

**An Anthology of the Antarctic Reading Experience,
1800 to 2014:
How did they Cope?**

A Personal Preface

In June of 2000 the Polar Libraries Colloquy, a congenial group of librarians responsible for polar collections throughout the world, met in Winnipeg, Manitoba, for its 19th biennial conference. My wife Deirdre Stam and I attended and signed up for the post-conference tour to Churchill, Manitoba, half way north on the western shore of Hudson Bay, joining six others to make a knowledgeable and entertaining group. The thousand-mile train journey, first by Canadian National Railroad, through the lush farmland of southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, to La Pas, and then by the Hudson Bay Railroad heading northeast through muskeg forest into increasingly tundra-like terrain to the Port of Churchill. Originally built to transport grain from Western Canada to the seasonal route between Churchill, the Hudson Strait, and the needy ports of the Soviet Union, the Hudson Bay Railroad was finally completed in 1929 after several fitful starts.

Since we would be travelling through some of the terrain that Sir John Franklin covered in his two land journeys of 1819 and 1825, we took with us a copy of Franklin's writings about those disastrous overland expeditions, a tidy hard-bound pocketbook called *Journey to the Polar Sea* (Köln: Könemann, 1998), ideal for train reading during the thirty-six hour trip. One passage in particular stirred my thinking:

I, therefore, issued directions to deposit at this encampment the dipping needle, azimuth compass, magnet, a large thermometer, and a few books we had carried, having torn out of these, such parts as we should require to work the observations for latitude and longitude.

Elsewhere in the book, Franklin's fellow explorer, John Richardson, also alluded to the books they had with them on their journey:

Through the extreme kindness and forethought of a lady, the party, previous to leaving London, had been furnished with a small collection of religious books, of which we still retained two or three of the most portable, and they proved of incalculable benefit to us. We read portions of them to each other as we lay in bed, in addition to the morning and evening service, and found that they inspired us on each perusal with so strong a sense of the omnipresence of a beneficent God, that our situation, even in those wilds, appeared no longer destitute; and we conversed, not only with calmness, but with cheerfulness, detailing with unrestrained confidence the past events of our lives, and dwelling with hope on our future prospects.

Leaving aside the work of a beneficent God in the midst of the worst possible circumstances for "the man who ate his boots," I began to wonder more broadly about what explorers read on their expeditions, how they might have used print to help them cope with ennui and boredom, to find comfort in adversity, and diversion in monotony. Thus started what is already a eighteen-year quest for instances of the reading of Arctic and Antarctic explorers, from the mere mention of an author or title, to the library catalogues of expedition collections, to more extended reflections on the reading of individual books, or more generally about the importance of reading in their lives, lives of dispiriting routine punctuated by moments of danger and terror.

From the beginning we cast a very wide bibliographical and archival net: journals, diaries, memoirs, official reports, autobiographies, biographies, printed and manuscript catalogues, anything, published or unpublished, primary or secondary, that might reveal what these explorers were reading during their travels or their doldrums. Some of the most poignant examples are comments on the unavailability of any print at all and the hardships that the absence of print could cause. The scope of the search was international, though the focus was on British,

Commonwealth, and American adventurers, the most accessible literature of the subject.

At the next Polar Libraries Colloquy in June 2002 in Copenhagen, we presented a paper presenting the first fruits of these searches, a talk called “Silent Friends: the Role of Reading in Polar Exploration.”ⁱ We went on to deliver this and other papers on the subject, from Edinburgh to Fairbanks, from Toronto to St. Louis, from Syracuse to Washington, and it was the inspiration of the deliberate pun in the title of our 2005 Grolier Club exhibition called *Books on Ice: British & American Literature of Polar Exploration*, which featured both books about the ice of the polar regions, but also books that had spent time on the ice, and in the case of one book, produced at a base in Antarctica. The following compilation is a distillation of the Antarctic examples of all these searches. I decided to begin with Antarctica as the smaller and more manageable section of the ever-growing data base, postponing the Arctic for the future or for other polar students interested in this arcane pursuit.

The opening section of this compilation, “General Titles,” includes sources which cover more than one expedition, a common phenomenon for the most famous explorers—Amundsen, Byrd, Mawson, Scott, and Shackleton. Here are included biographical and autobiographical works by and about explorers who participated in multiple expeditions, apart from works about individual expeditions such as Amundsen’s book about the South Pole, or Scott’s Journals of his last expedition.

The remainder of the materials in this compendium are principally organized chronologically by expedition, headed by the date or dates of the expedition, the name of the expedition, and the names of the ships and/or explorers involved. Following the headings for each voyage are the individual titles, listed alphabetically by author, whether written by the explorer, his colleagues, or the reporters or biographers, and then quotations from those sources of relevant comments on their reading.

There are some famous expeditions for which I’ve found no material at all. I’ve nonetheless included these journeys in the chronological listing, hoping that some future cartographer of polar reading will fill in the blank spaces. Where possible I’ve tried to include a brief summary of each expedition. At the first appearance of each

explorer I've given a brief summary of his work to place him within the context of exploration history. In Antarctica, women were in short supply as expedition leaders, until the Australians in the 1980s.

I cannot emphasize enough the ambiguity of these claims of reading experiences. One cannot be certain, to take an extreme example, that the reviewer of a work has in fact read the work he has reviewed. The possession of a book by an expedition or individual is no evidence of its having been read; claims that a given book was used to make practical decisions on an exploratory journey on the other hand, is more convincing as evidence of reading although not absolute proof. I've tried to be as inclusive as possible in including all forms of evidence, however uncertain, from simple possession (e.g. listings in shipboard catalogues), to analytical descriptions of personal reading. That inclusiveness introduces its own questions. How many men listening to Darwin read aloud, for example, could be claimed as readers of Darwin, and how many nodded off while listening? Do these groups of individual readers, however they might have been drawn together, constitute any kind of "reading community?" What does it matter?

The compilation below is intended to help address some of these questions while providing a capsule history of Antarctic exploration and a compendium of materials on reading in Antarctica. It claims to be more provocative than definitive. With these caveats I send it forth on a journey seeking more evidence of reading in the Polar Regions.

David H. Stam
Syracuse, New York
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Note: in all of the transcripts of source materials on Antarctic reading I have attempted to give the material exactly as it first appeared. In each entry, there will be a page number (s), sometimes an explanatory note, and then a colon: following the colon is the entry as exactly I found it in the sources. That includes quotation marks, misspellings unless the meaning is unclear, There will be obvious exceptions such as transcripts from archival/manuscript sources that can't be duplicated in type, as well as inadvertent mistake. The colon is the key, but users of these entries to make their own check on any sources used.

General Titles

Roald Amundsen (1872-1928), Norwegian Explorer

It is appropriate for Amundsen to take pride of place in this compilation since he can easily lay claim to being the world's most successful Polar explorer. His experience was broad and his successful explorations included priority conquests of the South Pole, the North Pole by air, the Northwest Passage, and a third transit of the Northeast Passage. Pride of place goes to his Norwegian team's "discovery" of the South Pole on December 14, 1911, thereby winning the so-called "race to the Pole" over Robert Falcon Scott and his British companions.

Amundsen, Roald. *My Life as an Explorer*. Garden City: Doubleday, 1927.

A fairly straightforward autobiography of Amundsen's life, from childhood adventures on the ice, the *Belgica* expedition and its problems with scurvy, his secret departure for the Northwest Passage to avoid his creditors, the two years on King William Island, another year near Herschel Island, and completion of the Passage in 1906. Next he planned a North Pole expedition, but Peary's claims to have reached the North Pole in 1909 clandestinely shifted Amundsen's focus to the South Pole. He quickly passed over the South Pole trip before moving on to his attempt to drift by airship across the North Pole, his interest in aerial exploration (1922), his business difficulties with H.H. Hammer as well as brother Leon, his dirigible work with Lincoln Ellsworth, and the flight of the *Norge* in 1926.

Throughout Amundsen claimed he was misrepresented and sometimes his apologia is convincing, sometimes not; either way it is a lengthy (over 100 pages) exercise in self-justification. He is particularly incensed at Nobile for claiming the *Norge* expedition was his idea (later attributed to Mussolini), and for any number of contractual difficulties. The work concludes with miscellaneous chapters on Stefansson, on Amundsen's views on the business of exploration, on food and

equipment, and finally an appendix of notes by Riiser-Larsen further refuting Nobile's claims; these are more dispassionate than Amundsen and therefore more convincing. His comments on reading follow:

p. 2: When I was fifteen years old, the works of Sir John Franklin, the great British explorer, fell into my hands. I read them with a fervid fascination which has shaped the rest of my life. [Amundsen says it was the suffering they endured which appealed to him.]

p. 28, Amundsen praises Dr. Frederick Cook, with whom he served on the *Belgica* expedition: the one man of unfaltering courage, unfailing hope, endless cheerfulness, and unwearied kindness.

p. 60-61: I had the good fortune in 1899 to buy all the literature upon the Northwest Passage from an old gentleman in Grimsby, England. By reading these books, I had thoroughly informed myself in the literature of this specialty before I made my successful attempt [on the Northwest Passage].... The distinctive characteristic of my successful venture was that I turned south along the west coast of Boothia Felix to the southernmost point of King William Island, and then proceeded on my way westward, closely following the coast. I owe a good part of my success to the old gentleman in Grimsby, for it was in one of those books, Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock's account of his search for Sir John Franklin, that I read a prophecy that the true channel would be found by following a more southerly route than that taken by previous explorers. It was largely due to this prophecy that I adopted that route.

p. 68: I had, however, carefully read and long pondered the works of the earlier explorers in the Antarctic. In comparing their records, I had been greatly struck with the discovery that the Bay of Whales...had not substantially changed its shore line since its first discovery by Sir James Ross in 1842.

p. 71: I feel justified in saying that by and large the British are a race of very bad losers.

p. 91: Studying our navigation books, I found that high tide was to be expected on the night of September 12th.

p. 225: But, you may ask, how do you know he [Peary] reached it? He went there practically alone—of course, the Negro Hanson [sic] was too ignorant to know whether they reached it or not. And of course, too,

Peary, with his technical knowledge, could easily have faked his records. [Amundsen's answer is simply that Peary was not that kind of man.] p. 258: Victory awaits him who has everything in order—luck, people call it. Defeat is certain for him who has neglected to take the necessary precautions in time—this is called bad luck...our success in attaining the Pole was due to the correctness of our planning. [Amundsen goes on to draw largely negative comparisons to Scott.]

Balchen, Bernt, 1899-1979—Norwegian/American Explorer and Pilot

From a very early age Balchen was fascinated by the allure of the Polar regions and the prospect of using aviation to explore them. From 1925 until well after World War II he was involved in many of the most dramatic and often dangerous exploits of many of the Polar explorers and he knew most of them: Amundsen, Nobile, Ellsworth, Byrd, etc. and he is widely believed to be the first person to fly over both Poles, with Amundsen in the North and Byrd in the South. He held dual citizenship of both Norway and the United States, and served in the US Army Air Force in secret operations supporting the Norwegian resistance during the World War II.

Balchen, Bernt. *Come North with Me: An Autobiography.* New York: E.P. Dutton, 1958.

Although as a child Balchen read a great deal about Polar adventures, his adult autobiography shows little sign that reading played any role in his professional life as a career aviator. The book is included here as one of the best written and least narcissistic of personal polar accounts. There is no indication that this is a translation from his native Norwegian, nor whether he used a ghost writer in preparing the book. His WWII adventures in northern Norway are particularly compelling.

Baughman, T. H. *Before the Heroes Came: Antarctica in the 1890s.* Lincoln, NE: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1994.

A solid but rather dry account of exploration in Antarctica during the decade before Robert Falcon Scott's first expedition aboard the *Discovery*, and centered on Carsten Borchgrevink, his first landing on the Antarctic Continent, and his 1898-1900 *Southern Cross* expedition. In his concluding chapter, "Lessons not Learned," Baughman explicitly accuses Clements Markham and Scott of failing to learn the lessons from the previous decade, thus leading to their "heroic" failure. In particular Markham insisted on naval leadership by the wrong people, avoiding scientific expertise, bypassing William Speirs Bruce for Scott, etc.

p. 29: re the whaling expedition of the *Polar Star* and the *Diana* in 1892: On the rest days the crew took care of personal chores, played whist, or read. Among the most popular works were ones that dealt with the Antarctic or with exploration, such as James Clark Ross's account. Bruce developed an interest in Sir Walter Scott, which Burn Murdoch saw as proof 'that times were leisurely, not necessarily slow.' [Footnote on p. 131 adds: Other popular books were Darwin's *Voyages* and Mill's *Realm of Nature*; Murdoch liked the poem *Ossian*. On later voyages Murdoch also found the Norwegians better educated than the British sailors.]

p. 100, on the *Southern Cross* expedition (1899), ashore at Cape Adare with Borchgrevink and Bernacchi: variety of activities including lectures, singing, or reading aloud: Reading was a favorite activity, and the library contained many volumes on exploration.

Bertrand, Kenneth J. *Americans in Antarctica, 1715-1948*. New York: American Geographical Society, 1971. (AGS Special Publication No. 39.)

A thorough account of American operations in Antarctica, from the Falklands in the 1770s to the 1947-48 US Navy "Operation Windmill." See individual chapters for each expedition covered.

Bomann-Larsen, Tor. *Roald Amundsen*. Foreword by Pen Hadow. Translated by Ingrid Christophersen. Stroud, Glocs., UK: Sutton Publishing, 2006.

Bomann attempts to do to Amundsen what Huntford did to Scott. Most of the time he refers to Amundsen as “the polar explorer” as if he thought himself the only one. Apart from a reference to Amundsen’s childhood reading of and fascination with Sir John Franklin, I found nothing about Amundsen’s reading.

Bown, Stephen R. *The Last Viking: The Life of Roald Amundsen*. Boston: Da Capo Press, 2012.

Poorly documented, totally derivative (mainly from *NY Times*), this book is riddled with errors, but generally an engaging and respectful biography. Repeats story of Amundsen’s teenage reading of everything he could find on polar exploration, but adds something about a voyage from Spain to Florida. He is careful to emphasize Amundsen’s careful reading of fellow explorers and his use of that information to give himself an extra edge. For that Amundsen probably gets insufficient credit.

p. 40-41: ...Amundsen was soon at sea on a two-month voyage bound for Pensacola, Florida. He brought with him a large collection of books on polar travel and exploration—everything from Sir John Franklin’s decades-old books, British naval officer James Clark Ross’s account of reaching the magnetic North Pole in 1831, and the British explorer Frederick Jackson’s more recent *A Thousand Days in the Arctic*, concerning his recent expedition to Franz Josef Land, northeast of Spitsbergen, in the late 1890s.” [No date is given (it’s after the *Belgica* voyage), no source cited, and Franz Josef Land and Svalbard share the 80° latitude.]

p. 86, when Amundsen emerged from the NW Passage into Amundsen Gulf, he encountered the American whaler, *Charles Hanson*, and he and Captain McKenna visited briefly: The Norwegians bid Farewell to the Americans and returned to the *Gjøa* with an armful of old newspapers as

a precious parting gift. One of the newspapers contained a vague and unnerving article under the headline “War between Norway and Sweden.” Norway was about to win independence and Amundsen would be the new nation’s first hero.

p. 120, in preparing for his secret changed plans for the South Pole in 1910, Amundsen made his characteristic reading preparation: ...poring over both old and recent maps, and reading historical accounts of mariners and explorers who had visited Antarctica. He studied all the literature he could obtain, seeking any information that would give him an edge, an advantage over his rivals that might sway the race in his favour or increase his chances of survival.... From his reading, Amundsen determined the precise location to which he wanted to sail and begin skiing to the South Pole [Bay of Whales].

p. 134, on the voyage south: The crew also occupied themselves with other pastimes during the tedious voyage. Several of the men offered musical performances on their violins, mandolins and other instruments; the ship’s captain, Nilsen, gave refresher courses in English; and the men read Amundsen’s library of works on polar exploration.

p. 139: He had studied Shackleton’s account of his polar trip, which was published in early 1910, and had learned much from it, especially much about what not to do, how not to proceed. Shackleton’s hair-raising tale is a litany of near disasters; food was scarce, the supply depots too far apart, the equipment not quite suited to the task....

p. 158: Amundsen believed Johansen’s “demotion” was for the good of all, and perhaps it was; he had read dozens of accounts of failed expeditions, of breakdowns in leadership, of the infighting and suffering that followed....

p. 192: “Although I have had offers of wireless installation for the *Fram*,” he said in one rambling interview, “that also I declined. I don’t care for it. It is very much better to be without news when you cannot be where the news comes from. We are always more contented if we get no news. A good book we like, we explorers. That is our best amusement and our best time killer.”

Debosak, Michelle. “Here Are the Books Ernest Shackleton Brought on His Final Antarctic Expedition,” found on the Internet 4/15/16 at <http://mentalfloss.com/article/76170/here-are-books-ernest-shackleton-brought-his-final-antarctic-expedition>



Sir Ernest Shackleton's final polar expedition was also his most ambitious. In 1915, he and his crew set off aboard the *Endurance* with the goal of becoming the first men to cross the Antarctic continent. Though ultimately unsuccessful, their mission lasted 21 months from departure to return. Luckily, Shackleton had plenty of books on board to pass the time, the BBC reports.

London's Royal Geographical Society recently digitized a photograph taken aboard the *Endurance* in March 1915. The image

shows the explorer's collection of reading material, and thanks to digital enhancement, their titles are visible for the first time. We now know that Shackleton brought dictionaries and encyclopedias with him as well as famous works of literature. Some of the notable titles include *The Brothers Karamazov* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky, the *Poetical Works of Shelley* and *Almayer's Folly* by Joseph Conrad. He also brought with him a number of tomes detailing polar expeditions from the past, like *Voyage to the Polar Sea* and *Journal of HMS Enterprise*.

The frame hanging on the wall at the left side of the picture contains a print of Rudyard Kipling's poem "If." According to the Royal Geographical Society, Shackleton carried the poem with him onto a sheet of floating ice while fleeing his sinking ship.

The *Endurance* remained trapped in ice for 10 months before ultimately sinking into the sea, forcing the crew to transfer to the ship's three lifeboats. It was months before they finally found help, but Shackleton was able to lead all 28 members of his crew to safety. The expedition is chronicled in Ernest Shackleton's 1919 book *South*.

The BBC News Magazine of 24 February 2016 has an article by Paul Kerley which lists the books found in a photograph of the book shelves in Shackleton's cabin aboard *Endurance*. The titles were deciphered from a digitized image of the shelves in Shackleton's cabin. The list consists primarily of mostly undistinguished light fiction, about a dozen reference works, and a smattering of books of Arctic (not Antarctic) exploration

Presented here are the listings from the photograph, here presented alphabetically by author first, or then by title, in what I believe were the most likely editions. All information in this list is taken from OCLC's WorldCat. The speculative title choices are my own, based on the likely choice of London editions and proximity in time to the departure of *Endurance* from Plymouth on August 8, 1914.

Books in Shackleton's Cabin aboard *Endurance*

Amundsen, Roald, 1872-1928. *The Northwest Passage: being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship; "Gjøa", 1903-1907.* Two vols. London: Constable, 1908.

Askew, John Bertham. *Pros and Cons: A Newspaper Reader's and Debater's Guide to the Leading Controversies of the Day.* London: Constable, 1912.

Atherton, Gertrude, 1857-1948. *Perch of the Devil.* London: John Murray, 1914.

Beach, Rex, 1877-1949. *The Barrier.* London: Harper and Row, 1908.

Bell, J. J., 1871-1934. *Thou Fool.* London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1903.

Bennett, Arnold, 1861-1931. *The Grand Babylon Hotel. A Fantasia of Modern Themes.* London: Chatto and Windus, 1902.

Benham, W. Gurney, Sir, 1859-1944. *Cassell's Book of Quotations, Proverbs and Household Words.* London: Cassell, 1907.

Benson, Robert Hugh, 1871-1914. *Oddsfish.* London: Hutchinson, 1914.

Brewer, Ebenezer Cobham, 1810-1897. *The Reader's Handbook of Famous Names in Fiction, Allusions, References, Proverbs, Plots, Stories, and Poems.* London: Chatto and Windus, 1911.

Conrad, Joseph, 1857-1924. *Almeyer's Folly.* London: Collins, 1900.

Bone, David. *The Brassbounder.* Gregory, Lady, 1852-1932. *Seven Short Plays.* London: G. P. Putnam's, 1909.

Cassell's New German Dictionary in Two Parts: German-English, English German. Edited by Elizabeth Weir. London: Cassell, 1906.

Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary of the English Language. Edinburgh: Chambers, 1908.

Collinson, Richard, 1811-1883. *Journal of HMS Enterprise, on the Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin's Ships by Behring Straits 1850-55....* London: Sampson Low, 1889.

Dostoyevsky, Fyodor, 1821-1881. *The Brothers Karamazov*. Trans. by Constance Garnett. London: Heinemann, 1912?

Dreyfus, Alfred, 1859-1935. *Five Years of My Life, 1894-1899*. London: Newnes, 1901.

Encyclopedia Britannica: A Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Clark, 1875-1903. Ninth edition with new volumes from the Tenth Edition.

Flowerdew, Herbert. *The Woman's View: A Novel about Marriage*. London, 1903.

Fowler, Henry Watson, 1858-1933, Editor. *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912.

Glass, Montague Marsden, 1877-1934. *Potash and Perlmutter: Their Co-Partnership, Ventures and Adventures*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1914.

Greely, Adolphus Washington, 1844-1935. *Three Years of Arctic Service: An Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84, and the Attainment of the Farthest North*. Two vols. New York: Scribner's, 1886.

Hey, Ian. [John H. Beith]. *Pip*. *Pip* was published in 1907, under the pseudonym of Ian Hey; I find no copies listed before the *Endurance* voyage.

Hornung, E. W. 1866-1921. *Raffles: The Amateur Craftsman*. London: E. Nash, 1911.

Kane, Elisha Kent, 1820-1857. *United States Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Personal Narrative*. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson, 1856.

Leonard, Robert Maynard. *A Book of Light Verse*. London: H. Frowde, 1910.

Locke, William J. *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne*. London: Bodley Head, 1907.

Lubbock, Basil, 1876-1944. *Round the Horn before the Mast*. London: John Murray, 1907.

Markham, Clemens R., Sir, 1830-1916. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region*. Fourth ed. London: Sampson Low, 1876.

Mason, Alfred Edward Woodley, 1865-1948. *The Witness for the Defense*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1913.

McClintock, Francis Leopold, 1819-1907. *The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas: A Narrative of Discovery of the Fate of John Franklin and His Companions*. London with several editions from 1859.

Nares, George S., 1831-1915. *Narrative of a Voyage to the Polar Sea during 1875-6 in H M Ships 'Alert' and 'Discovery'*. Two vols. London: Low Marston, 1878.

Nesfield, John Collinson. *Manual of English Grammar and Composition*. London: Macmillan, 1898.

Nordenskjöld, Adolf Erik, 1832-1901. *The Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe*. Trans. by Alexander Leslie. Two Vols. London: Macmillan, 1881.

Orczy, Emmuska, Baroness, 1865-1947. *The Case of Miss Elliott*. London: Greenfield, 1909.

Patrick, David and Francis Hinds Groome, Editors. *Chamber's Biographical Dictionary; the Great of All Times and Nations*. London: Chambers, 1912.

Reves, Amélie, 1863-1945. *World's End*. Third Edition. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1914.

Schley, Winfield Scott, 1839-1911. *The Rescue of Greely*. London: Sampson, Low, 1885.

Shaw, George Bernard, 1856-1950. *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant*. Vol. II. Pleasant Plays. London: Constable, 1911?

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 1792-1822. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Two vols. London: Dent, 1907. Everyman Library.

Stacpoole, H. De Vere, 1863-1951. *Monsieur de Rochefort: A Romance of Old Paris*. London: Hutchinson, 1914.

Tracy, Louis, 1863-1928. *The Message of Fate*. London: Ward, Lock, 1910.

Whitaker's Almanac. London: Whitaker, 19?? Presumably Shackleton would have had a fairly current edition of this annual publication.

Dufek, George. US Navy Admiral and leader of Operation Deep Freeze, 1956-60

George Dufek was

Dufek, George. *Through the Frozen Frontier: The Exploration of Antarctica*. New York: Harcourt Brace, 1959.

A concise young-adult traversal of much of Antarctic exploration history through Deep Freeze in 1958 plus a prediction of “Antarctic in the Year 2000,” a bit off the mark. Dufek does accept the classic American myths of polar exploration, Peary and Byrd firsts at North

Pole, and a few others, though perhaps not surprising for the time he was writing. Surprising was the implication that he had no problem incidents with Finn Ronne. At least he proudly says that no incidents were reported.

Chapter on living in the Antarctica does mention a well-stocked library.

Ellsworth, Lincoln. Autobiographical manuscript in the AMNH [RB Collection]

J-3] Typescript, with corrections in pencil by G.H.G. Pre-1935.

p. 1: Perhaps the first awakening of my interest in these regions came from reading Nansen's "Farthest North."

p. 19, crossing Taimyr Peninsula, Ellsworth says "There is but a single record of a man crossing this vast waste." Then someone writes, "Who was it?"—Kennan?

p. 29A: on Snow Hill I stand, Nordenskjoeld's 1902-03 expedition.

"Inside in front of one of the windows Nordenskjoeld was a table upon which lay an old-fashioned phonograph and a dozen or so cylindrical wax records." Tried these out on *Wyatt Earp*, but the tunes were terrible.

p. 33, fossils on Snow Hill: These were for the most part the fossilized versions of creatures that had lived in warm waters.

Flinders, Matthew. *A Voyage to Terra Australis, Undertaken for the Purpose of Completing the Discovery of that Vast Country....* Adelaide: Libraries Board of South Australia, 1966. [Facsimile of 1814 edition, Two vols. & atlas volume of individual charts.]

Vol. I, p. 6: Among the books on this voyage were the "books of voyages to the South Seas, which, with our own individual collections, and the Encyclopedia Britannica, presented by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, formed a library in my cabin for the use of all the officers." Every Admiralty chart for Australia was copied for them.

Fogg, G. E. *A History of Antarctic Science.* Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 2005.

A humanistic study of the development of Antarctic science (not much different from science elsewhere apart from the extreme conditions); as such it constitutes a quite comprehensive history of most Antarctic exploration as well. Antarctic science grows out of mainstream science but has a different relation to politics. Contrasts the “heroic” explorers with the scientists for whom deprivation was no virtue. Fogg defines Antarctic as within the Antarctic Convergence (aka Polar Front), below 50 degrees south, not the 60 degrees of the Antarctic Treaty.

Starts with Edmond Halley and his voyage aboard *Paramore* to the 52nd parallel in early 1700. He was about 200 statute miles south of South Georgia where he encountered immense icebergs, and much fog, which prompted him to withdraw. He didn’t return but was the first to connect the aurora with geomagnetism, and among the first to have been so close to Antarctica. (See Halley’s *The Three Voyages of Edmond Halley in the Paramore, 1698-1701*. Edited Norman J. W. Thrower. London: Hakluyt Society, 1981). The few studies of Halley I’ve seen make little or nothing of his apparent priority in approaching Antarctica.

Bouvet was next in 1739, which eventually became a Norwegian weather station.

p. 18, Cook’s first voyage on *Endeavour* with Banks 1768-1771: ...of the books they took that by De Brosses seems to have been particularly influential. (Carr, 1983).

Second Cook voyage aboard *Resolution* and *Adventure* left London in 1772 and reached its furthest south on January 31, 1774. Naturalist was Johann Forster with his son Georg, after Banks withdrew in a snit.

p. 22: There seems to be no list of books taken aboard the *Resolution* but that Forster took many with him is evident from his journal (Hoare, 1982, p. 63). He was an avid collector and his library was eventually deemed to be the most outstanding one in private hands in Germany.”

This second voyage reached over 71 degrees south and circumnavigated the continent without seeing it. William Wales was part of the scientific staff, later Leigh Hunt’s maths teacher at Christ’s Hospital. Fogg gives Cook’s famous quote predicting that “no man will

ever venture further than I have done and that the lands which may lie to the South will never be explored” (p. 32).

Thadeus Fabian von Bellingshausen’s 1819-21 Antarctica expedition aboard *Mirnyi* and *Vostok* lacked any naturalists—those chosen claimed too little notice, something Bellingshausen thought unreasonable “since all they required for their work was books” which could have been provided in Copenhagen or London. If ice shelves can be accepted as part of the Continent then Bellingshausen was the first to spot Antarctica (p. 36). Peter I island was first land spotted within the Antarctic Circle and he also discovered and named Alexander Island.

Next there are sealing expeditions of James Weddell (1822-24) and Captain Edmund Fanning of Stonington (1792 to 1823).

p. 81: In a Joseph Hooker lecture in 1846 about the James Clark Ross voyage said: “I believe no instruments, however newly invented, was omitted, even down to an apparatus for daguerreotyping and Talbot typing, and we left England provided with a register for every known phenomenon of nature, though certainly not qualified to cope with them all.” Fogg mentions that there was no record of use of the photography but that the expedition had an excellent scientific library.

p. 106ff, in a section on whaling expeditions Fogg notes frequent hostility to scientific diversions from the commercial business of Norwegian voyages, and although “Scientific societies in Australia were enthusiastic and lent books and charts”, scientific personnel were basically excluded. They did at least inspire William S. Bruce’s interest in Antarctica leading to his *Scotia* expedition.

p. 120 notes that Murray’s *Antarctic Manual* contains an Antarctic bibliography and that half the 1200 books aboard *Discovery* were scientific works.

p. 144: good photo of scientists reading and shelves of books.

Fram. The Books of the Fram, as exhibited at the Fram Museum, Oslo, 2015.

Books from the library on the Fram (1910 – 14)

- Åge Meyer: Et folk, der vaagner
- Palle Rosenkrantz: Kongelig Elskov, Anna Boleyn
- Palle Rosenkrantz: Bent Bille
- Carl Kohl: Babel
- H.F. Ewald: Bondebruden
- Knud Hjortø: To verdener
- Herman Bang: Liv og død
- Sten Drewsen: Rødt eller sort
- Jacob B Bull: Kong Kristjern Tyran
- Harald Kidde: Aage og Else – døden
- Harald Kidde: Aage og Else - livet
- Zakarias Bielsen: Gamle vaner
- Herman Bang – Ravnene
- Karl Gjellerup: Ti kroner
- M. Goldschmidt: Fortællinger og virkelighetsbilleder
- Holger Drachmann: Med kul og kridt, digte 1872
- Troels Lund: Christian den fjerdes skib paa Skanderborg Sø I & II
- Albert Gnutzmann: En særlings roman
- Vilhelm Bergsøe: Henrik Ibsen paa Ischia og Fra Piazza del Popolo
- Aage Barfoed: Skytten
- Johan Skjoldborg: Kragehuset
- Carl Ewald: Mogens Heinesen
- Walter Christmas: Frits Banner
- Edward Blaumuller: Manddom
- Laurids Bruun: Den evige - og lyset tændtes
- Laurids Bruun: Den evige - spiring og vekst
- Laurids Bruun: Den evige - de klare øjne
- Laurids Bruun: Den evige – hjærternes møde
- Laurids Bruun: Den sidste fribonde
- John Paulsen: Enkens søn
- Poul Levin: Den døde by
- M. Andersen Nexø: Familien Frank
- St. St. Blicher: Telle og andre noveller

- St. St. Blicher: Herregaardshistorier
- Johan Skjoldborg: Bjærregaarden

Fuchs, Vivian. *Of Ice and Men: The Story of the British Antarctic Survey, 1943-73.* London: Anthony Nelson, 1982.

A comprehensive history of the first 30 years of BAS, originally known as FIDS (Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey), at first a naval exercise under the Admiralty. In effect it has been one very prolonged British expedition to West Antarctica, with emphasis on the Antarctic Peninsula and its islands.

p. 14: 1902 when Dr Andersson ran into Nordenskjöld: When fuel ran out they used seal blubber, and fished with hooks and lines made from brass buckles and seal skin, but for reading matter all they had were the labels on their painfully few tins.

p. 35-36, 1944-45, during Operation Tabarin: During winter the *Port Lockroy Prattler* appeared monthly and claimed to be the most southerly news-sheet in the world. It was the forerunner of a number of publications started by bases in later years, though none of them ever came up to the standard set by the really beautiful *South Polar Times* produced by Scott's last expedition and lavishly illustrated by that great artist Dr. Edward Wilson.

p. 47-8, June 21, 1945: On Midwinter Day the first *Hope Bay Howler* appeared, edited by Back, containing news items and articles, and letters from other bases. To pinpoint how they saw themselves it carried a 'sardonic' advertisement:

Bright young man for the Antarctic. Must have knowledge of botany, zoology, ornithology, surveying, taxidermy, geology, oxometry, etc. German and French essential. Must be able to type, operate wireless set, light fires, clean drains, build houses and drive dogs. Sound knowledge of huntin' shootin' and fishin' expected. Salary despicable, prospects nil. Please write and state any additional qualifications.

p. 53: As the year drew to a close everyone was increasingly anxious for news of the men coming south to replace them, particularly for some

estimate of their date of arrival so that intelligent plans could be made. But unhappily an impenetrable cloud of secrecy prevailed. This almost total lack of communication from London caused considerable irritation, which was bad for morale....

p. 165: picture from Hope Bay in 1951/2 has several shelves of books.

p. 327-28: It is often suggested that the absence of women, and indeed of sex, must be a very real deprivation, but to most of the men it has little importance. They have to put it behind them and are wholly occupied by the life they are leading. It is unusual for the topic to arise, even in conversation.

Perhaps a major reason is the complete lack of stimulation. At some bases it has from time to time become fashionable to cover the walls with pin-ups. This may enable some to enjoy their fantasies, but often the men do not even want this, perhaps recognizing it as inappropriate in a barren world....

Fuchs goes on to argue that when women come to Antarctica there will be problems and it would be best for them to form their own single-sex communities. All fairly troglodytic for a book published in 1982.

Grady, John. *Mathew Fontaine Maury, Father of Oceanography: A Biography, 1806-1873.*

Summary [from ABEBooks]: In becoming "a useful man" on the maritime stage, Matthew Fontaine Maury focused light on the ills of a clique-ridden Navy, charted sea lanes and bested Great Britain's admiralty in securing the fastest, safest routes to India and Australia. He helped bind the Old and New worlds with the laying of the transatlantic cable, forcefully advocated Southern rights in a troubled union, and preached Manifest Destiny from the Arctic to Cape Horn. Late in life, he revolutionized warfare in perfecting electronically detonated mines. Maury's eagerness to go to the public in person and in print on the questions of the day riled powerful men in business and politics, and the U.S., Confederate and Royal navies. They dismissed him as the "Man on the Hill." Over his career, Maury more than once ran afoul of Jefferson Davis, and Stephen R. Mallory, secretary of the Confederate States

Navy. He argued against eminent members of the nation's emerging scientific community in a decades-long debate over science for its own sake versus science for the people's sake. Through the political, social and scientific struggles of his time, however, Maury had his share of powerful allies, like President John Tyler; but by the early 1870s they, too, were in eclipse or in the grave.

p. 48, in an early circumnavigation (1926) to the Indian Ocean aboard *Vincennes*, Maury “went through a course of study commencing with the rudiments of Euclid and extending to; the higher mathematics of LaPlace.”

Gurney, Alan. *The Race to the White Continent*. New York: Norton, 2000.

Describes and compares three major Antarctic expeditions of the late 1830s, one French (d’Urville), one British (Ross), and one American (Wilkes).

p. 23-24 re sickness on whaling ships: The doctoring was done by numbers. Every vessel carried a small medicine chest filled with numbered bottles containing common drugs and potions. It also contained a small booklet. A seaman reporting sick would describe his symptoms, and the captain would thumb through the booklet until he came across something that corresponded. The booklet gave him a number. The dosage came from the numbered bottle.

p. 31: sermon about the schooner *Antarctic* which sailed from New York in 1829: “Even though virtue hovered over the Antarctic, for the schooner had carried ‘bibles and tracts...that the means of religious instruction might not be wanting when they should be far from the doors of a Christian sanctuary’..., six of the crew had died of fever and thirteen had been killed by Solomon Islanders.”

p. 33: “During the 1820s the Admiralty sent out twenty-six vessels on surveying and exploratory voyages and published its first chart catalog. The hydrographer, Captain Thomas Hurd, answered his bureaucratic masters on a question of candles. An excessive amount of money, they claimed, was being spent on candles by Hurd’s survey vessels. Hurd

wearily pointed out that the daylight hours were spent surveying. The day's work was then put down on paper during the evening and night hours, and for this, a fact not apparently clear to the chairbound, 'a strong light is necessary.'"

p. 63-4: Re Captain Bligh's second voyage to transplant breadfruit from Tahiti to the West Indies: "The *Providence* carried a serviceable library. Included in this, at the request of Bligh, were the two volumes of the *East India Pilot* with their 108 charts of the oceans and seas between Europe and the East; George Robertson's *Charts of the China Navigation*; Bougainville's *Voyage round the World*; Cook's *Journals* of his three voyages. Bligh's personal copy of Cook's last voyage is now held by the Admiralty Library. On the flyleaf, signed by John Croker, the Admiralty secretary from 1809 to 1830, is a terse inscription: "This copy of Cook's last voyage belonged to William Bligh Master of the *Resolution* who had made some marginal notes, which must be read with grains of allowance for his temper and prejudices. He afterwards became a flag officer."

p. 65: On the *Providence* was Matthew Flinders who said of himself: "Induced to go to sea against wishes of friends from reading *Robinson Crusoe*."

p. 79: The *Investigator* sailed with Flinders aboard in 1801: "Also aboard were a library for the scientific staff and a copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* provided by Banks."

p. 103: re Wilkes and early South Sea expedition, quotes *New York Enquirer* about its flagship: "We visited the *Annawan* on Thursday. She is a fine vessel and a very fast sailer. She is furnished with an excellent library, and all the instruments necessary for such an expedition."

p. 126-7: re Wilkes's flagship *USS Vincennes*: "In the flagship's library sat rows of books on Pacific exploration covering three centuries, among them Louis de Freycinet's narrative of the *Uranie*'s voyage, Dumont d'Urville's voyage in the *Astrolabe* with its atlas of charts, Vancouver's *A Voyage of Discovery* with its atlas and ten foldout charts, a memorandum from Admiral Krusenstern on the Pacific Ocean and South Seas with its listing of doubtful island sightings and positions, and, most important, the large collection of Russian, English, and French charts."

p. 207: Sabine's interest was geomagnetism: "Such was his evangelical approach, akin to the antislavery, temperance, and missionary movements, that his campaigning, along with other magnetic apostles, was termed the Magnetic Crusade and known to the irreverent as the Magnetic Fever."

Sabine had served with Parry and Ross and "during the overwintering of the *Hecla* and the *Griper* in the high Canadian Arctic, had edited the weekly journal entitled the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*, which ran to twenty-one issues and was the forerunner of many such polar publications. One of the midshipmen on both voyages had been a handsome, rosy-cheeked youth by the name of James Clark Ross, a nephew of John Ross's and a man destined to be a comrade-in-arms with Sabine in the Magnetic Crusade but during the 1819-20 overwintering, because of those winter cheeks, more in demand for the female roles in the expedition's fortnightly theatrical productions."

p. 242: theatrical production in Hobart, Tasmania: "An entirely new *Nautical Drama entitled the SOUTH POLAR EXPEDITION*."

Haddelsey, Stephen. *Icy Graves: Exploration and Death in the Antarctic*. Stroud, Gloucestershire, UK: The History Press, 2018.

Haddelsey here explores the primary causes of fatal accidents and mistakes causing death in Antarctica: fire, sea ice, mechanical transport, mental illness, aviation, and hypothermia. It is not surprising that a book dealing mostly with sudden catastrophes does not pause to reflect on what reading matter the destined figures had with them. The author tells quite familiar stories extremely well, and ends with a short chapter on risks and risk-taking in Antarctica, a British shortcoming in their vaunted amateurism.

p. 30, in chapter on the managing of fire risk in Antarctica, and the need for a fire refuge: Of course, many of the early explorers were sailors who understood the dangers of fire at sea, particularly in wooden-hulled vessels, and the adopt of the necessary safety precautions seems to have met with very little resistance. Night duties also provided for reading and for the sort of quiet, solitary reflection that otherwise proved so difficult

in a hut filled with active young men, and many expedition diaries refer to the oasis-like tranquillity of these hours....

p. 32, on a shore fire during Operation Tabarin, Hope Bay February 1945: In addition [near Eagle House], they stored a selection of bedding, clothing, rations, and radio equipment in a Nissen hut built a short distance away, along with the expeditions precious scientific and survey reports. In the event of fire, these precautions, they hoped, would give them 'a reasonable chance of replacing a part of our loss, and exist until spring for a relief ship to arrive.' [In fact Eagle House did burn down in November 1948 with two deaths and all records lost.]

p. 41: At last, on the afternoon of 1 December, the blizzard relented and the shrouded bodies of Mike Green and Dick Burg could at last be placed in their shallow graves and covered with stones. 'Elliott said a few words and a prayer,' recorded O'Hare. 'Sladen then prayed. The service was concluded with another short prayer and the Lord's Prayer.'

p. 76, on health problems on sea ice: Overall, the doctor thought that the party seemed reasonably content, though he also noted that they 'complained of boredom and lack of reading material'.

p. 130, on light deprivation: Almost without exception then, the early explorers had come to realize that the 'long winter night, posed one of Antarctica's greatest challenges. With every degree of southern latitude, the period of winter darkness increases until, at 90°S, it lasts for a full six months, with the sun setting on 21 March and not rising again until 21 September. Deprivation of daylight can have profound effects, and expedition diaries and medical reports are filled with references to symptoms including insomnia, depression, irritability, reduced motivation, poor cognition and even a fugue-like state, often referred to as the 'Antarctic stare', or the '20-foot stare in the 10-foot room'.

p. 132, on winterover madness: ... winter-over syndrome is a physiological condition caused, primarily, by the absence of sunlight. Equally unavoidable aspects of Antarctic exploration—including, to name but a few, the absence of privacy, sex, thick moist air to breathe and any vegetation larger than lichen—all have the potential to generate or exacerbate a range of other problems that are more appropriately

categorized as psychological or ppsychsocial in nature. Chief among these factors are isolation and confinement.

p. 136, quoting Richard Byrd making a quiet case for going alone to Advance Base;

It doesn't take two men long to find each other out. And, inevitably that is what they do whether they will or not, if only because once the simple tasks of the day are finished there is little else to do but take each other's measure.

p. 138, an example of midnight madness from Mawson's 1911-14 expedition and its unexpected second winter. The subject was a ship's wireless operator, Sydney Jeffryes, joining the party as a new member and quickly becoming delusional: ... the impact of Jeffryes' malaise upon his companions—none of whom had either planned or desired to spend an extra year in the Antarctic—was profound. In later years, [Francis] Bickerton described another outburst. Typically, it had started with Jeffryes accusing him of plotting his murder:

He accused [me] at breakfast before them all. The Doctor had a talk with him and advised [me] to argue with him as though he were sane and try to prove calmly that [I] had not made any attempt to kill him. There was a long argument and then the madman asked. 'Would you swear on the Bible that you did not and will not try to kill me?'

[I] of course said 'yes, bring me a Bible'.

'Would you swear on your mother's Bible?'

'Yes, if I had it.'

'Swear by all you ever held truest and dearest?'

'Certainly I would.'

'Well, even if you did all that I wouldn't believe you.'

[At least the case involved a book. Would there have been more used by Jeffryes.]

p. 218, in the final chapter on hypothermia and the ANARE expeditions of 1947 etc.: ... great pains had been taken to ensure the comfort and maintain the morale of each year's fourteen-man overwintering party,

with the amenities including [by 1952] ‘a library, a radiogram, a piano, table tennis, regular film screenings and free issues of cigarettes and liquor.’

Hanssen, Helmer. *Voyages of a Modern Viking. Foreword by Vice-Admiral E.R.G.R. Evans.* London: George Routledge, 1936.

For someone who participated in Amundsen’s three major expeditions, went to the South Pole with him in 1910, and was captain of *Maud* on the later Northeast Passage expedition, Hanssen sounds generally as boring as extreme weather reports, at least in this version. There is no indication of a translator, nor any indication that Hanssen and Amundsen may have had a falling out on the 1918-1920 Northeast Passage trip. So the *Fram* Museum suggests on its website, citing the journals of other participants as claiming Amundsen fired Hanssen because the designation of Hanssen as captain went to his head. If so, even that excitement is concealed in this book.

p. 133-34: The winter passed without anything much happening. Amundsen’s arm healed. Sverdrup started a newspaper, the *Taimyr Post*, but it did not run to many editions, as the ink froze on the types. Nor were there many advertisers, and such subscribers, as came from time to time to have their curiosity satisfied, the bears, were shot before they could enter the office. The conditions under which a newspaper enterprise should flourish were lacking here, although the editor was eminently qualified. A man who knew everything, a happy mind, and very solicitous for the welfare of his readers. It was a monotonous overwintering.

p. 146: Such a journey by sled may be monotonous to read about, but it is anything but that for the one who has to do the driving. When your sled tips over 10 times in one day; when the tip of your nose is white from frost; when you do not know whether you are driving on land or sea; when you lie at nights hoping the ground will not crack open, you

can't suffer from boredom. And in midwinter there may be days of good weather, when the Aurora Borealis shines so strongly that it excites like moonlight. No, feelings other than "ennui" grip a dog-driver on a winter's day in unknown territory in Siberia.

Hawkesworth, John. *An Account of the Voyages undertaken by the Order of His Present Majesty for Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere, and Successively Performed by Commodore Byron, Captain Wallis, Captain Carteret, and Captain Cook, in the Dolphin, the Swallow, and the Endeavour: Drawn up from the Journals which were Kept by the Several Commanders, and from the Papers of Joseph Banks, esq.; by John Hawkesworth ... Illustrated with Cuts, and a Great Variety of Charts and Maps.* Three volumes. London: Strahan & Cadell, 1773.

Hawkesworth's introduction (p. xix) has a brief but controversial discussion of Providence and natural events. p. xx: "it will always be found that Providence interposes too late, and only moderates the mischief which it might have prevented." In final passage he says he honors God but doubts his intervention in natural events.

Hempleman-Adams, David. *Toughing it Out: The Adventure of a Polar Explorer and Mountaineer.* London: Orion, 1992.

Includes solo trip to South Pole, yacht trip to South Magnetic Pole, and various North Pole attempts. Mills calls him a "pole-grabber" and his great disappointment is failure to achieve the North Pole.

p. 17: I also took advantage of New York's facilities by carrying out extensive research on the Arctic and the North Pole at the city's central library.

p.125: That night I faced the fact that I might not be able to complete the walk [unsupported to North Pole]. At my current speed I would need a hundred, not fifty, days to reach the [South] Pole. Then I looked at more ways of cutting down the weight on the sledge. It sounds stupid now, but I was reading Margaret Thatcher's autobiography *The Downing Street Years* each night before I turned in, and I decided that I would bury

whatever pages I had read each day to lessen the load. It was important to stimulate my brain in the conditions, so I made a point of reading at least ten pages before ripping them out. The difference it made to the weight was negligible, but every little effort made a psychological difference. As a result, there are little buried caches of the thoughts of Baroness Thatcher, a day's journey apart, all the way to the South Pole. p. 130-32: his Thatcher inspiration: I experienced quite a few moments during the trip when I felt like packing it all in, but the night of day six [of a blizzard] undoubtedly proved to be the major turning point. It was a complete accident that I had brought Mrs Thatcher's autobiography along in the first place. It was the thickest and most value-for-money book on sale at Heathrow airport, and I admired the woman enormously and required a large book to provide reading material for as long as possible during my trip. I bought it. Idly flicking through the pages ;that night, prolonging the moment when I was going to push the button on the Argos [i.e., to quit] I came to a phrase her father often said to her, something that stuck in Mrs Thatcher's mind ever since: "It is easy to be a starter," she wrote, "but are you a finisher?" I looked at this sentence, and then read it over and over again, before putting the book down behind me....

I picked up the book again, found the place and ripped out the page with the quotation on it. Instead of burying it in the snow with the rest of the pages I had read, I placed it in my top pocket. From then on, I would look at those words each day to remind myself that I had started, so I was bloody well going to finish.

p. 168ff: 4th color plate is picture of author reading in his bunk aboard *The Spirit of Sydney*, a yacht which he sailed to the South Geomagnetic Pole.

Herbert, Wally. *A World of Men: Exploration in Antarctica*. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1968.

Herbert was in Antarctica during the International Geophysical Year and other times, starting in Dec. 1955 with the Falkland Islands Dependency Survey (FIDS). This is an account of his romance with the

ice, which seems to have been a strictly masculine affair as the title implies.

p. 33, hut at Hope Bay, at the northern tip of Graham Land: we were not permitted to build partitions, and so lacked even the modicum of privacy.

p. 37, one office at the hut: Hugh Simpson's surgery which, with its roaring stove and shelves full of books and coloured bottles, was at the far end of that office....

p. 79, when someone at the Hope Bay hut said he hadn't heard of Nordenskjöld, remonstrances followed: 'Who was Nordenskjöld !' a gasp of surprise came from the old hands. It seemed inconceivable to us that a Hope Bay man had not heard of Nordenskjöld. We had breathed the spirit of the heroic age in polar history through the fusty volumes that filled our library shelves. Adrien de Gerlache, Borchgrevink, Nordenskjöld, Scott, Charcot, Shackleton, Amundsen—these tough old explorers were our heroes. Their like would never be seen again in the Antarctic. We knew almost by heart every book they had written, and through months of traveling with them we had become familiar with their moods and every panting breath they uttered on their journeys.

p. 112, during one sledge journey near James Ross Island in October: For the next three days the cloud clung around and snow fell continually so that my twenty-third birthday was spent reading *Woman's Own* during the day, and enjoying a social evening, of which the highlight for all of us was the opening of a tin of pineapple.

p. 134: Each man's bunk-space had been his personal domain, and whatever was pinned to the wall of his bunk was studied with interest by all his companions as soon as he had gone out of the room. But in three months a significant change had occurred: pin-ups of bathing beauties went out of fashion, and not reappeared until the new boys had arrived. There had been no question of resurrecting our original pin-ups to supplement those of our new companions, for they had either been burned or used as dartboards when we had tired of their impersonality.

p. 188, at Scott's Hut (1960s?): Bob Buckley had been working away in the corner which was known to be Scott's bunk, while Les [Quartermain, who idolized Scott] was down the far end of the hut

sorting out relics. After a few hours Buckley uncovered half of the bunk wall, exposing a few old bits of junk: a pipe, a small calendar, a flash, and delving through a pile of 1909 magazines he found the photograph he was after: it was a fine picture of a buxom bathing beauty with a saucy smile and a theatrical background. With rusty drawing pins the picture was secured to Scott's bulkhead, then with a yelp of delight he should 'come and see what I've found.'

I doubt if ever before in the history of that hut had men run so fast towards Scott's bunk. They all gathered around jostling for position and gazed open-mouthed at the pin-up. A look of horror came over Les's face, while everyone else shook with laughter. At last with tears rolling down his cheeks, Bob managed an enormous wink and said: 'there you are Les—so Scott was human after all!'

p. 188: We had no reading material with us, but had noticed in the hut the 1909 magazines that had been brought over from Shackleton's hut by the Scott men, so we drew lots to decide who would go and fetch them, and the unenviable mission fell to me.

p. 189: I gathered up an armful of magazines, disturbing an odour which rose off them, and around the hut beyond the weak pool of light groans came like whispers of reproach.... They were fascinating reading but the smell they gave off was repugnant, and on the third morning early we dutifully returned them and continued on our journey....

[In the end Herbert's narrative is a romantic evocation of the heroic age now past. "Gone were the compulsive adventurers from the Antarctic scene; gone were the ascetics and self-provers and the 'characters' of old—men attracted by the challenge, by the beauty, by the rigours of the polar way of life. Most of the plums had been picked before the aeroplanes arrived." (p. 231). Herbert goes on to half-heartedly praise man's ingenuity, atomic power in polar regions, while "women on the threshold wait to colonize the continent...." But the taste of modern exploration did not appeal to me. It was not the world of men I knew."]

Johnson, Charles W. *Ice Ship: The Epic Voyages of the Polar Adventurer Fram*. Hanover, NH: University Press of New England, 2014.

This is a workmanlike biography of a ship, Fridthof Nansen's *Fram*, and its major voyages: Nansen's attempt to drift to the North Pole in 1893-96; Otto Sverdrup's journey to Ellesmere Land and Alex Heiberg Island, 1898-1902; and Amundsen's Expedition to the South Pole in 1911-12. It is a good retelling of the major adventures of these three motivated if depressing explorers, though there is little new here and some mistakes and questionable emphases. Although the ship is well-known for its well-stocked library, and that is recognized here, there is little about what was in the library, only some general comments about books in certain fields such as botany and other sciences, and a reading from Corinthians for a burial at sea.

p. 33, picture of Sverdrup reading.

p. 38 caption: Bernhard Nordahl...loved to read and write stories and poems. Like Nansen and Johansen, he wrote a book about the voyage. [The books on the first *Fram* voyage were Nansen's *Farthest North* (1897), Hjalmar Johansen's *With Nansen in the North* (1899), and Nordahl's *In Nacht und Eis: die norwegische Polarexpedition 1893-1896*. Leipzig: 1913.

p 61: The hours after supper were another social opportunity for some, smoking and conversing in the galley, reading in the saloon from the well-stocked library, or later playing cards or making music there. For others, it was a chance to retreat to the comfort of their own bunks, for relaxation, reflection, or writing in their diaries or simply to be alone for awhile.

p. 170, re botanist Herman Georg Simmons and his move aft so that: the poor lone scientist would have more companionship than just his books and herbarium of pressed dried plants.

p. 197: Edward Bay finished a novel he had been working on (nothing like four winters in the Arctic to provide time to write!) and "published" it for Christmas reading by his captive audience.

p. 257, Cherry-Gerrard writing about the burial at the Scott tent: I do not know how long we were there, but when all was finished, and the chapter on Corinthians had been read, it was midnight of some day. The sun was dipping low above the Pole, the Barrier was almost in shadow.

And the sky was blazing--sheets and sheets of iridescent clouds. The cairn and cross stood dark against a glory of burnished gold.

Lees-Milne, James. *Ancestral Voices*. London, New York, 1975.

p. 31-32 describes a visit to Lord & Lady Kennet's home in 1942: Lord Kennet was luckily in bed with bronchitis so we were alone. K as outgoing as ever. The first glimpse of her showed how she is ageing. Her figure is noticeably spread, and not mitigated by the shapeless, sacklike garments she always wears. She is the worst-dressed woman I know; and rejoices in a sort of aggressive no-taste in clothes and house.

...She said Cherry-Garrard was a poor creature, an ugly youth of 23 who was only accepted because his family advanced £1,000 towards the expedition... It appears that Cherry-Garrard submitted the first draft of his book to K., which she approved. One day . . .she introduced him to Bernard Shaw. Shaw looked through the manuscript, and persuaded C.-G... [to be] candid about his subject's failings. C.-G. subsequently rewrote a great part of the book in which he dwelt upon Scott's deficiency in humor and so forth. He did not submit the redraft to K. She maintains that Scott did have a sense of humor. I said, 'I suppose he was a difficult man to live with, moody and hard to understand.' She said, 'Yes, he was rather moody. In this respect Peter [Scott's son] is superior to him.' then in her gay manner, 'But I knew him.'

Shackleton, she said, was rotten; bad blood and no good at all. He had promised Scott, who for a long time could not get released by the Admiralty to go south, that he would not use his base; then straight away went and did so, leaving the hut in an appalling mess, 'but a disgusting mess in every respect'. . . The two men never spoke to one another again

. . . Wilson, K said, was a prig, just like a private school boy with no humor whatever. He was a good-looking, honest fellow whom the simple sailors could not see through. Mrs. Wilson is still alive, and K described her as a drab female. Ponting was an artist who was all out for money....

She said it is true that the whole lot of them never snapped, or nagged at each other. In this respect they were splendidly controlled.

The only one of the party Scott disliked was Evans (Ted). He said so in no measured terms in his journals. However, K thought it better to cut out the reference.

Scott hated the cold, she said.

London Evening Standard, Nov. 12, 1914. Anon review of J. M. Barrie's *Half-Hours*, London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1914, and *The Voyages of Captain Scott*, by Charles Turley, London: Smith Elder, 1914.

Review of an early piece of Scott hagiography: The other book is a memorial of one of the most gallant Englishmen who ever went forth on a high adventure and snatched lasting victory out of failure and death.... Mr. Turley has retold, in Captain Scott's own words as far as possible, the two great stories, putting them into so convenient a form that no boy or man can be repelled by the presence of detail, scientific or otherwise, inessential to the greatness of the tale.

Mill, Hugh Robert. *The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1923.

A well-written and fairly balanced hagiography by a friend of both Shackleton and his widow. There are few passages on Shackleton's early reading including the first Scott expedition aboard *Discovery*.

p. 35, re books he had on *The Houghton Tower*, 1890-94: Amongst the books he had taken with him was one for readings for every day, *Daily Help for Daily Need*, inscribed "Ernest Shackleton, with love and all good wishes from L. D. Sale-Barker." Mrs. Sale-Barker, well known at that time as a successful writer of books for young people, had long been a close friend of the Shackleton family, and her death before his return from this voyage was a real sorrow to Ernest. Another book, Thayer's *Tact, Push and Principle*, bears the inscription: "Ernest Henry Shackleton, with warmest good wishes and earnest prayer for his temporal and eternal welfare from his clergyman and friend Henry

Stevens.” Such were the influences which reinforced the effects of the home surroundings. He also had with him several of Scott’s novels and Thackeray’s *Vanity Fair*, which he lent to the first mate, who wanted to read it particularly, as he had heard it was the best written book in the English language. He also read a great deal of history in his early voyages. Motley’s *Rise of the Dutch Republic* he never forgot.

p. 46, as a merchant man, in 1894 Shackleton signed on as third mate on the steamer, *Monmouthshire*: Shackleton probably valued most the seclusion of a cabin to himself after being cooped up for four years with a crowd of noisy and ill-mannered youths. He could read and write now undisturbed during his watch below. He had a good stock of books with him, including poetry, novels, and works of general interest. A neighbor at home had given him Brassey’s *Naval Annual*, his father’s coachman, presented Burke’s *Essays on the Sublime and the Beautiful*, inscribed, “To Master Ernest from Johnson.” Another gift was a popular book on “Famous Men of Science,” wherein he had noted that Galileo’s birthday was the same as his own.

p. 48, on a voyage to China and Japan, “At Nagasaki he bought some books, among them two which show him still pursuing his literary education, one a Rhyming Dictionary to aid his efforts at verse, the other Lamprière’s *Classical Dictionary*, from which to patch his neglected knowledge of the past.

p. 61, on the *Discovery*, 1901-1903: The ship was well-stocked with books, from the scientific quartos of the *Challenger Reports* to the dainty duodecimos of the *Temple Classics*, which occupied narrow shelves fixed to the roof-beams of the ward-room. Only there was little time for reading.

p. 71, while he was working on the *South Polar Times*: So the winter passed, and much to his surprise Shackleton found that there was no time for the extensive scheme of study he laid out for himself. He snatched odd hours for such books as Bates’s *Naturalist on the Amazons* and *Plutarch’s Lives*, but the chances were rare....

Mill, Hugh Robert. *Rejoice My Heart: The Making of H. R. Mill’s “The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton”*: The Private Correspondence of Dr.

Hugh Robert Mill and Lady Shackleton, 1922-33. Santa Monica, CA: Adélie Books, 2007.

This is a collection of collaborative correspondence that led to the publication of Mill's *Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton* (1923) with a great deal of help from Emily Shackleton (Shackleton's second wife).

p. xv—in dealing with Peary, Mill sharply disagreed with American historian W. H. Hobbs (1864-1953), who claimed that Peary had reached the North Pole. While Mill was confident that Frederick A. Cook (1865-1940) never reached 90° N, Mill would not credit Peary either. His reason—that Peary was “careless in keeping his log”—remains in line with the essential later account of Peary's life by Sir Wally Herbert. Mill mentioned, for the benefit of those knowledgeable about the circumstances, but discretely enough to pass over the head of the casual reader, that Peary was “unwise in not taking his Canadian comrade with him.” (From “Preliminaries”, by T. M. Baughman. (Original source is Mill's *Autobiography*, p. 140.)

p. 26-28, long letter from Emily Shackleton to Mill, on Shackleton's reading preferences, especially Robert Browning. dated 8th June 1922: I have just spent an hour digging up; memories of R.B., always a joy, Canon Woosnam, Ernest's cousin, told me last March that he saw him aboard his first ship, and that he had a volume of R.B. sticking out of his pocket—this was in 1899. Whether his memory is to be trusted I know not, but when I first knew Ernest I was steeped in R.B. and I remember most distinctly, his saying he did not care for him, whereupon (acting on Mr. Churto Collins[‘s] advice that one should start with the short poems!) I gave him the “Pocket Volume of Selections” beside me as I write and I will send it to you. I have marked in the index (✓) the poems we talked most about at that time. “Prospice” became our watchword, he always used it in telegrams, up to the last one he sent....

Ernest loved Browning from that time onwards....

I also enclose a treasure—“Moments with Browning”—he carried this on the southern journey, 1907-8 [1908-9].

p. 28: In 1898, Ernest was also reading Swinburne. I think you will like to see one of his favourite volumes, the markings in [the] index are his,

also the marking of certain poems. When we first knew each other he was fond of Tennyson too especially “Locksley Hall” large portions of which I would love to hear him repeat from memory. I think I must send you the little book we shared in 1898. It is part of my heart. Often I used to ask him to repeat “The Road to Varley”. I loved the sound of his voice in that verse—up to last year he used to say it for me, and also those lines of John Hay, “And when you are old and weary.

He was particularly fond of “The Gateway Pines” from the Japanese. Other poets Shackleton liked and which Emily mentioned in this long letter were Charles Kingsley, Maurice Hewlett, and Tennyson.

p. 43: I enclose [Robert] Service’s verse. I will send the “Songs of a Sourdough” (there are several E. liked)...--it is a small book.

p. 44-45—Shackleton quoting Swinburne’s “The Triumph of Time”.

p. 51, Emily S. to Mill, 11 October 1922: I also send you the little book, Ernest carried about with him when he was preparing to go to Russia. [A Russian grammar?]

p. 61, paragraph from Emily describing how she and Shackleton used lines from Browning’s “Prospice” as a code for hope in hard times.

p. 62: I don’t think Ernest read Swinburne at all for many years....

The rest of the book is largely concerned with the preparation of Mill’s *Life of Shackleton*, his widow’s concerns about many very small points, Mill’s gratitude for her help, decisions about complementary copies, and a concluding section of press reviews.

p. 109-11, on Shackleton’s strong belief in the guidance of Providence and of the 4th Presence on South Georgia.

[By the end of this correspondence Mill comes across as an honest hagiographer and Emily as a sentimental worrywart.]

Mills, Leif. *Frank Wild*. Whitby, Yorkshire: Caedmon, 1999.

Frank Wild served widely in Antarctica on various expeditions including the first Scott voyage of *Discovery*, with Mawson’s 1912-13 expedition, Shackleton’s Imperial Trans-Antarctic attempt with *Endurance*, and finally taking over Shackleton’s *Quest* expedition when Shackleton died. His finest achievement was leading the 22 unhappy

explorers marooned on Elephant Island in 1916, for the 105 days while Shackleton was struggling to South Georgia. Mills' book is a sound if somewhat solemn biography of a remarkable leader.

p. 29: Shackleton decided to publish separately a more light hearted paper and called it 'Blizzard'. There was only one edition of ten pages and it has not survived. After Shackleton went back on the relief ship in 1903, Bernacchi served as the editor of 'The South Polar Times' for the second winter. Wilson took the copies of the magazine [*STP*] home with him after the expedition and a facsimile edition of the different issues was published in two volumes in 1907. [Copies of the *Blizzard* do survive and SPRI has two of them.]

p. 40: quoting Wild: One of the books in the *Discovery*'s library was one written by Dr Cook, describing the voyage of the *Belgica* in the Antarctic, in 1898.... [*Through the First Antarctic Night*]

p. 45-47 has an account of Shackleton's printing press which produced 'Aurora Australis.'

p. 63, 1908: [Edgeworth] David would often read aloud excerpts from Dickens' novels which they had with them.

p. 67, Shackleton's southern party: Included in their personal belongings were some books. Shackleton had Shakespeare's comedies, Marshall had Borrow's 'The Bible in Spain', Adams took Young's 'Travels in France' and Wild had Dickens' 'Sketches by Boz'.

p. 74, during blizzard: Marshall and I are in one tent and do the cooking. We have been reading nearly all the day.

Mountevans, Edward Raddcliffe, Admiral Lord. *Adventurous Life*. London: Hutchison, 1946.

Mountevans was involved in relief expeditions for both of the Scott journeys. He writes with good humor and amusing anecdotes. He tells one involving a salvage expert, Commodore Sir Frederick Young, about the Magellan Straits and a salvage ship on which the Commodore happened to see a notice from the Independent Press Association offering a £500 reward for anyone who could "discover and forward to them the Bible of the explorer Louis de Rougemont which was lost in

the steamer, *Ananias*, wrecked in Magellan Straits. The Bible can well be identified, since the explorer's name is written on the fly-leaf in his own blood." The Commodore and fellow sailors decided to create one, found a Bible, soaked it in sea water, found de Rougemont's signature in a signed article in *Wide World Magazine*, and used the Commodore's blood (he was chosen by lot) to forge Rougemont's signature on the fly-leaf. They then sent the Bible off to the Press Association and claimed the reward. After two months they received this reply: ...I am also directed to state that although the sea has worked many marvels, the Directors of the Independent Press Association cannot believe that it has succeeded in translating completely a French Bible into English!" (p. 134-36)

National Science Foundation. *Survival in Antarctica*. 1974 Edition. Washington, DC: NSF Office of Polar Programs, 1974.

On the purpose of this manual: Today people go from the United States to Antarctica in hours. Warm buildings and home comforts shield them from months-long darkness, high winds, and temperatures sometimes below -75°C. (-100°F.). At stations like McMurdo, life seems so normal that it is easy to forget Antarctica's dangers. Tragedy and disaster can strike unexpectedly. It has happened, and it will happen again. This manual will help you prepare for the possibility, when all seems to be going well, of suddenly being in a survival situation.

This information was derived from the experience of veteran polar explorers. Study it. It will teach you, in simple ways, what to do and when, where, and how to do it. Antarctic stations, ships, and airplanes are equipped for emergencies. Support personnel are trained in polar survival. But survival in an emergency requires individual knowledge by all persons involved. "It won't happen to me" is the normal response to accidents and hazards. Although U.S. Antarctic Research Program operations are remarkably safe and few lives have been lost, it can happen to you.

Read and learn the information in this manual. Take this manual with you to Antarctica (p. 1).

p. 9, on Robert Byrd's isolation at Advance Camp: About 6 weeks after the start of his isolation, Admiral Byrd noticed that something was affecting him physically. He was unable to concentrate, words ran together while reading, his eyes hurt, and he had a mild headache. At first he could not account for this feeling. After reviewing possible causes his suspicion focused on the little caboose-style coal stove. Examination revealed that the stove pipe joints were loose and that the pipe would repeatedly clog with ice and snow. These problems were temporarily corrected and Byrd soon felt better. But another source of carbon monoxide was a leaking generator exhaust; this continued to affect Byrd.

Neider, Charles. *Edge of the World: Ross Island Antarctica: A Personal and Historical Narrative.* Garden City, NY: Doubleday & Company, 1974

Neider tells much of the history of Antarctic exploration by focusing on the geographic area of Ross Island and the Ross Sea. The book has a good series of maps which helped me understand what I have often found a confusing place. The book itself is highly derivative, including long passages quoted from some very familiar works of the explorers, from Ross onwards, including Scott and Shackleton, but it also recounts the author's own experiences and near disasters on his Deep Freeze expeditions to McMurdo and travels elsewhere in Antarctica.

p. 55—there is little about reading in this rather large book, but in a passage about hostility to women in the early 1970s he has this about the wardroom at the Cape Crozier base: The popcorn and mixed nuts were free: the drinks were very inexpensive. There was a huge photograph of a beautiful pinup girl on the wall, facing the customers. She was lying on her back, breasts standing, one leg raised, her lips smiling sensually, her eyes staring at one. In one hand she held a back scratcher.

p. 135—on a visit to Shackleton's *Nimrod* Hut at Cape Royds he saw on the table old copies of the *Illustrated London News*, and a visitor's register.

p. 148--reading matter on *Nimrod* expedition (1907-09): Shackleton had Shakespeare Comedies, Marshall had Borrow's *The Bible in Spain*, Adams had Arthur Young's *Travels in France*, and Wild had *Sketches by Boz*.

Pease, Francis K. *To the Ends of the Earth*. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1935.

Begins with 1925 cruise to Antarctica aboard *Discovery*, Scott's old ship, commanded by Stenhouse. First brought gifts to Tristan da Cunha, including many writing implements, essentially useless to that population, and "a large quantity of Bibles, in which, however, the Tristans displayed very little interest, for the reason...that during the course of the years so many Bibles had been sent to the island that there was now an average of seven copies per inhabitant" (p. 20).

His second trip was aboard the *William Scoresby* (to study whale behavior) and recounts adventures in the Bay of Biscay (man lost overboard, the Cape Verde Islands (imprisonment), Rio (white slavery), south of South Georgia (tangling with an iceberg), and various places in Antarctica.

p. 136—Re Norwegian whalers at Grytviken in South Georgia: Their amusements here in South Georgia were simple—in such a remote corner of the world it would have been difficult for them to be anything else. They played poker, at which we Englishmen used to join them sometimes, and various Norwegian card games that we did not understand. There was a good deal of reading, of old magazines and newspapers, and of various books, chiefly fiction, which they had brought with them.

Pease also speaks of knitting, music, film showings and especially Charlie Chaplin. Pease was also present for the unveiling of the Shackleton tombstone on South Georgia (p. 138).

p. 141-42: Thus we could proclaim our respective philosophies, Mr. Dilwyn John and I, and then, as like as not, he would break off and ask; 'Well, what's it matter anyway?' and quote a line of Browning which seemed very wonderful to us just then:

While a chaffinch sings on the orchard bow

In England now, in England now....

We had a great love for Browning, he and I. During that Antarctic expedition I must have read his 'Collected Poems' a dozen times at least. p. 156, South Georgia still: The troubles and stresses of the far-off civilized world touched us not at all; they seemed to have little to do with us. Practically our only contact with the greater world was by means of the big Norwegian vessels which came every two months to take away the oil; they brought us our mails and newspapers, and the day of their coming was an event. But we read the newspapers much as we might have watched a play or a film; the news was interesting, but scarcely touched our own lives at any point. Rather than giving us information they provided a relaxation.

[Remainder of the book is primarily about the Arctic.]

Pool, Beekman H. *Polar Extremes: The World of Lincoln Ellsworth*. Fairbanks, AK: University of Alaska Press, 2002.

A sympathetic but not uncritical account of Ellsworth, his problem with his father, his relationship to Amundsen and Nobile on Svalberg, to Alaska flight, etc.

p. 178, on *Wyatt Earp* enroute to Antarctica from Dunedin, during very heavy seas: With no general cabin and a mess room so small it would seat only six at a time, those off duty retreated to their bunks to read or nap. Belying Balchen's sneer that Wilkins read only novels, Ellsworth remembered him as having his own small library of books on philosophy and medical matters, as well as a gramophone on which, in calmer weather, he played soft music in the evenings. According to Ellsworth, Wilkins might also spend an evening pondering the provocative philosophy of Nietzsche.

p. 192, on Polar Star flight in Antarctica, 1935: As if to absorb the spirit of his frontier hero, he carried Wyatt Earp's cartridge belt with his belongings, and wore the frontier marshal's gold ring. He also brought a small Bible with him.

p. 205-6, at Little America following a trans-Antarctic flight, Dec. 1935 to Jan. 1936, they found some good books at this abandoned base: Kenyon had found plenty of books in the camp and he read constantly, never speaking, his pipe incessantly gurgling. Ellsworth had left his glasses on the plane and was unable to read, although he worked on his log and reworked navigation sights taken during the flight.

Rockwood, Roy. *Under the Ocean to the South Pole; or, The Strange Cruise of the Submarine Porpoise.* New York: Cupples & Leon, 1907.

This is a sequel to *Through the Air to the North Pole*, in which some boys reached the North Pole but fought some savage Eskimos. Professor Henderson, probably modeled on Peary [who incidentally called himself Professor in *Snowfolk*], has a black companion named Washington White, probably modeled on Henson: “The Negro, who was a genius in his own way, though somewhat inclined to use big words, of the meaning of which he knew little and cared less” (p. 5). The novel posits land and an open sea at the SP, says he had read all the explorer accounts (p. 11). Professor Henderson is the Mate and the inventor of the ship (cf. *Roosevelt*). The ship after many adventures makes it to the SP amidst a sea of boiling water. Next adventure promised is a balloon to the center of the earth.

Chap. XV: The strange shipwreck—somewhere below the equator they find an immense hole with water of the ocean pouring over the edge—someone suggests it may lead to the center of the earth.

p. 134+: attacked by savages in Tierra del Fuego. Have other adventures with volcanic islands, whirlpools, icebergs, sea monsters, and giant suckers.

p. 203—seeking open polar sea, again on 229.

p. 219: they emerge on land under the ice of tropical quality, grass and trees, all under water.

p. 235: find open sea & a very heated vessel in a “boiling hot ocean.”

p. 241: ship reaches the South Pole, and as they headed north it began to cool.

John Ross and James Clark Ross

The Ross family of Uncle and Nephew could be called the dominant English explorers of the first half of the nineteenth century, despite the enmity which John Ross inspired from Sir John Barrow, the kingpin of the Royal Navy's Arctic and Antarctic aspirations. John Ross was only engaged in the Arctic, with one of the first expeditions seeking the Northwest Passage, and much later the beginnings of the Franklin Search. James Clark Ross, on the other hand, was on his uncle's first expedition, served with Parry on subsequent voyages, but is chiefly remembered for his command of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1838 to 1842, a long and important voyage bracketed for James Clark by Arctic expeditions. Among their achievements he can claim to have found both Magnetic Poles.

Dodge, Ernest S. *The Polar Rosses: John and James Clark Ross and their Explorations*. New York: Harper & Row (Barnes and Noble Import), 1973.

p. 45: The *Isabella*, for example, carried no less than seven chronometers and an equal number of compasses of various makes. A good selection of published voyages to the northern regions, as well as reference books, were supplied for the officers' use.

p. 97: Winter on North Georgia: "The long cold winter was enlivened by a shipboard newspaper, called the North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle, and by the theatrical productions at what was grandly called the Theatre Royal, North Georgia. [James Clark] Ross and the other young officers with rosy complexions, distinguished themselves in these plays by taking the female parts. On 8 December Ross played Corinna in 'The Citizen', on the 23rd he was Mrs. Bruin in 'The Mayor of Garrett' and Poll in 'The North-West Passage; or, the Voyage Finished'; on another occasion he played Ann Lovely in an unnamed drama; he finally achieved a male part on 6 January 1820 playing Colonel Tivy in 'Bon Ton; or, High Life Above Stairs'."

p. 115, preparing for the 1829-32 voyage aboard *Victory* (which reached the North Magnetic Pole), John Ross's "own two chronometers were supplemented by four others. Transit, theodolite, telescope, five sextants, two altitude instruments, four barometers, twelve thermometers, two dipping needles, several compasses, together with several instruments and books supplied by the Admiralty that had been used on other expeditions, provided everything necessary for surveys and observations."

p. 133 wintering over in 1829-30: "The men dined at noon and after three or four o'clock everyone had to walk the deck beneath the roof for exercise. A volunteer school was set up from 6 to 9 p.m., providing instruction, in reading, writing, arithmetic, mathematics and navigation. Everyone attended. Three illiterate sailors provided a special challenge. Only Sunday school at 6 p.m. interrupted the day of rest."

p. 212: visiting Governor Moody at the Falklands: "[Joseph Dalton] got on well with Moody, and was given the run of his library, but he mentions constant disagreement between Ross and the Governor."

Ross, J. M. *Polar Pioneers. John Ross and James Clark Ross.* Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1994.

A joint biography of uncle and nephew with much on other explorers of the time, e.g. Parry. There is an impressive body of contemporary literature surrounding the Rosses and Parry which is well-described here, including the acrimony between uncle and nephew, John and James.

p. 73-75: general description of life aboard *Hecla* and *Griper* during wintering season at Melville Island in 1819-20: Entertainment was provided by a weekly paper, the North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle, edited by Sabine, the precursor of many such publications on polar expeditions. Theatrical performances were staged once a fortnight, in which Parry himself sometimes played a part and in which James Ross, a handsome young man, was often cast in one of the female roles. Parry was a man of strong religious principles, and divine service (with a sermon) was held regularly every Sunday.

p. 90: again in 1824-25 with *Hecla* and *Fury* at Prince Regent Inlet: Schools were run in each ship under the supervision of Hooper, “not merely to the improvement of the men in read and writing, but also to cultivation of that religious feeling which so essentially improves the character of a seaman, by furnishing the highest motives for increased attention to every other duty.... In the evenings, after school, Hooper often enjoyed conversation with the captain on religious subjects. This was the fourth winter that many of the officers and men had spent in the Arctic, there was none of the novelty of the first winter at Melville Island, and no Inuit to enliven the scene as at Winter Island and Igloolik. The old plays began to pall, but Hooper thought up the ideas of “bals masques,” held once a month in each ship alternatively, which were a great success— “masquerades without licentiousness—carnivals without excess,” as Parry expressed it.”

p. 113: interesting passage by John Ross on naval officer’s resistance to change, especially steam engines: It is not difficult to understand the reason. Officers who are high in rank do not like to look to this apparently uncomfortable mode of warfare, and they show a reluctance to study a new system of naval tactics. They cannot easily or willingly abandon the near prospect they have of proudly displaying their flags at the mast-head of a first-rate ship of war, one of the most beautiful and splendid objects in the world: and when compared, even in imagination, with the smoky steamer—alas! what a galling humiliation! Can we expect that those who have been so long prejudiced in favour of a system which has led the nation to the pinnacle of glory, and who have no opportunity, or even *desire*, of inquiring into the true state of the case, should at once abandon what has been dearest to their hearts for 40 years? But it is *too true*—no longer can the British first-rate man-of-war be considered the monarch of the ocean, or the gallant Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the British Fleet pace the quarterdeck of such a ship even in security from the attack of a little steamship with only *one gun*?

p. 142: in Boothia in 1829 again under John Ross: On Sundays the men were inspected in their best clothes, there were prayers and a sermon, and “to occupy the remainder of the day, there was a collection of tracts

which had been presented to us by Mrs. Enderby of Blackheath, proving a judicious as well as useful gift.” In the evening there was a Sunday school, scripture readings, and psalms. “Of the good effect of this system of religious duties and of instruction, I could entertain no doubt; for the men seemed truly to feel that they all belonged to one family: evincing mutual kindness, with a regularity and tranquility of behaviour which are not general on board of a ship.”

p. 155: 1831 wintering in Boothia: There was now nothing much else to do but wait for the ice to break up and release the ship. “We were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and (why should I not say it?) for want of society. To-day was as yesterday, and as was to-day, so would be tomorrow.” The only “society” was that of the Inuit, which they always enjoyed but which this year had been only intermittent. “They were not only kind, but as Falstaff says of wit, they were the cause of kindness around them including ourselves.” [From Ross. *Narrative*, p. 590, 91.]

p. 155: Ross to Beaufort, Jan 1, 1832: “We have now no Nautical Almanack therefore our future observations must be reduced at home if ever we get there but I confess that the chances are now much against our being ever heard of—I shall leave the last of this sheet for the conclusion be as it may.

p. 182—gives publishing history of Ross’s *Narrative of the Second Voyage*—self-published with 7000 subscribers.

p. 245 with James Ross in Antarctica: “The ships’ companies derived a good deal of amusement from the natives of Hermite Island [near Cape Horn], who, though unprepossessing in appearance, primitive in the extreme, and unable to communicate in any comprehensible language, were good-natured and good mimics. Ross’s evangelistic hope that the day was not far distant “When the blessings of civilization and the joyful tidings of the Gospel may be extended to these most degraded of human beings” was not realized; contact with Western civilization would eventually prove the doom of the Fuegian race.

p. 290, Barrow on his *Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions*: I am inclined to believe that a consideration of the great benefit to be derived from the knowledge of such examples [e.g. his description

of the excellent characters and conduct of Arctic explorers] being extended to the Navy at large, may have induced the Board of Admiralty, as I understand it has done, to order the publisher to prepare 300 copies of the work in question, to be added to the officers' and seamen's libraries in ships of war. [See Barrow's *Autobiographical Memoir*, p. 487. In fact, the work was especially scornful of Sir John Ross who attacked Barrow with his own pamphlet.]

p. 334: in 1851 Capt Charles Phillips of the *Felix* was looking for remains and records of Franklin on Cornwallis Island. A hundred and twenty-two years later, in July 1973, geologists found two small cairns in the middle of Cornwallis Island, containing notes left by Phillips that gave the positions of all the ships and of depots.

Scott, James Maurice. *The Private Life of Polar Exploration*.
Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1982.

p. 65, re Scott's Northern Party: Levick used to read aloud in the evening, first a chapter a night of *David Copperfield*, then the *Life of Stevenson*, then *Simon the Jester* [William Locke novel]. That was their library, and thus rationed lasted them about half way through the winter.... On Sunday nights they sang with a religious bias.

p. 81, Lincoln Ellsworth on the *Wyatt Earp* in 1931: He stocked the ship with books about the frontier marshal and those lawless days. The Norwegian crewmen who knew English translated the books to the non-English speakers....

p. 97-8, re Greenland Expedition of Alfred Wegener, Loewes and an Inuit named Rasmus: the favorite reading of this trio seems to have been Schopenhauer and Goethe.

Chapter 8: "Records of Travel" on the importance of record keeping to all explorers who want their exploits and discoveries known.

p. 127, on the failed Mikkelsen/Erichsen expedition: at one point their major task "was to get back to the cache they had made before their desperate dash to Danmarks Hut, and recover their records. They found everything except Mikkelsen's diary which had been eaten by a bear."

Thomson, David. *Scott, Shackleton and Amundsen: Ambition and Tragedy in the Antarctic*. New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 2002 [first published 1977].

A revision of a pre-Huntford critical work on Scott, though he says he didn't know he was writing a "debunking" biography in 1977. Doesn't have the acerbic bite of Huntford, but has something critical to say about all three explorers.

p. 14: Scott was better read than most naval officers, especially in poetry and modern novels. Something of this must have begun in his short preparatory education. It is appropriate that one who read of adventure and travel should have left as his finest memorial a travel journal that is still eloquent. At the end of his tether, Scott found the words to give a lasting imaginative life to his ordeal and to make us see a relationship between suffering and duty. There is even the impression in the last journal of a man discovering himself.

p. 114: By early November [1908] they were held up by blizzards so that Shackleton lay in his sleeping bag reading *Much Ado about Nothing*....

p. 190-1: But Scott lived on his own. He had a private room, or cabin. ...Ponting took a photograph of Scott in his room, working on his diary and, at first glance, it is a picture of a writer rather than an explorer. The library is in Scott's cabin and one can see how anyone hesitating to come in and choose a book would be sensed and admitted with a word of two, without dislodging Scott from his work. Shackleton kept the library in his room to waylay others with stories and jokes. For Scott, it was more a matter of the convenience of a writer not wishing to be far from a library. Ponting...observed him shrewdly: 'He had kept much to himself during the winter. He read a great deal—generally books on Polar exploration, relieved by an occasional novel. He worked a great deal on his plans for the future; he wrote much in his diary, and smoked incessantly. Almost invariably he took his exercise alone.'

p. 192: Inevitably much time was devoted to reading. Oates had a small bust of Napoleon by his bed and was usually reading Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*. Cherry-Garrard had brought the complete Kipling, Day loved Dickens and there were factions to say that Tennyson or

Browning was the finest Victorian poet. Reference books were always at hand to settle arguments and the many volumes of Polar history were studied, sometimes with ominous foreboding. In addition there was a supply of cheap editions of popular novels, leading to arguments about the 'depraved' tastes of individuals.

p. 229, Nov. 1911: Scott should not have forgotten that the gauntness he saw in the motor party came after almost a week's rest, spent waiting for the ponies and listening to Day reading from *The Pickwick Papers*.

Scott, Robert Falcon. *The Voyages of Captain Scott....* Edited by Charles Turley, with an introduction by J. M. Barrie. London: Smith, Elder, 1914.

A completely adulatory semi-biography, much from Scott's writings. Ex:

Re *Discovery* crew: The fact that these officers lived in complete harmony for three years was proof enough that they were well and wisely chosen.... [We now know better, from Armitage to Shackleton.]

p. 78, Sunday routine ashore in 1902: After this inspection of both ship and men, the mess-deck was prepared for church; harmonium, reading-desk and chairs were all placed according to routine, and the bell was tolled. Scott read the service, Koettlitz the lessons, and Royds played the harmonium.

p. 83, from Scott's diary: 'I find that after my labours at the wash-tub and the pleasing supper that follows, I can safely stretch myself out in a chair without fear of being overcome by sleep, and so, with ever-soothing pipe and one's latest demand on the library book-shelves, one settles down in great peace and contentment whilst keeping an eye on the flying hours, ready to sally forth into the outer darkness at the appointed time.

p. 87: a June play called 'The Ticket of Leave' was followed by Royds' nigger minstrel troupe.

p. 160: brief account of the loss of 'Hints to Travellers' which Scott needed to work out his position: 'If,' he says, 'the loss of our "Hints to

Travellers” did not lead us into serious trouble it caused me many a bad half-hour.’

p. 162, during blizzard on sledge journey: In Scott’s tent there was one book, Darwin’s ‘Cruise of the *Beagle*,’ and first one and then another would read this aloud, until frozen fingers prevented the pages from being turned over.

p. 286, May 22: The night was spent in Shackleton’s hut, where a good quantity of provisions was found; but the most useful articles that the party discovered were five hymn-books, for hitherto the Sunday services had not been fully choral because seven hymn-books were all that could be mustered.

p. 290: Then came reading, writing, games, and usually the gramophone, but three nights of the week were given up to lectures. At 11 PM the acetylene lights were put out and those who wished to stay up had to rely on candle-light.

p. 295: ‘I came across a hint as to the value of a double tent in Sverdrup’s book, “New Land,” ’ Scott wrote on June 20, ‘and P.O. Evans had made a lining for one of the tents, it is secured on the inner side of the poles and provides an air space inside the tent. I think it is going to be a great success.’

Vickers, Daniel. “Nantucket Whalemens in the Deep-sea Fishery: The Changing Anatomy of an Early American Labor Force,” *Journal of American History* 72 (Sept. 1985) 277-296.

Not an Antarctic voyage but interesting as an early description of the whalman’s life. Describes the whaling journey of the brig *Polley* to West Africa in 1774, and in particular one of its crew, Samuel Atkins, who wrote some poetry about the journey, p. 278: Steadily the nerves of unlucky whalemens were worn down by loneliness, boredom, and the knowledge that the vessel would have to remain at sea until a reasonable haul of oil had been taken in.

p. 279-80 describes a four-month period from July to October: Throughout those four months, short bursts of activity interspersed themselves between the longer periods of waiting and watching that had characterized the earlier stretch. Even during this, the most productive part of the voyage, two days in three were filled with nothing but the regular chores ordered by the captain and mate: setting the sails and swabbing the deck; mending the whaleboats, rigging, and spars; and on one occasion careening the vessel and scrapping her hull. Like treading water, such tasks were necessary to the life of the voyage, but they contributed little that was tangible toward its successful completion, nor were they enough to keep thirteen men occupied.

“What filled their minds through the empty hours?” What Vickers suggests is they spent time on journals and diaries, doggerel poetry, and reflection on the pleasures of home and female companionship. The boredom worsened as cruises lengthened from daily offshore cruises, to months, and eventually to years.

p.282: The boredom, the discomfort of cramped quarters, the unsavory diet, and above all the restrictions on one’s freedom that spending time at sea entailed could be borne easily enough in small doses, especially when balanced against the exhilaration of the chase. But as the novelty of whaling wore off and as the weeks of confinement gradually turned into months, the sameness of each passing day began to bear heavily on their minds. [The rest of this article is about the economics, and particularly the staffing of the whaling industry.]

Chronology of Antarctic Voyages

1699-1701 English Naval Expedition (Edmond Halley aboard *Paramore*)

Halley, Edmond. *The Three Voyages of Edmond Halley in the Paramore 1698-1701*. Edited by Norman J. W. Thrower. London: The Hakluyt Society, 1981. [Vol. II is a Portfolio of Maps]

[Note]: Halley retained the confidence of the Admiralty, and his second cruise from September 1699 to September 1700 was successful. He went south as far as 52° into the ice field north of the site of the modern Halley Bay Geophysical Observatory and was in considerable danger, as he was later from a storm off the coast of Africa. (ODNB)

1738-39 French Naval Expedition (Jean Bouvet de Lozier, aboard *Aigle* and *Marie*)

Marks the discovery of the small island of Bouvet (Bouvetøya), though Bouvet was assigned an incorrect latitude and remained unknown until it was rediscovered in 1808. The island is now a Norwegian weather station though essentially uninhabitable.

Captain James Cook, 1728-1779

Biographies and Works on All Three Voyages

Beaglehole, John C. *The Life of Captain James Cook*. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1974.

This biography together with Beaglehole's five-volume edition of Cook's Journals constitute the definitive source on Cook's voyages and work.

p. 596: aboard *Resolution* in May 1778, exploring northwest Pacific coast: This weather did not keep away the people of the sound, however, who brought their women to inspect the visitors, and this time Cook studied them carefully. Among the books he had on board was the *History of Greenland* by the Moravian missionary David Crantz. These people, small in stature, thick set, odd-looking (as Cook thought, or—to quote Clerke—‘fine jolly full fac’d Fellows’) were much like, though not

quite like, those described by Crantz. [He also had several maps, of Müller and Stählin's, of variable dependability.]

Carter, Paul. *The Road to Botany Bay: An Exploration of Landscape and History*. New York: Knopf, 1988.

Connor, Daniel and Lorraine Miller. *Master Mariner: Capt. James Cook and the Peoples of the Pacific*. Seattle, WA: University of Washington Press, 1978.

p. 51: On all three voyages, Cook carried with him the Earl of Morton's *Hints offered to the consideration of Captain Cook*...on what to make note of when encountering new nations. Religion, morals, order, government, distinctions of power, police and tokens for commerce were prominent subjects for inquiry. [Footnote on p. 162 identifies this as: Douglas, James, 14th Earl of Morton. *Hints Offered to the Consideration of Captain Cooke, Mr Banke, Doctor Solander and the other Gentlemen who go upon the Expedition on Board the Endeavour*. Manuscript. Commonwealth National Library, Canberra, dated Chiswick Wednesday 10th August 1768.]

p. 105-6, at Prince William Sound [Nootka on Third Voyage] and its natives: He became keen to identify which race these people belonged to. He had a copy of *The History of Greenland*, an illustrated book containing 'a Description of the Country and its Inhabitants' written by a Moravian missionary, David Crantz, and published in 1767. Book in hand, Cook compared the Greenland 'Esquimaux' with the inhabitants of Prince William Sound. In every respect—in appearance, dress and technology—the two peoples were convincingly comparable, but Cook, meticulous and thorough in deciding when there was sufficient evidence to prove a point, reserved judgement. 'These people are not of the same Nation as those who Inhabit King Georges Sound [Nootka Sound]..., both their language and features are widely different....These are small of stature, but thick set good looking people and from Crantz's description of the Greenlander, seem to bear some affinity to them....'

p. 115: A kind of bartering commenced and, as it did, Cook carefully scrutinized the strangers' possessions. Using David Cranz's book combined with his own observations of the Americans and his copy of Muhler's *Voyages from Asia and America* (1761), which included Vitus Bering's description of the Chuckchi, Cook made detailed comparisons but was forced to suspend judgment: 'This land we supposed to be a part of the island of Alaschka laid down in Mr. Staehlin's Map before quoted though from the figure of the Coast, the situation of the opposite coast of America and the longitude it appeared rather more probable to be the Country of the Tchuktschians explored by Behring in 1728. But to have admitted this at first sight I must have concluded Mr. Staehlin's Map and account to be either exceeding erroneous even in latitude or else a mere fiction, a Sentence I had no right to pass upon it without farther proof.' [There is much in this book on the unreliability of the Staehlin Map, which consistently misled Cook.]

Cook, Captain James. *The Voyage of the Resolution and Discovery 1776-1780*. Edited by J. C. Beaglehole. Two volumes. Cambridge: Hakluyt Society, 1967.

These volumes cover Cook's attempt on his third voyage at finding the Northwest Passage as well as ending in his death. Included in the volume are the surviving journals of officers of the expedition, including various descriptions of the death of Cook.

p. lxxxix-xc [Introduction]: Burney's remarks on [John] Ledyard are interesting, and so, in that context, is his reference to the weekly papers produced in the ships. 'With what education I know not, but with an ardent disposition, Ledyard had a passion for lofty sentiment and description. When corporal of marines on board the Resolution after the death of Captain Cook, he proffered his services to Captain Clerke to undertake the office of historiographer to our expedition, and presented a specimen, which described the manners of the Society islanders, and the kind of life led by our people whilst among them. ... Literary ambition and disposition to authorship led us in each ship to set up a weekly paper. When the paper in either ship was ready for delivery, a signal was

made, and when answered by a similar signal from the other ship, Captain Cook, if the weather was fine, would good-naturedly let a boat be hoisted out to make the exchange, and he was always glad to read our paper, but never favoured our editors with the contribution of a paragraph. I believe none of these papers have been saved, nor do I remember by what titles we distinguished them. Ledyard's performance was not criticized in our paper, as that would have entitled him to a freedom of controversy not consistent with military subordination. His ideas were thought too sentimental, and his language too florid. No one, however, doubted that his feelings were in accord with his expressions....' —*North-Eastern Voyages*, pp.280-1. [James Burney: *A Chronological History of North-Eastern Voyages of Discovery*, 1819.] Exciting and tantalizing glimpse! What would we not give for a single number of either of those weekly sheets! What wealth of literary conjecture, even with Cook's abstention, the fleeting vision opens to us. [J.C. Beaglehole comment. Burney was a First Lieutenant on the *Discovery*.]

p. 1499-1500, 25 May 1775, "A List of Instruments Books, &^{ca} ordered to be delivered to Captain Cook.—"....:

- 3 Books of Folio Tables of Refraction & Parallax
- 2 Mayes Tables
- 2 Heselden's Seaman's daily Assistant
- 1 Nautical Almanac of 1769, 1772, & 1773
- 6 D°..... 1776, 1777, & 1778
- Gardiner's Logarithms (4^{to}) printed at Avignon
- 3 Variation Charts
- 2 Senex's Maps of the Zodiac
- French Ephemeris, in 4^{to}, from 1775 to 1785
- 12 Tables of Moon's distances from Sun & Stars
- 2 Nautical Almanacs 1771

Hawksworth, John. *An Account of the Voyages Undertaken by the Order of His Present Majesty for Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere, And Successively Performed by*

COMMODORE BYRON : CAPTAIN CARTERET,

CAPTAIN WALLIS : AND CAPTAIN COOK

DRAWN UP *from the Journals which were kept by the several Commanders, And from the Papers of Joseph Banks, Esq; by John Hawkesworth.* In Three Volumes. London: W. Straham and T. Cadell, 1773.

A very controversial work, Hawkesworth being heavily attack by Philip Carteret in particular for distorting the nature, failures, and successes of the Carteret circumnavigation.

Richardson, Brian W. *Longitude and Empire: How Captain Cook's Voyages Changed the World.* Vancouver, BC: UBC Press, 2005.

In a daring, almost reckless shift, Richardson moves the discussion of what Cook may have read to who may have read Cook's voyages and how the reading of Cook's voyages changed the Western view of the world. Cites library statistics from late 18th-century Bristol to show Hawkesworth the most circulated book, with its description of Cook's first voyage, as the most circulated book in the decade of 1773-1784. By its very organization, he sees the library as a statement about the world and the places in it. As Captain Cook had authority over his ships just as his printed voyages took on the authority of the printed word. He thus sees Cook as an important point of origin for empire as a collection of places as well as a sovereign authority over them (p. 200).

p. 10, commenting on Paul Carter's *The Road to Botany Bay* (1988): When Carter describes how Cook proceeded in "a cultural network of names, allusions, puns and coincidences, which ... gave him, like his Pacific Ocean, conceptual space in which to move," it must be recognized that a significant amount of this network was based on printed books. The *Endeavour*, the *Adventure*, and the *Discovery* were not simply ships, they were also libraries.

1768-71 British Naval Expedition (Captain James Cook aboard *Endeavour*, First Voyage)

James Cook, Captain, RN, 1728-1779. Cook rose through the ranks to become the most famous navigator of eighteenth-century England and his three voyages to the South Seas (including Antarctica [1772-75] and his attempt to find the Northwest Passage from the Bering Strait (1776-80] were considered masterpieces of exploration, even though the last was fatal to Cook himself. His explorations, his journals of the three voyages, his relations to native inhabitants in both the South Sea Islands and the Northern Pacific (tragically though they ended) make him a unique subject of exploration history.

The following notes give some notion of what was aboard the ships of all three voyages. The first voyage, in addition, had many books belonging to Sir Joseph Banks, famous naturalist and bibliophile, who withdrew his collection before the second voyage in a dispute with Cook over space on the ship. Although Cook's first voyage did not reach the Antarctic, not part of its mission to observe the transit of Venus from Tahiti, it did round Cape Horn.

Cook, Captain James. *The Voyage of the Endeavour 1768-1771*. Edited by J. C. Beaglehole. Cambridge: Hakluyt Society, 1968.

p. cxxxvii: Cook also had his instructions, duly labelled 'secret', copies of the journal of the recent circumnavigators, and, as we can deduce from his own journal, a small library of voyages and travels and sailing directions for the less unknown parts of the world—Harris, de Brosse, the *East India Pilot*, the French *Neptune Oriental*; which, with Banks's books, must have occupied no small space in the great cabin.

p. 378: on defective charts.

p. 413-14: more on dangers of bad charts

p. 460-61: how the hardships of such voyages are reported at home.

1771-72 French Naval Expeditions (Yves-Joseph de Kerguelen-Trémarec aboard *Fortune* and *Gros Ventre*); 1773-74 (aboard *Roland*, *Oiseau*, and *Dauphine*)

The first of these expeditions saw the discovery of the Kerguelen Islands and its substantial seal population. On the second voyage he found the land and weather so unattractive that Kerguelen renamed the islands the Land of Desolation.

1772-75 British Naval Expedition, Second Voyage (Captain James Cook aboard the *Resolution*)

Captain Cook's first voyage rounded Cape Horn but came no closer to Antarctica. His second voyage was marked by his complete circumnavigation of the Antarctic continent, and his pessimistic statements that no one was likely to get any closer than he did through the impenetrable ice and fog.

Forster, Johann Reinhold. *A Voyage Round the World, in His Britannic Majesty's Sloop, Resolution, Commanded by Capt. James Cook, during the Years 1772, 3, 4, and 5.* Two volumes. London: B. White, J. Robson, P. Elmsly, and G. Robison, 1777.

This is the first appearance of Forster's volumes. For a modern edition and further transcripts, see the Hakluyt Society edition below. Volume I:

p. 73-74, at Cape Town, November 1772: They have no great opportunities of acquiring knowledge, there being no public schools of note at the Cape; their young men are therefore commonly sent to Holland for improvement and their female education is too much neglected. A kind of dislike to reading, and the want of public amusements, make their conversation uninteresting and too frequently turn it upon scandal, which is commonly cried to a degree of inveteracy peculiar to little towns... . There are however among the principal inhabitants, perhaps of both sexes, whose whole deportment, extensive reading, and well-cultivated understanding would be admired and distinguished even in Europe.

p. 80, while at Cape Town: We have had an occasion to observe several facts alledged by [Peter] Kolben, and we likewise find them mentioned

in Lieutenant Cook's voyage.... The Abbé de la Cailie, an astronomer, in the account of his voyage, which was published soon after his death, has endeavoured to ruin the credit of Kolben's book, without giving us any thing better in its stead. We should not have ventured to mention so superficial a performance, as that of the Abbé, were it not necessary to vindicate from his aspersions, the character of Kolben, as a faithful and accurate observer.

p. 100: The risks to which the voyager is exposed at sea are very numerous, and danger often arises where it is least expected. Neither can we trace the care of Providence more evidently in storms among hidden rocks and shoals, and where water or fire threaten destruction, than in these little circumstances, which the traveler and reader are both too apt to forget or pass lightly over, if them come to a favourable issue.

p. 464-65, on the pilfering habits of the Tahitians, after shots were fired at a thief: Notwithstanding this severity, the good-nature of the people was such, that they did not forsake the trading place, or take umbrage at our proceeding, but heard with unconcern the balls whistling about their ears. A few hours afterwards, one of them was equally nimble on board our ship, and luckily slipping into the master's cabin stole from thence several mathematical books, a sword, a ruler, and a number of trifles of which he could never make the least use.

Volume II: not found yet

Forster, Johann Reinhold. *The Resolution Journal of Johann Reinhold Forster, 1772-1775.* Ed. by Michael E. Hoare. Four volumes. London: Hakluyt Society, 1982.

Forster and his father George were the naturalists on Cook's Second Voyage, aboard *Resolution*, replacing Sir Joseph Banks who rejected the expedition in a dispute over cabin space, and possibly a mistress. Banks took his library and instruments with him, but the library was somehow replaced by the Forster collection. Anders Sparrman was another scientist who joined the scientific team for the second voyage.

The four volumes of Forster's Journal are studded with references to many books in several languages, mostly dealing with natural history

or anthropology (e.g., plant names, the copulation of sea elephants, tattoos and lip piercing, but he quotes Virgil constantly). One may assume with some degree of likelihood that most of the books cited were aboard the ship. Included here are only page numbers of these references. For all the bookish knowledge of the father there is little indication of reading in the Antarctic regions, other than looking up references. [DS]

Volume I:

p. 1-182. Long introduction by the editor (p. 1-122) and beginning of Forster's *Journal* (p. 123-182).

p. 12, Johann Forster (age 30 in 1758) on his four-year old son George and his interest in natural history: I wanted to satisfy the inquisitiveness of my dear son accordingly, soon afterwards I went on foot into Danzig and purchased the Halle edition of Linné's *Systema Naturae*, together with Ludwig's *Definitiones Generum plantarum*, edited by Boehmer, and the *Philosophica botanica* of the great Linné; I then commenced to learn natural history anew with great industry and to make myself acquainted, aided by these and other books which my friends passed to me, with the plants, insects, birds, fishes and reptiles of my neighbourhood: then I dictated the names as well as the peculiarities, economy and characteristic of the plants and animals to my son. [From an unpublished obituary for his son who died four years before the elder Forster.]

p. 63-64: A detailed reading of Forster's text makes it clear that he took with him or had access in the *Resolution* to a comprehensive library of travel, anthropological and natural history and other scientific literature. This is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable facts to emerge from the editing of the *Journal*, confirming in a tangible way the clear claim that Forster must now be considered as the best read and most learned of Cook's scientists. He was certainly the most professional. The interested study of Cook's science will, I hope, be able to trace more fully the exact state of Forster's *Resolution* library and his access to other references. [From the editor's introduction.]

p. 145-46. [An example of his references from the July 29th, 1772 entry about Madeira: The foreigners keep very good horses, to go to their

Country houses or they are carried in a hammock on Men's shoulders, in the Brazilian manner represented in *Frezier's Voyages*. 298. T. 35 of the English Edition, & in *Barrere's Voyage to Guiana & Cayenne*.]

