint John. This went to one lane traffic and reduced speed but did not slow us up much.



Joan was driving when we entered Nova Scotia and this was the best photograph of the border I managed to take.



This is the 65 million dollar Wind Farm on the marsh between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on the Nova Scotia side just south of the border. These are wind turbines that generate electricity from the wind for Nova Scotia power to sell. There is a lot of friction about these units for some reason. A lot of people do not want them in their area. They claim they get sick from them. I find it hard to believe but I really do not know anything about them. They also claim birds are killed by them. It is amazing how the wild life is killed from man made machinery. One would think they would avoid things like this and vehicles but for some reason they will run right into them.

We came back through the Cobequid Pass and it was still the same price \$4.00. We went to our favourite restaurant for a feed and drove the truck through the car wash. Some of those Castine trees left some ugly sticky things on the truck. Some claim it is a female tree in heat, whatever that is. Anyway, we were home at 15 minutes to 4 PM. So it is 6 hours from Halifax to the United States border at St. Stephen no matter which way you drive it. The truck burned 81.125 liters of fuel to travel those 532 kilometers. If interested, you do the arithmetic so you can work it out in the type of measure that you like best.

The weather the whole week was beautiful, sunny and quite warm. The type of weather one would like to can and save for February.

The history of Admiral Donald Baxter MacMillan and the history of the Schooner *BOWDOIN* are fascinating subjects. One could spend many enjoyable hours in research on both.

If you can ever get the chance to attend one of John's lectures be sure and do so. You will not be disappointed.

Spud Roscoe VE1BC
Halifax, Nova Scotia