Forster references in his *Resolution Journal* to other works: 146, 150, 154, 155, 161, 170.

Volume II: (p. 183-370); Forster references to other works: p. 223, 234, 269, 292, and 366.

Volume III: (p. 371-554): Forster references to other works: p. 385, 387, 385, 387, 462, 481, 489, 497, 508, and 553.

Volume IV: (p. 555-831): Forster references to other works: p. 616, 617, 630, 631, 632, 633, 693, 701, 704, 705, 708, 709, 712, 734, and 752.

Hoare, Michael E. *The Tactless Philosopher: Johann Reinhold Forster (1729-1798)*. Melbourne, Aus.: Hawthorn Press, 1976.

A straightforward biography of Forster, the Anglo-German naturalist who replaced Sir Joseph Banks on Cook's Second Voyage (1772-75), along with his son George.

p. 82: Forster joined the *Resolution* on 11 July 1722. The 'prevailing disorder' hampered him in his efforts to store his gear.... His books—a formidable library—had to be stored in the steerage. He was not pleased.

p. 83: The leather covers on the books began to mould.

p. 84: The insects, birds, fish and monkeys kept both Forsters busy thumbing through the reference volumes by Dru Drury, Francis Willoughby, George Edwards and Buffon. [see footnote 24 for items that they had with them and referred to in the Journal.]

p. 88: Worse was to come: the sea water drenched his books in the steerage.

Sparrman, Anders, 1748-1820. *A Voyage Round the World with Captain James Cook in H.M.S. Resolution*, by Anders Sparrman. Introduction and Notes by Owen Rutter. Wood-engravings by Peter Barker-Mill. London: Golden Cockerel Press, 1944.

A Swedish botanist who was taken on board Cook's second voyage at Cape Town where Cook had met the Forsters. Forster had studied under Linneaus, who had recommended him for a South African botany project. He joined the *Resolution* reluctantly and suffered/or helped cause the usual hostilities between officers and scientists, what he calls the "contempt of ignorance."

Introduction, p. xv: "It may seem extraordinary, that men of science, set out in a ship belonging to the most enlightened nation in the world, should be cramped and deprived of the means of pursuing knowledge, in a manner which would only become a set of barbarians...." Rutter attributes some of the hostility to the elder Forster who had many disputes with shipmates.

[Notes that scientists were not subject to the same restrictions regarding their journals as were the naval men who had to turn them over to Cook or their other commander. Sparrman himself did not write up his journey until many years later in 1802, and it was only published in 1818.]

1776-80 British Naval Expedition (Captain James Cook aboard *Discovery* and *Resolution*)

Again Cook's third voyage rounded the Cape but did not linger near Antarctica but rather explored Kamchatka in the Northwest Pacific and searched for a Northwest Passage through the Bering Sea, before returning to the South Sea Islands where he was killed by natives on the island of Hawaii.

1792-32 American Sealing Voyage (Captain Edmund Fanning)

Fanning, Edmund. *Voyages Round the World; with Selected Sketches of Voyages to the South Seas, North and South Pacific Oceans, China, Etc.,... between the Years 1792 and 1832.* New York: Collins & Hannay, 1833. [A later edition is Salem, MA: Marine Research Society, 1924.]

Fanning from Stonington was the first known American to reach sub-polar Antarctica on various sealing expeditions, including the Falklands, Shetlands, and South Georgia and at least as far as 58°S. One of the later chapters describes Nathaniel Palmer's meeting with Alexander I's Russian ships in 1820-21 who learned from Palmer "of the existence of an immense extent of land to the south, whose mountains might be seen from the mast-head when the fog should clear away entirely" (p. 308). This rather charming book, first published in 1833, while covering several voyages in which Fanning was involved, chiefly as captain, betrays little of any books on board or any reading by him or his sailors other than the obligatory directional books and charts, for which here is one example.

p. 498-99: It is still further recommended that every vessel should have as a guide the excellent chart and **book** of directions of a survey made under Commodore P. P. King, commander in his Britannic Majesty's navy.

As an evidence of the confidence that can be placed in Captain Cutler's observations, the reader is referred to the **book** of directions of survey by the Adventure and Beagle, ships under Captain King, page 129, where the commodore remarks, "We met this intelligent person two or three different times whilst employed upon the survey, and received much valuable, and what afterwards proved to be correct information from him, which I am much gratified here to have an opportunity of acknowledging."

N. B. The author is (January 25th, 1833) orally informed that Commodore King's pilot directions, &c. are embodied in that valuable nautical volume, published by the Messrs. E. & G. W. Blunt, entitled, Blunt's American Coast Pilot, 12th edition.

1812-1814 American Naval Cruise to the Pacific commanded by David Porter (aboard frigate *Essex*)

Porter, David. *Journal of a Cruise Made to the Pacific Ocean... in the United States Frigate Essex, in the Years 1812, 1813, and 1814.* Two volumes. Second edition. New York: Wiley & Halsted, 1822.

[A modern edition was published in Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 1986, with an Introduction by R. D. Madison, Edited and with Notes by R. D. Madison and Karen Hamon.]

The second edition is the only complete edition and generally regarded as the best one. The 1986 introduction added much information of importance and interest. – Hill. Samuel Eliot Morison called it the best bit of sea literature of the period. (See also Smith II, 1632. Howes P-484 (aa). Hill 1373.)

David Porter was the son of a Revolutionary privateersman. He went to sea in 1796 at the age of sixteen, and received his baptism of fire in an encounter with a British man-of-war. Two years later he entered the navy, and by 1811 had attained command of the frigate “Essex”. In 1813, on his own initiative, he undertook to sail the “Essex” around Cape Horn. Based on intelligence he received while provisioning at the Chilean port of Valparaiso, he began an epic sweep of the Pacific in which he virtually destroyed British shipping. He cleared the way in the Pacific for American whalers and he established American ties with rebel governments along the South American coast. Reports of his exploits circulated widely in the newspapers of the day, and the ingenious and energetic little captain became one of the great heroes of American naval history. In the course of his year in the Pacific he captured a dozen British vessels valued at \$2,500,000. Porter was an accomplished writer and, happily, left us an excellent account of this cruise. Porter died in 1843, and a contemporary manuscript note gives the date of this sale as 1853. A rare, and possibly unique, insight into the intellectual life of an American naval hero.

Volume I:

p. 81, where Porter warns against minimizing the dangers of the Cape Horn passage: In the first place, I must caution them against those erroneous expectations, which the opinion of La Perouse is unhappily calculated to lead them into, and which, perhaps, have proved fatal to

many ships, by inducing their commanders to believe that the passage round Cape Horn is attended with no other difficulties than those to be met with in any other high latitude; thereby causing them to neglect those necessary precautions, which the safety of their ships, and the lives of those on board, required. He says, to use his own words, " I doubled Cape Horn with much more ease than I had dared to imagine; I am now convinced that this navigation is like that of all high latitudes; the difficulties which are expected to be met with, are the effects of an old prejudice which should no longer exist, and which the reading of Anson's voyage has not a little contributed to preserve among seamen." On the 25th of January, La Perouse entered the Streights of Le Maire, and on the 9th of February, he was in the Pacific, in the parallel of the Streights of Magellan, making his passage in fourteen days. On the 13th of February, I passed the Streights of Le Maire, and was in the latitude of those of Magellan on the 26th, making a passage of thirteen days, a little more than a month later in the season than he passed the Cape; and as my passage, against such violent gales, was made in one day less than his, I am at a loss to conceive what should have occasioned his delay. I have the utmost respect for the memory of that celebrated navigator, and regret that I should have cause to differ with him in opinion in any point, particularly on one of so much importance, as the doubling of Cape Horn from the east.

p. 169: Next day I went on board the Policy, accompanied by most of the officers; and, after the funeral service of the church had been read by Mr. Adams, the body of doctor Miller was committed to the deep.

p. 171, on orders of a British officer: He gave orders that the property of every person should be respected; which orders, however, were not so strictly attended to as might have been expected ; besides being deprived of books, charts, &c. &c. both myself and officers lost many articles of our clothing, some to a considerable amount. I should not have considered this last circumstance of sufficient importance to notice, did it not mark a striking difference between the navy of Great-Britain, and that of the United States, highly creditable to the latter.

p. 174, when captured in Chile by a British ship of war (Captain Hillyard): Soon after the capture of the Essex, I was sent on board the

Phoebe, by the officer who took possession of the Essex, I had no cause to complain of my treatment while there. Captain Hillyar's conduct was delicate and respectful. The instant of my anchoring at Valparaiso, I was allowed to go on shore on parole, and the same privilege was granted to my officers, as well as those of my crew who were wounded....

p. 214: Nothing worthy of note occurred until the 4th of July, except the mustering of the ship's company and prisoners of war, on the Sunday preceding, and the reading of the morning service by Captain Tucker.

p. 239-40, on being joined in Valparaiso by the companion ship, the Essex Junior, commanded by Lt. Downes: By this ship I received several letters from our consul general at Valparaiso, as well as other friends there; also letters from our consul at Buenos Ayres, and newspapers, which, though of old dates, contained news of the greatest interest to us.

We obtained intelligence by them of the re-election of Mr. Madison to the presidency, and various changes in the different executive departments of the government; as also the most satisfactory accounts of the successes of our navy, in every instance where our ships had encountered an enemy of equal force.

Volume II: The Hathi Trust editions of Vol. II seem to index the same passages as those of Volume I alone. The page numbers and transcriptions given here are accurate as far as they go. I do not now have access to a better copy of Porter's Second edition, and recommend any user of this compilation to pursue other instances of reading in this fascinating book.

Porter, David. *A Voyage in the South Seas, in the Years 1812, 1813, and 1814. With Particular Details of the Gallipagos and Washington Islands.* London: Richard Phillips & Co., 1823.

A one-volume edition of the following year seems to cover the same voyage as the 1822, but it is hard to discover that through the Hathi indexing. It might be worth comparing them for any changes or omissions.

1812-16 Barnard Whaling Voyage (aboard *Nanina*)

Barnard, Charles H., Captain. *Marooned: Being a Narrative of the Sufferings and Adventures of Captain Charles H. Barnard, Embracing an Account of the Seizure of his Vessel at the Falkland Islands, &c., 1812-1816.* Edited with an introduction by Bertha S. Dodge. Syracuse University Press, 1986 [1979].

No doubt a most harrowing tale, marred only by the seeming innocence and trusting self-presentation of Barnard and his providential beliefs. The work includes excerpts from the log of Barzillai Pease (originals in Syracuse University Library), a co-partner in Barnard's endeavor. Barnard's ship, *Nanina*, was taken over by mutineers, he himself was abandoned by other shipmates, rescued by the *Isabella* which in turn was shipwrecked, abandoned again, and among other perils, his ship eventually was declared war bounty by the British during the War of 1812.

p. 104: When the four men who had abandoned Barnard returned in his boat, one of them said: we wish to land, but are fearful that we have so offended you, that you do not want us to rejoin you. We have put hog ashore for you on the point, with some old newspapers that I picked up at the wreck, as I had often heard you wish that you had some books or papers to read.

p. 118: From among some pieces of old newspapers that had been found at the wreck, the following prayer was taken.... This beautiful prayer, so applicable to our situation, had such an effect on my companions in misfortune, that their conduct...was entirely changed for the better.

p. 141: I likewise, at intervals, taught Sam, who was perfectly illiterate, so far that he was able to read our scraps of newspapers. This was a source of great gratification to him, and some amusement to me. I have heard him, when he did not suspect that I was within hearing, hold dialogues with himself on the subject of his acquirements. Fancying

himself at home, he would begin with ‘Mother, have you got a newspaper?’ ‘No; what do you want with a newspaper?’ ‘I want to read it’ ‘Poh! You can’t read.’ ‘Can’t I? send to the Bell and borrow one; I would read it.’ I would then come in, and ask him, ‘well, Sam, what did the old woman say? He would laugh, and reply she would be frightened, and say ‘Sam, who learned you to read? I would say, ‘that American captain I was so long with.’ I had also taught Louder the principles of navigation.

p. 144: November 25th, the wind blowing strong against us, we obtained some elephant pup skins, which we intended to manufacture into parchment, and make a log book. We had previously tried this, and found that it answered perfectly well.

The “Discovery” of Antarctica

There has been a great deal of jingoistic controversy over who first spotted the mainland of the Antarctic Continent. Captain Cook in 1772-75 circumnavigated the entire fogged-in continent but never saw it and dismissed it as impenetrable and not worth the effort. The three contenders then became the next three expeditions we list below: Bellingshausen, Bransfield, and Palmer. Of Estonian-born Bellingshausen, William Mill’s *Exploring Polar Frontiers* (2003) states that Bellingshausen’s Russian expedition “made what is now generally accepted to have been the first sighting of the continent” (p. 77-78). Mills sums up the issue in his entry on Nathaniel Palmer: “For many years, the American sealer Nathaniel Palmer was widely believed to have made the first sighting of Antarctica on 16 November 1820. Although we now know that he was preceded by Fabian van Bellingshausen (27 January 1820) and Edward Bransfield (30 January 1820), Palmer is still credited with a number of other discoveries....” (p. 499).

1819-21 First Russian Antarctic Expedition commanded by Captain Thaddeus Bellingshausen (aboard *Vostok* and *Mirny*)

Bellingshausen, Thaddeus von. *The Voyage of Captain Bellingshausen to the Antarctic Seas 1819-1821*. 2 vols. Trans. from the Russian. Edited by Frank Debenham. London: Hakluyt Society, 1945.

Only a fraction of Fabian Gottlieb Benjamin Bellingshausen's (aka Thaddeus, 1778-1852) long career in the Russian Navy was devoted to Antarctic exploration, his two-year expedition exploring Antarctic in 1819-21. It was nonetheless a notable venture as the second circumnavigation of the continent (the first was by Captain Cook in 1773-74), and the first actual sighting of the Continent in January 1820. His discovery of Alexander Island and the naming of the Bellingshausen Sea were not much honored in Russia since they were of little immediate practical use, but his achievements are now much more fully recognized. At least as translated and then edited in this version, Bellingshausen appears to have an easy-going if formal style of writing and shows himself to be a most judicious man in both his navigation and his leadership of the voyage, a character much doubted by his critics. p. xxvii-viii, Intro. by Debenham: One contributory cause of the apparent indifference of foreign readers is no doubt that the book is comparatively heavy reading, and a second is that the voyage is not eventful in the sense that many others were. There was no tragedy and no outstanding discovery. History shows that it is the expedition which has either great good fortune or great disaster which finds a large reading public.

p. xxx: It was unfortunate that their very success, and lack of tragic incident, robbed them of praise due at the time, for then, as now, it is the model expedition which has least adventure to tell.

p. 23: ...you must be guided by the accounts of voyages round the world of other celebrated explorers; these will serve as examples for the improvement and maintenance of the vessels and crews. They will be provided by special orders.

p. 24: You will require charts of all the seas over which you will have traveled before completing your voyages. Many have been supplied to you from the Admiralty, and those you are lacking you can obtain in England from among those published by the British Admiralty.

p. 26, Instructions from the Imperial Admiralty Department: (12)

Finally, in order that on your return you may be able to compile an interesting and useful account from your notes, do not leave anything without remark that you may happen to observe anywhere as new, useful or interesting, not only with regard to navigation, but as being of general service in the spread of human knowledge in all parts. You will traverse wide oceans and pass many islands and various lands. The diversity of Nature in different places will naturally arouse your interest. Endeavour to describe all this in order to communicate it to future readers of your travels. For this, it is indispensable that you should have the accounts of any noteworthy travels in those places which you will be visiting. By reading them and comparing them with your own personal observations you will be able to note how far they are correct or inaccurate.

p. 30, June 25, 1819: Prince Lobanov-Rostovski, who arrived at Kronstadt on his own yacht from St Petersburg, sent me, as a present, a copy of the Voyages of C. Baudin and the Atlas annexed to it. This present was useful at a later date and was all the more welcome to me in that it came as a proof of good wishes for our success in the difficult task before us. [This book was *Voyage aux Terres Australes*, by Nicholas Baudin, 1800-04.]

p. 34, picked up several charts from the curator of the Royal Archives of Sea Charts in Copenhagen.

p. 39-40, in London: We experienced much difficulty in obtaining sextants ready for use and certain other instruments as well as the books and charts necessary for the voyage.... We obtained our charts for the voyage from Mr Arrowsmith and books from various booksellers.... We had expected that on our return to Portsmouth we should find there the instruments, charts and books, which we were expecting from London, instead of which we received them through the Russian Consul-General Dubachevski only on the 20th August.

p. 47, cites Humboldt's *Reise* re Teneriffe.

p. 68, Nov. 1819, near Rio de Janeiro: We had with us a book entitled *The Brazilian Pilot*, and in it we found the description of the sloping mountain called the 'Sugar-Loaf'....

p. 72-1: vivid picture of slave market in Rio!

p. 198: quotations from Forster, Cook, Kotzebue, and others suggest a fairly extensive polar library aboard, although one can't be sure when the entries were written, during the voyage or as the official report.

p. 225: gives extract from the ca 1610 voyages of Ferdinand de Quiros, probably copied from a later work aboard.

p. 247, Bellingshausen returns to his frustration at not finding naturalists to accompany his voyage, especially when the opportunity to go ashore and study flora and fauna occurred: On such occasions I always remembered with regret that the naturalists Kuntze and Mertens, who had promised to accompany us, had altered their minds when it was too late to find anyone to take their places. They had refused on the ground that too little time had been given them to complete preparations for the voyage. Perhaps they were right, but I, as a naval officer, cannot help thinking, that all that a scientist need bring with him is his scientific knowledge; books were to be found at Copenhagen of every kind in quantities, and even if some had been unobtainable all the bookshops in London would have been at their service and they need not have lacked for anything.

Bertrand, Kenneth J. "The Fanning-Pendleton Sealing Fleet, 1821-1822," in his *Americans in Antarctica*. New York: American Philosophical Society, 1971, p. 122-31.

This voyage was barely successful financially because of their capture of hair seals off Chile. But geographically the fleet is credited with discovery of South Orkney Islands, by Nathaniel Palmer and Britisher George Powell.

Bulkeley, Rip. *Bellingshausen and the Russian Antarctic Expedition, 1819-21*. Basingstoke, UK: Palgrave/Macmillan, 2014.

In an excellent overview of the Bellingshausen expedition, comprising both translations of relevant materials and commentary about the journey, Bulkeley's Chapter 4, "Wanted on Voyage," begins with an important section on Books and Instruments, telling us more

about specific titles available on this trip than any other early voyage, with the possible exception of La Pérouse (q.v.):

p. 41-2: The list of books purchased in advance for both expeditions (Bellingshausen and Vasil'ev) included several Russian voyages (Sarychev, 1802; Krusenshtern, 1809; Lisianskii, 1812; Golovnin, 1816; Rikord, 1816). A recent translation of Cook's third voyage headed the foreign voyages (Kuk, 1805, 1810). A Kronstadt official explained that it had been necessary to buy new copies of Cook's second voyage (Kuk, 1796-1800) because those in the Navy bookstore were missing their first parts. Other foreign voyages and expeditions included those of Anson, de Surville, Mendoza and Pagès. Most if not all were available in translation, for example (Uolter, 1789) for the Anson voyage. Other technical works included the *Nautical Almanacs* prepared by Academician Fëdor Ivanovich Schubert for 1819 and 1820, Baltic charts, manuals of navigation, hydrography and magnetism, and the signals codebook. The only atlas listed was the maritime one of the Baltic (Sarychev, 1809). One copy of each item was provided for each ship (A. Lazarev, 1950: 354-7). The allocation may seem ungenerous. But the commanders received another list of over 50 titles to choose from in the bookstore, apparently products of the translation programme although the details are unclear. Bellingshausen was also given a copy of the Baudin/Freycinet voyage by a member of the royal family (Péron and Freycinet, 1807-15).

The expeditioners were instructed to buy further books, maps and the British *Nautical Almanac* for 1821 in London. Bellingshausen mentions Dessiou's *Brazil Pilot* (1818) and Purdy's world map (1815) and he probably relied on the latter for the course of European expeditions, including Cook's second. The presence of Purdy's *Tables* (1816) can also be traced to Bellingshausen's reports. Since he bought maps from the firm of Aaron Arrowsmith, Bellingshausen probably acquired the latter's world atlas (Arrowsmith, 1817). He refers to Matthew Flinders *Atlas* of Australia, and probably bought his narrative also (Flinders 1814a, 1814b). And lastly he may have purchased Christopher Hansteen's great compendium of magnetic research in Copenhagen (Hansteen, 1819). It was published there in the early part of

1819 and Bellingshausen later mentioned that he had taken estimates of the location of the Southern Magnetic Pole with him (Belov, 1966: 22). As for the option, in the Navy stores list, of installing ‘a bookcase to hold voyages and books of astronomy, navigation, physics, natural history...’ built to a design originally prepared for La Pérouse, we shall never know.

p. 54-55: Whether directly or indirectly, Bellingshausen probably derived his terminology from three sources. The first was Lomonosov’s study of what Russians called the ‘northern sea route’ (1952).

Lomonosov was a man of humble origins himself and certainly listened to working people in the Arctic. The second was the government’s translation programme. Which included Cook, Phipps (1774), Coxe (1780), Pagès (1782) and possibly an account of the voyages of John and Sebastian Cabot. And third came recent British publications on the subject. The pathbreaking Arctic research of the gentleman-whaler Rev. William Scoresby was receiving much acclaim when Bellingshausen visited London (Scoresby, 1818), and works by another whaler surgeon, John Laing, and the explorer John Ross, both of whom owed some of their terminology to Scoresby, were also available (Laing, 1818; J. Ross, 1819). A sensible man in Bellingshausen’s position would have purchased all three.

Since Phipp’s voyage was available in the Kronstadt bookstore, its descriptions of ice as fast, loose, packed, solid, firm or heavy may also have influenced Bellingshausen. [Goes on to make further speculations about Bellingshausen’s possible use of Phipps, Pagès, Cook, Scoresby, and Ross as sources of his own terminology of the ice.]

p. 57: It is impossible to read the two men’s descriptions of the formation and growth of marine ice side by side without forming the impression that Bellingshausen had read Scoresby, if not during the expedition then between 1821 and 1824, when he was writing his book.

p. 87, in a footnote Bulkeley implies that Bellingshausen is copying from Captain Cook too closely to be coincidental, especially Cook’s denial of the possibility of there being a continent of Antarctica.

Bellinghausen did have a copy of Cook’s Second Voyage aboard ship.

1819-20 British Naval Voyage of Discovery to Antarctic Peninsula aboard the brig *Williams* (commanded by Edward Bransfield)

On January 30, 1820, Bransfield saw the north coast of the Trinity Peninsula, the northern point of the Antarctic Peninsula “and thus part of the continent, it represented only the second sighting of Antarctica itself, occurring just three days after Bellingshausen’s first sighting” (Mills, *Exploring Polar Frontiers*, p. 99).

Nothing is known of reading aboard this expedition but it was charged with the task of hydrographic mapping and at least one chart of his voyage survives, implying the presence of some cartographic materials. For years there was controversy about the expedition, Bransfield’s log was lost and he was in relative obscurity allowing some overly-patriotic American scholars (notably William Herbert Hobbs of the University of Michigan) to argue disingenuously that Palmer was the first to see the continent although Palmer’s sighting occurred ten months later on November 17, 1820. (See A. R. Hicks, “On Some Misrepresentations of Antarctic History,” *Geographical Journal* 94 4 (October 1939) 309-330.

1820-21 American Sealing Voyage to South Shetlands and Antarctic Peninsula aboard *Hero* and *Express* (commanded by George Pendleton with Nathaniel Palmer)

Spears, John R. *Captain Nathaniel Brown Palmer: An Old-Time Sailor of the Sea*. Stonington, CT: Stonington Historical Society, 1996 [First published 1922].

This is a thoroughly hagiographic and somewhat jingoistic account of the American sealer and whaler many have considered the discoverer of the Antarctic continent. There is little about any extracurricular reading on Palmer’s voyage, but there is an emphasis on journals and log books, navigational manuals, and hydrographic charts.

p. 51-52—Since I’ve not seen a good description elsewhere of the typical ship’s log book, I include Spears’ extensive account here: The

ordinary log book used by whalers and sealers, in those days, consisted of a few hundred large sheets of soft writing paper folded once, sewed with a stitch or two of sail twine to form a book, which was then bound with a piece of canvas cut from an old sail. The log of the *Hero* was a blank book manufactured for the purpose. It was something like an old-fashioned diary. The leaves of this book are made of a soft writing paper, each being 8 x 13 inches large. Ruled spaces at the top of each page are provided in which to write the date, the course made by the ship, the character of the weather and the latitude and the longitude, each as determined by observation and by dead reckoning....

p. 114: More important still was the insistence upon the humiliating fact that American seamen were absolutely dependent upon charts by British surveyors whenever a deep-water voyage was to be made. However loudly the Yankee sailor might boast of the superiority of his ship over all others, the British sailor always came back with a quiet query as to where that ship got her charts.

p. 122, quoting from the *New York Enquirer*: We visited the *Annawan* on Thursday. She is a fine vessel and a very fast sailor. She is furnished with an excellent library, and all the instruments necessary for such an expedition.

p. 156-57, an interesting description of Palmer and his relative lack of fame: Of Captain Palmer's life as a captain in the Liverpool trade few stories re remembered...because he never had any trouble with his crews or his adventures. His ship went to sea, made her passage, discharged her cargo, took on another and returned home. Passengers and cargoes were delivered in excellent order. He was highly esteemed because his voyages were uneventful. He earned the highest praise bestowed by ship owners and other alongshore people when it was said of him that "he never cost the underwriters a cent."

1820-22 British South Seas Sealing Voyage (Princess of Wales)

Goodridge, Charles Medyette. *Narrative of a Voyage to the South Seas, and the Shipwreck of the Princess of Wales Cutter, with an*

Account of Two Years Residence on an Uninhabited Island. Fifth ed.
Exeter: W. C. Featherstone and sold by the author, 1843.

Account of a sealing voyage (starting May 1820) off the Cape of Good Hope which led to shipwreck and abandonment (in Crozet Islands). Curious blend of adventure, piety, and natural history (esp. birds). The unpaginated preliminaries include a preface, index (contents), opinions of the press, and lengthy subscriber lists organized by place and edition.

Preface 1st edition: As a work of instruction, it is hoped...--to those who advocate and lend their aid to that most valuable of institutions, the *Bible Society*, it will afford an additional incentive, if such were wanted, for renewed exertions for the spread of the *Sacred Volume*, particularly among mariners—for in the Narrative the words of scripture were most fully verified, that such ‘bread cast upon the waters, shall be found after many days.’

In presenting a *Fifth Edition*...I am induced to hope, from the great interest taken in it by many friends of Bible Societies, and the extracts that have been made from it, in publications sent out by the Parent Society, that it has at least been considered useful in some small degree, in proving the extended utility of that most valuable institution; and that it may still further aid the cause, and stimulate the exertions, of those who labour in spreading the Scriptures, is the sincere wish of
The AUTHOR

Among the preliminaries, at the end of the first subscriber list, is printed this note:

Dover, January 4, 1844.

Frederick Dyer has felt much gratification from the perusal of Mr. Goodridge’s Narrative, he can confidently recommend it as a work full of interest. To Children, the Narrative will confer a similar delight to what is felt by them on a perusal of that popular book, Robinson Crusoe, and their pleasure will be increased by a knowledge of the fact, that the Traveller is alive and sells his own book.

p. 29, aboard Princess of Wales on departure from the Thames: In going down the river, Captain Cox, the then active and zealous agent of the

Merchant Seamen's Bible Society, came on board, and after some suitable observations, presented us with a bible. We thought little of the gift at the time, but the sequel will shew that this proved to be the most valuable of all our stores....

p. 47-8, after the shipwreck in March 1821 the crew tried to scavenge what they could from the wreck: The last thing we saved on this day, and which we found floating on the water, was, what proved the most invaluable of gifts,--it was the identical bible * [* William Hooper being in the boat was the first that espied the Bible, he sung out lustily, pull up, pull up, here is our Bible.] put on board by Captain Cox, the agent of the Merchant Seamen's Bible Society, at Gravesend, on our sailing out of the river Thames, as before mentioned.

But too often are the gifts bestowed by the Bible Societies ill appreciated, and this had undoubtedly been the case with us, up to this time; but it soon became our greatest consolation.

What made this circumstance more remarkable was, that although we had a variety of other books on board, such as our navigation books, journals, log-books, &c. this was the only article of the kind that we found, nor did we discover the smallest shred of paper of any kind, except this bible; and still equally surprising was it, that after we had carefully dried the leaves, it was so little injured, that its binding remained in a very serviceable condition, and continued so, as long as I had an opportunity of using it.

p. 55-60: long and somewhat repetitive passages on the bible, its providential appearance as 'bread upon the waters,' its good effect on the unity of the exiled sailors; its role in converting an illiterate Atheist who learned many favorite passages by heart.

p. 59: The late Mr. Jonathan Dymond, of Exeter, in his "Essays on the Principles of Morality," says "The British and Foreign Bible Society, during the 20 or 30 years that it has existed, has done more direct good in the world—has had a greater effect in meliorating the condition of the human species—than all the measures that have been directed to the same ends, of all the Prime Ministers in Europe, during a century."

p. 59-60 footnote: The exertions of the Bible Society, in distributing the Scriptures among sailors, has tended greatly to improve their morals,

and to check swearing and blasphemous language, at one period so commonly in use among them; indeed it was often a boast who could swear the vilest oaths. To take a Bible or a Prayer Book in your hand was sure to bring on you the jeers and ribaldry of all your Messmates, and you were fortunate if you escaped without experiencing some practical joke. Now, however, those inclined to be serious, may in general peruse their Bibles without molestation. I am gratified thus to bear evidence of its great benefit in this point of view. It has also led to a much more orderly observance of the Sabbath. Those facts I have culled from frequent converse with sailors since my return to England.

p. 75-6: there was a separate sealing party on another island which eventually rejoined the shipwrecked group in December 1821. “It happened that one of the sealing party, when they went ashore, had taken a bible with him, which on some previous occasion had been presented to him by the Bible Society, and this book had also proved as valuable a friend to them.... And when I observe that the boisterous state of the weather would sometimes confine us to our hut for two or three days together, the comfort afforded by such a resource will be much more fully conceived; and several now read the sacred Scriptures with pleasure and profit who had scarcely looked into a Bible since the period they had left school.

With what self gratulation may the contributors to the British and Foreign, or the Seaman’s Bible Society read these simple facts.... This is a species of charity, which extendeth not only to the utmost parts of the earth, but will last to the end of time,—nay, even to eternity. Its benefits are beyond human calculation—Infinity only can trace them. Much more might be added—but I confine myself to these few remarks....

p. 80—when the parties divided, a bible remained with each.

p. 81: Being now settled in our new colony...we agreed by turns to search food, always keeping the Sabbath as a day of rest, and devoted to reading the scriptures and other religious exercises.* [*“The Sabbath among sailors is too often converted into a day of riot and drunkenness; but in this a great improvement has been effected, since the establishment of Bethel ships, and the spread of the scriptures.”]

The party was rescued by an American schooner but later left on another more temperate island, on a more traveled seaway, Amsterdam Island. p. 101-2: I ought to mention that here also we continued our Bible reading, and other religious exercises, (having with us the Bible presented by Captain Cox) and that it was still the harbinger of peace to us! The other Bible we left with our two companions on the island of Amsterdam, and doubtless with equal temporal benefit, during their short existence, and we may hope to their eternal happiness, for their lives were cruelly sacrificed, as will hereafter be stated.

[They were again rescued, this time by a British whaler tender, and removed to van Diemen's land, leaving a couple of people on the island of St. Paul. At this point the author loses track of the Bible presented by Mr. Cox. The last 60 pages are mostly about van Diemen's land, ending with a long list of its charitable organizations, mostly Bible societies.

1822-24 Weddell Whaling Expeditions

Weddell, James. *A Voyage Towards the South Pole, Performed in the Years 1822-24 Containing an Examination of the Antarctic Sea (1827).* A reprint with a new Introduction by Sir Vivian Fuchs. Second edition. London: David & Charles Reprints, 1970.

It's obvious that Weddell was well-read on the history of the region he explored (cf. his translation and abstracts of earlier Spanish reports, on p. 61-9), but this isn't evidence of books aboard—he does speak of the credibility of some books inducing him to search certain islands, implying that copies were on the ship. And the obligatory prayer-books on British ships were certainly present.

p. 78: I read the funeral service of the English church over the body [of a recently deceased sailor].

p. 81, Lt. Edgar's charts of Falklands praised for accuracy: I am induced to recommend his chart entirely by the experience I have had of its great utility, during the many dark and stormy nights which I have passed among these [Falkland] islands.

p. 84, refers to Commodore Byron's Voyage, as evidence of the fecundity of seals on these islands.

p. 166-7, among the Fuegians: I was anxious to discover if they had any object of divine worship, and accordingly called them together about me, and read a chapter in the Bible; not that they were expected to understand what was read, but it was proper to show them the Bible, and to read it, in connection with making signs of death, resurrection, and supplication to heaven. They manifested no understanding of my meaning; but as I read and made signs, they imitated me, following me with gabble when reading, raising and lowering their voices as I did.... One of them held his ear down to the book, believing that it spoke, and another wished to put it into his canoe: in short, they were all interested in the book, and could they have made proper use of it I would willingly have given it to them.

p. 179, another attempt at reading the Bible: In the middle of the day I assembled these people together, in order to ascertain if they had any idea of a future state. I practiced the same mode of enquiry as I had done with the last tribe, by reading out of the Bible, and making signs to them. I certainly observed them to have a solemn feeling, which they exhibited by looking each other in the face, with a countenance expressive of extreme wonder, and speaking to one another in a low tone of voice; but, notwithstanding these appearances of a religious principle, I could discern nothing like a form of worship among them.

Weddell's appendix of observations on the probability of reaching the South Pole (p. 277-314) is well-supported by learned references, but his suspicion of an open sea and relatively temperate climate for the poles is not very convincing.

1825-26 British Sealing Voyage (from London, with *Royal Sovereign* and *Favorite*)

Nunn, John. *Narrative of the Wreck of the 'Favorite' on the Island of Desolation [Kerguelen Island]*. London: William Painter, 1850.

p. 22: ...according to the captain's promise [the whalers] received their extra allowance of grog, with which they retired to their cabins and wiled away the evening in happiness and joviality, telling merry tales and drinking to their absent wives and sweethearts, a prosperous season in the whale and seal fishery, and a happy return to old England!" [The traditional officer's toast to "wives and sweethearts, may they never meet," dated appropriately enough from Nelson's era until January 2014 when it was banned by the Royal Navy.]

p. 47: Most of us had read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment;" the wonderful "Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor," and the tale of "Beauty and the Beast"—how the fair lady was thunder-stricken at the sudden and unexpected appearance of the Beast—but our astonishment was scarcely less than hers is represented to be as we approached the crystal bars of the cavern and looked through; for within were no less than fourteen young sea elephants completely imprisoned....

p. 71: after taking refuge in the abandoned *Loon* "inexpressible feelings of gratitude arose within our minds towards that Being who in His great mercy had exhibited another proof of His overruling Providence!"

p. 95-97, while trying to rehabilitate the *Loon*, from parts of the *Favorite*, Nunn discovered some books: After taking various articles from the partially sunken shallop we removed a plank of two from the deck of the quarter which lay above high-water mark, when, to our great surprise and joy, we found two books—viz., one volume of Young's "Night Thoughts" belonging to me, and a Prayer Book belonging to the cook of the *Royal Sovereign*. These were secured with great delight, for we believed that they would enable us to pass away much agreeable time: we had the consolation of being possessed of a book through whose agency we could perform and join in divine service, which we continued regularly to do. As the weeks came round we assembled in our cabin, and the mate (Mr. Lawrence), being chief-officer, performed the duties of chaplain and read the services to us. These assemblings and unions of feeling were at all times extremely consolatory.... The time might come, through the agency of that Providence which had hitherto afforded us its protection, when we should be again restored to our families and friends; and then we should be induced more thoroughly,

perhaps, than ever to appreciate the comforts, delights, and privileges which our native country affords us to all whose minds are properly disposed to avail themselves of such benefits.... By Young's "Night Thoughts" many a delightful hour was passed; for one of our party would read a chapter, whilst the others were engaged in some of the few occupations which our situation afforded.

p. 125: At such times the mate resorted to his log or memorandum book, in which he wrote the occurrences of the day in the gall of the albatross as we had no ink. Our mate also devoted his time to the preparation of a board which one of us intended to take to Shallow Harbour after it was finished. Upon this board large and conspicuous letters were carved relating the circumstances of our being cast away upon the island and describing the situation in which we were living.

1829-30 First Preliminary US Exploring Expedition (*Annawan* and *Seraph* with Captains Nathaniel Palmer and Benjamin Pendleton)

Bertrand, Kenneth J. "James Eight and the Palmer-Pendleton Expedition of 1829-1831," Chapter 9 in *Americans in Antarctica, 1775-1948*. New York: American Geographical Society, 1971, p. 144-58.

p. 146-47: The scientific program of the expedition was sponsored by the Lyceum for Natural History of the City of New York. Newspapers encouraged private citizens to lend books, charts, and instruments to the expedition, and when the *Annawan* sailed it was said to have on board a fine collection of instruments and several hundred books.

p. 199: [Matthew Fontaine Maury] was also the author of a textbook on navigation, copies of which were on every ship in the Navy.... The textbook stemmed from his dissatisfaction with the kind of schooling he had received as a midshipman. It had consisted mostly of committing to memory large arts of Nathaniel Bowditch's *American Practical Navigator* and had emphasized the practical aspects of navigation without the underlying mathematical theory.

McKinley, Daniel L. *James Eights, 1798-1882: Antarctic Explorer, Albany Naturalist, His Life, His Times, His Works*. Albany, NY: State Education Department, 2005. New York Museum Bulletin 505.

Eights was listed as “Naturalist and Surgeon” on the *Annawan* Antarctic voyage of 1829-1831 and there are fragmentary results of his work on natural history in the published record, but he is an enigmatic figure, excluded like Reynolds from the Wilkes ExEx in 1838. I see no signs of his readings in the impressive library he helped create for the preliminary expedition.

p. 47: quoting the Albany *Morning Courier* of October 20, 1829: Under the auspices of this learned body [Albany Lyceum for Natural History], *Dr. James Eights*, of Albany, a distinguished scientific gentleman, goes out as naturalist to the expedition. We have thus an assurance that nothing of interest to the cause of science will be lost to the community. *Mr. [Jeremiah N.] Reynolds*, an individual well known for the energy and perseverance with which he endeavored to call the attention of Congress to a similar undertaking, accompanies the expedition with commercial views. Much advantage to the enterprise may be expected from his zeal and geographical information, acquired while investigating this subject under the direction of the late Secretary of the Navy. A valuable library of several hundred volumes, with many important and appropriate philosophical instruments, have been generously loaned by several public citizens; and when we add that all the instructions for the voyage, and every arrangement has been directed by Capt. *Edmund Fanning*, the Agent of the South Sea Company, whose life has been spent in those seas; we are only announcing that nothing has been neglected to ensure success to these daring adventures.

1830-33 Third Circumnavigation of Antarctica (John Biscoe aboard *Tula* with *Lively* on Enderby Brothers Sealing Voyage)

1837-40 French South Seas Voyage of *Astrolabe* (Jules d’Urville)

D'Urville, Jules S-C. *Two Voyages to the South Seas*. Volume II: *Astrolabe* and *Zélée* 1837-1840. Translated from the French and edited by Helen Rosenman. Melbourne, Australia: Melbourne University Press, 1987.

D'Urville proposed this second voyage to the South Seas but it was the French King who suggested that its first goal should be toward the South Pole as ice permitted. Through the Admiral Minister the King "approved everything I asked for." This volume is taken from D'Urville's journals of the second voyage with a great deal of connective commentary and paraphrases by the editor. It is her writing that appears in quotes below and his journals without quotes.

p. 325: I expressed the desire to make a trip to London to acquire various reference works and charts that were not to be found in Paris, and to get the most positive and authentic information concerning recent discoveries in the Antarctic regions. I was immediately authorized to make this trip [April 1837].

p. 333: Nov. 24, 1837: They were now approaching the southern tip of South America, and he decided to explore the Straits of Magellan first, suddenly realizing that he had time to do this after all and go to the Antarctic later, as on re-reading the accounts of other navigators who had preceded him in this direction, it became clear that January and February were the months of the greatest thaw in the polar ice.

p. 345, March 6, 1838: To forestall all misunderstanding and cut short any malicious objections or recriminations from persons ill-disposed towards our work, I myself openly confess that this first attempt was a complete failure as far as the main and particular goal assigned to it was concerned. [i.e., to go farther than Weddell and close to the South Pole.]

p. 353-54, August 3, 1838: D'Urville and other officers in Mangareva are critical of the Protestant and Catholic missionaries "who denigrated one another wherever they went." According to D'Urville:

All the time they [natives] chant and recite the Latin prayers that the missionaries have had the barbarity to teach them by heart...they sing hymns while they work. So it was I heard a native singing at the top of his lungs the *Pater Noster*, distorted certainly, while he was wrapping

dry pandanus leaves to strengthen or repair the exterior of his abode. Sometimes we sang along with them, then they would come running from everywhere, form a circle and join in the concert. A strange tableau indeed! A crowd of half-naked wild looking men singing among the trees in a world unknown until a short time ago, the prayers of the religion of civilized persons in a language of a people who disappeared from the globe so many years ago...!

p.450: visit it in Hobart with Sir John Franklin—very hospitable.

p. 465 Jan. 2, 1840: Everyone was aware that the part of the Antarctic circle that stretches directly south of Tasmania had not been explored by any navigator. By tracing on a chart the routes of the different voyagers who tried to penetrate into the ice, I had seen that the route taken by Cook was the only one to cross this space but the great English navigator still had not tried to go deep into those regions, he had remained below the 60° parallel.... There was one important discovery yet to be made; the position of the magnetic pole, the point it was so important to fix for the solution of the great problem of the laws of terrestrial magnetism.

p. 455-486: discusses his encounter with Wilkes and Wilkes' paranoid interpretation of his maneuvers, and Wilkes secrecy about his work: I would have been happy to convey to our emulators the results of our research, in the hope that this information might have been of some use to them and enlarge the extent of our store of geographic knowledge. If I can believe what I heard in Hobart, it appears that the Americans do not share these ideas at all. Anywhere they landed they kept the utmost secrecy about their operations, and they have been very tight-lipped about giving us the slightest information about the work they have done.

1838-42 U.S. Exploring Expedition (Wilkes)

Bertrand, Kenneth J. *Americans in Antarctica, 1775- 1948*. New York: American Geographical Society, 1971.

With some anomalies, this is a remarkably sound guide to American exploration in the Antarctic.

Bertrand's classic account of US exploration in Antarctica includes Chapter 10, "The United States Exploring Expedition 1838-1842," (p. 159-97). Bertrand has an unusually positive view of Wilkes (given his usual reputation), dismissing his critics as malcontents, confirming his landfalls, and concluding that "after more than a century, during which disparagement was most often his reward, there can now no longer be any doubt of the greatness of his achievement (p. 190). He typically sides with Hobbs here, and I would suspect a degree of nationalistic fervor on both Bertrand and Hobbs.

p. 15-16, on departure of *Vincennes* from Norfolk: At eleven o'clock all hands were called to 'muster,' where we had an excellent and appropriate [*sic*] sermon by our Chaplain, Mr. Elliott, who earnestly invoked "Him whom the winds and waves obey," to aid us in our arduous undertaking. He spoke feelingly of the dangers of our enterprise, and the inability of human exertions, without the aid of Him, who, when called upon by his affrighted companions, "Lord save us or we perish," bade the angry billows cease, and in a moment they were still.

At half past one o'clock, P. M., we were piped down, and at five o'clock again called to muster, when each mess was furnished with a Bible and every man with a Prayer Book.

The sea is a fit place for contemplating the majesty and power of the "Almighty," where the air is calm; where sleepeth the deep waters. p. 18: At eleven o'clock September 9th, all hands were called, when we had a sermon from our Chaplain, from James 5: 6, 12. His discourse was directed principally against profane swearing.

p. 23-24: It will be seen in the following pages that along with their charts, navigational instruments, specimen bottles, and general supplies, Americans carried their cultural and ideological baggage with them on every voyage undertaken during this period. The observations of American explorers in this period were colored by the values and ideologies of religion, manifest destiny, Anglo-Saxonism, and nationalism. They were citizens of a nation built upon the subjugation and dislocation of Native Americans and the enslavement of Africans, a

people riding roughshod on a rapacious Turnerian thrust westward, straining to gratify some unsatiated Anglo inner urge.

p. 42: "By the summer of 1837, most of the appointed scientists had gathered in Philadelphia in order to collect books, materials, and hardware for the impending voyage, making frequent use of the libraries and facilities of the Academy of Natural Sciences and the American Philosophical Society.

p. 113, in Antarctica, notes that they checked French books to try to identify some shell specimens but found nothing similar.

Joyce, Barry Alan. *"As the Wolf from the Dog"; American Overseas Exploration and the Compartmentalization of Humankind: 1838-1859.* Univ. of California Riverside Ph.D. dissertation, Sept. 1995.

Examples used are the Charles Wilkes' US Exploring Expedition 1838-43, and Elisha Kent Kane's search for Franklin in 1859.

Library for U.S. Exploring Expedition (ExEx) [Recommended Titles]

"APS item 402. List of books recommended to be taken on the Expedition [US Exploring Expedition 1838-42] for the Use of the Officers and Scientific Company. Oct. 17, 1836. 1 p. In APS Archives." American Philosophical Society.

Transcript of Memo, possibly from Jeremiah Reynolds:

List of Books recom.d to be taken on the Expedition for the Use of the Officers, and Scien-tific Corps.

Lord Ansons voyage round the world in HMS Centurian (1740)
Beechey's narrative of a voy to the Pacific of Berings Straits (1828)
Bougainville's voyage round the world (Forster's translation) 1769
Ellis's Polynesian researches 1829

F 's narrative of a voyage rd the World. 1820
 Kotsboes voyage of Discovery in the Sth Sea.
 Morells Narrative
 Parrys Journals in search of a NW Passage
 Pérouse voyage de decouvertes aux terres Australis.
 Porters Narrative Yates's New Gea las? 1835
 Barnetts Wanderings in N South Wales &c. 1884
 Tyermanns Journal of Voyages &* Travels (South sea Islands, China &
 B 1831)
 Weddells voyage towards the South Pole. 1825.
 Adamsons Senegal Bennett's New South Wales.
 Chronological History of discoveries in the Sth sea by Capt Burney Ret
 Dumarests Mammalogie. Cuviers Animal Kingdom, 2d. Dents etc
 Mammiferes
 D'Ornithologie par R. P. Lason. Cuviers Historie et anatomie de
 Mollusques
 Dillwynies Catalogue of Shells. Lumork's des Animaux sans vertebrae
 Latreille's Histoire Nature des Crustaces et des Insectes.

Lundeberg, Philip K. "Ships and Squadron Logistics," in *Magnificent Voyagers: The U.S. Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842*. Edited by Herman J. Viola and Carolyn Margolis. Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1985.

p. 152, describing accommodations on the flagship *Vincennes*: Wilkes own stateroom and pantry, and a large reception room that accommodated drafting tables and a library of charts and scientific works, as well as the ample conference table and sideboards customary in small frigates.

[The previous paragraph mentions the small library aboard Malispina's expedition ship, Descubieta, and its "library in its commodious stern cabin."]

p. 160: Equipped with George Vancouver's accurate coastal charts of the Pacific Northwest, Wilkes departed Honolulu on 5 April 1841 with the *Vincennes* and the newly copper Porpoise and headed directly northeast

for the mouth of the Columbia.... [Wilkes went on here to survey Puget Sound, Admiralty Inlet, and Hood Canal to the Fraser River.]

Palmer, James Croxall. *Thulia: A Tale of the Antarctic*. New-York: S. Colman, 1843.

A narrative poem about the sailing travails of the US schooner *Flying-Fish* on the US Exploring Expedition (1838-42). An appendix describes the circumstances that the poem portrays. Basically this is doggerel poetry describing two vessels of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition, the *Peacock*, and the *Flying-Fish*. An appendix describes the adventures of the latter ship:

p. 66, March 2, 1839, storm: It was almost impossible to stand on deck, without danger of being carried overboard; and below, everything was afloat. Books and clothes, and cabin furniture, chased each other from side to side....

An interesting collection of poems, inspired by Palmer's adventures in the Antarctic as a member of the United States Exploring Expedition. Palmer was attached to the Wilkes expedition as acting surgeon and unofficial assistant naturalist, and spent much of his time aboard the schooners, *Flying Fish* and *Peacock*. "This charming work, derived from the United States Exploring Expedition of 1838-42, contains the earliest published Antarctic poetry, a literature form that did not appear again in a freestanding publication until the SOUTH POLAR TIMES in 1907. The *Flying Fish* achieved the highest latitude of any ship during the expedition, 70°4' S at 100°16' E, during the first season. The poem 'Thulia' (pp.13-38) concerns that first Antarctic season; the poem 'The Bridal Rose' (pp.53-8) concerns the second Antarctic season aboard the *Peacock*. The wood cut vignettes were exquisitely executed by one of the expedition's artists, A.T. Agate" - Rosove. The woodcuts illustrate their adventures locked in ice, among other things. An often overlooked Wilkes expedition item, and an important

relation of the United States' earliest foray into the Antarctic region. ROSOVE ANTARCTIC 246. HASKELL 186. SPENCE 890. RENARD 1188. CONRAD, p.53. DAB XIV, p.185.

Wilkes, Charles. *Voyage Round the World, Embracing the Principal Events of the United States Exploring Expedition, in One Volume.* New York: George P. Putnam, 1851.

Although Antarctica was the chief object of study of the US Exploring Expedition (USExEx), much of Wilkes' *Voyage* is an extensive travelogue of ports visited.

p. 78, in Santiago, Chile: The mint occupies a whole square; it has never yet been completed, and has also suffered greatly from earthquakes. The operation of coining is in the rudest and oldest form. The rolling and cutting are done by mule-power, and the oldest kind of fly-press, with a great screw beam, having enormous balls at the end, is used. The dies employed are made from the male die, in the same way as with us, but they have not the same facilities, and want the modern improvements in the process. A toggle-jointed press was imported from France; but it was soon put out of order by the workmen, and there being no one to repair it, its use has been abandoned.

The library is extensive, containing several thousand volumes, which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, and many curious manuscripts relating to the Indians.

The amusements are not very remarkable. Santiago, however, boasts of a theatre, and a chingano.

p. 93-94, in Lima, Peru: The public library is composed of rare and valuable books, both in French and Spanish, taken from the Jesuits' College and convents. They are in good order, and among them are many manuscripts which are beautifully illuminated. The librarian, a young priest, deserves our thanks for his attention and civility.

The public museum has been but lately commenced. . It contains a collection of curious Peruvian antiquities, some native birds, and the portraits of all the viceroys, from Pizarro down. At the cabildos or city hall, are to be seen some of the archives of Lima, kept until recently in good order.

p. 175, about Tutuila in what is now American Samoa: The chiefs have still great power over the people, although the influence of the missionaries has tended greatly to diminish it. Most of the people look back to the days when polygamy existed with regret, and cannot understand why they are restricted to one wife. They say, “Why should God be so unreasonable as to require them to give up all their wives but one for his convenience?” They pay just attention to their religious duties; morning and evening prayers are always said, as is grace before their meals, and with a devotion rarely to be seen among civilized men.

Their amusements seem to be few; their books are constantly before them, and a great portion of their time is employed over them. Old gray-headed men may be seen poring over the alphabet, and taught by some of the youngest of the family. The employment of the men is to cultivate and weed the taro, and to take care of the fences; they also make sennit for their houses, and canoes for fishing. The women are engaged in making mats, and the boys and girls play, and wait upon their seniors.

p. 202, on Samoa: A printing-press has also been established at Upolu, and rapid progress is making in the translation of the Scriptures, of which some portions are already published. Many publications have issued from this press: among them I regretted to observe a small tract containing a violent attack upon the Roman Catholics. The sight of this surprised me, as it contradicted the opinion I had formed, from my intercourse with the missionaries, of their liberality and freedom from intolerance. The sole object of the tract was to prepossess the minds of the natives against the missionaries of the Papal Church, in case they should visit these islands. This struck me as being at variance with the first principles of our religion; and I could not refrain from expressing an opinion that the tract was calculated to do much harm.

p. 355, at Tongataboo on Tonga: The missionaries reside at each of these stations. The smaller islands are under the care of native teachers, and are visited occasionally by the missionaries to marry and baptize, &c. There is a printing press established at Vavao, which has been in operation since 1832. Many of the women can sew, and a great number of the natives have learned to read and write; a few of them have been taught the rules of arithmetic, and the principles of geography. A very great improvement has taken place in the morals of the Christian part of the community; but the attachment of the people to their ancient usages is so strong, and the island so little visited by civilized nations, that they have not had that stimulus to improvement which others have derived from such advantages.

p. 513, in Hawaii: The operation of foreign opinions upon the natives is very evident; they are more prone to take knowledge and advice from the books that are circulated among them, than strangers are apt to believe. Their gambling propensities appear to have been very difficult to overcome; yet, from the simple sentence, "Do not gamble," having been printed in the first books circulated among them, that expression has become almost proverbial, and many have in consequence been restrained from indulging in gaming to excess, while some have abandoned the practice altogether.—From the inquiries I made on the subject of their vices, I am satisfied that these have been much overrated by both residents and missionaries, and I fully believe that these natives are as susceptible of correct impressions as any other people.

p. 583, in Oahu enroute to Manila: A table of statistics, which was published in a newspaper at Oahu, and compiled by intelligent merchants there, gives the amount of imports actually landed at four hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, while the exports of native produce are no more than ninety-eight thousand dollars. From this great difference between the imports and exports, it would appear that many of these articles must have been reshipped to other ports, or are still on hand. The latter I believe to be the case.

The trade on the northwest coast, formerly so much resorted to by our vessels, is entirely broken up by the Russians, who have interdicted

the taking of furs on the coast of their territory, and obtain their supplies exclusively from the Hudson Bay Company, or by the latter, who have adopted the principle of underselling all competitors, and have thereby caused a monopoly, which effectually shuts out all small traders.p. 659, St Helen, at Longwood where Napoleon died: Longwood is now but little better than a barn; the glass of the windows is broken, and the outward walls much disfigured. The door at which visitors are admitted is covered with a small latticed veranda, and leads into what is called the billiard-room, although it seems much too small ever to have been used for that purpose; its walls are covered with scribbling, and its general appearance is dirty and neglected. The next apartment is about fourteen by seventeen feet, said to have been used as a dining-room, and in which Napoleon died; it is now occupied by a patent thrashing and winnowing machine, and was strewn with chaff and straw. The adjoining room had been used as a library; its present state was disgusting, and it seemed as if it was appropriated to the hatching of chickens. The bath, bed, and dressing-rooms which he occupied at the commencement of his illness, are now in part used as a stable. The place in which his body lay in state, contains eight stalls, five of which were occupied by horses and cattle.

Philbrick, Nathaniel. *Sea of Glory: America's Voyage of Discovery. The U.S. Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842.* New York: Viking, 2003.

p. 11, when in 1821 Charles Wilkes was assigned to the *Franklin* for a cruise to the Pacific: The *Franklin* proved to be just the ship for an officer of Wilkes's interests. On the gun deck there was a library, and Wilkes, with the help of an assistant became the librarian.

p. 63, on Wilkes's flagship, the *Vincennes*, newly redone for the USExEx, the aft cabin "was a new thirty-six-foot-long space that significantly increased the ship's functionality. In addition to staterooms for Wilkes and several scientists, this new stern cabin contained a large reception room equipped with drafting tables, a library, and a large conference table. The stern cabin would serve as the command center of the squadron or the duration of the cruise."

p. 132, Wilkes had reread Cook's Narrative in preparing to visit Tahiti.

p. 156, while off Antarctica in 1840, during perpetual daylight: During his watch from midnight to four A.M., some of the officers were reading Charles Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*.

p. 267: The cruise was particularly exasperating for those aboard the schooner. While the officers of the *Peacock* were allowed to visit native villages, Hudson almost never permitted those aboard the *Flying Fish* to go ashore. In the last 180 days, Reynolds had spent exactly twelve hours and fifteen minutes on land. "This Schooner kills me," he wrote. "No more exercise to be had, than a large bird might find in a *small* cage, and without this I cannot enjoy life. No society & no books. It worries my very soul, with nothing around us but Sea & sky."

Poesch, Jessie. *Titian Ramsay Peale 1799-1885, and His Journals of the Wilkes Expedition*. Philadelphia, Pa: American Philosophical Society, 1961.

This book constitutes a fairly broad biographical introduction to Titian Peale, as well as his journals of the Wilkes expedition, not a happy camper much of the time and bitterly disappointed afterwards, when his work was denigrated and to some extent perverted by other parties. But much of it is fascinating and worth reading, even in the tiny font APS has chosen for this book.

p. 74, Sunday, March 17, 1839...: Had Divine Service on the half Deck—read the Episcopal Service and a sermon—perhaps the first time it was ever done within the Southern Antar[c]tic circle. I should indeed rejoice to extend the requirements of the Gospel and knowledge of salvation from Pole to Pole....

p. 97: When it came time to publish reports after the expedition, Wilkes and his associates placed unworkable restrictions on the preparation: everything must be new; everything must be American, with no help from European scholars; the scientists had to live and work in Washington while preparing their work, etc. James D. Dana, who was with Peale on the *Peacock*, wrote a friend that "it is perfectly absurd that I should be able to prepare my reports in a city, where there are no books."

Here is a Peale response to Benjamin Tappan on Oct. 27, 1843: The books for which requisition was made last season have not been received; which has rendered much of my labor very unsatisfactory from want of confidence in the originality of discoveries, etc. So much has been done, even during our absence, in scientific discovery, that it is no slight task to overtake the collaborators in their onward pace. The privilege of access to the Libraries of this City has already proved of great service, but they unfortunately do not in all matters “keep up to the day.”

p. 125, footnote gives list of books APS recommended to the ExEx to take on the expedition.

p. 129, Sunday 30th [1838]: After prayers this morning Capt. Hudson read us an excellent sermon, which was objectionable in one respect only, that was its length or rather not is length but the length of time we had to stand uncovered, for when these sermons were written it was for a shore congregation, who it was intended should all be *comfortably seated*; not so with us, we stand and balance ourselves to the motions of the ship which becomes rather tiresome.

p. 132, Thursday 25th....: In the afternoon boarded the British ship, Earl of Durham, bound to Sydney N. South Wales. She was filled with emigrants, both male and female. They furnished us three newspapers (quite a treat) but not much of interest in them.

p. 140, Sunday [March] 17th [1939]: Notwithstanding which we had Service and a sermon, the sea being so high that the men had to lay on the deck and hold on by whatever was near. We shipped several sea and the vessel rolled so as to bring the water up into the lee gangway on the spar deck. The whole of the gun deck was afloat including my room by which I suffered severe losses in drawing paper books, basons, etc.

[On July 18, 1841 the *Peacock* was wrecked off the Columbia River and Peale lost most of his possessions and the specimens he had collected on the expedition, though his journals of the trip were taken off before the wreck. See p. 88-89.]

Reynolds, Jeremiah N. *Address, on the Subject of a Surveying and Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas...April 3, 1836.* New York: Harper, 1836.

Recounts importance of maritime power to U.S. for commerce, yielding the North and Arctic to Britain which he says will find the Northwest Passage, and arguing for scientific exploration (p. 22-3) without immediate dividends though the practical benefits will soon follow. His proposal is for a voyage of discovery to the Pacific and Southern Oceans.

In 1827 the House approved a bill for the venture; in 1828 the President approved the bill and some things were done including enlistment of suitable sailors “and orders given to prepare the requisite books and mathematic instruments” (p. 29). But the Senate delayed & the bill was lost. P 32—Reynolds then traveled East Coast seeking info. on the Southern seas from old logbooks, interviews with whalers and sealers etc.

p. 89: Indeed, we do not believe,... that ice is ever formed in the main ocean, at a distance from land. No, not at the Pole itself. [This refers to the North, but for Reynolds southern hemisphere is far more interesting, (with the assumption that the ice is connected to land), as Weddell assumed.]

p. 97: That the ninetieth degree, or the South Pole, may be reached by the navigator, is our deliberate opinion (unless intercepted by land), which all that we have seen and known has tended to confirm.

[The appended documents show the assumption that Reynolds would command the expedition following Presidential approval in July 1838, but then Captain Thomas Ap. C. Jones was given the command before being replaced by Wilkes in 1838.]

Reynolds, Jeremiah. *Correspondence* [with Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy.] New York, 1838.

A vicious attack on Dickerson for impeding the preparation and dispatch of the US Exploring Expedition [Wilkes], even though it had been approved by Congress, partly through Reynolds' efforts. p. 40-41, attacks the failure to consult the eminent naturalists of Britain, France and Germany, especially those who had accompanied former expeditions, and received their advice on what books and instruments would be needed: I am not a little puzzled with this heterogeneous *mélange* of scientific works which have been brought hither. So far as respects the few which relate to natural history, the recent French voyages excepted, I scarcely know how an equal number of more useless volumes could have been selected. I should be glad to see you or the agent point out more than ten works, throwing aside the voyages, that any competent naturalist would have ordered. I can only name seven: Richardson's Fauna, Bennis's Entomology, Cuvier's Fishes, Landor's Encyclopedia of Plants, Genera of Recent and Fossil Shells, Yarrell's British Fishes, and Turner's Fuci. Magazines of Natural History, like the Geological and Linnean Transactions, are not needed; though containing many important papers, the proper place for such ponderous tomes is the shelves of a library. The naturalist will require *working books, manuals, and models*; and these, sir, have not been provided.

The list of voyages, I am happy to find, is far more complete, though three which may be termed scientific *par excellence* are not included in it: viz., Pallas, Saussure, and the complete works of Humboldt. In a word, the catalogue is in itself sufficient evidence that no naturalist had any share in its adoption. Indeed, I am only in doubt whether the assortment was made by the agent, or whether he merely gave a *carte blanche* to a bookseller, and requested him to furnish as many cubic feet of works on natural history as he thought might be necessary for 'any scientific expedition'. See also p. 36 etc., and Congressional reports on the proposed expedition in 1836 and 37.

Reynolds, Jeremiah N. *Pacific and Indian Oceans; or the South Sea Surveying and Exploring Expedition*. New York: Harper, 1841.

This volume includes a couple of Reynold's works commenting on the preparation for the ExEx, from which he was eventually excluded. The volume includes reprints of two works previously published by the author: Address on the subject of a surveying and exploring expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South seas -- New York, 1836, and, Exploring expedition. Correspondance between J. N. Reynolds and the Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, under the respective signatures of "Citizen" and "Friend to the navy", touching the South sea surveying and exploring expedition -- [New York, 1838?] He never went to the Antarctic but his comments in preparation have peculiar interest.

p. 16-17, in deploring American innovation: What other nations have accomplished is everywhere to be seen: in books, maps, charts, and in the collections of our commercial libraries. Even Spain, while guided by her exclusive interests, and burdened with destructive monopolies, while her power was respected in the east and extending in the west, made many contributions to geographical knowledge in the construction of numerous charts, characterized by great accuracy. [Reynolds goes on to provide a brief history of the beginnings of geographical knowledge in general and polar discoveries in particular (p. 17-24), to illustrate how little the US had done.]

p. 29, in May 183?, Congress resolved approval of a small expedition of one ship, the *Peacock* to be repaired: ...suitable seamen were enlisted, and orders given to prepare the requisite books and mathematical instruments; and correspondence had been held with some of our most distinguished scientific men throughout the land, in order to facilitate the selection of persons to be attached to the expedition, and to aid in drawing up instructions. In a word, everything had been done with a prudent foresight could suggest, to render the expedition efficient for the protection of our commerce, and honourable to our common country.

p. 258: We are dependent on other nations for all of our nautical instruments, as well as charts; and, if we except *Bowditch's Navigator*, an improvement of Hamilton Moore's book of the same kind, we have not a nautical table or book in our navy, or among our merchantmen, the product of our own product or skill....

p. 336ff, "Letters of a Citizen," VI "To the Honourable Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy is an extended and witty attack on the selection of both scientists and scientific books for the expedition:

p. 337: If the great design of the expedition be to go as near as practicable to the South Pole, for what purpose do you send a botanist to that region where no vegetation exists? Why do you incur the expense of sending a philologist to attend to the interesting department of language where there are no inhabitants? What object is proposed by sending an entomologist in those high latitudes, when a single *bug* may not be found within the Antarctic circle? And wherefore should you dispatch a portrait-painter to the Polar Seas, unless, indeed, you wish him to exercise his art in sketching the likenesses of seals and sea-elephants? Thus, we perceive, that the *two main objects* of the expedition, as set forth by you, are absurdly in contradiction to each other.

p. 338, on Dickerson's claims of extraordinary efforts "*to prevent delays*": Let us see. *Three months, wanting two days*, after the bill had passed, you sent an agent to Europe, as you inform us in your communication to Congress of the 6th February, for the purpose of preventing "*any delay that might arise from the want of mathematical, astronomical, and philosophical instruments, books, maps, charts,*" &c. I can hardly forbear a smile when I read your remark about *preventing delay*! Why were not the "*fourteen gentlemen eminent for their scientific attainments*" consulted before the agent departed? Or, if they were at that time unselected, it only shows that you had suffered three months to elapse without having attended to "*the most important objects of the expedition!*"

p. 341: I am not a little puzzled with this heterogeneous *mélange* of scientific works which have been brought hither. So few as respects the few which relate to natural history, the recent French voyages excepted, I scarcely know how an equal number of more useless volumes could have been selected. I should be glad to see you or your agent point more than ten works, throwing aside the voyages, that any competent naturalist would have ordered. I can only name seven: Richardson's Fauna, Bennister's Entomology, Cuvier's Fishes, London's

Encyclopedia of Plants, Genera of Recent and Fossil Shells, Yarrel's British Fishes, and Turner's Foci. Magazines of Natural History, like the Geological and Linnæan Transactions, are not needed; though containing many important papers, the proper place for such ponderous tomes is the shelves of a library. The naturalists will require *working books, manuals, and models*; and these, sir, have not been provided.

The list of voyages, I am happy to find, is far more complete, although three which may be termed scientific *par excellence* are not included in it: viz., Pallas, Saussure, and the complete works of Humboldt. In a word, the catalogue is in itself sufficient evidence that no naturalist had any share in its adoption. Indeed, I am only in doubt whether the assortment was made by an agent, or whether he merely gave a *carte blanche* to a bookseller, and requested him to furnish as many cubic feet of works on natural history as he thought might be necessary for "any scientific expedition."

p. 342: On the fourth of this month you put the corps on duty, and gave them the means to prepare for the voyage. They are now, as I learn, actively employed; and by ransacking public and private libraries, may, it is hoped, remedy the evils occasioned by your imperfect and tardy arrangements. Thus you find, sir, that after an interval of fifteen months, and subsequent to your official announcement that all the tools of the naturalists were provided, *books are still to be imported, and orders now to be given for the construction of instruments!!!* If this be good faith in the discharge of a high trust committed to your hands, then I should be glad to know what may be deemed a dereliction of duty.

p. 345: If, in the exposition I have given of some of your official acts, there was been some occasional appearance of severity, you know full well that they were, in comparison, but as the dewdrops of mercy to what I might have said had I gone into an examination of your doings throughout the entire history of the naval equipment of the squadron, as well as in reference to other points passed by without remark or illusion. For the opinions advanced and facts stated I am alone and singly responsible; and if they be controverted, I hold myself at all times prepared to give my reasons for the former and my proofs of the latter.

I have the honour to be

Your obedient servant and fellow
CITIZEN

New-York, July 28, 1937.

p. 426-27: It is to zoology chiefly that anatomy is now looking for light; and many animals, hitherto only known through the medium of books, may be submitted to the anatomist during the contemplated voyage.

P, 428: You stated, in a report to Congress in February last, that “*all the books, instruments, and charts necessary for any scientific expedition had been procured;*” though, in your *present report*, you are obliged to own that “*it was necessary*” (after the date of that assertion) “*to procure a great variety of articles* for the gentlemen of the scientific corps.”...

What mockery, I had almost said, what trifling with the intelligence of the country, is this flimsy justification of your tardiness of action! If you had put this fund into the hands of Commodore Jones in October, 1836, instead of October, 1837, and in other respects performed your duty, you might have been indulged in speaking of your “unusual course” to prevent “delay in the sailing of the expedition.”

p. 430, re accommodations for the scientific corps aboard the *Macedonian*: each having ample space for convenience and comfort. There they have space for their library, which comprises at least one thousand volumes, rare and valuable works on the whole range of the sciences in octavoes, quartos, and folios.... [Much of this is a diatribe to and against the Secretary of the Navy, imploring adequate space for the scientific corps to do its work and to collaborate among themselves, including ample space for their library. Reynolds was also arguing to reduce the naval/military requirements aboard the ships of the ExEx]

p. 479-81, Letters of a Citizen XVIII “To the Honourable Joel R. Poinsett, Secretary of War, is a withering satiric attack on the selection of Wilkes to command the expedition, with recommended readings so that: you may be spared the ridicule which your *extensive want* of scientific knowledge, as displayed in relation to the Exploring Expedition, has drawn down upon you.

p. 488-99 has a satirical imaginative portrait of the principal figures in preliminary planning of the ExEx and conversations among Dickerson, Poinsett, and Wilkes.

Reynolds, Jeremiah N. *Voyage of the United States Frigate Potomac...1831-34*. New York: Harper, 1835.

This voyage spent a little time in the Falklands and saw a few icebergs but it was not an Antarctic voyage. Reynolds, however, is an interesting character who influenced Poe with Mocha Dick and Poe died with delirious shouts of Reynolds name, espoused Symmes theory of the hollow earth, and almost single-handedly pushed for the U.S. Exploring Expedition, whose command eventually went to Wilkes. Here Reynolds asks for a strong navy in defense of American commerce, dedicated the work to Secretary and Officers of the Navy (with whom he later fought). His incisive and sharply sardonic style is best scene in his “Correspondence” a few years later with Harlan Davidson, Secretary of the Navy, whom he attacks for his delaying tactics over the expedition, which was approved 4 or 5 years before its departure.

p. 526: Instructions from Navy for care of their books for ships under commission, which were under the care of the schoolmaster (or chaplain) and on return packaged carefully, labeled, and deposited in the public store, presumably for use by other ships.

See also his *Pacific and Indian Oceans*. (1841).

Reynolds, William. *The Private Journal of William Reynolds; United States Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842*. London: Penguin Books, 2004.

A healthy selection of Reynolds journals which includes his official account together with his own interpolations correcting that account. A good example is p. 11: “Captain Wilkes is a man of great talent {great mistake, did not at this time know him}, perhaps genius.... He has had much experience with them [various instruments] since, is an excellent astronomer {all in the wrong, all humbug—a little smattering & much boasting on his part deceived others besides myself}, & well acquainted with the mysteries of chemistry & the operations of natural philosophy.”

p. 13: The Scientifics cut up & dissect and overhaul, and use a magnifying power the better to see, and make drawings & paintings, and invent unpronounceable terms, and tell *us* all about the mysteries of organization, &c., &c.

p. 51, March 18th, 1839: Those 8 days [during a gale] were tedious, and time hung wearily on our hands. He could not walk on Shore at all & could take no more exercise in the Launch than a chicken in its Shell... most of the hours were passed in listless inactivity both of body and mind. We had neglected to take Books with us, & conversation often flagged of course.

To cheer us up, we set the men singing & spinning yarns after nightfall & thus whiled away moments that would otherwise have been dull enough.

p. 74, May 15 at Valparaiso: Letters & papers were thrown over the deck & table, and after a little search, I found three that I recognized at a glance and a bundle of newspapers. 9 months had passed by without any word from Home, & with an eager hand I broke the Seals & read away as fast as I could. *All was well*—and I was happy.

p. 167-8: Captain Wilkes had gone to Rahway in the *Flying Fish* to see him [Captain Belcher], and a pretty pair of scamps they were. But Belcher has an astonishing mind & a vast genius. His Officers, who hated him, said that his varied acquirements & his energy & perseverance in every thing he undertook was really marvelous, but that he had no feeling for any human being in the world. *Our Sweet Master*, we are completely persuaded, is a grand humbug & a consummate fool.

p. 212-3, Honolulu October 1840: At 10, I finished & as happy to learn that all was well at Home & that my dates were as late almost as any one's. Now the papers were to be read. Conversation was permitted & intelligence bandied about. Any thing of interest was screamed out for the benefit of all, and we had great & glorious rejoicing....

p. 220, Jan 23, 1841 towards Samoa: Sam Nox & I have nothing to do from morn till night, but to stare at each other, & to talk about any and every thing, but we get weary staring, & we can't talk for ever. Then we are puzzled. We can't read—we have no books (they are too stingy to lend us any from the *Peacock*, though I paid \$3.60 in Oahu for a lot of

new ones, just come out, & bought by subscription for the Ship—now I can't have any—*that* is provoking). We can't write—we have nothing to write about, or else the Cabin is too wet.

Reynolds, William. *Voyage to the Southern Ocean: The Letters of Lieutenant William Reynolds from the U.S. Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842.* Ed Anne Hoffman Cleaver and E. Jeffrey Stann.... Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 1988.

Letters of a midshipman serving with Wilkes, and one who became increasingly discontented with Wilkes' leadership.

p. 27, Letter 3, Nov. 1838: In reading the histories of former Expeditions, English, French, and Russian, I find that those Commanders were always selected who possessed the requisite scientific attainments, whose varied and extensive knowledge and peculiar talent would enable them to direct and carry on *all* the operations, and to judge on their merits. Now, none of the first named officers to the command of this Expedition were in the slightest degree acquainted with any higher branches than plain and practical Astronomy and Navigation, and the nautical parts of their profession. [Says that Wilkes in England had met Parry, Ross, Franklin, Back and other naval officers and would profit from the knowledge he attained from them.]

p. 94, Letter 10 Sept 12, 1839: re Bligh and the mutiny: I have not time to say more, but refer you to "Beechey's Voyage" in the English Sloop of War Blossom; it has been published in the United States and the account of his visit to Pitcairn's Island will repay you for the slight trouble of procuring the work. The "Mutiny of the Bounty" forms the subject of a number of Harpers Family Library and will furnish you with interesting reading....

p. 130, Letter 14 March 1840: We had no night—'twas broad daylight through the whole twenty four hours. We used no candle. The Sun *set in the East* about 10 ½ P.M. and rose again, close by where he disappeared, before 2 A.M. We shot birds at all hours and the *men read Pickwick* in the middle watch; the Doctor brought *his wife's bible* on deck every night at 12 o'clock and *read a chapter*.

Tyler, David B. *The Wilkes Expedition: The First United States Exploring Expedition (1838-1842)*. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1968. (Memoirs of the American Philosophical Society Vol. 73)

p. 41, Titian Peale quoted from letter to his daughters about his stateroom: I have a little bed over and under which is packed clothes, furs, guns, Books and boxes without number, all of which have to be tied to keep them from rolling and tumbling about, and kept off the floor as it is sometimes covered with water.

p. 151, in 1840 when Wilkes shared some information with James Clark Ross about his coterminous expedition: He decided to write him [Ross] regarding his experience with winds, currents, nearness to magnetic pole, etc., and to enclose a copy of his chart of the area traversed by the Squadron. Ross received this letter in August, 1840, along with a copy of the Herald's announcement of Wilkes' discovery of an Antarctic Continent. Since he did not believe there was enough evidence to claim such a discovery, he did not bother to acknowledge receipt of the letter.

Wilkes explained to [Navy] Secretary Paulding why he sent the letter and chart to Ross, contrary to his orders which explicitly prohibited giving to anyone not on the Expedition copies of "any journal, charts, plan, memorandum, specimen, drawing, painting, or proceedings of the Expedition." [The US habit of political secrecy goes back a long way.] It was in return for assistance given him by Ross and other Englishmen when he had been abroad procuring scientific instruments and because he felt he was anticipating "the wishes of the President and yourself to afford all and every assistance in my power" for the furtherance of the objects of the Expedition.

p. 153, Wilkes' charting of 1000 miles of Wilkes' land: was a real achievement considering that the exploration was accomplished in vessels not built for combating ice and subject to the vagaries of Antarctic winds....Whether or not the Expedition beat d'Urville by first seeing land on January 16 is of less importance than the determination that this was a continent and not a chain of islands—this was the great

achievement of the Expedition and it is fitting that this portion of Antarctica should be generally designated as “Wilkes Land.”

Z., A. *A Letter to the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society on Antarctic Discovery*. London: 1837.

An anonymous response to news of US plans for the Wilkes expedition.

p. 11: My task is done. It would be presumptuous to suppose that the appeal of an unknown individual can have much weight with the Geographical Society; but under a deep and abiding conviction that my country’s future glory is identified with the encouragement of British enterprise; and that she would lose her high character among the nations of the civilized world by ceding to another [Wilkes] this glorious opportunity of completing that great work first traced out by the immortal Cook, I could not refrain from recording my sentiments....

1839-42 British Antarctic Expedition (James Clark Ross/*Terror* and *Erebus*)

Allan, Mea. *The Hookers of Kew 1785-1911*. London: Michael Joseph, 1967.

Joseph Hooker was part of the *Erebus* and *Terror* Antarctic expedition led by James Clark Ross, an expedition poorly equipped for scientific investigation:

p. 113 quotes Hooker himself: Except for some drying paper for plants, I had not a single instrument or book supplied to me as a naturalist—all were given to me by my father. I had, however, the use of Ross’s library, and you may hardly credit it, but it is a fact, that not a single glass bottle was supplied for collecting purposes, empty pickle bottles were all we had, and rum as preservative for the ship’s stores.

Cunningham, William K., R. M. *The Journal of Sergeant William K. Cunningham, R.M. of HMS Terror. Hakluyt Society Journal* (April 2009) Part 2: The Journal.

p. 40: Am happy to say Divine Service was performed for the first time; it gave me pleasure to our little Group sitting on Capstan Bars & Buckets on the Quarter Deck listening to our good Captain reading the Word of God. [The good Captain is Francis Crozier]. The ship seldom missed Sunday Divine Service, or the weekly reading of the Articles of War.

p. 103, footnote 1: 1 Davis, *Letter*, p. 19–20. ‘The day after making fast was Sunday; we were at work all day and night, but they had church in the *Erebus*, and it may give you an idea of what Captain Ross thought of it when he said that beautiful prayer of thanksgiving in the “Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea,” commencing “Oh most mighty and gracious God,” returning thanks for our escape from imminent danger. It was the first time I have ever known it to be read publicly.’

Hooker, Joseph Dalton. *Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker. Based on Materials Collected and Arranged by Lady Hooker.* Two volumes. Leonard Huxley. London: John Murray, 1918.

Naturalist (and assistant surgeon) on James Clark Ross’s *Erebus* and *Terror* expedition in 1839. As erudite a traveler as one can imagine, his passion was botany and he was a considerable bookman in that field and well beyond, as illustrated in these volumes which cover Hooker’s entire life, including many reflections on reading throughout his life.

Volume I:

p. 6: When still a child, I was very fond of Voyages and Travels; and my great delight was to sit on my grandfather’s knee and look at the pictures in Cook’s ‘Voyages.’ The one that took my fancy the most was the plate of Christmas Harbour, Kerguelen Land, with the arched rock standing out to sea, and the sailors killing penguins; and I thought I should be the happiest boy alive if ever I would see that arched rock, and knock penguins on the head. By a singular coincidence, Christmas Harbour,

Kerguelen Land, was one of the very first places of interest visited by me, in the Antarctic Expedition under Sir James Ross.

p. 24, on Hooker's love for "The Boy's Own Book" given him in 1829.

p. 28-29, Hooker to his aunt, Mary Turner, on April 18, 1843:

You remind me of the times when we used to sit in the study (where probably you now are and where this note may reach you some two months hence) reading Tacitus: and least you and my grandfather reading it and I looking on.

Alas, I never had much taste for Latin and or any of the dead languages; and (except that I should have the satisfaction of knowing that my father's money was not so much thrown away) I greatly doubt if my having been a good scholar would give me now so much pleasure as you might imagine. What I do really regret is the little attention I paid to Ancient and especially to Modern History. In half the time spent on the Classics had been devoted to those subjects, the knowledge of them would prove a far more agreeable companion than Horace, Virgil or even Homer. ... I had no taste for them, though ample time and opportunity for all. As it is, I attempt to rub them up, but I enjoy nothing so much as Hume and Smollett [*History of England*]. A love of poetry is also a sad deficiency in me.... Crabbe's Poems are my favorites (laugh at me as you will), because I can go with him everywhere. As for Thomson, 'void of rhyme as well as reason,' he is quite too lackadaisical for me. To the Southward, in bad weather, I used to spend a great deal of time in reading, chiefly books on Scientific subjects, which are of most importance too me now that I have to work for my bread.

p. 29: With German, also he was conversant enough to tackle German books on botany; but it was a labour to him. Hence the zest of his repartee to Darwin, of whom it is told ('Life,' i. 126): 'When he began German long ago, he boasted of the fact (as he used to tell) to Sir J. Hooker, who replied: "Ah, my dear fellow, that's nothing; I've begun it many times." '

p 46-8: Of books also I have a good store & some of general reading: Constable's 'Miscellany' for instance. The rest are chiefly Botanical

with a few on Zoology and Geology.... My messmates are all readers and careful of books: they are delighted we have lots of Cook's and Weddells.

... I was further, through the kindness of my friends [i.e., his father], equipped with Botanical books, microscopes, etc., to the value of about £50, besides a few volumes of Natural History and general literature.

p. 47-8: Except some drying papers for plants, I had not a single instrument or book supplied to me as a naturalist—all were given to me by my father. I had, however, the use of [James Clark Ross's library, and you may hardly credit it, but it is a fact that not a single glass bottle was supplied for collecting purposes, empty pickle battles were all we had, and rum as a preservative from the ship's stores.

p. 56-7, in 1909 Bruce sent his *Invertebrates of the Scotia Expedition* to Hooker, who replied on Feb. 14, 1909: I have again to thank you for a magnificent addition to my Antarctic library. It is really a noble work, and I find in the several articles a great deal that interests me very much, especially in the subject of the geographical distribution of the various orders and genera so graphically and scientifically treated....

p.58, Hooker to his father March 17, 1840: The library of Natural History that you fitted me out with is to me worth any money.

Blainville's *Actinologie* and Edwardes' *Crustaceae* are particularly useful, as by them I can name many old species and detect the wonderful new forms I meet with. My collection amounts to about 200 drawings done from nature under the microscope.

p. 66, Hooker received a copy of Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* for the trip: Darwin's own 'Voyage of the Beagle,' indeed, was the most recent of the various travel books that inspired him. It was in the press while he was approaching his M.D. examinations, and the old friend of his family, and of Darwin himself, Mr [Charles] Lyell of Kinnordy, sent him a set of proofs that had come from Darwin. Time was short: Hooker slept with the proofs under his pillow, and devoured them eagerly the moment he woke in the mornings. Before he sailed Mr. Lyell sent him a copy of the book, a gift most gratefully and enthusiastically acknowledged. As the voyage continues he tells Mr. Lyell, 'Your kind

present is indeed now a well-thumbed book for all the officers sent to me for it.'

If Darwin's was the last of the travel books that inspired him, Cook's voyage was the first. As has been noted already, it fired him at a far earlier age than Darwin himself was stirred by Humboldt's 'Personal Narrative,' a fact on which he dwells again when writing to James Hamilton, his old college friend, after he had sat on the very spot on Kerguelen's Land from which the view of the Arch Rock was taken, and the picture of the men killing penguins.

p. 66, footnote 1: Thus J. E. Davis, second master of the *Terror*, later thanking Hooker for the 'young library' sent to him, writes: 'I like Darwin's Journal much: he has accomplished what Old Jonson said of Goldsmith when he heard he was going to write a Natural History: "he will make it as interesting as a Persian tale"'

p. 73, Hooker writing on March 17, 1840, on the tedium of sea voyages: I have heard naturalists complain of the tedium of a sea voyage; such cannot be naturalists or must be sea-sick (which I have never been for an hour). I do not mean to say I would not be better employed and happier perhaps studying Botany ashore, with more comforts around me, but I assure you my weeks fly, though from my slow working I have not much to show, and unaccountable as it may appear to you, when we draw near shore I feel quite thrown out of my usual routine of employment.

p. 107, literature and books in van Diemen's Land: Literature, however, is at a low ebb, and except a few English families, there are none who take the better periodicals, or would comprehend them if they did.

There are lots of splendid Pianos and Harps, and few who can use them. Three hundred copies of Gould's most extravagant book are purchased by these colonists, solely for the pleasure of seeing the show of it on their tables.

p. 115, excerpt from the diary of Cornelius Sullivan: Such an 'inglorious Milton' was the blacksmith of the *Erebus*, a lively Irishman named Cornelius Sullivan. He first wrote down an account of their joint adventures on the second voyage from the dictation of his friend, James Savage, a seaman who had joined the ship at Tasmania. But this half

story was obviously inadequate. He was moved to add the wonders of the first voyage.

My friend James [his exordium runs] before I begin to give you anything Like a correct acct. of our dangers and discoveries, it is but justice to this My first voyage to the South, to give you an acct. of our Discoveries, before you joined the Expedition—this is the most Sublime but not the most dangerous. [Sullivan goes on with a passage of what Hooker calls “pictorial effects”

p. 126: March 12, 1842. Crash of the two ships, “...a blessing of Providence, albeit rudely administered.”

p. 131, Hooker’s reading and botanical studies. during the 3rd winter of the expedition in the Falklands during 1842: I often spend a day there [the Governor’s mansion in the Falklands] and afterwards take on board with me any of his books that please me. Those I have been lately reading are Pope’s Homer’s Iliad, Mrs. Hemans’ Poems, Daniell’s Chemical Philosophy and Pugin’s Christian Architecture, a very miscellaneous selection, but even from the last; with all his faults and bigoted Roman Catholicism, I have gained much good. Keith’s Evidence (of Prophecy) and Pollock’s Course of Time I had read long before without appreciating them as I do now, — Stephens’s Travels in the East pleased me much and Milner’s Church History, what I have seen of it, for it is too much for me to get through here. (To Lady Hooker, August 24, 1842.)

p. 131, writing his father on August 25, 1842: It was foolish in me to have brought so few books on Cryptogamic plants, having nothing but Loudon’s Encyclopædia and the miserable Sprengel to help me.... Your parcel to me, when it comes! Will be a great catch, if it is only for the Journal, to which Berkeley no doubt still contributes.

p. 132, November 25, 1842: The books you send out are capital. Lindley’s Elements seems a most valuable work to me and the very one I wanted, for I have a very high opinion of him as a Nat. Order man—though he makes too many it is impossible not to admire the thorough knowledge he has of the subject....

p. 141ff: Admiralty rules on collection, journals, and charts being handed over to the Department

p. 148-9, Cape Town: contains a Library of 30,000 volumes, all in most excellent order, with the tables covered with magazines....

p. 150, visiting Baron C.F.H. Ludwig in Cape Town: I found 'Peter Schlemihl' in his Library and could not help reading part of it for old acquaintance sake; it was the very copy my Grandfather gave him.... I think I was more pleased to have found that book of my dear Grandfather's than with anything else in Cape Town. I had a great mind to steal it.

p. 244-45, writing from India in 1848: You have no idea how many people in this country have been reading Ross's work; I am better received in India for having accompanied that voyage, than ever I was on that account in England. Every individual with whom I have stayed, on my way up and down the Ganges, has read it! and knows me through it!... On this table in this house [of Dr. Grant of Bhagulpore] lies the *N. British Review*, containing an article on Ross's Voyage, written, I suspect, by Sir. D. Brewster. There is the most flaming flattery in it of my share in the book—especially the chapter on *Cattle Hunting*. Pray tell my mother of this: (I suspect I must be a sort of humbug after all).

p. 495, Leonard Huxley: Unfailing also is his information about books to be consulted or papers in scientific journals dealing with special points. Many were not procurable even from the Linnean Library, where Hooker arranged that Darwin could take out what volumes he wanted. Many he lent to his friend from his own botanical library to be studied and lightly marked on the margins for the purposes of his analysis, sometimes to be borrowed afresh that the marked passages might be consulted anew when some better scheme of analysis had presented itself or some flaw had been detected in the previous scheme. 'I never cease begging favours of you,' writes Darwin in August 1855, when asking for the loan of the copy he had before of Asa Gray's Manual....

Once, when Hooker had a fair copy of one of Darwin's MSS. to read, a misfortune happened which recalls, though it happily did not equal, the catastrophe to the sole MS. of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' in J. S. Mill's house. The bundle 'by some screaming accident' had got transferred to the drawer where Mrs. Hooker kept paper for the children to draw upon—and they 'of course had a drawing fit ever since.' Nearly

a quarter of the MS. had vanished when Hooker prepared to read; it at the end of a busy week.

Volume II:

p. 69ff: The enforced leisure of convalescence afforded much opportunity for miscellaneous **reading**. From time to time the letters which passed between Darwin and Hooker contain references to novels, for Darwin, as we know, constantly had novels read to him when unable to work, and Hooker, from his wife's and his own **reading**, would offer suggestions or criticisms. Thus in 1863 Hooker recommends 'The Admiral's Daughter' by the author of 'Emilia Wyndham,' which on re-reading he had found as deeply interesting as on his first reading twenty-five years before; but this was barred as ending too sadly. Next year 'Quits' is more successful; on a return recommendation, Hooker at Bath cannot get 'Beppo,' but borrows 'Romola,' 'which is ponderous.' In April 1865, having received from Darwin the serial numbers of Wilkie Collins' novel, Hooker replies, 'I have nearly finished "Can you Forgive Her?" and have made up my mind that I cannot at all do so, and don't care whether she minds it or no.' [A good deal follows on their reading, including novels of George Eliot, Fielding, and Richardson.]

p. 75, footnote on Darwin: The same spirit of happy banter occurs in a note of 1865, when Darwin had been, as it were, **reading** the *Origin* for the first time, as he was collecting material for a second French edition, and, laughingly declared 'Upon my life, my dear fellow, it is a very good book, but oh my goodness, it is tough **reading**.' Thereupon Hooker retorted: "I am egregiously delighted with your calm judgment on the *Origin*. Do you know I have re-read some of my papers with the same result, and NEVER WAS WRONG ONCE IN MY OPINION.'

p. 337: Dec. 29, 1893. I have just finished Huxley's last volume. The Essay on the 'Evolution of Religion' is most remarkable and gives an astonishing idea of his grasp of mind, powerful reasoning, and admirable style. Certainly no one, theologian or other has brought the subject before the ordinary **reader** in anything like the persuasive manner and rhetorical power he displays. It goes to Darwin to-day.

p. 337: February 18, 1897. Your letter has interested me much, if only by the contrast it affords to our readings. I have been going through a

long course of Boswell's Johnson, and of Boswelliana. I had already long ago read the Tour in the Hebrides, and Madame Piozzi, so I am pretty well up in the old Hero, whom one cannot help admiring (and disliking rather). But he had great nobility of character....

p. 452, Hooker to Mrs. Paisley, October 7, 1903: I have just finished **reading** Sidney Lee's 'Life of Queen Victoria.' It is most interesting, but depressing. She was indeed a good woman though with many imperfections. From a political point of view it is very difficult to judge her on Sidney Lee's showing, one sways backwards and forwards in estimation or the contrary. Her indifference to all the great discoveries in Science during her reign, and especially the Medical and Surgical, strikes me as abnormal. This is not pointed out, and must go with her neglect of Ireland, as being under my view the great drawbacks to a warm appreciation of her reign.

p. 479, Hooker to William Spiers Bruce, May 6, 1911: 'Polar Exploration' has reached me and I have read it with great interest and pleasure, greatly heightened by its kindly and flattering dedication to myself, for which I cordially thank you. It is an excellent digest of our knowledge of the Polar region, and was much wanted. As the precursor to your forthcoming 'History of Polar Exploration,' it will be widely welcomed. ...

The only serious omission that I notice (if I have not carelessly overlooked it) is that of the marvellous retrocession of the Barrier since Ross napped it. To me this appears the most momentous change known to be brought about in the Antarctic in little more than half century.

[Other passages on Hooker's reading, unrelated to the polar regions, are in Volume II on p. 26, 41, 98, 113, 126, 129, 201, 225, 305, 320, 327-28, 351, 433-34, 475.]

Hooker, Joseph Dalton. *Zoology*. 1845. Survey of the Voyage. [Not found in WorldCat]

p. xii: Most especially does he find it incumbent on him here to return thanks to the Commanding Officer of the expedition (as is his first duty)... for the generous manner in which that officers' private cabin

and library were unreservedly placed at his disposal during the whole time the expedition was afloat.

p. 249, Ross at his farthest south on 23 February 1842: [Ross made] an entry into a small, red morocco-bound gilt-edged book entitled *The Economy of Human Life*. It was his second entry onto the book's flyleaf. He had taken this tiny book, given to him by his sister Isabella, on the attempt at the North Pole. At the northernmost position, surrounded by the Arctic pack ice, he had penned: "Written on board the *Endeavour* in Latitude $82\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ 27th July, 1827. Jas. C. Ross." [Hooker continues: Now, looking at the ice barrier that one day would bear his name, he wrote: "H.M. Ship *Erebus* 23rd of Feb. 1842 in Latitude 78° 10' S. Jas. C. Ross."... Both records, farthest north and farthest south??

Identifies a book which James Clark Ross had with him on both Arctic and Antarctic voyages and which he inscribed to so indicate. The book is *The Economy of Human Life*, 1808, variously attributed to Lord Chesterfield, Robert Dodsley (Johnson's publisher), John Hill, or even unascrbed as a volume from the library of the Grand Lama of Tartary. It is a small book of homilies on the conduct of life, often published; this copy first belonged to Isabella Ross, sister of James Clark Ross. He had it with him as first lieutenant to Captain Edward Parry in H.M.S. *Hecla* in the high Arctic when he inscribed it: "Written on board the *Endeavour* [a sledge boat detailed from the *Hecla*] in Latitude $82\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$ N. 27th July, 1827. Jas. C. Ross." (p. 355)

In the Ross Sea in 1842 when in command of a scientific exploring expedition, he again had the book and similarly inscribed it as follows: "H.M. Ship *Erebus* 23rd of Feb. 1842 in Latitude 78° 10' S. Jas. C. Ross."

Until then no one could have claimed the distinction of coming nearest to both Poles, and this record was not surpassed until in the twentieth century Roald Amundsen and R. E. Byrd reached both Poles in turn, but, unless they or one of them signed both records in one book, our little red volume remains unique. (p 356).

M'Cormick, Robert. *Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas, and Round the World: being personal narratives of attempts to reach the North and South Poles; and of an open-boat expedition up the Wellington Channel in search of Sir John Franklin and Her Majesty's ships "Erebus" and "Terror," in Her Majesty's boat "Forlorn Hope," under the command of the author. To which are added an Autobiography....* In Two Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1884.

Mill, Hugh Robert. "A Relic of Ross." *The Polar Record* III no. 21(January 1941) 354-56

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Ross eventually returned it to his sister and it is now at SPRI.

Ross, James Clark. *A Voyage of Discovery and Research in the Southern and Antarctic Regions, during the Year 1839-43.* Two volumes. London: John Murray, 1847.

The author, who discovered the north magnetic pole on an earlier expedition, here describes his Antarctic voyages, in part in search for the south magnetic pole, in the ships *Erebus* and *Terror*. 'Ross' experience, daring and good luck combined to provide the first detailed, close-up and prolonged examination of Antarctica. . . He penetrated 7 degrees further south than Cook and 4 degrees further south than Weddell. Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen and Byrd all followed in his large footsteps. . . These men were heroes.' Joseph Hooker was aboard as naturalist and John Edward Davis was responsible for many of the illustrations.

Volume I:

p. xxvii-xxviii: orders to Clark Ross signed by Lord Minto, 14 Sept.

1839: ...on your arrival in England, you are forthwith to repair to this office in order to lay before us a full account of your proceedings, taking care before you leave the ship to demand from the officers and all other persons on board, the logs and journals they had kept, and the charts, drawings, and observations which they had made, and which are all to be sealed up; and you will issue similar directions to Commander Crozier and his officers, &c.; the said logs, journals, and other documents to be thereafter disposed of as we may think proper to determine.

p. xlvii, acknowledgement to Joseph Hooker for botanical contributions beautifully executed for "Flora Antarctica."

p. 61: The 17th, being Sunday, are people had a day of rest from their labours. I may here mention that it was our invariable practice every Sunday to **read** the Church service, and generally a short sermon afterwards; and it is remarkable how very seldom during the whole period of our voyage, that either the severity of the weather, or the circumstances of the expedition, were such as to interfere with the performance of this duty. Few could have had more assurances of the providential interpositions of a merciful God....

109p. 114: while in Hobart Ross read local accounts of d'Urville's expedition.

p. 209, Jan. 22, 1841 on achieving a furthest south: an extra allowance of grog was issued to our very deserving crew; and, being Saturday night, the seaman's favourite toast of "Sweethearts and wives" was not forgotten in the general rejoicing on the occasion.

Ross, M. J. *Ross in the Antarctic: The Voyages of James Clark Ross in Her Majesty's Ships Erebus and Terror, 1839-1843.* Whitby, Yorks., England: Caedmon of Whitby, 1982.

An entire volume devoted to the Ross expedition with substantial chapters on each of the three Antarctic summer voyages, as well as material on each of the antipodean winter sojourns in Hobart, Tasmania, Sydney and New Zealand, and the Falklands.

p. 17ff: genesis of 1839-43 voyage was magnetic research and JCR was ideal candidate to lead it.

p. 29: Crozier in command of *Terror*, and 2nd of whole expedition (as on Franklin expedition); Archibald McMurdo was 3rd Lt. in *Terror* with Back, and 1st Lt. on *Terror* with Crozier in 1839.

p. 41-42, Joseph Dalton Hooker writing to his father in 1839 enroute south: Capt. Ross knows a good deal of the lower Orders of Animals; and between him and the invaluable books you gave me I am picking up a knowledge of them. I have now drawings of nearly 100 Marine Crustacea and Mullusca, almost all microscopic; some of them are very badly done, but I think that practice is improving me, and as I go on, I hope that some will be useful on my return. Were it not for drawing, my sea life would not be half so pleasant as to me it is. In the cabin, with every comfort around me, I can imagine myself at home.

p. 83, on Ross breaking through pack into open water, Amundsen said: Few people of the present day are capable of rightly appreciating this heroic deed, this brilliant proof of human courage and energy. With two ponderous craft—regular 'tubs' according to our ideas—these men sailed right into the heart of the pack, which all previous explorers had

regarded as certain death...these men were heroes—heroes in the highest sense of the word.

p. 85ff, Diary of Cornelius Sullivan, blacksmith (cf. *Forbidden Quest*)

p. 93, Ross named the Cape at the foot of Mt. Terror after Crozier: ...to whose zeal and cordial cooperation is mainly to be ascribed, under God's blessing the happiness as well as success of the expedition....

p. 96-7, Sullivan the blacksmith speaks of his sighting of the Great Barrier: Beholding with Silent Surprise the great and wonderful Works of Nature in this position we had an opportunity to discern the barrier in its Splendid position. Then I wishd. i was an artist or a draughtsman instead of a blacksmith and Armourer. We set a Side all thoughts of mount Erebus and Victoria's Land to bear in mind the more Imaginative thoughts of this rare phenomenon that was lost to view

In Gone by Ages.

When Captain Ross came on deck he was Equally Surprised. To see the Beautiful Sight Though being in the north Arctic Regions one half of his life he never see any ice in Arctic Seas to be Compard. to the Barrier.

p. 112, in a letter from Ross in Hobart to Beaufort on April 9, 1840: '...I cannot help adding the very great comfort it is to me to witness the unanimous cordiality of feeling and zeal which animate every individual of the Expedition, a state of happiness strikingly contrasted with what we have before witnessed'—and a P.S. 'Crozier hopes to be held in your kind remembrance he is a *regular trump*'.

p. 143—Master Davis of *Terror* compares discipline on his ship with that of *Erebus*, which he thought too lax and officers showed too much familiarity with men.

p. 146, New Year day, 1842, according to Ross: Meanwhile, being firmly stuck, 'the day was spent by our people in the enjoyment of various amusing games on the ice, which their ingenuity invented, and which was finally wound up by a grand fancy ball, or a novel and original character, in which all the officers bore a part, and added much to the merriment and fun which all seemed greatly to enjoy; indeed, if our friends in England could have witnessed the scene, they would have thought, what I am sure truly was the case, that we were a very happy

party'. Theatrical performances were a common feature of all polar expeditions but the ball on the ice in such unfavourable circumstances more than a thousand miles from the nearest human being must rank high in the annals of home-made entertainment.

p. 148-49, in a letter from John E. Davis of the *Terror*: 'Of course Captain Crozier and Miss Ross opened the ball with a quadrille; after that we had reels and country dances. Ices and refreshments were handed round, the former in the greatest profusion (the boatswain of the *Erebus* performing the part of host under the title of Mr. Boniface). You would have laughed to see the whole of us, with thick overall boots on, dancing, waltzing, and slipping about, and all the fun imaginable going on. Ladies fainting with cigars in their mouths, to cure which the gentlemen would politely thrust a piece of ice down her back. But it would require a "Boz" to give any idea of the ridiculous scene; it was beyond all description and the best of it was there was not an ill word the whole time, although there were some very heavy falls and many a sore face from the blows of the snowballs. All was taken in good part, and as the Vicar of Wakefield says, "what was wanting in wit was made up in laughter".'

p. 156-57, at Ice Barrier on second voyage: That evening Ross took out a little book bound in red leather given to him by his sister. It was called 'The Economy of Human Life' and contained moral maxims covering all the problems and exigencies of life. In it he wrote 'H.M. Ship *Erebus* 23rd Feb. 1842 in Lat 78°10'S Jas. C. Ross' In the same book, nearly 15 years earlier, he had written 'Written on board the *Endeavour* in Latitude 82 3/4N° 27th July 1827 Jas. C. Ross' on the day he and Parry turned back from their attempt to reach the North Pole. He (also Bird and Abernethy who were with him in the North) had now approached nearer to both Poles than any man; both records were to stand for more than half a century. [Facsimiles of these inscriptions appear opposite p. 116.]

p. 166, by April 1842 *Erebus* had lost 3 men by drowning, *Terror* none.

p. 177: McMurdo, first Lt. of *Terror*, was left in the Falklands suffering from something but much praised by Ross. Hooker devoted his time in Falklands to Botany. Long letter to his father on 25 Nov. 42 on p. 188-90. Speaks of good sailors laboring hard in difficult conditions with

none of the comforts of ordinary ships and no thanks from the Admiralty.

p. 195ff: New Year at icepack in Erebus and Terror Gulf. In the afternoon Ross & his officers visited the *Terror* to exchange good wishes & then “the Captain entertained all his officers to dinner.” (p. 197). All on a bright clear day. In mid-January they were beset for days, with sailors exhausted with a work of 13-hour days trying to get out of the ice.

p. 206, third voyage least successful (from Falklands). Hooker spoke to RGS about it: It was the worst season of the three, one of constant gales, fogs and snow storms.... The officers of *Terror* told me that their commander never slept in his cot throughout that season in the ice, and that he passed it either on deck or in a chair in his cabin. They were nights of grog and hot coffee, for the orders to splice the main brace were many and imperative, if the crew were to be kept up to the strain on their nerves and muscles. [Hooker claimed he was the only one who didn’t regret the voyage.]

Ch. 17: results of voyage were impressive, “all despite the apathy of crew, Admiralty, and Crown.”

Sullivan, C. J. Archives: Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. Papers Relating to Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker (1817-1911), Director of Kew Gardens (1865-1885) JDH/1/7: Antarctic Expeditions 1842-1903

This bound, indexed volume contains the following documents: papers and correspondence dated c.1887-1903 relating the National Antarctic Expedition of the HMS *Discovery* (1901-04) including a photograph of the ship; correspondence dated c.1842-43 by J. Davies, J. Savage and C. J. Sullivan whilst on HMS *Erebus* and HMS *Terror* (1839-1843) including some poetry by Sullivan; and a lecture (original manuscript and typed transcript) given by J.D. Hooker on this expedition at the Royal Institution of South Wales, Swansea on 17 June 1846.

Sullivan was the model for the narrator in Peter Delpout’s *Forbidden Quest*.

1849? Kerguélen Island Sealing Voyage and Shipwreck

Nunn, John. *Narrative of the Wreck of the 'Favorite' on the Island of Desolation* [Kregulean Island]. London: William Painter, 1850.

A youthful sailor's account of his voyage to the Kerguélen Islands on a sealing expedition, and its various crises and shipwrecks.

Sometimes attributed to W. B. Clarke.

p. 22: ...according to the captain's promise [the whalers] received their extra allowance of grog, with which they retired to their cabins and wiled away the evening in happiness and joviality, telling merry tales and drinking to their absent wives and sweethearts, a prosperous season in the whale and seal fishery, and a happy return to old England!

p. 71, after taking refuge in the abandoned *Loon*: Inexpressible feelings of gratitude arose within our minds towards that Being who in His great mercy had exhibited another proof of His overruling Providence!

p. 95-97—While trying to rehabilitate the *Loon*, from parts of the *Favorite*, Nunn discovered some books: After taking various articles from the partially sunken shallop we removed a plank of two from the deck of the quarter which lay above high-water mark, when, to our great surprise and joy, we found two books—viz., one volume of Young's "Night Thoughts" belonging to me, and a Prayer Book belonging to the cook of the *Royal Sovereign*. These were secured with great delight, for we believed that they would enable us to pass away much agreeable time: we had the consolation of being possessed of a book through whose agency we could perform and join in divine service, which we continued regularly to do. As the weeks came round we assembled in our cabin, and the mate (Mr. Lawrence), being chief-officer, performed the duties of chaplain and read the services to us. These assemblings and unions of feeling were at all times extremely consolatory.... The time might come, through the agency of that Providence which had hitherto afforded us its protection, when we should be again restored to our families and friends; and then we should be induced more thoroughly, perhaps, than ever to appreciate the comforts, delights, and privileges which our native country affords us to all whose minds are properly disposed to avail themselves of such benefits....

p. 97: By Young's "Night Thoughts" many a delightful hour was passed: for one of our party would read a chapter, whilst the others were engaged in some of the few occupations which our situation afforded.

1851-53 Kerguelén Whaling Voyage (aboard *Julius Caesar*)

Taylor, Nathaniel William. *Life on a Whaler; or, Antarctic Adventures in the Isle of Desolation.* New London, CT: New London County Historical Society, 1929.

Narrative of a whaling voyage from New London, Connecticut to the South Indian Ocean aboard the ship *Julius Caesar*, August 18, 1851 to June 4, 1853. Taylor was a 28-year-old doctor and the medical officer of the voyage. The manuscript had been prepared for publication in long hand by the author in 1858--including a title page, table of contents, foreword, and chapter headings--but had never been published until this edition, limited to 900 copies, was printed by the New London County Historical Society in 1929. Illustrations by William T. Peters of the U. S. Japan Expedition. Bound in tan cloth over boards with dark brown cloth spine, gilt-stamped spine and upper board, illustrated endpapers. (from ABEBOOKS)

p. 132: Upon one occasion it snowed for three days, precluding all work on deck, and we were thrown upon our own resources to create enjoyment and kindle artificial sunshine below stairs. I had carried from home a large supply of books, and these I freely circulated in both fleets in exchange for others. I was surprised to find that the sailor was a very general reader; in fact he rarely leaves port without adding to his stock of books. Upon one occasion we counted the number of volumes which we knew to be in circulation at the island, and found that it amounted to over three hundred. Story-telling always came to our relief, and whittling and scrimshawing (which is a term for ornamental whalebone work), inlaying boxes or carving toys, helped to drive away many dull hours.

p. 169, a relief ship (*Exile*, 1853) brought letters and printed matter: My large box was transferred to the ship, and, trembling with anxiety for

tidings from distant relatives and friends, I tore off cover after cover of the various packages it contained. Here was a large packet of letters, the perusal and re-perusal of which would occupy my attention for many days; there were twelve numbers of *Harper's New Monthly*, which with its record of current events, stories, editors' table, drawer and chair, were a host in themselves; there were sundry new publications, a file of newspapers, boxes of sardines and cigars... but 'I won't go on; I'm almost sorry that I e'er began.'

p. 182, in Cape Town Taylor encounters passengers from a passenger ship during a Sabbath service aboard their ship: Having received some late papers from New York, I bade my newly found acquaintances farewell, not, however, without promise of again meeting on shore and making an exchange of the books which we had read.

1853-54 U.S. Sealing Voyage aboard *Oriental* (Captain John A. Heard)

Notable for discovery of Heard Island, a center for the American sealing industry which sent over 43 voyages for sealing here as well as in Kerguelen and its elephant seals. Heard coordinated closely with Matthew Fontaine Maury in reporting wind and current patterns, and following a much more southerly route to the Far East.

1855-59 U.S. Whaling Voyage aboard *Pacific*

Whitecar, William B. *Four Years aboard the Whaleship. Embracing Cruises in the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, and Antarctic Oceans, in the year 1855, '6, '7, '8, '9.* Philadelphia: Lippincott; London: Trubner, 1864.

[From a bookseller's catalogue on ABEBooks]: Whitecar, an intelligent observer, sailed from New Bedford aboard the *Pacific*, on a whaling voyage which took him to Antarctic waters, Australia & New Zealand. His narrative gives good details of the whaler's life on ship and ashore from 1855-59, one of the best for the time, including observations

& comparisons of whaling equipment and practices. Whitecar includes much on the West Australian coast, visiting the Vasse & Cape Leeuwin a number of times. He spends time in Albany (King Georges Sound), visits Geraldton (Champion Bay), Esperence (the Recherche Archipelago) and the Houtmans Abrolhas. In observing W.A., he comments "I didn't see a glass of spirits drank. ale and beer were however swallowed without regard to quality or quantity." The majority of the book relates to West Australian waters & anecdotes. A very readable & informative account, one of the best we've read on West Australia. Bookseller Inventory # 8363. [This annotation is partly plagiarized in a Bartfield listing for the same book. Whitecar's account is quite a charming account of the whaling life, somewhat sanitized for the domestic reader, pointing out the foibles and peccadilloes of sailors on other ships but seeing his ship as something of a model of discipline and benign leadership.]

p.30-31: The first Sunday intervening after our departure from home, proved a bright, beautiful day, the sun rising in gorgeous splendor. After breakfast the chief mate went throughout the crew, and gave to all who were not already provided a Bible or Testament, also tracts and religious papers. These books, I believe, were supplied by a Tract Society, in New Bedford, who customarily place the word of God aboard every ship that leaves the harbor. The books were all received with thankfulness, and I will here take occasion to state that I never heard a sailor speak irreverently of the Bible.

p. 96: It will be noticed that three-fifths of our whaling up to this time, has been on Sunday, and, subsequently, this day of days proved equally fortunate for us. I do not wish to defend the practice of Sunday whaling, and think that if a man make it an invariable rule to whale only on week days, that Providence would so dispose it that he should not be the loser. We saw several of these Sunday ships, as they are called, and in each instance they had quite as much oil as their neighbors; at the same time, it takes a strong religious bias to induce a man who depends upon the capture of whales for an early return to home and friends, after being separated from all that he holds dear...to forego attempting their capture

on a Sunday. In fact, the temptation is strong; and, strange to say, most see greater numbers of whale on the Sabbath than on any other day.

p. 97: On the 23d of May we spoke the barque Ann, of Sag Harbor, and from her received papers five and a half months old; they were treasures to us, and were read with intense interest, advertisements and all coming in for a share of attention; these papers were full of anticipated troubles with England, and, of course, this prospect of a war was the favorite topic. Like all Americans, we felt the superiority of the universal Yankee nation, and had no fears as to the result in case of a war with John Bull....

p. 157—describes auction of dead sailor's possessions, the funds going either to friends of the deceased if found, but if not it is "usually given to the Seamen's Friend Society."

1856-60 American Whaling Expedition (aboard *Addison*)

Lawrence, Mary Chipman. *The Captain's Best Mate. The Journal of Mary Chipman Lawrence on the Whaler Addison 1856-1860.*

Providence, RI: Brown University Press, 1966.

Not strictly polar, rounded Cape Horn in 1856.

p. 4: December 7. Another Sabbath has dawned upon us. It seems somewhat different from the other days, even here. No one unnecessarily employed, most of the company engaged in reading, it *seems* like a day of rest. But no Sabbath bell greets our ear, no holy man of God proclaims to us the glad tidings of the Gospel.

p. 235, May 30, 1860 at end of voyage: Commenced packing for home today. Packed a basket of books and three boxes of books and clothing.

p.298, notes cite journal of George Bowman Dec 1859 at Providence, and comment on keeping Sabbath by rotating the days to avoid days when whales were hunted: It is a very wrong thing to shift the days so as to fit ones convenience.

p. 301, Bowman speaks of bad discipline aboard ship: I am now reading a book called *The Voices of the Dead* by the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., from whence I derive sweet consolation.

1871-74 American Whaling and Sealing Expedition (aboard *A. R. Tucker*)

Ricketson, Annie Holmes. *The Journal of Annie Holes Ricketson on the Whaleship A. R. Tucker, 1871-1874. From the Original in the Kendall Whaling Museum.* New Bedford, MA: Old Dartmouth Historical Society, 1958.

A good example of the so-called petticoat whaler, the Captain's wife. This is a fairly calm memoir with some observations about the business of whaling, and frequent reference to books, newspapers, and letters but seldom with any reading details.

p. 15-16: July 24th 1871: her husband finished her birth day present, a book case: "It is a real beautie."

p. 23: when visiting another ship she exchanged papers and books and a straw hat with the captain's wife of the General Scott.

p. 38, April 28 1872, another exchange between Captain's wives, this one an "English Lady" from the *Novelty*, a merchant vessel: On coming away she gave me a bundle of papers and seven bound books and a can of blue berries and also a jar of preserved ginger and half a dozen eggs.

p. 40, July 10th in Mowang she is given a book, a Malay singing book.

p. 41: After seeing my letters had the stamps on and knowing they were all right he [her husband] went aboard of the *Adeline Gibbs* with Capt Forman and got some books and papers that the Capt had read and wanted to exchange with me for some that I had read so they come aboard of us and I gave him a bundle.

p. 47, getting some newspapers from another ship she reads of her father's death: No one can ever know how I felt on reading that. After I got over the first terrible shock no pen can ever discribe my feelings.

p. 50, April 4, 1873: I have got so tired of thinking. It is all I have to do is to sit and sew and think.

p. 61: The sabbath day. It seems very long.... Been reading some, went to bed this afternoon and had a nape to pass away the time.

p. 67 and 77, more mention of newspapers, including some Spanish ones that no one could read.

1873-75 American Kerguelén Sealing Expeditions

Fuller, Joseph J. *Master of Desolation: The Reminiscences of Capt. Joseph J. Fuller*. Edited with introduction and notes by Briton Cooper Busch. Mystic, CT: Mystic Seaport Museum, 1980.

An informal account of a whaleman and two of his sealing voyages to the Kerguelén Islands, the first fairly routine [aboard *Roswell King*, 1873-75], the second a shipwreck [*Pilot's Bride*, 1880-83] and a difficult period of survival there. He clearly was not a great reader but there are a few references.

p. 24: Arriving at this place [Pot Harbor] we found the bark *Dove* and the schooner *Exile* of New London. Our reasons for going to this place were to see about some provisions. We let go anchor there and laid over for a week. During that time we did not do much to speak of. We were aboard of the *Dove* and *Exile* and got some books and papers in exchange for some that we had read. At the end of the week we weighed anchor and headed for Three Island Harbor.

p. 67-8, on a visit to a British ship at Carpenter's Harbor, Fuller was treated very well because of George Nares knowledge and praise of Fuller as an authority on navigation in the Kerguelens, and received a fine dinner aboard the *Volage*: I thanked him very much [Captain Fairfax] and he added that he had several different charts of the island and a book concerning the cruise of the *Challenger* in the South Seas. He said that they were sent me through him by his government. I told him that I felt highly honored for the forethought exhibited by Captain Nares of the *Challenger*. I would be only too glad to accept the charts, etc., sent by the British government. I had often expressed a wish to Captain Nares to come in possession of some authentic chart relative to the island. He [Captain Fairfax] delivered a package to me, saying that it contained the charts and book.

p. 106, Cape Town was the usual port for Kerguelen whalers and Fuller describes it here: After satisfying myself with the museum I went to the library. This is a public one and any one is admitted gratis. They have quite a number of very fine paintings in it, and a very large and fine assortment of books. They receive newspapers and magazines. In fact they have periodicals from all parts of the globe. I picked up a copy of the Detroit Free Press and had quite an interesting moment to myself. The attendance at the library was a good many. Hearing the hour of 3.30 P.M. struck, I had entered here for a good three hours without noticing it any, having been so interestingly absorbed in what the museum and library offered to view.

p. 179-80, Capt. Fuller wanted to leave a notice on another island in hopes a vessel would find it and know of their whereabouts, but the problem was writing paper: Then I told the men that I did not have no writing paper and asked them what I should use to write the letter on. Then Carroll, Melrose, Odell [and] Cape Town Jack [the near-mutinous rebels of the crew] said, 'Captain, the steward has some writing paper and will make him give you all you want. If he will not give it to you we know where he keeps it and we will take it by force.' The next morning after breakfast the men called the steward out of the house. When they had him outside they all got around him [and] Carroll said, 'Steward, we want some writing paper.'

The steward said 'Carroll, you cannot have a damn sheet of my paper.'

'Look here, steward, you say you will not give none of your paper to us; well, give it to the captain. What is the good of your paper to you I should like to know?'

'Well, you can not have it, Carroll, for I want to keep a journal myself.'

'Well, steward,' said Carroll, 'if you do not give Captain Fuller all the paper that he wants we will take it all from you for it as much for your benefit as it is for ours.'

'Well,' said the steward, 'I think it mighty hard that a man cannot do what he likes with his things.'

Then that all had some thing to say which was not very complementary to him. However, the next day the steward came to me and gave me two sheets of paper and offered to give me more if I want it but I told him that was sufficient for my use. But that did not save his paper or his journal that he had begun to keep, for sometime after he gave me the two sheets of paper I wanted some to make a small journal so I asked him for some. He said, 'Yes captain, you can have all you want,' so he went to his bag to get me some but he could find no paper. He turned around to me and said, 'Then dam cursers has stoled every sheet of paper that I had!'

I was in no doubt but I knew the parties that had taken the paper so one day I asked one of the men. He said yes he was one of the parties that had taken the paper. I asked him why he had done it. He said, 'Captain, you ought to have read the journal he was keeping. He was giving everyone the devil and my word giving old man Chipman the devil's own raking over and we did not [want] him to be writing a damn lot of stuff about us.'

1892-93 British Whaling Expedition (Alexander Fairweather aboard *Balæna* et al)

Burn Murdoch, William Gordon. *From Edinburgh to the Antarctic: An Artist's Notes and Sketches during the Dundee Antarctic Expedition 1892-93, with a Chapter by W. S. Bruce.* Bungay, Suffolk: Paradigm Press, Bluntisham Books, 1984. [Facsimile of 1894 London first edition.]

One of the most delightful, witty, sardonic, and intelligent of early Antarctic accounts. Burn Murdoch shipped aboard the *Balæna* with his friend William Speirs Bruce in 1892. This is an account of that journey. Bruce, later well-known for the *Scotia* expedition, was the ship's surgeon and naturalist and Murdoch assistant surgeon and ship's artist. This expedition recorded the first photographs of Antarctica. Murdoch has a good deal of respect for the intelligence of the foc'sle men.

p. 33, during a spell of good weather: We have turned out all our wet books on deck, and got our bunks dry, ...

p. 50-1: We brought forth Kipling's *Ballads* to-day for the general diversion. The writer is wrong to suggest, in one of his poems, that a thirst can only be raised somewhere 'East of Suez.' We are considerably west of that, and the thirst raised by this warm weather and salt sea air is remarkable! ...

The men did not rise to Kipling's Tommy Atkins rhymes at all; but it was a treat to see how 'The Bolivar' went down. How they cussed when they read it! Not one of our old hands but had sailed on just such a coffin-ship,—old, over-insured, undermanned, meant to founder.

p. 55-6: It is a pity we have so few books on board. Our men are fond of reading, but unfortunately all the literature supplied for them consists of a very juvenile style of literature, mostly pamphlets and tracts.

Philanthropic persons might lend a few good books to such a large ship's company when going on so long a cruise; Scott, Shakespeare, or the like, how they would be appreciated! The men have the utmost reverence for books. The few I was able to lend forward, came back, after being read by the crew, carefully covered, and as unthumbed as if they had come from the printer's.

I had a look at some of the above-mentioned literature, which is served out to the crew in weekly instalments. The bound volumes are sent on board for cabin use, and the pamphlets for the crew. The first piece was called *Discontented Fanny*, a simple tale with a moral, about a little girl who coveted another little girl's frock, or whose own frock did not fit—I forget which; but it seemed to me hardly the sort of thing to give a man to read on a nine months' cruise. *Sermons in Candles* was a book with a binding, sent for the cabin. It dealt, in extremely subtle allegories, of candles and ethics. One hundred and sixty-nine pages of similes there were, between candles (wax and tallow) and religious principle: e.g., 'If you have no candle-stick, a ginger-beer bottle does mightily well. How often our Lord has used men of scanty education!' This may be true, but is it not a pity that such similes should have to rough it on a whaler! All thanks, though, to those who gave the books: their intentions were kindly.

p. 85—picture of man reading.

p. 100, while sailing through tropics: Hammocks—cigars—Nature—lent Sir James Ross's *Antarctic Voyage* to Allan, Spectioneer. The boys are devouring it. The night is hot and breathless—so hot my candle is soft and droops on one side, and I try to support it with matches; but it will not stand up, so drawing must be stopped. Of all weakly things a melting candle looks the weakest.

p. 110: Bruce has taken to Scott, which is a sign that the times are leisurely, not necessarily slow; and I listen to the songs of Ossian, and the past and the present and the future seem all to be one.

p. 116: Philosophy, science, and art you may discuss in a crofter's cottage, but they are too fragile beauties for the life on a Dundee whaler; and it is difficult to dilate on the relation of protoplasm to cellulæ, or expatiate on the subtleties of Monticelli, when every moment you expect the soup kettle to take charge of the cabin....

I would here take this opportunity of giving to the world my still unpatented cure for all nervous diseases; it is simplicity itself, and as assistant surgeon to the Balæna, at one shilling per month, I will guarantee its efficacy:—

Advertisement. —After meals retire to your hammock. The hammock must be hung on board a sailing ship somewhere near the line (no use on a steamer), and must be in some quiet, shady place on deck, under the boats or an awning, with a view of passing clouds and dancing sunlit waves. Take with you a pipe and a book—it is immaterial whether there is anything in either of them, I merely suggest them for those unrestful mortals who can't do nothing without pretending to do something. Spend twelve hours out of the twenty-four in this retirement, two hours after meals, and eight after bedtime, neither reading, thinking, nor smoking too hard. If after you have attended to these instructions for the space of two calendar months you still feel no better, I would advise you to give up your case.

p. 118-19: After tea, Bruce and I go up into a high place (one of the quarter-boats) and there read Darwin's *Voyage*, or H. R. Mill's *Realm of Nature*, and 'the seas that mourn in flowing purple for their lord forlorn' seem to rise and fall in tune with one grand purpose, and we read Arthur

Thomson's *Animal Life*, that poetry book with the dry name, and we feel as we read that we need no other than these two books, for they put our hands in the palm of Nature, and the long voyage loses its monotony, the ocean veil lifts, and we grope for beautiful shells in its silent depths; above and below new worlds open to our eyes, and each wave, as it bursts against our bow a shower of gold in the evening light, or surges past, darkly, in the shadow of the bulwarks, seems to pulsate with infinite, lovely life.

As the darkness falls we get down on deck and perhaps chat with the watch. What an interesting library these warm-hearted sailors make! Old-fashioned books—with ragged bindings, perhaps, but full of the most interesting wide-world stories. Then I light my pipe and turn into my bunk, whilst Bruce by candle-light adds the little store that he has gathered in the day from the Infinite, to the Finite of science.

p. 121—still in tropics, illustrating Ossian.

p. 124, Murdoch drawing Bruce while reading, only to find he was actually asleep.

p. 127-9: I nearly lost my Ossian to-day—my much-thumbed, traveled, weather-worn, dog-eared Ossian. I was making pencil notes for illustrations..., when a lump of green sea came aboard and turned my notes into water colours....

Ossian to my mind is the only poet you can listen to in the open air. In this fine wild weather, when the wind rises and sings, you cannot hear other poets at all. He is the poet for sailors and soldiers and hunters, for all men who have lived under open skies and slept on the earth's bare breast....

p. 130—nice passage on sailor's yarns.

p. 132-3, while approaching the Falklands: To-day the cook's galley was taken down and stowed below, and now Peter cooks in the focsle. This has the advantage of keeping the focsle warm and dry, but it makes the place very crowded; there are some thirty-seven living there, lying on shelves, two on each shelf; what with their chests and wet clothes, want of light and air, and the vermin and smells from the bilge, it's a wonder to me the men can live. One can scarcely stand upright in it, yet they make merry over the miserable housing. They had the option of staying

at home, of course, and starving. I would be ashamed to keep a dog in the place myself.

p. 144-5, during heavy weather east of Falklands: At night we turned our thoughts to serious things, as who would not in such heavy weather?

We read some '*Sunday books*,' which had been supplied by the same wholesale firm in Liverpool that supplied our ship's biscuits. The biscuits are good, but the literature is not. The tract I read to-day wound up with this exhortation: 'I hope this story will make my young readers kinder to cats. It is sinful and cruel to throw stones at them. It is far better to do as the little rhyme says:—

'I love little pussy, its coat is so warm,

And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.'

There is a good deal of common sense and pictorial suggestiveness in 'the little rhyme,' but it does not come up to the quality of the biscuits. People who send these papers on board should bear in mind that there are not always cats on board ship, and seldom stones to throw at them.

We had a cat—I have referred to it already [thrown overboard with rock around its neck]; it was treated with the greatest consideration to the last, and we have got nothing but gales for our kindness.

p.145, doesn't know names of birds: unfortunately, owing to my hurried exodus from Edinburgh, I was unable to bring books on bird life in the South Seas; we have in consequence to give our bird companions names that would scarcely be recognized by scientists at home.

p. 200, after leaving Falklands 14 Dec. enroute South: We have spent many good hours in these last days reading newspapers that are dated up to the end of last October, and feel no way the better for it. The Lord be praised we are free of social interests for a time at least, and a newspaper is only valuable as paper.

[There is very little about reading after arrival in the Antarctic, apart from the following passages:]

p. 219: I learn here, as any one may learn by reading Kipling's '*Bolivar*,' that there is as much of the Romance of the Sea, to use a rather pretty term, in the stoke-hole of a Whaler or an ocean tramp as in any of the old South Spainers.

p. 243-44, Bruce and Murdoch joining Dr. Donald of the *Active*: We had many notes about bird-life to compare, and knotty questions in medicine to discuss, to the solving of which, as assistant surgeon, I lent my most attentive hearing, and all three bewailed the utter commercialism of the expedition. Is it not a hideous marvel that Dundonians should show such splendid enterprise as to send four ships our here for whales, and at the same time show total disregard for the scientific possibilities of such a cruise? [This is of course a point of view which Bruce brought to the *Scotia* expedition.]

p. 249-50: ...Called on my friend 'The Chief' to-night. 'The Chief' is the title of Mr. Broch, our first engineer, who lives below with the second engineer in the dark engine-room—a life apart from the sailors. We play dominoes down there by the light of a smoking miner's lamp. The temperature is pleasant and warm, and we discuss matters of high import. To-night we went right through Scotch history, dating and discussing the Stuarts from the sons of Banquo to Queen Victoria. Broch must have left school a half century ago, yet he knew far more about the subject than I did, and I have been grinding at it for months. So much for the education of our old country schools.

p. 278, on sealing: "It is tedious, back-breaking, profitless work all this, and it astonishes me to see men take it all so easily. Is it not a fortunate thing for society that so much contentment comes with hard work?"

p. 289-90: Would that I owned this ship and this good crew even for three summer months in the Antarctic. Just such a vessel as this could be chartered and fitted out with men, scientists, provisions, and all necessities for a year's exploration for about £5000.... One vessel, or two in consort, could chart the whole of the unknown Southern Continent. Think of this, ye rich who dream of knighthood and more riches! For £10,000 this chance is going, cheap, I call it—a chance to write your names in Big Type on the maps of the world...; and if you don't bid for the South Pole, some bold Yankee and his fair lady will be down there before you get under way, and then—there will be no new place under the sun!

p. 300-01, while visiting aboard the Norwegian whaler *Jason*: Some of these Norwegian sailors were superior sort of men, and I was surprised

to find myself discussing books and music with one of the focsle hands. He took me down to the men's quarters, and handed me quite a number of books that he had read on the voyage out, for which I agreed to send him others in exchange. ... "Fancy talking of art, music, and literature in a focsle! And these men knew what they were talking about.... They said their only really happy time was when they pulled-to the sliding-doors of their bunks and read by the light of a small lamp. Imagine shutting yourself up in a frosty box six feet by three, with a book and an oil lamp, and calling it happiness.!

p. 348, on return to Stanley in Falklands: Then we saw newspapers and heard of the affairs of States and Empires, but what interested us most, was eating gooseberries and red currants in February.

[A delightful book, droll, unsentimental, sardonic, but full of the convictions of a scientist and environmentalist (see p. 278-79). Last chapter of naturalist description of the trip is by Bruce, and it is fair to say that the collaboration of Bruce and Murdoch on this trip led to the *Scotia* expedition.]

1893-95 Norwegian Whaling Expedition (Henrik Bull aboard *Antarctic*)

Bull, Henrik Johan. *The Cruise of the 'Antarctic' to the South Polar Regions*. London, New York: Edward Arnold, 1896.

Essentially a Norwegian/English whaling and sealing expedition in which the crew suffered no major deprivations or hardships other than hurricanes around the Kerguelens where the ship chiefly spent the 'summer' of 1893-94 before returning to Melbourne. The first part of the expedition made catches of £3000 pounds in value, but an intermediate voyage during the winter to the Campbell Islands almost wrecked the ship [Bull was back in Australia] and repairs ate up all the profits.

p. 10: A ridiculous scene occurred on the first occasion when he entered his own vessel, and presented the manifest of his own composition at the Custom House. The jealous brokers around him suggested that it was not written by himself, and he was therefore asked by the officials to read it

aloud. Keenly feeling the insult, he 'sang out' the manifest in such stentorian French that no work could proceed in the whole Custom House, and the officials had to beg of him to kindly desist, as there could be no further doubt as to his perfect mastery of the language.

p. 53: The rapidity with which these [Kerguelen hurricanes] arise, and their incredible violence, are described so graphically in the reports by Sir James Ross and others that we had no excuse for being unprepared. The books of sailing directions are also full of warnings in this respect. As an illustration of the force of the wind, it will be remembered that one of Ross's men was lifted bodily off his feet and blown into the water during a squall; whilst it was at times necessary for the men ashore to lie down flat to avoid being similarly carried away. able expense in preparing for the Antarctic visit of 1894-95.

p. 102: It is difficult to know whether I should laugh or cry on reading the Captain's [Borchgrevink] story of the voyage: when the vessel is wrecked under his leadership, and the seas to which I have directed him are swarming with Right whales, which he cannot reach on account of his own mistakes, this is the moment which he thinks suitable for an attack on the sanguine manager, 'who knows little about whaling, either in Southern or any other waters.'

p. 105: The Geographical Society [Australia] assisted me with the loan of charts and books, offered us the loan of instruments....

p. 107-08, Borchgrevink joined the later expedition and as elsewhere is regarded as a spoiled malingerer: [He] studied my library of books relating to Antarctic exploration, of which he was utterly ignorant on joining; and altogether he occupied a position of ease, leisure, and freedom from anxiety and responsibility, unparalleled by that of anyone else on board.... I supplied him with the very books and papers on which his notes were made, all with the greatest pleasure. But for subsequent events, I should be ashamed to enumerate the various ways in which I tried to show Mr. Borchgrevink the regard due to one gentleman from another.

[Curiously, *the Antarctic* was imprisoned in the ice in late Dec 1894 (cf. *Endurance*) but released into clear water on January 15 1895. Book ends with a judicious chapter on the results of the expedition.]

p. 204: One of the sailors is to-day reported ill. After much consultation of medical hand-books, we diagnose his ailment as 'melancholia.' His work in the engine-room has no doubt had a bad effect on him, but, with his twenty-one years, we hope for a speedy improvement.

1897-99 Belgian Antarctic Expedition (Gerlache de Gomery aboard *Belgica*)

Amundsen, Roald. *Roald Amundsen's Belgica Diary: The first Scientific Expedition to the Antarctic.* Edited by Hugo Decleir. Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1999.

This first English publication of Amundsen's daybook from the *Belgica* trip, together with connective commentary by the editor about each segment of the trip, is a surprising volume for a number of reasons. It presents a rather different picture of Amundsen than the more affectless hero of his later works. Here is the second mate, concerned about the welfare of ship and crew, even-headed except when learning of Gerlache's deceit excluding him of the potential captaincy of the expedition. Much of the book goes along monotonously with routine weather reports that are interspersed with moments of real excitement and danger. His friendship with Doctor Cook comes across very clearly, but his rather frequent acknowledgment of God and his benign guidance is unexpected. There appears to be nothing about any reading he may have done during the trip, but he does describe briefly the pinup contest that Gerlache makes much of. The book gives some excerpts from diaries of other officers, including this from Henryk Arctowski:

p. 123: Sunday, 10th July [1898] I feel tired and ill the whole time. The observations during the night wore me out very quickly. At present I do the meteorological observations between 4 o'clock in the afternoon and 3 o'clock in the morning and Dobrowolski does the rest. Twelve meteorological observations, that is all I am able to do. I would like to read and study but I do not have the strength. I do read some English: articles from 'Popular Science Monthly' some copies of which Cook brought with him. I would never have believed that circumstances could

have caused me to be in such a state that my greatest desire is for fresh meat, eggs and milk. No doubt when the sun returns my condition will return to normal. At present I do not feel like thinking about anything.
p. 124: Thursday, 14th July ...What appeals to me is the pursuit of an idea, creative work, not this life in prison, in a snail shell. Fatigue and boredom. But this is hardly surprising. I went to bed at four o'clock in the morning, read for a whole hour in order to fall asleep, put out the candle and twisted and turned in my bed until 7 o'clock....

Cook, Frederick A. *Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-1899.* Montreal: McGill-Queen's Univ. Press, 1980. First published 1900.

Some of this book, such as the description of the pinup contest and an obvious double entendre or two, is rather childish, but the book does give a different and quite positive perspective on Cook, though rejected by his enemies like Skelton or Peary.

p. 56: A very complete library is on board. It is a library, like the men, of various tongues, and descriptive of a great variety of subjects. Each department has its technical bibliography. The Commandant and the writer have a general collection of all the Antarctic narratives in all tongues. The Captain has a heap of charts and books on navigation; Lieutenant Danco has everything pertaining to terrestrial magnetism. The general scientific library is indeed a cosmopolitan collection. It contains books in French, English, German, Polish, Norwegian, and Rumanian print. In addition to serious literature, we have other books and magazines of lighter character. But these float about, from the laboratory to the cabin, and then to the fore-castle, always in the hands of those whose spirits need elevating. Weeklies with unusually good pictures, such as half tones of beautiful women, theatric or opera scenes are reserved and served after dinner as a kind of entertainment.

p. 69: Returning to our present voyage and to the less sentimental, and less brutal, but I fear less religious modern times, the *Belgica* has not only no one to fill the chaplain's duties, but, so far as I know, only one Bible (which is kept under cover) and no prayer book. Religion is

apparently not one of our missions. But then I must hasten to add that on expeditions of this kind land pilots are more necessary than “sky pilots”.
p. 231-32: Racovitza reminds us daily that he will write a book describing life in the “Ladyless south,” and we have all agreed to contribute articles to a forthcoming paper in which we shall advertise our wants. This paper will take the generic name given us by the naturalist, “The Pack Loafers’ World.” In the forecabin the men are less sentimental and less inclined to poetry.

p. 250: That we might better mark the king’s [Leopold] birthday and remember it as a period of great rejoicing, and to arouse our sleeping regard for women we have instituted a ‘beauty contest.... The pick had been made from the illustrations of a Paris journal, illustrating women famous for graces of form and manner, and public notoriety. Nearly five hundred pictures were selected, representing all kinds of poses and dress and undress, and anatomical parts of women noted as types of beauty.’ The official announcement is on p. 251-2: Grand Concourse of Beautiful Women, organized in the Cold Antarctic...contest in 4 parts (General Beauty, Excellence of Special parts, selection of most suitable to individual votes, and Part Four: “The umpires will decide which girl will be likely to be preferred by the various ‘Wandering Willies’ of the expedition.”

It is hoped that the elections will be honourable, but ‘all is fair in love and war,’ and in the ‘Ladyless South,’ swindling of all sorts is allowable providing it is in an honourable cause.

p. 254: It is Easter Sunday. We have been up most of the night trying to settle the many disputes which have arisen out of the ‘beauty contest.’ It is so long since we have seen a girl that I doubt our ability to pass judgment on the charms of beautiful women....

p. 296: To day is Sunday; the men look forward with some anticipation to this day because Sunday is set aside, not as a day of worship, for I have never seen a man on the *Belgica* with a Bible or prayer-book in his hands, but as a time of freedom from usual duties. It is the weekly period of recreation and feeding. The few eatables which are still relished are placed on the menu for Sunday. This serves to mark time and to divide, somewhat, the almost unceasing sameness of our lives.

p. 300: Each of us had planned a work of some magnitude to be completed before sunrise. Commandant de Gerlache started to rewrite the ship's log. Lecointe began to complete the details of the summer's hydrographic work. Racovitza, in addition to regular laboratory work, was to plan the outlines of a new book on the geographical distribution of life. Arctowski had in mind a dozen scientific problems to elucidate. Amundsen entered into a co-partnership with me to make new and more perfect travelling equipment; and in addition to this I had the anthropological work of the past summer to place into workable order, and a book on Antarctic exploration. Thus we had placed before us the outline for industrious occupation; but we did little of it. As the darkness increased our energy waned. We became indifferent and found it difficult to concentrate our minds or fix our efforts to any one plan of action. (The work mapped out was partly accomplished, but it was done after the return of the sun.)

p. 382: The men have had their second week of half-days to mend their personal effects, and since these are next to nothing, they use the time in hunting, reading and discussion.

The Bassett Jones *Libris Polaris* collection at Columbia UL has a fine presentation copy of *Through the First Antarctic Night*, presented by Cook to Herbert Bridgman. Copy 16 of the Special Edition: "To my Dear Friend and Arctic Colleague Herbert L. Bridgman with best wishes. Frederick A. Cook Brooklyn Dec.10, 1900." Interesting in light of subsequent hostility between them.

The back endpapers of this Columbia copy has five manuscript notes and postcards from officers of the *Belgica* to Doctor Cook, after the completion of the expedition, including one letter about books:

Letter III Roald Amundsen [First Mate]: "45th Professor Dahlsgrade Christiania 13-9 1900 Dear Doctor,
I am leaving Christiania Saturday next for Wilhelmshaven in Germany to finish my magnetic studies which has occupied me long time already. "Kindly send the books you have talked about to my address here. I will be back for Christmas. I shall inform you of my new address as soon as I get to Wilhelmshaven.

Yours very sincerely,
Roald Amundsen.”

Gerlache de Gomery, Adrien de. *The Belgian Antarctic Expedition under the Command of Adrien de Gerlache de Gomery.* Summary Report of the Voyage of “Belgica” of 1897 – 1898 – 1899. Bruxelles: Hayez, 1904.

p. 11: The forecabin for the crew was spacious, well-ventilated and lighted by a large skylight. It contained sixteen berths, supplied with good mattresses and warm woolen blankets.

p. 14: 7. *Books.* -- The library was stocked with works on the Antarctic regions; nautical directions in French and English; French books on lighthouses; and the English admiralty charts.

Gerlache de Gomery, Adrien de. *Fifteen Months in the Antarctic* [Voyage of the *Belgica*]. Trans. by Maurice Raraty. Bluntisham, U.K., Erskine Press and Bluntisham Books, 1998 [1902]

This is a judicious, fair-minded, and good book depicting a relatively placid expedition with a tolerant and forgiving crew. Between the lines I detect far more tensions than Gerlache wishes to admit or reveal, at least in this translation.

p. 41: Christmas, 1897 at Tierra del Fuego: Then we got out the presents for the stateroom: silver pencil-cases, seals (also silver) engraved with the motto full of promise: *Audaces fortuna juvat*; foulards, books in embroidered covers with each man’s initials worked in and with titles chosen to suit each man’s taste. Here for instance was *Pêcheur d’Islande*, where Amundsen could perhaps see himself in the figure of Ian; Balzac for the dreamer Arctowski; for Danco the marvelous *Trois Contes* of Flaubert; Flaubert again for Lecointe; for Cook the *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* by his compatriot Edgar Allan Poe; for Racovitza, Zola, and finally for myself the splendid *Uilenspiegel* of Charles de Coster, reminding me of home far away, ancient Flanders, heroic and indomitable.

p. 135: We were young and full of expectations, sickness had not yet laid its hand upon us, and we looked to pass the time as happily as possible. During the long hours cooped up inside, serious matters could keep us busy only for a part of the day.

So having run short on other kinds of entertainment, we organized a beauty contest at the end of May.

A beauty contest in the midst of the pack-ice, I hear you say?

Yes, indeed. A real beauty contest, with two hundred competitors: actresses, dancers—all brought together in a photographic album given us by one of our friends in Antwerp. This little joke kept us occupied and amused for a whole week. There were several prizes to be won, with one special prize for the winner—and well, in any case, we needed time to make up our minds and choose among all the contestants.

A week of campaigning and electoral manoeuvring!

Need I add that the deliberations of the jury on the last evening were extremely animated, and they were only finally concluded at a very late hour.

p. 146-7, during the polar night: We were especially keen on books which might divert our thoughts from our melancholy situation. For my part I found a very particular diversion in reading *Africaines*, a fascinating book in which my friend Charles Lemaire so successfully evokes a sense of Africa. Such images took on a powerful seductiveness through their contrast with our present situation.

From time to time a roar of laughter would break the silence: one of us, usually Racvitz, had burst out at an amusing passage in one of Labiche's comedies. His riotous wit was always able to divert us from the consciousness of our miseries. Our friend Paul Errera who had given us the book was right to add a few words on the flyleaf: 'A bit of fun never spoiled the most earnest enterprises! In wishing the Belgian Antarctic Expedition *bon voyage* I would also like them to take these volumes of Labiche with them: they are the quintessence of cheerful humour. – 13 August 1897.'

The crew's leisure time was hard to fill, and it dragged along desperately slowly. They too played cards and also draughts. They would also read: Dumas was a favourite author, in particular the *Three*

Musketeers, whose heroic emphasis and even the very improbability of the narrative was singularly attractive to these native souls.

p. 156: In spite of all the amusements we did our utmost to think up, our life was one of increasing monotony, which is reflected rather too much for the taste of my readers in this faithful account.

p. 195, on the cusp of the ‘heroic age’ Gerlache had this unheroic conclusion: It is no longer the time now for what one might call ‘record expeditions’. These may be incontestably heroic, but hardly productive in a scientific sense. What is needed now is a series of expeditions to attack at different points around the austral ice in co-operation with one another, coordinating their work and forming a vast circle to lay siege to the Antarctic Sphinx, advancing slowly, drawing the net gradually tighter, until the day dawns when the last element of the enigma has been found: that is, when the Pole itself is reached.

1898–1900 British Antarctic Expedition (Carsten Borchgrevink on *Southern Cross*)

Bernacchi, Louis Charles. *That First Antarctic Winter: The Story of the Southern Cross Expedition of 1898-1900, as Told in the Diaries of Louis Charles Bernacchi.* Written and Edited by Janet Crawford. Christchurch, NZ: South Latitude Research Limited, 1998.

A rather heavily edited version of Bernacchi’s diaries together with passages from *To the South Polar Regions*, with connecting commentary of tedious nature, until the end. Most interesting are the feuds between Borchgrevink and Bernacchi, which are well-captured in the text. Not much reference to reading, books, etc., nor the supposedly decent library aboard ship. Here are a few references:

p. 61: Mr Shillinglaw, a fine old English gentleman who witnessed the departure of the *Erebus* and *Terror* on their last fatal journey to the north with Franklin, took the keenest interest in our expedition. He presented Mr Borchgrevink with a book written by himself many years back about the Arctic regions, a most valuable book on account of it being out of print. [Shillinglaw, John: *Narrative of Arctic discovery*. London, 1850.]

p. 78, on a feud between Borchgrevink and his English members over who owned their diaries: After breakfast he called us into the saloon and informed us that it had come to his knowledge that some on board kept private notes. Wrote books in fact! He would not take private diaries but all such books he would consider his property.

p. 109: [Here the editor discusses Bernacchi's depressions, and possible causes for them.]

p. 117—Bernacchi uses Tennyson in birthday toast to Queen, but Borchgrevink took offence—the Norwegian left out.

p. 119—discussion of Dante.

p. 124: 5-8/6/99 Sleep most of the time, go for short walk after meals and invariably get frostbites.... Members doing very little work, few hours at various things. Self generally enter up meteorological observations, play cards and chess and read many hours [footnote 17] and sleep more hours. Rarely up (ex self) before noon, when there is breakfast, at 6 dinner and between 7 and midnight supper. [p. 239, footnote 17: "read many hours. Titles *included Les Miserables, Rob Roy, Robinson Crusoe and Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. Target shooting, walking, skiing and until it became rusty, listening to a musical box and sketching, were other forms of recreation."]

p. 127: 15/6/99 I have been reading McClintock's Fox in search of Franklin. Cannot help contrasting it with this expedition. It makes my blood boil as I read. What a grand narration it is and how pathetic and unselfish they [were]. None were actuated by ambition or desire for fame and there was no mercenary aspect to the expedition. Simply a handful of men, who faced death time after time and overcame great difficulties and privations for love of their fellow men.

p. 133: 2/7/99 Today a reconciliation between Borchgrevink and Colbeck took place in a most ludicrous manner. Both were lying in respective bunks one afternoon when Colbeck was handed a prayer book from Borchgrevink. Inside was a short note and two collects or some such thing marked for Colbeck's edification. One commenced, 'Dearly beloved brother, he loves not God who hates another.' The note was short and was to the effect, 'If you care to take my hand through this medium you may.'...

It is interesting to compare Borchgrevink to Frobisher in their joint conviction that they had found gold, Frobisher at the Countess of Warwick Island, B at the Duke of York Island. Overall the book makes a convincing case that Borchgrevink was a very bad manager, an incompetent naturalist or scientist, an egotist who put his unsuccessful pursuit of fame as well as his own safety and comfort before the true purposes of the mission, and someone who clearly suffered periods of mental instability during the expedition.

Bernacchi, Louis Charles. *To the South Polar Regions: Expedition of 1898-1900.* Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1991. [Facsimile of London 1901 edition.]

Hardly the most scintillating of Antarctic narratives, but fascinating for the way in which Bernacchi ignores the presence of Borchgrevink, referring to him only as the commander (almost never by name), never giving him any role in the expedition. See Janet Crawford's edition above for a more candid account of the expedition. Bernacchi's emphasis was always on science and much of this account is a description of what he and his colleagues found, indicating other avenues of exploration. There are many literary allusions and quotations, but little indication of what he read aboard ship or while wintering at Cape Adare.

p. 137, on Cape Adare: For recreation we used to play cards and chess a great deal, read many hours, and sleep more. Occasionally a gloom would envelop the mind in as thick a canopy as a London fog, and one yearned towards light and pined for social life and company, even for that of amiable stupidity; but this passed away with the return of the sun....

There was very little to break the monotony or to create excitement. The Poet Laureate of Cape Adare—whose identity we will mercifully not reveal—now and then broke out in funny jargon, which might have made dead poets turn uneasily in their graves, but which we hypocritically applauded.

p. 138: One evening in the middle of June, when nearly all had retired for the night, some busybody accidentally discovered in ‘Whitaker’s Almanac’ that it was somebody’s birthday or marriage day—I have forgotten which—and we were requested to turn out and take part in the hoisting of the flag to celebrate the occasion.

p. 233, while awaiting the return of the ship: Very little work was done. A feeling of impatience and unrest prevailed among the members which is indefinable. Owing to the non-arrival of the ship spirits sank below zero and rarely rose above. *Fato profugus* indeed! More so than poor old Father Æneas. We were quite helpless, for we had not even a boat.... [After the ship arrived]: It is impossible to conceive the pleasure derived from letters and even newspapers after having been so long cut off from civilization. It was then we heard for the first time of the Great Boer War which had broken out during the previous October.

p. 278, on privations of explorers: It is the want of small luxuries, the loss of domestic society, of music, and the want of something green to look at that constitute some of the small grievances of a polar explorer’s life—but there are privations and hardships which are very real.

Borchgrevink, Carsten E. *First on the Antarctic Continent, Being an Account of the British Antarctic Expedition 1898-1900* [Southern Cross]. Montreal: McGill-Queen’s University Press, 1980 [Reprint 1901].

Borchgrevink comes across as a sanctimonious sycophant, at least at the beginning, full of himself and his role in “the world’s history.” For contrast from an antagonist, see Louis Charles Bernacchi who detested Borchgrevink. Pretty clear that this is one of those self-serving travel accounts which conceals the depths of animosity that developed within *his* staff.

p. 35: The cabins were full of instruments and books.

p. 91, describes their winter base in South Victoria Land, a hut with small enclosures for some privacy: It was by special recommendation from the doctor that I made this arrangement and found that it answered well. In these small enclosures we had some books, our diaries, and several of us our writing materials. I myself did a good deal of writing in

my bunk during sleepless nights in the dark time, and so did the rest of the members. To work at the table [in the main room near window] with nine hungry minds, starved by the monotony of the Antarctic night, glaring at you through nine pairs of eyes at once indescribably vacant and intense, was impossible.

p. 125, base entertainment included oral readings.

p. 150: One night in Camp Ridley we had a fire in the camp. I awoke through a suffocating smoke, and found that one of the members [Colbeck] had his bunk on fire. He had kept a candle burning while reading, and had fallen asleep in his bunk, leaving it alight. It gave us rather a start....

p. 153-4: The most trying time within the Antarctic Circle was the dark period. The strongest man must needs feel the effect of it more or less. The sameness of those cold, dark nights attacks the minds of men like a sneaking evil spirit. We found that reading, playing chess, and cards, were very valuable pastimes during this period, when work did not require the full concentration of our minds....

p. 192, after Hanson's death: I read a short funeral service; then we lowered him down, covered him over, and departed.

p. 250-51, Captain Jensen of the *Southern Cross* returns with mail for the expedition members: Quickly the mailbag was opened and emptied and the members looked out for quiet corners where they, undisturbed, could satisfy their hunger for news from relatives at home, and from the great world which had been shut off from us for more than a year. Gradually we heard all the news—both private and public. Never did we realize more than then what a big part the daily newspaper plays in our life. We heard for the first time about the war in the Transvaal; about wonderful discoveries in telegraphy, and found how many alternations of conditions one year might cause.

Evans, Hugh Blackwall. "A Forgotten Explorer: Carsten Egeberg Borchgrevink," *Polar Record* 17 (1984) 221-35

Account of one of the first to set foot on Antarctica (Cape Adare Jan. 1895). Points out a good number of Borchgrevink's claims for

which there is no evidence, allowing the inference that Borchgrevink was a great liar.

1901-21 The Heroic Age

The following section contains histories of the period that cover more than one expedition, most notably books on the two Scott expeditions, as well as biographies of Scott, Amundsen, and Shackleton covering all of their expeditions. Those titles are followed by accounts of individual expeditions of the heroic age, presented chronologically.

Aldridge, Don. *The Rescue of Captain Scott*. East Lothian, Scotland: Tuckwell Press, 1999.

A judicious debunking of the Scott myths which had in turn rescued him from mediocrity. Draws on Huntford and many others to show Scott as inept, petulant, and egomaniacal.

p. 107, speaks of the transfer of instruments, records, specimens, and “all valuable books” from the *Discovery* to the *Terra Nova*.

p. 108, Jan 17, 1904: After a copious repast we turned into our reindeer sleeping bags which we had laid on the tarpaulin spread on the ice, some to read, some to talk, but most, of course, to enjoy the greatest of Antarctic luxuries—a really good smoke. [W. Clark Souter in *Dundee Advertiser*, 11 May 1904.]

Barczewski, Stephanie. *Antarctic Destinies: Scott, Shackleton and the Changing Face of Heroism*. London: Hambledon Continuum, 2007.

Deals largely with the reversal of reputations of Scott’s decline and Shackleton’s growth throughout the 20th century, and the balancing of the two in the first decade of the 21st century. Unfortunately, this is a long book that should have been a short one. She insists on recounting the set pieces of all the voyages with individual chapters on the English expeditions (*Discovery*, *Nimrod*, *Terra Nova*, and *Endurance*), with minimal nods to Bruce, Filchner and others less preoccupied with the

Pole that the two Englishmen. She tries hard to achieve a balance between the two but seems by the epilogue to be favoring late arguments on behalf of Scott, even when the arguments are weak (e.g. Fiennes claim that only one who has been there can assess Scott in the Antarctic). There is nothing that I found about reading or any non-curricular activity to help keep the men sane, though she suggests that a number went bonkers. A disappointing work which ignores the “destiny” of its title.

Brown, R. H. Rudmose. *A Naturalist at the Poles: The Life, Work & Voyages of Dr. W. S. Bruce the Polar Explorer.* London: Seeley, Service, 1923. [Five early chapters by W. G. Burn Murdoch]

Rudmose Brown as he is often called, participated in only one Antarctic expedition, the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition organized by William Spires Bruce. But his influence in polar studies was extensive through his academic career, his high status in the geographical community, and his exceptional writing ability of which this book is a prime example.

p.2, reference to the library of the *Challenger* office where Bruce worked with John Murray in editing the scientific results of the *Challenger* Expedition.

p. 35, on the first Antarctic trip of Murdoch and Bruce on *Balaena*: The change from the weary monotony of shore life to the sea-going life was marvelously rapid and complete. It was as if a great stage-curtain had been rolled up before us, and all that we had heard or read of the ways of the sea since we read Marryat and *Robinson Crusoe* was acted on the deck before us; each man took up his part as if he had played it from the days of the *Flying Dutchman* onward.

p. 55: We both studied enthusiastically the sea and meteorology from opposite points, he [Bruce] the causes, and the painter [Murdoch] the effects. Bruce had with him writings by Arthur Thomson, Patrick Geddes, H. R. Mill and several works of old voyages.

p. 61: [Bruce and Brown] met in a London temperance hotel: and Bruce said, ‘have a drink,’ and Brown said, ‘I will’: and so history is made.

p. 62: Bruce joined the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition in Franz Josef Land where the leader shot, I believe, ninety polar bears to his own rifle. No other member of the party, scientist or cabin-boy, was allowed to shoot one! But they were obliged to clean the rifles and skin the bears.

p. 104-5, preparing the *Scotia* for the Antarctic involved many gifts in kind, including books, games, scientific instruments and even ship's fittings: In books we were well off. Various publishers were extremely generous and rose splendidly to the appeal to give us something to 'relieve the monotony of the long Antarctic night,' a phrase which Wilton was proud to have coined. Narrative and scientific results of practically all Antarctic and many Arctic and oceanographical expeditions were on board. The one gift of the Government, except the loan of certain Admiralty instruments, was a set of the reports of the expedition of H.M.S. *Challenger*.

p. 148, Brown quotes Bruce's *Scotia* log: Besides a good record of solid work, it is my wish that each should be able to see in after life that not only did he personally help the work of the expedition, but that the work helped and educated him. I would like them to regard the ship as their university, as their *alma mater* in the highest possible sense, where they will be able to study the phenomena of Nature, without bias, from Nature itself: and learn that they, as well as their fellows have many shortcomings. I am here as leader rather than commander in order to guide the work of others, so that the aggregate may be of the greatest possible value to science and the world.

p. 292, Bruce's bequest: The gear and fittings were sold, but the valuable library of polar books was presented to the University of Edinburgh, 'for the use of students,' the collections to the Royal Scottish Museum and the maps and charts to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society. [Bruce died on October 28, 1921.]

Crane, David. *Scott of the Antarctic: A Life of Courage and Tragedy*. New York: Knopf, 2006.

At over 500 pages this is a very substantial biography of Scott, with some of the warts but mostly sympathetic to the man and his image.

p. 88: It was not all one-way traffic, however, and if Scott's sense of national pride had taken a denting in Norway, it was wonderfully restored by reading the American Frederick Cook's account of his Antarctic experience on the train journey on to Berlin. Cook had been a member of de Gerlache's *Belgica* expedition that had been trapped for a year in the ice of the Bellingshausen Sea, and his maudlin narrative of emotional breakdown and moral disintegration among a foreign crew was just the tonic Scott's patriotism needed. "Read Cook," he noted on the twentieth; "they must be a poor lot except Lecoq whom alone appears to have had some guts—the food seems to have been very bad."

p. 93-94 on Scott's flirtation with Freemasons, along with Armitage and others, what Crane calls the flummery of Freemasonry: ... for a naval officer Freemasonry would have been more of a career move than anything else, a gesture of belonging that knitted him more closely to a powerful, if largely invisible service establishment. [Royds and Shackleton, two of his officers, were also Masons. Despite four Masons as major officers, Crane makes light of any chance of a Masonic conspiracy, or of anti-Masonic hysteria.]

p. 101: In his account of the first nightmare winter ever spent in Antarctica, Frederick Cook recalled that there was not so much as a bible aboard *Belgica*. In *Discovery* that would have been inconceivable. For an English and naval expedition, uneasily straddling the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the institutional trappings of Victorian religion, along with the sense of order, hierarchy and deference they underpinned, were as real and ever-present as the science, the modernity, agnosticism and spirit of enquiry that drove them.

p. 125, during Scott's first year, first voyage: "Rather erotic lines," he [Shackleton] wrote more convincingly the next day about a volume of Swinburne's poetry given him by one of the officers in *Ringarooma* [an Australian ship], and the lightening of spirits was general. Even the unpoetical Skelton was more than usually prepared to indulge Shackleton's cultural evangelicalism. Reading Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" to Skelton, Shackleton recorded optimistically, "though as a rule he thinks poetry of any description rubbish, thinking it, perhaps

not in keeping with the idea of an up-to-date engineer; he rather likes these.”

p. 126, uncertain of the future Scott wrote in his journal: All we can say is we are prepared—the rest is in the hands of an all seeing Providence, we can only hope for good fortune. [Scott cites Providence rather often for such an agnostic.]

p. 161: I have been reading ‘Through the first Antarctic Night’ by Dr. F. A. Cook, Royds noted in the middle of June, pride and prejudice neatly balanced as he compared *Discovery*’s regime with that of *Belgica*, and have been thoroughly disgusted with it... To begin with, what sort of men can they be, who sit and cry over the thoughts of ‘sweethearts’ far away, who brood over their solitude, who imagine every sickness possible to these regions, who grow their hair long as they are too tired to cut it, and one hundred and one things they did, which an ordinary man in the same circumstances wouldn’t have thought of doing... could anything be more hopeless; and simply because—to my mind—a little strength of mind was wanting, just a little will to fight against despondence, and a lack of moral courage to appear happy and contented when they were not... [Royd’s Diary 24.06.1902]

p. 164: “I find also time to read up Arctic literature,” he [Scott] confessed in the middle of July, “of which I am woefully ignorant; most unfortunately, our library is deficient in this respect, as owing to the hurry of our departure many important books were omitted. We have Greely, Payer, Nares, Markham, McClintock, McDougall, Scoresby, Nansen’s ‘Greenland,’ and a few others... but, sad to relate, Nordenskjöld, Nansen (‘Farthest North’), and Peary are absent, and two of these at least would have been amongst our most valuable books of reference.”

p. 182-83: On the southern journey of Oct-Jan 02/03, the more optimistic part of it, Scott wrote in his journal that their routine even gave him room for evening readings from Darwin’s *Origin of Species*: Last night we could scarcely have been more comfortable than we were...sledging under such circumstances is scarcely a hardship.

p. 198: Crane describes Scott's philosophical viewpoint as "secularized puritanism," a "natural bedfellow" to Wilson's [G. M] Hopkinsian asceticism.

p. 199: ...if Wilson brought his prayer book to the Barrier with him, and Scott his Darwin, they shared the absolute commitment to "the idea." For Wilson the cause of science and human knowledge was always inextricably linked to the discovery of God's purpose, but in Scott's agnostic, scientific nature he recognized the same deep seriousness, the same hatred of anything shoddy, the same selflessness, wonder and belief in something larger than individual ambition.

p. 215, on the Scott/Shackleton relationship: There was certainly talk in the *Discovery* at the time of the *Morning's* departure that "personal feeling" lay behind Shackleton's departure, and yet all the evidence makes it clear that any animus on his part came as a *result* and not as a cause of Scott's decision.

p. 222, Wilson at beginning of second winter: He was also reading hard, busily reconciling God and Darwin and ploughing somewhat reluctantly through Wells—"full of stuff to make you think, but written by a hard-minded, unpleasant scientific socialist...surely *not* a gentleman."

Skelton was reading A.E.W. Mason and Kipling's *Kim*—"very good." Bernacchi had taken over Shackleton's position as editor of the *SPT*.

p. 229, on western trip when a blizzard blew away some instruments and books: "In travelling to the west," Scott later explained they were going to be out of sight of any landmark for weeks on end, and thus effectively in the same position "as a ship at sea," dependent on the sun and stars for their navigation and on "an excellent little publication issued by the Royal Geographical Society and called "Hints to Travellers" " for the necessary declination and logarithm tables with which to make their calculations. [The most relevant pages of this book for navigational purposes had been lost just before their sledge journey began.]

It has such a wonderfully inappropriate ring to it, that "Hints to Travellers," so redolent of Baedekers and English clergymen in Florence, that it is hard to grasp the significance of the discovery that it was gone. "The gravity of this loss can scarcely be exaggerated," an appalled Scott wrote on realizing that it had been swept away with

Skelton's goggles when the winds had wrenched open their instrument case....

p. 231, during a weeklong blizzard: Scott later wrote; "it is a 'nightmare' to remember... To sleep much was out of the question, and I scarcely know how the other hours went. In our tent we had one book, Darwin's delightful 'Cruise of the Beagle,' and sometimes one or another would read this aloud until our freezing fingers refused to turn the pages."

p. 271, enroute back to England, in a meeting aboard *Discovery* of Scott with the officers: At the same meeting the expedition library was divided up, an issue that gave Scott one last chance to show his competitiveness, and Skelton one last opportunity to moan. "There was one slight hitch at the commencement owing to the Skipper thinking he was not getting a fair chance," he wrote, "& altogether it seemed to me very silly and small-minded, but it 'blew off'—that is one thing the skipper cannot do 'play a losing game'—it is most noticeable, even in the trivial little games on deck of cricket—in 'bridge' which we used to play in winter quarters, in fact in almost any form of sport." (SPRI 342/1/7, 30.08.1904)

p. 366, on leaving Cardiff the *Terra Nova*: finally made her escape, gleefully shedding a stream of religious tracts and pamphlets donated by well-wishers as she went.

p. 434: Winter 1911 with "a few old copies of *Girl's Own* to read," possibly leftover from Shackleton's visit to Scott's *Discovery* Hut.

p. 457, quoting from Griffith Taylor on reading for the Polar party: The Owner asked me what book he should take. He wanted something fairly filling. I recommended Tyndall's *Glaciers*—if he wouldn't find it "coolish." He didn't fancy this! So then I said, "Why not take Browning, as I'm doing?" And I believe that he did so.

p. 467: Frank Wild's diary of Shackleton's 1908 South Polar run was an important guide to Scott on the same trail.

p. 468 during a weather delay: While Wilson read Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Wright finished *Little Dorrit*, Scott fretted at the holdup.

p. 482-3, before reaching the Pole: "All will be as it was meant to be," he [Wilson] had written at the foot of the Beardmore, as he sat out the

blizzard reading “In Memoriam.” “What a perfect piece of faith and hope! Makes me feel that if the end comes to me here or hereabouts there will be no great time for O.[Oriana] to sorrow...her faith and hope and trust will be to her what Tennyson’s was to him.”

p. 495, on PO Evans lending his copy of *Dum-ass* whenever needed.

p. 504, Wilson’s last letter to his wife: Your little testament and prayer book will be in my hand or in my breast pocket when the end comes.”

Contains underlinings and marginalia. [Where is it?]

Davis, John King. *High Latitude*. Melbourne, Victoria, NZ: Melbourne University Press, 1962.

John King Davis participated in three epochal Antarctic expeditions as 1) Chief Officer of Shackleton’s *Nimrod* expedition in 1907, 2) as Mawson’s Second in Command and Master of the *Aurora* in 1911, and 3) he commanded the Ross Sea Relief Expedition in search of Shackleton’s transcontinental party stranded on Ross Island in 1916. Covering his many other assignments before and after, Davis gives a comprehensive autobiography of his career. He is a fine but not dramatic story teller who handles the crises of his expeditions with a certain detachment. He speaks of loneliness but not with how it was relieved, and therefore little about reading. His descriptions of preliminary planning for voyages is particularly good.

p. 68: ship’s paper aboard *Nimrod* was the *Antarctic Petrel*, run by James Murray and Forbes Mackay.

p. 174: I shall always remember gratefully the assistance received from a study of the *Narrative of the U.S. Exploring Expedition*, 1838-1842, by Lieutenant Charles Wilkes U.S.N. [*Hints for Travellers*. London: RGS, 1901, included excerpts from the *Narrative*.] As I became familiar with the voyage of Wilkes’ flagship, the *Vincennes*, my admiration for the great American seaman and navigator increased. Today, in the age of the great ice-breakers, high-powered vessels, aeroplanes and helicopters, one cannot but marvel at the voyages of those fine seamen Biscoe, Balleny, Dumont d’Urville and Wilkes who, in small wooden sailing vessels with nothing but their own fortitude and skill to sustain them,

ploughed a lonely furrow across this unknown sector of the Southern Ocean.

p. 192-93: Many of those who served on Antarctic expeditions during the last half century learned the real meaning of their work from [Hugh Robert] Mill's stirring narrative of Antarctic exploration, *The Siege of the South Pole*.... When serving as Chief Officer of the *Nimrod* when on leave in Auckland, New Zealand, I purchased a copy of this green-covered volume. I read it with deep interest and I hope profit, for here was the story of those who had led the way, the information we had often sought, the justification for and purpose of our struggle southward in the little *Nimrod*.

[Other than those examples there is very little reading, and none that I noticed while he was at sea. Perhaps he was too serious to be bored.]

Grattan, C. Harley. *The Southwest Pacific since 1900: A Modern History*. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1963.

This survey of the history of Australia, New Zealand, The Islands, and Antarctica includes a substantial chapter on "The Heroic Age" (p. 561-91), a derivative but very serviceable summary. Unlike some others he ends the Heroic Age with the completion of Shackleton's *Endurance* debacle in 1916 rather than with Shackleton's death on South Georgia in 1922 during the *Quest* expedition. His summary of the age rings true: "Thus ended the Heroic Age in a wild burst of blazing ambition, disaster, valor, fortitude, squalor, squabbles, and tragedy" (p. 591).

Huntford, Roland. *The Last Place on Earth*. New York, Modern Library, 1999. [First published as *Scott and Amundsen* in 1979.]

This tendentious work has split the community of Antarcticans woefully, with attacks on all sides: against Amundsen, particularly against Scott by the Huntford adherents, and fighting malice with malice, against Huntford himself. Few are wholly objective in this war, but it can be said that Huntford does present useful information when he

stays away from anti-Scott speculation. Here are excerpts about reading on the various expeditions he covers.

p. 53: Christmas found *Belgica* at Lapataia, in the Beagle Channel, near Cape Horn. As Christmas presents for the officers and scientists, De Gerlache gave novels, carefully selected according to the tastes of each. For Amundsen, there was Pierre Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande* [*An Iceland Fisherman*.]

In Big Yann, the hero of Loti's novel, Amundsen saw a little of himself. Big Yann is a Breton fisherman, completely absorbed in his calling, not for what he earns, but for sheer pleasure in the harvest of the sea and the battle of the elements.

p. 86, Amundsen on his transit of the Northwest Passage meets two Danes from the Danish Greenland Literary Expedition, Knud Rasmussen and Mylius-Erichsen: The two Danes never forgot that meeting with Amundsen. They had lost their books and faced a winter without anything to read. Amundsen gave them a spare set of Goethe's works that he had on board. The pleasure of that unexpected gift in the Polar darkness was a delighted memory for the rest of their lives. [Is this story believable in lack of any evidence from Rasmussen?]

p. 156: At the eleventh hour, Scott had to read up Polar literature of which, three years since offering himself for command of the *Discovery*, he was, in his own words, still 'woefully ignorant.' For over a year, whilst preparing for the expedition, he had worked in the next street to the Royal Geographical Society, whose incomparable library contained in English all the latest books of Peary, Nansen, and the other founders of modern Polar exploration. But Scott, somehow, had not found the time to read these useful works. On board, he did not have much to choose from. Those who selected *Discovery's* library had made certain he would not be troubled by the latest experience. The medieval charlatan Sir John Mandeville was included, and the records of British Naval expeditions of fifty years before, but not Nansen's *Farthest North* and other modern works.

Following p. 237: 6th page of plates includes picture of Scott's book lined shelves in the base at Cape Evans, McMurdo Sound.

p. 298-301, on *Fram* with Amundsen: Some of the crew, notably Beck, the ice pilot, had persuaded Nielsen to start a refresher course in English, so that they could consult the main works in *Fram*'s Polar library. That included *The Voyage of the 'Discovery*, and *The Heart of the Antarctic*, Shackleton's story of the *Nimrod* expedition. Both were read, re-read, and avidly discussed.

It was a commonplace to the Polar experts gathered on *Fram*, that most pack ice has clearly defined contours, shaped by wind and current. Unfortunately, since Ross first went that way there had only been eight voyages; hardly enough to give a pattern. However, carefully analyzing the published records—all of which were on board—led Amundsen to two conclusions: that there was a clear passage in the ice where the pack was slackest and narrowest, and that at that time of the year, it was probably a few degrees west of the 180th Meridian. He acted on this... to make one of the fastest passages through the pack ice to that date.

p. 364: By a ludicrous mistake, the Nautical Almanac for 1912 had been forgotten, the 1911 edition only being landed, and a single copy to boot. One night it was set on fire by an oil lamp. The flames spontaneously extinguished themselves as they reached the page before the vital tables. Amundsen took this as an omen. In any case, he was now obliged by the Almanac to reach the pole before the end of the year.

p. 369: For the rest, there was a little reading—mostly Polar literature, of which a small but comprehensive library had been brought—some desultory card playing and, craze of the early winter, darts.

p. 377-8: The timetable for the Polar dash with which Scott began his exposition was based not on an estimate of his own capabilities, but on Shackleton's figures in 1908. Since Scott and Shackleton were hardly on speaking terms, the figures came not from Shackleton himself, but from *The Heart of the Antarctic*. It is typical of the expedition, that this indispensable work had been omitted from the library, and if Griffith Taylor had not happened to bring his own copy, it would not have been there for Scott to consult.

p. 383, re Oates: About the only books he was observed to read were the five volumes of Napier's *Peninsular War*. This, too, caused some teasing....

p. 409: Shackleton [‘s book] was their pilot. Scott had with him a copy of Frank Wild’s diary of Shackleton’s Southern Journey obtained through Priestley. Also he had extracts from Shackleton’s book *The Heart of the Antarctic* typed by Cherry-Garrard. Scott mentions them to sneer at Shackleton or bolster his own self-confidence....”
p. 442: references to *In Memoriam*.

Huntford, Roland. *Race for the South Pole: Expedition Diaries of Scott and Amundsen*. London: Continuum, 2010.

Uses a clever device of presenting chronologically the diary entries by Amundsen and Scott, together with the shorter diary entries from Amundsen’s colleague, Olav Bjaaland, from September 1, 1911, to March 5, 1912, when Amundsen and the *Fram* reached Tasmania. The substantial introduction and epilogue by Huntford are informative but characteristically mean-spirited and vituperative in his loathing for Scott, and by implication the British people for making him into a false hero. I found nothing related to any reading by the three diarists.

Huntford, Roland. *Shackleton*. New York: Ballantine Books, 1987.

This is a strong, balanced, and helpful biography of Shackleton, marred by Huntford’s invidious detestation of Scott for whom he loses no opportunity, real or speculative, to denigrate, carrying on much as he did in *The Last Place on Earth*.

p. 17, Shackleton as early reader: ...he was still “old Shacks” always “busy with his books”. Sometimes he was working for his First Mate’s examination. More often, on his watch below, as he sat in his tiny cabin, which reverberated to the measured stamp of the ship’s engines, he was reading for pleasure. It was very rarely fiction, more often history: “A certain type of history,” as he once put it. “I read Motley’s *History of the Dutch Republic*...and its fascinating story of the way that little nation became a great naval power and a great colonizing race...Prescott I [also] read.”

p. 39, in April, 1901, Shackleton and Scott conferred in London about the Discovery library, as well as amateur theatricals.

p. 42-4, on Shackleton and Freemasonry, which both he and Scott joined in 1901, joining the ranks of distinguished Naval officers as well as King Edward himself.

p. 45, Hugh Robert Mill writing about Shackleton when they were sailing on the *Discovery* on the Bay of Biscay that summer: "To tell the truth, I was at first surprised and a little alarmed at the ceaseless flow of quotation from the poets called forth by the summer night, the stars, the phosphorescence of the sea, and the thought of those he left behind him. Nor was it altogether pleasant to find that this young sailor was already familiar with every reference which to my mind from books I had read years before his thoughts had turned that way, and with many which I had never seen."

p. 71, quotes Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* in his diary: "fear no more the furious winter's rages... Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney sweepers, come to dust." Shackleton also quotes Shelley here.

p. 71-2: Shackleton had sketched out a comprehensive plan of reading although it had nothing to do with the polar regions, for systematic preparation occurred no more to him than to his commander. "I can see no chance of doing the study I should like to during the winter,"

Shackleton, however, was soon writing. *The South Polar Times* was absorbing his attention.

Shackleton had sketched out a comprehensive plan of reading although it had nothing to do with the polar regions, for systematic preparation occurred no more to him than to his commander. 'I can see no chance of doing the study I should like to during the winter,' Shackleton, however, was soon writing.' Section on *South Polar Times* follows.

p. 74, May 22, 1902: Ennui had settled on the ship.... Shackleton succinctly wrote that he was "doing the same thing day after day."

p. 90, in a Shackleton letter to Emily there were echoes of Thomas Huxley's *Lay Sermons*, which he had then been reading. It was then, too, that Shackleton once more dipped into Browning, for the first time in months.

p. 92: It was a Sunday and Wilson, propped up in his sleeping bag, held a kind of church service, reading the psalms, epistle and gospel for that day. One of the psalms happened to be number forty-six, *God is our Hope and Strength*.... Afterwards Scott insisted on a chapter of Darwin, which was his way of scoring off Wilson. Wilson was religious, Scott the reverse. Scott had brought the *Origin of Species*, in Shackleton's words, 'to while away such days as these'. It was the bible of the agnostic. To please Scott, or in deference to his rank, it was read aloud by Shackleton and Wilson in turn.

This was Shackleton's introduction to Darwin, reading aloud in a tent on the edge of the unknown [this during a period of great tension with Scott].

p. 97: Shackleton and Scott were soon reading *The Origin of Species* to each other again. It was only a façade. Underneath the tension ran on....

p. 105: Back on *Discovery* lay a copy of Nansen's *First Crossing of Greenland*. Nansen had relied 'on the superiority of ski over every other means of transport over snow.'... Also on a *Discovery* bookshelf rested *With Ski & Sledge over Arctic Glaciers* by Sir Martin Conway.

p. 112: Wilson and Scott, meanwhile, read Darwin to each other.

p. 182—Shackleton writing for *Nimrod's* shipboard magazine, *The Antarctic Petrel*.

p. 232, re Edgeworth David: A bit of an actor, he regularly entertains his companions with spirited readings from Dickens. Today, naturally, it has been *A Christmas Carol*.

p. 244, November 6, 1902, during a field blizzard: On 6 November, the first blizzard of the journey kept them in their tents..., they stayed in their sleeping bags where, as Shackleton put it, 'each person has a little home where he can read and write and look at the Penates & Lares brought with him'. [i.e., to pray to the deities that protect the family.]

Six years before, at the identical stage of the journey, he had also been weatherbound and reading. Then, it had been *The Origin of Species* out aloud to Scott; now it was *Much Ado about Nothing* to himself. He had allowed each man one volume for the journey. His own was Shakespeare's comedies. Marshall took George Borrow's *The Bible in*

Spain; Adams, *Travels in France* by Arthur Young, and Wild, Dickens' *Sketches by Boz*.

p. 246, November 1902: Shackleton was not surprised [by the lucky absence of crevasses]. He had already quoted his favourite Browning tag, "When things seem the worst, they turn to the best"

p. 271, near their furthest south on Shackleton's South Pole attempt: Shackleton could not allow his companions to brood in isolation in their sleeping bags. He read aloud, with Wild, *The Merchant of Venice*. There, on the Antarctic ice cap in a blizzard, was surely the most outlandish stage for Shakespeare yet.

p. 384: re Dr Alexander Macklin: By his own account, like Orde Lees, it was Nansen who inspired him with the desire for polar exploration, but in his case it was through discovering by chance the two volumes of *Furthest North* while he was a medical student at Manchester University.

p. 429: drifting with the ice floe: Perhaps Shackleton was haunted by a tale told by Amundsen about *Belgica* when she was beset in the Bellingshausen Sea. Hopping from iceberg to iceberg, and island to island, Amundsen seriously thought of making for civilization in a kayak....

Shackleton also had the two green volumes of Nordenskjöld's *Antarctic* to haunt him with other echoes of the past. Nordenskjöld, being a Swede, was a moralistic man. One of his aims now, as the citizen of a neutral state, was to prevent future wars by rewriting school textbooks to encourage peace. On the other hand, as Shackleton knew from personal acquaintance, he was intellectually honest. Nordenskjöld had not cheated with his own experience in order to present a heroic vision. *Antarctic* was no simple schoolboy tale of derring-do; it was a rich guide to a vital store of other men's experience.

Nor was Nordenskjöld a selfish man. He had let his men tell their own tales. His book contained Larsen's own record of how *Antarctic* fared in the selfsame Weddell Sea. With the bare bones of the tale, of course, Shackleton was familiar. *Antarctic* had sunk. Her crew had escaped. It was in the manner of the deed, the way of leadership, that the lesson lay. "A seaman who loses his sense of humour and courage in the

hour of need,” Larsen had written in his diary as he watched *Antarctic* slowly being crushed by the ice, “ought really not to go to sea.”
....”

p. 461: Macklin was not so fortunate [as Hurley in being able to keep 150 negatives]. ‘I wish I had realized that we were not going to make a dash for land,’ he wrote regretfully, ‘for I would have brought my Diary and my Bible, both of which I value highly’.

p. 463: In their sleeping bags, to which they often fled to escape the raw, creeping dampness of spring in the pack, Shackleton, as he had been doing since his *Hoghton Tower* days, determinedly quoted Browning. Despite this, Hurley expressed ‘great admiration for the boss—who is ever considerate & kindly disposed—an excellent comrade’, and retaliated by reading Keats out loud.

To himself, Shackleton was reading Kinglake’s *Eothen*, one of the motley volumes salvaged from the ship; ‘a charming book’, as he put it. An ice floe, drifting like a colossal raft over uncharted waters, was an odd background for a famous Victorian chronicle of Middle Eastern travel. Helpless in a gale, Shackleton could get an ironic satisfaction out of Kinglake’s Turkish Pasha chanting ‘whiz! Whiz! All by steam!’ in admiration of English technical mastery over nature.

p. 467: Greenstreet was just then re-reading Nordenskjöld’s *Antarctic*.* [Footnote: One of the books rescued from *Endurance*. Others included the first seven volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Carlyle’s *French Revolution*, Tolstoy’s *Anna Karenina*, and Walter Scott’s *Guy Mannering*.] What impressed Greenstreet about Larsen’s tale of the wreck of the *Antarctic* was that, when Larsen got his crew ashore on Paulet Island, his first concern was to gather food for the winter....

p. 468: 5 December a holiday: McNeish was in his sleeping bag, reading McClintock’s *The Voyage of the ‘Fox’*....

p. 492: Worsley tried to escape from his depression by burying himself in polar history, in particular Amundsen’s North West Passage; as he put it, ‘a well written most modest account of a well conceived enterprise’.

p. 493: They had hardly any carbohydrates or fibre left at all. Worsley had read in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* how Nansen and Johansen had lived for months healthily on bear and walrus meat, Eskimo fashion....

p. 503-04: For Shackleton, the auguries were enigmatic. In his scanty personal belongings was a page from the Book of Job with the verses (38, 29-30): ‘Out of whose womb came the ice? And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.’ This he had torn from the Bible presented by Queen Alexandra to *Endurance*. He had also kept the page with the 23rd Psalm, ‘The Lord is my shepherd’; and the flyleaf inscribed by Queen Alexandra....

Because of the weight, Shackleton had abandoned the rest of the volume when *Endurance* had foundered. What he did not know was that McLeod, the old Scottish shellback, had secretly retrieved it. To him, throwing a Bible away would bring bad luck.

One of the few books knowingly brought with them was Nordenskjöld’s *Antarctic*, for it held the tale of Larsen’s voyage from Paulet Island to Snow Hill.

Plate opp. p. 33, Shackleton’s cabin on board *Endurance*, with a typewriter, five shelves of books including what looks like the Britannica 11th edition.

Huxley, Elspeth. *Scott of the Antarctic*. New York, Atheneum, 1978.

p. 14: It is perhaps significant that among the few possessions he was to pack for his first southern journey—possessions so carefully rationed for weight that he had to choose between a pair of socks and their equivalent weight in tobacco—Darwin’s *Origin of Species* was the book that went into his kit.

p. 22, June 1903: The disappearance of the sun coincided with the first appearance of the *South Polar Times*, edited by Shackleton. All were invited to contribute, and could slip their compositions into a box outside the editor’s sanctum, made by screening off part of a coal-bunker; *noms-de-plume* were the rule. The first copy was formally presented to the Captain at dinner and a bottle of cherry brandy opened to drink to its success. Contributions stuck pretty closely to daily experience, with informative articles about seals and penguins, the behaviour of ice, the best cloths for sledging and so on. There were neat

silhouettes by Royds, and Wilson's delicate sketches. Several of the men sent in poetry somewhat in the Newbolt vein ('Deeds that Won the Empire' was their favourite reading); Scott's contributions, typically, took the form of acrostics, which his companions found hard to solve....

"Another debate concerned the respective merits of the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, with Bernacchi the champion of the former and Shackleton of the latter, with copious illustrations. The issue was decided by one vote, but the records differ as to which won."

p. 53: "Unfortunately, as most of his messmates came to think, his fiancée had given him as a parting present a volume of Browning, and he soon became a compulsive quoter of that poet's verse. Not everyone appreciated this....

p. 89: Lying in their three-man sleeping-bag, Scott, Shackleton and Wilson took it in turns to read chapters from the *Origin of Species*.

p. 115: A violent squall of wind swept away some of their impedimenta including a small volume called *Hints to Travellers*, compiled by the RGS, which contained logarithmic tables vital to navigation across such featureless wastes as they knew they would encounter. Without these tables, they would have to proceed more or less by guesswork; ...

p. 116: It was the most miserable week of his life, Scott wrote. For twenty-two hours out of twenty-four they were in their sleeping-bags, crawling out twice a day to roll up the bags, get the cooker going and eat a hot meal. They had one book with them: Darwin again, this time *The Voyage of the Beagle*.

p. 227, Aug 1, 1911: Looking up records in the library, they found that Amundsen, while travelling to the North Magnetic Pole, had recorded a temperature of -79°F; but he had slept in igloos built by Sequim's....

p. 234: re Oates: Even in his taste in reading matter, he admitted no frills. During the winter he worked his way steadily through the first volume of Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, but never reached the second. A copy of *The Man-eaters of Stave* by J. H. Patterson, was also among his few possessions.

p. 266: In such conditions the six men lived out the black winter.... They dreamt of food; sang old familiar songs and such hymns as they could remember; read aloud from *David Copperfield*, a life of R. L. Stevenson,

the *Decameron*, and the New Testament; exchanged repartee and managed to keep cheerful, hopeful and sane.

Lashly, William. *Under Scott's Command: Lashly's Antarctic Diaries*, ed. by A. R. Ellis..., with an Introduction by Sir Vivian Fuchs. (New York: Taplinger, 1969).

Lashly was a leading stoker on the *Discovery* and the *Terra Nova*, and was part of the South Pole expedition, making all but the final cut. He comes across well in a jingoistic book, e.g. Fuchs introduction: "This book is a further contribution to our knowledge of the happy atmosphere which pervaded two polar expeditions. It was the combination of great leadership and loyal support which added an epic to our history" (p. 10). The book certainly shows loyal support, esp. from Lashly, but scarcely hides the inadequacy of Scott's leadership.

p. 40, reference to *South Polar Times* and the *Blizzard* as part of winter routine.

p. 41: Twelve months ago today we left England for Madeira. We have a nigger party [minstrel show] to celebrate the event tonight in the Royal Terror Theatre. [Officers also provided more substantial lectures.]

p. 70-1, 27th October 1902 on western journey: Scott found his "Hints to Travelers" was missing. This was the book containing the tables that were necessary for working out sun sights to establish their position when they got on to the featureless plateau. He was determined not to return to the ship again, and, with the agreement of the rest of the party, he decided to press on without the tables.

p. 110-111, winter routine in 1912, including description of Vol. 3 of *South Polar Times*, and the lectures of the South Polar University, including Scott's lecture on "Future Plans" for the expedition.

p. 123, while waiting in tents for the main party toward last polar thrust: They spent long hours resting peacefully in their sleeping bags while day read to them from the *Pickwick Papers*.

Maxtone-Graham, John. *Safe Return Doubtful: The Heroic Age of Polar Exploration*. New York: Scribner's, 1988.

p. 1: On the night of January 30, 1916, a frail, white-haired gentleman retired to the bedroom of his house in London's Eccleston Square. Once undressed, he swung expertly into a hammock and, as he had done for more than seven decades, read himself to sleep in traditional Royal Navy fashion: One hand held his book, the other a candle, exactly as he had learned as a midshipman in 1844.

But on this occasion, fatigue overcame him with a rush. The burning candle slipped from his fingers and toppled among the bedclothes. Oblivious, the old gentleman slept as charred linen blossomed into flame that ignited the blanket. Dense smoke filled the room. Before anyone in the house could intervene, Sir Clements Markham, then in his eighty-sixth year, dozed into eternity. The following day, he was dead. Directly over his smoldering hammock hung a perfectly good electric light.

So died the doyen of Great Britain's geographical fraternity, or, as a colleague was to suggest posthumously, "an Instigator of Polar Enterprise."

p. 16: Walter May, mate on board HMS *Resolute*, was scene painter for the Queen's Arctic Theatre, early evidence of a talent later employed designing bas-reliefs for Franklin's London memorial. Sherard Osborn, a shipmate from HMS *Collingwood* in the Pacific, served on HMS *Pioneer* as the editor of the *Illustrated Arctic News* as well as actor/manager of the Arctic Philharmonic Entertainments. On board HMS *Hecla* during the winter of 1821, Lieutenant George Lyon produced nine plays and, in one, earned Markham's undying admiration for playing 'through the last act with two fingers frostbitten.'

p. 78: Sir Allen [Young] had left his polar library on board [*Pandora*, renamed *Jeannette*], and Emma [de Long] immersed herself in arctic history, growing to share her husband's fascination with the *Jeannette's* polar quest.

p. 82-3, January 1878 aboard icebound *Jeannette*: There were *tableau vivants*, blacksmith Dressler garbed as Vulcan at his forge, and typical of messdeck humor to this day, *Two Sailors Mourning a Dead Marine*, revealed two crewmen draped lugubriously over an empty brandy bottle,

one of four that de Long had issued, full, to greet the New Year. Not quite Royal Arctic Theatre caliber, but warmed by the spirits, the *Jeannette*'s crew roared their approval, grateful for anything that jogged their monotonous routine.

p. 200, Dr. Wilson's faith: Read through the Holy Communion Service at 8 o'clock, not knowing where anyone would be at home, but I always go in spirit to St. Philip's where I can find Ory, at any rate.

p. 218, 1888 Nansen trip: Both Ravna and Balto [two Lapps] were recent converts, intensely religious. When the camp was threatened by the sea, both retired to one of the boats, lying beneath their tarpaulin and reading aloud passages from their New Testament.

p. 224, what was left of the *Discovery* when it finally went to Dundee: All that remain in the cabins are a few dusty relics, fragments of the great undertaking: Scott's wooden snow goggles, a miniature *Gulliver's Travels* (the gift of Sir Clements), a square copper matchbox used while sledging, even some pony snowshoes that must have come from the *Terra Nova*.

p. 228: Amundsen "although unpaid, invested his remaining pocket money in a secondhand collection of arctic memoirs."

p. 245: the profusion of books in the Hut during Scott's *Discovery* trip.

Moss, Sarah. *Scott's Last Biscuit: The Literature of Polar Travel*. Oxford: Signal Books, 2006. Published in NY as *The Frozen Ship*

p. 73: In place of Parry's fanfare about the "rational amusements" of the officers, Nansen remarks simply: A good library was of great importance to an expedition like ours, and thanks to publishers and friends both in our own and in other countries we were well supplied in that respect.

p. 74: reading on *Fram*: ...supper at six o'clock... Afterwards there was again smoking in the galley, while the saloon was transformed into a silent reading-room....

p. 78: Nansen's pleasure in the "good cheer" and "sybaritic life" waned as his frustration and "fear of the consequences"—which still seem to be as much moral as physical—grew. He was bored and missed his wife

desperately: “Monday, March 26th [1896] The sun mounts up and bathes the ice-plain with its radiance. Spring is coming, but brings no joys with it. Here it is as lonely and cold as ever. One’s soul freezes. Seven more years of such life—or say only four—how will the soul appear then? And she...? If I dared to let my longings loose—to let my soul thaw. Ah! I long more than I care confess.

Add now to this good cheer our strongly built, safe house, our comfortable saloon, lighted up with the large petroleum lamp and several small ones (when we have no electric light), constant gaiety, card-playing and books in any quantity, with or without illustrations, good and entertaining reading, and then a good sound sleep—what more could one wish.

p. 81: re Nansen and Johansen: Everything they touched, and particularly paper, became filthy, and Nansen, in words that echo through accounts of polar winters, almost stopped writing his journal: ...there was nothing to write about. The same thoughts came and went day after day; there was no more variety in them than in our conversation. The very emptiness of the journal really gives the best representation of our life during the nine months we lived there.”
[Source??]

p. 82: says Nansen was unusually fortunate in having something to read that he had not written himself: The little readable matter which was to be found in our navigation table and almanac I had read so many times already that I knew it almost by heart—all about the Norwegian royal family, all about persons apparently drowned, and all about self-help for fishermen. Yet it was always a comfort to see these books; the sight of the printed letters gave one a feeling that there was after all a little bit of the civilized man left.

Rendell, Kenneth. Shackleton Collection. Exhibited at Boston Museum of Science, March 2001.

Included in the exhibit were: Tennyson, Alfred Lord. *Complete Works*. Given in 1908 to Lt. Shackleton and the Officers of the Nimrod, and kept in officer’s mess; Swinburne *Poems*. Signed by Shackleton;

South. First ed. Signed by Shackleton; *Nautical Almanac*. 1908. Shackleton's copy from the Nimrod; Inscribed portrait of Shackleton; Signed 1914 solicitation letter for the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition; Signed photograph of Frank Hurley's Winter Night; Cover illustration of *South*, presented to a Mrs. Pearson.

Seaver, George. *Edward Wilson of the Antarctic: Naturalist and Friend*. With an introduction by Apsley Cherry-Garrard. London: John Murray, 1933.

Although Wilson was known to be an assiduous reader, as well as deeply religious, not much of his reading appears in this biography. Here are a few related references:

p. 96, on the first winter of the *Discovery* expedition: The pianola was in constant use except when Royds, the only musician, played from the great composers..., or when concerts were arranged at which these two friends [Wilson and Royds] invariably sang duets.

p. 97: After dinner a Tennyson v. Browning competition which resulted from a discussion as to their respective merits yesterday. Shackleton upheld Browning and Bernacci Tennyson. Each had to choose a passage from his own author on various subjects such as Love, Science, Philosophy, Wit, Art, Beauty. They read these out to us and we voted. Tennyson won by several votes.

p. 97-98—Wilson's work as artist for *South Polar Times*.

p. 130, on Cape Crozier trip: The blizzard broke on the 22nd [1903], and continued for ten days, during seven of which they were imprisoned in their sleeping-bags: Wilson beguiling these long hours of cold wet misery by re-reading Tennyson's 'Maud,' an old favourite of Caius days, the feeling and phrasing of which now touched him with a deeper significance than formerly.

p. 135: quotes Psalms in his diary.

p. 160, 1907, between trips: Since he could never find time to refresh his mind with reading, his wife read to him while he skinned or sketched. Of any novel of Dickens he confessed that he dared not open it, for he could not put it down.

Smith, Michael. *Shackleton: By Endurance We Conquer*. London: Oneworld Publications, 2014.

This full-scale biography of Shackleton, though not terribly well written is a well-balanced combination of adulation and judicious criticism of Shackleton the man, his psychological difficulties always moderated during times of crisis. The book often lacks the drama of the best Shackleton narratives and yet is well worth reading.

p. 16-17, traces influence of Shackleton's father on his taste in books, literature, and poetry.

p. 41: Longstaff was also a prominent member of the Freemasons. Within 12 months of their first meeting, Shackleton was also initiated into the shadowy domain of Freemasonry. Without hesitation Longstaff agreed to help in getting Shackleton to Antarctica.

p.53, King Edward and Shackleton were both Masons.

p. 82, on Scott's first Southern journey: On occasion they read aloud from Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, an appropriate choice when the survival of the fittest was so apposite. At times they skipped a midday meal to save food. A laconic Shackleton wrote: 'Read some Darwin for lunch.'

p. 90, Shackleton and Tennyson's *Ulysses* while under duress.

p.138, on *Nimrod* voyage: Another feature was a complete printing press on which he planned to produce a magazine during the winter.

Discovery's South Polar Times—edited by Shackleton in the first year—was a simple typed paper document, illustrated with drawings.

Shackleton intended to go a significant step further by writing, editing and printing a bound volume and to use discarded Venesta cases and sealskins as the book's cover. [see also p. 171-72 for more on *Aurora Australis*]

p. 171: Shackleton could always be relied upon to break up the long nights by reciting poetry at length. Although poetry was often the emotional anchor for Shackleton, his love of the written word also reflected his egalitarian nature. His tastes were wide and varied, extending from the philosophical Browning to the realism of Robert

Service to the classics of Shakespeare and Milton and the popular storytelling of Kipling.

p. 177, on South Pole journey in 1908: Appalling weather descended next day and they were marooned in their tents for 48 hours, falling even further behind schedule. The long and frustrating hours of inactivity were passed reading, chatting and making sure not to plunder too much of the food supplies. Shackleton was buried in Shakespeare's comedies, starting with the amusing tale of reluctant lovers, *Much Ado about Nothing*. Adams carried Arthur Young's *Travels in France* and Marshall took George Borrow's *The Bible in Spain*. Wild's Choice was Dickens' *Sketches by Boz*.

p. 221, quote of Browning's *Paracelsus*.

p. 230, ghostwriting of *The Heart of the Antarctic* by Saunders, who also did *South*.

p. 247, a bit on Shackleton and Masons.

p. 277, Shackleton quotes St. John Lucas from *Ship of Fools*.

p. 345, on the *James Caird* Worsley had a "sodden navigation book."

p. 404, as part of the Quest Voyage at the end of his life, Shackleton had an interest in the lost treasure of Captain William Kidd: Among his possessions was *The Cruise of the Alerte*, a little-known book by an eccentric character called Edward Knight which gave intricate details of his own personal search for Kidd's long-lost booty.

Smith, Michael. *Tom Crean: Unsung Hero of the Scott and Shackleton Antarctic Expeditions*. Seattle, WA: Mountaineers Books [2001]

There is not much about Crean's reading or even his education (minimal). There is this passage from a time ashore at Cape Evans in 1911:

p. 98: Chess, draughts, backgammon, and dominoes were also played and individuals could always retire to their bunks to read and reread the small library that had been provided. Tastes varied, with a few popular cheap novels contrasting with the works of Kipling or Dickens. Oates was famed for burying his nose in Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* and, of course, there were the obligatory volumes of recent polar

books for those who needed to stir their imagination about the hostile climate outside their door.

Stewart, John. *Antarctica: An Encyclopedia*. Second revised edition. Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Company, 1990.

p. 108, entry for “Books”: The first book published in Antarctica was *Aurora Australis*, a 120-page book written in 1908 by Shackleton and his 14-man crew of winterers to ward off boredom. They wrote it, printed, and bound it. Joyce and Wild typeset it, Marston illustrated, and Day created the covers. Shackleton’s printing press had been presented to him by Messrs. Joseph Causton and Sons, and they had trained Joyce and Wild in printing and typesetting. During Charcot’s *Pourquoi Pas?* expedition of 1908-10, Jules Rouch wrote a novel for a bet. It was called *L’Amant de la dactylographe (The Typist’s Lover)*. Charcot brought 1,500 books with him on that trip. The Ross Sea party of 1914-17, under Mackintosh, had an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* available. On the other side of Antarctica Hurley salvaged some volumes of *Britannica* when the *Endurance* went down in 1915.

The second 2011 edition has a slightly revised version of this article.

Thomson, David. *Scott, Shackleton and Amundsen: Ambition and Tragedy in the Antarctic*. New York: Thunder’s Mouth Press, 2002 [1977].

A revision of a pre-Huntford critical work on Scott, though he says he didn’t know he was writing a “debunking” biography in 1977. Doesn’t have the acerbic bite of Huntford, but has something critical to say about all three of his subjects.

p. 14: [Scott] was better read than most naval officers, especially in poetry and modern novels. Something of this must have begun in his short preparatory education. It is appropriate that one who read of adventure and travel should have left as his finest memorial a travel journal that is still eloquent. At the end of his tether, Scott found the words to give a lasting imaginative life to his ordeal and to make us see

a relationship between suffering and duty. There is even the impression in the last journal of a man discovering himself.

p. 114: By early November [1908] they were held up by blizzards so that Shackleton lay in his sleeping bag reading *Much Ado about Nothing*....

p. 190-1: But Scott lived on his own. He had a private room, or cabin....

Ponting took a photograph of Scott in his room, working on his diary and, at first glance, it is a picture of a writer rather than an explorer. The library is in Scott's cabin and one can see how anyone hesitating to come in and choose a book would be sensed and admitted with a word or two, without dislodging Scott from his work. Shackleton kept the library in his room to waylay others with stories and jokes. For Scott, it was more a matter of the convenience of a writer not wishing to be far from a library. Ponting...observed him shrewdly: 'He had kept much to himself during the winter. He read a great deal—generally books on Polar exploration, relieved by an occasional novel. He worked a great deal on his plans for the future; he wrote much in his diary, and smoked incessantly. Almost invariably he took his exercise alone.'

p. 192: Inevitably much time was devoted to reading. Oates had a small bust of Napoleon by his bed and was usually reading Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*. Cherry-Garrard had brought the complete Kipling, Day loved Dickens and there were factions to say that Tennyson or Browning was the finest Victorian poet. Reference books were always at hand to settle arguments and the many volumes of Polar history were studied, sometimes with ominous foreboding. In addition there was a supply of cheap editions of popular novels, leading to arguments about the 'depraved' tastes of individuals.

p. 229, Nov. 1911: Scott should not have forgotten that the gauntness he saw in the motor party came after almost a week's rest, spent waiting for the ponies and listening to Day reading from *The Pickwick Papers*.

1901-04 British National Antarctic Expedition (Scott aboard *Discovery*)

Armitage, Albert B. *Two Years in the Antarctic, Being a Narrative of the British National Antarctic Expedition.* London: Edward Arnold, 1905.

Unlike many on the first Scott expedition, Armitage had previous polar experience as second in command of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition (Franz Josef Land) and in the rescue of Nansen in 1895. He was also second in command for Scott and served as the *Discovery* navigator. His diaries show some ambiguities in his relationships with Scott, but this is a very respectful account, devoid of many of the pieties which blemish so many expedition narratives.

p. 17: Although a special Antarctic manual, edited by Mr. George Murray, F.R.S., had been compiled for the use of the expedition..., we thought ourselves peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of such an expert in oceanographical work as Dr. Hugh Robert Mill....

p. 20: We had Mr. E. F. Knight's 'Cruise of the *Falcon*' on board, and most of us had read his interesting account of his landing on the island [South Trinidad, where Scott stopped enroute].

p. 72-73: Two of the members of our mess, Shackleton and Bernacchi, were very fond of poetry, and, of course, each had his favourite author. Many were the arguments raised as to the respective merits of Browning and Tennyson, so it was decided that Shackleton should read extracts from Browning, and Bernacchi from Tennyson, while the remainder of us listened and carefully judged between the two, voting after each pair of extracts had been read. They declaimed in their best style, endeavouring to point out the beauty of the passages chosen by them. Ferrar caused much amusement, after an extract from 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' had been read, by saying: 'Well, I'm not much on poetry, but I go on rats.' Browning won by a single vote.

The Captain's leg had been put in splints, so it was rather a trial for his patience. He occupied his time by reading, writing, and forming plans for the future during the mornings; and in the afternoons we generally played dominoes until some of us amassed quite a large amount of counter wealth.

p. 88-90, commencement of *South Polar Times* and one issue of the *Blizzard*: At a meeting held in the wardroom, it was decided to bring out a monthly paper something like a London magazine. Each of us wrote on a piece of paper what we thought the best title for this Southern publication. *The South Polar Times* was the one chosen. Shackleton was appointed editor, and Wilson principal artist. It was to be published on the 1st of each month; and every member of the ship's company was invited to contribute towards making it the most amusing, instructive, up-to-date journal, with the largest circulation of any periodical within the Antarctic Circle. It was to combine all the best qualities of all the penny and halfpenny London dailies, together with those of the superior comic papers, as well as of the fourpenny-halfpenny and half-crown monthly magazines. Notwithstanding this super-excellence, *The South Polar Times* was to be issued free to all the population of our small colony, the cost of production being more than covered by the grateful feelings of the recipients, to say nothing of the advertisers. Needless to say that a rival magazine which was brought out, named *The Blizzard*, whose contents consisted of poetical effusions rejected by *The South Polar Times*, did not survive the first number. On most days during the first month of the winter the clicking of the typewriter could be heard in Shackleton's cabin as he busily set up 'the paper'; and frequently a shy and conscious-looking blue-jacket would enter the editor's sanctum to ask that worthy man's advice. A carved box was placed outside the office for the receipt of contributions, but would-be authors much preferred a personal audience; so our editor, in self-defence, removed his office fittings to a storeroom in the bowels of the ship, where the wicked ceased from troubling, and his poetical nerves were at rest. [The first issue of *SPT* was April 23, illus. by Wilson.]

p. 109: Macfarlane, Lashby, and Scott were first-rate hands at hair-cutting, so that there was no necessity for the ship's company to look like a lot of poets let loose. Indeed, we rather flattered ourselves that we were a decidedly cleanly-looking crowd for a Polar expedition, especially after reading the accounts and seeing the photographs of one or two other South Polar exploring-parties.

p. 116: On the mess-deck the men contrived to amuse themselves very well. Many of them kept exhaustive diaries; others made models of sledges, etc. All of them, of course, made free use of the large library which we had been provided, apart from the scientific library that had been paid for by the expedition authorities. Many of the publishers in London had generously given us a number of volumes. A ‘well-wisher’ had presented us with fifty novels, and some authors had given us copies of their works, Bullen, Whympster, and F. H. Butnett being amongst the number of those who had done so. Sir Clements Markham and Sir Alfred Harmsworth, too, had sent us several books on Polar exploration from their own libraries, and the proprietors of the large illustrated weeklies and of the monthly magazines had bestowed quantities of their publications on us, so that we were never at a loss for reading matter.

p. 159, inventory of articles taken on the November 1902 “Pioneer Sledge Journey Inland,” commanded by Armitage, includes Books and forms, 5 lbs., just for the ‘A’ team. [Nothing listed for other teams. What were they?]

p. 216, during second winter: All the observations were, of course, carried on as usual, and the South Polar Times, under the able editorship of Bernacchi, continued to be a great success. Bridge was a source of amusement after dinner in the evenings—if there is any evening during a Polar night—during the first part of the winter; but the inclination for even that kind of amusement gradually died away, and the only kind of game that some of us were faithful to was chess.

Even the daily exercise became so monotonous that I, for one, neglected it far more than I ought to have done, but cannot say that I felt any bad effects through doing so—although there is no doubt one felt better after a sharp walk over the ice, especially if the weather was fine and there was no wind.

p. 219-30, an interesting digression of comparisons of “North and South Polar Regions”

p. 277: Having no books, I did not know our position, so decided to go on half-allowance of oil (we find breakfast, cold lunch, and cold cocoa much the same as last year South), and to increase marching hours to ten. A little later we sighted land, but having seen little or nothing of it

on the way out, through the thick weather, I could recognise nothing with certainty, and it was constantly appearing and disappearing through inequalities of surface. I decided to trust to my curve of declination (made after loss of books), and march east on it at the best speed we could muster.

Baughman, T. H. *Pilgrims on the Ice: Robert Falcon Scott's First Antarctic Expedition*. (Lincoln, Neb.: University of Nebraska Press, 1999).

p. 27: for the *Discovery* expedition, the Executive Committee of the RGS commissioned an *Antarctic Manual*, "an idea that hearkened back to the British Arctic expedition of 1875. Edited by George Murray, it dealt with fields of science to be investigated, and was well received."

p. 64: on *Discovery*: A small hospital was included but rarely used during the voyage. Class distinctions did not limit access to the library, and both officers and men took advantage of the fine selection of books aboard. The thousand volumes were stored in the wardroom, officer's cabins, and the forecastle, as no separate room for the library had been included in the ship's plans. Many volumes were donated by publishers and included treatises on polar exploration as well as a fine selection of literature. One visitor's eye noted a prominent place for Jules Verne's 'An Antarctic Mystery.' In this period before the First World War, one common bond that bridged the gap between the classes was poetry. The two classes, officers and men, still read the same poets and authors. The education level of the mess deck occupants was not equal to that of the wardroom residents, but some of the bluejackets showed not only considerable breadth of literary taste but also some real promise as writers, as the ship's magazine would prove. [Baughman gives sources on this in footnote 17.]

p. 66: Shackleton often visited Wilson in his cabin, and the two spent many hours together reading poetry, especially Robert Browning...and Algernon Charles Swinburne.... [Ann Savours, *Wilson Diary*, p. 9 Sept 1901.]

p. 71, re landing on South Trinidad Island, 13 sept. 1901: The island had been visited only once before by scientists, an account of one such visit by E. F. Knight was in the ship's library and was read by several men in the days before their arrival at the island.

p. 127-8—first day without sun (Apr 23) saw presentation at a luxurious dinner of the first issue of *The South Polar Times*. Good description of its contents.

p. 129: Reading was a regular pastime, with books like *Fights for the Flag* and *Deeds that Won the Empire* being typical popular titles.

Writing, either for the *South Polar Times* or journal writing, also occupied much time. [See Bernacchi's *Saga* p. 47.]

p. 132: After dinner often the first move was to the reference works to check data related to discussions that had just occurred. The lack of an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* had already been noted but was repeatedly brought to mind in these postdinner searches for answers. How the ship could have sailed without the *Britannica* cannot be explained!

p. 133, for nightly rituals: Others used the time to read or catch up on their journal writing, fortifying themselves with toasted cheese sandwiches or other delicacies.

p. 135: Spiritualism was another issue discussed. To prepare for the event, Wilson had spent the day before reading on the subject. Again, all contributed to the debate, but none was listened to with more interest than Royds, who was a superstitious sort and related his tale of a fortune teller in Edinburgh who divined that Royds would be going to the Antarctic. [Wilson 2 June 1902]

p. 145: Scott made use of the ship's library to learn about the experiences of other polar explorers, though he was distressed to find that no copy of Nansen's *Farthest North* was aboard. Luckily, Wilson had taken some notes on Nansen's book, and these were put to use by the captain. [See Scott's diary 18 JULY 1902, and the *Voyage* vol. 1, p. 226.]

p. 147-48: Still, despite what seemed like the heaviest load of work around the ship, Skelton found time to read, occasionally commenting on the books in his diary. Reading polar literature allowed Skelton to argue more effectively on certain subjects. Once he believed he bested

Armitage on a point regarding skiing by quoting Nansen's *The First Crossing of Greenland*. [Skelton, Diary, 1 May and 29 June 1902, SPRI MS 342/1/4]

p. 154, William Lashly: made a convenient little bracket for Skelton's cabin that was used for capturing the heat from the lamp to boil water and for holding a candle while reading in bed. [Skelton, Diary, 16 Aug 1902, SPRI Ms 342/1/4/]

p. 179, during a November storm: The men spent the rest of the day confined to their tent, where Wilson read aloud from *The Origin of Species*, the book chosen as reading material for the southern journey. [Scott Diary, 5 Nov 1902, SPRI 1464/3, and Savour's Wilson Diary, same date. Same reading aloud of Darwin on p. 182 and 193.]

p. 182: ... again during bad weather the men returned to reading *The Origin of Species* aloud.]

p. 217, on Scott's disappointment at scientific accomplishments in either oceanography or physical properties of ice: Time and library resources for background material were cited as the principal reasons for the failure of the expedition regarding ice issues. [cites Scott to Mill, 16 February 1903, SPRI 100/100/3.]

p. 219-20, passage on various amusements: Both officers and men spent more time reading in the dark months. [Other diversions the second winter were lectures and papers, lantern shows, educational endeavors, field hockey when there was light, games including bridge and chess, and practical jokes.]

p. 228, while breaking camp a wind blew things away: among the things apparently lost at this time was Scott's copy of *Hints for Travellers*. Because this volume contained the tables to assist in finding latitude and longitude, the loss was crucial. Scott was determined to continue and eventually worked out his own system for determining his position, one that, when checked later, proved to be remarkably accurate.

During a later storm of six days the men were confined to their tents in what they called Desolation Camp: Scott thought it one of the most miserable weeks of his life. Fortunately, the party had a book with them, Darwin's *Voyage of the 'Beagle,'* to pass away the time. The men took

turns reading aloud until ‘their freezing fingers refused to turn the page.’ [see *VOD* II p. 183-84.]

p. 260, on return voyage: Pushing ever northward Scott arranged for the distribution of such things as the library, some of the china and silverware, and other trinkets from the ship.” [see Skelton Diary, 29 August 1904, SPRI MS 342/1/7]

Bernacchi, Louis Charles. *Saga of the “Discovery*. (London: Blackie, 1938).

Bernacchi was an Australian/Belgian explorer, another veteran of the heroic age of polar exploration, having participated in Borchgrevink’s *Southern Cross* expedition, Scott’s *Discovery* expedition, as well as journeys to Africa and Peru. He was also the biographer of Lawrence Oates, who died on Scott’s last expedition.

p. 47-8: If he could be a stern disciplinarian, Scott was also anxious to give as much personal liberty as possible. Smoking on the mess-deck was allowed at all times, and when during the darkest winter days work was slack, the men had their evenings free and often their afternoons. While ‘Shove ha’penny’ seemed to be their favourite sport, and books like *Fights for the Flag* and *Deeds that won the Empire* their favourite reading matter, yet it was chiefly from the mess-deck that the Royal Terror Theatre recruited its performers. We in the wardroom were engaged in weightier matters, preparing debates, for example, on such subjects as ‘Women’s Rights’ and other long-dead problems, which occupied the mind of man at the beginning of the century. On these occasions the less one spoke the more one said. There was even one memorable evening when the rival merits of Browning and Tennyson came up for judgment. Shackleton backed Browning while I, more sentimental then, argued for the moving depths of beauty to be found in the verses of the Poet Laureate. Whether by my masterly exposition or because the wardroom generally shared my preference, Tennyson won—although only by one vote.

p. 56: And unfortunately, although *Discovery* possessed a library of several thousand books, and among them a number on Arctic

exploration, by some oversight those which would have been of most assistance had not been included. We could gain no advantage from the experience of the more recent explorers, Nordenskjöld, Nansen and Peary.

Bernacchi, Louis Charles. *A Very Gallant Gentleman*. (London: Thornton Butterworth, 1935). [First published 1933]

This is Bernacchi's hagiographic biography of Capt. Lawrence Oates, who died with Scott on the 1912 South Pole expedition ["I may be some time"], recalled more than 20 years later. Bernacchi, who was aboard the first Scott expedition on *Discovery*, idealized Scott "a leader with no desire for publicity or cheap notoriety. A man of high ideals.... The new expedition was no mere dash to the Pole to snatch priority from rival explorers, though the hope of this laurel leaf in the crown of adventure was an added spur to natural ambition" (p. 50).

Despite the lavish praise, there is some candour:

p. 25: After Eton, Oates returned to the ministrations of a private tutor and a crammer, the Rev. H. E. Scott, of South Lynn, Eastbourne. But he was not a bookish boy. He was even slow at his lessons. He could not interest himself in abstractions, and foreign languages were a closed book to him. His interest lay in an active life, and he could never get over the conviction that reading was a waste of time, unless, of course, one read books that told of action, of real things and real people, books about wars, books about soldiers, and books like the 'Cruise of the *Cacholot*,' and 'The *Falcon* in the Baltic,' which were always great favourites. One of the ambitions he did not live to realize, was a Baltic cruise, following the course of the *Falcon*.

p. 57, Oates comments that during the first month or so of the trip on *Terra Nova*: I have only read two books since leaving Cardiff, so you see I am left pretty busy.

p. 99, describing Scott's Hut near Mt Erebus as winter begins: around the room the bunks were ranged, one above the other; mere wooden frames to hold the mattresses; down its length the table, at which they ate, wrote, read, played backgammon or chess, or just sat; at one end the

bookshelves that held their varied library, the piano and the gramophone, and the one mirror which the expedition boasted, hung on the bulkhead of Captain Scott's cubicle.

p. 112: On Sunday mornings Captain Scott held Divine Service, reading the usual Morning Prayer with the special Antarctic Collect, after which his congregation sang two hymns, though the hymns were rather a difficulty, for while they had quantities of hymn books, they were of the words only type, and the Hut were not in accord as to tune and time.

p. 115, Winter 1911: In the Hut routine life went on. The quieter non-working hours were spent in games and reading. Backgammon and chess were favourites, but for some unknown reason not a single game of cards was played during the whole winter.

All sorts of books were read for all sorts of reasons. Tastes in literature were as varied as the members of the expedition themselves. Scott read poetry and fiction. The scientists read fiction, but with so many specialists a mere author came in for a difficult time. Simpson objected to Merriman because of his meteorological errors. Griffith Taylor could not enjoy 'Soldiers of Fortune' because of the author's weird geological descriptions. The whole expedition condemned 'The Fighting Chance' because the hero kissed a girl under water. And neither Scott nor Seaman Evans found Kipling's sea stories at all convincing, Evans explaining that 'Things isn't so concentrated-like in the Navy.'

Oates, as became a Soldier, read little else but Napier's 'Peninsular War.' There were volumes of it, and he never finished it, perhaps because he so often abandoned it for the company of the ponies. Occasionally he would dip into a novel, but he looked on such literature as trifling, and soon returned to his beloved Napier.

One of the most vivid pictures of winter life at Cape Evans shows Titus Oates, pipe in mouth and arms on the wardroom table, poring over the 'Peninsular War.'

Remainder of this book is a retelling of the Scott/Amundsen South Pole race and its eventual outcome, in somewhat purplish prose: The names of Scott and his comrades will shine as examples of that endurance which is the highest form of courage, and as noble evidence

of the qualities of Englishmen. Scott's last expedition was tragic and glorious in its attainments and its failure.

p. 220ff., Ends with his description of the attractions of Antarctica: 1) fascination of the unknown—400 square miles of it; 2) uninhabited, contrasted to complex civilization; 3) it is inspiring "Hero-worship is universal, and Antarctic History is the story of the noble achievements of famous explorers. To read of their courage, determination and endurance amid the stresses of cold, hunger, and danger is to catch a glimpse of another world, inhabited by men, brave and strong, free from the pettiness and deceits of civilization. No finer inspiration exists than the history of polar exploration, a record of great deeds nobly done" (p. 231).

The Blizzard. Newspaper of the *Discovery*. Title page: Never mind The Blizzard I'm all right. May 1902. SPRI MS 859. Illus.

p. 2: Owing to the amount of time occupied in producing fifty copies of this paper, it must necessarily be limited in size, so the Editor hopes that those who do not find their contributions in this number will not be disappointed, for they may appear at some future date.

[Includes illus: The Blizzard's Gallery of Famous People, a good deal of doggerel verse, and the programme dated May 1st 1902 of a magic lantern show about the building of *Discovery* and songs sang by the crew, concluded with God save the King.

Notes by Robert Headland (SPRI) about production methods of the *Blizzard*:

It was very much the informal base magazine, compared with 'The South Polar Times'. Aboard 'Discovery' there was a hectograph duplicator, a predecessor of the 'Fordigraph' and similar brands of spirit duplicator. These could produce several dozen copies from a master sheet, and could do so in colour.

The process was easy. It started with strongly staining pigments, usually made from an aniline dye, applied to sheets of paper to make something

like carbon paper, these were made commercially. Many colours were possible; 'The Blizzard' has blue, green and purple but red, black, yellow (weak) and others were also made. A master sheet of glossy paper was put on top of these dye sheets and a reverse copy made on it by sketching (hard pressure coloured pencil was best) or typing (a bit like putting the carbon paper in upside down [it must be almost at least 20 years since I last did that]). Multiple dye papers allowed multiple colours to be put on the same sheet, and all in register.

The master sheet was applied to the hectograph surface, a stiff flat gelatin plate (traditionally made in a biscuit tin lid, quarto size and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep), and left for the dye to transfer to the gelatin surface (usually about 15 minutes). Then individual papers, slightly dampened, were layed one on a time on it, and a roller run over them for a good firm contact which transferred the dye impression to their surface.

With strong dyes perhaps 40-50 good impressions could be made, then it became weaker (some colours disappeared before others). Hence the name 'hectograph', a bit enthusiastic as you would have been lucky to get 100 copies. The gelatin plate could be cleaned with a damp sponge several times until it was eventually necessary to melt it for re-use and eventually discard it.

Later modifications involved a circulating drum for a direct impression from the master sheet and pigments which dissolved in methylated spirits. Paper was lightly moistened with the spirits before passing between a roller and the master on the drum. This made the purple copies of documents used in offices until Mr Xerox came along with his invention. I used one of the last to make multi-coloured copies of maps on base in the Antarctic (it might still be there, but I doubt if anyone knows what it is).

'The Blizzard'; SPRI has two copies, identical and both dated May 1902. Alas I can find no indication of how many were made. Merely as a suggestion I would think one for each man aboard and a few spares (which is about the maximum the process can produce). Your suggestion of 50 copies would thus seem to be quite correct. There were also special menus, programmes for events (King's Birthday), lecture notes, and similar items made with the hectograph. The two copies of

'The Blizzard' in SPRI each has 12 sides with blanks and one duplicate image. Shackleton is reputed to be the editor and items submitted were not quite 'SPT' material.

One bit of advice, the pigments fade steadily in sunlight (as I know from ephemeralia made on base - i.e. maps on the wall, not 'The Blizzard').

Discovery. In the exhibition at the Discovery Center in Dundee, Scotland, is a copy of Gulliver's Travels given to Scott by Clements Markham. "C R Markham—this book went with me to the Arctic region. 1850. Presented to Robert F. Scott with all good wishes July 1901." Likely to have been aboard *Discovery*, for Scott's British Antarctic Expedition, 1901-1904.

Discovery press clippings, probably compiled by Emily Scott, in a volume of mounted clippings [SPRI MSS 735/1] with one loose section of four pages at rear with NZ press coverage of "The Antarctic Expedition. The Arrival of the Discovery." [off Lyttleton Heads, and Christchurch]

p. 1, col. 2: [no date] Our Wellington correspondent telegraphs that Sir James Hector of the Canadian Palliser expedition in 1857-1859, has sent to the Discovery a large number of scientific works bearing upon New Zealand. The books sent include a complete set (33 volumes) of the transactions of the New Zealand Institute. These books will greatly assist the members of the expedition in their observations and researches.

p.3, col. 4 Dec 20 [1901]: "Last Day in Port: a Call at Port Chalmers": It is understood that the crew of the Discovery would be only too glad to receive a supply of periodicals, illustrated magazines, novels, and other literature. Those having any books or periodicals to give are asked to send them to Messrs. Kinsey, Barns and Co.'s office, Hereford street, before ten o'clock this morning. Messrs. Kinsey, Barns and Co. have undertaken to forward all literature left with them, and see that it is put on board before the ship leaves.

NZ also took subscriptions for a small barrel organ.

SPRI MS 735/1, leaf 13: New Zealand "Press": How the Ship is Made Comfortable:

The long sojourn in the ice region is in other ways to be made as pleasant as possible for both officers and crew. The saloon is fitted up with some show of ornament, and the ship carries quite a pretentious library.... The library was organized by Lieutenant Shackleton, who received gifts of over a thousand volumes of all descriptions, many of them presented by well-known authors. No distinct cabin could be spread for the library, and so the roof of the saloon is lined with book racks, more books are stored in each officer's cabin, and the rest are packed away in every nook & corner available. When leisure is to be spent in an even lighter way music will be available, for a Dundee lady presented the commander with a pianola and a quantity of music. [The scrapbook includes good pictures of books in the wardroom and in Scott's cabin.

Leaf 18, clipping describes service held on board *Discovery* in East India dock Blackwell (sp?), the Bishop of London presiding, using the reading-desk [lectern] aboard *Discovery*. The Bishop "had brought a Bible and a Prayer-book to them as a present," which he later inscribed: "Presented to the *Discovery* before leaving England for the great unknown South by the Bishop of London with his prayers and blessings, July 15, 1901." A. F. LONDON

Leaf 48: The new organ was first used at a service on board in Christchurch, with Royds at the organ, and the Bishop of Christchurch presiding.

Leaf 49; Weekly Press

GIFTS TO THE DISCOVERY

The books, etc., which Mr. Barns was able to put on board the *Discovery* filled nine flour sacks, and then there were three or four parcels in addition.

Mr. Peter Ealam collected periodicals, etc., which aggregated fully half a ton.

Other gifts included sheep's tongues, vegetables, an American barrel organ, 'a hogshead of ale for the warrant officers,' and turkeys for Christmas.

Doorly, James G. S. *The Voyages of the 'Morning'*. Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1995. [First published London: Smith, Elder, 1916]

The *Morning* was a relief ship for Scott's *Discovery* expedition. Notable for its piano, given by Clements Markham (the carpenter cut it in half to get it into the wardroom), for the song texts given in the book, apparently composed by Doorly, and the key role of the piano. Doorly was a close friend of Teddy Evans and it was Evans's influence on Clements Markham that helped get him posted to the *Morning* and involved in freeing *Discovery* from the heavy ice of McMurdo sound. Doorly wrote a readable autobiography called *In the Wake*, which devotes a couple of chapters to his *Discovery* experience.

Duncan, James. "Journal of a Voyage to the Arctic 1901-02. S S Discovery." By J. Duncan. Typescript of Manuscript Journal. Dundee, Scotland: Dundee Art Galleries and Museums. Human History Section, 1973?

Duncan was a civilian shipwright from Dundee who helped build the *Discovery* and joined the expedition as an able bodied seaman when the ship was completed. He served as carpenter and in other construction projects (e.g., the Wind Mill) and sometimes as cook, and returned with the *Morning* after one year. His spelling is phonetic at best (or was it the typist's?) so that proper names become an interesting puzzle as presented in this transcript. When at sea the journal reads much like a deck log but there is some more substance in the entries made ashore. Here are a few examples of his journal style:

p. 9: 1st January 1902. Run 127 miles. Lat 61° 14 South. Long 173°43 East New Year's morning broke fine brining b ack memories of old turning my thoughts to My Dear Loved ones at Home, We being about 14000 miles from them and in Latitude where there has not been any ships for a century and I may say cut off from the civilized world but return as yet doubtful. Hooping for the best. Moderate breeze Easterly no ice seen yet expecting to meet it any day. We now have daylight all the 24 hours.

p. 27: 3rd [June] Usual routine. I am working on stand for the Protectscope it's a Camera for Photoing the Auroura Austrailiers, it expected to show up the sunset 14 days. The moon is nearly spent so we have total Darkness & will soon have the Darkest day hear. It will be cheerfull to know Half the Winter is gone.

p. 28: 10th [June] Fine quiet morning a splendid Aurora was showing & was changing its forms A few words about our Ship she look a splendid Picture laying frozen up in the Sea and Snow heaped all round her also the Winter Awning. Its been a great success. The Wind Mill is a complete failure as we had two daylight only it carried away afterwards, two much Sail asea for the Strong winds.

p. 31: 25th [June, Midwinter celebration] Hazy morning 4 hand splicing wire one on the Man Ropes letter (?) others getting ice on board + 3 in house working. I am working on A Ice cylinder for the Captain He is to try experiaments The Royal Terror (?) is to be duly opened to night. At 7x30 P.M. Captain Scott and Officers are to attend 10 P.M. I have just returned from the Play and it was a good success. Mr Bucksige and Wild doing the leading parts. getting great applause from the Audance. Photo were after the Play by flash light 3 cheers being given for the Company and taken Mr Barnes, We made our way Home it being A dirty night drifting; snow & Managers Strong Wind all Carriages were engaged so I had to walk Home. My nose was slight frost bite & had to Rut it Getting on Board all Well (Temp) -25°.

p. 35: 27th [July] Fine morning I turned out 6 a.m. & had A 2 mile run on skies. its good for the appite & all hand are on deck after 9 oclock having about till 10x30 for the rounds. Captains Inspection. Service 10x45 mutton for Dinner. Its 12 months tomorrow since I bid my Dear Wife and Children Good By at Dundee Station. We have had lots of up & downs since that. Thank God my Health is good. Hooping the Dear ones at Home have had the same (Temp) -2°

3rd [August]: Sunday cleaning & clearing for Church its still blowing hard from S.E. & drift. We are all on the upper deck 9 a.m. waiting about until 10 x 45 & its very cold. The Captain being last in giving the sounds. All hands are Swearing at being kept in the Cold for 2 hours & it

Blowing a Gale. (Temp) -25°. We are treated just As if we were Children. (Temp) - 23°.

p. 47: 8th [November] Beautifull fine morning. We dressed ship, there being a good breeze the Flags are flying beautifull. A silk Union Jack is Hoisted at Hut Point. This is the first time we have hoisted our Colours in the Antar[c]tic. Sports started after Lunch Taboggin Race was first & it caused some Fun. it was off a very steep slope. Me & Walker was on my one strapped down & it run away from us & turned several summersaults so we lost the Race Next Event was Sledge pulling. A team Won on time The next was a Tug of War, and it was very well Contested. D & B teams won thare was an advantage in the Gound, I should say Ice. one side had more than the other & it held better. 2 Pulls to 1 Pull. We Adjurned and had a Cup of Tea, Next Event Slope running on Skies. This was very good & well contested Mr Sherton our Engineer Me & Walker running in Final. I got third Place. it's a painting by Mr Wilson of Our Winter Quarters. I am very well with it. this finished the days sports. A Concert was held in Evening in the Ward Room Also some Line Light Views, by Dr Kett and Mr Stenton. The prizes were presented at the Consert by Mr Scott he being dressed as a Lady. Songs were Sung & Health to King Edward was Drank with A good glass of Whisky.

Ferrar, Hartley. Diaries and Notebooks, 10 vols. SPRI MS 1264.

p 18: During the first six months, we find him poring over Drygalski, an author to whom he and several others frequently returned. In rapid succession we find him reading Ball's *The Cause of an Ice Age*, Morley's *Challenger Notes*, Judd's *Volcanoes*, Gregory's *Great Rift Valley*, Nansen's *First Crossing of Greenland*, Scoresby's *Arctic Regions*, Greely's *Handbook of Arctic Observation*, Mill's *The Realm of Nature*, Ross's *Voyage to the Southern Seas*, and Howorth's *The Glacial Nightmare*.

p. 19 In late August 1902 he confesses to his diary that he has spent the afternoon and evening reading what he calls 'light literature'. By the end of October he had read through a number of popular novels including

Madcap Violet, *Kim*, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, and *The Golden Butterfly*, and *The City of Refuge*. Thereafter he deliberately intersperses popular fiction with scientific reading. The following June, he develops an appetite for Thackeray, beginning with *Henry Esmond*, and going on through *The Virginians* and *Pendennis*. Thereafter he deliberately intersperses popular fiction with scientific reading. The following June, he develops an appetite for Thackeray, beginning with *Henry Esmond*, and going on through *The Virginians* and *Pendennis*. In Ferrar's mental habits we can see a clear fluctuation between what historians of reading call 'intensive' and 'extensive' reading, in his engagement at turns with what he regards as serious scientific learning and more recreational fictional works. While he reads fiction quickly and avidly, scientific reading he finds more difficult often spending days poring over a single volume, deliberately trying to strike a balance between the two. The following July he rewards a full morning of Drygalski again with another dose of Thackeray.

Murray, George, editor. *The Antarctic Manual for the Use of the Expedition of 1901*. With a Preface by Sir Clements R. Markham..., Presented to the Expedition by the Royal Geographical Society. London: Royal Geographical Society, 1901.

p. vii: Baron Nordenskiöld has told me that, during the voyage of the *Vega*, when the North-East Passage was discovered, the books most in request were the "blue book" and the "white book," as they called the Arctic manuals.

I was convinced that an 'Antarctic Manual' for the Expedition of 1901 would be even more useful, if prepared with the same object in view and on similar lines.

p. 75: Sea ice, as it occurs in the Arctic ocean, has been described in great detail by Weyprecht, in a work [*Die Metamorphosen des Polareises*. Wien, Moritz Perles, 1879] which should be included in the library of every Antarctic expedition. The *Tegetthoff*, which was Weyprecht's ship, was beset in the pack in lat. 76° 18' N., long. 61° 17' E., on August 13, 1872. Twenty-one months later she was still a prisoner

in the pack, and had to be abandoned. During all these months there was no lack of time or opportunity to study sea-ice in all its forms and moods, and every line of Weyprecht's book is of interest to the voyager in icy seas. The matter is treated quite objectively....

p. 305-51. Under Geography, this volume includes extracts from the journals of John Biscoe, John Balleny, a brief passage by Darwin, the log of John Balleny's *Mate*, the journal of M. J. Dumont-d'Urville, a long section from Arctowski, and one from Bernacchi.

p. 517-80 is a quite comprehensive Arctic Bibliography based on the subject catalogue of the RGS. Most of the book is devoted to instructions for scientists in selected disciplines.

Markham, Clements. *Antarctic Obsession. A Personal Narrative of the Origins of the British National Antarctic Expedition 1901-1904.* Edited and introduced by Clive Holland. (Bluntisham, UK: Erskine Press, 1986).

Markham was the President of the Royal Geographical Society, and this book is based on his manuscript journal in the SPRI collection where Holland was once Librarian. It is not only a personal narrative but a vituperative one; one wonders whether Markham ever intended publication. It's a one-sided story in the first person singular describing the feud between the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society during the planning of the *Discovery* Expedition, a feud over who would control the expedition, whether Scott would be in complete control or whether he would turn command over to the scientists (represented by geologist John Walter Gregory) when ashore. Markham won the battle in backing his own choice (many would argue the wrong choice) in Robert Falcon Scott. There is another side of this story but it won't be found here in this egocentric and self-justifying account by this authoritarian martinet.

p. 21-23: For the Arctic Expedition of 1875 [Nares] Manuals were prepared at my suggestion, with Instructions and Information which would otherwise have to be collected from numerous sources.... I decided that a similar Antarctic Manual should be prepared containing

like Instructions and Memoirs on the various branches of science; as well as the Antarctic parts of the voyages of Dumont D'Urville and Wilkes, and the journals of Biscoe and Balleny from manuscripts in the R.G.S. Library. Maps were prepared by Mr Batchelor under my superintendence. On November 21st 1900 I entrusted the work of editing the Manual to Mr George Murray, who thoroughly entered into the plan I had sketched out, and went to work with a will. [Goes on to give the Contents of the Manual, p. 23-25.]

p. 27: Shackleton also went through the magnetic course, and was very busily employed with the library and other details, and afterwards with the provisions, and hold storage.

p. 27-28 has Markham's praise of Scott as his choice to lead the expedition: Above all Scott has the instincts of a perfect gentleman.

p. 32: The library was got on board and a catalogue printed. Two pianos were presented and a pianola by Mrs Baxter.

p. 38: The cabins of the officers had been tastefully fitted up with pictures and other amenities [sic] by loving relations, and on some of their shelves were books of the Expedition library... There are to be pictures on the bulk heads of the Ward Room. One was up—Cook's old Discovery at Deptford.

p. 40 Foc'sle Library: Against the foremost bulkhead there is a bookcase with a library for the men. Interesting that even before the Expedition Markham was already talking about these "gallant men" and anticipating their acts of "derring do."

For a different perspective and one less favourable to Scott than Markham could ever be, see Andrew Atkin, "New Light on the British National Antarctic Expedition," (Scott's *Discovery* Expedition) 1901-04: <http://www.anta.canterbury.ac.nz/documents/GCAS%20electronic%20projects/GCAS%2010%20projects/Andrew%20Atkin.pdf>. Atkin particularly notes the adverse relationship of Scott to Louis Bernacchi, with Scott ignoring Bernacchi's sound advice on storing the boats for the winter, the use of dogs, and other mistakes that Huntford magnifies.

New Zealand Press. SPRI MS 7354/1 BPC leaf 13. Clipping from this newspaper in SPRI speaking of the "pretentious library" aboard

Discovery, and noting that Shackleton had organized it. Probably from the period when *Discovery* was in Lyttleton, NZ November 1901. See above under *Discovery*.

Preston, Diana. *A First Rate Tragedy: Robert Falcon Scott and the Race to the South Pole*. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997).

A generally sympathetic though hardly uncritical account of Scott and his “bad luck.”

p. 36: The agnostic Scott, on the other hand [re Wilson], suffered grave crises of doubt both about himself and about life in general. Moods of ‘black dog’, when he doubted the very meaning and purpose of life, would suddenly overtake him. Wilson’s serenity and sense of purpose were like an anchor in the storm. Scott would later describe him as: ‘The life and soul of the party, the organizer of all amusements, the always good-tempered and cheerful one, the ingenious person who could get around all difficulties’. At the same time Wilson was drawn to Scott’s sincerity and love of justice.”

p. 37: The Welsh petty officer “Evans had a warm, lively personality and an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. He enjoyed reading Dumas, or ‘Dum Ass’ as he called him, but definitely not Kipling or Dickens. He was far removed from the shadowy, flawed giant from the lower decks so often depicted....”

p. 52 aboard *Discovery*: “Books on Arctic travel were in demand on the mess-deck, so were such stirring tales as *Fights for the Flag* and *Deeds that Won the Empire*. One man was deeply immersed in the *Origin of Species*. However, both officers and men had something home-grown to read. One of the most delightful products of the long winter was the *South Polar Times*, edited by Shackleton. As Scott described: ‘...he is also printer, manager, type-setter, and office-boy.’ He plainly relished the task and produced five issues during that long dark winter of 1902, often sitting in conclave with Wilson, whose drawings captured the beauty and spirit of the Polar landscape.”

p. 71-2, sledging from *Discovery* in 1903: “Continuing to learn from hard experience, Scott was horrified to discover that the lid of the

instrument box on the one good sledge, which they had depoted and left behind, had blown open in a gale. As a result Skelton's goggles had gone whirling down the hillside together with *Hints to Travellers*, an invaluable little publication from the Royal Geographical Society containing logarithmic tables, which Scott needed to work out his sights and gauge his party's position once on the Polar plateau and beyond the mountains....

"The party struggled up the Ferrar Glacier to an altitude of some thousand feet to pitch their tents in a place they aptly named Desolation Camp. Here they endured a week of blizzards where Scott's frustration was not assuaged by reading soothing passages from Darwin's *Cruise of the Beagle*...."

p. 77: "Scott, Lashly and Evans were tucking into some fine dishes created by Ford, who had taken over as cook and took his inspiration from a copy of Mrs Beeton, and were fast regaining their strength and lost weight."

Royal Geographical Society: Books contained in a box labeled 'Books used on board Discovery no. 1'.

The vicomte de Bragelonne by A. Dumas

Owd Bob by Alfred Ollivant

Emerson's Essays (Selections)

The Newcomes by Thackeray

Vixen by Miss Braddon

The Poetical works of Robert Burns vol. III

(entry on fly-leaf, The Discovery from H.R.M.)

Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson

(entry on fly-leaf R.F.S. 1901)

The Primrose Path by Miss Oliphant

(entry printed in pencil on fly-leaf: "This book was part of the library of the *Terra Nova* captain R. F. Scott)

The Egoist by G. Meredith

Diana of the Crossways by G. Meredith
Round the World on a Wheel by J. Foster Fraser
(These three books have on the fly-leaf, R. Scott *Terra Nova*
1910.
not in Capt. Scott's hand.

Slip of paper, bookmark?, found in *Diana of the Crossways* with tiny drawings of a bird and some insects, with initials P.M.S. H.R.M. is Hugh Robert Mill, meteorologist & friend of W.S. Bruce. [courtesy Innes Kinreigh]

[Read through leaf 455—may return to it, but not too promising for reading matter. DS]

Scott, Robert Falcon. *The Voyage of the Discovery*). First published London: Smith Elder, 1905. [A new edition with introduction by E.C. Coleman was published in Stroud, Gloucestershire, in 2005.]

Volume I:

p. 298: Reading on the mess-deck is of a very desultory character. Arctic books of travel are of course much sought after, simple and popular histories are frequently read; especially in request are such books as "Fight for the Flag," "Deeds that Won the Empire," and stories of the sea are much appreciated also. Novels are not very popular, though Dickens and Marryat find readers; old magazines seem to go the round many times and become much thumbed. Books of a quite different character from above are often asked for, however; last week one man was deeply immersed in the "Origin of Species," another is studying navigation, and not a few have the evident intention of improving themselves. There is a good deal of writing as well as reading on the mess-deck, and the excellent articles that have been contributed to the "South Polar Times," show that much that is written is well worth the perusal.

p. 302, April 1902, at officer's dinner: After "The King" has been drunk there is generally a rush for reference-books, and then a good deal of twisting of position to suit the reference. Our reference books are fairly numerous, but (though we feel the lack of the "Encyclopædia Britannica") the "Century Dictionary," the Atlas, Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," "Whitaker's Almanac," "Hazell's Annual," the "Statesman's Yearbook," and some others provide an ample field for supporting one's own opinion, refuting one's opponent, or at least confusing the issue. I am not sure we get much "forader" by our heated discussions, but it is a great deal better than being dull and silent; we have never yet sat through a meal without continual discussion, and I hope we never may.

p. 306: I find time also to read up Arctic literature, of which I am woefully ignorant; most unfortunately our library is deficient in this respect, as owing to the hurry of our departure many important books were omitted. We have Greely, Payer, Nares, Markham, McClintock, McDougall, Scoresby, Nansen's "Greenland," and a few others of less importance, but sad to relate, Nordenskiöld, Nansen ("Farthest North"), and Peary are absent, and two of these at least would have been amongst our most valuable books of reference. Yesterday I was pleasantly astonished to find that Wilson had some notes on Nansen's "Farthest North," giving extracts of the sledge weights, &c., and these may be of great use in calculating our own weights.

p. 358, July, 1902: I find that after my labours at the wash-tub and the pleasing supper that follows, I can safely stretch myself out in a chair without fear of being overcome by sleep, and so, with the ever-soothing pipe and one's latest demand on the library bookshelves, one settles down in great peace and contentment whilst keeping an eye on the flying hours, ready to sally forth into the outer darkness at the appointed time [i.e. the night watch].

p. 377-81, a long section from August 1902 on the performance of the Royal Terror Theatre with Royds playing some piano pieces, a "screaming comedy" called "A Ticket of Leave," and a negro minstrel show. Picture on p. 285 has three figures in drag, one of whom may be Scott, though he doesn't mention appearing as a lady. The temperature was - 40 degrees.

p. 528, September 28 [1902], on sledging journey: Not being at all cold, we find time to be bored, and, by ill-luck, no one thought of bringing a book or a pack of cards; but who would suppose that it would be possible to use them during a spring journey? We could really get on now but for the light, but that is so bad that to move over this rough country would be a great risk.

Volume II:

p. 36: On our return to the ship, I could find no account in the reference books as we had, of anything to equal this scene [an unnamed visual “atmospheric phenomenon”], nor have I since heard of its having been witnessed elsewhere. The accompanying drawing [by Wilson] shows more clearly than I can describe what we actually saw; our artist has shown it diagrammatically, and the observer is supposed to be looking straight upward towards the zenith.

p. 248-49, Nov. 4 1903: To sleep much was out of the question, and I scarcely know how the other long hours went. In our tent we had one book, Darwin’s delightful ‘Cruise of the ‘Beagle,’ and sometimes one or another would read this aloud until our freezing fingers refused to turn the pages.

p. 393, November 4, 1904: After reading Wilkes' report again, I must conclude that as these places are non-existent, there is no case for any land eastward of Adélie Land. It is a great disappointment to have to turn north at such an interesting time, but I feel that it is imperative; we have scarcely coal enough for ten days’ steaming, and our late experiences have shown clearly how unmanageable the ship is under sail alone with our small spare rudder. There is nothing for it but to turn homeward, and even as it is we shall have to rely on favouring winds to reach our rendezvous.

p. 240, Nov. 1, 1903: In other words, to find either latitude or longitude, a certain amount of data is required. Now, all these necessary data are supplied in an excellent little publication issued by the Royal Geographical Society and called ‘Hints to Travellers,’ and it was on this book that I was relying to be able to work out my sights and accurately fix the position of my party.

When this book was lost, therefore, the reader will see how we were placed; if we did not return to the ship to make good our loss, we should be obliged to take the risk of marching away into the unknown without exactly knowing where we were or how to get back.

As will be seen, this last is precisely what happened, and if the loss of our 'Hints to Travellers' did not lead us into serious trouble it caused me many a bad half-hour.

p. 306, Dec. 1903: I found that Ford had become cook for the few who remained on board, and that, as a result of studying Mrs. Beeton's cookery book, he was achieving dishes of a more savoury nature than we had thought possible with the resources at our command,

Shackleton, Ernest. SPRI Ms 1537/3/4/1 and 2. Shackleton *Discovery Diaries*. Vol. 1 Dec. 1901-1902.

p. 5, Thursday [Dec] 26th: One of the officers of the "Ringaroora" sent me Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise" and two volumes of the Poems and Ballads, but I don't think there will be much time to read these during the summer; during the long winter far away from the teeming life of the great world one may calmly criticize his rather erotic lines.

p. 5-6, Friday 27th: Bernacchi and I were discussing poetry to-night and the philosophy of old Omar; he seemed to think it very good, and my opinion is that the lines were beautiful, the translation wonderful, but the philosophy maudlin and unmanly. A finer man in every way is my old favourite Browning, though it is—or was—fashionable to pretend not to understand him: why, I do not know. Of course, there are a lot of things in Browning that are difficult which I don't pretend to understand—which he did not himself after he wrote them.... [Goes on to tell story of Childe Roland and how only Browning and God understood it when written, and now only God...etc]

I read out to Skelton some of my favourite lines from Stephen Phillips "Paolo and Francesca", though as a rule he thinks poetry of any description rubbish, thinking it, perhaps, not in keeping with the ideas of an up-to-date engineer; he rather liked these.

p. 6, Saturday 18th: I read rather a good poem by Owen Seamans (sp.).

Skelton, Reginald W. Notes from Discovery Journal & Sledging Diaries of R W Skelton; Extracts concerning the reading of books. prepared by Judy Skelton, his grand-daughter. Ms Skelton subsequently published her grandfather's diaries as *The Antarctic Journals of Reginald W. Skelton: "Another Job for the Tinker.* (Cheltenham, UK: Reardon Publishing, 2004):

SPRI Archives - MS 342/1/1 BJ Volume I, 31.07.01 - 11.01.02

13th September.- Knight. "The Cruise of the Falcon.- author of. "Where 3 Empires meet."

Friday 13 Sept:

Sighted the Island of Trinidad at 5.0 AM, when about 30 miles off, & stopped engines at 10.0 AM when about 1½ miles off the Coral ridge, (mentioned by Knight in "The Cruise of the Falcon")

Monday 14th October.

Finished "McClintock's search for Franklin Expedition",- very good,- his sledge journeys seem most wonderful.- Started Greely's 3 years of Arctic Service.

Friday 15th Nov

Finished reading Greely's "3 years of Arctic Service"- rather a gruesome tale,- seems to have been most unpardonable, the way he was left without relief, somebody ought to have gone up at all costs by any method.- have read "Diana of the Crossways" by Geo. Meredith,- a very nice tale,- certain amount of literary Jargon in it, in the usual way putting old time proverbs into language that has to be thought out,- on the whole well worth reading.-

Tuesday 19 Nov 1901

Finished reading two of Geo Merediths books.- "Diana of the Crossways" & "The Ordeal of Richer Feverel", both very good, but rather too tragic, especially latter.

26th Nov.01

Read "The Potters thumb" by Flora A Steek,- rather good, but Tragic.

29th December Sunday

Reading Vanity Fair.

31st Dec 1901. Tuesday.

Am Reading Bullers book of birds of New Zealand, a very fine publication, which I must get if I ever get the chance.-

1st January 1902

Have been reading up Antarctic manual on birds & seals.-

SPRI Archives - MS 342/1/2 BJ Volume II, 12.01.02 - 10.03.02

No references to reading books – period of high activity, setting up Winter Quarters and sledging around the area so probably too busy.

SPRI Archives - MS 342/1/3 BJ Volume III, 10.03.02 - 30.04.02

Monday 31st March 1902

The Pilot [Lt. Armitage] has been talking "through his hat" pretty considerable [sic] lately especially about sledging,- I rather had him about ski, with the help of Nansen's book,- "First crossing of Greenland", where he says they beat everything.

Saturday 19th April 1902:-

Finished reading Herodotus;- most interesting, Rawlinson's translation.-

Wednesday 23rd April 1902:-

The first number of the "South Polar Times" appeared after dinner,- it is a great success,- all the articles are good, & the sketches are tip-top - Shackleton is the Editor & does the job very well,- only one number has been produced, as it has to be typewritten, we have no printing press.- we have a copying arrangement suited to the typewriter called Edison's mimeograph, it would copy the letterpress very well, but of course the sketches could not be reproduced well,- Shackleton is hoping to get a publisher in London to print good copies of it.- There is to be a number every month for 6 months.- Wilson has

done most of the sketches,- Barne has done a caricature, & a very good cover.-

A very good article in West Country dialect on the penguin hunt we had the other day, by one of the men.-

The first full page picture, is a very good one of Royds, Koettlitz, & myself dragging our sledge through a blizzard,- most realistic, though of course a very small proportion of it was like that

Wednesday 30th April 1902:

In the evening I helped Shackleton to print "The Blizzard", a monthly paper, more for the men,- of a peculiar style.-

SPRI Archives - MS 342/1/4 BJ Volume IV, 01.05.02 - 31.08.02

1st May 1902. Thursday:-

In the afternoon I went down to the Editor's office, of The South Polar Times, & helped him to finish printing "The Blizzard",- a sort of supplement to the S.P.T. - the articles are all by the men, except Editorial, & as their ideas mostly run to Poetry, the result is very amusing, though perhaps it would not be exactly admired by the Laureate;- there are also 3 caricatures of well-known men amongst the crew,- done by Barne, very good. We managed to get the 50 copies done by 5.0 PM. & served them out, & also did 50 programmes for the concert tonight. The printing is done on an Edison's mimeograph, a very excellent reproducing instrument, & the original copies being done on the type-writer, the general result is distinctly good.

I am reading Nansen's Crossing of Greenland,- it is most interesting.- very glad to find how strong he is "on ski" as compared to other footgear, in snow,- either for hauling purposes or speed,- especially as ever since our sledge trip I have been strong on them myself, & have had several arguments about them with Armitage.

Wednesday 14th May 1902:-

Have just read a book called "The Cardinal's Snuff Box" by Henry Harland - about Italy, very pretty story, & very well written.-

Sunday 29th June 1902:

Have just finished reading Nansens "First Crossing of Greenland",- a very well written book, full of information, but I think it could have been well done in one volume instead of two, & I don't like the style of "first", & "furthest", which he in common with a few other foreign explorers have started making use of. However even his "padding", is good & worth reading.- Just started reading Greely's "Handbook of Arctic Discoveries", a sort of resumé of Arctic work up to '95.

Tuesday 1st July 1902.

Have finished Greely's book, & started on Payer's voyage of the "Tegethoff.-

Tuesday 5th August:

Have finished reading Payer's account of the "Tegethoff" Expedition & discovery of Franz Joseph Land;- they seem to have had hard times, & rather badly equipped; they would consider us in the "lap of luxury".

Thursday August 7th:-

Finished one of George Meredith's books "Beauchamp's Career",- rather good, but he is rather fond of finishing up the wrong way.

Sunday August 10th:-

Finished reading "The Isle of Unrest [?]" by Seton Merriman,- rather good.-

Wednesday Aug 20th:-

In books I am going right through Meredith's works now,- The Amazing Marriage, Rhoda Fleming Sandra Belloni etc.-

Thursday Aug 21st:-

Finished "The Amazing Marriage".

SPRI Archives - MS 342/1/5 BJ Volume V, 01.09.02 - 29.11.02

No references to reading books – this volume covers the first half of what was probably the busiest sledging season of the whole expedition.

**SPRI Archives - MS 342/2/2 Sledging Diary 2, 4.10.02 - 22.10.02 -
2nd Journey to Cape Crozier**

17th October 1902

[For five days they were confined to their tents in a blizzard] No chance of moving - so I read Pendennis to the others for a bit”

**SPRI Archives - MS 342/2/4 Sledging Diary 4, 27.11.02 - 19.1.03 -
Western Sledge Journey**

Monday 1st December.

Seal & pemmican soup & cocoa for Supper,- did not turn in until 1.0 AM & then read Pendennis.

2nd Dec. Tuesday. Eskers Camp,. Read Pendennis 9.0 to 10.0 AM & then all hands turned out.

Wednesday 3rd Dec:-

...turned in just before 10,- reading "Pen" for a bit.

Saturday 13th December

Confined to the tent pretty well all day - no cessation whatever in the bad weather, heavy snowfall,- heaviest I have seen down here, & nasty breeze, temperature high, everything very damp, We had a meal at noon & another about 8.30 PM, when we fried some seal liver & bacon, very good.- Read Pendennis all day - very glad I brought the book.

Sunday 14th Dec:-

8.0 PM - It has been so thick all day,- though otherwise nice weather, that we haven't been able to move from camp;- the only thing done is that the sledges are packed.-

Read most of the day.-

Borrowed a pack of cards & played Euchre until about 11.30 & then turned in & read.

Saturday 20th Dec. - In camp

The thick snowy weather continued all through the night & was just as bad this morning so we remained in bed,- ...Finished "Pendennis" & lent to A[rmitage]. Borrowed Scott's "Betrothed" from Duncan.

Monday 22nd Dec 1902:-

We were confined for the rest of the day to our tents by the blizzard; Finished reading Scott's "Betrothed".

25th Dec 1902:-

Blowing so hard all day from the inland in fierce gusts up to Force 9 that we were not able to move, out of camp.- A funny place to spend Christmas in. Played 4 handed cribbage & Euchre in Duncan's tent most of the day.-

Finished reading "In one Town" a shocking Yellow back,- & started one of Besant's "Herr Paulus".

29th Dec 1902. Monday:-

Weather continued bad all day, so we were not able to move.-

Finished reading Besant's "Herr Paulus", & I think that is about the last of the literature we have got;

SPRI Archives - MS 342/1/6 BJ Volume VI, 19.01.03 - 23.09.03

Thursday 29 Jan 1903:-

Bernacchi has got a whole series of "Westminster Budgets" [brought to "Discovery" by the relief ship "Morning"] which will be very useful to read.

Monday 16th Feb 1903:-

Started reading "Siberia in Asia" Seebohm.

Friday 6th March 1903:-

Came across an article in the Windsor magazine on Baldwin, written before he went up North, he seems to be a gigantic fraud.

Sunday 8 March 1903:-

I am now going through the weekly numbers of 1902 Illustrated London News.-

Tuesday 10th March 1903:-

I am going through 1902 Illustrated London News, & reading my letters over again, beginning with M.Rs.

Thursday 12th March. 1903:-

I read the "Vultures" during the night; by Seton Merriman, very good;- Took observations with the aspirator thermometers - every 2 hours, cold work,- I should think it was a good instrument. [I left the latter bit in because it explains why he was up all night. The officers and scientists took it in turns to take meteorological and other measurements at two hourly intervals throughout the night during the winter season].

Monday 16th March 1903:-

Must have strained myself yesterday,- as I had a bad pain in my side & couldn't breathe properly all night,-

Turned in early & the Doctor lashed me up with a bandage round the ribs.

Ribs very bad.- Reading Kipling's "Kim"

Wednesday 18 March 1903:-

My ribs practically alright now.-

Finished reading "Kim".- very good.

Saturday 21st March 1903:-

Finished reading "Siberia in Asia" - very interesting though it is only a sort of ornithological diary;- what a splendid field ornithologists had in those days,- not nearly such a good one now.

Sunday 22nd March 1903:-

Started reading a new book of Stanley Weyman's,- "Count Hannibal"

Monday 23rd March 1903:-

Finished Weymans "Count Hannibal",- started Lives of the Hunted by Seton Thompson.

Sunday 29th March 1903:-

Finished reading "Lives of the Hunted" by Seton Thompson,- very good,- the book is well produced, & worth getting.-

Monday 30th March '03:-

Finished reading "Wild Animals I have known" by Seton--Thompson.-
also a very good book.

Saturday 4th April '03:-

Looking through the "Sphere" of 1901.- a fair number of articles about us.- [I think this was a British newspaper/periodical of the time, presumably brought down by "Morning". There were several cutting from the "Sphere" in Emily Dorman's scrapbook that I was looking at last Friday]

Sunday 5th April '03:-

Reading a yarn in The Sphere,- "Princess Clementina" by Mason,- finished it,- fair.-

Thursday 14th May '03:-

We have been having discussions lately on meteorology,- chiefly winds,- & it was very difficult at first to follow out the facts laid down in Davis's book on winds;- why a wind starting from say the equator could never reach the pole;- but we found a book by Ferrel an American, on board, which quite cleared up the whole thing;- he was the first expounder of the correct theory,- Hadley's theory made some years before, being based on entirely erroneous facts.- It is interesting reading, but one must have a knowledge of Dynamics & Statics to understand it.-

Friday 15th May '03:-

Finished reading Bowdler Sharpe's book on "Wonderful Birds" - very interesting.

Sunday 31st May '03:-

Borrowed a very good book on New Zealand from Hodgson, written in '38 by an army surgeon.

Sunday 21st June '03:-

Read a splendid essay of Huxley's on "Geological Reform"

SPRI Archives - MS 342/1/7 BJ Volume VII, 23.09.03 - 08.09.04

Thursday 16th June '04:-

I am reading a very fine book called The Virginian by an American author, Owen Wister,- it is splendidly written.

Friday 17th June '04:-

Finished reading "The Virginian", - a very fine yarn, as good as I've read for a very long time.

Sunday 19th June '04.

Read an American book called "The Leopard's Spots", fair.-

Thursday 18th Aug '04.

Finished reading Helbeck of Barmisdale by Mrs Humphry Ward.- an extremely fine Novel.

Monday 29th Aug '04:-

I have been reading lives of celebrated men lately,- Wolfe, Livingstone,- Warren Hastings, & have now started Oliver Cromwell,- they are very interesting.

Arranged a general meeting for tomorrow, to dispose of the Library.-

Tuesday 30th August 1904:-

After tea we had a general meeting for the disposal of the library.- We drew for the order of choosing & in turn each chose a "lot", each taking it in turn to have first pick as the "rounds" went on.

Wednesday 31st Aug '04.

We decided to divide the library before we arrive in England,- Hodgson undertakes to do it.

Sunday 4th Sept '04:-

Got out library books from the hold, with Hodgson helping & distributed them.

Tuesday 6th Sept '04..

Wilson & I divided up the mess property,- also put up a notice that the remaining books would be distributed tomorrow.-

Wednesday 7th Sept:

Got the remaining library books disposed of.

Thursday 8th Sept '04:-

After tea yesterday, when the books were disposed of, The Skipper spoke about giving Sir Clements Markham a present from the ship,- also payment of servants, payment of wine bills,- naming of geographical places discovered South, & provisional disposal of mess property. [This was the day when they arrived

back in the UK and this day's entry is the last one in Reginald Skelton's journal]

Wilson, Edward. *Diary of the Discovery Expedition to the Antarctic Regions 1901-1904*. Edited from the Original Mss. in the Scott Polar Research Institute, by Ann Savours. (London: Blandford Press, 1966).

Wilson was a prodigious reader. In addition to the citations below he speaks often of readings on medicine or surgery, presumably technical books he had with him on the expedition. He was also a devout Christian and would read his services when he couldn't attend or in addition to attendance. Most notable was his reading of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" during the fatal polar trip.

p. 37, enroute to South Trinidad: I am now reading the Psalms pretty regularly in the morning.

p. 46, enroute to South Trinidad Wed 4 Sept 1901: Shackle and I got up on the whale boat canvas cover, which is as good as a hammock. He went fast asleep with an uncut *Challenger* volume, and *Elizabeth's Visits*. I read through my anniversary letters from Ory, and [James] Wilson's *Gospel of the Atonement*. [Wilson returned to Archbishop Wilson's book, the Hulsean lectures of 1898-99, again on 25 March 1902, p. 128.]

p. 86, at dinner at club in Dunedin, NZ: 23 Dec 1901 This was a very useful dinner to me, as I procured the two volumes of Buller's *Birds of New Zealand* which I had been wanting for a long time, an expensive book worth £15. A dear old Dr. Brown offered to lend me his copy for the trip, so I accepted it.

p. 126, Tues 18 March: Read E. S. Thompson's *Kangaroo Rat* after dinner, a most fascinating tale by the author of *Some Animals I have known*. Pianola. Wrote and read a bit.

p. 137-38, Wed 30 April 1902: Blowing a blizzard again the whole day long. I read *Tito* by E. S. Thompson, a story I found in an old number of Scribner's Magazine, a most fascinating story as usual, all his are. Pondered long over his drawings in several old Scribners. They are beautiful. I wish I could grasp his style, or even understand it.

p. 147, Fri 30 May 1902: Spent the day reading the *Manual*, which I haven't ever had time or opportunity to get through. [*The Arctic Manual for the Use of the Expedition of 1901*. Ed. by George Murray. London, Royal Geographical Society, 1901.]

p. 166, Wed 30 July 1902: Reading Bennett's *Whaling voyage round the globe*, an excellent book, chiefly sperm whaling. Very good zoological notes, published in 1840 by Bentley. Read this all day until dinner time.

p. 171, Tues 12 Aug 1902: The rest of the day reading Moseley's *Challenger* and writing.

p. 171, Thurs 14 Aug, re *South Polar Times*: The work I have done in producing these has been a tremendous help in passing the winter, and though it has taken up a lot of time I cannot think it is exactly wasted, because the book has amused everyone here and will be a happy souvenir, as we have kept everything objectionable out of it.... Shackleton has all the drudgery of its production, and everybody else has helped.

p. 172, reference to Reid's *Prehistoric Peeps*.

p. 173, Mon 18 Aug 1902: I have *never* realized to such an extent the truth that 'familiarity breeds contempt' as in the last year during which I have seen a little of the inside of the 'Royal Navy'. God help it???

"well, the discussion arose over sharks and pilot fish and 'suckers', the two latter being small fish which attend on sharks for scraps, just as jackals are said to attend on lions. But two of these Navy people, who had seen the fish, said they were one and the same thing, that the 'suckers' were the pilot fish. I had an idea that they were different and asked Muggins, who said he thought they were different too. So as I knew that Moseley in his *Challenger* narrative went into the question, I got the book and found that they were two quite distinct fish, the 'sucker' having a plate on its head by which it fixes on the shark's skin, the pilot fish having nothing of the sort, but being a regular shark's jackal waiting around for scraps.

'Oh, but I've seen them', says Junior Lieutenant, 'and they're the same thing. You see, I don't know who the man is that wrote this book, but I don't suppose he's a sailor man'. 'No', I said, 'he happens to be Moseley, the naturalist of the *Challenger* expedition'... . I don't know if

he had ever heard of Moseley, poor fellow, or knew anything at all about his life or work, but I left him explaining the thread-bare sailor's creed that being a 'museum man', he couldn't be expected to know as much about the matter as those who had actually hooked a shark...."

p. 177—every day for a week Wilson speaks of reading, frequently in Geikie's *Ice Age*. He was still reading the book two weeks later [p. 188] but with no comment on it. He does mention the book a year later, with obvious retention [p. 183].

p. 211-18, Sledging on the Southern Journey, Wed 5 Nov 1902: We got into our bags and I read aloud a chapter out of the *Origin of Species* which we had brought for these occasions. We discussed it between whiles.... 7 Nov: Shackleton read a chapter of Darwin. 8 Nov: All the same we had a decent day. I read a chapter of Darwin. 11 Nov, during storm: Then we had breakfast, and turned in again, read a chapter of Darwin and so on.... 26 Nov, p. 243: Read a chapter of Darwin. 29 Jan, two months later: We lay in our bags, had full meals all day long, read a chapter of Darwin and slept.

p. 251, Sat 21 March, 1903: Evening, read Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olives*, in which there are some splendid passages, though the bulk of the book doesn't appeal to me very much. When his high teaching comes in contact with the general low standards of public life, it is too suggestive of an attempt to hew large timber with a hollow-ground high-tempered razor. [He finished the book the next day.]

Wed 25 March: Reading now, Nares' book on the *Alert and Discovery* up north. I read the book before starting on this expedition, but how very differently it reads now.

p. 257, Mon 4 May: The rest of the day reading and drawing. Reading now chiefly articles in the *Monthly Review*, which seems an excellent paper, full of up to date papers on most interesting subjects. [He returned to *Monthly Reviews* on May 21 and 22.]

p. 258-59, Mon 11 May: Reading Payer's book on the Austrian *Tegetthoff* expedition to Franz Joseph Land the rest of the day. Sat 16 May: The rest of the day spent in reading, and finished Payer's book. Interesting reading but very foreign or un-English and hysterical in places.

p. 262, Sun 31 May: In the evening read Wells' *Anticipations*, a book brought down by the *Morning*.

p. 263, Tues, 2 June: My own two candles, our allowance for the week, I use in my cabin, reading in my bunk from 8 or 8.30 till 9.30 when I get up for breakfast. Each candle burns 7 hours, and the ullage goes in dressing, undressing, and looking for things during the day. All this winter I have never done any other reading or writing in my cabin, except on my night out, for which we are allowed another candle, once a fortnight. This I use in my cabin, writing. Thursday 4 June: The afternoon and evening I had some work to do, trivial things on the mess deck, but also did some reading in the evening at *Anticipations*. Sat 6 June: Reading all the evening, with a yarn in the galley.

p. 264, Thurs 11 June: Finished *Anticipations* a book full of stuff to make one think, but written by a hard minded, unpleasant scientific socialist, a man with a weird sense of beauty and apparently very little in common with the character of men whom has always looked upon as the most deserving of love and admiration amongst human beings. Essentially *not* a gentle-man, in that he shows no consideration for those whom he thinks his inferiors—God help him—the clever product of a one sided technical education.

p. 265, Sun 14 June: Began reading Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals* again, a most beautiful book.... Drawing a bit and reading the evening.

p. 268, Wed 24 June: Started a small book lent me by Royds today—*Through Nature to God*, by Fiske, a reconciliation of Darwin's ideas of evolution and natural selection with monotheism. This at least is my idea of the book so far.

p. 269, Wed 1 July: I have just read an account of Sverdrup's expedition and am struck at the amount of sledging they did in those three seasons. He must be a splendid hard-working character. But his record also shows the great value of having plenty of dogs to do the hauling.

p. 272-3, Wed 22 July 1903: Did some sewing, and some reading. *Our life in the Swiss highlands* by J. Addington Symonds, a book I got in Davos and brought here with me, as it had much to do with snow and avalanches, but till now I never read it. I find it most attractive reading and it gives me proper Heimweh for the warm snow of the Swiss Alps,

where fir forests can grow and water can run and reeds and rushes and anemones, alpine heather, hepatica, spring gentians, crocuses and soldanella can all burst and flower in a happy fraternity with snowdrifts and glacier snouts. Here inanimate nature lives, but has no warmth and lives so slowly that one finds it hard to think it isn't dead as well as cold. [He continued that book for a few days.]

p. 273, Fri 24 July: Spent most of the morning reading Symonds book.

p. 274, Sat 25 July: ...called into the Captain's cabin for a discussion on the charting of the Great Barrier in the evening. Our observations seem to fall in very well indeed with Ross' and Borchgrevink's, and we now find that Ross, without recognizing it, charted the corner where the rue Barrie ends and the ice attached to our new eastern land begins. It is an interesting piece of work.

p. 274, Sun 26 July: Reading about the Swiss again and finished the book I am sorry to say. I like it immensely, but it makes me have a terrible longing to get back to life again.

p. 274, Mon 27 July: I got a German fit on and it lasted till the evening. I was reading Carl Chun's voyage of the *Valdivia*, *Aus den Tiefen des Weltmeeres*.

p. 277, Fri 31 July: The evening I spent reading Bowdler Sharpe's book [probably *A Handbook to the Birds of Great Britain*], in preparing for a contribution to the South Polar Times.

p. 278, Sun 2 Aug: Writing and reading before breakfast. Wine books. Church.

p. 280-1, Sun 9 Aug: Got hold of a book by Newbegin, a lady professor at Edinburgh University on *Colour in Nature*, which I think looks very interesting....

p. 345, Thurs 3 March [1904]: After dinner read *A Fair Barbarian* [Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, c1880].

p. 345, Fri 4 March: Read *Louisiana* and Gabriele d'Annunzio's *Victim*. One of his books is more than enough for a lifetime. I haven't read such a lot of egoistic beastliness for a long time.

p. 346, Mon 7 March at Auckland Islands: Read *Lady Rose's Daughter* [Mrs Humphrey Ward] and finished by 2 a.m. We saw a Royal Albatross today, the biggest of all.

p. 346, Thurs 10 March: Had an hour or two on the bridge and an hour or two reading *Kim*. [He finished *Kim* the next day.]

p. 377, enroute back to Falklands, Azores and Britain. Sun 19 June 1904: Third Sunday after Trinity. Read the Lessons in church, Koettlitz being seasick. Made up sketch book and read surgery.... Tues 21 June: Read *Beasts of the Field* by William Long, a very fascinating book after the manner of E. Seton Thompson's work.... Wed 22 June: Finished Long's book. Fri 24 June: Then reading a book by Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*, Evening writing letters.... Sat 25 June: Spent nearly the whole day painting and finished *The Call of the Wild*. Sun 26 June: Skelton and I have been chosen as committee to arrange the fair division of all the mess furniture, crockery, glass, silver, books, pictures and the rest, to be drawn for in lots by each of the officers.

p. 388, Mon 25 July 1904: Painting afternoon, reading *The Roadmender* [Margaret Barber] and writing.

p. 391, Sun 14 Aug 1904: I have got Mortimer Menpes' *Japan* to read...."

p. 392, Tues 16 Aug.: Finished my bird skins and finished Menpes' *Japan* which is most delightful reading, as well as all the beauty of colour in the sketches. Wed 17 Aug: Read *Life of Carlyle* in the evening.

p. 393, 23rd Aug, amidst a string of days when he read every day he began and finished *Helbeck of Bannisdale* by Mrs. Humphrey Ward

p. 293, Fri 26 Aug: Worked at arranging the fair division of the library, crockery, pantry gear and other things of the mess between the officers. Skelton and I were chosen to do this, by a general ballot. This appropriation of everything seems queer, but is apparently the usual rule at the end of a ship's commission.

Sat 27 Aug: Read Mrs Humphrey Ward's *Eleanor* and made out the division of books and property.

Mon 29 Aug: Painting, reading and working at book lists. Cricket after tea.

Tues 30 Aug: Reading and painting till teatime. Then we had a general meeting in the ward-room for three hours during which we divided up the whole library.

p. 395, Sat 3 Sept, 1904, enroute Azores: Out of sight of land. Reading *The Virginian* a very fascinating book by Owen Wister, all about a cowboy.

p. 396, Tues 6 Sept: Up again and made our remaining library lists and arranged for distribution of all the mess property.

Wed 7 September: Finished up all the distribution of books etc. at a meeting after tea.

See also Bill Bell's *Antarctica Live* (typescript, Oct. 2016)) on Wilson's reading:

p.20: Wilson was also the most devoutly religious member of the Ward Room and would retire to his bunk every morning to read from the *Psalms* and on Sundays set aside time for the reading of devotional works, of which Bishop Wilson's *Gospel of the Atonement* appears to have been a favourite. He regulated his diary by the Anglican calendar and we find him on many occasions reading the day's offices from *The Book of Common Prayer*, a copy of which he always took with him on sledging journeys. He often found consolation in the Bible, which he read intensely but was prone to take his secular books personally as well.

His cabin was well stocked with novels and biographical works, including most of Morley's English Men of Letters series but in the first year there are scant references to literary pursuits. During the second winter, like Ferrar, Wilson's reading habits became more leisurely and even more so as the expedition wound down. On the voyage home, with most of his scientific work behind him, he began devouring fiction, reading his way through three novels by Mrs Humphry Ward, *Kim*, and Francis Hodgson Burnett's *A Fair Barbarian*.

Through reading Wilson projected himself back across the miles to places from his past. In July 1903 he was reading Addington Symonds' *Our Life in the Swiss Highlands* which gave him 'proper Heimweh for the warm snow of the Swiss Alps, where fir forests can grow and water can run.' How different from his present surroundings, he reflected, where 'inanimate nature lives . . . so slowly that one finds it hard to

think it isn't dead as well as cold.'¹ On Christmas Day he was feeling particularly far from home as he finished reading Sidney Royce Lysaght's 1899 novel *One of the Grenvilles*. A sentimental romance, it follows the fortunes of its protagonists' itinerant lives. By the final chapter the romantic leads are reunited and sail off into the sunset to the sound of wedding bells. He thought it 'a good story' but 'made me pretty homesick'. Shortly before his departure from England, Wilson had been married and his mind often drifted back home to his new bride, for whom he kept his diary, as he read.

1903-05 First French South Polar Expedition (Charcot)

Charcot, Jean-Baptiste. *Towards the South Pole aboard the Français, the First French Expedition to the Antarctic 1903-1905*. Translated by A. W. Billinghamurst, with an introduction by Maurice Raraty. Bluntisham, Hunts., UK, Bluntisham Books, 2004. [This work was first published in French in 1906 as *Le "Français" au pôle Sud*. Paris: Flammarion, 1906. First English translation]

Charcot was among the more erudite of the heroic age explorers, brought an extensive library of classical authors with him, and does more to describe his reading experience than most of his early 20th-century peers.

p. xviii: While the weather was uncondusive to travel outside, because of storms, poor visibility or thin ice, Charcot was busy organizing educational classes inside (one crewman was totally illiterate, three others could not write), or evening poetry readings, with Victor Hugo as a particular favourite. One sailor (Rolland) spent the winter constructing, with the sole aid of his pocket-knife, an accurate scale model of the *Français*.... [Billinghamurst]

p. 61, quotes lines from Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*. Also mentions gramophone recitals every Sunday since their departure.

p. 70-71, quotes Euripedes.

¹ Wilson, Diary 273.

p. 81: I spent almost the whole of this day in the laboratory preparing media for my culture of microbes and in making up bacteriological samples. All the manuals talk about the use of makeshift laboratories in warm countries. I could add a chapter about their use in cold countries.

p. 89, 92, on Charcot's cabin: This cabin is where I wrote everything that went through my head, while every evening, for several hours before going to sleep, by the light of a little nickel-plated lamp, facing the blind painted for me by my sister, I would read the classics, previously neglected, since the days when they had been hastily scanned in order to avoid a low mark or a punishment. I almost hated them then, but now, they held such charm for me that it was with regret that I would put them back in their place, thankful for their wise counsels, their consolations, and their exhortations. Did not Euripedes say to me one evening "The will of heaven manifests itself in various ways; often the gods disappoint our expectations in accomplishing their ends; what seems inevitable fails to happen, and a god smooths the path for unforeseen events." In my personal library, as distinct from the ship's general library, I had enough to occupy myself for several seasons of overwintering: Homer, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripedes, Strabo, Montaigne, Dante, Cervantes, Swift, Saint-Simon, Victor Hugo, Michelet etc.; and, let us not forget him, all of Alexander Dumas.

Finally, in a well-protected little corner, within easy reach were to be found two old friends who never left me, Rabelais and Shakespeare. It was in this cabin that I would sometimes shut myself off in order to rage and fume against what I considered to be an injustice inflicted on me either by one of my fellow humans, or by the elements; but before long I would become calm, and once more master of myself.

p. 107: This evening I gave the men a lecture on Antarctic expeditions, then Pléneau recited them some poetry, and after some tunes of the gramophone I read them *L'Aigle du Casque* [Victor Hugo poem]. They listened attentively and at the end showed their appreciation by their applause accompanied by some oaths which indicated that they would have given Typhaine an unpleasant quarter of an hour.

p. 114: Back on board, I read *Les Pauvres Gens* [another Victor Hugo poem] to the men, who wept openly, deeply moved by it.

p. 120 [June 12, 1904]: In Paris this was the day of the *Grand Prix*; Pléneau and Rey, the wardroom's two sportsmen, had a keen discussion about this, inspired by last year's newspapers.

p. 131: The men's own library, consisting of serious books and fiction, generously given by Admiral Richard d'Abnour, also made its contribution, and the heroes of Jules Verne and Alexandre Dumas became extremely popular, the more knowledgeable ones delighting in recounting what they read to the others and this in picturesque and often unexpected ways.

p. 208, where Charcot quotes Anatole France: "All change, even that which is most wished for, brings sadness; we leave part of ourselves behind, we have to say *adieu* to one way of life to begin anew."

p. 221: "Do you believe in God? Yes. No. Sometime—During a storm?— Yes, and at moments like this." [Victor Hugo. *Quatre-vingt—treize*.]

1907-09 British Antarctic Expedition (Shackleton on *Nimrod*)

Shackleton, Ernest H. *Aurora Australis: The Book of the 1907/09 British Antarctic Expedition*. [Bluntisham, UK] Bluntisham Press and Paradigm Press, 1986. unpaginated

See print of a pressroom following title of "Struggle? for the Broom"

p. 8 of story on "The ascent of Mount Erebus": "A man after such a meal, in any but a polar climate, would have seen in his sleep 'more devils than vast hell can hold,' but it speaks volumes for the climate, as well as for the strength of the quintuple-whacker's digestion, that on this occasion he slept soundly till dawn, and that too, with a volume of *Paradise Lost* in his pocket, without once seeing a vision of the swart hero of Milton's epic."

Shackleton, Ernest Henry, Sir. *The Heart of the Antarctic, Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition 1907-1909*. Philadelphia, PA: J.

B. Lippincott, 1909. Another edition appeared under the title *Shackleton in the Antarctic* (London: William Heinemann, 1911).

[From ABEBooks description] Shackleton's narrative of the "Nimrod" voyage and expedition of 1907-1909 is not only one of the classics of Polar exploration, but a great read in its own right. Shackleton had three goals for the mission and divided the company into three groups: one would set out to reach the Pole, another to plant a flag at the South Magnetic Pole, and the third to explore the Ross Barrier. This ambitious program was kept faithfully in the foreground, and although it was not possible to fulfill every detail of it, the mission is regarded as a triumphant success. "Men go out into the void spaces of the world for various reasons. Some are incited simply by a love of adventure, some have a keen thirst for scientific knowledge, and others are drawn away from trodden paths by the 'lure of little voices,' the mysterious fascination of the unknown. I think that in my own case it was a combination of these factors that determined me to try my fortune once again in the frozen south.

"The DISCOVERY expedition [1901-1903] had brought back a great store of information, and had performed splendid service in several important branches of science. I believed that a second expedition could carry the work still further." Shackleton although he never reached the geographic south pole, only the magnetic pole, did lay the foundation for the future successful expeditions to do so by Amundsen and Scott and returned to the Pole some years later and attempted to traverse the entire Antarctic continent on land and failed and this failure led to the exciting adventures in his book *South* and a famous documentary and was the 1st great scientific expedition to be filmed on 16 mm, basis of a fabulous movie made for PBS starring Kenneth Branagh.]

p. 57-58: January 13 brought with it a gentle breeze from the eastward, the heavy leaden sky broke into blue, flecked with light cirrus clouds, and the day seemed warmer and more pleasant than any we had experienced since we left Lyttelton, though the temperature of the air and sea water were down to 34¹° and 37° Fahr. respectively. The warm sun tempted those who had not before been much in evidence on to the

poop deck, and the whole vessel began to look like a veritable Petticoat Lane. Blankets, coats, boots, bags that might once have been leather but which now looked like lumps of dilapidated brown paper; pyjamas that had been intended to be worn when the owners first came aboard the *Nimrod*; books that had parted with their covers after sundry adventures in dripping Oyster Alley, but whose leaves evinced the strongest disinclination to separate; pillows of pulp that had once been pillows of feathers; carpet slippers, now merely bits of carpet; in short, all the personal belongings of each member of the expedition, including their most sacred Penates and Lares, were lying in a heterogeneous mass on the poop deck, in order that they might dry. A few of us ventured on baths, but it was chilly work in the open air, with the temperature only two degrees above freezing-point.

p. 127-28, when supplies had to be recovered from the ice: After about four days' hard work at the Front Door Bay landing-place, the bulk of the stores was recovered, and I think we may say that there was not much lost permanently, though, as time went on, and one or two cases that were required did not turn up, we used to wonder whether they had been left on board the ship, or were buried under the ice. We do know for certain that our only case of beer lies to this day under the ice, and it was not until a few days before our final dug out some volumes of the *Challenger* reports, which had been intended to provide us with useful reading-matter during the winter nights. A question often debated during the long, dark days was which of these stray sheep, the *Challenger* reports or the case of beer, any particular individual would dig for if the time and opportunity were available.

p. 212: Joyce, Wild, Marston and Day during the winter months spent much time in the production of the '*Aurora Australis*,' the first book ever written, printed, illustrated and bound in the Antarctic. Through the generosity of Messrs. Joseph Causton and Sons, Limited, we had been provided with a complete printing outfit and the necessary paper for the book, and Joyce and Wild had been given instruction in the art of type-setting and printing, Marston being taught etching and lithography. They had hardly become skilled craftsmen, but they had gained a good working knowledge of the branches of the business. When we had

settled down in the winter quarters [the Hut], Joyce and Wild set up the little hand-press and sorted out the type, these preliminary operations taking up all their spare time for some days, and then they started to set and print the various contributions that were sent in by members of the expedition. The early days of the printing department were not exactly happy, for the two amateur type-setters found themselves making many mistakes, and when they had at last 'set-up' a page, made all the necessary corrections, and printed off the necessary required number of copies, they had to undertake the laborious work of 'dissing,' that is distributing the type again. They plodded ahead steadily, however, and soon became more skilful, until at the end of a fortnight or three weeks they could print two pages in a day. A lamp had to be placed under the type-rack to keep it warm, and a lighted candle was put under the inking-plate, so that the ink would keep reasonably thin in consistency. The great trouble experienced by the printers at first was in securing the right pressure on the printing-plate and even inking of the page, but experience showed them where they had been at fault. Day meanwhile prepared the binding by cleaning, planning, and polishing wood taken from the Venesta cases in which our provisions were packed. Marston reproduced the illustrations by algraphy, or printing from aluminum plates. He had not got a proper lithographic press, so had to use an ordinary etching press, and he was handicapped by the fact that all our water had a trace of salt in it. This mineral acted on the sensitive plates, but Marston managed to produce what we all regarded as creditable pictures. In its final form the book had about one hundred and twenty pages, and it had at least assisted materially to guard us from the danger of lack of occupation during the polar night.

op. p. 218—a picture of the printing press, as well as a room at the Hut with a shelf of books. There is a photo of their phonograph apparatus op. p. 204.

p. 266, during a lull after a blizzard: in our one-man sleeping-bags each of us has a little home, where he can read and write and look at the Penates and Lares brought with him. I read *Much Ado About Nothing* during the morning. The surface of the Barrier is better, for the wind has blown away a great deal of the soft snow, and we will, I trust, be able to

see any crevasses before we are on to them. This is our fourth day out from Hut Point, and we are only twenty miles south.

p. 268: On the days on which we are held up by weather we read, and I can only trust that these days may not be many. I am just finishing reading *The Taming of the Shrew*. I have Shakespeare's *Comedies*, Marshall has Borrow's "*The Bible in Spain*," Adams has Arthur Young's "*Travels in France*," and Wild has "*Sketches by Boz*." When we have finished we will change round. Our allowance of tobacco is very limited, and on days like these it disappears rapidly, for our anxious minds are relieved somewhat by a smoke. In order to economise my cigarettes, which are my luxury, I whittled out a holder from a bit of bamboo to-day, and so get a longer smoke, and also avoid the paper sticking to my lips, which have begun to crack already from the hot metal pot and the cold air.

Volume II:

p. 28: Joyce devoted what spare time he could find to the completion of the volumes of the "*Aurora Australis*." Practice had made him more skilful in the handling of type, and he was able to make a good deal of progress, Day assisting with the preparation of the *Venesta* boards in which the volumes were to be bound. Some of the contributions towards the literary part of the work had come in late, so that there was plenty of work left to do. Marston went on with the lithographing for the illustrations.

p. 31: There are many minerals in the far north, and mining difficulties are not greater than in Alaska, while transportation is easier and cheaper.

Now, what has been done to secure these resources for future Americans? Canada has quietly spent more than a million dollars to file claims on everything' reachable, because her statesmen have realized that all lands sooner or later become valuable.

The claim by right of discovery gives a nation the first call upon new lands, but that claim goes by default unless supplementary steps are taken.

Why, may I ask, have we closed our eyes as a Nation, to the discoveries of the American explorers?

American fishermen have used Hudson Bay for 100 years. This bay is the most wonderful inland sea of the world. Its marine life will feed millions during ages to follow. Canada has closed the door of Hudson Straits to our seamen. Here is a problem for immediate adjustment. These pioneer fishermen were explorers; their rights cry for protection.

American sailors explored the uttermost reaches of the Antarctic before other nations woke up to the possibilities of the far south. A proper protection of their claims would have given us hundreds of islands and a valuable coastline with harbors and mines and undreamed of industries. These islands will at some time become the best fur farms of the entire world, but not a voice has been raised by our statesmen to protect the discoveries of these brave explorers.

Our forefathers, with a worthy pride, recorded the splendid pioneer efforts of Admiral Wilkes in the frozen south. He discovered a new continent and explored islands and seas about the South Pole. Fifty years later by one stroke of the pen a certain British armchair geographer, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and on the maps of the world, took American honors and American claims from the Antarctic Continent. This was officially done by the map makers of Europe. To this sacrifice of American prestige [sic], to this insult upon the flag there has been silence in Washington. Why?

The geographical historian, Edwin Swift Batch, called a halt upon this kind of national insult (*Antarctica*, by Edwin Swift Balch), but to the present, although the discoveries of Wilkes have been verified by the Australian expedition, no official action has been taken to guard the honor of Antarctic pioneers.

In the Arctic there is a long list of worthy achievement, which with inconceivable indifference, has been given official absent treatment.

American fishermen have always been pioneers in the north; they needed harbors and boating and land facilities. They require some assistance to determine the position and extent of submarine banks, and they require some enlightenment on the food and propagation of submarine life. Other nations here gave much assistance to their marine explorers, but what have we done?

The discoveries of Drs. Schwatka, Kane, Hays, and Bessell are lost among old books under dusty shelves. The works of Wellman, Baldwin, and Fiala is lost in the ungracious controversy of rival newspaper publicity.

p. 38: Only five men—Murray, Joyce, Day, Marston and Roberts—were now at the winter quarters. The heat of the Antarctic summer being at its height, the snow-drifts were melting rapidly, and the trickling of running water was everywhere to be heard. A large drift remained on the hill behind the hut, leading up to Mawson's anemometer. On December 1 it was melting in several little trickles, and next day it was found that one of these had got under the hut and made a pool about a foot in depth at the lower end. Many valuable things were stored under the hut, and the only opening was occupied by the pool of water. A hole had to be made at one side of the house, where the ground was higher, and into this Joyce crawled and spent some hours wriggling about in a space hardly more than one foot in height, rescuing valuable boxes of printing material and printed matter.

[There was a limited edition of *Heart of the Antarctic*, in 300 copies, with an added third volume with additional materials and often signed by the officers of the expedition. Columbia Univ. Library has a copy in the *Libris Polaris* collection of Bassett Jones, signed by Priestley, Wild, Joyce, Marston, Mackay, Day, Brocklehurst, B...?, Marshall, Mackintosh, Armitage, Roberts, Murray, David, and Mawson, and which has the following inscriptions on the half title:

Dear Taylor:

I got you this sort of vellum copy of Shackleton's great book chiefly because I was able to secure a uniformly bound copy of the Antarctic Book carrying Shackleton's autograph and those of his staff.

I suggest you get Priestly [to sign] the Heart of the Antarctic for you too, and others of Shackleton's men as you gradually get to know them. Vilhjamur Stefansson September 27 1930

A.J.T.Taylor

Dear Bassett Jones: It turned out that Taylor had a copy so I am delighted to pass this on to you. Vilhjalmur Stefansson February 26 1931. Probably one of the polar titles Stefansson sold to Jones around that time.]

Murray, James and George Marston. *Antarctic Days: Sketches of the Homely Side of Polar Life by two of Shackleton's Men.* London: Andrew Melrose, 1913.

By two men of Shackleton's *Nimrod* colleagues, and a preface by Shackleton himself. Murray was a biologist who served as chief of the base camp of the 1907-09 *Nimrod* expedition. George Marston was the official artist for both the *Nimrod* and the *Endurance* expeditions and drew illustrations of both. In his introduction Murray says that he did most of the writing and Marston "does the best of the illustrations." Both were involved in the production of *Aurora Australis*.

p. 11-13: As a slight relaxation from the more strenuous occupations of the voyage, painting ship and so forth, we started a Magazine. I believe it is a tradition of such expeditions to do so. [*The Antarctic Petrel*.]

The Captain was Editor-in-Chief, Doc Acting Editor. All on board entered into the spirit of the thing, quantities of what you agree under the circumstances to call "poetry" were produced, and some of the sailors contributed very decent sketches, and very weird yarns, and reminiscences of the sea-and we had pages of axioms, and "Roast Chestnuts," and jokes, the points of which could not possibly be perceived unless you had sailed on the *Nimrod*.

The Editor concerned himself mainly with exercising his veto on unsuitable matter, and, to do both editors justice, they were not hard on us—they did not reject much.

The acting editor proved a voluminous and versatile writer, giving us, among other things, a "History of Canada," "Day-Dreams," "The *Nimrod* Alphabet," and he also wrote upon Epitaphs, lengthily upon Germs, and very entertainingly upon his "Early Experiences."

From this last I will quote the verse of poetry in the French Habitant style with which he concludes. It is a quotation from Dr. Drummond's poems and contains a sound recipe for not getting drowned at sea. It is apropos of the wreck of the wood scow, *Julie Plante*, on Lake St. Peter.

"So all you wood scow sailormen,
Take warning by that storm;
And go and marry some nice French girl,
And live on one big farm;
Then the wind may blow one hurricane,
And if it blow some more;
You can't get drowned on Lac St. Pierre
So long's you stay on shore."

The verse with which he concludes his article on "Germs" will also stand quotation, as a sound bit of (American) philosophy. Doc does not say where he picked it up.

"It's easy enough to look pleasant,
When your automobile's in trim;
But the man that's worth while
Is the man who can smile,
When he's got to ride back on the rim."

How the feat is to be accomplished is not explained.

The Biologist produced an illustrated series on "Birds of the Southern Ocean," too deadly serious ever to be read on such a voyage. We had other serious articles on the Compass, and Meteorology, but most of the contributors realized the necessity there was for amusement, and gave us lighter stuff.

No doubt some members of the party could have given us, out of the experiences of chequered careers, much stronger stuff than anything we printed, but for the respect due to the editorial veto.

A few of the articles are here reproduced, as specimens of our work, by arrangement with the Editor, Captain England.

Some of the sketches (alleged jokes) are printed in this chapter; others are scattered through the book, to illustrate episodes. Most of

them are not the actual sketches used in the *Antarctic Petrel*, but versions of the same made from the original drawings.

These drawings, whatever their shortcomings from the point of view of the Art Critic, have their value as records of episodes of the life on board which would otherwise have been entirely forgotten.

p. 32-33, a picture of Marston “Studying under Difficulties: In the Tropics. Attempting to study a ponderous “Challenger” volume in the only available shade, under the Chart-box on deck.” He is actually reading a large volume of the *Challenger* reports: There were only two places that could be thought of for work—down below and up above. But down below was dark as a dungeon, and (the vessel had been sealing for some forty years) it stank. Up above... it was an athletic feat to get from our cabins (?) to the wardroom (saloon), and everything awash! But we must work.

p. 34, August 16, 1907: Down below there are other troubles for the would-be worker. The library, of ponderous volumes of the *Challenger* Reports and such-like, is there, piled on a spare bunk in my cabin; and there are also stores of jars of various sizes for preserving the catch.

Going down to bed to-night, I find that all the library, and other rubbish, have been piled on my bunk, and the cabin filled with stores nearly to the deck above. It was a feat climbing over the mountain to get to the side on which my bunk was. Then I had to quarry out enough library to give me room to curl up in.

p. 37, October 6: It was most difficult of all [during the ship’s rolling] to control the furniture, especially the library. If the books were to be got at for use they could not be packed away beyond all possibility of motion. It often happened that a heavy roll brought the big *Challenger* Reports about my ears, a genuine danger.

p. 56: THE LOST BOOK

Through the kindness of various friends, the Scientific Staff of the *Nimrod* was not entirely unprovided with entertaining literature, of course over and above the official library.

The voyage was long enough to exhaust our store of reading matter, and favourites were read again and again.

There was one particular book which was greatly appreciated, a collection of old chap-books giving most graphic glimpses into the simpler, ruder life of our forefathers of several generations back. This book I valued for its intrinsic merit as an unsophisticated record of not too sophisticated life, and also on account of its giver.

Early in the voyage it was lost, and I failed to find any trace of it, and gave it up as hopelessly gone.

Many months afterwards, when the voyage was drawing towards a close, and we had got to know everybody on the ship, one of the sailors, learning that I was out of reading matter, told me of a very fine book they had in the fo'c'sle, and offered to lend it to me.

He brought it—it was my long lost chap-books.

p. 105-07 has a lengthy account of the printing of *Aurora Australis*: The *Aurora Australis* was printed and produced in the Antarctic, during the long dark night. It is a work which has a very limited circulation, as the issue was of necessity very restricted, and did not, I believe, exceed a hundred copies.

Those who have been privileged to see this rare work would little suspect that it was produced by amateur printers. Everything—typography, imposition (or whatever it is called), lithography, etching, is of the highest degree of technical excellence.

You would not imagine that such work could be put out by three men who only had a few hours of instruction, wedged in among the myriad engagements of the exciting days of preparation for an expedition!

Joyce and Wild are responsible for the typography; Marston devised, drew, etched, lithographed, and printed all the illustrations in the book, including the coloured title-page.

Sir Joseph Causton very generously provided all the materials—type, paper, printing presses—and had our printers instructed at his Works.

Day, without any instruction at all, set his deft fingers to work and made the covers out of our empty vanesta packing cases. Many of the covers still bear conspicuously the stenciled brand telling the nature of the contents, such as S U E T, B A C O N, etc.

The reader, contemplating the finished work, would have no glimmering of suspicion of the immense difficulties under which the work had to be produced.

It was winter, and dark, and cold. The work had to be done, in the intervals of more serious occupations, in a small room occupied by fifteen men, all of them following their own avocations, with whatever of noise, vibration and dirt might be incidental to them....

Dust from the stove fills the air and settles on the paper as it is being printed. If anything falls on the floor it is done for; if somebody jogs the compositor's elbow as he is setting up matter and upsets the type into the mire, I can only leave the reader to imagine the result.

The temperature varies ; it is too cold to keep the printer's ink fluid; it gets sticky, and freezes. To cope with this a candle was set burning underneath the plate on which the ink was. This was all right, but it made the ink too fluid, and the temperature had to be regulated by moving the candle about.

Once the printers were called away while the candle was burning, and nobody happened to notice it. When they returned they found that the plate had overheated and had melted the inking roller of gelatinous substance. I believe it was the only one on the Continent and had to be re-cast somehow.

So much for the ordinary printing. The lithography was still worse. All the evils enumerated above persecuted the lithographer, and he had others all to himself. The more delicate part of his work could not be done when the hut was in full activity, with vibration, noise and smelling smuts, so Marston used to do most of his printing in the early hours of the morning, when the Handy Andy hut was as nearly quiet and free from vibration as it ever became, and there was a minimum of dust (at least in suspension in the air).

p. 176-99, Chapter XIV is a collection of sea chanties sung aboard *Nimrod*, by G. E. Marston.

Riffenbergh, Beau. *Shackleton's Forgotten Expedition: The Voyage of the Nimrod*. New York: Bloomsbury, 2004.

A thorough and balanced defence of Shackleton and his achievement in the furthest south of 1909, against Markham's attempts to besmear his reputation.

p. 27: It is said that one of his favourite books was the American Charles Francis Hall's *Life with the Esquimaux*, which told of travels in the high Arctic. And, like many boys his age, Shackleton was caught by the escapism, the release from daily humdrum, of such publications of the *Boy's Own Paper*....

p. 29: 'When he wasn't on duty on the deck he was stowed away in his cabin, with books,' recalled a shipmate years later. 'And the other lads used to say "Old Shack's busy with his books"... he could quote poetry and read history. I think he was a bit of a lecturer. He certainly was well schooled.'

p. 60, in preparing for Scott's *Discovery* voyage: His virtually limitless energy saw him involved in a multitude of projects, and he was charged with compiling the library, obtaining materials needed for entertainment during the winter, and most importantly, using his merchant marine expertise to oversee the stowage of supplies.

p. 183, at the hut at Cape Royds: Each cubicle had distinctive features, reflecting the work and personalities of its inhabitants. Closest to Shackleton's room was that occupied by Adams and Marshall, which was so tidy and ordered that it was known as 'No. 1 Park Lane'. Adams' shelves housed a complete set of Dickens as well as books about the French Revolution and Napoleon, whereas Marshall's were dominated by medical supplies, as the small area also served as the local surgery. On the dividing curtain, Marshall had drawn life-size portraits of Napoleon and Joan of Arc.

p. 186—good description of the printing operation and its difficulties.

p. 230, on the South Pole quest: Vicious winds roaring at ninety miles an hour kept them pinned in their tent all day. Shackleton and Wild tried to keep all their minds off the troubles by reading *The Merchant of Venice* aloud, but the inner thoughts were undoubtedly reflected by Marshall.

'In bags all day,' he wrote. 'Feel worse rather than better for it...Hope it will not obliterate our tracks for return to depot as this is almost our only hope of finding it.'

South Polar Times. London: Smith, Elder, 1907-14. (Dartmouth. STEF G850 1901 q. D7. 6 vols.

Vol. III. P. 37:
My Favourite Book.

T-T-S: "Confessions of a ladies' man". B-RN-RD:
"Handy Andy". -TCH: "Many Inventions".
B-RD--: "The little red captain". J-SS--: "Not
like other girls". M-TH-R: "In wolf's clothing".
M-R--: "A lunatic at large". GR-FF: "The Scallywag".

1910-12 Norwegian National Antarctic Expedition (Amundsen)

Amundsen, Roald. *The South Pole: An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the 'Fram,' 1910-1912*. Two Volumes. London: John Murray, 1913.

Volume I, p. 68: aboard the *Fram*: We carried an extraordinarily copious library; presents of books were showered upon us in great quantities. I suppose the *Fram*'s library at the present moment contains at least 3,000 volumes.

p. 314-15, a tour of the Framheim base: The first thing that met my eyes was the library. There stood the Framheim library, and it made the same good impression as everything else—books numbered from 1 to 80 in three shelves. The catalogue lay by the side of them, and I cast my eye over it. Here were books to suit all tastes; 'Librarian, Adolf Henrik Lindström,' I read at the end. So he was librarian, too—truly a many-sided man."

p. 329, after dinner: Pipes and books soon made their appearance.

Volume II. p. 16, during blizzard enroute to the Pole: We could only stay where we were, and console ourselves with the thought that it made no difference, as it had been decided that we were to remain here two days. But staying in the tent all day is never very amusing, especially

when one is compelled to keep to one's sleeping-bag the whole time. You soon get tired of talking, and you can't write all day long, either. Eating is a good way of passing the time, if you can afford it, and so is reading, if you have anything to read; but as the menu is limited, and the library as a rule somewhat deficient on a sledging trip, these two expedients fall to the ground. [Amundsen says the one solution is a good nap.]

p. 254-55, trapped by a blizzard: In order to while away the time to some extent under depressing circumstances like these, I put into my diary on leaving Framheim a few loose leaves of a Russian grammar; Johansen solaced himself with a serial cut out of the *Aftenpost*; as far as I remember, the title of it as "The Red Rose and the White."

Unfortunately the story of the Two Roses was very soon finished; but Johansen had a good remedy for that: he simply began it over again. My reading had the advantage of being incomparably stiffer. Russian verbs are uncommonly difficult of digestion, and not to be swallowed in a hurry.

p. 282: The rest of the vessel was absolutely full. To take an example, in the fore-saloon we had placed forty-three sledging cases which were filled with books, Christmas presents, underclothing, and the like.

p. 374, Appendix II: In addition various books were taken, such as Mohn's "Meteorology," The Meteorological Institutes "Guide," psychrometric tables, Wiebe's steam-pressure tables for hypsometer observations, etc.

For further notes on Amundsen see the entries for Roland Huntford under 1910-14 British National Antarctic Expedition below.

Amundsen, Roald. *The South Pole Expedition 1910-1912*. Geir O. Kløver (ed.). Oslo, Norway: Fram Museum, 2010.

A heavily illustrated English translation of Amundsen's diaries from his South Pole expedition. The overwhelming impression of the first 100 pages is Amundsen's love affair with the dogs, even when he is killing them or sacrificing them for food for the others.

p. 47, September 10 – Saturday, after noting birth of 11 pups and that all of them end up in the sea, he quotes “Fridthof’s Saga” by Esaias Tegner, Ed.: Woman is protected ashore, must not come on board, was it Freia, betray you she will.

p. 48, quite a bit on a sick dog cured by eating its own excrement.

p. 52, October 2 - Sunday: Crossing the Line dinner celebration: Gjertsen performed a dance girl and did his stuff magnificently. Yes, he looked really good in his short floral dress made from gauze and dark loose curls. And it’s no wonder that some members allowed themselves to be lured and made noticeable advances.

p. 134, meeting of *Fram* with *Terra Nova*, February 4, 1910: They were exceptionally amiable and offered to take post to Fullerton.

p. 136: Can’t understand what the Englishmen are thinking of when they say that dogs are useless here.

p. 178-79, at Framheim, April 6 – Thursday: I am reading at present, Otto Nordenskiöld’s “Antarctic”, about his two-year stay in the Antarctic regions. It is very interesting. The difference between the weather here and there is very noticeable. Storm followed storm all the time. And here we lie with such fine weather conditions, the like of which I have never seen before.

p. 181, April 14- Friday: Good Friday has been spent quietly and peacefully. Some read, others play whist. We pass the days very comfortably. I have the feeling that every man enjoys himself and that is the main thing for me. With well-being, comes health and a desire to work.

p. 186, May 2 – Tuesday: This evening Prestrud began English lessons. He has four pupils Wisting, Helmer Jørgen and Bjaaland. They hold them in the kitchen. Tomorrow he will begin teaching navigation, in which we’ll all take part.

p. 192, May 19 – Friday: We tried to read *Verden Gang* (*Norwegian newspaper*, Ed) at 12, midday, and it was better than all expectations. No effort needed for large and small print, but then I was unusually clear and fine.

p. 201, June 28 – Wednesday: The Nautical Almanac, which lay on top, was somewhat damaged. It had begun to burn on the back and stopped

just where the heat had reached the post order we have need of. That was really lucky. It was a great piece of luck in fact. All our equipment which we store here could easily have been destroyed.

p. 211, July 8 – Saturday: Amundsen’s account of daily winter routines, including handiwork, literature or cards after supper. What is so striking about this central section of the book, the winter at Framheim, is Amundsen’s invariable good humor, optimism, and cheer, attitudes he claims are shared by all the crew. E.g.,

p. 213: No, we are just like small piglets, things couldn’t be better. And I can safely say that this is everyone’s opinion too. I have yet to hear an unfriendly word and I will scarcely hear it either.

p. 214-15, a couple of substantial quotes from Shackleton’s views of haulage on the barrier, contrasting it with their own. It reads as though they have a copy of *South* in Framheim. He is also critical of Mawson’s assessment of the barrier as a “snowfield afloat.” Here is his judgment: How often does Shackleton complain of the cold during his journey southward? I would assure him that had he been equipped with fur clothing, which was suited to its purpose, in other words to have understood how to use it, then much of the unpleasant sense of freezing would have been avoided. Another thing I could say is that had Shackleton been equipped in a practical way with dogs, fur clothes, and above all skis, when he left for his journey towards the pole, and also understood how to use this equipment, then the quest to reach the South Pole would not have existed today.

p. 216, July 15 – Saturday: Could today read the headlines in “Tidens Tegn” (*Norwegian newspaper*, Ed). I could read all the names of the staff on the first page without effort. The large letters were readable from an arm’s length.

p. 219, July 24 – Monday: Yesterday Bjaaland could see to read. It was one of the newer books he was trying. These have quite large print. When I tried the other day it was simply with a magazine. The text was too small to read.

p. 220, July 27 – Thursday: Could just about see enough to read “The Family Journal” (*Norwegian magazine*, Ed).

p. 223, August 4 – Friday: Prestrud will begin to write down the necessary tables from the Nautical [Almanac] in each man's observation book on Wednesday. Unfortunately, due to a mistake, we have not taken the Nautical for 1912 with us. But we will have to manage without it. He will write down the tales for Sept – Oct – Nov – Dec. [1911]

p. 225, refers to Scott's account of the "Alexandra mountains" from the *Discovery* account.

p. 230, toward beginning of SP journey, August 29 – Thursday: Our man has in his observation book the necessary transcripts (copies) from "Nautical Almanac". In addition we have three copies of Pettersen's tables with us.

[This entire section, from p. 173 to 232 (plus photo portfolio that follows), is a portrait of complete harmony among the ten men present, active work with plenty of diversion, a rather democratic and otherwise laissez faire attitude on Amundsen's part, great affection for the dogs even when they are being killed or dispatched to the albatross. Very interesting comparison of Scott's and Shackleton's earlier accounts, or their later ones, not to mention Huntford's. Also note his occasional invoking of God Almighty's help in their venture.

Next section, September 8 to October 19, p. 281-91, deals with their first aborted (and premature) attempt to head for the South Pole.

p. 283-4 September 17 – Sunday, shows the beginning of conflict with Johanson who attacked Amundsen's leadership and decisions. The happy idealism of the earlier parts of these diaries is suddenly gone, "a sad ending to our splendid unity."

"The sledging expedition to the South Pole (October 20, 1911 – January 25, 1912)" covers p. 292 to 331. The tone is quite different as various problems multiply: crevasses, bare ice, occasional bad weather, dog problems, compass uncertainties, though there are moments of ebullience.]

p. 304, November 21 – Tuesday: So we succeeded in finding our way forward. We are now lying on the plateau at 10,600 ft. It has been a really strenuous day, mostly for the dogs. But they have also, 24 of our best comrades, been given the best reward: death. ... It was wonderful

work the dogs performed today. 17 km with a climb of 5000 ft. Come and say that dogs are useless here.

On Nov. 24 Amundsen noted the boredom of a rest day spent in sleeping bags but says nothing about what they did but lie in them.

p. 315, December 15 – Friday (actually 14th arrival at Pole).

p. 316, December 17 – Sunday, with confirmation of observations:
We are definitely the first here.

Apart from some uncomfortable weather the return trip from Polheim (SP) to Framheim was uneventful: usually clear weather, dogs generally overweight (partly from feeding on themselves), provisions plentiful, and progress better than expected.

p. 360-68: “The journey home (January 26, 1912 – June 12, 1912)”

p. 360, January 26 – Friday at Framheim: Some people appear to be indignant at our being here, a breach of “etiquette”. Are these people mad? Is the quest for the Pole exclusively given to Scott to solve? I couldn’t care less, these idiots. Nansen, as usual, with his cool clear understanding, has had to calm them down. Yes, people are certainly mad.

There are no references to books or reading after Amundsen and his crew departed for the South Pole.

1910-14 British National Antarctic Expedition (Scott on *Terra Nova*)

Arthur, Elizabeth. *Antarctic Navigation*. A novel. New York: Knopf, 1995.

A novel about Scott’s last expedition, and a modern day female attempt to recreate that expedition

p. 147: Special Collections, Univ. of Vermont.

p. 155: re Huntford’s book

p. 161, books

p. 659-6, gives her theory of Scott’s death as an expiation for British empire and imperialism.

Bernacchi, Louis Charles. *A Very Gallant Gentleman*. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1935 [first published 1933] See supra, p. 174

Bull, Colin. Email message to David Stam, August 31, 2005:

Dear David,

I like the sound of your Grolier exhibition. Are you still looking for polar-sojourned books? I have *Hints to Travellers* that accompanied Charles Wright with Scott's Last Expedition, and that he lugged to the top of the Beardmore Glacier (according to his daughter Pat). I also have the paperback *Worst Journey* that I took to Spitsbergen in 1951.

Cheers
Colin Bull

Campbell, Victor. *The Wicked Mate: the Antarctic Diary of Victor Campbell. An Account of the Northern Party....* Edited by H. G. R. King. Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham books, 1988.

Campbell's chief Antarctic activity was as first officer to Robert Falcon Scott on the *Terra Nova* expedition. As leader of the Northern Party (earlier called the Eastern Party), he led his team of six men while stranded for a winter in an ice cave on Inexpressible Island. On returning finally to Cape Evans and learning of Scott's death, Campbell took command of the *Terra Nova* expedition.

This book mainly consists of Campbell's diaries, together with a pastiche of excerpts from complementary accounts such as Levick, Priestley, Amundsen, etc. with some connecting commentary. He is far from a lively diarist, but there are illuminating moments such as his meeting with Amundsen, the winter travails, etc. *Hell with a capital H* or Priestley's *Antarctic Adventure* are livelier accounts of the Northern party. No index and poor maps, but a worthwhile part of this literature. Pictures of interior reading and work space, p. 67, 69, 70, and 90.

p. 40: January 29th Saturday [1911] Overcast not much wind. Read Divine Service as there was only one prayer and hymn book. Drake typed out the hymns we selected....”

p. 46: February 5th Sunday Divine service. Having found the Prayer Books it was more successful than last Sunday.

p. 58, quote from Priestley on blizzards: It was on this night that I first realized the possibilities of my shelves, when I received a German dictionary on the side of my head, and this was followed by a deluge of ink-bottles, pencils, pens, and books. [This accident was ashore, not at sea]

p. 62: March 26th Sunday Levick and I had a terrible ordeal at Church today. I chose a hymn that only he and I knew hoping that the others would catch the tune, but as my ideas of tune are always vague and Levick’s worse, the congregation never arrived at what the real tune was. Consequently it ended in a duet sung or rather chanted by L. and myself....

p. 69—describes use of Caruso recording to wake men up for their night observations.

p. 104—December 10th [Sunday] compares their ice conditions to the descriptions in Borchgrevink’s book [*First on the Antarctic Continent*], which they obviously had on board.

p. 136-37: April 9th 1912, Campbell describing their igloo [ice cave] conditions: For lighting purposes the blubber lamps we made were very satisfactory. We had some little tins which had contained ‘Oxo’. These filled with melted blubber and a strand of rope for a wick, gave quite a good light. The wick was held up by a tin bridge with a hole in it laid across the top of the tin. We luckily had one or two books, David Copperfield and the Life of R. L. Stevenson being the favourites, and after hoosh Levick used to read a chapter of one of them. Saturday evening when we each had a stick of chocolate, we usually had a concert, and Sunday evening after supper, 12 lumps of sugar were served and we had Church, which consisted of my reading a chapter of the Bible followed by hymns. We had no hymn books, but Priestley remembered several, while Abbott, Browning and Dickason had all been

at some time or other in a choir. When our library was exhausted we started lectures, Levick's on anatomy being especially interesting.

Cherry-Garrard, Apsley George Benet (1886-1959), British Explorer on Scott's *Terra Nova* Expedition

Cherry-Garrard was an unlikely hero for the Heroic Age, a near-sighted, inexperienced ingénue who paid Scott £1000 to participate in and suffer through the *Terra Nova* expedition. As such he was an always helpful addition to the expedition staff, but his fame rests on his account of *The Worst Journey in the World: Antarctica 1910-1913*. Two vols. (London: Constable and Co., 1922), listed under the Terra Nova journey.

Cherry-Garrard, Apsley George Benet. Untitled remarks at the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association convention on May 22, 1952, published in *The Clique* June 7, 1952, p. 5: Memories fade, men fake their memories, the actors die. Beauty dies and fades away, and is destroyed: we have all seen plenty of that last.

Nothing lives—unless it is written down. Black ink....

I have been asked to say something about books and writing in the Antarctic, and here I feel more at home: for I have seen quite a lot of sledging (some 3000 miles) and I know the difficulty of keeping records and how important records can be. First of all books.

In a hut near the comparatively warm sea there is no difficulty. They were useful among other things for the possible building of igloos on the Bola Jenny. Sledging is more difficult. Scott, Wilson and Shackleton pooled their weights on the first Southern Journey and took the *Origin of Species*. We were allowed 12 lbs. of personal gear.... A light book was useful. On my first journey I took *Bleak House*, the chapters were short enough to be read in a sleeping bag before hands got too cold, and gave something else to think about. On the Polar journey Wilson took my copy of *In Memoriam*, of which he was fond, and brought it back. I found it with him in the snow. I took some Tennyson and learned it by heart, and repeated it to myself on the march. It is a hard, monotonous life: and, especially if you're very hungry, it is easy to

imagine grievances. A crumb falling between two sleeping bags can cause trouble. Something which will take you out of yourself is worth a great deal.

p. 6, quotes General Wolfe: I would rather be the author of Gray's *Elegy* than take Quebec.

Cherry-Garrard, Apsley. *The Worst Journey in the World*. [1910-12] New York, Carroll & Graf, 1989 [1992]. First published London: Constable and Co., 1922.

Often thought the finest book on Antarctic exploration, this is a dramatic account of Scott's 1910-13 expedition. The expedition was comprised of three actual journeys: the depot journey, during which supplies were laid for the polar trip; the winter journey to Cape Crozier to visit the penguin rookery—the "worst journey" of the title; and the final, tragic attempt on the pole, during which Scott and four others perished. The story of Scott's last expedition is of course a great tale, and Cherry-Garrard uses his considerable skill as a writer to heighten the drama, aided also in his writing by suggestions from

George Bernard Shaw.

p. 142, referring to the earlier Shackleton *Nimrod* expedition of 1908 and revisiting Shackleton's hut, Cherry-Garrard gives a substantial quote from Raymond Priestley who had been there: "It was very funny to see everything lying about just as we had left it, in that last rush to get off in the lull of the blizzard. On Marston's bunk was a sixpenny copy of the *Story of Bessie Costrell*, which some one had evidently read and left open."

p. 206-07, in chapter on The Depot Journey: Later, when we came to our own limited quarters, books of reference were constantly in demand to settle disputes. Such books as the *Times Atlas*, a good encyclopedia and even a Latin Dictionary are invaluable to such expeditions for this purpose. To them I would add *Who's Who*.

From odd corners we unearth some *Contemporary Reviews*, the *Girls' Own Papegraham r* and the *Family Herald*, all of ten years ago. We also found encased in ice an incomplete copy of Stanley Weyman's *My Lady Rotha*; it was carefully thawed out and read by everybody, and the excitement was increased by the fact that the end of the book was missing.

p. 218, also on Depot Journey: For the rest we mended our finesko, and read *Bleak House*.

p. 232: during our sojourn at Cape Evans, in our comfortable warm roomy home, we took our full allotted span of sleep. Most were in their bunks by 10 p.m., sometimes with a candle and a book, not rarely with a piece of chocolate.

p. 234, books used to settle constant arguments, called cags: Though the *Times Atlas* does not rise to public-houses nor Chambers's *Encyclopaedia* sink to behaviour at our more expensive hotels, yet they settled more of these disputes than anything else.

p. 243-45, First Winter: We had also records of good classical music, and the kindly-disposed individual who played them had his reward in the pleasant atmosphere of homeliness which made itself felt. After dinner had been cleared away, some men sat on the table occupied with books and games....

With regard to books we were moderately well provided with good modern fiction, and very well provided with such authors as Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, Bulwer-Lytton and Dickens. With all respect to the kind givers of these books, I would suggest that the literature most acceptable to us in the circumstances under which we did most of our reading, that is in Winter Quarters, was the best of the more recent novels, such as Barrie, Kipling, Merriman and Maurice Hewlett. We certainly should have taken with us as much of Shaw, Barker, Ibsen and Wells as we could lay our hands on, for the train of ideas started by these works and the discussions to which they would have given rise would have been a godsend to us in our isolated circumstances. The one type of book in which we were rich was Arctic and Antarctic travel. We had a library of these given to us by Sir Lewis Beaumont and Sir Albert Markham which was very complete. They were extremely popular,

though it is probably true that these are books which you want to read on your return than when you are actually experiencing a similar life. They were used extensively in discussions or lectures on such polar subjects as clothing, food rations, and the building of igloos, while we were constantly referring to them on specific points and getting useful hints such as the use of an inner lining to our tents, and the mechanism of a blubber stove.

I have already spoken of maps and books of reference, and these should include a good encyclopedia and dictionaries, English, Latin and Greek. Oates was generally deep in Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, and some of us found Herbert Paul's *History of Modern England* a great stand-by. Most of us managed to find room in our personal gear when sledging for some book which did not weigh much and yet would last. Scott took some Browning on the Polar Journey, though I only saw him reading it once. Wilson took *Maud* and *In Memoriam*; Bowers always had so many weights to tally and observations to record on reaching camp that I feel sure he took no reading matter. *Bleak House* was the most successful book I ever took away sledging, though a volume of poetry was useful, because it gave one something to learn by heart and repeat during the blank hours of the daily march, when the idle mind is all too apt to think of food in times of hunger, or possibly of purely imaginary grievances, which may become distorted into real foundations of discord under the abnormal strain of living for months in the unrelieved company of three other men. If your companions have much the same tastes as yourself it is best to pool your allowance of weights and take one book which will offer a wide field of thought and discussion. I have heard Scott and Wilson bless the thought which led them to take Darwin's *Origin of Species* on their first Southern Journey. Such is the object of your sledging book, but you often want the book which you read for half an hour before you go to sleep at Winter Quarters to take you into the frivolous fripperies of modern social life which you may not know and may never wish to know, but which it is often pleasant to read about, and never so much as when its charms are so remote as to be entirely tantalizing.

p. 358, quoting from his diary: Another very happy day doing nothing. After falling asleep two or three times I went to bed, read *Kim* and slept.

p. 374, Preparing for the Polar Journey: The Boss [Scott] had asked me what book he should take. He wanted something fairly filling. I recommended Tyndall's *Glaciers*—if he wouldn't find it 'coolish'. He didn't fancy this! So then I said, 'Why not take Browning, as I'm doing?' And I believe that he did so.

p. 387: There were meals when we had interesting little talks, as when I find in my diary that: 'we had a jolly lunch meal, discussing authors. Barrie, Galsworthy and others are personal friends of Scott. Someone told Max Beerbohm that he was like Captain Scott, and immediately, so Scott assured us, he grew a beard.

p. 405: We are all sitting round now after some tea.... I can hardly think that the ponies can pull on, but Titus thinks they can pull tomorrow; all the food is finished, and what they have had today was only what they would not eat out of their last feed yesterday. It is a terrible end—driven to death on no more food, to be then cut up, poor devils. I have swapped the *Little Minister* with Silas Wright for *Dante's Inferno*!

p. 554, of the separate Northern Party, Cherry-Garrard wrote: Their stories of the winter are most amusing—of 'Placing the Plug, or Sports in the Antarctic'; of lectures; of how dirty they were; of their books, of which they had four, including *David Copperfield*.

Christie's, London. *Travel and Exploration sale.* 27 September 1996. London: Christie's, 1996

Item 169: copy of New Testament owned by Oates, given to him in Dunedin by H. R. Falconer, a Seamen's Missionary, Nov. 1910, and present on the *Terra Nova* expedition. Items 171-75 are George Marston paintings.

Davis, John King. *With the 'Aurora' in the Antarctic 1911-1914.* Introduction by Beau Riffenburgh. Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 2007.

First published in 1919. One of three books based on Davis's journals, this one of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition is primarily about navigation and seamanship, and very little about other human activities or amusements for diversion. The concluding paragraphs of his "L'Avenir" have the most human touch:

p. 167: Recent expeditions have had to beg for funds. Really useful work has too often been sacrificed to the purely spectacular. The explorer, who is handicapped by debt, may be tempted to stimulate the public with sensational feats: the temptation is difficult to resist.— or justify.

To the explorer who has not the money to provide good equipment of every kind, my advice is.— "Keep out of the Antarctic!"

To those who intend to follow the lead of the pioneers who, during the past hundred years (1819-1919), have sailed through the Southern Ocean, or made journeys over the inland ice, I should say—"Study the literature of the Antarctic, make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the obstacles and the difficulties to be encountered in those regions." I can realize the immense value of the information on these matters which I obtained from books. This is my apology for penning these lines.— *Vale*. [Davis is always modest as here, but what a pity that he did not say what books and how he gained from them.]

Debenham, Frank. *The Quiet Land: The Diaries of Frank Debenham, Member of the British Antarctic Expedition 1910-1913*. Edited by June Debenham Back. Foreword by Sir Vivian Fuchs. Bluntisham, U.K., Bluntisham Books/Erskine Press, 1992.

On Debenham's experience of the Scott expedition and its tragic end. It was he who suggested that excess funds in the memorial Appeal be used for an institute of Polar research and he became SPRI's first Director, an unpaid position which he held from 1920 to 1946.

p. 21: We have been having a go at navigation and it's a bit mixing as the books I have been using have different terms and methods to those used here.

p. 83: The scenery was beautiful of its type. The river runs through the moraine-covered ice...and then dodged under the ice for a while. We

called it the Alph river from Coleridge's poem, consistently mis-quoted by Griff, as 'In Kubla Khan, a river ran...'.
p. 100, May 1, 1911: Tonight saw the start of the series of winter lectures on scientific subjects. Bill [Wilson], as the chief of Scientific staff, began with a lecture on 'Antarctic Birds'. Unfortunately Bill read the lecture and so it was not as good as if he had just used notes."

p. 121, Oct. 6, 1911: That particular blizzard lasted for 60 hours and we got pretty sick of the sleeping bags, especially as there were no books and nought to do but sleep, which I for one could not do.

p. 141, March 12, 1912: Charles has shipped his pendulums into the darkroom. He is sitting beside me reading *The Rosary* and is absolutely absorbed—you have to hit him with a hammer to get an answer.

p. 159: Have put him [Archer] to sorting out all the books in the hut which is rather a good idea as he reads as he goes along.

p. 163, Dec. 6, 1912: Snowing hard but very little wind. Reading and sleeping all day—rotten.

Gran, Tryggve. *The Norwegian with Scott: Tryggve Gran's Antarctic Diary 1910-1913*. Edited by Geoffrey Hattersley-Smith. Trans. by Ellen Johanne McGhie. London: National Maritime Museum, H.M.S.O., 1984.

p. 46: I spent some hours in the hut tonight, listening to our first gramophone concert; it was a delight to hear Caruso, Melba, and Tetrizzini, among other famous stars.

p. 50: Divine service was held this morning....It was really rather solemn to hear psalms here in the icy wastes.

p. 70, in the hut: We find some ten-year-old reading matter and bury our noses in it.

p. 73, March 26 [1911]: The weather has been good, but even so most of us have spent Sunday reading indoors. Incidentally, apart from reading some years-old magazines, our thoughts mainly turn on good.... I have been deep in a wild adventure story all day, and now I am going to bed to read with an 'electric' lamp on the 'bedside table.' Our stove is my 'bedside table. This life is quite interesting despite its monotony. Time goes unbelievably fast and that is the main thing really.

- p. 79: Melba recordings: You can almost weep at the sound of Melba's voice.
- p. 81: On the wall in Scott's quarters hung a large portrait of King George [V].
- p. 87: winter lectures, three a week.
- p. 88: Scott reads and writes; he seems relaxed.
- p. 92: Norwegian songs on gramophone.
- p. 102, reading a French novel: I have just finished a novel, the end of which was so terribly sad that I really feel quite depressed. Everything had seemed so perfect and so promising, and then came death to shatter it all.
- p. 103: publication of *South Polar Times*.
- p. 108, 8 July: Most of us spent the time reading or playing chess.
- p. 111: I intend to turn in early to read Ibsen's *The Lady from the Sea*, which Scott has lent me. Scott is an admirer of Ibsen.
- p. 113, illustrated papers in Shackleton's hut: This evening the whole hut have their heads in the magazines I brought from Cape Royds. Any pictures from the outside world are priceless in these parts.
- p. 117: Shackleton's toboggan and illustrated periodicals.
- p. 118, Ponting lecture on India: his illustrations were of course first-class.
- p. 122, 3 September: Ponting is reading an exciting love story, Oates is studying his great hero Napoleon [...over his bunk his sole picture was a reproduction of the great French warrior—TG], Deb and Wilson are reading scientific works....
- p. 141: [Gran slept in the bunk above, and as the result of some salmon and a recent perusal of Jules Verne's 'Mysterious Island', suffered from nightmare.]—also see p. 148 for another reference to Verne.
- p. 164: Gran writing a play, 'Tangholmen's Light.'
- p. 195, and 203—on publication of *South Polar Times*.
- p. 233, on board *Terra Nova* after being picked up: The gramophone is playing a wonderful tune—'Eternal Waltz'. How I long to dance, dance, dance again after all these years. This waltz is the first breath of real life. Goodness, how good life seems tonight.

Taylor hasn't forgotten his companions; he's sent each of us a book.

Holt, Kare. *The Race*. Trans. from the Norwegian by Joan Tate. London, Michael Joseph, 1976.

A fictional account of the Scott-Amundsen race for the South Pole, which mentions Scott's use of the Bible twice: p. 144-6: "His desk was a couple of old crates which he had covered with oilcloth. A Bible lay on the desk, and two other books, paper and pens.... He held a service every Sunday. It was the only time the other ranks also congregated in the officers' room. It wasn't a matter of choice. No one was allowed to absent himself. Every man clasped his hands, even though some fingers were covered in frostbite sores. A meeting with God prescribed a sanctity here as back home in England. He read from the Bible in a clear, well-modulated voice, and prayed using ordinary familiar words. Outside the blizzard raged."

Hooper, Meredith. " 'One cannot help but liking them': *Terra Nova* meets *Fram*." *Polar Record* 49 (April 2012) p. 184-191

p. 187: Curious eyes ranged over each other's ships. 'While we are waiting events we have not been by any means idle,' wrote Priestley on Saturday morning (Priestley [1911b](#): p. 50). Officers and scientists were busy using *Terra Nova* as a platform for vigorous scientific work for example sounding, hauling the plankton net, taking water samples, and dredging. According to Bruce, ten of *Fram's* crew including Amundsen lunched on board *Terra Nova* and 'were very friendly, but didn't give away much or get much' (Bruce [1911c](#)). On a return visit to *Fram* 'to have a look round' according to Browning, Amundsen asked him if there were any spare newspapers on *Terra Nova* as he had not read any since September. Browning 'collected all I could get also a few magazines – he was very pleased' (Browning [1911](#)). Priestley did not go. Instead, he showed a Norwegian Lieutenant over *Terra Nova*.

Hunt, A. Leigh. *Confessions of a Leigh Hunt.* Wellington, NZ: Reed, 1951.

No relation to Leigh Hunt, this one founded the NZ Antarctic Club and knew several explorers, and gave lantern lectures to schools about Scott etc.

p. 117, received a message from Captain Evans [Lord Mountevans]:
“When you are talking to school children of New Zealand concerning Captain Scott and his last Antarctic voyage, tell them that I consider it an honour to send them a message and that, since I have been asked to do so, I must urge them to remember that, apart from the scientific value of an expedition such as Scott’s the example he and his four brave companions set to the children of the Empire found its echo in the Great War, when one million of the finest men our Empire has produced willingly gave up their lives for democracy and freedom from despotic government.... Tell them also that, when life seems darkest, to turn up the story of Scott’s last days and read those letters written by him when, with a temperature of 40 degrees below zero, food all gone, limbs frozen and the blizzard howling about his tent, he wrote gladly and cheerfully, feeling that he did not die in vain, but that the tragic end of his expedition would serve as an example to Britain’s and to the children of the British Empire.”

p. 127: Hunt recounts a conversation in which someone named Smith asked Mawson how he kept his spirits up after losing two mates. “He placed his hand as if he intended to take something out of his pocket, and in an earnest voice replied: ‘Smith, I had a tiny Bible in my pocket, and when I was in camp and unable to travel I read comforting passages from it.’”

Jones, Max. *The Last Great Quest: Captain Scott’s Antarctic Sacrifice.* Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003.

Book shows tensions of scientific contributions of polar exploration over against the macho, imperial, jingoistic elements which often symbolized an imperial nation. Jones shows a good balance of

respect and criticism for Scott, and situates Scott within the context of his times. His book shows tensions of scientific contributions of polar exploration over against the macho, imperial, jingoistic elements which often symbolized an imperial nation. He is particularly good on the English worship of manliness and pluck, showing how Scott's reputation gained from the notion that he and his men were somehow superhuman heroes, though suggesting that we know little of how "heroically" Scott and his partners acted.

p. 156: in one memorial exhibit for Scott "there were Scott's sledge, skies, and theodolite, the camera used at the Pole, empty provision bags, a thermometer, and a book, *By Order of Country*, alongside a sign: 'The book they were reading.'" [I can't locate this title, nor could the author.] Orianna took umbrage at the bad taste of the exhibition of the dead men's possessions, and asked that they be removed.

p. 163: summary of thesis: "Captain Scott and his companions offered a reassuring example of heroic character and idealism, to counter anxieties about national decline and the materialism of the modern world. Many versions of Scott's story rang out through Britain before the First World War, as different communities invested the disaster with different meanings...."

p. 178: Priestley on Northern party: "Such rituals [pretending that words of enlisted men were not heard by officers though in the same space] seem macabre today, but the pretense of normality may have helped the party survive the winter. Charles Dickens certainly provided sustenance. The sixty-four chapters of *David Copperfield* brought entertainment for two months...."

p. 210: "The departure of the *Discovery* was accompanied by a postcard event, which portrayed the expedition as a distinctly imperial enterprise. The London publishers E. Wrench issued four post-cards about the expedition in their 'Links of Empire' series. For a subscription of 2s., the cards would be posted back to the subscriber, first from London on the ship's departure; then from Simonstown, South Africa, and Lyttelton, New Zealand, as the *Discovery* sailed south; and finally, from Lyttelton again, on the expedition's return from the Antarctic." [see M. Wharton, "Captain Scott, pt. 1," *Picture Postcard Monthly* (Jan. 1933) p. 33]

p. 221: “Heroic tales of military endeavour, from Kipling’s poetry through the *Boy’s Own Paper* to W. H. Fitchett’s *Deeds that Won the Empire* (a favourite on the *Terra Nova*), permeated popular culture.”

p. 241-2: “A single book offered the principal resource for representing the disaster as a heroic sacrifice: the New Testament. Christians were not alone in venerating sacrifice.... But a common Christian inheritance offered the deepest well of inspiration for the language of sacrifice in Britain and America...: ‘Their deaths were *necessary* to God’s great purpose...’”

p. 243: “The [*Terra Nova*] shore party faced their first Antarctic winter with only seven hymn books, after forgetting to unload more from *Terra Nova*. Cherry-Garrard recorded how a rendition of ‘Onward Christian Soldiers’ degenerated into giggles, after the crew began singing in the wrong key. And Scott himself was probably an agnostic, if not an outright atheist.”

p. 261: “The cigarette company John Player issued a series of twenty-five cigarette cards on Antarctic exploration in 1916. Four of the cards focused on Amundsen’s Norwegian expedition, with one card declaring ‘no decent minded Englishman grudged the modest men of the Viking breed their well-earned prize’. Amundsen was described as ‘the beau ideal of a Polar explorer. Strong, skilful and daring; possessed of a keen sense of humour, and with kindly steel blue eyes’. The series included cards devoted to Bowers, Oates, Wilson, Teddy Evans, the dog-driver Dmitri, and even the assistant paymaster, Francis Drake. But not one of the twenty-five cards mentioned Petty Officer Edgar Evans, the working-class seaman who was frequently forgotten or blamed for the disaster. Around this time F. Whelan Boyle’s retelling of Scott’s story in the *Boy’s Own Paper* claimed again that ‘but for the collapse of Seaman Evans the rest of the party might have got back to the base in safety’. “The most intriguing cigarette card was Number 1: ‘Captain Scott’.... This unadorned card simply shows a man in uniform whose eyes suggest suffering, a screen onto which both officers and men could project their own conceptions of courage and comradeship, sticking it out to the bitter end.”

p. 262-68: describes various books by the survivors, and their various parts in creating the mythology of Scott, and the example of manliness as shown in fatal manhauling enhancing the national sense of imperial strength.

Lambert, Katherine. *The Longest Winter: The Incredible Survival of Captain Scott's Lost Party*. Introduction by Peter King. Washington: Smithsonian Books, 2004. Published in the UK as '*Hell with a Capital H: an Epic Story of Antarctic Survival*'. London: Pimlico, 2002. The following citations are from the US edition.

Based on George Levick's diary of the experience of the Northern Party on Scott's second (*Terra Nova*) expedition of 1910-13, as they were stranded for a winter at Inexpressible Island away from Cape Adare. Levick was medical officer of the 6-man party but also photographer and zoologist. Based on Priestley's *Antarctic Adventure* and diaries of G. M. Levick owned by Richard Kossow.

p. 11—Captain Titus Oates usually pored over his Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*.

p. 16: On *Terra Nova* trip South "they pooled their books."

p. 18: raises question of homosexuality and its clues in various sources, but in the end says it remains an open question.

p. 74: "books plucked from the library shelves", refers to footnote 16, p. 224: Abbott's reading matter included a clutch of novels unknown today: *The Virginian* by Owen Wister, *The Fighting Chance* and *Maids of Paradise* by R.W. Chambers, *Forest Lovers* by Morris Hewlett, and *The Illustrious O'Hagan* by Justin McCarthy.

p. 80: These auroras left those who observed them a unique and priceless legacy of movement and color, but they could not eradicate the boredom and discomfort that was winter life at Cape Adare.

p. 83: He [Campbell] was certainly a good man in a crisis and good company when things were going well, but long spells of boredom and discomfort were likely to tell on him more than on a man of slower pace and more even temper, such as Levick. [Lambert compares Campbell to Scott in his dark periods]

p. 92: says Levick was reading during a gale works of Scott, Shackleton, and Borchgrevink “picking up as many tips as possible.”

p. 123??: in Northern party igloo or snow-house. “Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it’s awful”—cf Beckett. Levick’s “preoccupations during the month were: incontinence, cooking with blubber, books, boots....”

p. 155: On Sundays, as in pleasanter times at Cape Adare, Campbell read from the New Testament, and hymns & psalms were sung, recollected in the absence of a hymnal with a fair degree of accuracy thanks to the spent by the seamen in their home choirs, and to Priestley’s Wesleyan chapel childhood. (see Kossow’s copy of the NT read there, described under Levick.)

p. 157: After the evening hooch...Levick read a chapter or two of a book aloud to the others, recumbent in their bags. Their library was meagre and strangely assorted, reflecting the tastes of six disparate readers. He started with Boccaccio’s *Decameron*, which he rated ‘a most boring production’,... *Simon the Jester*, a rather inferior novel, they enjoyed greatly. Their literary mainstay was, however, David Copperfield: a merciful total of sixty-four chapters. Levick started to read one of these a day on March 28, and finally closed the book two months later.

Balfour’s *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson* then came to their rescue, lasting them another few weeks.... He was not the only performer: Priestley’s reading from his diary were much enjoyed from the beginning of June, but were rationed to Sundays to spin them out as long as possible. (Goes on to talk about Levick’s literary attempts—started a novel with some notes still extant at SPRI and in Kossow’s collection.)

p. 158: There is a dash of Robert Louis Stevenson there too, absorbed during Levick’s weeks of nightly readings. His admiration for the master storyteller grew: “I have found [his] character studies simply fascinating, and can hardly leave for the routine of work.”

...At the end of the reading and ‘lights out’, the men composed themselves to sleep—and often to dream.

p. 177: Levick entry for Oct. 29: “and then we retired to our bags and ate more biscuits, and I read Browning, as Taylor had left a copy at the depot.”

p. 257-59: First of all we waited until the mes*men for the day had finished their work, and then when they had turned in and all diaries were written up Levick would read us a chapter from "David Copperfield." This one chapter a night became a regular institution with us from now until we had finished all three of the books we had with us. "David Copperfield" lasted us for some sixty nights, and at the end of that time we were very sorry to part with him. The 'Life of Stevenson,' however, proved an excellent substitute, and that, again, lasted us for two or three weeks, and was followed by "Simon the Jester." This last book we found lasted us much less time, for we became one and all fascinated with Simon's character, and one chapter a night was not enough. We demanded two or three, and Levick allowed us to keep him reading and in a few days the last of our books was finished. In addition to these three we had with us two copies of the *Review of Reviews*, and these were read from cover to cover, advertisements and all.

We had carried one or two other magazines on the summer journey, but these, unfortunately, I had used for wrapping up specimens, and I often regretted this fact during the winter. The "Decameron" and a couple of Max Pemberton's novels which the men had brought completed our list of literature, with the exception of a typed copy of my first year's diary. This latter I used to read on Sundays, and we used to contrast our life on the same date at Cape Adare with our present existence in the snow-cave. On Sundays also Campbell read a chapter from a pocket edition of the New Testament we had with us, and afterwards we sang what hymns we could remember.

Taking all things into consideration, the Sunday concerts were a great success. The only man with a voice in the party was Abbott, and he was not blessed with a good memory. Dickason and Browning had once been in a choir, and still remembered bits of the *Te Deum* and some fragments of hymns, and I also knew a few of the latter. Between us we managed to patch up about a dozen hymns, which sounded something like they were meant to be by their authors. Where we could not think of a sentence we made it up, and I was surprised when I returned to find that, while we had frequently only been singing two or three verses when four or five had been written, in one case at least we had made up one more

verse than actually existed. Although a man of no pretensions to voice at all, I was a tower of strength in these Sunday concerts, for when I was a boy I had been taken twice every Sunday to a Wesleyan chapel, and the only book I was allowed to look at during the sermons (which were unreasonably long for children to be expected to listen to) was the hymn-book. Consequently I amused myself by learning all my favourite hymns by heart, and I have never forgotten some of them. My diligence in those far-off days was now amply repaid, for the thing which went farthest towards making our evenings pass pleasantly was the ability to make a "cheerful noise." We had very little idea of tune, but hymn tunes are simple and very fine, and I believe we all enjoyed these concerts even more than those which marked the Saturday night.

Saturday night also was devoted to song. After dinner we drank to "Sweethearts and Wives" in our apology for cocoa, and then we sang the old favourites which will be recognized by sailors and travellers all the world over. Such songs as "Rolling Home," "Lowlands," "Thora," "The Buffalo Battery," "Mandalay," and many another will remind us of these Saturday night concerts to our dying day, and when we hear them again our thoughts will swing back across time and space to the drift where lie the remains of our cave home. Indeed, so pleasant do those evenings appear now to me, and so softening is the influence of time on the memory, that already as I look back on them from a comfortable chair in my rooms in Cambridge it is with more than a slight tinge of regret I realize that they are gone never to return.

Langner, Rainer-K. *Scott and Amundsen: Duel in the Ice*. Translated by Timothy Beech. London: Haus Publishing, 2007. Originally published in Frankfurt in 2001.

A concise and fairly superficial retelling of the Antarctic story from the *Belgica* to Scott's death. It does emphasize, as others often ignore, Amundsen's reliance on his Polar reading for his preparation. p. 30-2: ...he read everything that had been written about voyages of discovery, "all the relevant books I could get my hands on; and so it was

I noticed a momentous failure of most of the earlier Polar expeditions, The leaders of these expeditions had not always been ship's captains, so they had almost always had to entrust the running of their ships to experienced seamen. In every such case it has turned out to have disastrous consequences because as soon as the expedition was at sea it no longer had one leader, but two.

Levick, Dr. G. Murray. Surgeon for Northern Party

Richard Kossow has a copy of the New Testament which Levick had on this expedition. It is the Oxford Bible-paper edition, a small edition for which I didn't get full details. Here is the description I have:

Cover: New Testament Antarctic Expedition "Terra Nova" 1910.

Inscription on inner flyleaf:

Surgeon G. M. Levick

On his leaving New Zealand

Antarctic Expedition

"Terra Nova"

1910

With every good wish

A. R. Falconer

Seamen's Missionary

Dunedin

John 3:16.

MacPhee, Ross D. E. *Race to the End: Amundsen, Scott, and the Attainment of the South Pole*. New York: American Museum of Natural History, 2010.

A straightforward and well-written recounting of the *Terra Nova* expedition, intended as a companion volume to the AMNH's 2010 centenary exhibition on Scott and Amundsen's 1910 expeditions. MacPhee is a moderate critic of Scott's deficiencies and Amundsen's megalomania.

p. 84, photograph of Cecil Meares at pianola, and the following caption: Among the entertainments at Cape Evans during the winter of 1911 were Ponting's banjo-playing (average) roughhousing and sports (whenever possible), lectures (variable in quality and interest), books, gramophone, and this Broadway "pianola" or player piano, located in the wardroom section of the hut and played with a foot pedal. Here it is being put through its paces by Cecil Meares. The large object to the left is the Gurney's Patent Stove used for heating; above Meares' head on the piano top are a precariously situated microscope and a theodolite, used for surveying. The title visible at the end of the row of books is Ponting's *In Lotus Land: Japan*, which he positioned unashamedly in this scene.

p. 179, towards the end of the fatal retreat from the Pole, Wilson had written in his diary, addressed to his wife Oriana that "Your little testament and prayer book will be in my hand or in my breast pocket when the end comes. All is well."

Wilson had taken a dogeared copy of *The Book of Common Prayer* with him on all his sledging trips, including this one: The flyleaves and pastedowns—indeed, most spare surfaces, are covered with religious meditations in his tiny, spindery hand. Many inscriptions are no longer legible, but those that are tell of a man for whom death and the hereafter held nothing but wonder and promise. None is dated, but there is one passage on the front flyleaf that may serve, as much as anything can, to give an insight into his state of mind during his last days on the Barrier. The meditation is on Christ's last utterance (underlined words) on the cross, when he receives a drink of vinegar, and then gives up his spirit:

It is finished. This teaches us that everything is ready, that we can come to the marriage feast of the Lamb, that we haven't to save ourselves, that we haven't to make our atonement—that it is done. All is ready for us.

Osborne, Henry Fairfield. From AMNH Central Archive 488, Febr. 10, 1913: AMNH President, Henry Fairfield Osborne: I am inexpressibly shocked and grieved to learn of the disaster that has overtaken the members of the Scott Expedition to the South Pole. The

blow is as unexpected as it is crushing. Captain Amundsen confidently expected that the Scott party would reach the tent, records and welcome which he left at Solheim. Only recently in conversation, both Captain Amundsen and Sir Ernest Shackleton have expressed to me their expectation of soon hearing favorably from this fourth attempt to conquer the South Pole. Neither expressed the least doubt as to the result. It is a fresh demonstration of the great hazards attending extreme Arctic exploration. ...

All the scientific staff of the museum, many of whom have been engaged in hazardous exploration, will share in the universal sorrow for the loss of these brave and noble men. Their example and their sacrifice fortunately are not lost, but will be perpetuated among the courageous and worthy deeds of the British race to which we belong. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President, February 10, 1913.

Ponting, Herbert G. *The Great White South, or with Scott in the Antarctic. Being an Account of Experiences with Captain Scott's South Pole Expedition and of the Nature Life of the Antarctic... and an Introduction by Lady Scott.* London: Duckworth, 1921.

p. 1: I might almost say that I first met Captain Scott in Siberia. I may at least state that it was there that I first got to know him, for I occupied myself during a journey over the Trans-Siberian railway in January, 1907, by reading his recently published work 'The Voyage of the Discovery.' I had bought the two volumes in Tokyo, thinking that they might furnish appropriate reading for a journey in the frigid conditions of climate which prevail in Siberia at that time of the year; and during my two weeks' incarceration in the train, as it meandered over a third of the circumference of the globe, from Vladivostock to Moscow, I found that virile story of adventure of absorbing interest. Little then did I imagine that I should one day meet the great explorer in the flesh; much less that before four years had elapsed I should be accompanying him on his second voyage to the Antarctic regions. Wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Fate in the framing of our destinies!

p. 13: ‘Uncle Bill’—as our zoologist, Dr. Wilson, was known to all—seemed to know the name of every bird that winged the waves. I never sought from him the name of any creature in vain. Thus at the outset of our voyage I found how exhaustive was his knowledge of Antarctic fauna. It gave me no small satisfaction to know that, whilst my own ambition was to produce a pictorial record of our adventure—which might enlighten those who do not read expensive volumes on exploration, as to the objects, results and value of such an enterprise as ours—Dr. Wilson was a man who was capable of investing any zoological photographs with such information as would render them of maximum value to science.

p. 21, while injured aboard ship: A friend in New Zealand had presented me with Black's ‘For the Term of His Natural Life’—a most blood-curdling tale of the days of transportation to Botany Bay for comparatively trivial offences, and often on account of the most deplorable miscarriage of justice which I read through, but was glad to reach the end of so depressing though enthralling a story. I then commenced to read F. T. Bullen's ‘Cruise of the *Cachalot*,’ one of the most stirring books of adventure ever written, every chapter of which was filled with information concerning the very creatures that the old ship, in which I now found myself, had been engaged in hunting during a great part of her career—whales. The *Cachalot* is better known by its English name, Sperm whale, and although we were now south of the haunts of these great sea mammals—which frequent warmer waters—we were soon to meet with other members of the numerous whale family, concerning which there is a mine of information in that fascinating volume.

p. 43, Christmas Day in the Pack, Sunday: It was to be a day of rest and recreation. During the morning Captain Scott read the Church Service, and after lunch each of the afterguard went about his affairs, or read or snoozed in his bunk until it was time for dinner.

p. 128: Because of the kindred nature of our work [Ponting and Dr. Wilson], I was drawn into closer contact with Wilson than with any other of my comrades. He would submit every sketch that he made to me, and sometimes he would seek my advice when he experienced

difficulty in getting the effect he wanted. I remember how puzzled he once was over one of his studies of Mt. Erebus. He could not get the mountain to look high enough. My experience in photographing mountains showed me what was wrong. He had given the sketch too much sky. Taking a sheet of paper I placed it across the top of his drawing, cutting off three inches of sky, and immediately the mountain rose. He was quite pleased, and thought it remarkable that he had not thought of such a simple expedient himself.

It was my province to illustrate, amongst other things, the animal life around us. When, later, I was engaged on this fascinating work, my own affection for it was no greater incentive than the knowledge that the man whom I held in such high regard would be able to invest my pictures with the maximum of scientific information. Some of the animal habits recorded would have been a revelation to him—as they are to every zoologist who sees them—and I know what delight they would have given to Uncle Bill, had he lived.

Captain Scott's cubicle was the next. His 'den' was about eight feet by six; it had several shelves of books, which included a number of volumes on Polar exploration given to the Expedition by his friends Sir Clements Markham and Sir Lewis Beaumont. These were in demand by all.

p. 137-39, details on the lecture series of Scott's *Terra Nova* expedition.

p. 139: In May, a notice had been posted up announcing that the third volume of the *South Polar Times* would be published on Midwinter Day—two previous volumes having appeared during the *Discovery* Expedition. All were invited to send in anonymous contributions in the form of prose, poetry or drawings, which were to be deposited in the 'Editor's Box' under the notice. From that time onwards there was a noticeably more studious and preoccupied air about the occupants of the ward-room, and it was not difficult to divine who of our number had literary aspirations, dissemble though they might. Cherry-Garrard, the Editor, had a strenuous time for three weeks in June, carefully typing the MSS. he had accepted....

p. 140, after June 22 Midwinter Day dinner: Cherry's masterpiece was then disclosed, *The South Polar Times*, on which he had spent weeks of

patient, unremitting care. It was a Crown Quarto volume, cleverly bound by Day with 'Venesta' three-ply board, carved with the monogram S.P.T., and edged with silver-grey sealskin.

Cherry had typed its fifty pages faultlessly, and many of the contributions were beautifully illustrated with water-colour sketches by Uncle Bill. Most of the prose took a comic turn; but some of the verses were of a serious nature.

p. 156: To some, it may seem incredible that men should forego the comforts and luxuries of civilization, and, leaving the joys of home and all that many consider most worth living for, venture to the most forbidding ends of the earth to suffer inconceivable hardships, and to risk heath and limb and life itself in order to study the breeding habits of a bird. Yet ought we all to be thankful that our race produces such men; for the thirst of science for knowledge is insatiable, and Britain has ever been foremost in the van of those who have not hesitated, if needs be, to sacrifice all to satisfy it.

p. 158-59: Of books we had any number, and of all kinds, so that with reading, games and lectures our leisure hours passed pleasantly and profitably. It is worthy of note that Oates, as became a soldier, read little else but Napier's 'Peninsular War.' Occasionally he would dip into a novel, but he looked upon such literature as trifling, and soon returned to the beloved volumes. Near the head of his bunk he had hung a picture of his one hero, Napoleon.

Every Sunday morning Captain Scott read the Church Service, and the day was as far as possible regarded as one of relaxation.

p. 164: He had kept much to himself during the winter. He read a great deal—generally books on Polar exploration, relieved by an occasional novel. He worked a great deal on his plans for the future; he wrote much in his diary, and smoked incessantly. Almost invariably he took his exercise alone. Once, during the winter, I asked him if he had yet started on his book. His reply was: 'No fear! I'll leave that until I get home.' From which I gathered that his Journal was to be used merely as notes which later would be elaborated into his official account of the Expedition. Though a great part of it was written under conditions of extreme discomfort, and much of it in the face of unparalleled hardship,

when Scott's Journal ultimately became known, it was manifest to the world that his literary ability was of a high order, though readers of his previous work, 'The Voyage of the Discovery,' knew this already.

p. 263: We watched daily, and the ship drew nearer from time to time as the ice in the Sound broke away. In stormy weather she would put out to sea for safety, and reappear a few days later, nearer than before. It was not until February 3rd, however, that she came near enough for Meares—who, with Dimitri, had returned from the Barrier a month ago—to drive out with a dog-team and communicate with those on board. He returned an hour later with two great bags of letters and papers; so we all spent the next few hours reading the news from home, and learning something of the events that had occurred in the great crowded world from which we had been absent for so long.

p. 290-91, on how the bodies of Scott, Wilson, and Bowers were found: 'Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them. Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping-bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three note-books was under his shoulders and his arm thrown across Wilson. So they were found eight months later.'

Beside the note-books were the little camera, and two rolls of film. In these films there were latent, amongst others, the three photographs reproduced herein which show the explorers at the South Pole—probably the most tragically interesting photographs in the world.

They were taken with a quarter-plate film camera; and, in the case of the groups, the shutter was released by a long thread, so that all might appear in the picture. Dr. Wilson can be seen pulling this thread in one of the groups, and Lieut. Bowers in the other. The films were nearly two years old at the time they were exposed at the South Pole. For eight months those two rolls of film lay on the snow—beside the dead bodies of three of the five explorers whose images were hidden therein—until they were found by the Search Party. Later, they were developed by Debenham in the Hut at Cape Evans. It seems almost incredible that they should have yielded excellent negatives.

p. 302: Scott was a great reader and lover of good literature; and his books ‘The Voyage of the Discovery’ and ‘Scott's Last Expedition’—the diary of the great adventure to which he gave his life—have demonstrated his ability as a writer. There is probably nothing more soul-stirring in all our literature than the closing pages of Scott's Journal, and his ‘Message to the Public,’ which the great explorer wrote whilst death was staring full into his eyes. They should be taught in every school, and committed to memory by every British boy, for it should be the resolve of every true English man ‘to meet the end with a similar spirit.’

Pound, Reginald. *Scott of the Antarctic*. New York: Coward-McCann, 1967.

4th plate following p. 148—men reading on deck of *Terra Nova*.

Priestley, Raymond E. *Antarctic Adventure: Scott's Northern Party*. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1914. [A new edition, with a New Foreword by Sir Vivian Fuchs, was published in London: C. Hurst & co., 1974.]

The northern party under V. L. A. Campbell, was forced to winter in the Antarctic when the *Terra Nova* failed to pick them up. They survived despite being without winter clothing and they eventually crossed 230 miles of sea ice to Cape Evans. Spence 939. Conrad 186: This is gripping reading. The first edition is unfortunately rare, as many copies were destroyed during a fire. [ABEBOOKS]

p. 37: ...besides the rock specimens and the penguin carcasses we carried off with us the two bound volumes of the *Sketch* which the *Nimrod* had brought down in 1909. These proved, as we expected them to be, a great addition to our library, which was rather deficient in illustrated books.

p. 62: By the end of March the interior of the hut looked quite like a home, for each man had decorated his own cubicle with photographs and

sledge flags; each had also shelves for his own books, and Browning had fixed up a set of library shelves.

p. 63-64: On the wall above the head of the bed were three shelves, which occupied in my mind the same position that the sword must have done in that of Damocles. They were laden with the whole of my geographical library and other books, and most of the apparatus that I possessed that was breakable. Fortunately, here again our carpentry was considerably better than it looked, and if the hut is still standing, it is probable that the shelves are too. Below the shelves came the small picture-gallery I possessed, and (purely for the sake of appearances) an impressive map of the Antarctic was also pinned to the wall by the side of my bed, while a series of nails held, such articles of clothing as I was obliged to don every two hours before leaving the hut to take the meteorological observations.

p. 68, during a wind storm: It was on this night that I first realized the possibilities of my shelves, when I received a German dictionary on the side of my head, and this was followed by a deluge of ink-bottles, pencils, pens, and books.

p. 76, importance of gramophone: Jestings apart, however, I think we would all agree that we got more pleasure out of the gramophone during this winter than out of any other of our amusements; and the amusing part was that there seemed to be amongst our repertoire songs to suit pretty nearly every incident out of the daily run which happened to us. [See op p. 77, for photo of room with book shelves.]

p. 80, scientific work ashore at Cape Adare: It was impossible to cope with any single science single-handed, and as we had to give a good account of three sciences or to be written down as failures all hands were pressed into service. Officers and sailors alike took their turn at the observations, and perhaps the only clue to this fact presented by the logbooks was a certain laborious neatness and fullness about those entries made by the mess-deck observers.

p. 94, Caruso on gramophone singing the "Flower Song" from Carmen: not, I am afraid, because of our classical taste in music, but because it was the loudest we possessed. In consequence the gramophone alarm was christened the "Carusophone," and its efficacy was such that on one

occasion only, when the draught during a blizzard blew out the candle, did it fail to go off, and on no single occasion did it fail to wake the night watchman. Indeed, for the first week or two, judging by the comments it evoked, it woke every one, but even then we were so proud of it that no one said nearly as much as might have been expected, while after a week or two its only effect was to give a somewhat noisy trend to our dreams.

p. 99: We seemed to have an appropriate song for every thing that could happen here. As I was bending over my last that evening, Browning, without malice afore thought, I believe, started the gramophone concert with his favourite record, "The Promise of Life." The opening sentence, "There are no eyes whose light hath ne'er been blinded by silent tears of sorrow or of pain," was obviously very appropriate, and amused us all, though I was obliged to call Levick to witness before the others would believe my assertion that the tears I had shed that morning were "silent." [Priestley had recently been seriously burned near his eyes.]

p. 101-02: We had a good library with us, as usual, and it is at such times as this that one finds time to read classical books. For my part I find it quite difficult to make time to read and enjoy such authors as Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, at home, but in the course of two winters in the Antarctic I read through the complete works of all three and many more standard books which are far heavier reading than these. One book which proved a great favourite with the men was Marcus Clark's "For the Term of his Natural Life," and their comments on this were very pithily summed up by Abbott when he said, referring to the hero, "The only bit of luck the poor fellow had was when he got drowned"—a trenchant summary that would be hard to beat.

p. 107-08: Perhaps the first sign of the near approach of the sledging season is the diligence with which officers and men may be seen reading up what Antarctic and Arctic literature is available. Unfortunately, as we were a subsidiary party, our library was very ill-supplied in this respect, but even so we managed to extract a good deal of useful information from those books we had. The "Antarctic Manual," for instance, contained copious extracts from the voyages of Wilkes and D'Urville, who had cruised to the west of us, as well as those of many whose scene

of action did not lie so close. I do not think I ever realized what a great deal Arctic exploration owes to such firms as Messrs Enderby and to the men sent out by them in command of their whalers until, before the commencement of the sledging season in 1908, I read the journals of John Biscoe and Bellany, whose accounts are as clear and concise as their voyages were well carried out. It is only to be regretted that the commercial outcome of these voyages was not such as to encourage a persistence in them.

Op. p. 109, photo of typewriter for writing notes.

p. 143: On Sundays, as in pleasanter times at Cape Adair, Campbell read from the New Testament, and hymns & psalms were sung, recollected in the absence of a hymnal with a fair degree of accuracy thanks to the spell spent by the seamen in their home choirs, and to Priestley's Wesleyan chapel childhood.

p. 145: After the evening hooch... Levick read a chapter or two of a book aloud to the others, recumbent in their bags. Their library was meager and strangely assorted, reflecting the tastes of six disparate readers. He started with Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which he rated a most boring production;... *Simon the Jester*, a rather inferior novel, they enjoyed greatly. Their literary mainstay was, however, *David Copperfield*: a merciful total of sixty-four chapters. Levick started to read one of these a day on 28 March, and finally closed the book two months later.

Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson* then came to their rescue, lasting them for another few weeks. He was not the only performer: Priestley's readings from his diary were much enjoyed from the beginning of June, but were rationed to Sundays, to spin them out as long as possible. [Goes on to talk about Levick's literary attempts.]

p. 146: We knew from Borchgrevink's book that we might expect the first of these birds in the spring, and Levick, in whose charge were all zoological observations, now produced a notebook, and issued an ukase that every one should assist in filling this with notes as speedily as possible. The rules laid down in the beginning of the book were characteristic, and I will quote them here in case they should be useful to future sailor scientists under similar conditions :—

“Members are invited to write in this book notes on anything of interest seen by them relating to birds, seals, whales, etc., appending their initials and bearing in mind the following observations:—

“I. Never write down anything as a fact unless you are absolutely certain. If you are not quite sure, say ‘I think I saw’ instead of ‘I saw,’ or ‘I think it was’ instead of ‘It was,’ but make it clear whether you are a little doubtful or very doubtful. [Two other principles follow, try not to disturb the penguins and trivial incidents can be of great value. Also notes that birds feel pain so don’t cause pain when you’re killing them.]
p. 163: Levick entry for 29 Oct 1912: “...and then we retired to our bags and ate more biscuits, and I read Browning, as Taylor had left a copy at the depot.”

p. 188-90, November 1912: Now that we had more spare time on our hands, it seemed a good time to endeavour to produce some sort of a magazine or paper which should be modelled on those of previous expeditions. We therefore called a meeting of authors, at which contributions were promised by all hands, and I was appointed editor, and so the *Adélie Annual* came into being. We did not pretend to a high literary standard, but the articles were mainly topical and so interesting to ourselves, and the paper was the cause of much amusement. One poem, which was sent to me signed “Bluebell,” was an advertisement of our hut and enumerated its points very well:—

TO LET.

The late inhabitants, with much regret,
Beg to announce this hut is now to let.
They grieve exceedingly they cannot stay,
But urgent business calls them away.
The hut and furniture, thus on the market,
Remains for any one who cares to shark it,
And if you care to walk in, I dare say, gents,
You won't be worried by no dashed house agents.
There'll be no rent to pay, no tax or poor rate;
You won't be fussed, or called on by the curate,
Whilst duns will leave you quiet for a space,

Being positively strangers to this place.
A place, in short, a prince might well inhabit.
Look ! what a chance ! and no one here to grab it.
Each time the wind blows plates rain off the shelves,
For, with the hut, we put them up ourselves,
And consequently we're prepared to state
Each plank is split, and not a nail's in straight.
This latter dodge was ours, and quite a great one
(A crooked nail sticks faster than a straight one)—
It's all yours for the asking, every splinter,
But hurry up, it won't last out next winter.
[Another poem, The Barrow Dip, by the same author
deals with science from the explorer's point of view.]

p. 256: The month did not start too well for me, for on the 1st I had an accident with my blubber reading-lamp, which had unpleasant consequences. One or two of the oil-can blubber-stoves had been discarded by the cooks as being inefficient, and we had converted these into reading-lamps, which were larger than usual and gave rather more light. I had placed my lamp too near the edge of the snow-block wall alongside my bag, and as the oil in the lamp heated it thawed its way unevenly into one of the blocks, developing a tilt, until without warning it slid forward and precipitated itself and about half a pint of oil over the ruck-sack, which contained my spare clothes, and over the floor cloth under my bag. I rolled up the latter hurriedly and scraped the floorcloth thoroughly with a sheath-knife; but it was impossible to undo all the damage, and for the rest of the winter my bag and floor space were always more greasy than those of any of the others.

p. 257-59, during the second winter in their igloo: First of all we waited until the messmen for the day had finished their work, and then when they had turned in and all diaries were written up Levick would read us a chapter from "David Copperfield." This one chapter a night became a regular institution with us from now until we had finished all three books we had with us. "David Copperfield" lasted us for some sixty

nights, and at the end of that time we were very sorry to part with him. The "Life of Stevenson," however proved an excellent substitute, and that, again, lasted us for two or three weeks, and was followed by "Simon the Jester." This last book we found lasted us much less time, for we became one and all fascinated with Simon's character, and one chapter a night was not enough. We demanded two or three, and Levick allowed us to keep him reading, and in a few days the last of our books was finished. In addition to these we had with us two copies of the *Review of Reviews*, and these were read from cover to cover, advertisements and all.

We had carried one or two other magazines on the summer journey, but these, unfortunately, I had used for wrapping up specimens, and I often regretted this fact during the winter. The "Decameron" and a couple of Max Pemberton's novels which the men had brought completed our list of literature, with the exception of a typed copy of my first years' diary. This latter I used to read on Sundays, and we used to contrast our life on the same date at Cape Adare with our present existence in the snow-cave. On Sundays also Campbell read a chapter from a pocket edition of the New Testament we had with us, and afterwards we sang what hymns we could remember.

Taking all things into consideration, the Sunday concerts were a great success. The only man with a voice in the party was Abbott, and he was not blessed with a good memory. Dickason and Browning had once been in a choir, and still remembered bits of the *Te Deum* and some fragments of hymns, and I also knew a few of the latter. Between us we managed to patch up about a dozen hymns, which sounded something like they were meant to be by their authors. Where we could not think of a sentence we made it up, and I was surprised when I returned to find that, while we had frequently only been singing two or three verses when four or five had been written, in one case at least we had made up one more verse than actually existed. Although a man of no pretensions to voice at all, I was a tower of strength in these Sunday concerts, for when I was a boy I had been taken twice every Sunday to a Wesleyan chapel, and the only book I was allowed to look at during the sermons (which were unreasonably long for children to be expected to listen to) was the

hymn-book. Consequently I amused myself by learning all my favourite hymns by heart, and I have never forgotten some of them. My diligence in those far-off days was now amply repaid, for the thing which went farthest towards making our evenings pass pleasantly was the ability to make a “cheerful noise.” We had very little idea of tune, but hymn tunes are simple and very fine, and I believe we all enjoyed these concerts even more than those which marked the Saturday night.

Saturday night also was devoted to song. After dinner we drank to “Sweethearts and Wives” in our apology for cocoa, and then we sang the old favourites which will be recognized by sailors and travellers all the world over. Such songs as “Rolling Home,” “Lowlands,” “Thora,” “The Buffalo Battery,” “Mandalay,” and many another will remind us of these Saturday night concerts to our dying day, and when we hear them again our thoughts will swing back across time and space to the drift where lie the remains of our cave home.

p. 270: Our little reading-lamps gave light sufficient to read by if the book was held fairly close to them, but they were of very little use for illuminating the hut generally.

p. 278-79: One of the greatest surprises of our behaviour during this winter was the unexpected way in which the whole party settled down to the inert vegetating existence without fretting or protest. Four of us, at any rate, are unusually active people, and cannot bear to be unoccupied in normal life, while I myself could never have believed that I could have been happy without something to read. Yet during the greater part of this inactive life we were certainly happy as was witnessed especially by the seraphic state of our tempers, and far from pining for books, I can remember many times when I could have been reading “Hints for Travellers” or the *Review of Reviews* and I preferred to lie and let my thoughts wander at their own sweet will....

Half the fascination an Antarctic expedition possesses is to be found in the sharpness of the contrasts experienced during its course, for it appears to be true that a hell one day is liable to make a heaven the next. It is probable, indeed, that here we have another of the clearest notes that together make up that elusive something we term, for want of a better name, “the Call of the Antarctic.”

p. 306, Jan. 17, 1912: Last night we had our usual Sunday readings, this time the 11th Chapter of Acts, my diary of the Crescent Bay trip, and the early manhood of Stevenson, all three unusually interesting chapters. This is always a good thing nowadays, as none of us sleep too well. We generally feel slightly sleepy after the evening hoosh, wake up during the evening, and fall asleep again in the early morning, waking again about 6 a.m. or 7 a.m., at which latter hour we get up. We then take out the rest of our sleep between 9 a.m. and 11 a.m. The morning sleep helps the time to pass, and for my part I find it equally hard to sleep at night whether I sleep in the daytime or not. During the days in the bag we have little we can do, for we dare not read much. The smitch from the fires inflames our eyes, and the lids press so hard on the eyeballs that they cause acute pain. [This is an extract from Priestley's diary.]

p. 350, on finally approaching their base: We felt then that we were really within measurable distance of home and friends. Right under the shadow of that mighty cone lay the winter quarters of the Polar Party, and there, whether the party were there or not would be a record that we could read, and which would tell us clearly what had happened to our comrades. This sight awoke our impatience as nothing else had done. and we turned our attention to the white plain over which was to be our road. Everywhere was heavy pressure ice, and it was plain that there were obstacles enough and to spare in front of us yet, but we had something photographed on our minds which would help us over these, and on any fine day in future we had only to look to the left of the line of march and we should see a beacon which was worthy of a country where everything is on a large scale.

p. 370-72, an account of Scott's last days, the discovery of the bodies, and his burial. It is one of the classic accounts of the deaths of the Scott party, included here for its emphasis on the rescued records: The search party had been unexpectedly successful in their sad mission, and had come across the bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers in their tent 160 miles south of Hut Point. They had secured the records and specimens of the party and much of their equipment, and had buried the bodies over them, and had then left them to the peace they had so hardly won. The story of the glorious record left by the

Southern Party has been told at length in the official history of "Scott's Last Expedition," so I will only quote, for the benefit of any readers who may not have read that book, the passage from my diary which describes the news brought in by the search party:—"In the evening Atkinson, Cherry-Garrard, and Dmitri arrived with their dog-teams. They brought news that the mule party were on their way. They had the best news that could be hoped for under the circumstances, and we have now ample proofs of the glorious way in which the Southern Party died. About eleven miles south of One Ton Depot they found the tent still standing, with the bodies of our leader, Wilson, and Bowers lying in their bags.

"They had died of general weakness and starvation, having been laid up during a nine days' blizzard, with nothing to eat and no oil. They had clung to their specimens, and had quite a large collection on the sledge, while they had dropped their photographs only a few miles back. From Captain Scott's diary, it appears that they found Amundsen's tracks at 88° S., and had followed them to the Pole, which Amundsen had reached on December 17th, or a month before our men. On the way back they had had quite decent weather and good surface on the plateau, but had not made good progress down the glacier, mainly owing to Evans failing. Near the foot of the glacier the latter fell and sustained concussion of the brain, and he never recovered. He died just as they reached the depot at the bottom of the glacier.

"From the time they reached the Barrier the situation became worse and worse. The surface was vile, the temperature 30° to 40° below zero, and the weather overcast. They were making only a few miles a day, and picked up their depots at 81° 30' S. and 80° 30' S. latitude with increasing difficulty. They had all been badly frost-bitten, and Oates, whose feet were beginning to mortify, now began to feel that he was a drag on the party. A few miles south of One Ton Depot a blizzard came on, and after discussing the position with the others, Oates evidently made up his mind that he must be sacrificed for the rest of the party. He told the others that he must leave the tent and might be some time away, and then he walked away into the drift and was never seen again. The others struggled on, getting weaker and weaker, until they were held up by this last blizzard, which lasted for nine days and finished them.

Atkinson says that even if they reached the depot they could not have got in. There is this one crumb of comfort about the manner of their end I am certain they would themselves have preferred the more lingering death, with the chance of their records and specimens being discovered, to the swifter and more merciful fall down a crevasse and the certain loss of the results of their journey.”

Priestley, Raymond E. “Work and Adventures of the Northern Party of Captain Scott’s Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1913.” *Geographical Journal* 43 No. 1(Jan. 1914) 1-14

p. 11: Every Saturday evening we held a singsong, when every man participated to the best of his ability. Every Sunday we managed to scrape together at least a dozen hymns and a couple of Psalms, and Campbell read us a chapter of the New Testament, of which we had a pocket edition. The other three books we possessed, ‘David Copperfield,’ ‘Simon the Jester,’ and Balfour’s ‘Life of Stevenson,’ were successively read, one chapter a night, by Levick. Every subject of conversation was thrashed out again and again until it was pretty well threadbare, and the only things we were careful to avoid were questions on which either of us had much at heart.

Rees, Jasper. “Captain Scott's Desert Island Discs: A Favour of What Were the Happening Sounds in Antarctica 100 Years Ago.” (Wednesday, 11 April 2012) [Online source unknown.]

Centenaries are sizeable business in 2012. It just so happens that the Olympics are coming to the United Kingdom for the third time in a year which finds us thinking very hard about if being British still means the same thing as it did 100 years when two momentous calamities singed themselves into the national psyche: the Titanic sank, and Captain Scott and his four companions never made it back from the South Pole.

Adam Sweeting has already reported on [the deluge of Titanica](#) [4] fanning across the television schedules from National Geographic docs

to [Downton](#) [5]. The Scott industry is spreading itself more widely across the year. As well as three exhibitions – at the [Natural History Museum](#) [6], the [Queen's Gallery](#) [7] and the [National Museum of Wales](#) [8] – you can also enjoy a musical flavour of what it was like to be at the bottom of the world with the Terra Nova expedition by investing in a new double-disc CD. On it is a selection of scratchy recordings Scott and co took south with them to remind them of home in the long polar night. In fact they had a library of hundreds of tunes to listen to, and the choice can do no more than suggest the range of musical tastes catered for, from Enrico Caruso to Nellie Melba, from Harry Lauder to Weber's Concertino for clarinet. Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" was on hand to gird the loins as the men prepared to strap themselves into man-hauling harnesses. For many of the jauntier tunes some of the chaps will dressed up in drag and danced along.

The records were donated to the expedition by The Gramophone Company (nowadays known as EMI), along with two splendid old gramophones, one of which is on display at the Natural History Museum's current exhibition. The main track listing concludes with "God Save the King". Two additional tracks include Ernest Shackleton taking about his own unsuccessful attempt on the Pole three years earlier. There is a piquant irony to its inclusion. Scott and Shackleton had history, and were not friends, although that did not stop Scott using Shackleton's expedition journal as a useful pathfinder. The full track listing of *Scott's Music Box* is as follows.

CD 1:

1. The Black Diamonds Band – Dollar Princess Two Step
2. The Dollar Princess Operatic Party – Opening Chorus (*The Dollar Princess*)
3. George Grossmith Jr – Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay (*Our Miss Gibbs*)
4. Margaret Cooper – Love is meant to make us glad (*Merrie England*)
5. R. Kennerley Rumford – Four Jolly Sailormen (*The Princess of Kensington*)

6. Huntley & Carroll – The Golf Scene (*Three Little Maids*)
7. Yvette Guilbert – I want yer ma honey
8. Band of HM Coldstream Guards – Trafalgar March
9. Walter Miller – We all walked into the shop
10. Florrie Forde – Oh! Oh! Antonio!
11. George Robey – The Prehistoric Man
12. Harry Lauder – Stop your tickling, Jock!
13. Harry Tate – Motoring
14. Gus Elen – Wait till the work comes round
15. Olly Oakley – Anona Two-Step
16. John Coates – Take a pair of sparkling eyes (*The Gondoliers*)
17. Eleanor Jones Hudson – The sun whose rays are all ablaze
(*The Mikado*)
18. The Sullivan Operatic Party – When Britain really ruled the
waves (*Iolanthe*)
19. HM Band of the Royal Artillery – The Blue Danube Waltz
20. Stanley Kirkby – The Trumpeter
21. Harry Dearth – A Sergeant of the Line
22. Clara Butt & R. Kennerley Rumford – Night Hymn at Sea
23. Edward Lloyd – The Holy City
24. Elizabeth Dews – O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion
(*Messiah*)
25. A Church Choir – Hark, the Herald Angels Sing

CD 2

1. Geraldine Farrar – Un bel dì vedremo (*Madama Butterfly*)
2. Enrico Caruso – Recitar!...Vesti la giubba (*Pagliacci*)
3. Nellie Melba – Waltz Song (*Roméo et Juliette*)
4. Titta Ruffo – Largo al factotum (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*)
5. Luisa Tetrazzini – Ombra leggera (*Dinorah*)
6. Maurice Renaud – Serenade (*Don Giovanni*)
7. Mattia Battistini · Emilia Corsi – Là ci darem la mano (*Don
Giovanni*)
8. Jan Kubelík – Chanson bohème (*Carmen*)

9. Enrico Caruso – Mattinata
10. Nellie Melba – Nymphes et sylvains
11. Evan Williams – I'll sing thee songs of Araby
12. Edward Lloyd – Come into the garden, Maud
13. Charles Draper – Weber: Concertino
14. La Scala Theatre Orchestra – The Ride of the Valkyries (*Die Walküre*)
15. Joseph Szigeti – Bach: Prelude (Partita No.3)
16. Wilhelm Backhaus – The Harmonious Blacksmith
17. Peter Dawson – Rule Britannia
18. Ernest Pike – The Light of the World
19. Robert Radford – Honour and Arms (*Samson*)
20. Clara Butt – Abide with me
21. Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards – God Save the King

BONUS TRACKS

1. Major Sir Ernest Shackleton – The Dash for the South Pole
 2. Stanley Kirkby – 'Tis a story that shall live forever
- Scott's Music Box *is released on 14 May*

Royal Geographical Society: “Books contained in a box labeled ‘Books used on board Discovery no. 1’.”

The vicomte de Bragelonne by A. Dumas

Owd Bob by Alfred Ollivant

Emerson's Essays (Selections)

The Newcomes by Thackeray

Vixen by Miss Braddon

The Poetical works of Robert Burns vol. III

(entry on fly-leaf, The Discovery from H.R.M.)

Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson

(entry on fly-leaf R.F.S. 1901)

The Primrose Path by Miss Oliphant

(entry printed in pencil on fly-leaf: "This book was part of the library of the *Terra Nova* captain R. F. Scott)

The Egoist by G. Meredith

Diana of the Crossways by G. Meredith

Round the World on a Wheel by J. Foster Fraser

(These three books have on the fly-leaf, R. Scott *Terra Nova* 1910, not in Capt. Scott's hand.)

Slip of paper, bookmark?, found in *Diana of the Crossways* with tiny drawings of a bird and some insects, with initials P.M.S. H.R.M. is Hugh Robert Mill, meteorologist & friend of W.S. Bruce. [courtesy Innes Kinreigh]

Read through leaf 455—may return to it, but not too promising for reading matter. DS

Royds, Charles W. R., Lieutenant. *The Diary of Lieutenant Charles W R Royds. RN Expedition to the Arctic 1901-1904.* Bridwood, NSW, Australia, T. R. Royds, 2001.

Contents:

Foreword, by Sir Richard Eyre [Royds' grandson]

Preface, by Roger Royds

Biography

Introduction

The National Antarctic Expedition

Scientific Aims

The "Discovery"

The Officers, Scientists and Crew

To Penetrate the Unknown Antarctic - The Dundee Advertiser

DIARY [From 7 August 1901 (p 29) through 10 September 1904 (p. 366)]

Appendices

Obituaries Bibliography

Royds was the First Lieutenant on Scott's *Discovery* expedition, and was involved in virtually all operations of the ship and the expedition, including ship's discipline. It's a rather ponderous (and heavy) tome but full of information about the expedition. He mentions the Cap't. frequently but I didn't seem to learn much about Scott from it. He frequently played the piano or pianola for a couple hours at a time. He was clearly a steady reader and names titles but gives little insight into his reactions to the books he read. Here are some examples of reading and related matters:

p. 31, August 13, 1901: Dr. Mill had Champagne put on the table at dinner, and after dinner we had a singsong on the Upper deck, which for a first one went off very successfully. Page's song was very good, and everyone, himself included, thoroughly enjoyed it. Cross was weak in his recitation, but I have never found a man on the lower deck who could recite at all, so it was not surprising.

p. 33, August 18: I forgot to say that we held Divine Service on the U.D, and for the first time used the prayer the Bishop of London specially made for us. It is a cheery service. The men sang heartily and well. Mr Murray reads the lessons, and I play. The following is the prayer:

"Oh! Almighty God, who hast appointed all things in heaven and earth in a wonderful order, be pleased to receive into Thy most gracious protection all who sail in this ship. Grant that our labours may show forth thy praise...."

p.42, September 8: There is one great disadvantage to a revolving chair on board ship, and that is that it is always on the move, and really it becomes a very difficult thing to write if the ship is moving quickly, and especially if she has the "all round" movement.... Goodness only know when I am going to get my 50 odd letters written, at the rate I am going now I won't get 12 done. Must really try to find time to get some done this week. The breakages continue in vast quantities in our pantry, and

only about 8 tea cups are left. We shall not I know have a single piece of china for a relic, if this state of thing goes on.

p. 44, September 13: The crabs which one read so much about in Knight's book were very apparent....

p. 56, October 18: As soon as the sail was off the ship we began to roll heavily, and books etc came down from overhead in my cabin, and also Eva's picture over the dressing table, and Eva's group over the bunk.

p. 57, October 21: My cabin is rather a heap at present. All my books, etc all heaped up underneath my writing table, and several of my pictures are also among the heap. I shall wait for some quiet day before I will put anything up again.

p. 58, October 23: Have got an excellent book, "The Spanish Story of the Spanish Armada" by Froude.

p. 58, October 23: Quiet afternoon reading "the heart of Princess Osra" by Anthony Hope.

p. 59, October 27: Have been reading "Stories in light and shadow" by Bret Harte, and after tea carried on with my meteorological books,

p.78, January 3, 1902: Had a drink of the old "Discovery" port wine which went up North with them in /76, and drank success to the expedition. [That refers to the Nares expedition of 1875/76.]

p. 132, May 21 Wednesday: Read quietly most of the night.

p. 133, May 24th Saturday: At dinner the second number of the South Polar Times was issued, and it is excellent. The drawings being the main feature, although the articles are also very good. After dinner played the piano until 10.0....

p. 136, June 5th Thursday: Wrote up my [meteorological] books in the morning, and then weighed and renewed the evaporation dishes. This is really a most interesting experiment, as all books say that there is no evaporation, but this is wrong as decidedly there is.

p. 139, June 15th Sunday: Church as per usual. Read magazines most of the day.

p. 143-44, June 24th Tuesday: I have been reading "Through the first Antarctic night" by Dr F.A. Cook, and have been thoroughly disgusted with it. That sort of reading may go down with those who have no conception or idea of a Polar Winter, but for any one who has been here,

or knows to the smallest extent, what sort of thing it is, must at once sum up that book, and its story of horrors, as absolutely untrue, or if true, then unique in the history of latter days polar exploration. To begin with, what sort of men can they be, who sit and cry over the thought of “sweetheart” far away, who brood over their solitude, who imagine every sickness possible to those regions, who grow their hair long because they are too tired to cut it, and a hundred and one things they did, which any other man in the same circumstances wouldn’t have thought of doing. As an example of the sort of stuff which Cook fills the page of his book with, I will take pages 290 and 291, and then compare them with our own feelings and conditions. After describing in flowing language, the glory of an especial mid-day, regrets he cannot “lay these colours on canvass”, and continues “and what am I to do in black, with an overworked pen, frosty ink, and a mind which is wearied as soon as the cheer of noon day passes?”

To the first of May our health has been fairly good. Since entering the pack, our spirits have not improved. The quantity of food which we have consumed, individually and collectively, has steadily decreased and our relish for food has also slowly but steadily failed. There was a time when each man enjoyed some special dish, and by distributing these favoured dishes at different times, it was possible to have someone gastronomically happy every day. But now we are tired of everything. We despise all articles which come out of tin, and a general dislike is the normal air of the Belgica. The cook is entitled, through his efforts to please us, to kind consideration, but the arrangements of the menu is condemned, and the entire food store is used as a subject for bitter sarcasm. Everybody having any connection with the selection of preparation of the food, past or present, is heaped with some criticism. Some of this is merited, but most of it is the natural outcome of our despairing isolation from accustomed comforts. I do not mean to say that we are more discontented than other men in similar conditions. This part of the life of the polar explorers is usually suppressed in their narratives. An almost innocuous discontent occurs in every expedition through the polar night. It is natural that this should be so, for when men are compelled to see one another’s faces, encounter the few good and the

many bad traits of character for weeks, months, and years, without an outer influence to direct the mind, they are apt to remember only the rough edges which rub up against their own bumps of misconduct. If we could only get away from each other for a few hours at a time, we might learn to see a new side and take a fresh interest in our comrades; but this is not possible. The truth is, that we are at this moment as tired of each other's company as we are of the cold monotony of the black night and of the unpalatable sameness of the food.

Now and then we experience affectionate mood spells, and then we try to inspire each other with a sort of effervescence of good cheer, but such moods are short lived. Physically, mentally, and perhaps morally, then, we are depressed, and from my past experience in the arctic I know that this depression will increase with the advance of the night, and far into the increasing dawn of next summer. The mental conditions have been indicated above. Physically we are steadily losing strength, though our weight remains nearly the same, with a slight increase in some. All see puffy about the eyes and ankles, and the muscles, which were hard earlier, are now soft, though not reduced in size. We are pale, and the skin is unusually oily. The hair grows rapidly, and the skin about the nails has a tendency to creep over them, seemingly to protect them from the cold. The heart is failing in force and is decidedly irregular". Etc etc etc-----

Now on reading that sort of stuff, could anything be more hopeless; and simply because—to my mind—a little strength of mind was wanting; just a little will force to fight against despondence, and a lack of moral courage to appear happy and contented when they were not. Are we different to other people who have been on other expeditions? No, I should say not, only that each member aboard this ship knows that by a single deed or word at the right time, make his neighbor think of other things, and forget that we are surrounded by this "everlasting white silence"!!! What we are tried to do during this half winter, which is nearly as long as they had for their whole winter, and what we will continue to do, is to behave like ordinary human beings and not because we are away from the society of women and civilization give up the ordinary habits of life. Regular baths, daily washings, meals, prayers and

Sunday service, just as if we were in the ordinary run of life. I don't say that it is not impossible to get into the state that the unfortunate members of the "Belgica" got into and that once in that condition it would have been a hard job to buck up, but why allow yourselves to run so low, or allow others to do it. The winter cannot be all joy and comfort, and no one could expect it, but with the help of a little tact, a little denial, and a cheery face, most of the monotony and discomfort can be overcome both for yourself and for your messmates. I remember in dear Uncle Wye's journal he used to talk about the mood of the W.R. in barometric terms, and at one time I thought of doing it here, but I have as yet never had to bring the barometer to any low level, and it would become monotonous to be always saying "A high barometer" sometimes varied with "A very high barometer." One feels low at times, and prefers one's own society to that of others, but only momentary, and the meals go with jest, argument, or discussion, and all agree that the winter is passing much quicker than thought possible.

p. 144, June 25th Wednesday: Wrote up my books, and in the afternoon wrote up my criticism of "Cook's book". [Includes a good description of an entertainment in the hut ashore after dinner; he doesn't say what it was but he does describe good feelings in contrast to Cook's account of the dreary winter.]

p. 153, July 26th Saturday: Didn't feel up to doing any work, so read "Rhoda Fleming" [George Meredith] all day, and like the book immensely.

p. 157, August 10th Sunday: After dinner had two rubbers of bridge, and then read until 12.0 some old numbers of the Geographical Journal on Antarctic Exploration etc. It is strange to read what Cook writes after his voyage in 1772 for the express purpose of settling once for all the question of the Antarctic Continent.... He says "It is true however that the greatest part of this southern continent (supposing there is one) must lie within the Polar circle, where the sea is so pestered with ice that the land is thereby inaccessible...." Gives most of Cook's famous passage.

p. 160, September 9th Tuesday: After dinner played bridge, and then played the pianola, playing over the good old tunes which I won't hear for a fortnight.

p. 202, November 11th Tuesday, during sledging journey: Have been reading aloud, smoking and sleeping all day.

p. 210: discussion about snowblindness, a bigger problem than in the Arctic, Royds suggests, noting that “neither Borchgrevink or Belgica mention it in their books.” Royds was troubled by snowblindness at various times during 1901 and 1903 and this would have inhibited his reading. But during the winters when all was dark he was constantly reading, apparently for long periods (two hours, all afternoon, all day) though seldom giving any specific titles. There seemed to be no reading indicated in his sledging journals, though he must have had some reading matter on those trips.

p. 239, March 28th Saturday: Read all day, as I had got a most interesting book called the “Expatriots” by Lilian Bell, and simply couldn’t put it down till I had finished it. It is one of the ones Mrs Rhodes so kindly sent me.

p. 250, May 16th, Saturday: turned in at 6.30 A.M. but was too interested in the “Sowers” [Henry Seton Merriman 1895] which I had been reading, so read on until I had finished it at about 7.30.

p. 260, July 8 Wednesday: I cleared out my upper shelves, and found them in an awful state, with all my papers wet and mildew on all books and gear.

[This publication was produced mainly for family members but may be available to others, although only a limited number of copies was produced. Any true Antarctic should want it, as it's a significant addition to any polar library.]

Scott, Robert Falcon. *Scott's Last Expedition. In Two Volumes. Vol. I Being the Journals of Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., C.V.O. Vol. II. Being the Reports of the Journeys and the Scientific Work Undertaken by Dr. E. A. Wilson, and the Surviving Members of the Expedition*, Arranged by Leonard Huxley, with a preface by Sir Clements R. Markham. London: Smith Elder, 1913.

[There is a considerable difference in the lengths of the British and American first editions of these diaries which I've been unable to unravel or understand. Paginations below are from the London edition.]

Volume I:

p. 80, Sunday, January 1, 1911: To-night it is absolutely calm, with glorious bright sunshine. Several people were sunning themselves at 11 o'clock! sitting on deck and reading.

p. 239-40:

Notes on Flyleaf of Fresh MS. Book
Genus Homo, Species Sapiens I
Flotsam

Wm. Barents' house in Novaya Zemlya built 1596. Found by Capt. Carlsen 1871 (275 years later) intact, everything inside as left! What of this hut?

The ocean girt continent.

'Might have seemed almost heroic if any higher end than excessive love of gain and traffic had animated the design.'—Milton.

'He is not worthy to live at all, who, for fear and danger of death, shunneth his country's service or his own honour, since death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal.'—Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

There is no part of the world that can not be reached by man. When the ' can be ' is turned to ' has been ' the Geographical Society will have altered its status.

'At the whirring loom of time unawed

I weave the living garment of God.'—Goethe.

By all means think yourself big but don't think everyone else small!

The man who knows everyone's job isn't much good at his own.

'When you are attacked unjustly avoid the appearance of evil, but avoid also the appearance of being too good!' 'A man can't be too good, but he can appear too good.'

p. 289, Saturday, May 27: In the evening Bowers gave his lecture on sledging diets. He has shown great courage in undertaking the task, great perseverance in unearthing facts from books, and a considerable

practical skill in stringing these together. It is a thankless task to search Polar literature for dietary facts and still more difficult to attach due weight to varying statements. Some authors omit discussion of this important item altogether, others fail to note alterations made in practice or additions afforded by circumstances, others again forget to describe the nature of various food stuffs.

p. 320: afterwards people read, write, or play games, or occasionally finish some piece of work. The gramophone is usually started by some kindly disposed person, and on three nights of the week the lectures to which I have referred are given. These lectures still command full audiences and lively discussions. At 11 P M the acetylene lights are put out, and those who wish to remain up or to read in bed must depend on candle-light.

p. 321-2: I came across a hint of the value of a double tent in Sverdrup's book, 'New Land,' and (P.O.) Evans has made a lining for one of the tents; it is secured on the inner side of the poles and provides an air space inside the tent. I think it is going to be a great success, and that it will go far to obviate the necessity of considering the question of snow huts—though we shall continue our efforts in this direction also.

p. 335: Quotations on the Flyleaf [of a new MS book]

'Where the (Queen's) Law does not carry it is irrational to exact an observance of other and weaker rules.'—Rudyard Kipling.

Confident of his good intentions but doubtful of his fortitude.

'So far as I can venture to offer an opinion on such a matter, the purpose of our being in existence, the highest object that human beings can set before themselves is not the pursuit of any such chimera as the annihilation of the unknown; but it is simply the unwearied endeavour to remove its boundaries a little further from our little sphere of action.'—Huxley. [These quotations from Kipling and Huxley may have been from copies Scott had with him or from memory.]

p. 402-03: Last night Bowers lectured on Polar clothing. He had worked the subject up from our Polar library with critical and humorous ability, and with his recent journey he must be considered as entitled to an authoritative position of his own. The points in our clothing problems

are too technical and too frequently discussed to need special notice at present, but as a result of a new study of Arctic precedents it is satisfactory to find it becomes more and more evident that our equipment is the best that has been devised for the purpose, always excepting the possible alternative of skins for spring journeys, an alternative we have no power to adopt. In spite of this we are making minor improvements all the time.

p. 544: We have been descending again I think, but there looks to be rise ahead; otherwise there is little different from the awful monotony of past days. Great God! this is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend to-morrow.

p. 621, Appendix, note to p. 202: Note 15, p. 202.—March 12. Thawed out some old magazines and picture papers which were left here by the Discovery, and gave us very good reading. [Dr. Wilson's Journal.]

p. 629-30, Appendix, Note 25, p. 574, on how Scott's notebooks were produced: At this point begins the last of Scott's notebooks. The record of the Southern Journey is written in pencil in three slim MS. books, some 8 inches long by 5 wide. These little volumes are meant for artists' notebooks, and are made of tough, soft, pliable paper which takes the pencil well. The pages, 96 in number, are perforated so as to be detachable at need.

In the Hut, large quarto MS. books were used for the journals, and some of the rough notes of the earlier expeditions were recast and written out again in them; the little books were carried on the sledge journeys, and contain the day's notes entered very regularly at the lunch halts and in the night camps. But in the last weeks of the Southern Journey, when fuel and light ran short and all grew very weary, it will be seen that Scott made his entries at lunch time alone. They tell not of the morning's run only, but of 'yesterday.' The notes were written on the right-hand pages, and when the end of the book was reached, it was 'turned' and the blank backs of the leaves now became clean right-hand pages.

Volume II:

This volume consists of various accounts of specific events of the expedition: The Winter Journey to Cape Crozier (by Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry-Garrard), p. 1-78; Narrative of the Northern Party (by Victor Campbell), p. 79-181; The Western Journeys (by Griffith Taylor)), p. 182-290; Spring Depot Journey (by Cmd. Edward Evans) p, 291—97; The Last Year at Cape Evans (by Surgeon E. L. Atkinson), p. 298-337; The Ascent of Erabus (by Raymond Priestley), 350-58; and ten other chiefly scientific reports.

p. xviii:

THE BARRIER SILENCE

The Silence was deep with a breath like sleep
As our sledge runners slid on the snow,
And the fate-full fall of our fur-clad feet
Struck mute like a silent blow
On a questioning ' Hush ? ' as the settling crust
Shrank shivering over the floe.
And the sledge in its track sent a whisper back
Which was lost in a white fog-bow.

And this was the thought that the Silence wrought,
As it scorched and froze us through.
For the secrets hidden are all forbidden
Till God means man to know.'
We might be the men God meant should know
The heart of the Barrier snow,
In the heat of the sun, and the glow
And the glare from the glistening floe,
As it scorched and froze us through and through
With the bite of the drifting snow.

These verses were written by Dr. Wilson for the *South Polar Times*. It was characteristic of the man that he sent them in typewritten, lest the editor should recognise his hand and judge them on personal

rather than literary grounds. Many of their readers confess that they felt in these lines Wilson's own premonition of the event. The version now given is the final form, as it appeared in the *South Polar Times*.

p. 138, at the hut, winter of 1912: We luckily had one or two books—‘David Copperfield,’ ‘The Life of R. L. Stevenson,’ and ‘Simon the Jester’ being the favourites, and after hooch Levick used to read a chapter of one of them. Saturday evenings, we each had a stick of chocolate, and usually had a concert, and Sunday evening at supper twelve lumps of sugar were served out and we had church, which consisted of my reading a chapter of the Bible, followed by hymns. We had no hymn-book but Priestley remembered several hymns, while Abbott, Browning, and Dickason had all been, at some time or other, in a church choir, and were responsible for one or two of the better-known psalms. When our library was exhausted we started lectures, Levick’s on anatomy being especially interesting. Saturday evenings, we each had a stick of chocolate, and usually had a concert, and Sunday evening at supper twelve lumps of sugar were served out and we had church, which consisted of my reading a chapter of the Bible, followed by hymns. We had no hymn-book, but Priestley remembered several hymns, while Abbott, Browning, and Dickason had all been, at some time or other, in a choir, and were responsible for one or two of the better known psalms. When our library was exhausted we started lectures, Levick’s on anatomy being especially interesting.

p. 199-200: That evening we discussed literature. P.O. Evans disliked Dickens and Kipling, whom Debenham and I enjoy thoroughly. He preferred a well-known foreign writer whose name he very sensibly pronounced Dum-ass. Our sledging library was quite extensive, for each of us had devoted a pound of our personal allowance to books. I will give the catalogue, if only as a caution to late explorers. Debenham took my Browning and the ‘Autocrat’; Evans had a William Le Queux and the *Red Magazine*; Wright had two mathematical books, both in German; I took Debenham’s Tennyson and three small German books. The *Red Magazine*, the ‘Autocrat,’ and Browning were most read; Evans contribution being an easy winner. Somehow we didn’t hanker after German.

p. 245: Gran was **reading** Jules Verne's 'Mysterious Island' this trip, so we named our sample of Polar architecture 'Granite House' from that exciting melodrama. On the 3rd Gran and I set about placing a letter on the Rendezvous Bluff as Captain Scott instructed me.

p. 249: **Anyhow** we can't move and I'm learning to take these blizzes philosophically. Besides, the bags are dry and warm, and when I tire of writing this diary I snooze a bit, and then read Harker's **Petrology** " (Debenham's), and then snooze more. Or Poe's "Tales" (too fantastic and Oriental to please me, most of them), or "Martin Chuzzlewit," or German Grammar. Forde is reading the "Mysterious Island" which Gran has nearly finished at last.

p. 273: **Gran** started a drama—a great 'nature play,' full of storms and wrecks with a strong substratum of melodrama. It was called 'Tangholman Lighthouse' and we used to urge him to fill it full of incident and cut out the 'nature' part of it. I read 'Martin Chuzzlewit' for the nth time and found it as always, very interesting; while **Forde** tackled 'Incomparable Bellairs'—a book which charmed Gran—but luckily **Forde** made it last a very long time.

p. 325: On June 22, Midwinter Day, Cherry-Garrard, our editor, presented us with another number of the South Polar Times, and the remainder of the afternoon was spent as a holiday in reading this, playing bagatelle, or making preparations for a happy evening. The whole hut was decorated with the Christmas tree, sledging flags, and some red bunting. A large white ensign was hung over all as a canopy. Nelson presented each member with a very pretty menu card. These were cut out of cardboard and painted to represent Adelie penguins.

p. 463: Those who, previous to reading this book, have read Amundsen's 'South Pole' cannot but have been struck by the fact that while this book is full of descriptions and references to blizzards the word hardly appears in the other. It is very natural to ask the reason for this strange difference. The reason is an important one, and if it had been known previously the history of the conquest of the South Pole would have been very different. One can now say definitely that the blizzards which have been so fateful to British Antarctic exploration are local winds confined to the western half of the Ross Barrier.

p. 497: An invaluable collection of Polar literature, alike Antarctic and Arctic, was made for the expedition by Admirals Sir Lewis Beaumont, G.C.B., and Sir Albert Markham, K.C.B., and a beautiful library in miniature was presented to us by Mr. Reginald Smith.

[It might be noted that there are over twenty references to monotony in the index, though none to boredom or ennui.]

Scott, Robert Falcon. *Tragedy and Triumph: the Journals of Captain R. F. Scott's Last Polar Expedition.* New York: Konecky & Konecky [n.d.]

These journals include rather little on reading. The expedition's lecture series implies a good library available to the lecturers, all 13 of them. Subjects included mostly scientific matter: parasitology, scurvy, polar clothing, sledging diets, motor sledges, geology, volcanoes, surveying, Lololand, biology, horse management, Burma, China, India, Japan; Scott himself lectured on the icebarrier and inland ice, and on plays for the Southern Journey. Other topics were coronas, hales, rainbows and auroras, general meteorology, the Beardmore glacier, physiography, flying birds, penguins, ice problems, radium, and the constitution of matter. [see index p. 511-12]

p. 97: the diagram of Scott's hut shows bookshelves in Scott's cabin.

p. 173, Scott's sketch of life at Hut Point: An hour or so after supper we tail off one by one, spread out our sleeping-bags, take off our shoes and creep into comfort.... Thanks to the success of the blubber lamps and to a fair supply of candles, we can muster ample light to read for another hour or so, and so tucked up in our furs we study the social and political questions of the past decade.

p. 183, the cabin of biologist Nelson and Day in his tidiness had "books neatly arranged."

p. 193: Had Divine Service. Have only seven hymn-books, those brought on shore for our first Service being very stupidly taken back to the ship.

p. 224: After a cup of cocoa there was nothing to detain us, and we started back, the only useful articles added to our weights being a scrap

or two of leather and *five hymn-books*. Hitherto we have been only to muster seven copies; this increase will improve our Sunday Services. p. 259, description of *South Polar Times*: It is a very good little volume, bound by Day in a really charming cover of carved venesta wood and sealskin. The contributors are anonymous, but I have succeeded in guessing the identity of the greater number....

p. 318—second volume of *SPT*— “on the whole an improvement on the first.”

p. 490, March 12 note gives Wilson entry about Scott’s Hut: Thawed out some old magazines and picture papers which were left here by the *Discovery*, and gave us very good reading.

Seaver, George. *‘Birdie’ Bowers of the Antarctic*. With an Introduction by Apsley Cherry-Garrard. London: John Murray, 1938.

Like Seaver’s biography of Wilson, his fellow death-mate, this is a gentle hagiography of a devout Christian and a much-loved mate. On his training ship he would sit on the main deck every evening “before the whole ship’s company,” and read his Bible for a quarter of an hour (p. 22). I found nothing else about his reading during the *Terra Nova* expedition, but earlier he speaks of reading and thinking a lot in his spiritual quest (p. 40), of his prayer book, and his “violent attack of skepticism” from reading Darwin’s *Descent of Man* (p. 47), and this in Ceylon in 1909: “I have brought my Wordsworth up here and read it a bit in my room at night, keeping one eye aloft for spiders, one of which fell on me the other night” (p. 119). He was phobic about spiders.

Smith, Michael. *I Am Just Going Outside: Captain Oates—Antarctic Tragedy*. Staplehurst, Kent, UK: Spellmount [2002]

Interesting if not well-written biography of Titus Oates, emphasizing his patrician background, his dyslexia and reading and examination problems, his love for horses, and his distaste for Scott. The Oates family gave no cooperation to the book, presumably because it ends with “A second tragedy”, the story of an illegitimate daughter

about whom Oates knew nothing. He clearly didn't do a lot of reading but he had Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* and was an admirer of Napoleon (see p. 102 and 245) and had his portrait at Cape Evans.

p. 197, writing his mother a last letter: "Can you please also send me ½ doz books so that I can start working on my major's exam on the way home, these things should be addressed to *Terra Nova* at Lyttelton."

p. 236, when the bodies of Scott etc were found, the rescue party conducted the burial: The eleven men stood bare-headed in the sub-zero temperatures, the burial service from Corinthians was read aloud and they sang 'Onward Christian Soldiers' as the chilling wind nipped their exposed faces.

p. 241: at home at Gestingthorpe Oates' mother converted the library "into a memorial chapel, which she filled with more Antarctic memorabilia lest anyone forget and each year on the anniversary of her son's death, Caroline Oates would fly a flag from the roof of Gestingthorpe." [An appropriate shift for the underread Oates.]

South Polar Times. Vol. IV, Part 1:

The 1912

Midwinter Day .1912.

SPRI MS 505/4: Typescript. Only copy, owned by Cherry-Garrard and largely produced by him. Introduction written later by Frank Debenham. No mention of Scott's Polar party. "Ed., typed & illus. largely by me"—ACG. Drawings by Cherry have a remarkable delicacy.

Spufford, Francis. *I May Be Some Time: Ice and the English Imagination.* London, Faber and Faber, 1996.

A fascinating study of the British flirtation with the Arctic and Antarctic in both intellectual and sociological terms, including its derogation (North Pole—Arsehole). Only the last chapter, dealing with Scott's fatal expedition, covers an actual expedition, although there is a good bit on Lady Franklin's attempts to find Franklin's fate.

p. 15: Scott's men had *Jane Eyre* in the Antarctic with them in 1910-13, as part of a useful cabinet library of classics donated by a sympathiser.

It was not a favourite book. They were much more enthusiastic when they found, ‘encased in ice’ at a previous expedition’s hut, ‘an incomplete copy of Stanley Weyman’s *My Lady Rotha*: it was carefully thawed out and read by everybody, and the excitement was increased by the fact that the end of the book was missing’ (Cherry-Garrard).

Chapter on relics in the snow includes this passage from an article in *Cornhill* about relics of Franklin (p. 161): “There were also watches, chronometers, silver spoons, money, &c., besides a number of Bibles, prayer and other religious books; and although one of the Bibles was underlined in almost every verse, yet not a single writing was found to throw further light upon the history of the retreating parties.”

p. 263, re Tennyson going on Scott’s journey: “(Roland Huntford scouts evidence of morbidity everywhere. He even finds it ‘morbid’ that Wilson took along “In Memoriam’ for his nightly reading on the *Discovery* sledge journey, making Tennyson’s great poem of faith and doubt sound like a primer of gratuitous gloom. You wonder what bright, perky book Huntford thinks *would* have been appropriate.)”

p. 322-23: references to Book of Common Prayer and hymns.

p. 325: Scott’s party “have a running gag about future tourists on Ross Island admiring pyramids and obelisks left behind by the expedition. Wilson paints joke pictures on stone tablets, ‘Antarctic Archives’, showing red cartoon people sashaying hieratically across the snow in loincloths.”

p. 327, 4 June 1911, the Scott party in its hut: Oates re-opens his one book, Napier’s *History of the Peninsula War*. Scott brings his diary up to date for another day, seated at the plan-table by his bed, surrounded by pictures of Peter and Kathleen, behind the L-shaped partition that keeps him separate from the rest. Perhaps he searches out a quotation from Browning, or the library of polar voyages presented by Sir Albert Markham and Sir Lewis Beaumont....

See index for references to literary allusions to the ice: Coleridge, Shelley, Mary Shelley, Byron, Dickens and Collins, Melville, Jules Verne, and others.

Strathie, Anne. *Birdie Bowers: Captain Scott's Marvel*. Stroud, UK: History Press, 2012.

Biography of the sailor who went to the South Pole and then died with Scott in 1912. Brought up an evangelical whose father was a Freemason, the biography shows a gradual ebbing of his faith through the early part of his career until he was summoned by Scott from the Royal Indian Marines.

p. 22 [His mother] Emily ran a Christian household: everyone sang Moody and Sankey hymns round the breakfast table and the children all learned to read their Bibles, say their prayers, and beware of 'high' Anglican or Roman Catholics whose views differed from those of the Evangelical Anglican Bowers or the Huguenot Protestant Foucars.

p. 36: Bowers "wondered whether he should have spent less time planning ahead and left more to divine providence."

p. 37: He had recently read Charles Darwin's *Descent of Man* but remained sure that God had created the inherently inexplicable and apparently chaotic world.

p. 45: Henry had recently concluded that he no longer believed in the concept of a literally 'Blazing Hell'.

p. 46: Henry was trying to stay on the physical and spiritual 'straight and narrow' by keeping fit, limiting his intake of food and reading his new Diaglott Bible, a gift from Edie.

p. 48: Reading Capt. Scott's books on the 'Discovery' made me as keen as mustard. Perhaps my chance will come later.

p. 56: in Persian Gulf: In port, Henry read news cables announcing that Shackleton's attempt to reach the South Pole had failed to adverse weather conditions and a shortage of food; he still thought the 'S. Polar show was splendid' and longed for more details about the expedition.

p. 69: While on duty in India aboard *Northbrook*: Now, at least, Henry could read Ernest Shackleton's *Heart of the Antarctic*, the explorer's account of the *Nimrod* expedition, a copy of which had been obtained for the *Northbrook*'s library at Henry's instigation.

p. 70, on his appointment to the Scott expedition in 1910: His appointment was, he told her, yet another example of the 'unseen

arrangement' which guided his career: 'One can only say it is destiny...it cannot be helped, it had to be. This may seem foolish, but it is not. God knows how & why I was appointed & I am in His hands entirely.'

p. 110 at Hut Point: Eventually they began to run out of things to do and had read all the *Discovery* expedition reading material, from ten-year-old issues of *Girls' Own Paper* and *Contemporary Review* to a thawed-out copy of *My Lady Rotha*, a romantic novel of which the ending was missing.

p. 117 at Shackleton's Hut at Cape Royds they found "five hymnbooks for the Cape Evans Sunday service choir."

p. 142 trapped during a blizzard on the South Pole march: To pass the time they 'spun yarns', read *By Order of the Company* and other novels Taff Evans had brought with him, and listened to Keohane's new poem, 'The snow is all melting and everything's afloat'.

Taylor, Griffith. *With Scott: The Silver Lining*. Banham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1997. Reprint of 1916 edition, intro by David Walton.

Griffith Taylor led the Western Party of Scott's *Terra Nova* expedition, scientifically constituting perhaps the most successful part of Scott's fatal journey.

p. 49-50, during trip south on the *Terra Nova*: In the evening a few of the after-guard may bring out novels, but there has been little time except a day or two in the Pack for this relaxation. It is interesting to see how tastes differ. Some swear by Conan Doyle and dislike Merriman. Others find the White Company tedious (though they are rare) and revel in biography. One officer—with an eye to the penguins may be—is carefully perusing the 'Amateur Poacher,' while all of us have studied the book on Ski-Running. A most acceptable and suitable gift from Mr. Reginald Smith and others was a complete set of those handy sevenpenny and shilling books containing almost all the best English fiction of the last fifty years. They are well printed, fairly strong and not

so valuable that one needs to don dress-suit to read them. The strong book cupboard (now on the ‘balcony’) will be a most welcome addition to our winter quarters during the long night.

p. 228ff, gives a good deal of attention to the winter lectures, but notes “that when a lecture was ‘on,’ there was not much room for private reading!....” Taylor makes a self-deprecating remark about how the seamen skipped his own lecture on Physiography because it sounded so dry.

p.231: also notes *South Polar Times*.

p. 282-5, ashore at the Hut: We were well stocked with books in the Hut. Almost every officer had taken down some standard novels in addition to a few text-books, and curiously enough there was very little overlapping. For instance Cherry had a row of Kipling’s works which almost all of us appreciated, Day had Dickens, Debenham had four or five poets, and more popular still—a collection of thirty ‘paper-back sixpennies,’ which every one was always borrowing. He kept them in a box under his elevated bunk, and I remember one evening after we had turned in, some one came into our cubicle and started burrowing about. Debenham said, ‘Now then, what are you after down there?’ A voice replied, ‘Where do you keep those sixpenny novels, Debenham?’ It was Scott, who couldn’t sleep, and wanted some light literature!

I had two or three of Wells, Browning, Tennyson, and ‘Martin Chuzzlewit.’ However, though *my* library was small, I used the official library more than any one! I have mentioned elsewhere the splendid little library of standard fiction presented largely by Mr. Reginald Smith. This consisted of about 250 portable volumes published by Smith, Elder and Co., and by Nelsons. There were Merriman’s, Brontë’s, and Conan Doyle’s, and all the shilling editions of noteworthy books by authors like Gosse and Belloc. Mr. Mackellar gave us many other volumes, especially some small art books. These lived in Day’s bunk. Then Admirals Markham and Beaumont presented us with many rare copies of books on Polar Exploration. These were constantly being read, especially by Bowers, whose lectures on sledging rations and polar clothing led him to read every word. Candidly I must admit that it was not cheering—when the blizzards were booming over the hut and all was

dark around us—to read of Greeley’s awful suffering in the Arctic, where forty out of fifty men perished; or of the loss of the *Jeannette* and her crew in Siberia; but still the volumes were always being referred to by one or other of the officers.

We had several larger books, Haydn’s ‘Dictionary of Dates,’ which didn’t seem to be much troubled, and Harmsworth’s Encyclopedia, which was always in demand. Cherry had the large *Times* Atlas, and we had Paul’s ‘History of the 19th Century,’ and Harmsworth’s ‘History of the World.’ Oates brought along Napier’s ‘Peninsular War,’ and rarely seemed to read or need aught else. I had a bet with him that I would finish Paul’s six volumes before he had read through Napier. However, neither was completed, though Oates was a long way ahead! Scott had a shelf of poets and a number of foreign novelists, chiefly Russian and Polish.

I had finished all the lighter literature in about three months, and thereafter was able to advise some of the others as to works meriting their fleeting attention! It occurred to me that it would be amusing to try and discover the tastes of the fifteen officers of the hut. Books were naturally often discussed. Oates must have been reading some of Merriman, for I find that Simpson took exception to his praise of the latter’s work on meteorological grounds! This seems rough on Merriman; but Simpson said it was not possible to see the *midnight sun* at Tver, and he also objected to the wrong use of the word *parhelion*. I’m afraid I’d missed these ‘professional errors,’ but I remember what seemed a serious flaw to *me* in Davis’ ‘Soldiers of Fortune’ (otherwise a rattling yarn), was the author’s weird geological description in the first chapter! Similarly we expected Captain Scott and Seaman Evans to revel in Kipling’s sea yarns, where they were not enthusiastic. Both made the same criticism; Evans saying that there seemed to be a lot made about a little, and that, ‘anyway things isn’t so concentrated-like in the Navy!’ “I hope living authors, if they ever read this, will rise superior to our criticism! Debenham didn’t like ‘Kipps’; in fact, except for Wright I couldn’t get a word in favour of Wells. Even Nelson, who liked reading ‘Anne Veronica,’ declared it was a piece of satire from beginning to end, in which Wells was obviously gibing at his readers! The only book

Nelson and I liked in common was Gissing's 'Born to Exile,' and I grieve to state that the 'Owner' characterized this as 'Tosh!' 'Richard Yea and Nay' is loved by Debenham. I couldn't read it, and declared it was not free from gross errors. (*Pace* Hewlett!) Challenged thereon, I said I had visited the castle at Gisors, and that it was still a well-preserved ruin, where in the novel it is '*razed to the ground.*' This, of course, led to a cag [argument] on the meaning of the word *razed*, in which all the hut took part, and I've no recollection as to who was supposed to have won! Any Canadian novel that was appreciated by one man, would be caustically slated by Wright. I think we were all better at criticism than appreciation. Chamber's 'Fighting Chance' was damned 'because the hero kisses a girl under water'!

However, as a result we began to get some idea as to each other's tastes in literature. I was a sort of referee, in that Ponting, Day, Debenham, Wright, and Simpson, would sometimes read a book on my recommendation, while Meares, Oates, and Nelson, always went for what I didn't like!

[Griffith] Taylor Collection. "Journal of the 1st 2 months Dec 1910, Jan 1911 of the *Terra Nova* expedition, some of which was published in the *Melbourne Argus*, and in fact he was composing this journal with that publication in mind (see p. 34).

p. 17: "Yesterday Wright and I did some German, prodding Gran when we wanted to know a queer word. He is Norwegian."

p. 21: Tuesday 6th: "Nearly everyone on board is studying nautical almanacks and sledging tables and logs etc. I have been reading some of Hess on glaciers 9in German) and Ponting on Japan." (Taylor also notes that he wrote six articles for the *Argus* which appeared in 1912.) "This morning Wilson and I had a scrap on glaciology. He follows the water erosion heresy. However I've lent him Dawson's (?) essay on it. I guess he'll soon be a concert.

p. 37 Dec 7 1910: "The Pianola is Ok but we have nor [sic] song-words for our rolls. I fear me I am delving into the library of 70 novels."

p. 38 lists all their nicknames.

p. 39: "We must get out of the pack for unhappy is the writer who hath no history!" referring to his journal.

p. 44: 26 Dec 1910: "Have been reading a v. interesting book called Condition of Life in the Sea by Johnstone (Fisheries Lab. Liverpool, Cambridge 1908). But Taylor says nothing about it.

p. 45 After Cycle of Life [see Taylor South with Scott], he gives a long rhyme in form of prose, ending: "The protoplasm passes on its never ending round. The finish of my ditties in this very line is found."

p. 47: Nelson [Marie Antoinette Bronte] is reactionary in his ethics. Dr. Bill has a great antipathy to H. G. Wells as a private individual and won't have anything to do with his books, whereas I like them all and am reading them over again now."

p. 51: "I have done 87 ½ pages of Argus stuff and propose to hand it over to Deb later on." [Taylor was writing for an Australian paper which published quite a bit of this material.]

p. 54-55: on provisions for Western party: "This left about 4 or 5 lbs extra. So I took 1 German dic. 1 Germ geol brochure by Nussbach 1 book German verse & Tennyson. Deb takes my Browning. Autocrat at Breakfast Table and Hints to Travellers. Wright has Theory of Electrons Theory of Thermodynamics (German) Chessboard & maps of the world! Evans seemed nonplussed when I told him of our choice! He said he'd have some magazines." (see below)

p. 74 Jan 16 1911 "Deb had an unpleasant time having a tooth out."

This part of diary ends on p. 79. Second starting on p. 80 is called "New Zealand 1910 diary."

p. 85 "Narrative of Western Geological Parties 1911-1912": This was sledging trip of Griffith, Debenham, Wright, & PO Evans, to examine Dry Valleys and Koettlitz Glacier.

p. 95: "That evening we discussed literature. Evans disliked Dickens and Kipling whom Debenham and I enjoyed thoroughly. He preferred a well known foreign writer whose name he very sensibly pronounced Dum-ass. Our sledging library was quite extensive for each of us had devoted a pound of our personal allowance to books. I will give the catalogue if only as a caution to later explorers. Debenham took my Browning and the Autocrat, Evans had a William le Quex and the Red

Magazine; Wright had two mathematical books, both in German. I took Debenhams Tennyson and three German books. The Red Magazine, the Autocrat and Browning were most often read; Evans contribution being an easy winner. Somehow we didn't hanker after German."

p. 97: "Boots" were major desideratum. "The rough scrambling on the rocks...had ruined mine completely. Deep contractions formed in the leather across the toe and behind the ankle and raised great blisters and even boils in Debenham's case."

"For days a loose boot nail which had accidentally been pressed into the sole when it was wet, clung like a leech."

p. 101: A glacial stream reminds Taylor of Coleridge's Kubla Khan:

"There Alph the sacred river ran..." so they named the stream the Alph.

p. 106 has note that Griffith finished this section on 5/7/13 at Lamer, Cherry-Garrard's home.

Part II: Geological Expedition to Granite Harbour

p. 118: "Gran was reading Jules Verne's *Mysterious Island* this trip, so we named an example of polar architecture "Granite House" from that exciting melodrama."

p. 119-120: Dec. 6: "...when I tire of writing this diary I snooze a bit, and then read Harker's "Dendrology" (Debenham's) and then snooze more. Or Poe's Tales (too fantastic and oriental to please me) most of them, or Martin Chuzzlewit or German Grammar. Forde is reading the "Mysterious Island" which Gran has nearly finished at last."

p. 131 15 Jan 1912: "Gran started a drama—a great nature play, full of storms and currents with a strong substratum of melodrama. It was called "Tangholman Lighthouse" and we used to urge him to fill it full of incident and cut out the nature part of it. I read Martin Chuzzlewit for the nth time and found it as always very interesting, while Forde tackled "Incomparable Bellairs"—a book which charmed Gran—but luckily Forde made it last a very long time.

p. 132—an Ode to Trygve Gran and his Nature play.

p. 175: Three books from the Terra Nova expedition library, plus the Martin Chuzzlewit (1880 ed) "carried by me on the Second Winter Journey" were given to the University of New England (Arindale) by Taylor when the Univ. opened its new Geography Department.

p. 227: Taylor also had an *Aurora Australis* which I think is also there.

Wheeler, Sara. *Cherry: A Life of Apsley Cherry-Garrard*. New York: Random House, 2002.

A splendid biography of one of the most valuable members of Scott's *Terra Nova* expedition.

p. 6, re departure of *Terra Nova* from Cardiff: Apsley joined the ship at Cardiff, and Elsie and Mildred went to see him off. The girls stayed on board until the Barry Docks, and there they finally picked their way down the ship's ladder and climbed into the last tug back to Cardiff. Then the crew steamed away down the Bristol Channel, gleefully tossing overboard hundreds of tracts and periodicals left by earnest visitors, the flimsy sheets lifting briefly aloft before floating down to dissolve in the pewter water.

p. 63: His bunk was in the nursery, so called because it housed the youngest members of the expedition. Next to the engine room...with six bunks as well as the ship's library and a pianola equipped with bulky rolls of music.

p. 84, [enroute from NZ to Antarctica]: There were low moments. Cherry cut his hand on a flensing knife and found it dreary not being able to work, obliged instead 'to moon around with a gun' or read Nansen's *Farthest North* on his damp bunk.

p. 91, 12 Jan 1911: This evening a variety of things went wrong and I felt very chippy. I am going to turn in with a little Tennyson for company.

p. 100, March 1911 at Hut Point: They thawed out some old copies of the *Girl's Own Paper*, and a battered edition of Stanley Weyman's *My Lady Rotha*, which they all read, the suspense of the plot permanent since the end was missing. After the last box of lavatory paper had been counted out—twenty-nine sheets were issued to each man—back numbers of the *Contemporary Review* ('contemporary to ten years ago') fulfilled a useful function.

p. 101, Cherry at Camp Evans: Today has been the greatest fun, fitting up my bunk, fitting up shelves, unpacking my Kiplings, and now getting

into *The Light that Failed* for the fifth or sixth time. [Cherry identified with many of Kipling's motley cast of heroes, none more closely than Dick Helder from *The Light that Failed*. He latched on to Helder's urge to travel....] The novel as a whole endorsed the conservative, anti-feminist world-view that Cherry had absorbed throughout his youth, as well as his father's attitudes to Indians, and to foreigners in general.

p. 103, Scott asked Cherry to edit the expedition newspaper....

Desperate to do a good job, Cherry began by nailing a flour box to a wall alongside a notice inviting anonymous contributions for the first edition. While he waited, he read Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*, wrote a report on the building of snow huts for Scott, and put the roof on his stone taxidermy lab.

p. 106: On 12 June Cherry went to Cape Royds for a night with Birdie.... On a previous visit, Ponting had unearthed a pile of illustrated newspapers displaying his own work. Leafing through them back at Cape Evans, Cherry's eye was caught by a photograph of the shapely Marie Lohr. He asked Ponting if he could have that page of the newspaper. The delighted Ponting thought his colleague wanted his photograph of the Jungfrau, which was on the other side of Miss Lohr, and generously offered to mount it. 'I got badly ragged in "Virtue Villa" when it was found by Titus that I did not want Ponting's photo,' Cherry recorded in his diary. But Miss Lohr went up on the wall next to his bunk.

p. 109: During the long sledging journey towards the Pole on the *Discovery* expedition Scott, Shackleton and Wilson had taken it in turns to read aloud *On the Origin of Species* while swaddled in their three-man sleeping bag.

p. 124: Now, a few days out of One Ton, dogs, ponies and men met the four-man motorless motor party, who had passed the time reading *The Pickwick Papers* out loud.

Cherry had been out for three weeks when the first pony was shot.... Everyone felt depressed in the bad weather. Cherry, reading the ostensibly consoling verses of *In Memoriam* in the tent from his green leatherbound Tennyson ('Ring, happy bells, across the snow'), tried to focus on nobler things, but in reality his life revolved around Michael,

his pony. [That green Tennyson is now at the University of Rochester Library.]

p. 125-26: Pressed against the green walls of the tent, clothes clinging wetly and a line of sopping socks and balaclavas dripping above their heads, they listened to the patter of falling snow and the flapping of the canvas. There was nothing to do but finish their books. Cherry swapped *The Little Minister* with Silas for Dante's *Inferno*. He had lent his Tennyson to Bill [Wilson] who was busy rhapsodizing over In Memoriam, 'a perfect piece of faith and hope'. [8 Dec 1911]

p. 130, when Terra Nova returned after the first winter to resupply the party Cherry: "received cases and cases of gear from Evelyn and Reggie, among it thirty scarves, sixty books and an eighteen-gallon cask of sherry."

p. 139: On the other side of the partition Cherry discharged his duties and read, subsisting on a conventional diet of Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Arnold Bennett, Rider Haggard and Anthony Hope. For light relief he pored over reports of the coronation of George V in the illustrated papers sent down by his old Winchester housemaster, Theodore 'Kenny' Kennington.

p. 148: Besides taking copious notes on the behaviour of Adélies for an article he planned to write, Cherry sketched, skinned and indulged his taste for solid Victorian novels by knocking off *Adam Bede*.

p. 171, in 1914 after return: Cherry was devoted to Kipling and his robust imperial ideas (on some subliminal level he also identified with the dark, depressive strain present in both the man and the work). In a fit of reverential munificence when sorting through his Antarctic packing cases, he decided to send his well-thumbed copy of *Kim* to its author. The novel had been read by almost everyone in the shore party. 'I can say quite truthfully,' Cherry wrote to his hero, 'that there were no books which we had which were so much used, gave so much food for conversation of more enjoyment.'

Wilson, Edward Adrian. *Diary of the Terra Nova expedition to the Antarctic 1910-1912. An account of Scott's last expedition edited from*

the original mss. in the Scott Polar Research Institute and the British Museum. London: Blandford Press [1972]

p. 69, Dec. 5, 1910: I have been reading *The Illustrious Prince*, which Mrs. Wigram, you remember, gave me just before leaving New Zealand, a book I have thoroughly enjoyed—and the last novel, probably, that I shall read until we are well up in the warm sunshine on the way home. If I read novels habitually there would be no diary writing. As it is, the only quiet time in the day is from 4.30 a.m. or 5 a.m. to breakfast at 8 a.m.—and my writing is all done then.

p. 127: May 7, 1911: “Evening drawing and as it was my night watch, I prepared my lecture on sketching, i.e. I read Ruskin’s *Elements of Drawing*, which I have here, and made my lecture on that.”

p. 134: June 18, 1911: “Whole day reading Ponting’s book on Japan *In Lotus Land Japan* which I think is beautiful in illustration and in the feeling of its writing.”

p. 162: Aug 3, 1911: “Afternoon read Roosevelt’s *African game trails* and his chapter on Thayer’s view of protective coloration.”

p. 163: Aug. 16, 1911: “We can read and write in the hut now by daylight for an appreciable time. The whole day working at S.P.T. We want to get another number out by the middle of September....”

Aug 20, 1911: “Tenth Sunday after Trinity. Blowing still. Church. Spent the whole day reading the *Confessio medici* [Stephen Paget] again.”

p. 166: Aug. 26, 1911: “Read *Kim* again for a change.” [Finished on 3 Sept.

p. 168: Sept. 8, 1911: “Painting most of the day and reading Sherlock Holmes, *The Memoirs* and *The Return*.”

p. 203: Nov. 21: “We found the motor party, Evans, Day, Lashly, and Hooper all fit and well and very hungry indeed. They had been waiting here six days and had read *Pickwick* through.

p. 211: Dec. 6, 1911, during blizzard enroute South Pole: “I sleep most of the time lying up between the meals and seeing to the horses. Also have read a good deal of Tennyson—*The Princess*, *Maud*, etc.—in a

volume I brought. Wind still from S. and S.E. Very wet and heavy snow.”

p. 212: Dec. 8, 1911: “Have been reading and re-reading Tennyson’s *In Memoriam* this blizzard and have been realizing what a perfect piece of faith and hope and religion it is, makes me feel that if the end comes to me here of hereabout there will be no great time for Ory to sorrow. All will be as it is meant to be, and Ory’s faith and hope and trust will be to her what Tennyson’s was to him. But *In Memoriam* is difficult reading, and the beauty of it wants pains to find, but it is splendid when found.”

Wright, Charles S. (Silas). *Silas: The Antarctic Diaries and Memoir of Charles S. Wright*. Edited by Colin Bull and Pat F. Wright. Illustrated by Pat F. Wright. Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State University Press, 1996.

This is a rather thin diary of the *Terra Nova* expedition, fleshed out by the Editor’s commentary, and diary entries from other diaries for the corresponding dates, and illustrated by charming drawings of hundreds of topical subjects, mostly animals. We know that Wright was a very serious scientist as well as a reader; little of the reading is cited here but there are a few examples:

p. 8: On [Friday] June 15th [1910] we left Cardiff amid great excitement, [and boats] packed with people accompanied us about ten miles on our wy. All that day we steamed down the Bristol Channel shedding literature as we went. This literature consisted by tracts and periodicals left on board by well-meaning people.”

p. 63 December 25, 1910: “Yesterday Xmas boxes of candy and cigarettes were opened from the Dunedin Seamen’s Guild; it was certainly nice of them, but unfortunate they should consider it necessary to add cerain little booklets as well—one verse for every day.”

p. 65 January 1, 1911: “Been printing some prints of pages of the Nautical Almanac for observation when sledging.”

p. 120 March 27: “Yesterday the last remaining fodder [toilet paper] was served out, twenty-nine sheets per man. There are, however, a number of copies of the *Contemporary Review*—contemporary to ten years ago and left here by the *Discovery* fellows.”

p. 145: a brief account of the *South Polar Times*, presumably by Colin Bull.

p. 156 August 5: “Books get spoilt, wet and frozen [on floor] against wall.”

Yelverton, David E. *Antarctica Unveiled: Scott’s First Expedition and the Quest for the Unknown Continent*. Boulder, CO: University Press of Colorado, 2000.

A fairly thorough study of the *Discovery* expedition (1901-04), very sympathetic to Scott, managing to skewer Huntford’s speculations against Scott in a gentle way in footnote after footnote. His maps of the period are more confusing than helpful, but it is a sound study and a fairly good read. It does seem to me that his attempt to create the sense of a race between the German expedition of Drygalski and the *Gauss* with Scott’s ventures is purely hypothetical. And he does have a penchant for determinist chapter headings; Preordained Strategies; To the Threshold of Destiny; The Best-Laid Schemes...; Hostages in a Frozen Trap; Slings and Arrows of Misfortune; and The Expeditions Fateful Legacy.

p.41-42: On October 20 [1900] Scott took the train to Berlin, reading Dr. Frederick Cook’s account of De Gerlache’s Belgian expedition on the way: “Oct. 20th: Left Copenhagen 10.20—arrived Berlin 8.30 P.M., nothing very eventful—read Cook’s account—they must be a poor lot except Lecointe who alone appears to have had some grit—the food seems to have been very bad.” As harsh as his judgment was of men in advanced stages of malnutrition, Scott would not forget the lesson behind his comment on the food. Lecointe’s book eventually made clear that what lay behind Scott’s comment on the food was De Gerlache’s refusal to allow seal meat to be served—“what would the press say when it got out that they had eaten seals!!” he had said to Lecointe in justification of his refusal.

But the evidence about scurvy Scott read on his long train journey was far from straightforward. The word *scurvy* does not appear in Cook’s book, in which he uses the term *polar anaemia*, the main symptoms of

which were not those habitually characteristic of the dreaded disease. For Scott, the one clue in the book was the description of swollen ankles in the July epidemic and the effectiveness of Fried penguin and seal steaks in combating the condition after De Gerlache had been overruled. The other customary symptoms—swollen gums and stiff joints—are never mentioned in the book. Contrary to Roald Amundsen’s assertion more than a quarter of a century later, Cook’s account creates the impression of no concerted attempt to amass a stock of seal meat....

p. 60: Physicist William Shackleton to whom Scott “had delegated the collection of books for the expedition (see Clement Markham’s *Diary* April 25 1901). In July William Shackleton was disqualified from the expedition because of teeth problems.

p. 149: Midsummer Day celebrations (June 23, 1902) included “the play, *Ticket of Leave*, in which Wild played the leading man with Buckridge and Gilbert Scott as the ladies, was presented to loud applause on the stage Duncan had built in the main hut.”

p. 159: “Fortunately, Wilson had taken notes on sledge loads from Nansen’s *Farthest North*, one of the books Scott found missing from the expedition library [see *Voyage of Discovery*, Vol. I. p. 306]. It is inconceivable that Markham, an admirer of Nansen, had not suggested the book to William Shackleton when he had called on him for advice, and yet somehow the book had not been obtained. Fortunately, the purchases and gifts had included Drygalski’s and Nansen’s books on their exploits in Greenland.”

p. 167: After a sledging journey “Wilson reexamined the six men again the next afternoon, having read everything he could on the subject of scurvy.”

p. 262: On Scott’s late 1903 western sledge journey occurred what Skelton called “one of the worst losses we could have had.” On the depot trip they had failed to fasten properly the lid of the instrument box, and winds blasting down the upper glacier had ripped it open. The *Hints to Travellers* volume was gone. Published by the RGS for explorers, it contained the data needed to work out latitude, and above all longitude from sun sights. As Mulock would for Barnes party, Scott was relying on the tables to calculate how far they had traveled.

1901-03 German South Polar Expedition (*Gauss* and Drygalski)

Drygalski, Erich von. *The Southern Ice-continent: The German South Polar Expedition aboard the Gauss 1901-1903.* Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1989.

Drygalski led the first German Antarctic Expedition in 1901-03, as part of Germany's growing status in the international community with its own colonial aspirations. Its emphasis was scientific research and its chosen region the southern Indian Ocean as centered on the Kerguelen Islands.

p. 43: Every scientific member and every officer had his own cabin...with cupboards, drawers, washstand, mirror, writing table, bookshelves, a small radiator for steam heating (never used), one or two electric lamps, one paraffin lamp, an electric ventilator and one or two deck lights....

The sixteen crew members were quartered in two sleeping spaces.... A special seamen's library had been generously donated by a club in Kiel: it was set up in the passageways to the men's quarters, and saw much use.

The saloon had several pictures and paintings and "An extensive and much-consulted library of books was arranged all around up against the deckhead.

p. 199, on winter activities, including a Wednesday night lecture series from 16 June to 10 Sept., card playing, and gambling: So for a time there was a vogue for betting—usually with something alcoholic as the stake, drawn from the participants' own private supplies. These wagers were usually settled by reference to *Meyer Konversationslexikon*, which was quite sufficient for the purpose, until the whole business suddenly collapsed when the veracity of the encyclopaedia was called into question. Up until that point the various volumes of the work could generally be found piled up on the table at mealtimes, ready at hand to settle any issue.

p. 201: We read a great deal during the winter on board the *Gauss*, and it was interesting to see what the various members of the party chose to pass the time. Our library was excellent and well-stocked, especially through gifts from my good friend Dr Hans Meyer in Leipzig, whose *Konversationslexikon* was indispensable to our intellectual life; from Herr Justus Perthes in Gotha who sent us an extremely useful selection of titles from his publishing house; from the Royal Society in London, who gave us all the *Challenger* volumes, and from the booksellers, Calvary, C. Skopnick and Paetel in Berlin. Herr Geheimrat v. Neumayer lent us some books from his own library, as did the Interior Ministry and most of the members of the expedition, along with other friends; as a result very few books were actually bought. We had the use of a collection that was sufficient for all our needs, from the lightest of light reading, comprised in a large number of popular editions, through *belles lettres* to the classics and the weighty tomes of the various sciences. By the end of the year the lighter books had been read to pieces, especially as they were also very popular with the crew, who, through the generosity of a society in Kiel, had also been supplied with their own collection of books.

The members of the expedition made use of different books according to their tastes and to the time available; but it was noticeable how often one title would make the rounds of the mess, largely as a result of conversations at table. Such a book was for instance Grimmelshausen's *Simplizissimus*, given to us by Dr W. Meinardus, and which was very popular. I myself preferred historical and political works, and explain my taste by the fact that such books were most likely to remind me of the rest of the world and help me to keep in touch with human affairs, and so better retain a sense of proportion about our own activities. Apart from H. v. Treitschke's works, which I read from cover to cover, I was particularly impressed by Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, which subsequently circulated round the mess. Vanhöffen gave his attention to the *Challenger* volumes, and when he had finished those, moved on to Petermann's *Mitteilungen*, which had been given to us by Herr Perthes in Gotha. Other people preferred philosophical works, thus confirming the view once expressed to me by the former President of the

Berlin Geographical Society, Herr Dr W. Reiss, that the infinite calm of the polar ice provided the best atmosphere and the greatest leisure to reading philosophy. After our experiences in the Antarctic though, I for one must express my aversion to such literature, for those who indulged in it were so drawn towards moods of brooding and introspection as to be quite hopeless as colleagues and for that matter useless to themselves. And since no-one can expel the idea of fate totally from his mind, least of all in the polar ice, where one is perpetually up against the relentless pressure of nature, this would lead to a deal of deleterious self-torment, so that I often felt considerable relief when the philosophical phase had run its course.

p. 218: used Meyer's lexicon to figure out how to construct oil-lamps.

p. 223-24: During the days we spent discussing these plans for the spring I took the opportunity of re-reading the accounts of our predecessors in the South Polar Regions in order to refresh my mind with whatever earlier explorers had had to say about the nature of the place and how they had come to terms with it. Of course I was already familiar with all these works by Ross, Dumont d'Urville, Wilkes, Weddell and Biscoe, and the more recent ones by Borchgrevink, Bernacchi and Dr Cook. It was substantially due to the generosity of Geheimrat v. Neumayer that we had all these on board, and I must say that of all the different things I read while I was there, nothing was so stimulating as these works on the South Polar Region itself. Other members of the expedition took the view that it was precisely because of where they were that they had no desire to read about it. There was quite enough of it on view all round them. In my case it was different. Reading such works in precisely such surroundings gave me renewed pleasure, and I read them all once more from cover to cover. The inspiration I received from them was tremendous, not simply because I was able really to get to know everything these explorers did and how they managed, and how to put a proper value on it, but also because it enabled me to judge our own situation more fairly.

Drygalski then continues with comments on works by Ross, Wilkes, d'Urville, and others: In my consideration of earlier achievements, Ross's account stood pre-eminent. It has such a depth of

content and he approaches every problem with such a fine imperturbability. Wilkes' disquisitions were of great interest as the product of an outstanding seaman and sharp observer of what he saw round him, even though the conclusions he later drew from these observations were subject to error. But how could anyone in his time be so sure of coming to the right conclusions about the ice forms that represent the only means of judging one's position, as we are today? How should a mariner faced with the south polar ice, be sure of sniffing out in every case the difference between inland ice and floating sea ice? Today we can tell by looking at the surface characteristics whether it is afloat or not, but conditions in the Arctic can be such as to make the question hard to answer even now. We too have sometimes failed to distinguish icebergs from inland ice when on our sledge journeys, until we were able to make a clear identification. How much more difficult then, when Wilkes was here.

It is no surprise that he should have mistaken huge masses of floating blue ice for land or for islands, so we should not be too quick with our condemnation of the fact that the land which he thought he had found turned out to be floating ice now that he knew the region better. In the Antarctic, land ice can appear where previously icebergs were to be found, and floating ice can well look just like land ice.

I learned above all from Wilkes' account, to be astonished at the great uniformity of the Antarctic; to find that the same conditions apparently prevail along the whole stretch of Wilkes Land as far as Kaiser Wilhelm II Land, with easterly or south-easterly winds blowing off a vast mass of inland ice, with the same flat sea lapping at its edge, interrupted by ranges of icebergs, islands or land promontories, with more or less fast fields of pack-ice similar to the one in which the *Gauss* lay. Wilkes himself failed to make a proper landing, but he speaks of landing on the ice, and there he is right for he did reach fields such as the one surrounding the winter quarters of the *Gauss*, where in terms of solidity and every other physical and biological test the ice was as good as *terra firma*.

I found Dumont d'Urville's account no less stimulating, a sensitive and impressionable man, his lively nature did not always perhaps retain

the self-possession necessary in the face of the difficulties put in his way by the Antarctic; and yet he was perhaps able, because of this, to describe and respond to all the details and nuances more effectively than would a blunt seaman. He was therefore well-deserving of the success vouchsafed him, where Wilkes had tried in vain having achieved a genuine landing (on Adélie Island) and raising the tricolor over solid rock. This achievement by d'Urville is of great significance, for to send a boat away for so long and so far from the ship, in the kind of weather typical of the Antarctic, when every hour, every minute almost can witness a total change in the conditions, is an act of daring to be undertaken only by someone able to sense the subtlest secrets of nature. A reader able to make judgments only according to the principles of the mariner would doubtless have acted differently here. D'Urville's explorer's sensitivity however made the daring move at the right moment, as neither Ross nor Wilkes was able. It is to the lasting honour of his expedition, and of France, to have been the first to set foot on an island belonging to the South Polar Continent.

I gained much instruction too from reading other authors I have mentioned, in addition to these basic works of antarctic exploration. One conclusion I came to was that, in one respect, no proper view had yet been taken of how to cope with the polar ice....

p. 315—having escaped the ice finally, and enroute back via Africa they encountered a Norwegian ship which gave them a number of newspapers. Tells how one of the officers as part of his translations embellished the news to satisfy the craving for more news of home. The *Gauss* produced a ship's newspaper, *Das antarctische Intelligenzblatt*, with poetic contributions or translations. One poem on the Solstice 1902 is given on p. 200-01. According to Claudia Hermichen a catalogue of the Gauss library exists in manuscript, topically arranged, in Leipzig.

1901-04 Swedish Antarctic Expedition (Otto Nordenskjöld)

Nordenskjöld, Otto. *Antarctica, or Two Years Amongst the Ice of the South Pole*. [1901-1904]. By Dr. N. Otto G. Nordenskjöld and Dr. Joh.

Gunnar Andrsson. London:Hurst and Blackett, 1905. [Another edition was published in Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1977.]

Nordenskjöld was a Swedish geologist with a genetic link to polar research through his uncle Adolph. The account in this book covers one of the epic narratives of polar survival on an expedition that produced some important geological findings.

p. 36—speaks of Dr Cook’s description of Gerlache Channel.

p. 67-68, a passage that sounds completely contemporary, with portrait of Sir James Ross: The great interest which, during the last few years, has in so many quarters attached itself to South Polar regions, has also called forth many more or less popular accounts of the history of its discovery. Although in this history we meet with none of the great tragedies we read of in descriptions of Arctic voyages of discovery, and although it offers none of those great problems the solving of which has, for hundreds of years, enticed the one expedition after another to the ice-bound north, still it presents many points of great interest, some of which I should like to touch upon a little more nearly. There can be no doubt whatever but that a detailed study of the accounts of early whaling and sealing expeditions would show that there still exists a large field of labour in the domain of historical research in this matter. [Nordenskjöld follows with a disquisition on historical elements needed in the naming of places.]

p. 82: When not on deck we sat at the gun-room table working, or we lay in our berths reading, or were busied by whatever there was to do.

Thanks to the goodwill of the Swedish publishers we had an excellent library on board. Our berths were narrow and, what was worse, almost dark, for the little skylights did not admit much light through the thick glass, but they were pleasant and comfortable in any case, and each of us was glad to have his own little room where he could do as he pleased.

p. 145, first winter: Our life indoors was not at all dull. During the day I lay in my berth and read; we lived very harmoniously together, and conversation could be heard going on in every corner of the house....

p. 147: picture by Nordenskjöld of Bodman writing at the dinning table.

p. 154, on drinking and books: Some may, perhaps, think that too much mention is made of punch-drinking, but those who criticize us should first try to really understand what it means to live such a life as we did. The one who stays at home, surrounded by the sometimes all too various diversions of cultured life—newspapers and books, new faces, theatres, travels and a thousand other things which are so common that no attention is paid to them—can hardly imagine how important to us were these small occasions of unconstrained intercourse at the close of a day's work. If at other times one could sit silent by oneself, or be busied with reading or some other occupation, *then* conversation became general; stories and reminiscences of the outside world were recounted, plans and questions were made respecting our life here and our labours. It is not my meaning when I say this to express the opinion that the use of spirits, and especially of those of the stronger sort, cannot be dispensed with during a Polar expedition.... In any case, it is better to have too small a supply of such goods on board than too large a one....

p. 186: For ourselves, we never neglected any high-days or holidays, and when there was none in the calendar, we very often made occasion for one. Such times were always cosy and agreeable, and in between these feasts each one did, as a rule, his own work, and what with all this work that rested upon us and what with our rich supply of reading, we were never obliged this winter to take refuge in card-playing, or other such ways of passing the time.

It is strange that under such circumstances, one thinks so little of what can be taking place in the outer world, and does not miss the news of daily changes. We had brought with us a number of old newspapers, which, it is true, were read and re-read until their contents were known almost by heart; but in spite of this it appeared to us almost as if these chronicles were something outside and foreign to us, not did we often speak to each other about such subjects.

p. 187—picture of Nordenskjöld at his writing table, with books in background.

p. 287, while waiting for rescue: My books and my papers which I keep in a box on the floor are wet and mouldy and would be destroyed in a few weeks if they weren't taken out now and then to be dried.

p. 289: And there were a great many other things we missed. ‘Cigars, music and books’ were what someone said he most longed for.

Chapter VII by Dr. J. Gunnar Andersson:

p. 420: In the ship’s library there were only two descriptions of travels containing plans of equipment which could serve as a guide for us in the calculation of our provision-supply. These were A. E. Nordenskiöld’s account of his journey over the ice of Greenland in 1883, and Nansen’s “Across Greenland on Skis.” We made up our plan of provisioning with the help of these books....

Chapter XI by Dr. J. Gunnar Andersson:

p. 464-666: We have no books. When we wish to delight the eye with the printed word, we take out our tins of “Le lait condensé, préparé par Henri Nestlé”, or of “Boiled Beef” and read the labels. We endeavour to make up for this want of light reading, by recalling what we have learned under happier circumstances and relating stories—Duse and I for example recounting for Grunden all we could remember of “Monte Christo” and “The Three Musketeers.” [Gunderson, marooned at Hope Bay in 1902.]

Perhaps this account of our intellectual amusements has given the reader the impression that, in this respect, at least, our existence was pretty tolerable. But, unfortunately, such was not the case. Chat jokes, and tales were rare oases in a desert of intellectual nothingness, and we ourselves marked with astonishment how our thoughts produced nothing but a strange and wretched assortment of the most common place reminiscences.

Chapter XXI by C. J. Skottsburg:

p. 562: A moment’s reading livens one up considerably. But we have to be saving of that, too, although it is often hard to close a book. And so we lie and think a little while longer, and by-and-by it is time for bed.

p. 592, at the end of the expedition in Buenos Aires: The reader must remember that the latest news we had received from our native country was now nearly one year and a half old, and what might not have happened during that long interval of time? And, moreover, what could we expect that the world would to say of us and our enterprise? We knew that we had obtained results, better, perhaps, than those we had

dared to hope for when we began the voyage, and our consciences told us that we had done our duty as far as the circumstances would allow us. But we had encountered exceptional difficulties and even actual misfortunes, and that one little word “ reverse ” has so often caused the world to forget results, and to judge unmildly of those who have not succeeded in everything.

Nordenskjöld, Otto. *“Antarctic” zwei Jahre in Schnee und Eis am Südpol.* Berlin: Dietrich Reimer, 1904.

The German edition of Nordenskjöld’s book contains several photographs of reading spaces, esp. opp. p. 210, the author at his worktable.

Olsen, Magnus L. *Saga of the White Horizon.* Lymington, UK: Nautical Publishing Company, 1972.

Olsen was a Norwegian aviator who participated in the Ellsworth/Trans-Antarctic/Polar Star expedition between 1933 and 1936 as support on the three attempts to make the trip. On one occasion, during the later portion of these trips, the *Wyatt Earp* anchored at Snow Hill Island and the men visited the place where Otto Nordenskjöld wintered and built a winter house over thirty years earlier.

p. 141: In fact so much had been left behind that we could only conclude that they must have departed in a hurry. We would have liked to have taken such souvenirs as the many books which were on the shelves in the living room, but they were much too rotten even to have handled them.

1902-04 Scottish National Antarctic Expedition (Bruce aboard *Scotia*)

Brown, R. N. Rudmose, et al. *The Voyage of the "Scotia" Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration in Antarctic Seas.* By Three of the Staff. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1906.

An account by various authors of the *Scotia* Expedition of 1902-04, led by Robert Speirs Bruce. The Preface, signed by the three authors [Brown, R.C. Mossman, and J.H. Pirie], gives some flavor of one unusual aspect of the *Scotia* voyage, a Scottish expedition in direct scientific competition with Scott: "There is still a lurking tendency to judge an expedition of exploration largely by the sensational character of its adventures, and to crown with plaudits of approval men who can lay claim to have escaped half a dozen times from a near and overshadowing death. Every expedition—particularly those to such unknown and inhospitable regions as the Antarctic—must of course meet with its full quota of adventure, but Polar seas are not the place to court it, and to play with death a such close quarter's is but a fool's game...., but the fewer adventures the more content must the really earnest explorer be, and it may be very truly said that the less sensation a traveller has to recount the better and more far-seen were his preparations. And this is the only apology that the authors would offer should the reader regret that they were not more frequently at death's door during the two years of the *Scotia*'s voyage." That could appear a self-serving way of explaining the less dramatic but very solid scientific accomplishments of this expedition when compared with those of Scott, Mawson, and Shackleton.

p. viii: Prefatory note: The volume is especially for Scots throughout the world. It has been suggested that the despatch of the Scottish Expedition was superfluous and unnecessary; but I venture to state that there is at least no biologist or oceanographer of note who will agree with that opinion. While "Science" was the talisman of the Expedition, "Scotland" was emblazoned on its flag; and it may be that, in endeavouring to serve humanity by adding another link to the golden chain of science, we have also shown that the nationality of Scotland is a power that must be reckoned with.

SCOTTISH OCEANOGRAPHICAL LABORATORY,
SURGEONS' HALL, EDINBURGH,
September 1906.

p. 95-96: After the evening dinner all hands were free for the rest of the day with the exception of the watchman and the meteorological observer. The hourly observations we had begun when we left the Falklands were of course continued. Mossman was busy most of the day ashore with his magnetic observations, so the meteorological work fell largely to the rest of us, including the Captain. During the day the watches were variable in length, and depended on the daily work on hand. The night-watch began with the 10 p.m. observation and finished with the 3 a.m. one. This watch was taken for a week in turn by Wilton, Pirie, and myself, while at 4 a.m. Mr Bruce came on and went off at 8 a.m. The night-watchman, needless to say, had a lonely life during his week of duty. There was seldom any one awake after 10 p.m., and he only rose the following day in time for lunch, after which he always spent the afternoon in outdoor exercise. In consequence, the week was largely spent in a solitude which often was far from unacceptable. Not that we tired of our fellow-creatures, for we all lived on the most amicable of terms, but the occasional solitude which every one requires was seldom obtainable in life on so small a ship as the Scotia. We were practically always in sight and hearing of one another. That, I may say incidentally, is one of the greatest hardships of polar exploration—the impossibility of escaping for an hour at a time from one's fellow-creatures. Moreover, the night-watchman had the greater part of his time on his hands, for the observations rarely required his attention more than some ten minutes every hour. For the remainder of the hour he could do what he chose, whether it was reading, mending clothes, printing photographs, or anything else he wished. Some ingenious observers even contracted the habit of dozing peacefully before the cabin fire, and waking regularly in time for the observation. Sometimes it was wild work to go on deck fighting one's way in the fury of a blizzard; and after a silver thaw, when huge 10-lb. blocks of ice crashed from the rigging to the deck, which itself was a veritable glacier, the observer was not

altogether free from risk: but on the whole it was pleasant work, and except in the depths of winter, when night-watch involved so serious a curtailment of one's hours of daylight, no one felt annoyed when their week came round again.

p. 97-98, in *Winter Quarters*: The winter evenings, after the day's work was done and we gathered together, whether in cabin or fo'c'sle, are in many ways among the pleasantest memories of life in the Antarctic. There can be few subjects that did not at some time or another come under discussion, and occasionally we speculated on the course that events in the world would have taken, but never, I must say, very accurately, in the light of later knowledge. The absence of newspapers was not, as some more "civilised" people might think, a great drawback. If an old one turned up among any odds and ends it was read, but no one seemed to miss a daily record of the world's events. With letters, it was perhaps different; old ones were often re-read, but yet we expected no new ones, and so seldom troubled about the absence of a mail. We lived in a little world of our own, indifferent to wars and rival policies, ignorant of international intrigue and hatred. The temperature, the state of the ice, the health of the dogs—such were the most important events to us, and were eagerly discussed every morning. Thanks to the kind generosity of various publishers, we had books in plenty, from the ponderous scientific tomes of the *Challenger* to the lightest of light novels. There were sufficient books to keep us all employed in reading for several years, and our scientific library was well stocked with results of former deep-sea expeditions,—‘Valdivia,’ Prince of Monaco's, ‘Ingolf,’ ‘Belgica,’ as well as the ‘Challenger.’ Polar travels north and south, and geographical and other scientific treatises, were plentifully distributed through the various cabins.

[From Bruce's diary of the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition (Edinburgh UL), there is this entry about Jackson's reading:]
June 17th, 1897 “All the evening J[ackson] does nothing but read *The Sketch*, *Daily Mail*, *Illustrated London News* & *Weekly Times*.
Yesterday evening he again spent about 2 hours admiring his own

photos with a look of satisfaction on his face, the only time I have seen him beam more is when he is reading his own book.”)

[Courtesy of Innes Keighren]

p. 99-100: We had in addition a small harmonium in the cabin, but it lacked efficient players, and moreover a wave that had the year before washed into the cabin still seriously affected it, despite the repairs which Ramsay and I had carried out. But the great acquisition for our "concerts" was a small phonograph, whose forty or fifty records were faithfully ground out on these occasions, and seldom failed to arouse applause. It may seem strange that we so often cared for sounds which are so discordant to our ears to-day, but it was a pleasure to listen to voices we were not familiar with, and hear accents that did not daily fall on our ears: that, I think, is why the phonograph was so popular.... We also had concerts in the fo'c'sle, where there was a first-rate singer, in the person of Low; and many a strong deep-voiced chorus rang from the ship on such nights. The sailors too had their arguments, and very bitter the discussions were at times. Murray was a prime mover in many of these, slipping down from the galley to start a discussion, and then retreating when pandemonium reigned supreme. At other times he would carefully read up facts in 'Whitaker's Almanac,' start an argument, say, as to the tonnage of the largest ship, and when the fo'c'sle was at boiling-point produce his facts and his authority, and so make matters worse.

p.185: The wardroom officers of the *Beagle* most considerately sent us a heap of newspapers and periodicals, and were not a little surprised to hear we had plenty of food, and were not in the least starving. It was a strange picture that evening in the *Scotia*'s cabin, and one that neither we nor Lieutenant Marriott will soon forget,—the neat uniformed officer sitting at the table, and, crowding round him, the weather-beaten explorers, clad in their well-worn and grotesquely patched clothes and rough jerseys, and with their shaggy untrimmed beards. It was a contrast between civilised and uncivilised, and only then did I realise what seeming savages we had become. Next morning we went ashore to fetch our letters—a boat-load full,—and spent a bewildering and happy morning in trying to read them all. As to the year's newspapers, we

gradually read some in succeeding weeks, but soon discovered how much of the contents of a newspaper is but of ephemeral interest, and how little is vital: still to this day I am always finding gaps in my knowledge of the history of 1903, and amaze my friends with my ignorance of some of its events.

p. 258, on approaching Gough Island in the southern Atlantic: To those of us who had not known for fifteen long months what all these simple pleasures were, there was certainly an alluring prospect about Gough Island, and the long delays and four weeks' incessant battling against contrary winds had only increased our expectations and strengthened our desire to get there. The adjacent island of Tristan da Cunha is relatively well known, and from various accounts of it, which we had carefully read, we knew in a general way what we might expect in Gough Island. Let it not be supposed that we dreamt of tropical luxuriance and fragrance; far from it, we pictured an island somewhat bare, perhaps even desolate in appearance, but with a certain amount of green vegetation; not perhaps a very tempting prospect to one coming from a happier clime, but to eyes long accustomed to look over snow and ice, and from sea to sky, this was something keenly to look forward to. All night the *Scotia* lay off the island to leeward, and I, happening to be on watch that night, enjoyed to the full the glorious fresh scent of grass and soil wafted off the land on the breeze.

p. 363, at Harbourn town on the Beagle Channel: In the morning of the 16th I had the pleasure of breakfasting with these gentlemen under surroundings to which I had long been a stranger. Their house was a large one of two storeys, with sheds and storehouses near by, while inside the mansion was replete with numerous luxuries which we could hardly have expected in such a remote situation. Rich articles of furniture, beautiful pictures, a fine library, and costly bric-a-brac, surrounded one on every hand.

Bruce, William Speirs. *The Log of the Scotia Expedition, 1902-4.*
Edited by Peter Speak. With a foreword by Sir Vivian Fuchs. Edinburgh:
Edinburgh University Press, 1992.

First Edition of the narrative of the 1902-04 *Scotia* Expedition to the Antarctic, published 90 years later, including Bruce's log, photographs, and plans as originally intended. Speak has added an introduction, explanatory notes, and a glossary of scientific terms. Plate 9 (ff. p. 56) is picture of Bruce's cabin aboard ship, with books at bedside and bookshelf overhead.

p.67: I have been reading up Biscoe again, and am compelled more than ever to admire his pluck and cool determination, as well as the excellent results of his explorations, that are only too little known.

p. 87, Sunday, May 3: I have been overhauling my bunk, full of wretched papers of every description. I only wish they would all get burnt or lost, though I take every possible means to preserve them religiously, revising and re-classifying them for ready reference. Two drawers full of these official documents cause me more worry than the whole running of the expedition with its thirty-three people, ship, houses, etc. But then I know future action, in relation to the base at home, hangs on these to a great extent, and may be the means of appealing with success for further help, to enable us to carry out the work of the expedition efficiently.

p. 95, Sunday May 24: I read about half of *Alton Locke*, finishing the book. What life Kingsley saw, and how he could bring it home to one!

p. 99, June 1: I have been reading *The Legend of Montrose*.

p. 134, Ramsay's funeral Aug. 8, 1902: There was brilliant sunshine, and a temperature below zero. At 11.50 a.m. all hands assembled in the cabin to pay our last tribute of affection and duty to our comrade. I read Matt. xi. vers. 28-30; then Psalm cxlv. ver. 8 to first half ver. 20; then we sang 'Rock of Ages,' a hymn that Ramsay used to play on the harmonium; after which I gave a short prayer, which I followed up by reading Matt. V. vers. 3-9. ... I read the Lord's Prayer from Matthew at the graveside after which we returned to the ship.

Mossman, Robert Cockburn [et al]. *The Voyage of the "Scotia", Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration....* Canberra, Aus.: Australian National University Press, 1978 [first published 1906]

On Scottish National Antarctic Expedition (1902-04). Chapter VI
“In Winter Quarters,” is by R N. Rudmose Brown:

p. 97: The winter evenings, after the day’s work was done and we gathered together, whether in cabin or fo’c’sle, are in many ways among the pleasantest memories of life in the Antarctic. There can be few subjects that did not at some time or another come under discussion, and occasionally we speculated on the course that events in the world would have taken, but never, I must say, very accurately, in the light of later knowledge. The absence of newspapers was not, as some more ‘civilized’ people might think, a great drawback. If an old one turned up among any odds and ends it was read, but no one seemed to miss a daily record of the world’s events. With letters, it was perhaps different; old ones were often re-read, but yet we expected no new ones, and so seldom troubled about the absence of a mail.... Thanks to the kind generosity of various publishers, we had books in plenty, from the ponderous scientific tomes of the *Challenger* to the lightest of light novels. There were sufficient books to keep us all employed in reading for several years, and our scientific library was well stocked with results of former deep-sea expeditions,—‘Valdivia,’ Prince of Monaco’s, ‘Ingolf,’ ‘Belgica,’ as well as the ‘Challenger.’ Polar travels north and south, and geographical and other scientific treatises, were plentifully distributed through the various cabins.

p. 99-100: ...The sailors too had their arguments, and very bitter the discussions were at times. Murray [the cook] was a prime mover in many of these, slipping down from the galley to start a discussion, and then retreating when pandemonium reigned supreme. At other times he would carefully read up facts in ‘Whitaker’s Almanac,’ start an argument, say, as to the tonnage of the largest ship, and when the fo’c’sle was at boiling-point produced his facts and his authority, and so make matters worse.

opp. p. 98—two pictures of cabins with books.

1908-10 Second French South Polar Expedition (Charcot aboard *Pourquoi-pas?*)

Cambor, Kate. *Gilded Youth: Three Lives in France's Belle Epoque*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2009.

Focuses on three notable children of famous French families: Jeanne Hugo granddaughter of Victor Hugo, Jean-Baptiste Charcot (son of neurologist Jean-Martin Charcot), and Leon Daudet (son of Alphonse). Chapter 8 "The Heiress and the Polar Gentleman" concerns Jean-Baptiste Charcot, his two Antarctic voyages, and his much later death by drowning off Iceland. Cambor makes about 15 relatively minor mistakes in the Charcot chapter, enough to wonder about other less-familiar parts of the book.

p. 187: on his first trip aboard the *Français*: "Although Jean-Baptiste loved working beside his men and reveled in the camaraderie of meal time, he also enjoyed his solitude and looked forward to retiring to his cabin, which was so small that he could barely turn around in it, but in which he could relax and reflect on the day's events. Sometimes he read the old authors that, as a young man, he had found tedious and whose works he had quickly skimmed to avoid getting a bad grade or a punishment: Homer, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Euripides, Montaigne, Dante, Cervantes, Swift, Hugo, Saint-Simon, Michelet, Dumas père, Rabelais, and Shakespeare. Now all the lessons from these works, which to his schoolboy self had seemed either hopelessly quaint or quixotic, came alive for him. Sometimes he simply stared at photos of his loved ones—his wife, his sisters, his father and mother, especially his father, who was never far from Jean-Baptiste's mind, and from whom he was still seeking approbation." Also had winter school aboard, for the semi-literate or uneducated.

p. 188: "The men also took turns reading one another the stories of Jules Verne or Dumas père."

p. 199, on the second voyage: "They marked the time the only way they knew how. They had access to more than fifteen hundred books in the ship's extensive library and to back issues of *Le Matin*, issued daily. Jean-Baptiste and his officers offered courses in grammar, geography, English, and navigation, while the ship's assistant doctor and zoologist

gave classes on first aid. Lieutenant Rouche attempted to write a romantic novel, *The Typist's Lover*—he read each chapter out loud as soon as he had finished it.... They could also listen to the gramophone, and some of the men even founded a musical society that gave concerts on Sundays.”

Charcot, Jean Baptiste August. *The Voyage of the ‘Why Not ?’ in the Antarctic: the Journal of the Second French South Polar Expedition, 1908-1910.* English Version by Philip Wash. New York, London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1911. [Reprinted Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1978]

Charcot’s is a rather ponderous book about an important expedition, with several historical excurses in which he consistently praises Antarctic explorers, as if to elevate himself.

p. 13: I provided each member of the staff with his cabin-furniture, of which the principal items were a folding-bed, a bureau, and a washstand. Every one could arrange these as he pleased, being at liberty also have made for him all the cupboards and shelves he might consider necessary. Wherever it was possible I had fitted up cupboards and lockers in the ward-room and the alley-ways. In addition to two book-cases in the ward-room a shelf ran round all the cabins, whereon we found room for nearly 3,000 books. [p. 209 states that there are 1500 volumes. What accounts for the difference

p. 90: From the same point of view, though it is obviously very gratifying to be the first to name a geographical point and to see on the maps designations which recall to one one's own country, I have considered it a point of honour, on this Expedition as on the last, to keep and even restore in the right places the names which my predecessors have given to their discoveries. The various names adopted have always been and will always be the cause of numerous squabbles—and often of violent polemics, for national pride in its narrowest sense here comes on the scene. Nevertheless, as discoveries gradually multiply, the question seems to me more and more easy of solution. At any rate it presents no difficulty in the region where we are, where it is most simple to render

unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. Still, I cannot pass over in silence, after having read Biscoe's own Journal and carefully gone over his ground, the following sentence in H. E. Mill's very interesting book, *The Siege of the South Pole*, p. 162: : 'Graham Land might well be restricted to the southern part south of Adelaide Island.' Now Biscoe says, precisely, 'this island (Adelaide Island) being the furthest known land to the southward,' and I am not aware that any one ever even claimed, before the *Pourquoi-Pas* ? voyage, to have seen land south of Adelaide Island except Alexander I Land. Further, the land sighted by Biscoe, to which the name of Graham Land has been given, is, as he himself says, *behind* the Biscoe Islands, and seems to me to have the sole right to the name. In this matter the Americans for their part might object and say that Pendleton saw the land before Biscoe, which is probable; but that captain made the mistake of not describing it and not suggesting any name. In any case, Pendleton Bay is a memorial of his visit to this region.

p. 186-87: An important part of our daily duty is concerned with keeping everything clean, and I spend much time in grumbling about this.... But recently I was reading in one of the books of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, the following passage, which I marked for use:—'For my part I have always had a horror of a badly washed deck. In the midst of litter lying about, sang-froid is apt to evaporate. Before Sebastopol, General Pelissier was able to make cleanliness into a force and a virtue.'

Since the commencement of the month, we have organized optional classes for the crew after dinner, and tasks set to the men attending them occupy the hours when they cannot work out of doors. Gourdon, Gain, Godfroy and myself are the teachers of arithmetic, grammar, geography, navigation and English, and once a week Liouville gives a lecture, which is closely followed and much appreciated, on the dressing of wounds and first-aid....

Sunday is a day of rest. The flag is hoisted at the end of the gaff, and if weather permits the day is spent in ski-ing, or in excursions over the island. If it is too unpleasant to go out we stay on board reading or having 'music,' when frightful things happen ! My cabin is so placed that I am between the mess deck, the junior ward-room and our own

ward-room. So it frequently happens that one gramophone is going on the mess deck and another in the ward-room, and the Chief Engineer is playing his mandolin desperately and dispiritingly, accompanying himself, it may be, to the song, 'O Paquita, how I love thee!' Speaking for myself, I should say: 'How I have learnt to detest thee !'

p. 188: In the ward-room, apart from the work which takes up the greater part of our time, every one finds some occupation to his taste. Cards happily are never seen, the games in favour being dominoes or chess, and we are perhaps the only civilized community which does not play bridge. Rouch striving hard to win a bet, provides us with an unexpected and much appreciated distraction by reading to us every evening a few chapters of a great serial novel which he finds the means of writing daily, entitled, '*The Typist's Lover*'!. 198-99, where Charcot records some anxiety and depression but says:

Responsibility weighs more heavily on me than ever, and to distract and encourage myself, I re-read my diary on the *Français*, written during a period quite as agonizing as this. I light on a passage where I assert that, if ever I return to France, I will embark no more on such adventures. A few weeks after my return, I was thinking of nothing but the organization of a new Expedition, and three years later, I started off again! Is this my reward for my persistent efforts? Obstacles seem to arise everywhere in my path. After the summer campaign (which, it is true, was very fruitful) we found ourselves prevented from wintering where we wished, and we have to put up with a most detestable and troublesome of winters. Certainly our work is progressing well, but the trips on which I counted so much seem spoilt by the perpetual changes in the state of the ice.... Perhaps others could content themselves with the work already done; I cannot do so. I have to combat the possible demoralization of my companions and to watch over their state of mind. So my discouragement lasts but little. Besides, Shakespeare, my faithful friend, foreseeing everything, comes to my aid:—

'When good will is showed, though it comes too short,
The actor may plead pardon.' [Antony and Cleopatra, II, 5]

p. 201: I have recently turned out from a locker complete files of the *Matin* and the *Figaro* for two years before our departure, kindly

presented to us by their Editors. Every day I put on the ward-room table the numbers corresponding to the present date, and personally I have never read the papers so attentively or thoroughly. If I must confess it, the news, now so ancient, the scandals, the *affaires*, interest me just as much as if I had never heard of them. I had forgotten them nearly all and I await the next day's issue with impatience. I am now much better acquainted with my country's politics and the world's happenings in 1907 than I have ever been, and probably than I shall ever be again.

p. 206-07: The evening of July 15 has whetted the men's appetites, and they have come to ask my permission to found a Musical Society on the mess deck every Sunday. Then from bags and lockers are brought forth all the song-books, a haphazard medley of old ballads, sailors' choruses, sentimental songs and music-hall trivialities. Every Sunday the programme is brought to me, whereon every one is down for his little contribution, which he sings lustily or chaffingly, as the case may be. We pass an hour together, and we are amused, which is the principal thing.

p. 209-10: We have fortunately an extremely well-furnished library with about 1,500 volumes of scientific works, travel-books, novels, plays, and artistic and classical literature, to distract, instruct, or help us in our work. The crew has the right of dipping into these to a great extent, but I have thought it best to strike off the catalogue for their use a whole series of volumes that seemed to me harmful, or at least useless, to most of these good fellows, who are happily still very much children of nature. The volumes which circulate most in the ward-room are undoubtedly those of the Dictionnaire Larousse, which, apart from the instruction which it gives us in our isolation from the rest of the world, cuts short if it does not completely check, discussions which would otherwise threaten to be interminable. Whether or not Larousse provides the solution, in a life like ours discussions are inevitable. They are one of the occupations, often one of the plagues, of Polar expeditions, and I well understand why, during a celebrated English Antarctic expedition, they should have been punished by fines when they overran the comparatively short hours when they were permitted. I must hasten to

add that on our ship they seldom turned bitter, and the clouds which they may have raised quickly dispersed.

Further, most of us are watching one another, trying (to use the expression of one of my colleagues) to 'study the psychology of the restricted community.' Much has been said about *cafard polaire* (though it is too frequently invoked as an excuse), and it is certain that this life in common, with no possibility of finding distraction from temporary failure of nerves, with no hope of being able to take a meal alone or in other company, has its painful moments. Our arrangements on board at least allowed every one to find solitude in his own cabin, contrary to the rule of most expeditions, where two and sometimes three lived in the same room. This is one of the reasons why I advocate that even the crew should have a place to shut themselves in.

p. 211: August 23.—I read in to-day's (!) *Matin* that Casablanca had just been taken by our Marines. Now one of our men, Thomas, was in the company that landed. I take the opportunity of going on to the mess deck, and after a few explanatory words to his comrades, giving him a special packet of tobacco. [This would have been the paper of a year earlier.

p. 229: Otherwise we tried to kill time as best we could and endured our ills patiently. We spent the morning in the warmth of our bed-sacks. A cake of chocolate sufficed for breakfast, and all the scraps of newspaper found in the parcels were read and reread.

p. 277, on Bridgeman Island which was reputed to be in full volcanic eruption, but which Charcot believed to be only swirling dust: We take numerous photographs of it, of which one notably proves not only the skill of the artist accompanying Dumont d'Urville, whose picture is before our eyes, but also that there has been no change of shape since the passage of the *Astrolabe* and the *Zélée*. [French edition is *Le Pourquoi-pas?* dans *l'Antarctique 1908-1910*. Préface de Pierre Drach. Paris, Flammarion, 1968]

1911-13 Second German Antarctic Expedition (Filchner)

Filchner, Wilhelm. *To the Sixth Continent: The Second German South Polar Expedition.* Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1994.

Filchner's original plans mirrored Shackleton's Imperial Trans-Antarctic expedition a few years later, with two ships and men starting from both the Weddell Sea and the Ross Sea then meeting mid-way. Shackleton and Nordenskjöld helped him get a ship, the *Deutschland*, but he could get only one and went only to the Weddell Sea. He named the iceshelf after Kaiser Wilhelm II, but the Kaiser renamed it after Filchner. The ship was trapped in ice but was freed in the austral summer of 1912. The expedition is noted for its animosities, hostility not indicated in the passages here.

p. 9: A varied and extensive library which a dear friend in Berlin, George Stilke, was kind enough to donate, was of special significance for our intellectual needs.

p. 141: After dinner everyone occupied himself according to his own taste. There was an excellent library available. It was a gift from Hermann [?] Stilke in Berlin, supplemented by welcome contributions from the Verlag des Kladderadatschy, from Lustige Blätter and Simplizismus. Only somebody who knows from his own experience what it means to spend hundreds of days through a polar winter in a little cabin aboard an icebound ship, can sympathize with how precious it is to have a varied mental diet. I personally never really became bored, since expedition work and preparation of this manuscript occupied a good part of my time. A large conversational dictionary donated by the Bibliographical Institute in Leipzig was universally popular as an indispensable counselor and was heavily used. The assistant engineer, Müller, even managed to read the entire dictionary from A to Z, including the supplement, during our drift.

1911-14 Australasian Antarctic Expedition (Mawson)

The Adelie Blizzard: Mawson's Forgotten Newspaper 1913. Preface by Emma McEwin. Introduction by Elizabeth Leane and Mark Pharoah. Adelaide: Friends of the State Library of South Australia..., 2010.

An elegant facsimile of the newspaper of Douglas Mawson's Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1913, taken from the only extant copy. The AAE had a well-stocked library, and though much of the content of the *Blizzard* was poetic doggerel, there was both serious and satiric discussion of books and also a series in each issue on Polar exploration, based on some of the library's books.

p. 42: From a story called "Psychosis of a Birthday Cook," apropos Don Quixote: I suppose all these stories are well-known – they say Cervantes is a classic— I suppose he is. I've always been going to read about Don Q., but never got beyond Pearson's Magazine. Strikes me, the only way to read a book, is to "pile in and read it" straight away. It's rotten when you meet someone who asks you whether you have read "Lorna Doone," and it happens to be one of the books you are going to read, or have commenced, and never had time to finish. You long to display a bit of knowledge about it, and, in reply to a direct query you have to say. No. I haven't! and forego all the delights of mutual enthusiasm about foolish old John Ridd and the angelic Lorna. ... Anyway, I'll have to "get a move on" with the washing-up, and Don Quixote is the sort of book that can wait.

p. 105: In an article on Nordenskiöld's [sic] *Antarctica* expedition called "The Romance of Exploration," a narrative by Dr J. Gunnar Andersson, includes this gem on reading in extremis: Literature would have whiled away many of their hours. "We have no books. When we wish to delight the eye with a few printed words, we take out our tins of "Le lait condense, prepare par M. Henri Nestle", or of "Boiled Beef", and read the labels.

In the five issues of the paper, a column of book reviews appeared three times, "By the Hurricane Lamp", covering the following titles:

p. 54-57: Vol. I. No. 2 May 1913:

Lord Dufferin. *Letters from High Latitudes*

Dorothea Russell. *The New Wood Nymph*

R. L. Stevenson. *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

Allen Raine. *A Welsh Singer*

p. 171-77: Vol. I. No. 4 August 1913:

Charles Darwin. *The Voyage of the Beagle*

James Barr. *Laughing through a Wilderness*

Harold Bindloss. *Rancher Carteret*

p. 176: We beg to acknowledge receipt of an interesting assortment of the very latest Polar books from Meinehann Son and Coy:-

The Voyage of the Oui Oui Monsieur (Rabelais)

The North Pole Outpoled (Credo)

A Lost Race (Olaffssen)

The Home of the Blizzard (MacTaggart)

The Roll of the Arctic Seas (Bathymetrosky)

Motoring in Queen Mary Land (Williamson)

p. 207-211: Vol. I. No. 5 October 1913:

Ouida. *Tricotrin*

Jerome K. Jerome. *Tommy and Co.*

Mark Twain. *The Mississippi Pilot*

Ayres, Philip. *Mawson: a Life*. Melbourne, Aus.: The Miegunyah Press, 1999.

A balanced biography of Mawson, emphasizing his achievements but not ignoring his sometimes depressive personality and temper.

p. 52: The AAE's [Australian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-14] library was almost equally provided by Campbell Mackellar and Mawson himself. The books from Mackellar included literature of Arctic and Antarctic travel, scientific textbooks and general literature. Mawson's contributions included, besides popular volumes of Antarctic literature like Shackleton's *Heart of the Antarctic* and H. R. Mill's *Siege of the South Pole*, volumes of scientific results from Scott's 1900-4 *Discovery* expedition, W. S. Bruce's 1902 *Scotia* expedition, the BAE, Otto Nordenskjöld's 1901-3 *Antarctic* expedition, and Jean Charcot's first, 1903-5, expedition. He also supplied volumes of popular poets like Rudyard Kipling and Robert Service, anthologies, and other items including the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius (which reflect Mawson's austere and stoic credo, above any particular religion). Interestingly, he took *German Self-Taught*, a recognition of Germany's superiority in

many scientific and technological fields. [footnote 39 to this passage, p. 267: “the AAE’s library is itemized in MAC, 43 AAE,” referring to the Mawson Antarctic Collection, Waite Campus, University of Adelaide.] p. 66: March 1912: Mawson revealed his inner self to his diary. Reading William S. Bruce’s view, in Robert Brown’s *Voyage of the ‘Scotia’* (London, 1906), that ‘Isolation among the fastnesses of nature does not bring loneliness’, only ‘the busy haunts of men’, Mawson observed that he had been ‘Most humanly lonely in London’, but added, ‘Lonely with nature on plateau (21 March 1912). The howling blizzards outside the warmth of the hut were not chaos: ‘The Voice of the Great Creator, etc. Sacred Anthem’ (26 March). Down here sweet philosophies rang hollow: ‘Where Nature is sterner and elements fewer one sees that [Omar] Khayyam’s similes are not accurate (p. 59). “I came like water like wind I go, Into this universe and why not knowing, Nor when like water willy nilly flowing---etc.”. Water is flowing to a definite goal—so are we’, Mawson wrote (28 March). ‘Outside one is in touch with the sternest of Nature—one might be a lone soul standing in Precambrian times or on Mars—all is desolation and hard in the durest [*sic*]. Life opens up to one as it must to the savage. Inside the Hut all is 20th Century civilization. What a contrast’ (9 April). He read, in F. A. Cook’s *Through the First Antarctic Night* (London, 1900), of the madness and dissidence on the *Belgica*, beset by the pack-ice through the black winter of 1898: ‘am shocked by his account’ (15 April). Within a year he too would face the madness.” [quotation marks etc. as in original].

p. 77: He [Mawson] later told his friend Richard E. Byrd, the great American explorer of western Antarctica, and others then present, that he carried a small Bible on this journey and occasionally, in camp, read comforting passages from it. [footnote 28: A. Leigh Hunt, *Confessions of a Leigh Hunt*, p. 127]

p. 93—on a December sledging journey on Mertz Glacier: On this trip Mawson carried a copy of *Hamlet*, and as he lay in the tent he jotted down in his diary lines he found profound or memorable:

When sorrows come they come not single spies,
But in battalions (IV.v.74)
There is a divinity that shapes our ends /

Rough-hew them how we will	(V.ii.10)
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne /	
No traveler returns	(III.i.79)
What a noble mind is here o'erthrown	(III.i.149)

Bickel, Lennard. *This Accursed Land*. Melbourne: Macmillan, 1977.

Bickel notes the absence of “heroics” in *Home of the Blizzard*, betrayed by his journals, however modest. An earlier version of *Mawson's Will*, with some additional reading passages.

p. 70, in the ice cave known as Aladdin's Cave: Ninnis and Mertz were in their sleeping bags, both reading. Ninnis had a much-loved miniature edition of Thackeray's novels, given to him by his mother when they had said farewell at their home in the London suburb of Streatham.

Mertz pored over a Sherlock Holmes book—part of the English curriculum which he had struggled through so often during the winter he could recite whole phrases.

p. 88, Mertz reciting Sherlock Holmes.

p. 99, after Ninnis died in a crevasse: At the rim of the crevasse Mawson read the burial service from his battered prayerbook: ‘The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away.,..’

p. 110, apropos their Vitamin A toxic poisoning: They had not read the writings of the great explorer, Nansen, on men who were reported to have died from eating such livers. They had no reason to link the peril with their dogs.

p. 134, Mawson, after Mertz died: Somewhere deep in the well of his being the primitive, powerful urge to survive, to exist at all costs, exerted pressure on his subconscious and raked his tiring memory for words of comfort, for motivation: and there came lines written by another man in a different world—to gird his resolve, to aid his fight—words from Robert Service:

‘Buck up! Do your damndest and fight;

It's the plugging away that will win you the day.’”

p. 149: ‘I believe that Providence walks with me,’ he exclaimed, after several escapes from danger.

p. 153: when Mawson was caught in a crevasse: Providence still had him at the end of the rope that was a way back to the surface.

p. 166: he built a shield in his mind against time, against pain and peril; he called up the poetry he'd memorized and the Psalms— 'I lift up mine eyes to the hills....' Hour after hour plodding through the snow, dredging out words to shut out fear, to keep back the spectre of starvation that walked with him.

Bickel, Lennard. *Mawson's Will: The Greatest Polar Survival Story ever Written.* Foreword by Sir Edmund Hillary. South Royalton, VT: Steerforth Press, 2000.

An American version of *This Accursed Land*.

p. 57—at hut on Adélie land: the men stowed their personal possessions—books, family photographs, diaries—along the shelves.

p. 69: Midwinter came with the knowledge that the sun had halted its slide north of the equator and would move back to bring spring to the southern hemisphere; and it was a traditional Christmas for Antarctic explorers...not an isolated event, for in the confiding tedium of hut life in winter the men looked for events to celebrate, even down to marking the anniversary of the first gaslight in the city of London

p. 86—brief service read by Mawson from prayer book, sang a hymn and prayed for good weather. The battered prayer book was also used for the burial service for Ninnis (p. 122), and again for the burial of Mertz (p. 175).

p. 89, in a cave: Ninnis and Mertz were in their sleeping bags, both reading. Ninnis had a much-loved miniature edition of Thackeray's novels, given to him by his mother when they had said farewell at their home in the London suburb of Streatham. Mertz pored over a Sherlock Holmes book—part of the English curriculum that he had struggled through during the winter. [Mertz, a Swiss, later was reciting Holmes aloud (p. 109). (p. 70 of *This Accursed Land*).]

p. 108-09: In the early hours Mawson became aware that Ninnis was sitting up in his bag. He held a book in his left hand, but his eyes were shut; his right fingers were curled around the bowl of his calabash pipe,

as though for comfort. He was rocking backward and forward, as though he might be soothing a baby.... he gently pressed Ninnis back and covered him with the cowl of the bag (p. 87, cf. *This Accursed Land*). [During a blizzard the men reminisced about Dulwich, Shackleton, Mawson's meetings with Scott, and then Mertz recited passages from Sherlock Holmes.]

p. 122, when Ninnis died: Mawson read the burial service from his battered prayer book: "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away..."

p. 175, Mawson had to do the same thing 4 weeks later when Mertz died: When it was done he took out his prayerbook and for the second time on the journey stood bareheaded in the snow and read the burial service.

p. 179—Bickel quotes a Robert Service poem as inspiration—sounds suspect to me.

p. 257—Kipling quoted in the last entry at the end of Mawson's Antarctic diary.

Haddelsey, Stephen. *Born Adventurer: The Life of Frank Bickerton, Antarctic Pioneer*. (Stroud, UK: Sutton Publishing, 2005).

Bickerton was a member of Mawson's Australasian Antarctic Expedition, but resigned from Shackleton's *Endurance* to join the war effort before Shackleton left for Antarctica. Although this is a full biography of Bickerton, the story of the AAE takes up the first half of the book, followed by a separate chapter on the *Endurance*. John King Davis, a multi-faceted friend of Mawson, served as captain of *Aurora*, irritating a good number of officers and men, though seldom Mawson.

p. 59: Ninnis said of Bickerton that 'he has never been known to have an idle moment, unless he be reading poetry in his bunk at night.'

p. 60-61: Some read—a personal favourite brought from home, or a volume from the expedition library, in which Polar journals and general literature were to be found aplenty. Bickerton's tastes varied from works on exploration to the comic verse of Hilaire Belloc, a lifelong favourite.

p. 63: The most extravagant dramatic production attempted was a comic opera: *The Washerwoman's Secret*. 'Admission free, children half

price', the printed programme announced. Much of the comedy was due to Hurley's inexhaustible supply of drollery, but Bickerton, Laseron, McLean and Correll contributed with all their might. Bickerton—whose 'fine sense of humour' had been remarked by Madigan and whom McLean considered a 'never-failing fund of humour'—played the role of village idiot and lolloped about the kitchen-stage interrupting the soliloquies of the other performers with a barrage of irrelevant questions and commentary. Ninnis observed that, 'smoking a cigarette through his nostril and squinting in the most horrible manner ... [Bickerton] was really funnier than anything I have ever seen, his expression being weird beyond believe'. [More follows on the production and Bickerton's costumes.]

p. 81, during a sledging journey blizzard: It was, Bickerton noted, 'a distinctly dismal outlook'. The noise of the wind was deafening, making normal conversation practically impossible. In an attempt to entertain his companions, Whetter tried to read aloud, but Bickerton found that 'although I could have touched W. with my hand I could'nt [*sic*] hear what he was reading; the wind was—and still is—flapping the tent so violently.'

p. 82, the next day: By 9.45 p.m. he admitted to 'getting sick of this' and tempers were beginning to fray; 'it's damned annoying. 'can't sleep, can't eat though we would like to, and can't move on, which we would like to do more. W. is going to mumble the *Virginian* [Owen Wister] aloud: no he is not, he and H have quarrelled over the thing. H. says W. won't read loud enough, so they have torn the thing in half and each man now reads his own portion quietly.

p. 106-07: While the postbag [from the returned ship] was much lighter than had been hoped for, it did, however, bring fresh entertainment in the form of [Bickerton's sister] Dorothea's newly published novel. *The New Wood Nymph* traces the romantic and emotional trials and tribulations of its young heroine, Eve Waldron, but it is most interesting for its vignette of Bickerton himself—fictionalized as Eve's friend, 'Theo'. Madigan and McLean both read the novel and may have recognized Theo's endless fund of energy' and 'his evident relish of every detail of camping out'.

p. 115-16: During the first year of the expedition, the literary-minded McLean had proposed that they produce their own magazine, along the lines of Scott's *South Polar Times*. The name chosen for this periodical was, appropriately enough, the *Adelie Blizzard*, but its production had been short-lived. Now, with fewer distractions and a greater amount of free time at their disposal, McLean revived the *Blizzard* as a monthly publication, with the men contributing articles, poems or illustrations according to their particular talents....

Although the contributions to the *Blizzard* were made anonymously, it is possible confidently to attribute a number of pieces to Bickerton. The largest is a humorous composition entitled 'Cornered!' Purporting to be an extract from his diary, the essay describes how a reluctant Bickerton is chased by McLean for a contribution. Curiously, since the tale is both well written and entertaining, when McLean was preparing the *Blizzard* for its intended publication in later years, he dismissed 'Cornered!', noting in his diary that 'Bickerton wrote this, I know out of good nature—something to fill up the May number. He would be the last to wish to put it in. Now we have much more readable matter.'

p. 133-34: Certainly the expedition still absorbed some of his attention as, before volunteering, he had found time to wish his erstwhile companions on the *Endurance* well, and presented them with the thin-paper edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which was duly added to the expedition's library. Having spent two winters in the Antarctic, Bickerton knew the value of the gift—he had relied upon it when writing his comical article for the *Adelie Blizzard*—and, during the ITAE [Imperial Trans Antarctic Expedition], it would prove useful in more ways than one. In later years, Orde Lees remembered it particularly: 'Mr Bickerton presented the thin paper edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, one of the most useful gifts on the expedition and one which we had especial cause to be truly grateful when marooned on Elephant Island.' Shackleton himself considered it 'the greatest treasure' among the few books salvaged from the library of the sinking *Endurance* and its worth was so keenly appreciated that some of its tattered pages were even brought back to Britain in 1917.

p. 151, on meeting with Frank Hurley in November 1916 while Bickerton was on sick leave in London: Hurley had recently returned from the ill-fated but undeniably heroic *Endurance* expedition; now he was in London to see to the expedition's photographs and to obtain prints of some of the AAE images. The two explorers dined together three days later, and perhaps laughed at the unexpected uses to which Bickerton's parting gift of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* had been put. As well as providing entertainment and settling disputes during the expedition's long months of imprisonment on Elephant Island, it had just as importantly, served as toilet paper when all other supplies ran out.

Hains, Brigid. *The Ice and the Inland: Mawson, Flynn, and the Myth of the Frontier*. Melbourne, AU; Melbourne University Press, 2002.

A comparative study of two frontiersmen, Douglas Mawson's work in Antarctica (mostly 1911-14) and John Flynn, a Presbyterian minister of the Australian Inland Mission. Concentrating on the AAE (1911-14) Hains has gone through many if not all of the diaries of participants, taking special note of their books and reading, more so than any expedition I know of.

p. 11: Both of the expedition's bases were well stocked with books. They were an essential weapon in the battle against 'cabin fever' during the long dark winter. Mawson brought a small library that had been donated by Campbell Mackellar and this was supplemented by the books brought by the men themselves. Some were voracious readers: each month Morton Moyes, the meteorologist of the Western Base, recorded what he read in his diary: eighty-five books between March and December 1912. He was not alone in ploughing through all of the books at his disposal; by January he remarked that 'Literature is absolutely at zero, if any man mentions a name all the others can fill in the story in detail even to the sentences'. Apart from reading to fill in the long hours in the hut, the expeditioners also read aloud to one another after dinner, and read aloud in their tents to take their minds off the cold and misery of sledging.

There was a variety of science texts and reference books (including much-used encyclopaedias) in the expedition library, but there were also many books for pleasure: the verse of Rudyard Kipling and Robert Service; the *Ingoldsby Legends* (humorous Victorian ballads of chivalry and adventure); Robert Louis Stevenson; Walter Scott; Charles Dickens; Owen Wister's *The Virginian*; Roosevelt's new book *African Game Trails*; Alfred Tennyson, Richard Burton in East Africa, and Thomas Macaulay. The only Australian book in the official library was a collection of Australian verse.

Above all there were volumes of polar journeys, both Arctic and Antarctic. These were consulted for their insights into the practical difficulties of polar life, but they were also read as introductions to the spirit of polar exploration. Such books embodied a rich legacy of polar exploration that reached back into the early Victorian stories of the lost Franklin expedition, and continued into the nineteenth century as British, Scandinavian, Canadian and American expeditions pushed closer to the North Pole. By the turn of the century the 'heroic age' of Antarctic exploration was just beginning, and the Arctic explorers of the mid-nineteenth century had become the elders of the exploration establishment in London, which centered on the Royal Geographical Society. Most famous of all was Clements Markham, former Arctic expeditioner, naval martinet, and patron of Robert Scott. The 'heroic age' in Antarctica coincided too with the Arctic journeys of Fridtjof Nansen and the American rivals Robert Peary and Frederick Cook.

p. 12-13, talks of the boyish camaraderie of the young explorers, citing George Henry's popular stories as well as Peter Pan representing the world of boyhood: Mawson's men enjoyed reading Mark Twain's stories in their isolated hut, reveling in the tales of freewheeling boyhood. Perhaps they felt a thrill of kinship with Tom Sawyer and his friends, enjoying such 'glorious sport to be feasting in that wild free way of the virgin forest of an unexplored and uninhabited island, far from the haunts of men...they said they would never return to civilization'.

p. 14-15, Hains describes the misogynistic tendencies of these isolated young men reflected in some of the books available to them: Kipling, Robert Service, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque* and its

assault on marriage, yet all these adventures would make men of boys and “cleanse previous ‘unmanliness’.

p. 19-20, on Service’s novel *The Trail of ’98* and London’s *Call of the Wild* as read and absorbed by the Mawson party as examples of frontier manliness and hardships conquered. She links all this to theories of racial superiority of Nordic men over tropical languor.

p. 22-23: The brutality of polar exploration was hardly a secret, and was readily evident in the extensive polar library carried by the AAE. [Hains cites Franklin, Greely, and the *Belgica* as examples.]

p. 25, Laserone, stuck in his tent, reading *The Pickwick Papers*, castigated the environment:

God damn this country...held up again...Blowing a hurricane with drift as thick as pea-soup, we are getting wetter and wetter...Talk about exploring, all we have seen so far is a few hundred yards of uneven snow surface stretching at a low grade upwards to the South...or else the inside of a small tent.

p. 26—Mawson wrote in his diary in April 1913 that John Close was nominated on a short outing to return to the hut to make lunch: ‘on their return,’ he recalled, they ‘found no lunch and Close reading *The Strenuous Life*’, Teddy Roosevelt’s manifesto of frontier vitalism.

p. 27, from Archibald McLean’s diary of August 1913: Conversation often flags for want of ideas, and only for our fine collection of books (encyclopaedia etc) I don’t know how we should get on.... But one grows tired of reading and though I am lucky to have such fine companionship there is a limit in some ways to social intercourse.

p. 34. Hains argues that the Mawson party’s reactions to the landscape “was inspired by their literary adventures during the long winter months while waiting for good sledging weather to return in spring.” But she goes on to say those reactions were contradictory between the sublime and the ordinary or monotonous.

p. 62: The cult of hunting was not confined to the British Empire of course. Teddy Roosevelt was the epitome of the New World hunter, and his journeys to Africa, South America, and the American West were all part of the frontier masculinity he sought to represent. His *African Game Trails* was published in 1910, just a year before the AAE began, and it

was included in the expedition's library, as was his 1901 manifesto, *The Strenuous Life*." [Obviously, Antarctic hunting was bound to disappoint, the animals being almost comic and easy to kill. No real manliness there.]

p. 70—Hains suggests that natural history was the bridge between heroic manliness and the scientific emphasis of the AAE.

p. 81 to 169 are on the Australian Inland frontier.

p. 173, Hains sees the perpetuation of myths of the wilderness frontier as myths for white settlers, following some of the racial theories that they espoused. The technical advances in wireless and flight helped keep the ideal of the solitary wilderness alive while making the borders more porous. Eventually tourist travel to these frontiers again fired the imagination about the frontier, bringing travelers both to the frontiers and back to the metropolis. This vision of metropolis and frontier is the legacy of Mawson and Flynn: a nation characterized by 'a wild precision, a strict disorder' (p. 176).

Harrison, Charles Turnbull. *Mawson's Forgotten Men: The 1911-1913 Antarctic Diary of Charles Turnbull Harrison*. Edited by Heather Rossiter. Miller's Point, NSW: Pier 9, 2011.

p. 68, Friday March 8, 1912: After tea I fitted up the batten floor of the canoe (which was not loaded) as a bookshelf, & Hoadley opened the Library—some of the books damp. Rather disappointed in them. Not a poet in the lot. [Footnote 19, p. 291: The 'Library' was a selection of books donated by a rich benefactor, Campbell Mackellar.]

p. 135-36, Thursday June 20, 1912: My nightwatch...spent most of it reading Wilkie Collins "Moonstone". The books of our library are not up to much of a collection, but there are a few good books of Murphy's that have come to this base – and his loss is our gain. Also 2 or 3 good ones belonging to the different fellows.

p. 153-54 July 26 Friday: Have not been sleeping too well – go to bed at 10, read for a couple of hrs & then lay awake until 1 or 2 a.m, & listening to the blizzard overhead I often think of my hope at the "Glen."

p. 155, July 30 Tuesday: Thro afternoon was reading book on biology – largest print I had – for its wretchedly dark.

p. 157, August 4 Sunday. reading zoological work.

p. 217, November 11, on sledging trip. Sewing, studying “Hints to travelers”

p. 229, November 21 Thursday: Spent most of the day at leisure, repairs & alterations...Reading Herrick’s “Fair Daffodils” in the Golden Treasury brought vividly to my mind that they would have bloomed & faded with the other spring flowers in far off Tas[mania]. And that my wife (if all is well) has probably picked the first white raspberries of the season in our garden, with the green trees and growing fruit all around. And here! Ice, driving snow, howling wind, flapping tent! [Footnote to this entry, p. 292, notes that this copy of Palgrave is in the Mitchell Library, and is inscribed: ‘This book constituted the Library of A D. Watson on the Summer Journey in Queen Mary Land, Antarctica in the years 1912-1913’.]

p. 276, Feb. 4 Tuesday [1913], towards end of expedition, awaiting relief ship *Aurora*: Fellows fervently wishing “Aurora” would come – “So jolly slow!” Books all read – say they have read some of the novels 3 or 4 times.

p. 280 Feb. 16 Monday: Fellows say they are sick of laying about all day reading twice read novels – and poor ones too.

p. 281 Feb. 23 Sunday: Finally *Aurora* arrives to great relief of all, plus all the mail, but also the news of deaths of Ninnis and Mertz.

[Remaining pages deal with trip back to Hobart.]

Laseron, Charles F. *South with Mawson*, in *Antarctic Witness*, introduced by Tim Bowden. Sydney, Australia: Angus and Robertson, 2000. (With Frank Hurley’s *Shackleton’s Argonauts*.)

First published in 1947, Laseron’s account of Mawson’s AAE is a gentle and generally optimistic account, even when describing Mawson’s perilous journey.

p. 52-53: Any personal idiosyncrasy was always seized on with great gusto. Thus [John H.] Close was a great reader of Nansen, and quoted

him repeatedly. Nansen, under extreme conditions, had acquired a taste for raw seal blubber, so Close perforce had to try it, and pronounced it excellent, though we all noticed he did not tackle it again. From this grew the legend that he had an inordinate appetite, and was capable of devouring seals and penguins alive. As a result he was variously known as 'Hollow-leg' or 'Terror'.

p. 55: I shall never forget the occasion, either, when we found this same [unnamed] member fast asleep with his favourite book, Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life*, open on his chest.

p. 62, in a Chapter entitled "Twenty Four Hours in the Hut," Laseron gives this description of a typical mid-winter evening: It is nine o'clock on a typical evening in midwinter. Outside the hut there is the unending shriek of the blizzard, and inside the air pulsates as the roof bends inwards beneath the pressure of the fiercest gusts. Ears are so attuned, however, that it passes unheeded. The day's tasks are ended, and all amuse themselves in various ways. At one end of the table Bickerton, Hannam, Hunter and I are engaged in a game of bridge, while Madigan, Murphy and the Doctor look idly on. Further down the table sits Mertz, choosing a record for the gramophone, while Bage, with his favourite old pipe, its stem mended with adhesive tape, offers his advice. Stillwell is reading a book, and Close is writing something in his diary. Lying on his bunk, Whetter has his nose in a medical treatise, and on the other side of the hut Hurley, with facetious remarks, is cutting Correll's hair, and doing a job that would cause any self-respecting barber to have a fit.

p. 78-79: We often read aloud after dinner, various members taking it in turns. Anything that appealed to one would be submitted to the general opinion, but a few books were read right through. The Trail of '98 was one, and provoked lengthy discussions on the actions of the main characters. W. W. Jacobs was a strong favourite, and was generally entrusted to Herbert Murphy, to whose style the doings and sayings of the nightwatchman were eminently suitable. We had quite a good library. C. D. Mackellar, one of the London sponsors of the expedition and after whom the island off our base were named, had presented some hundreds of volumes which were divided among the base. These

included histories of many other expeditions, north and south, and it was very interesting reading them under comparable conditions.

p. 79: ...we formed the 'Its Society for the Prevention of the Blues', the ultimate achievement of which was no less than the production of a grand opera. Though this did not take place until the main winter months had passed, it was the culminating point of our activities and well deserves a mention in this chapter. It necessitated also an increase in our cast, and Dad, Correll and the pup, Blizzard, were roped in. Frank Stillwell became the orchestra, and Bickerton acted as the chief dresser, with a self-appointed roving character as the Village Idiot. The opera chosen for the star performance was a new one, which as yet has never been given in any of the world's great centres. This was *The Washerwoman's Secret* (Laseron), a tragedy in five acts, with a complicated and highly dramatic plot. The songs were written by the various members of the cast and memorized. Of course, there could be no rehearsals, so all conversations had, perforce, to be impromptu. [An account of the one performance follows.]

Madigan, David Cecil. *Vixere Fortes: A Family Archives*. Kingston, Tasmania: Self-published, 2000,

This family history of Australian Madigans includes a long chapter (p. 234-+387) on Cecil Madigan, a member of Mawson's AAE team (1911-14). The latter is based on Cecil's diaries which are very harsh on Mawson's leadership and his ability to get the best out of his men. There are a good number of notes about reading:

p. 251: The Second Engineer brought his boxing gloves on deck and despite the limited space some bouts were arranged. Cecil boxes a rather lively four rounds with Watson, which pleased the audience. For more intellectual entertainment he read Omar Khayyam, a present from Moyes, like Watson a "Toroa" man, and "Vanity Fair". The latter he borrowed from Ninnis, who seemed to read nothing else, beginning again at the beginning when he had reached the end.

p. 258-59: Divine service was held for the first time in Adélie Land, on Sunday, 25 February.... Mawson set the service books on a cushion

covered by a Commonwealth flag, the Australian blue ensign. He was rather nervous and the service was short, but it was impressive and comforting to Cecil, and he thought to others. Mawson read about half the prayers and the Epistle and Gospel for the day, and said a prayer of his own for their safety and that of Wild's party in the west. Stillwell, a geologist from Melbourne, played the organ for the hymns.

p. 267: McLean was an idealist, the best principled man on the expedition, and the best read.

p. 268: Cecil, wishing to give him [Hodgeman] for his birthday something more lasting than the usual presents like tobacco, gave him "Songs from Browning", which cost him something to give since he valued it highly as a present from Ninnis (?).

p. 268: It was the custom to take turns in reading after dinner, and when Cecil's turn fell during one of his black moods he declined to read, but someone produced the book and the requests were so enthusiastic that he relented and after a few chapters his view of the world changed and he became himself again, or rather his other self. These moods, in which he seemed, at least to himself, a different person, did not last more than a day or two.

p. 296, a reference to "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

p. 301, Hodgeman gave Cecil "Kenilworth" for C's birthday.

p. 301: The only recreation was reading and Cecil was grateful to Captain Davis, a man of great kindness whom he regarded highly, for having left him a set of Thackeray's novels. But he was not much addicted to reading and admitted that in other circumstances he would never have opened Thackeray or Dickens, whom he also read. Bickerton lent him a book called "New Wood Nymph" by "Dorothea Bussel", who was Bickerton's sister. It was light but pleasant reading, and one of the characters was Bickerton himself.

p. 302—Cecil also spent time studying Greek for Oxford. He eventually failed the exam, but after the war Greek was no longer compulsory there.

p. 306: [Nov. 1913]: a continuous blizzard held them in camp for six days, a very tedious period in which Cecil read several books and

studied “German self-Taught”, a book for travelers that Mawson had lent him.

Mawson, Sir Douglas. *The Home of the Blizzard, Being the Story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-1914.* Philadelphia: Lippincott; London: Heinemann, [1915]

Mawson is certainly one of the legendary explorers of the Heroic Age, one who participated in a number of important expeditions, starting with Shackleton’s *Nimrod* journey. His expeditions were also among those best supplied with books and other reading matter.

Volume I: p. 135. The domestic setting of their Hut: OUR hearth and home was the living Hut and its focus was the stove. Kitchen and stove were indissolubly linked, and beyond their pale was a wilderness of hanging clothes, boots, finnesko, mitts and what not, bounded by tiers of bunks and blankets, more hanging clothes and dim photographs between the frost-rimed cracks of the wooden walls.

One might see as much in the first flicker of the acetylene through a maze of hurrying figures, but as his eyes grew accustomed to the light, the plot would thicken: books orderly and disorderly, on bracketed shelves, cameras great and small in motley confusion, guns and gamophone-horn, serpentine yards of gas-tubing, sewing machines, a micro- scope, rows of pint-mugs, until—thud! he has obstructed a wild-eyed messman staggering into the kitchen with a box of ice.

p. 146: The mania for celebration became so great that reference was frequently made to the almanac. During one featureless interval, the anniversary of the First Lighting of London by Gas was observed with extraordinary *éclat*.

p. 146-48: Throughout the winter months, work went on steadily even after dinner, and hours of leisure were easy to fill. Some wrote up their diaries, played games, or smoked and yarned; others read, developed photos, or imitated the weary cook and went to bed. The MacKellar Library, so called after the donor, was a boon to all, and the literature of polar exploration was keenly followed and discussed. Taste in literature varied, but among a throng of eighteen, the majority of whom were

given to expressing their opinions in no uncertain terms—there were no rigid conventions in Adélie Land—every book had a value in accordance with a common standard.

There was not a dissenting voice to the charm of *Lady Betty across the Water* [Charles N. Williamson], and the reason for this was a special one. The sudden breath of a world of warmth and colour, richness and vivacity and astute, American freshness amid the somewhat grim attractions of an Antarctic winter was too much for every one. Lady Betty, in the realm of bright images, had a host of devoted admirers. Her influence spread beyond the Hut to the plateau itself. There men went sledging, and to shelter themselves from the rude wind fashioned an ice-cavern, which, on account of its magical hues and rare luster, could be none other than ‘Aladdin’s Cave.’ Lady Betty found her hero in a fairy grotto of the same name.

Lorna Doone [R.D. Blackmore], on the other hand, was liked by many. Still there were those who thought that John Ridd was a fool, a slow, obtuse rustic, and so on, while Lorna was too divine and angelic for this life.

The War of the Carolinas [Meredith Nicholson] took the Hut by storm, but it was a ‘nine days’ wonder’ and left no permanent impression on the thinking community. Mostly, the story was voted delightfully funny, but very foolish and farcical after all. A few exclusive critics predicted for it a future.

Then there was *The Trail of ’98* [Robert W. Service]. For power and blunt realism there was nothing like it, but the character of the hero was torn in the shreds of debate. There was general agreement on two points: that the portrayal of the desolate Alaskan wild had a touch of ‘home,’ and that the heroine was a ‘true sport.’

All those who had ever hauled on the main braces, sung the topsail-halliard, chanty, learned the intricate Matty Walker, the bowline-and-a-bite and a crowd of kindred knots, had a warm spot for any yarn by [William Wymark] Jacobs. Night after night the storeman held the audience with the humorous escapes of *Ginger Dick*, *Sam* and *Peter Russet*.

And lastly, there was a more serious, if divided interest in *Virginibus Puerisque* [Stevenson], *Marcus Aurelius*, *The Unveiling of Lhassa* [Edmund Candler]—but the list is rather interminable.

p. 209, presentation without rehearsal of an opera, “The Washerwoman’s Secret,” by Laceron: Part of the Hut was curtained off as a combined green-room and dressing room; the kitchen was the stage; footlights twinkled on the floor; the acetylene limelight beamed down from the rafters, while the audience crowded by a form behind the dining table, making tactless remarks and continually eating chocolate.

p. 260, on the death of Mertz: I read the Burial Service over Xavier this afternoon. As there is little chance of my reaching human aid alive, I greatly regret inability at the moment to set out the detail of coastline met with for three hundred miles travelled and observations of glacier and ice-formations, etc.; the most of which latter are, of course, committed to my head.

p. 312, the chapter on the Eastern Coastal party (by C. T. Madigan) describes a November sledging journey with a party of four: The day passed slowly in our impatience. We took turns at reading [Owen Wister’s] *The Virginian*, warmed by a primus stove which in a land of plenty we could afford to keep going. Later in the afternoon the smokers found that a match would not strike, and the primus went out. Then the man reading said that he felt unwell and could not see the words. Soon several others commented on feeling ‘queer,’ and two in the sleeping-bags had fallen into a drowsy slumber. On this evidence even the famous Watson would have ‘dropped to it,’ but it was some time before it dawned on us that the oxygen had given out....

p. 315: Our library consisted of *An Anthology of Australian Verse*, Thackeray’s *Vanity Fair* and *Hints to Travellers* in two volumes [a publication of the Royal Geographical Society]. McLean spent much of the time reading the Anthology and I started *Vanity Fair*. The latter beguiled many weary hours in that tent during the journey. I read a good deal aloud and McLean read it afterwards.

p. 337: Every one was tired that night, and our prayer to the Sleep Merchant in the book of Australian verse was for:

Twenty gallons of balmy sleep,
Dreamless, and deep, and mild,
Of the excellent brand you used to keep
When I was a little child.

Volume II: p. 69: For a few hours on the 8th there was a lull and the store of ice was replenished, but the 9th and 10th were again spent indoors, repairing and refitting tents, poles and other sledging gear during the working hours, and reading or playing chess and bridge in the leisure time....

Harrisson carved an excellent set of chessmen, distinguishing the "black" ones by a stain of permanganate of potash. Bridge was the favourite game all through the winter....

Divine service was held every Sunday, Moyes and I taking it in turn. There was only one hymn book amongst the party, which made it necessary to write out copies of the hymns each week.

p. 74: In addition to recreations like chess, cards and dominoes, a competition was started for each member to write a poem and short article, humorous or otherwise, connected with the Expedition. These were all read by the authors after dinner one evening and caused considerable amusement. One man even preferred to sing his poem. These literary efforts were incorporated in a small publication known as "The Glacier Tongue."

p. 140: At the beginning of April, McLean laid the foundations of *The Adelie Blizzard* which recorded our life for the next seven months. It was a monthly publication, and contributions were invited from all on every subject but the wind. Anything from light doggerel to heavy blank verse was welcomed, and original articles, letters to the Editor, plays, reviews on books and serial stories were accepted within the limits of our supply of foolscap paper and type-writer ribbons.

It was the first Antarctic publication which could boast a real cable column of news of the day. Extracts from the April number were read after dinner one evening and excited much amusement. An 'Ode to Tobacco' was very popular, and seemed to voice the enthusiasm of our small community, while 'The Evolution of Women' introduced us to a

once-familiar subject.... The Editor was later admitted by wireless to the Journalist's Association (Sydney).

Many have asked the question, "What did you do to fill in the time during the second year?"

The duties of cook and night-watchman came to each man once every week, and meteorological and magnetic observations went on daily. They were able to devote a good deal of time to working up the scientific work accomplished during the sledging journeys. The wireless watches kept two men well occupied, and in spare moments the chief recreation was reading. There was a fine supply of illustrated journals and periodicals which had arrived by the *Aurora*, and with papers like the *Daily Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Sphere* and *Punch*, we tried to make up arrears of a year in exile. The 'Encyclopædia Britannica' was a great boon, being always 'the last word' in the settlement of a debated point....

p. 173: There were several cookery books for reference and each week saw the appearance of a new pudding, in each instance prefaced by the boast: This is going to be the best pudding ever turned out on the island! The promise was not always made good.

p. 256: The pack was so loosely disposed, that the ship made a straight course for Commonwealth Bay, steaming up to Cape Denison on the morning of December 14 to find us all eager to renew our claim on the big world up North. There was a twenty-five-knot wind and a small sea when we pulled off in the whale-boat to the ship, but, as if conspiring to give us for once a gala-day, the wind fell off, the bay became blue and placid and the sun beat down in full thawing strength on the boundless ice and snow. The Adelians, if that may be used as a distinctive title, sat on the warm deck and read letters and papers in voracious haste, with snatches of the latest intelligence from the Macquarie Islanders and the ship's officers. No one could erase that day from the tablets of his memory.

Mawson, Douglas. *Mawson's Antarctic Diaries*. Edited by Fred Jacka & Eleanor Jacka. London: Unwin Hyman, 1988.

Introduction emphasizes Mawson's faith in "Providence," and notes that his very survival reduced the emotional impact that Scott's death had on the public: World War I, followed by world depression, diverted public interest from the achievements of Douglas Mawson and other scientists and explorers in the Antarctic, and formed a break between the 'heroic era' and the 'mechanical era' in the history of Antarctic exploration. (p. xlii).

p. xxix refers to a list of books Mawson recorded in his 1908 diary, but the list is not included in this version of the diary. Also gives a list of Latin mottoes important to him, e.g. "Deeds not words—facta non verbus" and "To the pure all things are pure—omni munda mundis."

p. 6, 23 January 1908. This section of the diary concludes with a list of books and a few Latin quotations.

p. 18, 4 November: Hard to reconcile all coast features with chart [i.e., the existing Admiralty Chart of the Antarctic, Sheet III].

p. 25, re Prof. Davis and insufficient hauling: Several times when we have been struggling heavily with hauling he has continued to recite poetry or tell yarns.

p. 62, plate 7ff., shows AAE 1912, good picture of cabin, bookshelves, and Laserson reading in bunk.

p. 66, 21 March 1912. Loneliness—Scotia p. 106 [*The Voyage of the Scotia* (Rudmose-Brown, Pirie, and Mossman, 1906)—'Isolation among the fastnesses of nature does not bring loneliness. That can perhaps be only felt in its full extreme among the busy haunts of men'.]

Most humanly lonely in London.

Lonely with nature on Plateau.

[This appears to be a reference to Bruce made from Mawson's reading.]

p. 68, 24 March: Longer divine service than usual—hymns in the evening by the choir.

p. 69, 28 March: Where Nature is sterner and elements fewer one sees that Khayyam's similes are not accurate (p. 59 'I came like water like wind I go, Into this universe and why not knowing, Nor whence like water willy nilly flowing—etc.' Water is flowing to a definite goal—so are we.

p. 73, diagram of living quarters at Cape Denison Hut shows library on south wall, next to Dr. Mawson's Room.

p. 74, 13 April: Dr. Cook's tirade [see Cook (1900) p. 231, 405] against foods of Belgica Expedition is rot—the canned foods were excellent; they suffered from inactivity i.e. [causing] loss of energy and appetite....

p. 373, quoting Frederick Cook: Doing the finnecking things of life causes us to appreciate mothers,' etc. Yes, it teaches the careless the value of the careful and detailed labours of their fellows. [Here we seem to find Mawson reading Cook's *Through that First Antarctic Night* as well as Omar Khayyam.]

p. 87, 30 May 1912: I commence reading *The Trail of '98* [by R.W. Service (1911)] at dinner as entertainment.

p. 89, 6 June: In evening the Adélie Land Band strikes up. Hurley, mouth; Hunter, kettle drums (kerosene tin); Correll a piccolo; Ninnis, mouth organ; Hodgeman, triangle (a spanner on string); Hannam, a large tin drum.

The whole Hut in a commotion when this weird music started up....

p. 90, 10 June: Murphy reads some of Jacob's [?] yarns at dinner as entertainment.

p. 92, 18 June, passage on a malingering member: I [Mawson] called in at 6 pm and found Whetter reading—he had worked about one hour and then left Hannam to finish them [ie the penguins]. Well, I told him to come to my room and see me immediately. We then had a long talk in which I showed him that he was entirely unfit for an expedition, chiefly through lack of determination in character and failing to do his level best towards the interests of the expedition. As usual he attempted to make light of all the charges and seemed inclined to think my opinion of little value in diagnosing the worth of a man for polar work. ... Since Tuesday afternoon Whetter has worked better.

p. 99, 12 July: I write a few verses of very blank verse for the *Blizzard*.

p. 100, 13 July: Articles for the *Blizzard* have been numerous. I read several at afternoon tea.

p. 113, separate entry, possibly of something Mawson read that day, 21 Sept: Zur Geologie der Südpolarländer, von Otto Wilchens, Zentralblatt für Mineralogie, 1906.

p. 115, 3 October: At something to 4 pm Whetter came in, took his clothes off and intended to read a book. Before lunch I had asked him to dig out the hangar in front after getting in the ice.

I heard at 4 pm that he had not done this, and his appearance in the Hut to read a book was in direct disobedience to my orders. I was very wroth about this and asked him why he was coming in under the circumstances. He said he had done enough. I asked him what had he come on the expedition for. He said 'not to do such kind of work'. I said he was a 'bloody fool to come on the expedition if that was the case.' He said 'Bloody fool yourself...' etc.

p. 116, 5 October: How can any whole-minded being be dull here, even though cooped up in the Hut by blizzard upon blizzard? How can anyone, when there is so much unknown about us [cf. *Pleasure of Life*

p. 66. [This title may have been aboard ship, or could he have given citation from memory including page number? The book is by John Lubbock Avery (London: MacMillan, 1903).] p. 120, 12 October: the night of the grand theatrical, The Washerwoman's Secret in which "McLean made a fine girl." [Announcement of program on p. 121.]

p. 121, 13 October Sunday: We held Divine Service during the afternoon, and I read Lord Avesbury's essay on 'Ambition.'

p. 124, 16 October, Wednesday: Blizzard. I get books for return [journey] finally packed....

17 October Thursday: I give everybody several books of Mackellar Library.

p. 148, shows page of *Nautical Almanack* for Dec 1912 which Mawson had taken on his Far-eastern sledge journey, which 'enabled him to determine his geographic position....'

p. 147-8, 14 December 1912: death of Ninnis in crevasse fall, losing not only him but a dog, most food etc. "Read the Burial Service." "May God Help us."

p. 158, 9 January 1913: I read the Burial Service over Xavier [Mertz] this afternoon.

[Supplies for this fatal journey are listed in Notebook 5, p. 179-80, including tables from *Nautical Almanack* and book of Logarithmic Tables, 2 note books, angle books, map tube, maps, pencils, etc. No other reading matter listed.]

p. 187, April 1913 at start of second wintering for seven of them.

McLean lays the foundation of a ‘monthly’—*Adélie Blizzard* [The AAE literary publication]: Close, when out with Laseron & Stillwell, left to get lunch ready. On their return found no lunch and Close reading ‘*The Strenuous Life*’.

p. 224-25, 11 December 1913, several quotations from Hamlet that seem apropos to their situation but without explanation.

p. 244: Memorial in Salford Royal Hospital Architectural Review—“For me to have made one soul the better for my birth, [etc] but again without explanation.” [Was this a magazine he had aboard or was he quoting from memory?]

During the BANZARE expedition in 1929 Mawson seemed too preoccupied with his conflicts with John King Davis to have done any reading. Didn’t find a great deal of interest in last half of book.

Roberts, David. *Alone on the Ice: The Greatest Survival Story in the History of Exploration.* New York: Norton, 2013.

A straight forward rehash of the Mawson story, at somewhat greater length than others, but competently done. He doesn’t neglect the books and reading which is fairly well documented for this expedition. He makes the mistake of taking Huntford as gospel truth, assuming for example Kathleen Scott’s affair with Nansen. He also disparages Bickel’s *Mawson’s Will*, though that book is a much more dramatic telling of Mawson’s story.

p. 31: [on the fatal sledge journey] There was, however, not much to read, as Mawson had strictly limited the number of books the men could carry to one apiece. As he wrote in *The Home of the Blizzard*, “Ninnis was not so badly off with a volume of Thackeray, but already, long ago, Mertz had come to the end of his particular literary diversion, a small

edition of ‘Sherlock Holmes,’ and he contented himself with reciting passages from memory for our mutual benefit.”

p. 56: The greatest enemies of the cooped-up men were boredom and getting on each other’s nerves. Thus all kinds of entertainments were concocted to leaven the tedium....

p. 129: Nearly a century’s legacy of overwinterings, first in the Arctic, then in the Antarctic, had taught explorers the essential value of keeping men busy and entertained during their long confinement during the darker months. On the AAE, reading out loud became a regular evening diversion, with Mawson usually taking the rostrum. His favorite poet, Robert Service, filled many a stirring recital. After hearing Mawson declaim “The Cremation of Sam McGee,” McLean wrote in his diary, “The rest [of the poems] were realistic, virile, full of strong, manly life, like Mawson himself.” Another of Mawson’s favorite works was Robert Louis Stevenson’s “Virginibus Puerisque,” his tongue-in-cheek essays about the rewards and hazards of marriage.

The small library Mawson brought with him on the expedition included not only several volumes of Service, but Kipling’s *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and *Departmental Ditties* as well as *The Oxford Book of Verse*. Inspirational reading ranged from Marcus Aurelius’s *Meditations* to such now-forgotten tomes as *Daily Light* and *Bible Talks*. The collection also comprised a generous store of Arctic and Antarctic narratives, including those by Shackleton, Fridtjof Nansen, and Otto Nordenskjöld. As evidence of Mawson’s eagerness to connect with his men, the library contained a volume titled *German Self Taught*—perhaps a token of the leader’s effort to go halfway linguistically with Xavier Mertz.

p. 130, says John Close was a great reader of Nansen, and quoted him repeatedly.

p. 196, Morton Moyes was left alone at the Grottoes for an extended period: During the following weeks, he tried to fill his time cooking, recording meteorological data, and reading (appropriately perhaps) Dante’s *Inferno*.

- p. 199: Five days later, during a Sunday snowstorm, Moyes read Macaulay and the Bible and tried not to worry about how “If this proportion of blizzards keeps up, the sledges will be overdue.”
- p. 224: When Mertz died Mawson conducted a lonely burial service: Beside the grave, he read the burial service from the *Book of Common Prayer*. [Amazing to think he had one with him.]
- p. 234, Mawson on Providence: Who has so many times already helped me.
- p. 256: Boredom was the ever-present enemy. “Reading is a great solace,” McLean wrote on April 6, “and we fortunately have plenty of books.” Mawson elaborated: “There was a fine supply of illustrated journals and periodicals which had arrived by the *Aurora* and with these we tried to make up the arrears of a year in exile. The ‘Encyclopedia Britannica’ was a great boon, being always the last word in the settlement of a disputed point.”
- p. 260 suggests trouble over the sanity of Sidney Jeffryes who at one point misconstrued a reference to the *Hound of the Baskervilles* as a reference to himself. See also p. 272 for more on this psychotic misunderstanding.
- p. 281: On leaving Commonwealth Bay the previous February, Captain Davis had given Madigan a set of Thackeray’s novels. Since “the only recreation was reading,” Madigan was deeply grateful for the gift, but found himself unable to concentrate on the books. He picked up Xenophon’s *Anabasis* instead, hoping to prep himself for his upcoming year at Oxford, but Greek grammar flummoxed him. He turned next to geology textbooks, with which Mawson offered to help him but before long “Cecil was bored to extinction with it.”

Rossiter, Heather. *Lady Spy, Gentleman Explorer: The Life of Herbert Dyce Murphy*. Sydney: Random House Australia, 2001

A thoroughly fascinating account of a participant in Mawson’s Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911 which thoroughly debunks Mawson, only slightly more gently than Huntford did Scott.

p. 195-96: [Murphy] and Dr. Mawson were the only ones who slept without another bunk above or beneath them. Mawson had his own little cubicle, a bunk on one side, a table on another, his library opposite; Murphy merely airspace above his head....

...Dressed and hungry, Murphy looked about for the copy of Pepys's *Diary* he had been reading when he fell asleep the night before. Finding the leather-bound volume beneath his bunk, he turned the page and soon was sauntering through London with the insouciant doctor. The noise inside the hut, the jostling, joking expeditioners, even the roar of the gale outside, fell from his consciousness; his detachment from his prison was complete.

p. 206: The leader's [Mawson] lack of acuity did not come from lack of knowledge of the psychological consequences of polar night. Dr Cook's account of the effects of solar deprivation on the men of the *Belgica* was in their library....

Dr Cook's description of polar darkness and its consequences caused some speculation among the denizens of Hyde Park Corner, a nook in the south-east corner of the Hut. Isolated from the central table area and defined by the bunks of Ninnis and Mertz, Bickerton and McLean, it was cut off from the Doctor's [Mawson] room by a wall.

p. 207: Ninnis had been the last of them to read *Through the First Antarctic Night*. Lying on his bunk, he hooted with laughter at Dr Cook's comparison between his experience in the frozen sea and a winter in the Arctic. [Ninnis then read some of Cook aloud and gives the passages on men going mad from solar deprivation.]

p. 224: To escape, Murphy read hungrily through the Mackellar library—a gift of books from Campbell Mackellar, a rich benefactor to several polar expeditions. If the Doctor [Mawson] sighted a man reading, immediately he had a hundred trivial, pointless activities to demand. There were holes to be dug in the ice to make the amazing discovery of a few moulted penguin feathers, there were stores to be rearranged, or, usually at the height of the blizzard, some cans to be moved from one place to another outside the Hut.

p. 243: In the Aurora's chartroom was a copy of the *Antarctic Manual*, a handsome volume put out by George Murray in 1901. It contained

extracts from the records of earlier voyages: Balleny, Dumont d'Urville, Wilkes, Biscoe and other British, French and American navigators. Much on those maps was myth. While Captain Davis was sounding and recording the waters south to the Antarctic coast, then defining them as far as Commonwealth Bay, he constantly erased the fantasies of those earlier explorers.

p. 264, on a sledging expedition: Holed up in the cave, they took turns reading aloud from Thackeray's *The Virginians*.

p. 269: After hoosh and cocoa he unrolled his sleeping bag and slipped inside. Shouting above the wind, the three tent-partners took turns reading *The Virginians*. When they finished it they slept awhile, then began *Pickwick Papers*. The day passed, and a rowdy night too.

p. 340: In England Ninnis's family had taken a letter and a newspaper to the little post office in Streatham every Friday. This mail was now on board the Aurora together with a great case of cigars and food. [By that time Ninnis was dead.]

Stillwell, Frank *Still No Mawson: Frank Stillwell's Antarctic Diaries 1911-1913*. Edited by Bernadette Hince. Canberra, AUS: Australian Academy of Science, 2012

Frank Stillwell was geologist on Douglas Mawson's Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911-14. His diaries present him as a mild-mannered somewhat recessive personality, but they are candid enough to include several critical comments about the leader as moody, irascible, inconsistent, and arbitrary. Most of his comments on reading are confined to the period of the austral night of May to August 1912, and are mostly notes of what other people were reading, including Mawson reading aloud from *Aurora Australis* and *South Polar Times* (p. 49), Mawson reading his lectures on Polar exploration (p. 80), Mawson reading Robert Lewis Stevenson (p. 83-84), Madegan reading 'Lady Betty across the water' (p. 85), Mawson reading Kipling on the Flag (p. 86), and Mawson reading Robert Service's *The Trail of '98* over a few days (p. 89-92). These reading references generally cease with the gradual return of light in August/September.

- p. 95: Finished reading Nordenskjöld's Antarctica today and contemplating on starting Nansen's Farthest North.
- p. 50 has Hurley and Laseron "masquerading as nigger man and wife. The dress was very clever considering the lack of material" (included oakum, sledging bags, and camera cloth).
- p. 55: I was so innocently led by a cookery book which inveigled me into believing it [pie crust] would cook in a quarter of an hour. After three-quarters of an hour when the brute had not yet browned I realized that the cookery book had bluffed me.
- p. 100: Following dinner was song and gramophone and a little performance by McLean and Madigan of a Brutus-Cassius scene out of Julius Caesar, Both were rigged in quite passable togas with rugs and butter cloth, and both were clean shaven.
- p. 102: We are still reading W.W. Jacobs 'Many cargoes' after dinner. Murphy's doing the reading.
- p. 110: After dinner reading is now abolished for awhile: we all got rather tired of W.W. Jacobs 'Many Cargoes' and we now rise [from the dinner table] at 7.15 or earlier instead of 8.
- p. 151, Sunday, September 29, 1912: Service held at 9 pm and D.M. [Mawson] read Lord Avesbury [Sir John Lubbock] on Pleasures of Life, Religion.
- p. 157: Life was brightened by a Grand Opera performance this evening, entitled The Washerwoman's Secret. Laseron, Hurley and Hunter composed it and acted it with Dad and Correll. Musical accompaniment (orchestra) added by self. [Three more descriptive paragraphs follow.]
- p. 160 October 17th: D.I. [*dux ipse*, the leader himself, D. Mawson] has amused himself distributing the library books. Our library contained probably two hundred volumes. He has given me one volume, "Prehistoric Europe", James Geikie.
- p. 199: J. C. [Close] stayed in camp all day, read the 'Strenuous Life' [Theodore Roosevelt].

[The remainder of the diaries after December are largely concerned with the spring and summer sledging journeys, worries about Mawson's sledging with Mertz and Ninnis, anxiety about the return of *Aurora* and

the prospect of spending a further year on the ice, and finally Mawson's return without his two partners.]

Strange, Carolyn and Alison Bashford. *Griffith Taylor: Visionary Environmentalist Explorer*. Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 2008.

Taylor was born in England but went to Australia at age 12, where he was a student of Edgeworth David, before studying in Cambridge 1907-09 (Emmanuel College). This biography presents him as a brilliant scientist but irascible, vain glorious, and sometimes mean-spirited. A geologist turned geographer he became an ardent geographic determinist, seeing both nature and man determined by their natural environment. He went on the *Terra Nova* expedition with Scott, and wrote about it in his *With Scott: the Silver Lining*, the silver lining being the scientific accomplishments of the expedition.

p. 51: his favorite Dickens novel was *Martin Chuzzlewit* which he took on the T.N. expedition and is said to have read it nine times. The violent storm at the beginning of the journey destroyed many of his books, his camera damaged, and his clothes soiled.

p. 62 has a posed Ponting photograph of Debenham, Priestley and Taylor, the latter two writing their diaries.

Taylor, Griffith. *Journeyman Taylor: The Education of a Scientist*. London: Hale, 1958.

Has three or four short chapters on his participation in Scott's *Terra Nova* expedition.

p. 91-92, outlines activities during enforced leisure in ice-pack while still aboard *Terra Nova*: Wilson—water colours; Nelson—fish specimens; D. Lillie—microscopic work and caricatures; F. Drake—ship's log transcriptions; T. Gran—work on ski equipment; Russians and Meares—discussed animal harnesses; Cherry-Garrard—skinned penguins then giving body to cook; Bernard Day—snow goggles; Harry Pennell—in crow's nest looking for leads.

p. 99: Here I might interpose a word or two on our sledge library. Consisting of some small light books, it formed part of our sparse personal allowance. Wright had a couple of books on physics, while Debenham had *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Browning, and a series of sledging tables. Seaman Evans had a Red Magazine and a volume by William le Queux. I had Tennyson, a German dictionary, and a couple of light German books. In our literary discussions Evans emphasized his lack of enthusiasm for Kipling, whose yarns about the Navy were “much too concentrated-like.” ‘Dumb Ass’, his favorite author, we were unable to recognize until he began to discourse on *The Three Musketeers*.

p. 105: ...we experienced nothing of the boredom and ennui of the long nights which so many polar explorers have mentioned.

p. 107: To each of the numbers of The South Polar Times published during the winter, I contributed some sixteen pages. Each issue was bound by Bernard Day in Venesta ply-wood, and then handed to Scott who read it to us, murdering, I must say, any humour it contained. His reading constituted publication.

p. 99: Here I might interpose a word or two on our sledge library. Consisting of some small light books, it formed part of our sparse personal allowance. Wright had a couple of books on physics, while Debenham had *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Browning, and a series of sledging tables. Seaman Evans had a Red Magazine and a volume by William le Queux. I had Tennyson, a German dictionary, and a couple of light German books. In our literary discussions Evans emphasized his lack of enthusiasm for Kipling, whose yarns about the Navy were “much too concentrated-like.” ‘Dumb Ass’, his favorite author, we were unable to recognize until he began to discourse on *The Three Musketeers*.

p. 112: ...waiting until Debenham’s knee would allow of his walking again.

British Antarctic Expedition December 1907 – February 1909
(Douglas Mawson Book Lists)

Included in Douglas Mawson's Antarctic Diaries is a list of books included in the equipment of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1908-09, led by Shackleton aboard Nimrod in which Mawson served as "Physicist" of the expedition. The books are mentioned in Mawson's Antarctic Diaries, ed. By Fred & Eleanor Jacka (Sydney 1988) p. 6 under the entry for 12 January 1908. The original pencil ms. diary is Notebook 2 (16 December 1908 – 10 February 1909, entitled "Douglas Mawson, his diary of journey from depot on shore of Ross Sea, N of Drygalski Glacier to South Magnetic Pole" (Jacka, p. xiii). The handwritten list is in most cases quite specific about the edition and these have been relatively easy to identify

Another two-page typed list was prepared for the Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911-14 of which Mawson was the leader; some of those physical books are shown in the Jacka edition of the diaries, the 7th plate following p. 62, depicting Winter Quarters at Cape Denison. The diaries, originally held by the Mawson Institute of Antarctic Research at the University of Adelaide are now a part of the South Australian Museum. . I am most grateful to Mark Pharoah of the South Australian Museum in Adelaide for help in providing copies of the original lists.

In the following transcripts of these two lists, the original text appears in boldface, followed by imprints for the likely editions, transferred from the international data bases of RLIN, WorldCat, or COPAC. In trying to identify probable editions included we have favored the British editions most likely available in Australia, and editions closest in time to the outset of the expedition. Some editions cannot be identified (e.g. the Koran or "several scientific pamphlets") and are so noted. Some physical volumes are still extant and where known that has been indicated as well.

**"The Voyages of the "Discovery" by Capt. R.F.Scott Vols. I & II
London, Smith Elder & Co.**

Scott, Robert Falcon. *The Voyage of the 'Discovery'*. Illustrations by E. A. Wilson. Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder, 1905.

Voyages of the “Discovery” by Capt. R.F.Scott Vols. I & II London, Smith Elder & Co.

Scott, Robert Falcon. The Voyage of the ‘Discovery’. Illustrations by E. A. Wilson. Two volumes. London: Smith, Elder, 1905.

On the “Polar Star” in the Arctic Sea by his Royal Highness, Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, translated by William le Jeune Vols. I & II London, Hutchinson & Co. 1903

Savoia, Luigi Amedeo di, duca degli Abruzzi. *On the “Polar Star” in the Arctic Sea*. Translated by William le Queux. Two volumes. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1903.

Hints to Travellers IXth Edition. Vols. I & II Edited for the Royal Geographical Society by E. A. Reeve London, Royal Geographical Society 1906

Royal Geographical Society (Great Britain). *Hints to Travellers, Scientific and General*. Ninth edition. Edited...by E.A. Reeves. Two volumes. London: Royal Geographical Society, 1906.

A Popular Guide to the Heavens by R. S. Ball George & Philip & Son Ltd., London 1905

Ball, Robert Stawell, Sir. *A Popular Guide to the Heavens....* London: G. Philip & Son, 1905.

British New Guinea from the “Sovereignty 1884-1888 Theodore F Bevan

Bevan, Theodore Francis. *Toil, Travel, and Discovery in British New Guinea*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, 1890.

Haydn’s Dictionary of Dates by B. Vincent 24th Edition Ward Lock & Co. London 1906

Haydn, Joseph Timothy. *Haydn’s Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information Relating to All Ages and Nations....* 24th Edition. London: Ward, Lock, 1906.

Congres International pour les etudes des Regions Polaires Series A (?) Bruxelles 7-11 Sept. 1906 Rapport d'ensemble

Congrès international pour l'étude des régions polaires. 1st, Brussels, 1906. *Congrès international pour l'étude des régions polaires tenu à Bruxelles du 7 au 11 septembre 1906, sous le haut patronage du gouvernement belge. Rapport d'ensemble. Documents préliminaires et compte rendu des séances.* Bruxelles, Belgium: Hayez, 1906.

Report of the Second Norwegian Arctic in the "Fram" 1898 – 1902 Gunn Isachsens Ast. & Geod. Observations. Published by Videnskabs Selskabet, Kristiania 1907

"Fram" Expedition (2nd: 1898-1902). *Report of the Second Norwegian Arctic Expedition in the "Fram," 1898-1902.* Kristiania: T.O. Brøgger, 1907-30.

Three Years in the Arctic Service by A. W. Greely Vols. I & II Richard Bentley and Son, London 1890

Greely, Adolphus W. *Three Years of Arctic Service; An Account of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition of 1881-84....* Two volumes. London: R. Bentley, 1886. [A second edition appeared in the same year.]

The first crossing of Greenland by Nansen Trans. by M. Gepp Vols. I & II Longman Green & Co. London 1890

Nansen, Fridtjof. *The First Crossing of Greenland.* Two volumes. London: Longman Green, 1890.

Fighting the Polar Ice by A. Fiala Hodder and Stoughton, London 1907

Fiala, Anthony. *Fighting the Polar Ice.* London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1907. [First published in New York, 1906.]

Farthest North by F. Nansen Vols. I & II Geo. Newnes Ltd., London 1898

Nansen, Fridtjof. *Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North": Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship Fram 1893-96 and of a*

Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen.
With an appendix by Otto Sverdrup. London: G. Newnes, 1898.

**The World of Today by A.R. Hope Moncrieff 6 Vols. The
Graham Publishing Co., London c. 1905-6**

Moncrieff, Ascott Robert Hope is the author but I am unable to locate these volumes. It appears that Moncrieff published a number of topographical books on English counties and they may have been part of this unidentified series.

Book of Quotations W. G. Benham Cassel & Co. Ltd.

Benham, William Gurney. *Cassell's Book of Quotations, Proverbs and Household Words....* London: Cassell, 1907.

**Dictionary of National Biography ed. by Sidney Lee Smith, Elder
& Co. , London 1906**

Dictionary of National Biography. Index and Epitome. Edited by Sidney Lee. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder, 1906.

**Arctic Exploration by J. Dreyfus Hoare Methuen & Co. London
1906**

Hoare, J. Douglas. *Arctic Exploration.* London: Methuen, 1906.

**Ross's Second Voyage in search of the North West Passage 1829-33
Paris, A & W Galignani & Co. 1 1835**

Ross, John. *Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage...[1829-33].* Paris: Galignani, 1835.

**A Whaling Cruise in Baffin Bay by Capt. A.H. Markham RN
Sampson Low, Martin Low & Searle, London 1874**

Markham, Albert Hastings. *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia; and an Account of the Rescue of the Crew of the "Polaris".* London: S. Low, Marston, Low, and Searle, 1874.

**Voyage to the Polar Seas in H.M Ships “Alert” and “Discovery”
Capt. G. S. Nares Vols. I & II Sampson Low, Marston, Searle &
Rivington, London 1878**

Nares, George Strong. *Narrative of a Voyage to the Polar Sea during 1875-6 in H.M. Ships ‘Alert and ‘Discovery....* Third edition. Two volumes. London: S. Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, 1878.

Australasian Antarctic Expedition 1911-14: Library

For this later expedition, there are four lists, each of which is divided into the owners or sources of the books who are indicated in the right hand column as follows:

D.M. Dr. Douglas Mawson: leader

Mackellar. Library. Charles Mackellar was an English financier who donated a “small” library to the expedition, some of which survive in Adelaide.

Bage Lieut. Robert Bage: astronomer, assistant magnetician and recorder of tides

Stillwell Frank L. Stillwell: geologist

Hodgeman Alfred J. Hodgeman: cartographer and sketch artist

Capt. Davis John K. Davis: master of SY Aurora and second in command of the expedition.

Philip Ayres biography of Mawson: *Mawson: A Life*. (Melbourne, Aus.: The Miegunyah Press, 1999), describes the library as follows: “The AAE’s [Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-14] library was almost equally provided by Campbell Mackellar and Mawson himself. The books from Mackellar included literature of Arctic and Antarctic travel, scientific textbooks and general literature. Mawson’s contributions included, besides popular volumes of Antarctic literature like Shackleton’s *Heart of the Antarctic* and H. R. Mill’s *Siege of the South Pole*, volumes of scientific results from Scott’s 1900-04 Discovery expedition, W. S. Bruce’s 1902 Scotia expedition, the BAE, Otto Nordenskjöld’s 1901-3 Antarctic expedition, and Jean Charcot’s first, 1903-5, expedition. He also supplied volumes of popular poets like

Rudyard Kipling and Robert Service, anthologies, and other items including the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius* (which reflect Mawson's austere and stoic credo, above any particular religion). Interestingly, he took German Self-Taught, a recognition of Germany's superiority in many scientific and technological fields." p. 52: [footnote 38 notes that "the AAE's library is itemized in MAC, 43 AAE," referring to the Mawson Antarctic Collection, Waite Campus, University of Adelaide.]

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BOOKS

D.M.1. [Douglas Mawson]

Tasmanian Mining Report –1908

Tasmania. Supreme Court. *The Tasmanian Law Reports: Cases Determined in the Supreme Court of Tasmania*. 35 volumes. Hobart, Tas.: The Tasmanian News Proprietary, 1905-1940.

[These reports include reports of the Tasmanian Mining Board, although it is difficult to determine what book is indicated in this list.]

Trigonometry –LOCK

} D.M.

Lock, John Bascombe. *A Treatise on Elementary Trigonometry and Higher Trigonometry*. Two volumes in one. London: Macmillan, 1906.

Life in the Antarctic

} D.M.

Life in the Antarctic. Sixty Photographs by Members of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition. London: Gowans & Gray, 1907.

Antarctic Manual

} D.M.

The Antarctic Manual for the Use of the Expedition of 1901. Edited by George Murray...and issued by the Royal Geographical Society. London: Royal Geographical Society, 1901.

Siege of the South Pole

} D.M.

Mill, Hugh Robert. *The Siege of the South Pole: The Story of Antarctic Exploration*. London: A Rivers, 1905.

Characteristics of existing glaciers } **D.M.**

Hobbes, William Herbert. *Characteristics of Existing Glaciers*. New York: Macmillan, 1911.

The Heart of the Antarctic } **D.M.?**

Shackleton, Ernest Henry, Sir. *The Heart of the Antarctic, Being the Story of the British Antarctic Expedition 1907-1909*. Two volumes. London: W. Heinemann, 1909.

Petrology for Students } **Mackellar. Library**

Harker, Alfred. *Petrology for Students*. Fifth ed. Cambridge, UK: The University Press, 1919.

Earlier editions included the 3rd in 1902 and the 4th in 1908.

Conquering the Arctic Ice } **Mackellar. Library**

Mikkelsen, Ejnar. *Conquering the Arctic Ice*. London: W. Heinemann, 1909.

This copy is in the Mackellar Library of the South Australian Museum (call # 919.8 .M631)]

The Cruise of the Antarctic } **Mackellar. Library**

Bull, H. J. *The Cruise of the 'Antarctic' to the South Polar Regions*. London: Edward Arnold, 1896.

The Toll of the Arctic Seas } **Mackellar. Library**

Edwards, Deltus Malin. *The Toll of the Arctic Seas*. London: Chapman, 1910.

Through the First Antarctic Night } **Mackellar. Library**

Cook, Frederick Albert. *Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-1899: A Narrative of the Voyage of the "Belgica"* New York: Doubleday, Page, 1909

Hydrographic Surveying } **Mackellar. Library**

Lea, Samuel Hill. *Hydrographic Surveying*. New York: The Engineering News Publishing Co., 1905.

[This is one of several possibilities, none of which can be pinned down.]

Nuttall } **Mackellar. Library**

Nuttall, P. Austin. *The Nuttall Encyclopaedia, Being a Concise and Comprehensive Dictionary of General Knowledge....* 40th Thousand. London: F. Warne and Co., 1901.

[Nuttall published a number of reference works in the early part of the century, of which this might be considered the most useful for the expedition.]

Expedition Accounts: The following are classic accounts of a number of individual expeditions, recognizing that these may not be the actual editions of the books referred to.

Voyage of the Challenger } **Mackellar. Library**

Spry, William James Joseph. *The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Challenger"....* 14th Edition. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, n.d.

[This copy is in the Mackellar Library of the South Australian Museum (call # 910.4 .S77.14).]

Voyage round the World - Anson } **Mackellar. Library**

Anson, George Anson, Baron. *A Voyage Around the World in the Years, 1740-4*. London: J.M. Dent, 1911.

[This is one possible edition contemporaneous with the Mawson expedition. This copy is in the Mackellar Library at the South Australian Museum (call # 910.4 .A82 v.3)]

The voyage of the SCOTIA } **Bage**

Brown, Robert Neal Rudmose. *The Voyage of the "Scotia": Being*

the Record of a Voyage of Exploration in Antarctic Seas. Edinburgh: William Blackwood, 1906.

[Scientific reports from the Scotia expedition were in progress at the time of these lists. See list 2 below.]

Fighting the Polar Ice } **Bage**

Fiala, Anthony. *Fighting the Polar Ice*. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1907.

Voyage of the DISCOVERY - 2 vols. } **Bage**

Scott, Robert Falcon. *The Voyage of the 'Discovery'*. Two volumes. London: John Murray, 1905.

Polar Exploration – Bruce } **Stillwell**

Bruce, William Speirs. *Polar Exploration*. London: Williams & Norgate, 1911?

Descriptive Meteorology } **Hodgeman**

Moore, Willis Luther. *Descriptive Meteorology*. New York: Appleton and Co., 1911.

Hints on the Legal Duties of Shipmasters } **Capt Davis**

Ginsburg, Benedict William. *Hints on the Legal Duties of Shipmasters*. Third edition. London: Charles Griffin, 1911.

D.M.2.

The following six entries describing past expeditionary experience are difficult to interpret bibliographically, i.e. what actual publications are represented, and whether the subheadings listed are merely subject headings, or represent individual volumes that may be subsections of larger works. The list does reflect the fairly extensive coverage of past polar experience available to this expedition (cf. Scott's complaint that he had insufficient materials of polar exploration).

B.A.E. Scientific Results – 1908

} D.M.

**Asteroids, Ophuroids and echnoids --Mollusca—
Mallocephala – Fish – Freshwater Rhizopods – Tardigrada –
Rotifera –Musci – Microscopic Life at Cape Royds –On collecting at
Cape Royds.**

British Antarctic Expedition (1907-1909). *Reports on the Scientific Investigations. Biology.* Two volumes. Edited by James Murray.
London: W. Heinemann, 1910-11.

Vol. I, [pt.] I. On collecting at Cape Royds / by J. Murray -- [pt.]
II. On microscopic life in Cape Royds / by J. Murray -- [pt.] III.
Antarctic Rotifera / by J. Murray -- [pt.] IV. Musci / by J. Cardot -- [pt.]
V. Tardigrada / by J. Murray -- [pt.] VI. Rhizopodes d'eau douce / by E.
Penard -- [pt.] VII. Fresh water Algae / by W. West and G.S. West --

Vol. II, [pt.] I. Mollusca / by C. Hedley -- [pt.] II. Antarctic fishes /
by E.R. Waite -- [pt.] III. Mallophages / by L.G. Neumann -- [pt.] IV.
Asteries, ophiures, et echinides / by R. Koehler.

SCOTIA Expedition

} D.M.

**Meteorology – Magnetism –Tides – Invertebrates – Zoological
Log.—Meteorology of the Weddel Quad**

Scottish National Antarctic Expedition (1902-04). *Report of the
Scientific Results of S.Y. "Scotia" during the Years 1901, 1903, and
1904, under the Leadership of William S. Bruce.* Edinburgh: The
Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory, 1907-

Swedish Antarctic Expedition

} D.M.

**Meteorology 2 vols. – Climate a function of temperature and
wind – Geology of the Falkland Isles.**

Nordenskjöld, Otto. *Antarctica, or Two Year Amongst the Ice of
the South Pole.* By N. Otto G. Nordenskjöld and Joh. Gunnar
Andersson. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1905

I have been unable to identify additional volumes which this entry
may represent.

Discovery Expedition } **D.M.**

Atlas of charts – Album of photographs –Geology

Magnetics

Scott, Robert Falcon. *The Voyage of the 'Discovery'*. First Edition. Two volumes. London: John Murray, 1905.

Francaise Expedition } **D.M.**

Phys.Geog.- Geol. – Glaciology

Charcot, Jean Baptiste Auguste Etienne. *The voyage of the 'Why not?' in the Antarctic : the journal of the second French South Polar Expedition, 1908-1910*. English version by Philip Walsh. London; New York: Hodder and Stoughton, [1911?]

Southern Cross Contributions } **D.M.**

British Museum (Natural History). *Report on the Collections of Natural; History Made in the Antarctic Regions during the Voyage of; the "Southern Cross"*. London: British Museum, 1902.

Contents: Mammalia, by Capt. G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton.--Notes on Antarctic seals, by Edward A. Wilson.--Extracts from the private 'diary' of the late Nicolai Hanson.--Aves, by R. Bowdler Sharpe.--Pisces, by G. A. Boulenger.--Tunicata, by W. A. Herdman.--Mollusca, by Edgar A. Smith.--Echinoderma, by F. Jeffrey Bell.--Insecta: Collembola, by Geo. H. Carpenter. Pediculidæ, by the Hon. N. C. Rothschild.--Arachnida: Acarina, by Dr. E. L. Trouessart.--Crustacea, by T. V. Hodgson.--Polychaeta, by Arthur Willey.--Gephyrea, by A. E. Shipley.--Nematoda, by Dr von Linstow.--Cestoda, by Dr. von Linstow.--Polyzoa, by R. Kirkpatrick.--Anthozoa: Alcyonaria, by Dr. Louis Roule and Sydney J. Hickson.--Actiniæ, with an account of their peculiar brood chambers, by Joseph A. Clubb.--Hydrozoa; a preliminary account, by Edward T. Browne.--Porifera, by R. Kirkpatrick.

Contents: Cryptogamia: Musci, by A. Gepp. Lichenes, by V. H. Blackman. Algae, by Miss E. S. Barton. Peridineae, by V. H. Blackman.--Report on the rock specimens, by G. T. Prior.--Index.

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'diary' of the late Nicolai Hanson.--Aves, by R. Bowdler Sharpe.--Pisces, by G. A. Boulenger.--Tunicata, by W. A. Herdman.--Mollusca, by Edgar A. Smith.--Echinoderma, by F. Jeffrey Bell.--Insecta: Collembola, by Geo. H. Carpenter. Pediculidæ, by the Hon. N. C. Rothschild.--Arachnida: Acarina, by Dr. E. L. Trouessart.--Crustacea, by T. V. Hodgson.--Polychaeta, by Arthur Willey.--Gephyrea, by A. E. Shipley.--Nematoda, by Dr von Linstow.--Cestoda, by Dr. von Linstow.--Polyzoa, by R. Kirkpatrick.--Anthozoa: Alcyonaria, by Dr. Louis Roule and Sydney J. Hickson.--Actiniæ, with an account of their peculiar brood chambers, by Joseph A. Clubb.--Hydrozoa; a preliminary account, by Edward T. Browne.--Porifera, by R. Kirkpatrick.

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Arctic Exploration -HOARE } D.M.

Hoare, J. Douglas. *Arctic Exploration*. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1906.

Handbook of Polar Discovery – Greely } D.M.

Greely, Adolphus W. *Handbook of Polar Discoveries*. Fifth edition. Boston: Little Brown, 1910.

Two Years in the Antarctic

Armitage, Albert Borlase. *Two Years in the Antarctic, Being a Narrative of the British Antarctic Expedition*. London: E. Arnold, 1905.

Vasco da Gama and his Successors } Capt. Davis

Jayne Kingsley Garland. *Vasco da Gama and his Successors, 1460-1580*. London: Methuen & Co., 1910?

The North Pole } Mackellar

Peary, Robert Edwin. *The North Pole*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1910.

This copy is in the Mackellar Library at the South Australian Museum (call # 919.8 .P36 n.c.3).

Nearest the Pole } **Mackellar**

Peary, Robert Edwin. *Nearest the Pole: A Narrative of the Polar Arctic Club in the S. S. Roosevelt, 1905-1906*. London: Hutchinson, 1907.

This copy is in the Mackellar Library at the South Australian Museum (call # 919.8 .P36).

Farthest North } **Mackellar**

Nansen, Fridtjof. *Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North: Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship Fram, 1893-96, and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Johansen; with an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup*. Two volumes. London: Macmillan, 1897.

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BOOKS
___**D.M. 3.**

Songs of a Sourdough } **D.M.**

Service, Robert William. *Songs of a Sourdough*. 16th Edition. Toronto: W. Briggs, 1909.

Ballads of a Cheechako } **D.M.**

Service, Robert William. *Ballads of a Cheechako*. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1910.

Five Nations } **D.M.**

Kipling, Rudyard. *The Five Nations*. Fifth edition. London: Methuen and Co., 1909.

Seven Seas } **D.M.**

Kipling, Rudyard. *The Seven Seas*. London: Methuen, 1911.

Barrack Room Ballads } **D.M.**
Kipling, Rudyard. *Barrack Room Ballads*. London: Methuen, 1900.

Departmental Ditties } **D.M.**
Kipling, Rudyard. *Departmental Ditties and Other Verses*. 17th Edition. London: Methuen, 1909.

Virginibus Purisque [sic] } **D.M.**
Stevenson, Robert Louis. *Virginibus Puerisque, and Other Papers*. 27th Edition. London: Chatto, 1906.

Philosophy of MARCUS AURELIUS } **D.M.**
Marcus Aurelius, Emperor of Rome. *The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius*. Trans. By Meric Casaubon. London: J.M. Dent & Co.; New York: Dutton, 1911.

There are dozens of possible editions with variant titles. This is but one possibility.

The trail of 1898 } **D.M.**
Service, Robert William. *The Trail of '98: A Northland Romance*. London: Unwin, 1915.

Scientific ideas of to-day } **Mackellar.**
Gibson, Charles R. *Scientific Ideas of To-day*. Third Edition. London: Seeley & Co., 1909.
Three editions of this work appeared in 1909.

Practical Physics **G. & S.** } **Mackellar.**
Glazebrook, Richard Tetley and W. N. Shaw. *Practical Physics*. New Edition. London: Longmans, Green, 1905.

Physical Optics **G** } **Mackellar.**

Glazebrook, Richard Tetley. *Physical Optics*. Third Edition.
London: Longmans, Green, 1907.

Structural & Physiological Botany } **Mackellar.**

Thomé, Otto Wilhelm. *Text-book of Structural and Physiological Botany*. By Otto W. Thome and Alfred W. Bennett. Eighth Edition.
London: Longmans Green, 1897.

This is a likely attribution but the edition may have been another.

Pepys Diary } **Mackellar.**

Pepys, Samuel. *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys*. Four
Volumes. London: G. Allen & Company, 1911.

Koran } **Mackellar.**

Arabian Nights } **Mackellar.**

Pickwick Papers } **Mackellar.**

Dickens, Charles. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*.
Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, Lawrence and Jellicoe,
1911.

Decameron } **Mackellar.**

Boccaccio, Giovanni, 1313-1375. *The Decameron*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1909.

This copy is in the Mackellar Library of the South Australian Museum (call # 853 .B66d c.2)

Lhasa } **Mackellar.**

Huc, Evariste-Regis. *A Sojourn at Lhasa*. [An Excerpt from Hazlitt's Translation. London: Blackie?, 1905.

Who's Who } **Mackellar.**

First Footsteps in east Africa } **Mackellar.**

D.M. 4.

Swedish South Polar Expedition ----Fossil Wood --- } **D.M.**

Tertiary Flora ---- Cretaceous Cephlopods----

Fossil Fish –Older Vertebrates –Fossil Corals

Several scientific pamphlets } **D.M.**
Impossible to identify.

POEMS by Lawrence Hope } **D.M.**
Hope, Laurence. *India's Love Lyrics, Including, The Garden of Kama*. New York: J. Lane, 1909.

Golden Treasury of Australian Verse } **D.M.**
Stevens, Bertram. *The Golden Treasury of Australian Verse*.
Revised Edition. Sydney, Australia: Angus and Robertson, 1909.

POEMS by Brown } **D.M.**
Unidentified.

Oxford book of verse } **D.M.**
The Oxford Book of English Verse 1250-1900. Chosen & Edited by Arthur Quiller-Couch. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1910.

Prose Quotations } **D.M.**
Benham, William Gurney. *Prose Quotations*. London, New York: Cassell and Company, 1911.

The letters of R.L. Stevenson } **D.M.**
Stevenson, Robert Lewis. *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to his Family and Friends*. Two Volumes. London: Methuen, 1901.

Daily Light } **D.M.**
Daily Light on the Daily Path. London: 1908.

Bible Talks } **D.M.**
Henninges, E. C, *Bible Talks for Heart and Mind*. Melbourne: The Covenant Publishing Co., 1911.

German self taught } **D.M.**
Thimm, Franz J. L. *German Self-taught*. Revised Edition: Baltimore: A. Stevebold, 1905.

In Northern Mists 2 Vols. } **D.M.**
Nansen, Fridjof. *In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times*. Trans. By Arthur G. Chater. Two Volumes. London: William Heinemann, 1911.

- The cruise of the ARCTIC** } **D.M.**
 Stables, Gordon. *The Cruise of the "Arctic Fox."* London: S. H. Bousfield, 1903.
- First crossing of Spitzbergen** } **Mackellar**
 Conway, William Martin. *The First Crossing of Spitsbergen.* London: J.M. Dent, 1897.
 This copy is part of the Mackellar Library at the South Australian Museum (call # 919.8 .C76 c.2)
- The voyage of the FOX to the Arctic Seas** } **Mackellar**
 M'Clintock, Francis Leopold. *The Voyage of the 'Fox' in the Arctic Seas in Search of Franklin and His Companions.* Fourth Edition. London: John Murray, 1875.
- Atlas of Ancient World** } **Mackellar**
 Unidentified.
- Modern Geography** } **Mackellar**
 Newbigin, Marion Isabel. *Modern Geography.* London: Williams and Norgate, 1911?.
- Charlemagne [sic]** } **Mackellar**
 Bulfinch, Thomas. *Legends of Charlemagne.* London: J.M. Dent; New York, Dutton, 1911.
 Another possible title is *Charlemagne, the Hero of Two Nations*, by H. W. Carless Davis (London, New York, 1900).
- Expression of the emotions in men and animals** } **Mackellar**
 Darwin, Charles. *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals.* Popular Edition. London: J. Murray, 1904.
- Game Trails** } **Mackellar**
 Not identified.

Ingoldsby Legends**} Mackellar**

Ingoldsby, Thomas. *The Ingoldsby Legends*, or, Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. (the Rev. Richard Harris Barham). London: J.M. Dent, 1907.

Paracelsus**} Mackellar**

Browning, Robert. *Paracelsus*. London: Methuen & Co., 1909.

Journal to Stella**} Mackellar**

Swift, Jonathan. *The Journal to Stella*. London: G. Newnes, 1904.

Poems by Tennyson**} Mackellar**

Tennyson, Alfred Tennyson, Baron. *The Poems of Alfred Tennyson*. London: J.M. Dent; New York: E.P. Dutton, 1910.

This volume is in the Mawson Collection at the South Australian Museum, given by Mackellar (call # 821.81 .T31).

Poems of Henley**} Capt. Davis**

Henley, William Ernest. *Poems*. London: Nutt, 1909.

One Unlisted item from the Mackellar Library at the South Australian Museum:

Byron, George Gordon Byron, Baron. *The Poems & Plays of Byron*. Three Volumes. London: J.M. Dent; New York: E.P. Dutton, 1910.

Volumes 2 and 3 only (call # 821.76 .B9)

1912-13 American Whaling Expedition (Daisy)

Murphy, Robert Cushman. *Logbook for Grace: Whaling Brig Daisy, 1912-1913*. New York: Macmillan, 1947.

An engaging account by a 25-year-old naturalist of a whaling voyage to South Georgia in 1912, taking the form of a log written to and for his new wife, Grace. Witty and reflective, including lots of material

on his own reading and library, mostly during the ship's passage through the tropics.

p. 8-9, July 8 [1912]: The skipper and the cooper—the latter a native of Fayal and one of the three bona fide white men on board this craft—have made and installed a shipshape set of bookshelves for my library, which is now all accessible and secure behind battens. The volumes might be called a motley assemblage, comprising the following:

Cambridge Natural History, the volumes on fishes, birds, and mammals

Parker and Haswell, *Zoology*

Howell, *Physiology*

Flower and Lydekker, *Mammals Living and Extinct*

Beddard, *Book of Whales*

Gregory, *The Orders of Mammals*

True, *Review of the Delphinidae* (porpoises)

Melville, *Moby Dick*

Tower, *History of the American Whale Fishery*

Starbuck, *History of the American Whale Fishery*

Weddell, *A Voyage towards the South Pole*

Catalogue of Birds of the British Museum, the volume on albatrosses, petrels, gulls and terns

Journal of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks during Captain Cook's First Voyage in HMS "Endeavour"

Ridgway, *Nomenclature of Colors*

Lönnberg, *Notes on the Vertebrates of South Georgia*

Darwin, *Voyage of the "Beagle"*

Moseley, "*Challenger*" Narrative

New Testament

Dante, *Divina Commedia*

Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*

Horace, *Carmina*

Oxford Book of English Verse

The Oxford Shakespeare

Typewritten and bound summaries and translations of information about South Georgia from the writings of Guyot, Cook, Forster, Sparrman, Bellingshausen, Klutschak, Szielasko, von den Steinen and others

Also, several fat notebooks, still blank and white, but destined to contain the great literature of the future!

Hanging and lashed beside the shelves, is the rotund sack in which you my darling, by incredible labor and wile, seem to have arranged orderly files of communications from your beloved self and countless friends for nearly every date in the calendar of the long year ahead!

p. 11, July 12, quote from Dante (in Italian) which he had been reading the previous evening.

p. 14, July 16: Most of these men can read and write, and the cooper is positively profound. But, if the letters they prepare are in English, they come to me when they can't spell a word, and they bring scraps of newspapers and magazines for me to read to them.

p. 19, July 21: If your mind ever turns, my Grace, to fancied hardships or privations of your husband somewhere on the deep, find the *Voyage of the Beagle* and read the "Retrospect" of its final pages. I copy, from the book on my knees, one paragraph of Darwin's words....

p. 23, July 24: The Old Man has been reading my copy of Moseley's record of the great *Challenger* cruise. Because he has visited very many of the islands named, his comments and discussion are exceedingly interesting. I'll start him next on Darwin's voyage, even though he does say Galapáygos in the singular and Galapáygoes in the plural.

p. 31, July 31 on tropical island of Roseau: I have bought a large envelope and am now in the town library winding up. It is all very unreal, dull at the moment and yet also full of hope. I have nothing more to write except that I love you with all my heart....

p. 46, August 14: We are moving northward at a snail's pace, and there is not enough to do. I read by the hour on such a day as this, but there is an end even to reading. I have finished Moseley's narrative of the *Challenger* voyage and now I have traveled far with Darwin in the *Beagle*. Aside from being delightful, both of these books play right into my hands when it comes to getting the most out of this cruise.

p. 55, August 20, following whale catch and boiling of blubber: Cockroaches take to all perishable stores, which means anything not soldered or welded inside seamless metal plates. Leather or paper come under the heading of food, and the covers of my books are already

beautifully chased with hieroglyphics and other symbols pertaining to the language of the exceedingly ancient insect family of the Blattidae....
p. 56-57, August 21: There is a strong breeze astern and we are speeding eastward and rolling scuppers under. I have read Hamlet, in which, as in everything else by its author, it is possible to find allusions to one's present job—

Whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.

The Old Man has been poring over his Bible for at least two hours. He is rather full of pious instincts, and might be called religious but not churchly. All the sects familiar in the vicinity of New Bedford seem... to have won his displeasure, but Quakers lead the field in his list of preferred funerals....

I have known him now for just about six months, and this afternoon he finally popped the dread question, "Mr. Murphy, what's your religion?"

"Well, Captain," I responded, "I'm a member of the Unitarian Church, and—" but he cut me short with a comment that has smoothed all possible difficulties."

"Oh, I have great respect for the Unitarians. They don't believe a goddam thing and they live up to it every day in the week, Sundays included."

p. 61, August 25: Since the rain ceased, I have been sitting for several hours in the scanty shadow of the furled mainsail, rapt in a book, or several books in succession. Thus has the egregious development of my gray matter (if any) helped the hours to slip by, and I'm another day nearer you....

The magazines you sent by Mr. da Lomba are seeing service from cabin to forecastle. They ultimately pass through every pair of hands on board. Mr. Vincent can't read a word, even though he is second officer, but he pores over the pictures more than anyone else, occasionally asking the cooper for an exploration.

August 26: Calm. We are still rapidly going nowhere.

From the stomach of a dolphin I took three entire flying fish that looked fit to eat, so by Jove, we ate 'em! Then, after studying awhile, I read the tragedy of *King Richard III*, just to rest my mind.

p. 64, August 28: The “doctor book,” in which I have been reading chapters on the character and treatment of infected wounds, fevers, scurvy, etc., is enough to chill the blood. It was published forty years ago. The Old Man is at least consistent in the period of his essential literature, because his *South America Pilot* is as old as his medical authority.

p. 65, August 28: I have just read King John, the most giggling of comedies for the first half, and a bit scurrilous withal. The scene of Hubert and Prince Arthur in the Tower then ends all laughter with a bang, and steps up the pulse and respiration. The bastard, Philip, is one of Shakespeare's most likeable characters.

August 29. Still calm, and here we lie in midocean, about as far from anywhere as from everywhere.

Today I went over various gear in anticipation of its use, sharpened my knives, cleaned and lubricated instruments, and then read *Twelfth Night*. We have scarcely moved all day.

p. 66, August 31: I read from biological texts for two or three hours and then went on with my Shakespearean debauch: first the crazy, frolicsome, and boisterous *Comedy of Errors*, and then *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. There's a real play for you, worthy of the Queen of the Fairies, the finest of the comedies except, perhaps, *The Tempest*.

September 1: Another bookish day. Titus, Philemon and Jude, from the New Testament; then the *Winter's Tale*, doubtless the dreariest production of the Bard of Avon, even though it has some exquisite passages. But the theme is nasty, the noblemen are arrant liars, and the joyous end is a fraud and a swindle.

You probably never suspected that a whaling cruise would incubate a Shakespearean critic!

p. 69, September 2: I caught up on my sewing—general repairs to work clothes—and, then read *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Lines here and there reveal the ineffable genius, but some Shakespearean heroes are certainly detestable beasts.

p. 71, September 5: I have read the Revelation of John the Divine and Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*. The latter was a new play to me and I found it thrilling and wholly engrossing, and tricked up with magnificent passages. It was not designed for Sunday school reading, however.

As for the Revelation, it has colored the literature of two millennia, but what has it to do with Christianity? Tinsel and might, rather than love, are made the supreme attributes of deity....

September 6: Today I read *Love's Labour Lost*, of which the lyrics are the only part up to scratch.

p. 74, September 9: Later in the day I read *Much Ado about Nothing* and *As you Like It*, and in the latter play I found the perfect description of this, my journal, the sole object of which is to keep you with me while we are absent from one another: 'It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.'

p. 76, September 14: When the sun travels around behind the sail, I open the luxurious canvas chair you gave me... and read on top of the cabin. I have told you mostly of my reading for sheer fun, which includes thus far fourteen plays of Shakespeare, but I have also done a good stint of biological and geographical study, and have pumped everybody on board who has had experiences of special interest to me. The Old Man and the cooper have been my best sources, though the officers and two or three of the fore-castle hands have helped, too....

p. 80, September 16: I wish I could convey a real picture of the jagged and infernal surroundings [of the Cape Verde Islands]. Dante, to whose pages I turned many times on the way across the Atlantic, would feel at home here.

p. 82, September 17: My knowledge of this place had been derived from the prosy pages of the pilot book and from Moseley's account of his visit in the *Challenger*, thirty-nine years ago.

p. 84—recent newspapers including *New York World*.

p. 88, September 25: ...the combination of rain and calm, and of heat and dim light below decks, makes life on board extremely dull. It is

impossible to read in comfort at the very time that one has most leisure for books.

p. 90, September 28: My illness has gone, but I have not felt energetic, and I did not walk on deck until the sun ducked under just in time to avoid facing the moon, which is now past full. I read in my berth while the light was good—*King Henry the Fifth* and *King Henry the Eighth*.

p. 96: October 5. The bones of my porpoise are well macerated, and most of them are drying. The best proved easy to identify from True's book [see catalogue above]. Its name, if you and the captain must know, is *Prodelphinus froenatus*. Are you any better off? I have photographs and a good sketch of it.

p. 110—Fernando Noronha described as Prospero's isle.

p. 114, October 24: Today I packed up all my cleaned and dried skeletons, and did a lot of reading anent the animals of the cold latitudes ahead of us.

p. 126, November 5: I realize that the day of the classical languages is waning, and that there are new humanities which will make it impracticable for the average educated man of the future to dig into Greek or Latin, or both, for from four to six long years. But I'm glad that I lived before the end of the transition, because the apogee of my college course, for sheer fun, came when I faced the inspired countenance of Johnny Green and read Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. I have Horace with me but, in any case, I know by heart many of the lyrics.

p. 127, November 7: Reading is a thing of the past, because it is too cold to sit on deck, and too dark below.

p. 137, November 23 approaching South Georgia: In the miserable light of the lamp I have been running over my typewritten summaries of the historical and scientific literature relating to South Georgia.

p. 139, November 24: I have before me, in the cabin of the Daisy—which is probably far less luxurious than that of the Resolution, our predecessor by 137 years!—copies or translations of every word that Cook, the Forsters, and Sparrman wrote about the island. It makes me feel almost mystically close, in this icy, and silent setting, to the heroes who cruised in the Golden Age of exploration.

p. 143—notes library on South Georgia among other amenities of civilization.

p. 174, December 20, South Georgia: Sometimes my inclinations run toward the grisly, which fits certain moods of the South Georgian weather. For example, it gives me special glee to improvise musical variations that fit the so so merry words of Isaac Watts' Day of Judgment, which happens to have found immortality in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* rather than in the hymnals. I don't know the tune for the jolly old paean-in-reverse (if it ever had one), but I can surely delight the devil and me with my renderings.

p. 177, December 22: Practically no work is possible, and days like this on board seem even more lonely than on the high seas. I have just read Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, and now I have started Captain Cleveland on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which seems appropriate for a mid-day blizzard in the Antarctic! He gives the appearance of being thoroughly absorbed, and no doubt we'll hear more about it later.

p. 212, January 29 [1913]: I have been reading about the king penguins in the account of James Weddell, the British explorer who visited South Georgia in 1823. The details of his story have long been overlooked, or perhaps disbelieved, by ornithologists, but they actually comprise the best account of the bird's life history that has yet been published.

Nothing in my own observations would lead me to change a line of Weddell's almost forgotten history. "In pride, these birds are perhaps not surpassed even by the peacock," he writes, quaintly and truthfully.

p. 219, February 5th [written where Shackleton would be a few years later]: I long for the opportunity to cross South Georgia to the still wilder and more Antarctic southerly coast. It would be quite safe to undertake such a trip if three men with sufficient rope were to travel together.

p. 234, at Prince Olaf whaling station: The most important news from the outside world is that of the tragic death of Captain Scott and his four comrades on their return from the South Pole. E. A. Wilson, who was probably closest of all the men to Scott, was, in my opinion, the best naturalist who ever worked in the Antarctic. Under the circumstances of the sad end of Scott's great and successful effort, I am glad that the party

had Amundsen's records to establish their glory beyond any possible doubt.

p. 237, March 8: For three days I have been mostly stormbound in the dark cabin, and have taken naps both morning and afternoon. I have also found time to read from the *Divina Commedia*, the whole Antarctic portion of Moseley's account of the *Challenger*'s cruise, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *Othello*. In addition, I have started writing up the notes that will ultimately constitute a life history of the sea elephant.

p. 245-47—Murphy's compilation of visitors to South Georgia from 1790 to 1912 ends with Murphy himself.

p. 253, re St Elmo's fire: A few days ago I was reading about this same phenomenon in the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. St. Paul, aboard the ship from Alexandria, knew it as the ancient pagan symbol of Castor and Pollux, and yet he was apparently not above regarding it as a fair omen. May it likewise prove to us....

p. 264-65: The captain then read the order of the burial of the dead from an Anglican Book of Common Prayer. ...

p. 267, April 13: I finished the day by reading *The Taming of the Shrew*.

p. 268, April 15: Not holding even a bleacher seat [to a whale pursuit], I spent part of the afternoon reading *Titus Andronicus*. I thought *Pericles* was stupidly horrible, but *Titus* is worse, if possible—quite the most dismal and insane thing I ever read. Bill must have been in a perverse and slaughtering mood when he wrote it. I wonder how the creator of *Macbeth* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* could have tumbled so far from his eminence.

p. 269, April 16: I have loafed today while everybody else has labored very, very hard. After revising some South Georgian notes, I read *Coriolanus*. Only the *Henrys* remain to complete my reading on this voyage of everything that Shakespeare wrote. Once is enough for some of the plays, and in future I can confine my rereading to those I like.

p. 270—re *Journal of Sir Joseph Banks* and his account of shark's stomachs.

p. 274, April 20: I took the *Notes of a Naturalist* during the voyage of the *Beagle* to my chair atop the cabin, and for several hours have wandered again with Darwin over the pampas of Patagonia, through the

Galápagos Isles, across the Pacific to Tahiti, then on to Keeling in the Indian Ocean. How I long to see with the eyes of that matchless man of science, and to write with his pen!

p. 275, April 21: Later I read *Timon of Athens*, *The Tempest*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and some of the sonnets.

p. 276, April 22: ...read *The Merchant of Venice* again. For the last half hour I've been lying on my couch, waiting for the supper bell to ring so that I can quit work.

p. 282: I have finished *Pilgrim's Progress* and have enjoyed the whole book enormously. What a pity so few readers realize that the second part of this work stands foremost among the unconsciously comical pearls of literature, besides having other virtues!

p. 285, May 7 and the onset of channel fever: I can't work, and I find it very hard to keep my mind occupied cheerfully.

[See also Murphy's picture book about the *Daisy*, entitled *A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1967.]

1914-16 Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition (Shackleton on *Endurance*)

Alexander, Caroline. *The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic expedition*. New York: Knopf, 1998.

A succinct and well-illustrated account of the epic voyage, though not without faults (e.g. she doesn't have Cherry in Scott's SP journey, there is no index, and citations are wholly inadequate). But she does use Hurley photographs to good effect.

p. 42—boredom addressed by football games, scientists reading aloud, singsongs, etc.

p. 50-51—good pictures of Hurley reading and of Shackleton's cabin with book shelves.

p. 56: Walter How and William Bakewell, both lowly able seamen but avid readers, could look forward to discussing the books they had been reading from the excellent ship's library one-on-one with Ernest Shackleton. Blackborow, the stowaway, was made to attend to his

schooling, Sir Ernest having taken a personal interest in the bright, conscientious young man.

p. 76: On preparing to abandon the ship carpenter McNish said “I have placed my Loved ones fotos inside Bible we got presented with from Queen Alexandra & put them in my bag.”

p. 86: no

p. 93, Alexandra Bible inscription, May 31, 1914: May the Lord help you to do your duty & guide you through all dangers by land and sea.

“May you see the Works of the Lord & all his wonders in the Deep.”

[Shackleton felt compelled to dispose of the book but ripped out the flyleaf and the 23rd Psalm and verses from Job (p. 95). Nevertheless, it was reclaimed by one of the crew who felt throwing a Bible away, if not a sacrilege, would bring bad luck.]

p. 137: The charts were those Worsley had ripped from books in the library of the *Endurance* before she was abandoned.

p. 145, Worsley’s almanac and logarithm charts had become dangerously pulpy: My navigation books had to be half opened page by page till the right one was reached, then opened carefully to prevent utter destruction.

p. 176-77, on Elephant Island: Everyone spent the day rotting in their bags with blubber and tobacco smoke.... “So passes another goddam rotten day.” [Greenstreet] In addition to various nautical books and copies of Walter Scott and Browning, five volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* had been saved from the *Endurance* library. The most entertainment per page was afforded by Marston’s *Penny Cookbook*, which inspired many imaginary meals.

Bakewell, William L. *The American on the Endurance: Ice, Sea, and Terra Firma Adventures of William L. Bakewell.* [Edited by Mary Elizabeth Rajala.] Munising, MI: Dukes Hall Publishing, 2004.

Homespun memoir of a footloose and feckless wanderer from Michigan’s Upper Peninsula, who happened to be in Buenos Aires in 1914 when Shackleton was looking for an able bodied seaman and took Bakewell on for the voyage.

p. 62, footnote 20: Of particular interest to Bakewell was the well-stocked library. During his time onboard, he claimed to have read every book more than once. He also said that Shackleton would ask How and him many questions and their opinions about the books.

p. 67: We had a very large library, containing one of the largest collections of polar books ever gotten together. I read the complete lot and many a pleasant hour I spent with the old explorers in the Arctic and in the previous expeditions in the Antarctic.

p. 78, footnote 31: Bakewell said that Shackleton emphasized the need for taking only the essentials...Shackleton, himself, tore the 23rd Psalm and Job 38:29-30 from his Bible that Queen Alexandra gave him. He then threw the Bible onto the ice. One of the men (McLeod) picked up the Bible and it is now in the Royal Geographical Society in London.

[Years earlier, during World War I, en route from Europe to Buenos Aires, Bakewell's ship stopped at Dakar, a neutral port, to unload guns and ammunition and he had an experience not unlike my own in the same city.—DS.]:

p. 145: A barge came alongside to take the gun and ammunition. Aboard the barge were both men and women. I shall never forget the women and the babies. The women's dresses consisted of a piece of cloth wrapped around their waists, one end hanging down to form the skirt, the other end was thrown over their shoulders leaving both breasts exposed. Such breasts, they hung down to the waist. The babies were tucked into the cloth that was across the shoulders and back. What was so astonishing to me was that when some of the babies wanted to be fed, the mother just took the beast and chucked it (yes, chucked is the right word) up over her shoulder and the baby grabbed it like a terrier would a bone. When the milk was gone out of one, the mother would very unceremoniously pass up the other and this I noted as a rule put the baby to sleep. When upon being released by the young savage the breast dropped back to the front of its own accord. These natives can never be accused of any false modesty. (7/9/14)

p. 162-63, on his postwar reading.

Bickel, Lennard. *Shackleton's Forgotten Men: The Untold Tragedy of the Endurance Epic*. [1914-17]. Foreword by Rt. Hon. Lord Shackleton. New York, Thunder's Mouth Press and Balliett & Fitzgerald, 2000. (Adrenaline classics).

p. 72, May 6, 1915: Outside, they heard the bluster grow to gale force winds. Irvine Gaze and Stevens went early to their bunks. Spencer-Smith, as ever, was reading a book by the light of the acetylene lamp.

p. 109, Dec 15, 1915 on depot sledging trip: Spencer-Smith wrote his impression of travelling with wind power: 'Run! Slip! Stumble! With poor visibility ahead the order of the day.... Hold her into the wind!' He was ravenous that night, and took a book from his calico bag to read before sleep. It was *Gentleman of London*, and 'almost every page speaks of eating.'

p. 112-13: Shackleton didn't even take along the Bible that had been given to the ship by Queen Alexandra; but he did tear out the flyleaf with her handwritten inscription as well as the page he treasured from the Book of Job.... "Out of whose womb came the ice? ...And the face of the deep is frozen."

p. 162, Robert Service quoted from memory—no indication his works were there.

p. 207, on loss of vision for Ernest Joyce: He could not see well enough to read the few books they had carried with them—books that were read over and over again in the months of seclusion. Among these, notably, was *For the Term of his Natural Life*, and with Wild or Richards reading passages to him, Joyce solved one of their shortages [i.e. how to extract salt from sea water].

p. 209: There were reading sessions, Wild and Richards speaking the lines from a dog-eared copy of *Lorna Doone* or one of the Padre's [Spencer-Smith] books, which had been brought in with his effects.

Cherry-Garrard, Apsley George Bent. "The Boss". *Nation* (December 1919) p. 396, 398

Review by Cherry-Garrard of Shackleton's *South: The Story of Shackleton's Last Expedition 1914-1917*, though not a very substantial

one. J.M. Wordie found it very irritating, according to some notes at NLS.

p. 396, calls the Ross Sea Party pitiful, a place where he too had been: Some of us should have died several times from playing about on sea-ice, and it is just good joss, or Providence, that we did not.... Shackleton must forgive me if I say that he is not the same man that he was in the old 'Discovery' and 'Nimrod' days. His books betray him. He shows more depth, more understanding, more knowledge of essentials, thus a tougher mind than the man who went up the Beardmore Glacier....

Hurley, Frank. *The Diaries of Frank Hurley, 1912-1941*. Edited by Robert Dixon and Christopher Lee. London: Anthem Press, 2011. P. 1-58

These diaries cover most of Hurley's life, but the following notes are only from his Antarctic experience with Shackleton.

p. 13, 15 December 1914: No darkness at night now, it being possible to read print at 11 p.m. in one's cabin from the porthole light.

p. 16, 8 January 1915: ... The monotony of slow progression I have relieved somewhat by printing a series of prints from my negatives, with the intention of binding them up into a pictorial log of the expedition....

p. 17, 17 January 1915: I finished reading Marcus Clarke's exquisite book [*His Natural Life* (1874)] which impressed me greatly, especially since I have been to the various places around which his tale is woven.

p. 21 and 29—gramophone competitions and entertainments.

p. 26, 26 July 1915: quote from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*: "Nor dim, nor red,/Like God's own Head,/The glorious sun uprist.

p. 35, 5 December 1915: Lazy day in tent, reading encyclopedia on Borneo, Sumatra and Australia....

p. 36, 30 January 1916. *Eothen*. Came to the end of *Eothen*. I would rather carry this excellent book than six times its weight in rations. Kinglake's magnificent description of the desert, resembles Byron's Ocean – an apostrophe written -- not to be excelled. It transported me from the illimitable ice to the interminable desert sands, to the sphinx, to the great pyramids, and dwelt me transiently by the umbrageous olives

of far Damascus and the knarled cedars of Lebanon. Alas! The book is finished and round me remains the ever unchangeable ice, the same leaden sky, the same existing patience – the same white line that girdles the boundary of vision and acts like a bar to our frigid captivity.

p. 39-40, 13 March 1916: ... Never has time seemed to drag so much as today. Windy (SW) and foggy and the atmosphere very depressing.

Even a desert island would be more acceptable to this drifting imprisonment of mental and physical inertia. Although time hangs on our hands, it is impossible to concentrate our thoughts for any time reading. Anxiety is felt by all that it is time to be making a move.

Hurley, Frank. *Shackleton's Argonauts: A Saga of the Antarctic Icepacks*. Sydney: Angus and Robertson, 1948.

p. 72-73: While on the subject of salvage [from the dying *Endurance*], I might add that I recovered the volumes of the encyclopaedia from the chief's cabin and a large part of my own personal library, as well as several packs of cards. Many a day we had cause to bless the fact. What tedious hours were whiled away in reading; what wonderful and purely imaginary fortunes changed hands at poker patience.

p. 82: Each afternoon, Sir Ernest and I made it a regular practice to play six games of poker patience, and at the end of eight weeks aggregate scores were within a few points of each other. I had become the possessor of an imaginary shaving-glass, several top hats, enough walking-canes to equip a regiment, several sets of sleeve-links, and a library of books. ... Sir Ernest had become the owner of scores of fine linen handkerchiefs, silk umbrellas, a mirror, a coveted collector's copy of *Paradise Regained*; and had been my guest at dinner at the Savoy and visited at my expense, most of the theatres in London.

p. 116, poetic description of the hut on Elephant Island:

Our hut is double-storied, with bedrooms twenty-two,
A library and a drawing room, although indeed 'tis true,
We haven't any bathroom, at which perhaps you'll smile,
But we found it warmer not to wash in our hut on Elephant Isle.

p. 130: Then I discovered that cigarettes could be made with the India paper of the only remaining volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and pages of this went up in smoke.

p. 139: Those who have read this story must have marveled that we survived the perils and ordeals without loss of life. Sir Ernest had absolute faith in Providential guidance, faith in himself, and faith in his men. His unconquerable spirit inspired his team and made them invincible.

Hurley, Frank. *South with Endurance: Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition 1914-1917, the Photographs of Frank Hurley.* London: Bloomsbury, 2001.

This book has a wider focus than the title implies, including more material on Hurley's photographic career than his Antarctic photographs. But it covers the Antarctic work well, from archives of RGS, the State Library of New South Wales, and of SPRI, Cambridge.

p. 19: Hurley salvaged the bulk of his photographic equipment, glass plates and cinematograph film on November 2 [1915]. Determined to retrieve them, he visited the wreck with Walter How and shoehow cut into the refrigerator where he managed to fish out his zinc-lined galvanized tins, discovering them mostly unharmed, and returned triumphantly to camp with them.

A week later Hurley selected the pick of his negatives, about 150 he reckoned in his original diary, and, because of weight restrictions imposed by Shackleton, destroyed what he estimated to be about 400 glass negatives. His plan seems to have been to make inter-negatives of his *Green Album* photos when returning to civilization. Nearly two dozen "keepers" were Paget Colour Plates. The Paget process was a lumbering turn-of-the-century method by which color images could be captured and printed. It is interesting to note that Hurley's *Endurance* Paget Colour Plates are some of the only survivors of the medium.

p. 24, on departure of *James Caird* from Elephant Island: Among other materials loaded aboard the *Caird* for its perilous journey were

“McNish’s adze, a Primus Cooker, Shackleton’s shotgun, 36 gallons (164 l) of water, 112 pounds (50.8 kg) of ice, and about a ton of rocks for use as ballast. Some of Hurley’s photographs also went aboard, probably in the box made up that morning by Orde Lees which contained Worsley’s logbooks.

p. 48, while waiting for the demise of the *Endurance*: During the months on the floating ice, Hurley had relatively little opportunity for photography due to the bad weather. However, on August 27, he did manage to capture the now-famous flash photographs of the imprisoned *Endurance*. ...

When the expedition members abandoned the ship, Hurley was told to leave behind all film, equipment, and even his exposed plates. Ignoring Shackleton’s orders, Hurley managed to retrieve the glass plates from the mushy ice water inside the shipwreck. Shackleton caught him doing this but a compromise was reached and Huxley saved some glass plate negatives, the already developed cinema film, one small Kodak camera, and three rolls of unexposed film. He smashed and left behind about 400 glass plates.

[Author?] SPRI MS 1605/1/2 Diary, Nov 5, 1914 to Dec 1915 [in SPRI numbering, this comes after the later 1916 volume described below.]

p. 33 Jan 12th 1915: Started reading “Guinea Gold” by Beatrice Grimshaw.

p. 34 Jan 13th: Finished reading “Guinea Gold” which I thoroughly enjoyed.”

p. 36 Jan 16th: Started reading Marcus Clarke’s ‘For the term of his Natural Life.’

p. 37 Jan 17: I remained in my bunk reading most of the time. I can glance out of the porthole onto a very dismal prospect of huge great white bergs, rough sea and lowering nimbus clouds. It is typical of moody Antarctica.

I finished reading Marcus Clarke’s exquisite books, which impressed me greatly, especially as I have been to various places which he has mentioned in his book.

p. 40 Jan 24th 1915: Extracts we read from “Human Boy” by Phillpotts.
p. 41 Jan 27th: Read “Idols” by Locke.
p. 118 Jul 26th

Nor dim, nor red,
Like God’s own Head,
The glorious sun uprist.

[Quoted by Hurley but no source given.]

p. 170 Oct 29th, 1915, after collapse of *Endurance*: The dump heap is a heterogeneous collection of dress suits, hats, brushes, combs, portmanteaus, books etc., pleasant though useless refinements of civilization. I even noticed some gold studs, links and sovereigns.

p. 177: Nov. 34d 1915: Rescue my books and the Encyclopaedia Britannica from the chief’s cabin.

p. 184 Nov. 9th—his disposal of 400 negatives to reduce weight.

p. 186 Nov. 10th: Afternoon is spent at individual’s discretion, reading, walking, etc.

p. 201 Dec 5th: Lazy day in tent, reading Encyclopedia on Borneo, Sumatra and Australia. Geographical discussions keep us interestingly absorbed.

p. 205 Dec 12th: Spent spare time reading “Rope Manufacture.” [from EB?]

p. 208 Dec 18th: The day passed more speedily than usual, due to the absorbing interest of Nicholas Nickleby, interspersed with discussions on cotton etc., with Sir Ernest.

SPRI M 1605/1/1. Diary typescript 14th January 1916 to 4th Sept 1916. Patience Camp. This diary covers period from Patience Camp to rescue at Elephant Island.

p. 3, dog named Shakespeare killed.

p. 6 Jan 19th: Time passes tediously, Eat, read and play cards, and drift with the floe under the guidance of capricious winds and tides.

p. 7 20th Jan: Played cribbage during morning, and P.[oker] Patience during afternoon, interspersed with reading of the encyclop. Brit. And Golden Treasury Verse.

p. 12-13 27th Jan: I'm now reading Kipling's Eothen, which alleviates a hungry appetite by providing a literary feast.

p. 14-15 Jan 30: Came to the end of Eothen. I would rather carry this excellent book than six times its weight in rations. Kinglake's magnificent description of the desert, resembles Byron's Ocean—an apostrophe written—not to be excelled. It transported me from the illimitable ice to the interminable desert sands, to the sphinx, to the great pyramids, and [dwelt? Or drew] me transiently by the umbrageous olives of far Damascus and the knarled cedars of Lebanon. Alas! the book is finished and round me remains the ever unchangeable ice, the same leaden sky, the same existing patience—the same white line that girdles the boundary of vision and acts like a bar to our frigid captivity.

p. 15: Crean and Macklin go to Ocean Camp: "They brought back practically all remaining stores... but best of all a good supply of books and the remaining Encyclopaedias."

p. 15: Reading Young's Travels in France.

p. 16: Read Printing from Encyclopaedia and Youngs travels in France.

p. 21: Sunday, 6th Febr: Spent remainder of day reading "Youngs travels in France", which I find very interesting though a trifle sloggy

p. 23 9th Feb: Finished Arthur Young's travels in France, which I enjoyed immensely. Now reading That Sea Captain by Bailey. No news—waiting.

p. 24 11th Feb: Finished the "Sea Captain" but not impressed therewith.

p. 27 12th Feb: Reading, What I saw in Russia by Hon. Maurice Baring.

p. 28 14th Feb.: Finished "What I saw in Russia" by Hon. M. Baring, a charming, unbiased and pictorial description independent of interesting merit.

p. 30 15th Feb.: Reading "The making of the Earth" by J. W. Gregory.

p. 36 20th Feb.: To bags at 6.15 p.m. to read and listen to the lonely crow like croak of the Penguins and ruminate on home and dear ones. [Since the light was declining no more reading is mentioned until March 7th.]

p. 49 7th Mar.: Reading P.I.P. by Ian Hamilton. Spent day computing provision list. Another use for seal. Find blubber has magic solvent properties on the dirt accumulated on our playing cards.

8th March: Finished reading P.I.P. which I heartily enjoyed.

p. 53 14th March: Have just read Vandover and the Brute by Norris.

15th March: Spend afternoon in bag—dozing and reading—endeavouring to eliminate time—our most arduous labour.

p. 60 Mar 25: Finish Monsieur D. Rochforte which I heartily enjoyed

p. 74 4th April, scene at dinner: At rare intervals there are poetic outpourings; and though we have to hear snatches from Tennyson, Service, Keats and Browning, I cannot fail but recount an amusing incident, which indicates forcibly the psychology of our minds.

Sir Ernest reciting Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' comes to the well-known lines:

All the Worlds course thumb
And finger fail to plumb

is interrupted by a muffled voice from the snugger of a sleeping bag, with the feeling interjection of 'Couldn't we do with Plum duffs now!'

p. 75-75 4th April: Long section on tent topics: "But by far the most popular of tent topics are talks on 'Other Lands and unknown places.' "

p. 89, landing at Elephant Island.

p. 92 April 17: I thought of these lines of Service's:

A land of savage grandeur
That measures each man at his worth.

[But there are few mentions of reading after Hurley reaches Elephant Island.]

p. 164 5th July: Reading Kane.

p. 173 19th July: Chat with Wild about Old England and fill in time reading encyclopaedia Brit.

p. 174 21st July: All remain in bags discussing and reading.

p. 177 21st July: This is a glimpse of the interior which is kitchen, bedroom, sitting room, library etc etc and our present home.
p. 185 1st Aug: I have been reading Nordenskjöld all day, and so similar to our own position is his narrative that I actually felt it was our party that was being rescued by the 'Uraquaz.'
p. 22, 21st August: Read Henry V.
p. 207: Wednesday, 30th August, 1916 Day of Wonders
p. 210, 31st August aboard *Yelcho*: Good old Boss! The war news and multitudinous magazines and cablegrams furnish us with a profusion of data that will acquaint us with all the world's doings to which we have been strangers.

Hussey, L. D. A. *South with Shackleton*. London: Sampson Low [1949]

A rather saccharine account of *Endurance* and Shackleton, with very little critical self-assessment. Nonetheless, it mainly conforms to most stories of the expedition.

p. 78: Our fight was against monotony which we came to dread more than physical danger. The value of my banjo in enlivening the weary evenings was apparent. We also passed the time reading the few books that we had manage to save from the ship. These included a portion of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica", and this was being continually used to settle the inevitable arguments that often arose.

Owing to shortage of matches we were unfortunately driven to use the Encyclopaedia for purposes other than purely literary one, though; one man discovered that the paper used for its pages had been impregnated with saltpeter, thus making it a highly efficient pipe-lighter.

We also possessed a few books on Antarctic exploration, a copy of Browning and one of "The Ancient Mariner." On reading the latter, we sympathized with him and wondered what he had done with the albatross; it would have made a very welcome addition to our larder.

James, Reginald. Diaries. SPRI MS 1537/3/2/

Physicist on the *Endurance*. Kept diaries which he presumably turned over to Shackleton as he was contracted to do.

MS 1537/3/2/1/; D

January 9th [1916] leaf. 18-19: Bhudda [Miller?] busy reading translation of Illiad which has come with us this far. I have just begun "Anna Karenin".

We have a little library, several people having brought along books, 5 vols. of Encyclopaedia Britannica brought officially, Carlyle's French Revolution, Guy Mannering, Illiad, Robert Ellesmere, Anna Karenin, The English Language, Keats and Browning.

I hope most if not all of these will be taken with us when we take to boats. Hurley walked round tent three times in his stocking feet in the snow to make wind change.

Feb. 4th [leaf 32]: A lazy day in tent reading. Read most of "World's End' by Amelie Reeves. Like it very much.

Feb. 22. [leaf 40] Reading article on Projective Geometry in Encyclopaedia Britannia to keep my mind oiled a bit.

Feb, 27 [leaf 42] Feeling fed up generally to-day. Cant settle down to anything. Even Geometry studies from Encyclopaedia Britannic usually most attractive to me fails to allure. Have read and absorbed nearly the whole article on projective Geometry. I find these encyclopaedias a great boon. They have many splendid articles which are regular Text-books.

March 5th. Sunday. [leaf 46] Trying to keep alive mentally on the physical articles in the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

March 6. [leaf 47] We have a slack day in tent doing mending and various jobs, reading and playing cards. The Boss has just discovered a new use for blubber and is industriously cleaning the backs of our cards with it.

June 12. Monday. Dull snowy day. Light variable winds, high temperature. Nothing doing. Pack in bay again. Heard in tent "Stephenson, turning over leaves of a book containing some of Wordsworth's poems "Imitations of Immorality." There's an 'ell of a name for a poem! Cook— "That's like you looking at them sort of things. You always 'unt the dirty things out."

July 10. [leaf 118-19] Nights now a contest between Lees the snoring and those who try to sleep. Lees has won the opening engagements of the war. I am starting on the 'French Revolution' again which I managed

to bring along. It is a good stand-by in the case when literature is scarce. Our library consists of a few much mutilated E.B. vols. A couple of polar books (Kane & Nordenskjöld) carefully kept for reference and not in circulation. Wordie has Lockhart's 'Life of Scott', Greenstreet, Scott's Works, & Hurley "The Ancient Mariner" & a small volume of Keats & Pear's Encyclopaedia & Bacon's Essays. still have my translation of the 'Iliad' Clark has the 'Open Road'.

MS 1537/3/2/2; D Point Wild. Notes July 30th 1916. Leaf 16-17:
Owing to the badness of the weather and our limited wardrobe we are obliged to spend a good deal of time indoors. Fortunately we have a certain amount of reading material. There are the remains of 7 vols. of the E. Brit and a number of us brought books which were included in the weight allowed us.

There are in the library, Carlyle's "French Revolution" and the Iliad, (Lang's translation) Bacon's essays, selections of Keats, the "Ancient Mariner", Scott's poems and Lockhart's "Life of Scott", Young's "Travels in France", "The Open Road" (Lucas), Nordenskjöld's "Antarctica" a book of peculiar interest under our present circumstances and Kanes "Grinnel Expedition".

It is fortunate that these are all fairly solid for they last well and bear reading twice.

SPRI MS 1537/3/2/3; D Diary typescript:

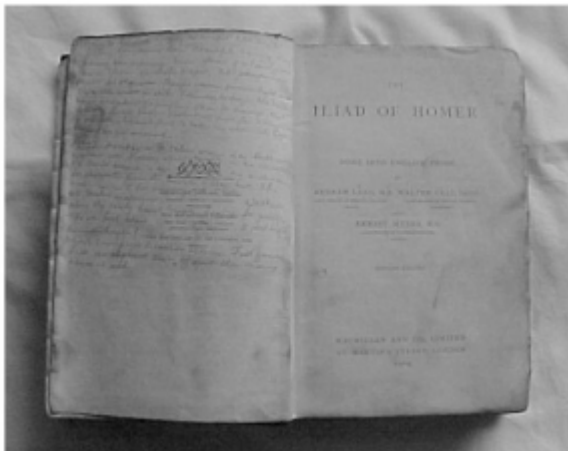
August 9, Wednesday [1916] Spent most of the day drawing out map of spit from the readings taken in May a book with a large clean inside cover having turned up to draw on. [leaf 7]

August 10, Thursday: ...Hurley and I proceeded to put a window in the side of the hut near our bunk. Three pieces film transparent celluloid about whole plate photograph were found in Sir E's bag yesterday; they had formerly been photograph covers. They will now be three windows in our house.... The new window, although it only looks on to a big snow dump gives fine light for reading and writing and supplies a long felt want. Weather vile.... [leaf 8]

August 30th, Wednesday—the day of rescue, leaves 16-18. On 18: The news from home startling to say least. It seems that the world has altered much. Feel rather like “Well’s” Sleeper.”

James, Reginald. Obituary. Online. Throughout most of the expedition, James regularly kept a diary, and his account of the time spent on Elephant Island gives perhaps the best insight into what conditions were really like for the 22 men left stranded there. Paper being scarce, he was forced to write some of his diary on spare pages in the copy of Lang’s Translation of the “Iliad”, which was one of the few books the men rescued from the sinking *Endurance*.

The book is still in the safe keeping of the James family. His diary includes a number of maps and sketches.



Reginald James, having run out of paper, was reduced to continuing his diary on spare pages in Lang’s Translation of the “Iliad” . The book survives today, and is in the safe keeping of the James family. (photo courtesy of J.S.James.)

After being rescued from Elephant Island by Shackleton, James, along with the other 21 men arrived in Punta Arenas on 3rd September 1916. He immediately wrote the following letter to his brother George:

Hotel Royal de Ferd. Garnier. Punta Arenas Sept 3rd 1916

Dear George.

I don't know whether this can get to you under the circumstances, but it is worth attempting. Arrived here today on Chilean vessel "Yelcho" having been picked up at Elephant Island last Wednesday.

The Boss's 4th attempt. Am very well and fit. We have had lots of food all winter as we always managed to get penguins but I think we were a bit lucky to do so. The whole party complete and well, the only loss being that one of the sailors lost his toes through frostbite in the boat journey. A mail leaves tonight. All being well expect to be home middle of October. The war news was a great surprise to us. We had all reckoned on the trouble being over. Our most pressing need for a wash. We have had a great reception here, crowds, bands and all the rest of it.

Am afraid there is no time for more now as I am likely to lose mail, moreover I don't seem able to write much, the power of expression seems dormant for the time. Probably you will have gathered nearly as much as I could tell you from the papers, but you can take my word for it that we are very lucky to have got out of this mess.

Yours Reg.

Johnson, Nicholas. *Big Dead Place.* Los Angeles: Feral House, 2005.

An antidote to any romanticizing of Antarctic work, esp. with NSF, who Johnson derides as unknowing and stupid bureaucrats. Johnson for all his humor suffered from depression and committed suicide in 2014. There is a bit of reading, and quite a bit about videos replacing books and stateside fashions dictating inappropriate programs, e.g.:

p. 131, in 2001: The extensive collection of military history books in the library has been discarded to make room for self-help and pop-psychology books.

Joyce, Ernest Edward Mills. *The South Polar Trail.* London: Duckworth, 1929.

A participant's account of Shackleton's Ross Sea Party, the party assigned to place depots between the Beardmore Glacier and Cape Evans, for Shackleton's proposed transit from the South Pole to the Ross Sea. The depots were placed successfully but the transit never happened. Three men died on this part of Shackleton's expedition, thus placing an asterisk on the frequent claim that Shackleton never lost a man. This book is largely made up of materials from Joyce's logs of the expedition, and there are only a few references to reading.

The daily journal of one of the leaders of Shackleton's Ross Sea depot party, assigned to provide provisions for Shackleton's proposed last leg from the South Pole to the Ross Sea. The mission was successful but needless since Shackleton never made it there. Three members of the party died amidst some difficult sledging journeys and two winters with no knowledge of Shackleton's fate or their own rescue. A surprisingly dry account for what they suffered through. Joyce gives the concept of Providence the nickname Provi. At Cape Evans in June 1915 (p. 80) he says "We turned in that night, bothered, bewitched and bewildered, thanking Provi we were here again after 129 days of adventure and privation." [Provi gets a very heavy workout in times of greatest stress (see references on p. 122, 123, 132, 139, 164, 167, etc.). On occasion he combines Provi with luck to see them through.]

p. 80, the greatest privation was tobacco of which they had none: One can forgive and forget many indiscretions over this soothing weed.

p. 83: Various substitutes for tobacco were tried with varying degrees of satisfaction to the consumer. We failed however to top the high-water mark. Tea was attempted, and so was coffee. I tried some dried mixed vegetables, but was speedily requested to cease. Then the inventive genius of Wild asserted itself. With exquisite care he blended tea, coffee, sawdust and a few species of herbs, and called his creation Hut Point Mixture. This survived the gamut of criticism and became the standard tobacco. When sledging started this famous mixture had to be shelved, all our lung power being required for our strenuous task.

p. 186, April 26th to May 3rd [1916]: In spite of being cooped up in our blubber hut, the time passes quickly; there is a small quantity of reading

matter, which was left here by the Scott expedition [the *Discovery* hut]. Some books are read over and over again, especially *Lorna Doone*. Reading is not a joy with the flickering wick and smoke from a blubber lamp. Richy and Wild read out to me now and again. On account of snow-blindness I have been unable to read since December. Seals killed up to date, 39.

p. 189: June 14th to 21st. June 19 Wild was reading a book called *The Term of his Natural Life*. There was a passage in it about an escaped convict making salt out of sea water. We tried to make some by taking the snow from the top of the sea-ice. After boiling down in the cooker, extracted a pound and a half of salt. Our salt supply now is unlimited.

p. 193-94: August 20th [1916] at Hut at Cape Royds: Everything in this hut is spotlessly clean; the reason, coal took the place of blubber. On going into the hut a notice— “Joyce & Wild, Printers to Sir Joseph Causton,” caught the eye.

p. 200, December at Cape Royds: I became weary of my own company.

Lansing, Alfred. *Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage*. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1959.

Lansing was an American journalist who interviewed all of the survivors of the Expedition from the 1950s and used all of the extant journals (mostly at SPRI) to write this amazing book.

p. 75-76: On the ice floe in November: The days were now considerably longer than the nights, with the sun setting about 9 p.m., and rising again near three o'clock in the morning. In the evening there was plenty of light for reading or playing cards. Frequently Hussey took out banjo around to the galley tent where the flicker of flames in the blubber stove warmed his fingers enough to play, and there was always a good turnout of singers. The seven men under Worsley's charge in No. 5 tent instituted the practice of reading aloud each night. Clark was first, and he chose a volume inappropriately titled *Science from an Easy Chair*. Clark and his seven listeners lay snuggling together for warmth, arranged in a circle around the tent with their feet thrust under a pile of sleeping bags to generate a little collective heat. When it came Greenstreet's turn,

he elected to read Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*. And Macklin allowed as how "I must confess I find his reading an excellent soporific."

p. 150: Watching it [a sudden iceberg crumbling dangerously on the open sea], any of them sought to put their feeling into words, but they could find no words that were adequate. The lines in Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur* kept running through Macklin's head: "I never saw, nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die, not though I live three lives of mortal men, so great a miracle...."

Macklin, Alexander Hepburn. SPRI MS 1589. Typed transcript of *Endurance* journal, 1914-15 and 1915-16. In two volumes, second vol. starting on Oct 15th, 1915.

p. 7, Nov 3, 1915 Wedn, after smashup: At the ship I entered Clark's cabin which is just above water and got some books for him.

p. 9: To-night Wild reported still further sinking of the ship. I wish I had realized that we were not going to make a dash for land, for I would have brought my Diary and my Bible, both of which I value highly.... The Bible is the one given me by my Mother many years ago—but all my gear is irrecoverably lost.

p. 36: Dec 30th: I have been looking at a few pages I tore from an encyclopaedia and have seen the diet list of various prisoners.

p. 40, Jan 9 & 10: Our few books are a great solace. I have just read 'Robert Elsmere' by Mrs. Humphrey Ward—and am now reading 'Dombey & Son' (Dickens). We have 5 volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica which are a great standby, providing a large amount of reading material....

p. 43, Jan 21st: I have been reading 'Guy Mannering' by Scott, and this has passed several hours pleasantly...." Also Bridges?

p. 47, Jan 30: I collected all the useful books I could find and several pounds of tobacco, some semolina and some soup spoons. [He had gone to Ocean Camp and back that day.]

Jan. 31: Lees made a tally of all the gear we brought up yesterday. We now have a fair supply of books, and the extra encyclopedia should prove of great value." [see list under Orde Lees below]

p. 56, Mar 6th: We have been reading “The Master of Ballantrae” (Stevenson) in the tent. Clarke reads it well, Greenstreet—who read last night—sent nearly all of us to sleep.

p. 59, Mar 15th: I had plenty of reading and I kept a full and detailed diary.

p. 71: Macklin & Lees had words this morning, both of us probably wrong.

p. 78, April 8th: Hands are cold for writing to-day. Have been reading. Encyclopaedia Britannica this afternoon. Everything quiet. [They left Patience Camp the next day by boat, and left completely by April 11]

p. 83, April 14, Marston singing songs during boat trip to Elephant Island.

p. 104, June 15th: Tonight I recited three topical poems which I made up.
1. The snugger. 2. King’s birthday drink. 3. Scientific Staff.

p. 105, June 24th, Vocal concert for Mid-Winter.

p. 106-07, June 25th Sunday: I have felt in fine fettle after to-day’s good outing, and sat up a long time reading Encyclopaedia Britannica, Scott’s poetical work, and entering these notes. Our other literature consists of “The Open Road” (Lucas), “The Pilgrim’s Way” (Quiller-Couch), “Life of Scott” and a penny cookery book issued by some school authorities at Kendall. The latter I think is the favourite, and is continually being borrowed from its owner, Marston, by people wanting to look up the dishes they will have when they get home.

p. 110, July 10th: My turn for blubber lamp, and read Encyclopaedia Britannica and Scott’s “Lord of the Isles.”

p. 112: I have been giving Greenstreet lectures on First Aid...I have no books and have to trust to my memory for it all.

p. 114, July 25th, when he read E.B.: There are no less than 7 blubber lamps going in the hut now.

p. 115, July 16: To-day Wild called in all the Encyclopaedias, and distributed them 1 to 4 men. Kerr, Wordie, Marston and myself have MED-MUM, unfortunately a number I had read pretty thoroughly.

p. 119, Aug 10: Wordie unearthed from among his possessions a piece of old “Times” newspaper giving news of the War (Sept. 15th 1914). We wonder what changes have taken place since then.

p. 122, Monday, August 21st: Have borrowed Carlyle's "French Revolution", and find it pretty interesting, though one requires a pretty considerable knowledge of the period to thoroughly understand the book.

p. 124, Sept. 1st, Macklin's 27th birthday, and the day of the Rescue from Elephant Island.

p. 132, Nov. 19th: We all arrived safe in London. England we find very different from the England we left.

Nothing from Volume II apparently.

McElrea, Richard and David Harrowfield. *Polar Castaways: The Ross Sea Party (1914-17) of Sir Ernest Shackleton*. Montreal, Canada: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2004.

An earnest and thorough review of Shackleton's Ross Sea relief party that successfully planted supply depots for Shackleton, though he never reached or needed them.

p. 46: The rich tones of Italian tenor Enrico Caruso wafting from a gramophone that had been positioned on deck [of *Aurora*] added a surreal touch.

p. 60: Before turning in the Padre [Rev. Arnold Patrick Spencer-Smith] read some Robert Browning poetry and from St. John's Gospel. 'All the old questionings seem to come up for answer in this quiet place; but one is able to think more quietly than in civilization.'

p. 97, Shackleton assessing John Lachlan Cope in 1920: The man from all records and diaries...is shown to be inefficient, lazy and incompetent...the one independent piece of work he had to do was to lay a depot...he failed to do this because he used to camp at the slightest pretext and read novels in his sleeping bag until late in the morning instead of marching though the men with him urged him to proceed.

p. 112: A set of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* presented by Captain Davis, and an HMV gramophone, on loan from *Aurora* for six weeks, were welcome additions to the shore base.

p. 128: The homesick Spencer-Smith [the Padre] spent much of his day reading in his bunk.

- p. 156: Inspired by the Canadian poet Robert W. Service, he [Keith Jack] was moved to compose ‘The Lone South Land’, Land of the Great White Silence, grim land of the polar night; Land of the blighting blizzard, ice fields glistening bright; [etc.]
- ff. p. 176, 8th page of unnumbered illustrations has good photo of R. W. Richards reading *Elements of Meteorology*; the book is now in the Canterbury Museum.
- p. 193, Cardinal Newman’s *Dream of Gerontius*, a copy of which the Padre carried on the sledge journey, seems an appropriate epitaph to this young clergyman.
- p. 231, at Cape Evans, July 1916: Spirited arguments were conducted on subjects such as the war in Europe, and Darwin’s *Origin of Species*.
- p. 232: in August Stevens and Wild made beer “with the help of a recipe from *Encyclopaedia Britannica*....”
- p. 234, at Cape Royds they found five hymn books.

Orde Lees, Thomas. SPRI MS 967/3/2 Miscellaneous notes, etc. from diaries.

Includes a list of books that seems to serve as something of a circulation record as well, indicating the person who had the book and in some cases gives a date of Jan 31 which may have indicated a loan period. It does not include everything known to have made it to Elephant Island, such as 5 vols. of the *Britannica*. In fact few of the items on this list did make it beyond Dump Camp.

Handy Andy Cheetham [Alfred] 31.1

Voyage of Scotia

*Monsieur de Rochefort

Twenty years after (Jock) [Wordie]

Scoresby’s Yarn (Skipper) [Worsley]

Dombey & Son (Mack) [Macklin]

Eothen (Mack) [Macklin]

Robert Ellesmere (Jock) [Wordie]

*World’s End (Box E) [This refers to Shackleton’s suitcase in which he had locked all the papers of the expedition]

List of books
at Patience Camp

1. 1. 16.

OLees

Guy Mannering (Greenstreet) [Lionel]
 Marriage of William Ashe (Skipper) [Worsley]
 Tale of Two Cities (Rick) [Rickinson]
 *Oddsfish (Clarke) [Robert S.]
 Lord Jim
 A Knight on Wheels Holness [Thomas] 31.1
 Life in the Antarctic
 Walden
 Sea Captain
 Marie Antoinette & Diamond Necklace
 Browning's Poems Green Geo [Charles?] 31.1
 Scottish Life & Character Vincent [John] 31.1
 Science from an Easy Chair
 Green Flag
 Vandover & the Brute
 Salt Water Ballads
 What I saw in Russia Kerr [Alexander] 31.1
 Spanish Gold Stevenson [William Stephenson] 31.1
 Hereward the Wake
 *Pip How [Walter] 31.1
 *Potash & Perlmutter Wild [Frank] 31.1
 When God Laughs (Hussey) [Leonard]
 Brownings Plays & Poems²

Orde Lees, Thomas. *Elephant Island and Beyond: The Life and Diaries of Thomas Orde Lees.* Edited by John Thomson. Bluntisham, Hunts., UK: Bluntisham Books, 2003.

A selection from the meticulous diaries of Orde Lees, who as chief of supplies and provisions was the least popular member of the Shackleton *Endurance* expedition, but nonetheless a fair, scrupulous, and fastidious store-master on the journey. Traces his aristocratic background and some of its effect on fellow crew members who could

² Orde Lees, Thomas. SPRI MS 967/3/2. Miscellaneous Diary Notes. See below.

deride his chronic sea-sickness, or even accuse him of cowardice. Apart from his sometimes fawning attitude to Sir Ernest, it is a responsible piece of work.

p. 34, on unpacking the tractor sledge he found reading matter among the wrappings: To add to my joy I found the interior of the crawler entirely full of spare parts and all of them wrapped up in old motor papers!! Congenial reading for weeks.

p. 42, 18 February 1915: I really never seem to have any time to read or even do my needlework.

p. 60, 6 May, in the newly furnished Ritz: After dinner, everyone reads or writes or mends clothes etc. until 10 pm, when the Blanchard 300-candle-power lamp is extinguished. After this we are free to burn a lamp or candles in our cubicles as long as we like.

p. 62: 18 May I also seem busy from morning until late at night. Except at meals, I never sit down and I never read except after 10.30pm, and yet, as at home, I never really seem to achieve anything. How is it?

p. 67: 2 June We are all allowed to burn candles after lights out and so we all read for an hour or two in our bunks after turning in, but the crew do not seem to avail themselves of this privilege. No, they just sleep the time away as best they can and never seem to look for any occupation.

p. 69: 7 June After lights out we generally have some sort of a romp. Generally it is singing of songs, delicate or otherwise, sometimes it is 'dressing up'. Members appear as ballet girls, decidedly abbreviated, or as ghosts of previous polar explorers and so on, but a very favourite form of amusement is mutual impersonations. I am inclined to be a little anxious to please Sir Ernest at times and last night Dr McIlroy took me off cleverly as follows:

(Dancing about in a most effuse way.) 'Yes sir, oh yes sir, certainly sir, sardines sir, yes sir, here they are (dashes to pantry and back) and bread sir, oh yes sir, bread sir, you shall have the night watchman's bread sir (another dash to pantry and much grovelling, effusion and so on) and may I black your boots sir? And so on.

I am in disfavour just now for stopping the supply of bread for the general run of members at night, and given biscuits instead. Still all said

and done, there is no smoke without fire and perhaps the broad hint will do me good. Better to be called a toad than a toady.

p. 79: 8 July On Midwinter's Day I opened several packages from home and the contents have given me and others extraordinary pleasure.... What afforded particular entertainment was the first five numbers of *The Times History of the War*.

p. 84, 24 July, while sick Orde Lees was taken into Shackleton's own cabin," where Shackleton made him tea and read to him, "always entertaining me with his wonderful conversation."

p. 86: Being a very rapid reader, Sir Ernest reads a great deal and is particularly fond of poetry. He has an extraordinarily good memory and can recite pages of almost any known poet, many of which he has read though but once or twice.

p. 129-30, 30 October, and the disposal at what became Dump Camp: Our leader proceeded to set an example by deliberately throwing away all he possessed—away went his watch, about 50 golden sovereigns, silver brushes and dressing case fittings, books and a dozen other things. Whereupon we all did likewise until there was a heap of clothing and private property probably of some hundreds of pounds value, lying all about all over the floe. It seemed imperative at the time to lighten ourselves in this drastic way, but some of us afterwards came to regret it for, as events proved, there was no need for it, and this litter of discarded valuables, which we called 'Dump Camp', later became the marauding ground of one or two of the sailors who were suspected of reaping and concealing on their persons a rich harvest of ill-gotten gains.

p.143-44, 29 November, when Orde Lees says he made a fool of himself while reading on watch and being caught by Shackleton.

p. 150, 18 December: Sunday differs so little from other days down here that it passes almost unrecognized. Sir Ernest has desired often to institute regular services but is disinclined to unless he can be assured that they would find favour with the majority. This however does not seem to be the case; there are several of the Roman Catholic persuasion [Orde Lees converted on his return] who might not care to attend, and as many again are declared agnostics, so perhaps it is as well to let well alone.

p. 163, 21 January: Thanks to our encyclopaedia and a pack of cards, we are able to kill time fairly well, but our anticipation of the next meal is the principal past-time of the day.

p. 180, 25 March: The temperature is 10deg but the draught in the tents makes it so cold that we spend all day long in our sleeping bags reading.

p. 224, 18 May: The blizzard continues, routine same as yesterday. We fortunately brought five volumes of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* along with us and one or two fellows brought poetry books on their own, so that we have something to read and, by exchanging, can always get a change, though personally I prefer the encyclopaedia which I like to read from beginning to end. The knowledge we obtain, though varied, is confined to subjects beginning with the letters A, E, M, P and S only. We know all about the manufacture of paper and the arts of printing, mining, engraving etc., but butter-making, dyeing and flying are sealed books to us.

The light is now so bad that it is seldom one can read in the hut for more than an hour at mid-day, except by artificial light, and we cannot afford much of that.

p. 234, 10 June: Some of the sailors are very reluctant to go out at times. Old McLeod sticks up in his stuffy bag all day long in the dark, quite content to be left alone smoking or chewing. The others read a good deal, but he is almost illiterate, I believe.

p. 244, in Elephant Island hut, 27 June: Those whose billets come within the range of the light from the blubber lamps are able to read a little, and the lamps have been placed to the best advantage so that as many as possible can benefit simultaneously, but unfortunately I am just out of reach of any of them except at night, when the night-light is placed on the sugar case..., and shining in my eyes, keeps me awake so that I often elect to sit up during the night and read for several hours if it is not altogether too cold.

As to lights, the wretched fellows who sleep up in the thwarts of the [overturned] boats [the roof of the hut] are very badly off. Still they scrambled for those very places in order to secure the driest billets. All the sailors are quartered up on the thwarts, and the inability to read does not seem to trouble them much. [The aristocrat speaking here.]

p. 247-48, 2 July: We have two collections of odd pieces of poetry, one of them called *The Pilgrims Way*, and a copy of Browning's poems, and a Life of Sir Walter Scott, but I never could find any real pleasure in reading poetry whilst the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, of which we have five volumes, fulfils all my requirements in the literary line. I read so slowly that I shall never be able to read all that these volumes contain even if we have to stop here five years, which God forbid.

Besides the above, there are several fragments of other volumes and two polar books. Nordenskjöld's *Antarctica*, which Wild does not seem to care to have circulated, and an account of an early Arctic expedition to Grinnell Land, which is one of the books lent to us by Mr. Facer, of Northampton, a great polar enthusiast.

Hurley has possession of this book and is not disposed to lend it out because he desires to return it to Mr. Facer one day. I too have one of Mr. Facer's polar books, quite an antique one, a voyage to Spitzbergen in 1775, which I have kept absolutely secret in my sleeping bag ever since we left Ocean Camp on Xmas Day 1915, and which I intend one day to restore to its owner.

p. 250-51, 9 July: Writing amuses me much more than reading does and I personally spend more time at it than I ever occupy in reading. One might think that there was nothing to write about when one is leading such an inert life as ours, but I find that one does such a lot of thinking that the trouble is to eliminate the purely conjectural matter.

Mine is by no means the only diary though I think it is the only one we have that has been kept regularly from the day the ship left England. Hurley, James, Macklin and Wordie are all keeping records and I can vouch for the last three being grammatical as well as interesting. Wild, too, I think is keeping notes.

p. 253: 11 July Wild has granted me the use of a blubber lamp immediately after supper instead of at 'pip-down', as heretofore. This is a privilege of enormous advantage to me as I can now read before going to sleep and so make myself a little more ready to go to sleep when the time comes.

p. 267, on Elephant Island, 12 August: Sir Ernest's bag is a fine old solid leather suitcase in which are locked up all the papers connected with the expedition, and other sundries.

Orde Lees, Thomas. SPRI MS 1605/5/1 Typescript of Orde Lees diary prepared by him for Shackleton. It includes the following reading references not included in the published selections:

January 23rd, 1915: There is not much to do on board and it is well to have something definite to do to keep oneself occupied, otherwise than by reading all day. [leaf 198]

February 6th: ...our only fear is that we may one day get ahead of our tasks and find ourselves in the unenviable position of having nothing to do but read, sleep and eat. [leaf 217]

SPRI MS 1605/5/1 Typescript of Orde Lees diary: apparently Lees edited his diary, eliminating the first person, as grist for Shackleton's book on the expedition—refers to himself in third person (Lees is our mess man) and Shackleton as Sir Ernest. Always seems excessively deferential to Shackleton, particularly in this typescript which Lees prepared for Sir Ernest.

January 23rd, 1915: "There is not much to do on board and it is well to have something definite to do to keep oneself occupied, otherwise than by reading all day." [leaf 198]

February 6th, 1915. : "...our only fear is that we may one day get ahead of our tasks and find ourselves in the unenviable position of having nothing to do but read, sleep and eat." [leaf 217]

8th July 1915: "On mid winter's day we opened several packages from home, and the contents have given me and others extraordinary pleasure.... What afforded particular entertainment was the first five numbers of the "Times History of the War. [no quote at end]

[I only read through leaf 455—someone at SPRI should return to it, but not too promising for reading matter.]

Shackleton, Ernest, Sir. *South: A Memoir of the Endurance Voyage.*
New York: Carroll & Graff, 1998.

p. 93, [after abandoning the *Endurance*]: In addition to the daily hunt for food, our time was passed in reading the few books that we had managed to save from the ship. The greatest treasure in the library was a portion of the Encyclopædia Britannica. This was being continually used to settle the inevitable arguments that would arise. The sailors were discovered one day engaged in a very heated discussion of the subject of *Money and Exchange*. They finally came to the conclusion that the Encyclopædia, since it did not coincide with their views, must be wrong.

‘For descriptions of every American town that ever has been, is, or ever will be, and for full and complete biographies of every American statesman since the time of George Washington and long before, the Encyclopædia would be hard to beat. Owing to our shortage of matches we have been driven to use it for purposes other than the purely literary ones, though; and one genius having discovered that the paper used for its pages had been impregnated with saltpeter, we can now thoroughly recommend it as a very efficient pipe-lighter.’ [Unclear why this paragraph is in Shackleton’s quotes; could these passages be quoted from Worsley’s diary?]

We also possessed a few books on Antarctic exploration, a copy of Browning, and one of “The Ancient Mariner.” On reading the latter, we sympathized with him and wondered what he had done with the albatross; it would have made a very welcome addition to our larder.

p. 115, [Patience camp adrift]: ...on this day, and for the next two or three also, it was impossible to do anything but get right inside one’s frozen sleeping-bag to try and get warm. Too cold to read or sew, we had to keep our hands well inside, and pass the time in conversation with each other.

p. 229, [on Elephant Island, a passage again in quotes]: “The great trouble in the hut was the absence of light. The canvas walls were covered with blubber-soot, and with the snowdrifts accumulating around the hut its inhabitants were living in a state of perpetual night. Lamps were fashioned out of sardine tins, with bits of surgical bandage for

wicks; but as the oil consisted of seal-oil rendered down from the blubber, the remaining fibrous tissue being issued very sparingly at lunch, by the by, and being considered a great delicacy, they were more a means of conserving the scanty store of matches than serving as illuminants.

“Wild was the first to overcome this difficulty by sewing into the canvas wall the glass lid of a chronometer box. Later on three other windows were added, the material in this case being some celluloid panels from a photograph case of mine which I had left behind in a bag. This enabled the occupants of the floor billets who were near enough to read and sew, which relieved the monotony of the situation considerably.

“ ‘Our reading material consisted at this time of two books of poetry, one book of ‘Nordenskjöld ’s Expedition,’ one or two torn volumes of the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica,’ and a penny cookery book, owned by Marston.’ ”

p. 238, again on Elephant Island: Overheard two of the sailors are discussing some extraordinary mixture of hash, apple-sauce, beer, and cheese. Marston is in his hammock reading from his penny cookery book....

Another edition published in North Pomfret, Vt.: Trafalgar Square Pub., 1992, an illustrated edition has good photographs:

p. 45: picture of Clark and Wordie reading in their cabin, with shelves of books. One title legible: Badminton and Shuttle?? And another is clearly about skiing.

p. 48: playing chess

p. 51: theatrical presentation

Thomson, John. *Shackleton's Captain: A Biography of Frank Worsley.* Toronto: Mosaic Press, 1999.

A biography of the navigator of the James Caird on the famous boat journey from Elephant Island to South Georgia, this is a poorly written work about a fascinating character that the author somehow

dulls. There are very few references to books here (apart from Worsley's own later works), but there is this passage on p. 85 in the chapter on the boat journey:

p. 85: At noon, to observe for latitude, he could make out the sun only as a dim blur. He measured the centre 10 times, using a mean of the observations as the sun's altitude. With his tattered, soaked and nearly unreadable navigational books and tables, the pages of which had to be carefully peeled apart, he worked out a position that gave them 68 miles to go.

Worsley said later that the navigation tables had the cover and front and back pages washed away, while the *Nautical Almanac* disintegrated so rapidly before the onslaught of the sea that it was a race to see whether the pages for the month of May would last to South Georgia. They just did: April had vanished completely.

Tyler-Lewis, Kelly. *The Lost Men: The Harrowing Saga of Shackleton's Ross Sea Party*. New York: Viking, 2006.

An extensive and comprehensive study of the archival and printed sources related to Shackleton's depot-laying party which had been intended to provide for the final 400 miles of his Trans-Antarctic expedition. This Party succeeded in its depot mission, but Shackleton failed to get there when his ship was frozen and then sank in the Weddell Sea. Tyler-Lewis seems to have a good eye for the reading occasions of the Party.

p. 39, in general descriptions of the men of the Ross Sea Shore Party (RSSP), here describing Victor Hayward, a so-called General Assistant in which he got to "do anything": Hayward was educated at an Essex boarding school. As a boy, he was an avid reader of Robert Ballantyne's rollicking adventure tales of stalwart lads braving the wilderness and high seas. They were coveted prizes for diligent Sunday school pupils, which is how Hayward came to possess Ballantyne's *The World of Ice; Or, Adventures in the Polar Regions* at an impressionable age.

p. 75, on a sledge journey during a blizzard: There was little they could do but lie in the tents, reading and writing in their diaries. Most of the

men dutifully recorded daily events in official leather-bound journal embossed “Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition” in gold. These were not intended as personal memoirs, but as official records, to be collected by Shackleton for eventual use in his published accounts. The expedition members’ agreement specified that all diaries, notes, scientific data, photographs, and motion pictures were the “absolute property of the commander” and barred them from writing or lecturing about the expedition without his express permission. However, the men soon let down their guards and confided more of themselves to their journals. p. 76, concerning the “Padre,” the Rev. Lionel Spencer-Smith, the designated photographer: His diary was a voluble record of aches and pains, philosophical ruminations, and sledging mileage. The hallmarks of his classical education at Cambridge were imprinted on every page, smatterings of Greek, Latin, and French and snippets of verse. He read avidly—popular romances, historical novels, poetry, and the Bible—though polar narratives were conspicuously absent from his portable library. There were theological tomes as well as treatises on Darwin in his bag, his Anglican faith coexisting with his intellectual curiosity. He captioned each entry with quotations from scripture to frame the day’s meditations and reminders of birthdays and the anniversaries of his life in the church.

p. 85: Rising each morning at a progressively later hour, Cope began the day with a leisurely recitation from Dickens’s *Pickwick Papers*. Once under way, Cope floundered ahead into deep virgin snow rather than follow the trail broken by the other parties....

p. 87, on uncertainty on what to do about food shortages for some men: Hesitant, Spencer-Smith searched for solace in the Bible and found his doubts reflected in the pages: “By what authority does thou these things?” he quoted.

p. 91, quote from Robert Service, “The Kipling of Canada,” and much-admired by Ernest Joyce.

p. 102, after an arduous and almost fatal depoting journey: Wild’s condition seemed like the worst, his feet “raw like steak” and his right ear tinged green and oozing viscous fluid. The frostbite damage had almost certainly progressed to gangrene. Joyce’s hands, nose, and feet

were beyond feeling, and his fingers were bloated and misshapen. Mackintosh's face was disfigured into a swollen mass of mottled, livid flesh. The socket of his missing eye was badly stricken. Cope tended their injuries, although his clinical practice had thus far been limited to performing a postmortem on a dog with a copy of *Modern Surgery* at hand. He amputated one of Wild's toes and part of his ear.

p. 108, at Hut Point after April 22, 1915, when the sun set for four months: They read voraciously to pass the time and soon exhausted their supply of books. Fortunately, Scott's expedition had left heaps of magazines, newspapers, and novels in the hut. A popular romantic thriller, *Soldiers of Fortune*, made the rounds, and its merits were debated at length. The book's original owner, *Terra Nova* scientist Frank Debenham, had inscribed an arch comment on the flyleaf: "Quite the nicest novel I have ever read, the hero and heroine are perfect pets," slang for hotheads. Scrawled below, in another hand, was the line "like some people on the Expedition."

p. 130, stranded with little equipment, cast-off clothing from Scott's old Hut, the *Aurora* adrift with most of what they needed aboard: They had, however, unloaded a set of *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which proved to be the "only text-book on the Antarctic" on hand as a guide to survival.

p. 139-40, in a chapter called "Marooned," when the men were stranded at Cape Evans, and their ship had disappeared: Hayward teamed up with Gaze for seal-hunting duties, but spent off hours walking with Mackintosh. Hayward's opinion of the Skipper, as he called him, was undimmed by the recent crisis, his respect for authority deeply ingrained by his upbringing. As the only members of the party who were in love with women they left behind, they also shared a common yearning for home. The lovelorn Hayward read romance novels to remind him of his fiancée. "Down here, where everything breathes of the unknown and appears so vast and limitless, how nice it is to be reminded in such a nice way of other and more pleasant scenes," he wrote to her after reading *Lorna Doone*, inserting carbon paper under each page of his diary so every entry became part of a continuing letter.

p. 145, at Cape Evans, working on a broken motor tractor: they rifled through volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for some clue to the

workings of the engine. [It was beyond repair and they had to rely on manhauling to lay the depots.]

p. 167, January 1916, below 80°S: During the “endless hours” of each day’s march, Richards withdrew, compulsively performing complex mathematical calculations in his head, “an automatic reaction to the monotony that was forced on us, and an anodyne to the weariness of the body.” Spencer-Smith recited poetry and scripture under his breath. He read voraciously when the party stopped for a spell or camped for the night, crowding his mind with ideas to blot out the drudgery. He seldom complained but his deterioration was evident to the others.

[Alas, no indication of what he read, and he died shortly after.]

p. 221: The glass plate negatives Shackleton had stowed in the *James Caird* survived the ocean voyage.

p. 239: While Shackleton and Joyce headed out to search Little and Big Razorback islands [for traces of the lost Mackintosh and Hayward], the introspective Jack quietly sorted his feelings as he packed up the expedition property in the hut with Wild. The scientific notebooks, diaries, documents, and photographs, were all loaded into boxes for Shackleton. The personal effects of the dead were collected as well, including Spencer-Smith’s communion vessels.

p.240-41, in a memorial note for the three dead Ross Sea colleagues: Shackleton turned, as he did so often in turbulent times, to poetry, invoking Swinburne’s exhortation to a life well lived in the first two lines [“These done for gain are nought”]. The last six lines were from Browning, slightly paraphrased [“I ever was a fighter so one fight more”]. It was Browning who spoke to Shackleton most directly. Years before, he had come to terms with the immediacy of his own death as he went about the business of exploration, but he had never accepted the possibility of losing men under his command.

p. 242: As the *Aurora* plied her homeward course, the band of Robinson Crusoes avidly read every newspaper and magazine on board. All were dominated by the war.

p. 243: The Ross Sea party presented Davis with a gift one evening, it was the set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* Davis had given to Mackintosh for the expedition. As Stevens explained, “There was not a

man who did not make frequent and eager use of the volumes.” The grubbiest pages, blackened with blubber soot, betrayed the most popular topics. From engine repair to cooking, the encyclopedias had been the party’s survival guide and the last word in settling bets. The Ross Sea party and Shackleton signed a volume “as a remembrance of his kindness.” Davis recalled the words of Robert Service:

Do you recall that sweep of savage splendour,
That land that measures each man at his worth.
And feel again in memory half fierce, half tender,
That brotherhood of men who know the South?

p. 246, a German U-boat torpedoed a ship that Stevens was on, and although he survived: Gone were Stevens’s personal scientific notebooks and diaries, as well as most of Spencer-Smith’s personal effects.

Worsley, Frank A. *Endurance: An Epic of Polar Adventure*. Preface by Patrick O’Brien. New York: Norton, 1999. [First published in 1931.]

Frank Worsley was a New Zealand sailor who captained *Endurance* until it sank in the Weddell Sea. Later he was the skipper of the *James Caird* when it made its 850-mile marathon from Elephant Island to South Georgia, a feat of magnificent navigation. He also participated in Shackleton’s final *Quest* expedition in 1920-21.

p. 61-2, while adrift: When we did not play [cards], or were not mending our clothes, we usually spent the evening in interminable arguments, mostly about nothing in particular. The following incident indicates the frame of mind of some of the sailors, who got so excited one night over a discussion on currency (of all things?) that the matter was looked up in one of the few volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* that we had saved, since they contained information that was valuable to us. When both sides were proved to be wrong, they united in declaring that ‘the --- - book was no good.’

p. 183-84, Frank Wild describing reading on Elephant Island: The fellows who were on the floor could read and sew, which relieved the monotony considerably. The library, as you know, consisted only of two books of poetry, one of which was yours [?], one book of Nordenskjöld's Expedition, two volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and a penny cookery book of Marston's. The cookery book was sometimes dashed annoying, because it reminded us of all the things we couldn't get. Of course our clothes were all in such a state that it took nearly all our spare time to repair them.

p. 296: picture from SPRI of cabin on the *Quest* (where Shackleton died) with its bookshelves.

Worsley, Frank Arthur. *Shackleton's Boat Journey*. London: Folio Society, 2015.

Another account by the navigator of the famous boat journey from Elephant Island to South Georgia, a new edition introduced by Ranulph Fiennes. There is nothing about reading and I suspect that navigation books and charts were the only printed matter aboard the *James Caird*. Worsley's account of those materials, however, is compelling.

[Somewhere towards the end of this short book Worsley gives a nickname to divine providence, "Old Provi," with whom there seemed to be a close relationship in times of crisis.]

p. 50, on loading the *Caird* for the journey: The stores were ferried off and stowed. Our sleeping-bags, spare clothes, oars, my sextant and navigation books were next handed in, then the two breakers of water and the lumps of ice.

p. 61, on trying to calculate their position in the midst of high seas: Our fingers were so cold that he [Shackleton] had to interpret his wobbly figures—my own so illegible that I had to recognize them by feats of memory. Three months later I could read only half of them. My navigation books had to be half-opened, page by page, till the right one was reached, then opened carefully to prevent utter destruction. The epitome had had the cover, front and back pages washed away, while the Nautical Almanac shed its pages so rapidly before the onslaught of the

seas that it was a race whether or not the month of May would last to South Georgia. It just did, but April had completely vanished.

p. 69: The eighth day the gale held steadily throughout from SSW, with a very heavy lumpy sea. It was impossible to write—even a few remarks. They would have been illegible—but anyway unprintable—owing too the violent jerky contortions of the Caird. She was heavily iced all over outside, and a quantity of ice had formed inside her.

Worsley, Frank Arthur. SPRI MS No. 296. Diaries. 3 vols.
Typescript

Vol. I July-Dec 1914:

Sat 17th October 1914, in Buenos Aires: Captain Nurez kindly gave me Charcot's records in the "Pourqua pas."

Mar 19th: Argentine Meteorological Office very kindly gave me 2 volumes of their records for Sir Ernest and myself.

Vol. II 1 April 1915 to 29 Feb 1916

p. 2 Sat 4th March: Have just finished reading Ammundsen's NW Passage—a well written modest account of a well conceived and executed enterprise.

p. 6 13th March: Have just finished Nares 2 vols; Voyage to Polar Sea.

p. 6 16th March: Am reading Youngs travels in France.

1920-22 British Graham Land Expedition

Bagshawe, Thomas Wyatt. *Two Men in the Antarctic: An Expedition to Graham Land 1920-1922.* With a Foreword by Frank Debenham.
Cambridge: University Press, 1939.

Elaborate plans made by John Cope, including a flight to the South Pole with George Hubert Wilkins, diminished for lack of funds to a winter spent by Bagshawe and Lt. Maxime Lester in an abandoned whaleboat, turned over to provide some shelter. Remarkably, the two men did perform some scientific work and observations. William Mills called it "the smallest party ever to winter on the Antarctic continent."

p. 99, Midwinter: Days passed by somewhat monotonously. We read a lot at meal times and especially while supper was being prepared. I had brought down with me a stock of books, which, under normal circumstances, I might never have read at home. I waded through books as diverse as Darwin's *Origin of Species* to light novels, but it was such authors as Dickens and Thackeray whom we most enjoyed and who could carry us, when we were feeling depressed, back to England, good food, and warmth. Many a time we had all the joys of participation in some of the meals described by Dickens.

Riley, Jonathan P. *From Pole to Pole: The Life of Quintin Riley, 1905-1980*. Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1989.

Quinton Riley was the Quarter Master of the British Graham Land Expedition, and this biography includes one full chapter on his participation in the BGLE (p. 55-95). He is described as a good-natured but argumentative colleague, of firm religious convictions, and a valuable member of the expedition staff.

p. 72 prints a sketch by Quintin of his sleeping quarters and of his bunk, with a note that his book shelf is not shown.

p. 76: For relaxation most people were content with reading or listening to the BBC, which Meiklejohn could pick up on the 1500 mere band.

Although many packs of cards had been taken, no-one ever played. Discussions and arguments on a wide variety of topics were fairly frequent; Quintin of course loved arguments and was prepared to be opinionated on almost any subject, fortified by many assumed prejudices. He would throw remarks around as a fisherman scatters around bait, waiting for some fish to rise up and snap. Once Quinton had hooked his fish he would play him with great enjoyment until the subject was exhausted. Moreover he had taken copies of Whitaker's *Almanac* and Kennedy's *Latin Primer* with him so as to be able to have the last word in any dispute.

1921-22 Shackleton-Rowett Antarctic Expedition (Shackleton/Wild)

Wild, Frank. *Shackleton's Last Voyage: The Story of the Quest... From the Official Journal and Private Diary Kept by Dr. A. H. Macklin.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1923. [Simultaneously published in London by Cassell and Co., 1923]

Wild as second in command took over the expedition after Shackleton's death in South Georgia in 1921.

p. 7: Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould, of the Hydrographic Department, provided us with books and reports of previous explorers concerning the little-known parts of our route, and his information, gleaned from all sources and collected together for our use, proved of the greatest value.

p. 18, from Shackleton's diary, Sept. 24, 1921: "Providence is with us even now."

p. 33: Before leaving England the Boss had ordered a brass plate to be made, on which was inscribed two verses of Kipling's immortal "If?" and had it placed in front of the bridge. Hussey, after a heavy day's coaling in bad weather, was inspired to a version specially applicable to the *Quest* which reads as follows:

If you can stand the *Quest* and all her antics,
If you can go without a drink for weeks,
If you can smile a smile and say, "How topping!"
When someone splashes paint across your "brecks ";

If you can work like Wild and then, like "Wuzzles,"
Spend a convivial night with some "old bean,"
And then come down and meet the Boss at breakfast
And never breathe a word of where you've been;

If you can keep your feet when all about you
Are turning somersaults upon the deck,
And then go up aloft when no one told you,
And not fall down and break your blooming neck;

If you can fill the port and starboard bunkers
With fourteen tons of coal and call it fun,
Yours is the ship and everything that's on it,
Coz you're a marvel, not a man, old son. . . .

p. 78: ashore in South Georgia at Gritviken Wild had access to the Norwegian Record of Ships from which he ascertained the age of the boiler aboard the ship.

p. 93: Naisbitt asked me if he might start a ship's magazine, to which I assented.

p. 97: On the first day of February the maiden number of *Expedition Topics* appeared under the editorship of Naisbitt. It was got up simply, consisting of a number of sheets of typewritten matter, chiefly on the humorous side, and containing a sly hit at most of the company. There were also some clever drawings. Like everything else that created an interest it was of value just then when the daily life in those cold grey stormy seas was necessarily very monotonous.

p. 97, Feb 2: A bookcase in my cabin had battens three inches wide placed along the shelves, but they proved useless to keep in place the books, which hurled themselves to the floor, where they were much damaged by the seas which found their way in and swished up and down with every roll.

The book is a fairly straight forward, sometimes charming and sometimes evasive (e.g. re personnel difficulties), account of the voyage. Most interesting is the account of its visit to Tristan da Cunha, a settlement which had not seen a ship in 18 months before their arrival.

1928-56 Expeditions of Rear Admiral Richard Byrd: 1928-30 (Little America I); 1933-34 (Little America II); 1939-41 (Little America III: Antarctic Service Expedition, West Base); 1946-48 (Little America IV); 1955-57 (Operation Deep Freeze)

The following section begins with comprehensive accounts of Byrd's expeditions (including the North Pole flight), followed by more specific accounts of the individual expeditions

Bursey, Jack. *Antarctic Night*. New York: Rand McNally, 1957.

Bursey participated in three Byrd-related expeditions in 1928-1930; 1931-41; and 1955-57. He grew up in northern Newfoundland and claims to have read everything he could find on Antarctica while a youth and went on to be an apparently successful dog handler in all three expeditions. His book is a paean to the continent and its sheer magnetism to the smitten, and he expresses its pull chiefly through cliché. If he read more about Antarctica or anything else you won't find out from this book. He does refer to the fine libraries in the first and third expeditions, but mainly he describes parts of the end of the world where no man has ever tread before, and similar bromides.

p. 55-56: I had selected eight dogs besides St. Lunaire, and I named them one by one as I got to know them better. I named "Ross" after the British explorer, Sir James Clark Ross; "Brownie" after Captain Brown of the *Eleanor Bolling*; "Byrd" after Commander Byrd; "Siple" after the Boy Scott, Paul Siple; "Bobby" after Captain Bob Bartlett.

Carter, Paul Allen. *Little America: Town at the End of the World*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1979.

Carter's is a fairly well-written although wholly derivative account of the various bases known as Little America, including a solid chapter on the first winterover experience.

p. 91: "Even a book lying against a cold wall steamed like a teakettle when opened in a slightly warmer atmosphere."

p. 94-99, Antarctic University was started on May 6, 1929, with lectures in geology, aerial surveying, radio operation etc, instigated by Larry Gould. [Gould was a professor of Geography at Michigan, and followed his same course outline on the ice]: Nearly everyone attended at first, and six weeks later some twenty of them were still clinging to the course and maintaining their interest. "It is rather pleasant," Gould would write on June 11, with an implicit back-of-the-hand swipe at the rah-rah Big

Ten students back home, to be “teaching people who are entirely sincere in their attitude.”

p. 95-96: At nine o’clock all these games were supposed to cease, and at ten Professor Gould called “Lights out.” Men were permitted to read in their bunks, however, using candles allotted for that purpose. Some saved and re-used their tallow in glass jars or tin cans.

p. 97-99: No attempt was made to organize religious services. With individual members of the expedition professing Catholicism, Lutheranism, Greek Orthodoxy, Judaism, or nothing in particular, it would have been difficult to find common ground. “But there was a great deal of interest in reading the Bible,” Gould remembers, “from men of whom one would least have expected it.” Reading, of all kinds, was in fact one of the expedition’s most effective weapons against the monotony, the crowding, and the oppressive cold. The dour machinist Victor Czegka, for example, who at the age of 49 was still able to lift 650 pounds off the floor, could certainly have held his own in an argument; instead, “when he was mad at everybody, he used to climb up in his bunk and read Dickens.”

Gould had picked the books for the expedition’s library, within the limitation that most of them came as donations; “I don’t think we ever catalogued them.” Owen arranged them along the north and west walls in the administration building. On the top shelf on both sides sat the classic Everyman editions; then two shelves of novels, ranging from *The Vicar of Wakefield* to Zane Grey; then on the north side, an extensive selection of the great polar literature such as Nansen’s *Farthest North*, Shackleton’s *South*, Sir Douglas Mawson’s *Home of the Blizzard*, Apsley Cherry-Garrard’s *The Worst Journey in the World*; below these, a row of detective stories, and at the bottom Dr. Eliot’s Five-Foot Shelf. Under the window on the west wall stood the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a few books of poetry, and uniform sets of Dickens and Kipling. A round iron stove, comfortable chairs, and adequate lighting attracted the Little Americans, many of whom now sported both luxuriant beards and shaven heads, to the library corner. “At night,” Owen wrote, “one sees a group of youthful-faced but bald men, each holding a book with one

hand and meditatively rubbing his cranium with the other like venerable members of a sedate club.”

Altogether absent from that library, so far as Professor Gould can recall, were the writers we usually think of as “typical” of the 1920s such as Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. Popular novelists now forgotten, Joseph C. Lincoln and Donn Byrne, were more widely read than any other authors, closely followed by Mark Twain. The classics also had their devotees; “books from the Everyman’s Library are scattered on every bunk.” Larry Gould that winter got through the entire Forsyte Saga (as far as author John Galsworthy had then carried it) and Romain Rolland’s *Jean-Christophe*. Richard Byrd absorbed floods of philosophy, well-leavened by murder mysteries. The single book in greatest demand was W. H. Hudson’s *Green Mansions*, possibly because of the extreme contrast between its tropical setting and the Ross Ice Shelf—although people also read extensively in the accounts of earlier polar expeditions. Conrad was read a great deal; Kipling hardly at all.

Reading is of course not everybody’s dish of tea. Chris Braathen’s model of the City of New York “kept him so busy he didn’t open a book.” Airplane pilot Alton Parker ambitiously set out to read the entire *Encyclopedia Britannica*, starting with Volume I, letter A; he got as far as “ammonium tetrachloride” and threw the tome down in disgust: “The stuff in that damn book is no good for an aviator.” On the other hand, men who had never before cracked a book learned a new and rewarding pleasure; ice cream maker and dog driver Jim Feury, with no more than a grade-school education, opened a personal door into the world of reading by way of O Henry’s short stories.

p. 99: [Pete] Demas...volunteered for the job of night watchman, which up until that time has been rotated alphabetically. The watchman had each half hour to observe the aurora, and frequently check the direction and velocity of the wind; twice each night he had to make the rounds.... But the rest of the time his post was in the library, and there, fortified by hot coffee in a thermos jug, Demas could study his scientific and technical books or enjoy the classical philosophers and tragedians. [Gould gave Demas a birthday present of Michael Pupin’s *From Immigrant to Inventor*.]

p. 101: The Scott and Shackleton expeditions, of course, had also had books; copies of *The Secret of the Island*, by Jules Verne, and *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*, by Edgar Allan Poe, left behind by members of Scott's last expedition in 1912, were destined to be found—in reasonably good condition, although they had been out in the open for almost fifty years!—by the American geologist and explorer Robert L. Nichols in 1959, and in due course the National Science Foundation would return them to their surprised and grateful original owners. But Scott and Shackleton had not had radio....

p. 105, with the return of the sun: Professor Gould wrote on August 9, “the camp seems to bestir itself more each day. . . . “There is an increasingly genial attitude of the various men toward each other. The hardest part of the night is gone.” Times reporter Russell Owen, who during the long darkness had known periods of depression and disorientation when he had “felt as though I had tossed my stories into the air when I handed them to the operator, that they went forever drifting,” similarly perked up. “For us, the winter is essentially over,” Gould wrote on August 21, the day before sunrise, “and it has been a great time.”

p. 106: And now that it was over, what the Little Americans remembered from the dark season, Gould believed, were the many quiet hours of reading and the many friendly acquaintances they would always cherish, rather than the momentary frictions that would pass with the melting solar ways.

p. 107: Far out on the Bay of Whales, rising from open water, a screen of frost reminded news reporter Russell Owen of the mysterious curtain through which the hero of Edgar Allan Poe's strange *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* had vanished into the unknown south. “And here I was on the other side of that curtain, the side Poe did not care, with all his imagination, to pierce. It was as fanciful as anything he had ever dreamed.”

p. 179-201: Chapter 7, “To Walden Pond with Gasoline Engines,” is an excellent retelling of Byrd's perilous period of isolation for five months at Bolling Advance Weather Station, an experience from which he never fully recovered his health.

Rear dust jacket has photo of Byrd in the Little America library.
Also found on p. 122.

Foster, Coram. *Rear Admiral Byrd and the Polar expeditions, with an Account of His Life and Achievements....* New York: A. L. Burt [1930]

p. 140 says \$1000 was spent on books for Little America.

p. 203: Chapter XXVI: A WELL SELECTED LIBRARY OF A
THOUSAND VOLUMES PROVED A BOON IN ICE-BOUND
LITTLE AMERICA. RADIO IN TOUCH WITH THE OUTSIDE
WORLD

When the Byrd expedition sailed from New York, it carried a round thousand volumes, It was, for the most part, a collection of stories of adventure which the Commander selected to solace his men through the long inevitably idle darkness. Kipling, London, Dumas, Robert Louis Stevenson, Sir Walter Scott were the chief authors. But there was also Balzac, and Dickens and Conrad, and for the moody-minded there were “My Favorite Murder” and “The Psychology of Suicide.” They were all at hand whenever a man had candy and a few leisure moments. And certainly there must have been leisure after the dark months arrived.

This book seems to have been produced in record fashion, between Byrd’s return from the Antarctic in June 1930 and the end of the year. See publishers’ note on p. [10].

1928-30 First U.S. Antarctic Expedition (Byrd on City of New York)

Byrd, Richard Evelyn. *Little America: Aerial Exploration in the Antarctic; the Flight to the South Pole.* New York: Putnam’s, 1930.

Byrd’s account of his first Antarctic Expedition (1928-30) and the development of the first Little America. Here and elsewhere Byrd seems obsessed with the possibility of failure, though it also seems that he uses

that device to heighten the tension of his narrative. Seems a transparent piece of reader manipulation.

p. 157-58, discussing the psychological reasons for scattering Little America's buildings: There was another reason recommending such distribution. The most persistent and insinuating foe to explorers who endure the winter night is monotony. It is a thing, of course, many of us know and for that matter endure even in the center of civilization; but nowhere else can it be experienced to such a degree as in the polar night. For there can be few ways in which to escape monotony. Bitter cold and incessant storms keep all but the hardiest men indoors a greater part of the time; and even they do not care to venture very far. Consequently, men are thrown into the utmost intimacy for months on end, within the narrow, restricting walls of their shacks; and the time inevitably comes when all the topics in the world have been sucked dry of interest; when one man's voice becomes irritating to the ears of another; when the most trivial points of disagreement become fraught with impassioned meaning. When that point is reached, there comes trouble.

p. 168, Byrd's diary, Friday March 8th, 1929: Owen is assembling a library in my office. He has been appointed librarian. As we have about 3,000 volumes in the collection, he has his hands full assorting them.

p. 195, re Amundsen's earlier base of Framheim: But we still had the idea that we might stumble on it, and I refreshed my mind with Amundsen's description of the place, and, in fact, carried with me maps and the chapter in his book describing its location.

p. 210: Like country cousins, argument clung to us always. They started innocently, gathered increasing strength and became so fraught with passion as to threaten to bring down the roof. They seemed to have no end.... Probably the wisest thing we did, when we went South, was to bring a set of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the World's Almanac and Who's Who. These repositories of essential information were a godsend. That these estimable works happen to have lacked some of the facts there were, for a time, like life and death in Little America is due less to neglect on the part of the editors, I imagine, than to discrimination and perhaps a sense of propriety.

p. 212: Save for the arrangement of things, the appearance of the administration building did not differ greatly from that of the mess hall. My quarters, the library and the room turned over to the scientific staff, took up one whole end of the building.

p. 220-21: On Sunday, which was officially a day of rest, we had a regular motion picture show.... Twice a week during the winter the dons and pundits of Antarctic University gave lectures on the various subjects associated with the research purposes of the expedition. Dr. Gould gave the course on geology which he taught at the University of Michigan and which nearly every one attended. Mason and Hanson lectured on radio science, June conducted a ground school on aviation..., and McKinley talked on aerial surveying. These studies were a welcome interlude...

“There was a victrola in the library in the Administration Building, which ground perpetually. The records were of jazz and classical music, and both, I think, were played to equally appreciative audiences.

p. 224-25: The watchman had certain privileges, however. His post was in the library. He was allowed a candle and a kerosene lantern.... This watch, however, was later taken over by Demas, who stood it most of the winter, because he believed he could make use of the quiet to pursue his studies. Demas is one of the most studious young men I have ever known....

The duty was not especially complicated, and the watch was popular with some men for the reason that it allowed them the solitude for reading and study.

The Administration building at LA was at the farthest remove from the mess hall and all other buildings and thus the library somewhat less accessible than it might have been. [Byrd says nothing here about his own reading, something he did do in *Alone*.]

p. 238-39: Boredom? Certainly we were bored at times. There were for all of us periods toward the end of winter when it seemed that time stood still, and the spring and the sun would never come. But those were rare occasions. We were so taken up by special tasks that had to be done that spring seemed to be rushing at us, and the night too short to allow us time for leisure, much less to be bored.

p. 241-42, preparing for sledge journeys: The hours and hours we spent in working out every detail of the planning that preceded every journey can be taken as evidence of the care with which we approached these particular problems.... We had with us one of the best polar libraries in the world, and this was used extensively, to supply information that we lacked in personal experience. By the end of winter the volumes on the Antarctic had been worn shabby and were discolored from uninterrupted use.

p. 242—Byrd had a number of committees on various projects, including one on the Polar Flight: Perhaps it would be interesting to sit in, for a few moments, on one of the sessions of this committee. It convened after supper generally in the library, which served also as my office. Three sides of the library were taken up by shelves, on which Owen had neatly stacked the books. The only picture on the wall was that of Floyd Bennett, for whom we named the Polar plane. It was draped with an American flag. Near the center was a small caboose stove which threw off a ruddy glow. In one corner was Lofgren's desk, and in another was Owen's with his portable typewriter on it. There were three different types of collapsible chairs. We were jammed rather closely together, as the library was only twelve feet square

p. 251—returning to the subject of planning for sledge journeys and of the sledges themselves: Well, shall the height be six inches, seven or eight? What proportion of the surface shall come in contact with the snow? If too much, pulling may be terribly hard, especially in cold weather, for then the snow is like sandpaper. Very well, let us see what Nansen, Scott, Peary, Amundsen, Rasmussen, Shackleton and the others have to say on the subject? And what does Walden think? A good sledge is a beautiful and efficient thing.

There is a good picture of the library opposite p. 272.

Byrd, Richard E. *To the Pole: The Diary and Notebook of Richard E. Byrd, 1925-1927*. Edited by Raimund E. Goerler. Columbus, Ohio: Ohio State University Press [1996]

Goerler's edition has nothing to do with Antarctica other than Byrd's having read about Scott's death on returning from the South Pole:

p. 69, *Saturday, April 17, 1926*: Read [Robert Falcon] Scott's diary of his trip to the South Pole where he writes just before he died when his fingers would hold the pencil no longer. It is a wonderful dramatic though modest and simple narrative of unequalled heroism.

Gould, Laurence McKinley. *Cold: The Record of an Antarctic Sledge Journey*. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam, 1931. [A limited edition was published by Carleton College in 1984.]

Gould was second in command of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition of 1928-30 and according to this account had responsibility for forming the Little America library.

p. 48-50: There were just three recognized winter pastimes in which all the camp could join: radio broadcasts, Sunday night movies, and our local talent shows. It is almost needless to say that our weekly broadcasts were one of the most important sources of interest and recreation. They set Saturday off from the rest of the week, and for this reason alone served to break up the too close continuity of our days....

Our moving pictures were reserved for Sunday nights. Whoever selected these pictures for us must have realized that men who are segregated as we were for the polar night, are bound to be sexually deprived. It appears that they had been almost too obviously selected to avoid themes that could by any flight of fancy lead one's mind into such channels. We were amused—very greatly—by this fact. But we had a few very good productions such as *Chang, Grass, Nanook of the North*, and some of Charlie Chaplin's earliest comedies.

p. 57: Bernt Balchen and Sverre Strom have appropriated Blubberheim for a sledge factory.... They take so much of the limited space in this tiny house [at Little America] that Arthur Walden is crowded into his bunk where he sits reading "Kim." In a cramped corner is Chris Braathen building a miniature replica of the "City of New York."

p. 58: Most of us have provided ourselves with candles or some sort of individual light, and we look forward to the luxury of an hour or two of reading in bed before it gets too cold that we have to stop. The doors are opened at 11 o'clock and the frosty air seems to leap in. To read any longer I have to put on a hat and don some thin gloves but to-night I am reading again James Stephens' "Crock of Gold" and I can't stop now.

p. 64: I believe the most important single source of recreation that made the time pass easily was our library—the Layman Library—of some 3000 volumes. When we were looking forward toward the winter night all of us anticipated great times with the books, but few of us, I think, had such ambitious projects as did one man who came to me one day early in the winter and said:

"Larry, do you know what I am going to do during this winter night?" Of course I hadn't the slightest idea.

"Well," he said, "I am going to learn aerial surveying and navigation and read the Encyclopedia Britannica through."

It seemed a fairly ambitious program to me, but I didn't want to discourage the man so I assured him that if he carried out the project he would certainly achieve the essential of a liberal education. His literary aspirations were rather short lived. He did start with volume I, letter A of the encyclopedia and got as far as "ammonium tetrachloride"—I saw him throw the book down with a look of disgust and asked him what was the matter.

"The stuff in that d—book is no good for an aviator," he replied.

Commander Byrd had charged me with the responsibility of collecting the library as part of our preparations back in New York. I asked him what sorts of books he especially liked to read. His reply indicated considerable catholicity of taste. "Dickens, detective stories, and philosophy."

p.65: And of all the various classes of reading matter that were represented detective stories were the most widely read, with accounts of other polar expeditions making a close second. The most widely read single book of all was W.H. Hudson's "Green Mansions." Donn Byrne and Joseph Lincoln were more exhaustively read than any other two authors. Mark Twain came next. We had a complete set of Kipling's

works which was scarcely touched. As for myself, had the winter night given me opportunity for no other reading than Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" and Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" in its entirety I should still have considered it well spent. To me these are two works of this day that will live if any do. "Jean Christophe" is the most satisfying work of art with which I have ever come face to face.

p. 74: Since we expected to cover a route that had in part been pioneered by Amundsen and might therefore in large measure meet the same obstacles that he faced, his book "The South Pole" was our most valuable source of information.

p. 102: As I think back upon it all now, the one thing that stands out most vividly, is the realization that a man's ability to stand the strain of such intimate living with his fellow men is generally fairly well proportionate to his inner resources. It was the men of mental resources, men with backgrounds of culture and education, who best kept their poise. Even so I think a good deal of humbug exists in the minds of people who have never spent a night in the polar regions about the "terrible monotony" of the long continued darkness. I think such monotony as existed among us was derived from the fact that we got tired of each other; I never heard anyone in any way link any feeling of depression he might have had with the darkness. And after all why should any man of even reasonable education, with all his bodily comforts adequately cared for, find himself growing stale or glum when he has at his disposal a fairly comprehensive library of some 3000 volumes, to say nothing of the other factors that contributed to keep us all healthy and sane?

p. 239-40, on the return sledge journey to Little America: There were no rocks to examine, no mountains to climb, nothing that I could do in the way of physical labor when we were not travelling, and a ski journey of 23 miles was scarcely a days work any more. These days came nearer to being monotonous than had any other part of the summer. Time *did* hang heavily on our hands. To me the continuous daylight was a large contributory factor to this near monotony.... I used to long for the soothing velvety feel of the darkness on my eyes. I really believe that this unending light was far more tiresome to me than had been the long dark

There is much more variety in a polar night than there is in a polar day, and besides, one can create light when he tires of darkness. But there was no way for us to induce even semi-darkness....

p. 240-41: I don't know just what I should have done with all my free time if it had not been for the few books that we had brought along with us. Each man had been allowed one book and ordinarily I should have brought Browning with me, but I had been reading him off and on all winter and elected to bring a thin paper edition of Shakespeare, complete in one volume. I regaled myself with Hamlet and Macbeth and King Lear and Love's Labor Lost and The Passionate Pilgrim [a 1599 anthology of poems attributed to Shakespeare], trying to fall asleep. When the day's journey had been particularly easy we would have supper over and be finished with the work for the day, oftentimes as early as 6 o'clock. I would crawl into my bag and lie there and read until 12 o'clock or later before going to sleep.

But I ran out of Shakespeare. One doesn't realize how much reading he can cover when he has five to seven hours per day without any kind of interruption. It had never before occurred to me that one of the real advantages and benefits of an Antarctic Expedition would be the opportunity to read Shakespeare in his entirety. I have never appreciated all the tragedy of Lear quite so much as I did in this reading of it—out in the midst of the Ross Shelf Ice.

Mike Thorne had brought along W.H. Hudson's "Purple Land" and though I had read it but a few weeks previously, I read it again with the delight I always find in Hudson's exquisite prose. Eddie Goodale had brought a volume of English poetry which I devoured and in which I was glad to find one of my great favorites of Browning, "The Bishop Orders His Tomb." O'Brien had a big thick volume containing H. G. Wells short stories. I read this too, and it would have afforded me no end of satisfaction to have dropped this volume down the deepest crevasse I could find, but O'Brien objected strongly. He had borrowed the book from Russell Owen who wanted it returned.

p. 243: I find this entry in my diary at the end of the 8th [Jan. 1930] "But even with my reading I didn't sleep until 12:30 and got up at 5:45 and have been active all day. I cannot persuade myself to sleep to-night,

even though it is 11 o'clock. I have just finished reading Henry IV and have been stupidly playing solitaire with the cards jumbled about on top of my sleeping bag and still my eyes will not close. I did close them a little while ago and recited all the poetry I knew, and then started on the psalms but somehow ran out of the latter rather quickly, and here I am writing this drivel just because I can't sleep—anyhow the sun is bright and the sky is clear toward the north so we may have good weather for the next few days to take us across the crevasses."

[The following notes are taken from the Carleton College website, re Gould:

Two books bearing bookplates of the Byrd Expedition.

This is a New Testament and the Discourses of Epictetus, both belonging to Larry Gould.

Chapter IX The Amundsen cairn (p. 215-34) describes Gould's sledge team finding the cairn made by Amundsen on his return from SP in 1912. Here he found the two rocks which ended up in Bassett Jones collection, as well as the safety matches (p. 221).

And The Amundsen cairn.

The geological party had traversed much of the same ground followed by Roald Amundsen in his historic trek to the Pole in 1911-12, and on Christmas Day they were elated to locate on Mt. Betty, near the Axel Heiberg glacier, a cairn that had been left by Amundsen. As Gould described it, "We couldn't help standing at attention, with hats off, in admiring respect for the memory of this remarkable man before we touched a rock of the cairn. It was one of the most exciting moments of the summer when I pried the lid off the tin can in the cairn and took out a bit of paper which had formerly been a page in Amundsen's notebook, and on which he had briefly recorded the discovery of the South Pole."]



Rodgers, Eugene. *Beyond the Barrier: The Story of Byrd's First Expedition to Antarctica.* Annapolis, Naval Institute Press, 1990.

A rather damning account of Byrd's expedition and his handling of publicity in covering up anything that might reflect poorly on him, and there were many such things.

p. 21-22: notes Byrd's preference for Masons for expedition personnel. Fund-raising methods included wealthy patrons; product endorsements; business incentives; sale of publication rights; NY Times exclusives (Russell Owen); use of Ford trimotor to gain Edsel's favor.

p. 43: necessity had made Byrd into a media personality.

p. 66: The dog handlers killed more seals, including those of a type they had not seen at Discovery Inlet. Light brown and about seven feet long, they were slimmer than the tanklike Weddells and attacked when provoked, issuing a shrill whistling cry. The books identified the species as crabeater seals, named for their crustacean diet....

p. 108, on the base at Little America: He [June] and Balchen were sitting in what we call our library.... Dean Smith, his long legs stretched out, sat near them listening. It is a small room, the walls lined with books, with a desk in the corner and a stove roaring on the other side. But it was quiet and comfortable.

p. 120: In the evening, some readers went to the library in the administration building to peruse the three thousand volumes that Gould had collected. The book the men liked most was the topical mood piece *Green Mansions*, a love story about a beautiful, fairylike girl in the Venezuelan jungle. The book took them by imagination as far as possible from their hard life at Little America. Byrd removed the adult and juvenile biographies about him to his own room, explaining 'I don't want the fellows to think they have to read the books.' (On the other hand, he could keep track of who was devoted enough to request a biography—a ploy not out of keeping with his ways.)

p. 123: showed films after Sunday dinner, 75 films donated by the National Film Review Board—nothing titillating, *Nanook of the North* and Charlie Chaplin were favorites.

p. 128: Little America: The planners frequently looked up information in the collection of polar literature Byrd and Gould had gathered, which they considered one of the top polar libraries in the world. Gould, like Byrd, believed that Amundsen's trek to the South Pole had been the

best-run sledge operation in polar history, and the executive based his plans on what the Norwegian had written in his book.

p. 139, after some serious drinking problems: Byrd immediately ordered a general curfew, with everyone to be in either his bed or the library every night after 10 p.m.

p. 142: The Commander apologized by radio to the man for whom Little America's library was officially named (David Lyman) when Owen [the *NYTimes* reporter] did not mention him in a story about the library (which Owen used as his work-room). Byrd said he had not seen the text until it had been sent. [see also footnote p. 316 for source.]

p. 201, on geological sledge journey: For relaxation, the weary explorers would read—erudite Professor Gould, for instance, had a volume of Shakespeare's works—or play cards, usually hearts or bridge.

p. 270+: "The Vanishing Volumes" on delay of scientific reports of his first expedition.

p. 282-3, L. Gould on Byrd's isolation later recounted in *Alone*: Is there anything more silly and cheap than his present attempt to be heroic? Even his blindest admirers are bound to see through this inanity (17 April 1934, Gould to Balchen), though earlier Gould said it would "be a godsend for the rest of the expedition" (p. 235, Sept 12, 1933).

290+, epilogue talks of Byrd's increasing marginalization after 1938-41.

Rose, Lisle A. *Explorer: The Life of Richard A. Byrd*. Columbia, Mo: University of Missouri Press, 2008.

This is an appreciative but critical biography of a man who, despite notable achievements, comes across as an egomaniacal, depressive, ambitious, narcissistic, vindictive, white supremacist, a sometimes petty man, yet one who could be generous, brave, physically courageous. He is almost a model of the lonely depressive hero.

p. 1: Introduction: There are no heroes now. Our cynical, mistrustful age has no use for them, nor for adventuring, which all too often seems contrived and, in the case of amateurs on Everest, foolhardy as well. The world's last legitimate explorers, NASA's lunar astronauts, might have been the high priests of the Right Stuff, but they were also Spam in a

can. As long as they performed for the space agency, their free spirits were subordinated and sanitized to conform to an image of bloodless competence. They played not many roles but just one: interchangeable cogs in a drama that exalted technology above humanity....

But in the years between the world wars, when the twentieth century was still young and the Western public gasped at the fragile tendrils of belief and hope left from the physical and moral wreckage of the western front, great men performing valiant deeds in far-off, exotic places could still set popular pulses pounding. For many years, Richard Evelyn Byrd stood above all the rest—even Lindbergh.

p. 15—the importance of his father’s library in Byrd’s early life.

p. 362: Stuart Paine was editor of TAE II’s weekly news sheet, “Barrier Bull.”

p. 364, at Byrd’s isolated Advance Base: He tried to read Emil Ludwig’s *Napoleon* and one of John P. Marquand’s more obscure novels, but often the pages blurred after a moment or two and his headache either returned or intensified. Music was better. ... When he could not read, he played solitaire, but “much of the time my arms got very tired just dealing the cards.”

This is a very long and ultimately tedious biography with short periods of excitement punctuating longeurs of monotony. There is little about his or his colleagues reading, and the mystery of what happened to the books in the various libraries of Little America is not addressed.

Vaughan, Norman D. *With Byrd at the Bottom of the World: The South Pole Expedition of 1928-1930*. Harrisburg, PA: Stackpole Books, 1990.

This is an adulatory, almost pandering book of Vaughan’s participation in the first Byrd Antarctic expedition (1928-30), by Byrd’s principal dog handler. It reads as compellingly as the Boy Scout accounts. His chapter on life in camp was mostly about the dogs, but also on some psychological troubles, nothing about coping other than card-playing and purloined alcohol.

Opp. p. 103: penultimate plate has good picture of Byrd’s books in his base cabin.

1929-31 BANZARE Expedition (aboard *Discovery II*)

Davis, John King. *Trial by Ice: The Antarctic Journals*. Edited by Louise Crossley. Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 19

This is one of three volumes based on the Davis journals, and some of the Davis journals printed here also appear in his earlier autobiographical work, *High Latitude*. Davis was the complete sea master, but not an explorer. For the most part his journal entries, written while in command, tend to be short simply because he is very busy, and appears to have no time for reading except as it might be work related. What stands out in this volume is the section on the Mawson\Davis BANZARE expedition of 1929-30 where Davis constantly laments the problems of divided command, where Mawson constantly asks Davis to take risks which, according to Davis, Mawson would not take responsibility for if things went wrong. Mawson on the other hand found Davis far too conservative and timid in his concern for the safety of ship and men. Davis may be a somewhat dull and conservative character, but he does come across as the more sympathetic, at least in his own account.

p. 173 March 9 1930 near end of voyage: A very dull day. Everyone is stale and anxious to get home, and I must say I feel the need of a change and exercise again. One does little more than sleep and eat and read. I find it impossible to concentrate on anything and there is not anyone on board that one can make a pal of.... [He never does say what he was reading, alas. This strikes me as a classic case of channel fever.]

p. 174 March 10 1930: Byrd's expedition has arrived and they have been accorded a great public welcome according to reports. One tires a bit of all the humbug that is associated with such enterprises. How can we judge at this time [that] what they have done [is] worth while.

Fletcher, Harold. *Antarctic days with Mawson: a personal account of the British, Australian and New Zealand Antarctic Research Expedition of 1929-31*. Sydney, Aus.: Angus & Robertson, 1984.

Mawson's expedition aboard *Discovery* on which Fletcher was zoologist.

p. 41: A cherished possession of mine, now stained by salt water seeping into my cabin on the *Discovery*, is Rudyard Kipling's book *The Day's Work*. It was presented to me before the Nestor's departure. Written on the flyleaf was "September 10th, 1929 – Wishing you 'Bon Voyage' and 'Au Revoir' " T. W. Edgeworth David."

p. 43—Frank Hurley produced a movie of the expedition called "Siege of the South" (1931).

p. 60, enroute Crozet Island: Little work could be accomplished under the stormy conditions; even reading was difficult.

p. 62, photo of bookshelves and men aboard *Discovery*.

p. 134, Christmas gifts from a girl's school in Adelaide included "...bottles of sweets, books and all types of novelties."

1931-32 Norwegian Whaling Expedition aboard *Discovery II*

Ommanney, Frances Downes. *South Latitude*. London: Longmans, 1938.

A beautifully written book on whaling in the Weddell Sea, where *R.R.S. Discovery II* was trapped (like *Endurance*) but escaped.

p. 10—traveling to Antarctica aboard the Norwegian *Antarctic*, a floating whaling factory which he describes as a happy ship, less rigid in discipline than many British ships: In the saloon was the ship's library in charge of the secretary—a cabinet full of well worn editions, many of them translations of the English classics and many by Norwegian authors, Knut Hamsen prominent among them. Every Sunday the men trooped into the saloon and drew books out or returned them. They came into the saloon in their singlets or even stripped to the waist, enormous and hairy, and went out again silently.

p. 116, describes the wardroom of *Discovery II*: Around the walls between the windows are prints of earlier *Discoveries* and in one corner stands a piano—one of those brave and immortal pianos which, in places

where men forgather on festive occasions, do such long and arduous service for so little reward. It is made to fold up, a feat which it not infrequently performs on its own account at inopportune moments. In another corner are volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which have settled, with the authority of a High Court judge, many fierce arguments at dinner-time, and here too are those volumes on polar exploration in which you may learned what the calorie value should be of a man's rations when sledging across the Antarctic Continent and all those other technical details which are of interest only to those who propose to sledge to the South Pole.

p. 136, when trapped the scientists had nothing different to do but work in their laboratories: I found that this hardly fitted my mood so I went below to my cabin. Here there were rows of books, old newspapers and letters, three months old, from home. I read a letter from home telling me that my mother's cocker spaniel bitch had produced a litter of puppies. It was humanizing and made the sinister silent whiteness outside seem less real.

p. 152, about one seaman who helps on scientific experiments: This curiously earnest young man read avidly. Through the door in the cabin-flat bulkhead, which communicated with the focs'le, I often glimpsed him, when on my way to the bathroom, reading calmly amid the screech of a gramophone grinding out stale jazz, the guffaws of a group playing cards and the general babel of those cramped and narrow quarters. Everything he read he kept, like Sarah, in his heart to disgorge into my frequently indifferent ear upon the fosc'le head.... On these nights [of bad weather] he would say 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages. Shakespeare. Nothing like education'.

p. 205, at one point Lincoln Ellsworth left his spectacles on a plane: There were copies of old American magazines, *The New Yorker*, *The Saturday Evening Post*. All that was amusing and chic and of importance in 1933 lay between their torn and faded covers. Several years old though these were they would have been better than nothing for Ellsworth, but he could not read because his spectacles were twenty miles away in the *Polar Star*, which lay out there upon the barrier face, tamped down and secured against storms.

p. 220, but later he found Ellsworth a restless reader: He never sat still for long and if he settled himself with a newspaper or a book he would be up again in a minute or two to begin his wanderings anew.

1933-35 Byrd Second Antarctic Expedition

Allen, Frederick Lewis. *Only Yesterday*. New York: Harper, 1931.

p. 353, re Byrd: Yet the noble art of ballyhoo, which had flourished so successfully in the nineteen-twenties, had lost something of its vigor. Admiral Byrd's flight to the South Pole made him a hero second only to Lindbergh in the eyes of the country at large, but in the larger centers of population there was manifest a slight tendency to yawn: his exploit had been over-publicized, and heroism, however gallant, lost something of its spontaneous charm when it was subjected to scientific management and syndicated in daily dispatches. [See also chapter 8, "The Ballyhoo Years," p. 186ff.]

Byrd, Richard E. *Alone*. London: Readers Union, 1939

After several expeditions Byrd, trying to justify his solo wintering at Advance Base, felt restless:

p. 6: But for me there was little sense of true achievement.... I was conscious of a certain aimlessness.... For example, books. There was no end to the books that I was forever promising myself to read; but, when it came to reading them, I seemed never to have the time or the patience. With music, too, it was the same way; the love for it—and I suppose the indefinable need—was also there, but not the will of opportunity to interrupt for it more than momentarily the routine which most of us come to cherish as existence.

p. 8: Yet I do not regret going. For I read my books—if not as many as I had counted on reading; and listened to my phonograph records, even when they seemed only to intensify my suffering; and meditated—though not always as cheerfully as I had hoped.

p. 58: mini-panic that he may have forgotten a cook book.

p. 61, March 29, 1934: This being the twenty-second anniversary of the death of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, I have been reading again his immortal diary. He died on this same Barrier, at approximately the same latitude as that of Advance Base. I admire him as I admire few other men; better than most, perhaps, I can appreciate what he went through....

p. 89, April 17: A momentous day. I found the cook book! Going through a home-made canvas bag...I came upon the precious volume early this morning. The whoop of joy I uttered sounded so loud that I was actually embarrassed; it was the first sound to pass my lips, I realized, in twenty days.

No book washed ashore to a castaway could have been more avidly studied. I regret to say, though, that it doesn't solve all the mysteries of cooking.

p. 101, April 22, working in tunnel: This morning I finished cutting shelves in the sides for superfluous books.

p. 102: After that, lunch. I am half through Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, and I read a chapter as I ate. A meal eaten alone and in silence is no pleasure. So I fell into the habit of reading while I ate. In that way I can lose myself completely for a time. The days I don't read I feel like a barbarian brooding over a chuck of meat.

p. 104: During this [pre-supper] hour I undergo a sort of intellectual levitation, although my thinking is usually on earthy, practical matters. Last night, before turning in, I read, in Santayana's *Soliloquies in England*, an essay on friendship.

p. 107-8: As long as heat remains in the shack, I shall read; tonight it will be the second volume of the *Life of Alexander*, which I've nearly finished. That part is by choice. When my hands turn numb, I'll reach up and blow out the lantern....

p. 113: With the help of a doctor friend, I had equipped the [Advance] Base with a medical library, containing, among other books, a medical dictionary, Gray's *Anatomy*, and Strumpell's *Practice of Medicine*. With these, if I thumbed far enough, I could recognize the symptoms of anything from AAA (a form of hookworm) to caries....

p. 117, re his imaginary path: I could move it forward and backward in time and space, as when in the midst of reading Yule's *Travels of Marco Polo*, I divided the path into stages of that miraculous journey, and in six days and eighteen miles wandered from Venice to China, seeing everything that Marco Polo saw.

p. 128: ...I had settled down to read. I picked up Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*, which I was halfway through, but its concerns seemed fantastically remote to the monocacy of Advance Base. I went from that to Heloise and Abélard, a story I have always loved; after a little while the words began to run together. Queerly, my eyes hurt, my head ached a little, though not enough to bother." This was the beginning of his ventilation problem.

p. 140: Although I had made an exhaustive study of dietetics, especially vitamins, in connection with provisioning my expeditions, just to be on the safe side, I decided to consult an excellent authority, called *New Dietetics*, a present from my friend John H. Kellogg.... [Byrd had to ask the base camp where it was to locate it, but was able to]. A quick reading of the book confirmed what I knew already: namely, that so far as choice of foods went, my diet was thoroughly balanced.

p. 141—listening to Beethoven's Fifth.

p. 142: My sense of humour remains, but the only sources of it are my books and myself, and, after all, my time to read is limited....

p. 144-45: I've been reading stories from several old English magazines. I got started on a murder serial, but I'll be damned if I can find two crucial installments. So I've had no choice but to try the love stories, and it is queer to reflect that beyond the horizon the joyful aspects of life go on....

p. 190—listening, in the midst of illness, to *La Bohème*.

p. 193: I tried to read Ben Ames Williams' *All the Brothers Were Valiant*; but, after a page or two, the letters became indistinct; and my eyes ached—in fact, they had never stopped aching. I cursed inwardly....

p. 201: Across the room, in the shadows beyond the reach of the storm lantern, were rows of books, many of them great books, preserving the distillates of profound lives. But I could not read them. The pain in my

eyes would not let me.... Every small aspect of the shack bespoke my weakness...the yellowed places where I had vomited: the overturned chair beside the stove which I hadn't bothered to pick up, and the book—John Marquand's *Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport*—which lay face down on the table.

p. 212, June 15: I found that I could read again, without hurting my eyes, and spent a wonderful hour or so finishing Marquand's tale about that eccentric eighteenth-century gentleman, Lord Timothy Dexter. Later, I played the phonograph, for the first time in nearly a week.

p. 217: I picked up Ludwig's *Napoleon*, but after a page or two the letters became blurred and my eyes ached.

p. 231, July 2: I've begun to read again—two chapters from *The House of Exile*, which I hope to continue with to-night. It's the best thing imaginable for me—takes me out of myself for a blessed hour or two. And to-night, also, I played the phonograph after supper....

p. 237: I threw the antenna switch on the transmitter side, and planted Strumpell's *Practice of Medicine* on the key to hold it down....

p. 274, July: And all around me was the evidence of my ruin. Cans of half-eaten, frozen food were scattered on the deck. The parts of the dismantled generator were heaped up in a corner, where I had scuffed them three weeks before. Books had tumbled out of their shelves, and I had let them lie where they fell. And now the film of ice covered the floor, four walls, and the ceiling. There was nothing left for it to conquer.

p. 293: I dropped below and rested an hour. I forced myself to read Hergesheimer's *Java Head*, incidentally; but my mind would not follow the words.

Byrd, Richard Evelyn. *Discovery: The Story of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition.* New York: Putnam's, 1935.

Byrd's second expedition (1933-1935), again settled at the still usable Little America, emphasizing science and technology at considerable expense for a wholly private expedition. The technology included four airplanes, various tractors, and snowmobiles. The trip

included Byrd's near-fatal solitary period at Bolling Advanced Weather Base recounted in *Alone*.

p. 182-83: What sort of place was this second Little America? And how did it differ from the first?

Well, these questions might be answered in various ways. For one thing, the second Little America was considerably bigger, owing to the increase in the size of the Ice Party. In all, there were ten new buildings, not counting the two small shacks which Bramhall used as magnetic observatories. Certainly it was more comfortable. There was much more elbow room for all hands, which made for more happiness and privacy (they go hand-in hand in a winter camp), and a great many more conveniences:...mattresses of an elegantly advertised make in which charming women are usually shown in attitudes of sweet repose (a masterly acquisition on Czegka's part, since it is difficult to see what satisfaction the manufacturer could derive from knowing that hardy explorers, in long baggy underwear not too frequently changed, were accommodated on the same luxurious pallets);... a really voluminous library (Admiral Byrd's own polar library, *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *Modern Library*, a wide choice of classics and modern trash which friends of expedition members have been only too glad to send to the Antarctic, *Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot-Shelf*, *National Geographic Magazine*, *Atlantic Monthly* (1933), *Saturday Evening Post* (1932-33 inclusive)....

p. 202: Three times a week, commencing at 7 o'clock, we'd have movies—as a rule a short and a feature. Like the books in the library, they were an extraordinary mixture of good and bad; but even the worst must have conveyed some pleasure, perhaps an hour or two of escape.... The curfew was 10 o'clock. All electric lights out then, no more coal on the fire. The hour was fixed more by the need of saving coal and power than anything else. Most of the men had had small bunk lights—little lamps run from flashlight batteries or kerosene lamps made from fruit jars, or even lanterns—which made it possible to read for half an hour or so after the main lights went out. But when the fire died the air chilled quickly. The hands would get cold, the breath would begin to freeze, and one by one the bunk lights would wink out.

Opp. p. 212—picture of dentistry, surrounded by books. Verso has picture of dog surgery in the same room.

Paine, Stuart D. *Footsteps on the Ice: The Antarctic Diaries of Stuart D. Paine, Second Byrd Expedition*. Columbus, MO: University of Missouri Press, 2007.

Paine was hired mainly as dog-driver for the expedition but was also used as a radio operator, maintenance man, and navigator, and is the only published diarist of the trip. He faithfully records what he is reading.

p. 20-1, October 28, 1933 Norfolk: Didn't go ashore but loaded aeroplanes. Up early + cleaned crates, fed, watered early + took rest of the day easy, including reading Gould's "Cold" + studying Summer Line. It gives [sic]. "Cold" a vivid picture of what we all have to face down at the bottom of the world but I am thirsty to try my hand at it.

p. 34, Nov. 11 at sea: To-day has been a day of leisure + general recreation. After cleaning + watering dogs, finished Scott's book. It is a tragic book, though all through it is a tale of heroic efforts against almost hopeless odds. But we have learned from his experiences several valuable things + it is very instructive for me + the rest of us who know so little about the Antarctic. [See footnote 10 on reading expedition accounts for Innes-Taylor classes.]

p. 54-55, Notes a short-lived newspaper aboard the *Ruppert* enroute to Antarctic, called *Snowshovel*. June 5: 1934: Wrote my contribution to the "Snowshovel" [for the Dog Dept.] last night + Taylor seemed to like it. Some of it was good even if I say so.

p. 56: We have accomplished great things through our enforced delay. The *Snowshovel* came out Saturday night. I was one of the newsboys. It is small + not particularly original. I told Taylor I was disappointed, which he didn't like at all.

p. 103, March 26, 1934, at Advance Base where Byrd spent some months alone: It is extremely cozy though crowded with 14 of us there. 11:30 A.M. Wind picking up. Drying sleeping bag. Taylor reads the *Prophet* by Kahlil Gibran + I read Browning. Ronne talks. 4:30 P.M.

This afternoon we placed two sleeping bags on top of each other + one against the tent on top of these which gave us a real chaise lounge. So we dozed. I read Browning's 'Columbe's Birthday,' which helped pass the time away.

p. 117: I have lost all respect + confidence in REB as a leader, dubbing him a marvelous promoter, but lacking in the qualities of leadership + justice. What is on the surface is quite different from what is going on in his mind.

p. 132 +, May 18th, 1934ff: Awoke yesterday morning with the idea of a magazine. Russell agreed that it was all right, + since yesterday we have written + and organized it, being known as the 'Barrier Bull,' to-night it is with Clark being published. We haven't enough mimeographing paper to permit everyone to have a copy, so will type sufficient copies to place one in each living quarter. I think it is quite good + I believe the first bit of ingenuity displayed in L.A. [Little America]. [Descriptions of first four issues and some experts continue p. 133-40, and others are given in Appendix 4.]

p. 138, good picture of L.A. library and men reading.

p. 139: Puppies continually getting loose. Mentality of majority here is about 9 years, that for Dustin, Dane, Hill, Miller, Young, less. Blow, blow, blow, snow, snow, snow, night, night, night, eat, eat, eat, read, read, read, fight, fight, fight. Such is life in Little America.

p. 150 July 1 [1934]: To-day is Sunday, holiday + I spent the day reading the rest of Dostoevski or however you spell it.

p. 161: July 9: I fed [the dogs] to-day, having chopped the meat yesterday. Ronne was supposed to have helped me but though we spoke to him yesterday not a sign of him to-day. The goddamn shiftless slacker----A person I cannot tolerate is one who deliberately permits his mate to do his work for him. Such is Finn Ronne—

p. 163, Aug. 5, after building an igloo: When we got all through I read Stefansson's account of building igloos + find mine entirely too heavy....

p. 172, Sept. 16th: Wrote several stories, not very good. Rereading *Roads of Adventure* + find Dad hoped that his four sons would never hesitate to blame themselves for adversities rather than circumstances. It is a good

word to follow. There has been too much of criticizing everything + everyone else rather than themselves. Taylor I believe is the worst...

Sept. 19th: I made a thorough search of the polar books to find out facts about the use of metal on runners but the only conclusion, which was common to all, was that in cold temperatures metal runs harder than wood + at warm temperatures metal is superior....

p. 253, after return to base, and after relief ship, *The Bear*, had arrived, Jan. 24th: New Yorkers + Time [magazines] I have been devouring—Del + Lola sent them. Little realized till I read them have been much out of contact with world we have been. I want to get back + soon too.

p. 267: Read Russell Owen's *South of the Sun* + contrary to the opinion of others find it very interesting + more personal + intimate than any other articles or books about polar exploration. What occurred in the first expedition I believe occurred in the second. For Owen writes of the vulgarity + profanity, the deadly monotony, conflicting personalities, atrophied mentalities, the harshness + beauty of Antarctica + all the thousand + one things we went through + saw. He asks one night in July whether all polar expeditions were similar to the one [of which] he was a member. At least he hoped not. I can say yes. The same sordidness, general lowering of moral + intellectual standards, the same difficult task of molding temperaments of many different hues into a whole + directing that whole to a profitable end rather than turning upon itself + devouring itself in a spasm of hate, envy + jealousy.

p. 269, April 15th 1935 [50 mi. S.W. Galapagos Islands]: Weather has been depressingly warm + humid the past week—I have been reading a good deal + and now am working on *Life of Woodrow Wilson* by Ray Stannard Baker. It's an unusual + personal insight into the life + letters of Wilson, extremely well done, interesting + complete. What strikes me particularly at this time is the reliance Wilson placed on friendship.

Wilson's life was for ideals + doctrines. That was his career. Politics was secondary. Yet his emotional side, as hard as he tried to suppress it, blossomed into idealistic friendships which seemed now + then to become hopelessly wrecked, causing immense grief to Wilson. The faith of friends + and their love + kindness seemed to almost overwhelm him at times. Yet when a friend proved unfaithful, nothing caused him

greater misery. Just at the present time, such is the state I am in—have been for the past year + a half. Those on the expedition I believed to be real friends are in reality mere passing acquaintances, none of whom will go out of their way one step to do a favor. Now I have adapted the same attitude, instead of trying to cultivate friendships. I discourage them, for they never turned out to be sincere + real—hence causing me misery, the intensity of which no one will ever know. In fact the only unhappiness of my life has been the superficiality of friendships which I believed to be deep + lasting. If I can only bring myself around to believing wholeheartedly that I have no friends then I shall be happier—many times happier + my sentiments + energies can be directed at some thing other than fretting about mistaken confidences + trusts. There is nothing more elating nor more ecstatic than a real friend + nothing worse than to have friends false. I have no friends here + the sooner I get it through my head the better. It is not self-pity but merely a statement of fact, a fact which may be of great value later when analyzing the past two years + what occurred. How I long to be home, where I know, never doubt, have real confidence in knowing that no matter what I do or say Dearie will love me + I will love her. The knowledge of this is priceless. It is one of the few rocks on which I live.

[The following reading list was written in pencil at the back of one of Paine's diaries (at Ohio State), according to a personal communication from Merlyn Paine, May 27, 2007:

Conquest of the Pole, Alfred Judd

North Pole - Robert E. Peary

Wandering Women – John Cournos

My Life + Hard Times – James Thurber

Road to Oblivion – Vladimir Zenzinov

No Castle in Spain – William McFee

The Part of Missing Men – Meredith Nicholson]

Poulter, Thomas Charles. *The Winter Night Trip to Advance Base Byrd Antarctic Expedition II 1933-35*. Mimeograph. "Copyrighted 1973 by Thomas C. Poulter." 1914

Poulter was in command of Little America while Byrd spent his four months alone at Advance Base. Poulter was chosen by Byrd over the older Harold June and Paul Siple. Byrd thought Siple less mature and June unable to stay away from or hold his liquor. This book consists of notes from Poulter's diaries and memos that passed among the men while at Little America or Advance base. A good deal is about Poulter's problems in controlling liquor consumption, including his draining many gallons onto the ice.

p. 6, dated April 20, 1934: June told Perkins that there was enough tractor gas left for 2000 miles with one Citroen. There are actually 3000 gallons left. He also said that there would be no support to the scientific program from the planes by instruction from Admiral Byrd and that the Admiral was not interested in scientific programs except as a means to an end; namely exploration. I feel that he is expressing his own feeling as the Admiral's and am confident of the Admiral's keen interest in the success of the scientific program as such.

Siple, Paul. *Scout to Explorer: Back with Byrd in the Antarctic.* New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1936.

Here is Siple's account of his return to Antarctica on the Second Byrd Expedition. He's lost a little of his Boy Scout adolescence but is still a young man filled with wonderment at his good fortune of being asked to return, and at the lack of wonder among some of his new colleagues.

p. 7, on returning to the mostly buried Little America: Four years ago I remembered that we had been given orders that we would each be allowed only one duffle bag full of our personal possessions and whatever we could carry on our backs. A nasty inventory of our stock had brought rapid decisions to toss old papers, books and useless gadgets.

p. 8: In the library that adjoined the larger room was the big box of light fiction that had been packed to take back, but, by necessity, later abandoned.

1934-37 British Graham Land Expedition

Bertram, Colin. "Antarctica Sixty Years Ago: A Re-appraisal of the British Expedition 1934-1937." *Polar Record* 32 (181) April 1996, p. 98-183

p. 151: Our reading matter, our library, was limited and exiguous. We had a pleasing special bookplate that may be a collector's item one day. We had a good collection of Antarctic exploratory histories of past expeditions, a few basic reference books, to which each of us had added a personal collection limited, I think it was, to 10 volumes each. *The voyage of the Beagle* and *Anson's voyage* I read while we sailed the Southern Ocean, and we compared the size and shape of *Beagle* with that of *Penola*. Darwin was a gentleman scientist; for him no hauling on the ropes watch by watch, by day and by night. Nor did Darwin nor Anson cook for the entire ship's company, baking bread and washing up: times had changed, and they have changed again since. Darwin in *Beagle* started out at age 22, whereas I was already 23. The incredible genius of Darwin must astonish us all. Would that one could say with him in his biography: 'My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and devout.'

But the Antarctic's long hours of darkness did give time to read the whole of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* and then his *Conquest of Peru*. Of particular pleasure to most were historical novels, and history written for the non-specialist, the Arthur Bryant level of sufficient scholarship. Shakespeare, the Bible, Tennyson, Shaw's complete plays, the script of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and one's own diaries and notes, all claimed their time. But one cannot read while making dog harnesses and sewing gloves: then the gramophone was welcome. We were truly very busy people.

Mrs Dorothy Irving Bel (obituary, *Polar Record* 23 (146); 1987, was a wonderful collector for our basic stock of Antarctic books.

Verbal discussion was, of course, interminable, often repetitive, and, inevitably among young men alone, often larded with a vulgarity

novel to some, and doubtless that continues today. Of pin-ups I think we had none. Certainly we could have soon been shown to be a classic example of a small community identifiably peculiar in vocabulary, that is to say, in the relative frequency of use of certain nouns and adjectives. That apparently happens everywhere after even quite short periods of complete isolation. ‘Bum’ was the normal adjective for anything weak, poor, sub-standard; anything having to do with reproduction was ‘pupping.’

We were indeed a truly isolated community and utterly self-dependent. For us, in such close personal contact without our tiny ship or hut, there was ‘no wine, women, and song’ for more than two years.

Almost never did any one or more of us play any games, either singly or in groups. No patience, chess, bridge, scrabble, or otherwise, or am I just forgetful? Were we dull, non-competitive, apathetic, or just too busy with other details and requirement of life, writing, sewing, cooking, and so on? We read, but we did not play games, or rarely

Rymill, John. *Southern Lights: The Official Account of the British Graham Land Expedition 1934-1937, with Two Chapters by A. Stephenson, and an Historical Introduction by Hugh Robert Rymill.* London: The Travel Book Club, 1939.

A rather lacklustre account of a scientific expedition aboard the *Penola* and on the Antarctic Peninsula, with solid accomplishment and little adventure. Apart from a few general remarks about reading in the evening, the only references to books are in the appendices. In the list of sledging equipment p. 279, a *Nautical Almanac* and *Hints for Travellers* Vol. I (RGS) are cited along with various notebooks needed for traverse and meteorological records. Personal equipment (p. 281) for sledging includes “1 book for reading.”

p. 114, in their hut, during winter: After dinner, things are washed up, we draw our chairs round the fire and settle down to a pleasant evening, most of us reading or writing up notes, others mending clothes or darning socks, while the sewing machine on the table whirrs away to the

accompaniment of the gramophone playing somebody's favourite dance tune.

1938-39 German Antarctic Expedition (aboard *Schwabenland*)

Lüdecke, Cornelia and Colin Summerhayes. *The Third Reich in Antarctica: The German Antarctic Expedition 1938-39*. Bluntisham, Hunts. UK. Bluntisham Books, 2012.

Ignoring the potential onset of war, this German exploration involved study of whaling possibilities, the study of the usual scientific subjects, the search for raw materials and strategic military advantages, and land claims over what Norwegians had already claimed as Dronning Maud Land. It was a short trip during the Antarctic summer, and plans for subsequent expeditions were abandoned when WWII began. Its ship was the *Schwabenland* with Alfred Ritscher as leader of the expedition and Alfred Kottas as Captain of the ship. The book examines the accomplishments of the trip and debunks the various myths that had grown around this German initiative (secret bases, submarines, and UFOs) and dismisses them as fantasy.

p. 43: As usual the ship's party ate in different messes, but aboard everybody got the same menu. The sailors ate forward in the fo'c'sle; the engineers and diesel mechanics ate aft; the Lufthansa staff ate together. The ship's officers, expedition leader, ice master and scientists ate in the saloon, which became rather overcrowded as a result.... For relaxation there were chess, table tennis, cards and light reading from the ship's library of 150 volumes.

p. 47—Ritscher established an evening lecture series “to combat the general idleness with one or two talks a week.”

p. 70, in the roaring '40s: The ship rolled, and a wave poured green water through the open porthole [opened to let tobacco smoke out], soaking the two of them and turning their scientific books and papers to mush.

p. 71: Nonetheless, the crew had a hard time. To take their minds off the discomfort and the tedium a ‘Choral Society’ and a band were

established. One evening Gburek arranged a circus, starring plump, powerful Hartman[n] as a musical clown towing a plush-covered wooden dog. This had everyone in stitches. Gburek wrote and directed a play, a drama called [‘]The King of Salern’, starring Ppreuschoff as king, Hartmann as prince, and Lange as a poor shepherdess; it became the highlight of the journey.

1939-41 Third Byrd Antarctic Expedition

Passell, Charles F. *Ice: The Antarctic Diary of Charles F. Passell.* Lubbock, TX: Texas Tech University Press, 1995.

Passell was a paleontologist and geologist at the West Base of Byrd’s 3rd Antarctic expedition in 1939-41. Passell’s style is rather naïve (e.g., “Boy was it ever hot last night”), but he does mention a good deal of his reading:

p.25 Dec 16 1939 enroute: Have been doing quite a bit of reading and have started Schuchbert and Dunbart II Historical—I thought now would be a good time to do a little reviewing.

p. 27: Dec 20: Spent most of the day reading *The Good Earth* and sleeping.

p. 119, reading “Beyond the Roaring Frontier.”

p. 160, May 19: I usually get to bed by midnight, but often read till the wee hours.

p. 161, May 31: ...soon got tired and read “So Free We Soar,” by Dorothy Hood. Of course I can read a novel, but am too tired to study.... I really don’t feel like tackling a navigation book. I did want to read a couple of geology texts, but from the looks of things I guess I won’t make it.

p. 185, Monday, June 17: Boy, since I have started reading “Gone with the Wind” I have practically lived with the book. Stayed up last night or this morning till 3.30, but I finally won the Civil War. It was a tough battle, but it was worth it.

p. 186: Tore myself away from Scarlett last night about midnight and did manage to get some sleep....

p. 189: After the snow last night I finished “Gone with the Wind.” I was up till the wee hours, but I was determined to finish it...So I made one desperate attempt to finish it and succeeded. How could any one person put so much in one book—one thousand and thirty seven pages. And they aren’t ordinary pages, but fairly small print, and oh, so many words per page. Joe said that was the only book that ever made him stand up and read it. He practically lived it.

p. 192, Monday June 24: “Read last night till about 2:00 or so, “Adventures with a Lamp,” by Ruth Partridge, a story about a student nurse. It seems to be very good so far. It was highly recommended by Malcolm and Joe liked it.

p. 197, re headaches: I guess I’ll have to stop reading, but darn it, that’s the only real relaxation there is around here. It’s really wonderful to crawl up in my bunk nights, get all ready for bed, then read, write in my “poop sheet” or just think pleasant thoughts.

p. 204: Read till late last night, “Rocks and Rock Minerals,” till I finally feel asleep.

p. 248, August 13: Stayed up pretty late last night reading about the Scotts and Shackelford [sic] Expeditions. Paul [Siple] wanted us to read of certain expeditions. I guess it’s not a bad idea—learn through the experience of others.

p. 361, Jan 14, 1941, at end of journey with mail call: Enough funnies to last all the way home, and I certainly appreciate the *Readers Digest*. Films seen included Wuthering Heights, Hound of the Baskervilles, Stage Coach, The Great Man Vetor, There’s that Woman Again, Going Places, Dodge City, Three Lives of Nancy, Torchy of China Town, It Could Happen to You, Love Affair, The Awful Truth, Dark Victory, Angels with Dirty Faces, Big Town Czar, For Love or Money, Judge Hardy’s Children, The Sun Never Sets, Sue of the Mounties, Dawn Patrol, I am the Law, Ex Champ, etc as well as radio programs.

1943-44 CANADA TABERIN EXPEDITION

Beeby, Dean. *In a Crystal Land: Canadian Explorers in Antarctica.* Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1994.

Despite the common publicity gimmick of the blurb about “the first to set their feet” or eyes on some piece of godforsaken territory, this is still a sound collection of stories about Canadian involvement in Antarctic exploration. Although Canada never mounted an expedition of its own, its citizens were leaders of important expeditions starting in the 1890s.

4th plate from end: photo of Captain Andrew Taylor, Port Lockroy Graham Land in July 1944, with shelves of books and surveying instruments, part of the Tabarin Expedition. See chapter 8 about this wartime expedition.

p. 53: Wright became ‘Silas.’ The navy men on board thought it a typically Yankee name, in part because the expedition’s small library included a volume by the American novelist Silas K. Hocking.

p. 60: Indeed, so dedicated a scientist was he [Charles Seymour Wright] that while the others chose Browning and Tennyson to fill their one pound quota of books, Wright brought two mathematics texts, both in German.

p. 70, in a chapter on Silas Wright as “The Man who Found the Bodies” of Scott’s party, Beeby claims that a line from Tennyson’s *Ulysses* “had been inscribed on the flyleaf of a book of Browning’s poems that had been taken to the pole by Scott and had been retrieved by the search party.”

p. 166, on Lincoln Ellsworth and Albert Hollick-Kenyon’s cross-Antarctic flight: Ellsworth sank into melancholy. He had forgotten his glasses at the plane and thus was denied all reading while Hollick-Kenyon gorged on detective novels left by the Little American crewmen, ‘By New Year’s Day I would willingly have paid a thousand dollars for my reading glasses,’ he wrote.

p. 186, during Tabarin operation: Recreation in the hut consisted mainly of card-playing, listening to the gramophone and reading. The Port Lockroy Prattler, the limited circulation expedition paper, appeared occasionally, its unsigned articles usually spoofing some mundane aspect of the daily routine. The expedition also had an excellent polar library and Taylor used much of his spare time to bone up on

Antarctica's thin history. The men drank alcohol almost every evening, partly because the expedition was being run by naval veterans, but excess drinking never became a problem.

p. 193: Their winter sojourn was brightened a bit by the appearance on 21 June of the first issue of the *Hope Bay Howler*, 'Guaranteed Circulation, 100 copies.' This illustrated monthly newsletter was the immediate successor to the *Port Lockroy Prattler*. It never attained the sophistication of the grandfather of Antarctic expedition papers, Scott's *South Polar Times*, though it offered the novelty of correspondents' reports from other Tabarin bases, thanks to the magic of radio. Presentment towards the expedition organizers in London for keeping everybody in the dark about plans. Typical was the following:

PUBLIC NOTICE

Rumours have been circulating recently that we are likely to receive some news in the near future. The Government wish to make it quite clear that these rumours are entirely without foundation. There is no intention whatsoever of giving us any information.

Any person who knows the originator of these rumours must report at once to the nearest police station. It cannot be emphasized enough that security is one of the chief pillars of democracy.

1944-46 British Covert FIDS Expedition (leaders James Marr and Andrew Taylor)

Haddelsey, Stephen. *Operation Tabarin: Britain's Secret Wartime Expedition to Antarctica 1944-46.* By Stephen Haddelsey, with Alan Carroll. Stroud, UK: History Press, 2014.

A thorough account of the British Secret Operation Tabarin by FIDS attempting to preempt any American or Argentine territorial claims in the Antarctic Peninsula region. This description has only a few

indications of reading experiences during a hastily prepared and accident-prone mission.

p. 47, imagine these conditions with no reading matter: Meanwhile, aware only that the ship had failed to return as promised, the three sledgers left at Hope Bay were forced to over-winter in a rough stone hut they built from rubble, surviving on the six months' worth of rations they had been landed with and whatever seals and penguins they managed to kill. For eight long months, much of it spent in a depressing semi-darkness, the three men did little more than survive—their plight made all the worse by the realization that if the *Antarctic* had sunk, as they suspected, then all knowledge of their whereabouts would have been lost with her. It therefore came as a considerable relief when, on 29 September, they were able to make another attempt to reach the party on Snow Hill Island. This time their luck held and, on 12 October, they met Nordenskjöld and a companion sledging on Vega Island....

p. 49: When the whaling factory ship *Svend Foyn* returned to 'Waterboat Point' the following year, Captain Ola Andersen felt so convinced that the foolhardy young men must have perished that he sent one of his English officers ashore with a prayer book, prepared to read the burial service of their frozen corpses. Contrary to all expectations, the daring young eccentrics were not only alive and well but they had also gathered an impressive amount of scientific data including daily weather, tide, ice and zoological observations. Their's had been an extraordinary adventure and must surely rank as one of the most remarkable, and bizarre, of all Antarctic expeditions. [This refers to a 1921 offshoot of a Wilkins expedition from which two members, Thomas Bagshaw and Maxime Lester decided to stay behind and over-winter near Snow Hill Island.]

p. 74, at Bransfield House at Hope Bay: Only Farrington enjoyed any degree of privacy, telling his wife with obvious satisfaction, that 'I am to have a little corner room to myself in the hut and there I will have the wireless gear and my bed complete with spring mattress if you please. I will be able to arrange my books and other little treasures as I please.'

p. 75, of the same hut Haddelsey says: With the addition of books, photographs and an official issue of small rugs to soften and brighten the floor, the hut gradually began to take on a more homely feel.

p. 78, on the medical books for Eric Back:

The Navy provided a very good medical library for junior Medical Officers, so I ordered that, but somebody left it on the jetty at Montevideo, so the whole time I was down South, the only book I had was *Aids to Tropical Diseases*, but I don't think my colleagues knew that, and they all thought I was quite a good doctor.

In addition to *Tropical Diseases* by Mansol Bahr, the medical library, left so carelessly on the jetty at Montevideo, would have contained such works as *Venereal Diseases* by Burke, *Diseases of the Eye* by Parsons, *Naval Hygiene* by Shaw, *Common Skin Diseases* by Roxburgh and *Anaesthetics Afloat* by Woolbron. It should also have included *Emergency Surgery* by Hamilton Bailey but, surprisingly for a book in such demand at this stage of the war [1944], it was 'out of print'.

Fortunately, Back felt competent to operate on Farrington's septic finger without reference to its pages, though he later admitted that he had '... awful visions, actually, with that septic finger, something would go wrong: you'd first have to amputate his finger, and then half his arm and the rest of his arm. [One] wasn't quite certain how you were going to end up.'

p. 80: Over the next few months the gramophone, with its accompanying 150 records, would come to be seen as a mixed blessing. On the one hand, as Farrington told his wife in a typically homesick letter, a familiar piece could remind the men of a world far removed from the one they currently inhabited: 'As I listen to the record being played here, eight thousand and more miles from home, I picture you and me sitting there facing each other across the kitchen table in the little kitchen where we have known such happiness.' On the other hand, the constant repetition of personal favourites caused extreme irritation to unwilling ears.

According to Taylor, who often buried his head in his bedclothes in order to muffle the oft-repeated tunes, 'we found ourselves anticipating every note and inflection as some tunes wore deeper and deeper grooves

into the same records night after night.’ At times, the desire to destroy the offending records must have become almost irresistible....’’

p. 118: In these near perfect conditions, photography became a popular pursuit, and the explorers—singly and en masse—the scientific specimens and the natural environment were all recorded. ‘The results of [Lamb’s] developing and printing were interesting to all,’ wrote Taylor, ‘and a familiar sight was to see someone standing over the tub in which he washed the prints, fishing them out one at a time to examine the dripping pictures.’

1945-46 Falkland Islands Dependency Survey, Stonington Island, Base E. (Commander E. W. Bingham)

Walton, Eric W. Kevin. *Two Years in the Antarctic*. London: Panther Books, 1957. First published London: Lutterworth, 1955, and New York: Philosophical Library, 1955.

A personal account of two years spent in British Antarctica; in the second year they were joined by an American expedition [Finn Ronne; see 1946-48] and later combined to complete an extensive survey of the East Coast of the Graham Land peninsula. Includes details on how the expedition actually lived in Antarctica, how they organized their base, trained their dog teams, and carried out their work.

p. 30-31: The door to the workshop opened into a small lobby which housed our library, and the Commander had a small office leading off it to the left [shown in sketch on p. 30]

p. 34: Arguing, or discussing, was a pastime in which it was always considered cheating to look up the answer in an encyclopaedia.

p. 36: By 10 o’clock at night the battery lights would be turned off and we would resort to candles, and it wouldn’t be long before each of us would retire to bed to read for an hour before going to sleep.

p. 37: I am not sure who it was that first produced the remark ‘Has anyone read any good books recently?’ which said in so many words, ‘Stop this argument. It is becoming too heated.’ It was probably John, for no one else could say the magic words so innocently. If this phrase

bore no result he would smile sweetly and produce his ultimatum. "Let's change the subject, let's talk about *women*."

p. 50-51: We were able to put up shelves and set out the expedition library. There were two sets of books, one a typical ship's library of novels and light reading, and the other an astonishingly complete set of scientific books which ranged from a complete encyclopaedia to all the polar literature and expedition reports which might possibly concern us: there was even the old faithful *Whitaker's Almanack* which in the years to come solved so many arguments.

Few discussions on the polar technique did not call at some time upon this wealth of experience so carefully recorded by our predecessors.

As I look at it a large part of the success of an expedition must depend upon the speed with which individual members learn their job and a good library hastens this process enormously. I don't know who assembled our scientific library, for it was probably the best that had ever sailed south with a polar expedition; in any case our indebtedness was incalculable.

p. 87-89, reading on sledge trips during lie-in blizzard days: We read between meals and wrote letters and diaries, but couldn't afford to use the primus too much to keep the tent really warm. We had foreseen the lie) up and brought two long books each. Between us we had *Anthony Adverse*, *English Social History*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Alice in Wonderland*.

p. 117, March 12 [1947], again in tent on sledge trip: After supper it was very quiet and peaceful and we have been reading *Alice in Wonderland* aloud to each other.

[Finn Ronne's American expedition moved into a camp nearby for the second year and the book is explicit about many of the problems he caused, though in the end the two groups did work together.]

p. 188-89: concluding passage on motivation.

1946-48 Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition

Darlington, Jennie. *My Antarctic Honeymoon: A Year at the Bottom of the World.* By Jennie Darlington as told to Jane McIlvaine. New York, Doubleday, 1957.

One of two women on Finn Ronne's 1947-48 Weddell Sea expedition, the other being Edith Ronne, his wife. A rather unflattering portrayal of Ronne as well as Ronne's wife, the other woman.

p. 149-50: Returning to a bunkhouse they had used on a previous expedition, the party found that "Technical books, papers, and notebooks were scattered about the bunk. Opening BIOLOGY NOTES, H.D., I found a series of sketches accompanied by data on determining the sex of seals. Then I saw Harry's diary [her husband], its leather as worn and stained as an old shirt. Here, I thought is a chance to learn about my husband's past. Opening the diary at random, I read, 'Cold as hell. Dogs sick.' I turned to another entry. 'Cold as hell. Dogs great.'

p. 151: *Discovery*, Admiral Byrd's account of his second Antarctic expedition, lay on the table. Harry had left it open at page 194. The chapter heading was 'The Lunatic Fringe.' Also had an open Bible there.

p. 155: Those who liked to read late kept awake those who did not.

p. 167, compares sledges to covered wagons, survival units with necessities as well as books, pipes, and personal belongings.

p. 179-80, Shakespeare on the ice. Passage from Comedy of Errors perfectly captures their situation as other ships came to rescue them:

At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us. ...

p. 186: I was put in charge of the library, where I kept a record of the books people read. The most popular book was the encyclopedia, constantly in use to settle arguments. Others were the few battered copies of detective stories. Robertson read one of these a night. When he had gone through them all he read them over again. Aside from Don and

Mac, who each had brought his own books, and Dr. Nichols, who reread the polar books, few read much of anything.

During the winter night I had intended to read, keep up my diary, and do extensive knitting in my spare time. But as daily living in the Antarctic is a full-time job, I found little spare time or leisure.

Following the ten- or twelve-hour workday most us were too tired to read. Intellectual activity was an effort. Rather than read I listened to the men's life histories, their hopes and aspirations. I learned that being a listener, not passing judgment or making comments, was more important than being an accurate librarian.

p. 197: With a compatible few we found pleasure in reading aloud from Ludwig's biography of Napoleon [see also p. 222] and *Northwest Passage* [Kenneth Roberts, see also p. 210], inventing question-and-answer games, and always we conversed.

p. 206: Harry wanted to read. I asked him to put out the light. He told me to go ahead and go to sleep, but that he couldn't sleep and wanted to read....

p. 213, dinner visit to nearby British base noting: The FIDS [Falkland Islands Dependency Survey] had brought an excellent polar library that, in order to take advantages of the experiences of others, they studied diligently. They had also benefited from their own mistakes [in contrast to the Ronne party].

Ronne, Edith M (Jackie). *Antarctica's First Lady*. Beaumont, TX: Clifton Seaport Museum, 2004.

Primarily an account of the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition of 1947-48 in which she accompanied her husband. Based largely on her diaries of that period, she is a staunch defender of Ronne's leadership, dismissing his critics as merely bitching about his more disciplined Norwegian regimen. The complaints are taken as inevitable and nothing was done to contain them, here or on his later IGY expedition. There is nothing here about reading, even in her chapter on the long winter night where one usually finds some mention of antidotes to boredom. What a contrast to Walton's book below.

Ronne, Edith M (Jackie). From her Interview with Brian Shoemaker, 20 July 2000.

This is Jackie describing Harry Darlington's mother: She was trying to convey something to us and we just didn't realize it at the time [that she disapproved of Harry and Jennie going to Antarctica]. She later sent money. I think she sent \$250 worth of books for our library on the trip and asked us not to mention it to Harry. Harry was estranged from his mother at the time, which we did not know.

1946-48 US Operation Highjump, Byrd's Fourth Expedition to Little America (aboard *USS Mount Olympus*)

Menster, William J. *Strong Men South*. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing, 1949.

A charming if a bit sanctimonious account of Operation Highjump by the chaplain of that 1947 expedition aboard *USS Mount Olympus*.

p. 15: Not least among the supplies to be brought aboard was enough religious gear and equipment to last 2000 men of the central group for five months. For the Protestant men several hundreds of New Testaments and for the Jewish men dozens of Old Testaments for Bible reading. For the Catholic men the Chaplains' Aid Association in New York provided us with 500 Missals, 200 military Missals, a box of servicemen's prayer books, and a supply of assorted medals and rosaries.

p. 18: My most constant work in those early days was in the library and the hobby room. Reading is the salt of any man's life, and on this trip we had the leisure time to be salted. I knew we would have more later. We worked the library into perfect shape and began a thriving business. Our one worry was over books having to do with the Antarctic. We had to keep a very close check on these, as everyone on the ship, from the skipper to the last seaman, was hungry for information about the land into which we were moving. We had them on a reserved shelf, and it

was easier to get into the captain's safe than to get at those books. Gradually the men became used to the ways of our library, and we had little trouble with missing books. [This is a naïve and generally unbelievable picture, which I contrast to my own experience on the *USS Wyandot* only ten years later, where cheap fiction was the best that could be found, and no circulation system required.--DS]

p. 50—notes reliance on the library for the men's inquisitive study of penguins.

[Menster mentions no reading of his own that I noticed, but in any case it would not be very profound—I can't imagine a more anodyne book.]

Rose, Lisle Abbott. *Assault on Eternity: Richard Byrd and the Exploration of Antarctica, 1946-47.* Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press, 1980.

This is a true tale of daring and romance, of tedium and tragedy, of folly and heroism, of adventure enjoyed and adventure endured one-third of a century ago by some forty-seven hundred men in thirteen ships at the bottom of the earth.

p. 53: The inexperience of these men was heartbreaking. "Since the vast majority of personnel knew nothing about the type of operation for which we were destined, we were forced to dig into books for even the most elementary information" about both polar regions. What they read about Antarctica was frightening. The cold was much more bitter and pronounced than that in the Arctic regions, and below the fliers would be an empty inhuman landscape from which no help could be expected. Traditional navigational aids were also of little help. Mercator projections were not serviceable, Kearns wrote, because of the convergence of the meridians at high latitudes and the consequent distortion of areas between parallels. So a grid system of navigation had to be adopted. But given the men's total ignorance of the landscape...and the inevitable distortion of navigational charts, the question of cartographic accuracy could not be dismissed even before the expedition sailed.

1947-97

Australian Antarctic Expeditions

Bowden, Tim. *The Silence Calling: Australians in Antarctica 1947-97.* St. Leonards, NSW: Allen & Unwin, 1997.

An admiring but not uncritical historical account of the Australian bases and research in Antarctica.

p 96: After a death at Heard Island, the officer in charge noted after the burial that there was no prayer book and the service had to be improvised.

p. 215: Philip Law [first Director of the Australian Antarctic Division] “was also determined that there would be an adequate library for expeditioners (including an *Encyclopaedia Britannica* ‘to settle any arguments’), a wide selection of gramophone records, and a stock of 26mm feature films. He thought it particularly important to have polar literature in the station libraries. Medical officer Grahame Budd recalls:

Whenever he was overseas he would pick up second-hand copies of the polar classics, and both Heard Island and Mawson had marvelous collections—first editions of Shackleton and Mawson. We didn’t have much time to read, but when you do, it is a very good place to read about your predecessors.

p. 229: another version of the *Pride and Prejudice* story that is in Murray-Smith’s book.

p. 461ff: in the late 1980s women began being appointed station leaders at Australian bases. Joan Russell was appointed at Casey Base in 1990, and presided over ‘The Big Poster Year.’ The station’s *Casey Rag* routinely published a ‘girlie’ third-page photo which the women regarded as sexist and the men lacking any concept of sexism or harassment. Russell’s complaints received no backup from the authorities at Hobart. Roughly the same thing happened at Mawson where the newspaper in 1990 continued to include sexually explicit pictures, though banned from the kitchen. Medical Officer Lynn William

said this on the issue: “Women read romantic novels and men read pornography. It would make more sense if we all knew what everyone was reading. And then you can choose the way you want to live your life anyway...it doesn’t worry me whether there were pictures...[of] nude women around” (p. 464). Bowden suggests improvement on these harassment issues by the end of the century.

1947-49 Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition (Heard Island and Macquarie Island)

Scholes, Arthur. *Fourteen Men: The Story of the Antarctic Expedition to Heard Island*. New York: Dutton, 1952.

An expedition of scientific research, chiefly meteorological and magnetic, but with an interest in Australian claims in Antarctica. Stokes was a radioman but also one of the “mets.” The Captain of the ship was Lt. Cmd. George Dixon; the leader of the shore party for Heard Island was Stuart Campbell. The ship was Ellsworth’s *Wyatt Earp*, where the officers and men were separated even for the alternate night movies. The trip to Heard Island (4000 kilometers southwest of Australia) was so full of weather-related dangers that references to reading do not occur until one third of the way into the book, and then not very many. Most winterover books have a central winter chapter (July/August) that discusses what the men did to pass the time. This lacks such a chapter, never talks about what the author himself read, and mainly recounts weather-related adventures during that period. Most of the last 150 pages deals with the fauna of Heard Island.

p. 35: one manuscript book on the ship was the “line-book intended to record all tall stories told in the Board room.” Here there was no hierarchical discrimination and even the captain could be embarrassed—the men became very guarded in their speech for fear of the line-book.

p. 107: On the voyage we had read all we could of the Antarctic animals and birds. It was not long before we realized that much of this information did not apply to the fauna at Heard Island. One idea,

common to several books, was that elephant seals were myopic. Our experience was quite contrary....

p. 122: In the summer the snow only remained on the ground for a few hours. During such days we found jobs to do inside the huts, fixing shelves, cupboards, floors and lining pre-fabs. with insulwood and silver paper. I offered my services as librarian. We had two hundred and fifty assorted volumes and a full set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the latter authority being used to settle many an after-meal argument. Other amenities and the library were installed in the rec. hut. We had chess, draughts, dice, crib, cards, Chinese checkers, dominoes and an advanced form of snakes and ladders, which we never really understood.

p. 130-31: We were huddled up in our blankets for warmth. We were listening to “Lem” Macey reading from a book.

In the afternoon we had been going through the library books. Macey had turned over a blue book, *Notes of a Naturalist on H.M.S. Challenger*,” by H. N. Mosley, M.A., F.R.S. The prosaic title belied the contents. The book contained the only account we had of a visit to Heard Island in 1873, during the cruise of the *Challenger*.

We had been so interested to hear what the island was like in the days of the sealers that after lights-out Macey continued reading by torchlight.

While he recounted the impressions of the naturalist, we lay listening:...

As he finished reading, doors and windows rattled in the wind. The masts moaned in ghostly sympathy. It was eerie. The hut door rattled.

p. 146: comment on Bible and “Six days shalt thou labour....”

p. 198: Library books were always in demand. We soon learn which were the dull ones. They were left well alone. Popular books passed from hand to hand.

1948-50 Falkland Islands Dependency Survey Stonington Island, Base E (Vivian Fuchs)

Liversidge, Douglas. *White Horizon*. London: Odhams Press, 1951.

A journalist’s account of Fuchs’ attempt to rescue 11 men stranded for three years at Stonington Island, the southernmost base of the

Falklands Survey. A bit of adventure but a poorly written book that doesn't even bother to say what year he sailed with the *John Biscoe* [1947].

p. 74, only reference to books on the ship: In one corner stood a small library of polar books. [No indication that anyone read them.]

1949-52 Norwegian–British–Swedish Antarctic Expedition (NBSX or NBSAE) based at Maudheim

Giaever, John. *The White Desert: The Official Account of the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1954.

This is a solid, good-natured, and somewhat stolid official report on a trilateral expedition.

p. 71, on a question of where to establish their base and unload supplies: But just at this point I began to blame myself for not having organized the expedition with more trust in Providence and less in my own judgment.

p. 72: Once more I quote my slogan— “On polar expeditions one may venture to hope for the best, but one must be prepared for the worst. Even then things may go wrong.”

p. 91: But monotony is more trying than darkness.

p. 93: The Canadian geologist Fred Roots makes two splendid dining-tables of oak parquet [at the expedition Maudheim base]. His English colleague, Alan Reese, covers the walls in the mess with fine bookshelves, and arranges our library of about five hundred volumes.

p. 124, the season of darkness: People will ask how we spent our free time, for instance in the evenings. The answer is that the scientists hardly took *any* free time. They seldom opened a book, and I have an idea that several of them thought the rest of us frittered away our time. ‘Personal affairs’ must have been taboo, I suspect.... Nobody played cards. Few made use of our well-stocked library. But every single evening one little group collected in the cook’s cubicle, and there they played highly exciting games of ‘ludo’.

Swithinbank, Charles, W. M. *Foothold on Antarctica: The First International Expedition (1949-1952) through the Eyes of its Youngest Member.* Lewes, UK: Book Guild, 1999.

Swithinbank was a member of this largely Norwegian expedition. He's not a natural writer but the story has its share of adventure and danger which he reports in a rather dry style. He gives some information about reading among his colleagues but nothing on what he himself read.

p. 75, describing his accommodations at Maudheim: pposite my bed I made a desk out of a box lid. There was no space for a chair, but the edge of the bed served the purpose. Bookshelves of box wood lined the high end of my cabin. The temperature at floor level was sometimes - 5°C, so I kept my boots on during the day. At head height, however, the temperature was comfortable

p. 144, during storm on sledging journey: We stayed in our tents, Valter and I writing up ntes, Ove and Peter reading paperbacks.

p. 161-62: Now, with darker evenings, we had to light a candle o read by or write up notes. Peter [Melleby] read avidly and had leaned to carry enough books. When he had finished whatever Norwegian books he had brought, he simply started on my books in English and, when those ranaout, went on to Valter's and Ove's books in Swedish. While he and I spoke Norwegian all the time, he could read English books as fast as I did. He wasundoubtedly the most erudite man on the expedition when it came to translating idiomatic English into Norwegian....

p. 177, on newspapers brought by the relief ship, the *Norsel*.

p. 183-84; *Norsel* had brought a year's supply of *Aftenposten* and *Svenska* up to the day the ship left Oslo. Throughout the winter, Bjarne dutifully placed a daily newspaper on the breakfast table. It was exactly one year out of date, but that did not concern us because we had missed the whole year's news. Like people arriving at work anywhere, the day's news gave us much to discuss. Although there was nothing to stop; us raiding the store to peer into the future, cheating was frowned upon.

p. 190, when Alan Reese needed an eyeball removed he had to use the remaining eye: Alan was made to read a book the very next day. He found it uncomfortable but said it did not hurt.
p. 191 and 195, two good pictures of full bookshelves at the base.

1950-51 British Whaling Expedition (aboard *Southern Venturer*)

Robertson, R. B. *Of Whales and Men*. New York: Knopf, 1954.

A delightful account of a ship's doctor on an 8-month cruise of a whaling factory ship, with something of a psychological emphasis on the men he was with, and several references to his shipborn reading.

p. 20-21: conversation with wireless-operator from industrial Ireland, following Robertson's question of how the young man got involved in whaling: Damn it all, man, my grandfather was chief harpooner of the Arctic, the first whaleship that went through the Davis Strait. When he got back, he put the oar on his shoulder, Odysseus fashion, and marched inland. I reckoned it was time the oar was wetted again.

"You've read your Homer, then?" I asked him veiling as best I could the astonishment these whalemens were beginning to produce in me.

"Of course!" He was astonished as I was. "Haven't you?"
p. 62-63, Robertson at Stromness on South Georgia "wanted to know what there was to amuse and occupy the whalemens, and attend to their health and cultural welfare, when the gratuitous entertainment and recreation provided by nature was denied them.

"My two guides looked abashed: there was practically nothing to show. The 'library' consisted of two or three shelves of books provided by that gallant but poverty-stricken organization, the Seaman's Education Service, and by such funds as the whalemens contributed themselves. ..."

p. 72-73: I demanded more information. I wanted to know about 'pin-ups,' masturbation, homosexuality, and all the other sexual outlets and aberrations that I had encountered among bodies of healthy young men isolated in camps and prisons and the like.

My three informants continued their report: ‘Pin-ups’ among the whalemens were few, and, if put up at all, showed fair artistic taste and were seldom simply sexually stimulating and never lewd. On the other hand, there was an insatiable demand among the isolated men for pornographic literature, even to the extent...that some Scottish whalemens would study and learned the Norwegian language simply that they might read with some understanding the Norwegian sex books, which, it was generally agreed, were of a higher or at least more stimulating standard than their own. Masturbation, my informants all agreed, was rampant.

Goes on to talk of homosexuality (not very visible) and why they collected huge penises of the blue whale: “they make the finest golf bags in the world.”

p. 83-86: on poetry and prose in whaling literature; says there is little poetry but Eliot’s “third person” in the *Waste Land* is evoked as comparison to Shackleton.

p. 175-6: Nevertheless, there were small touches of romance even amid the separating-machinery and the grimy men who worked it. Some of their books showed flashes of it. Mostly they were reading what Gyle called “whodunits” and “duzzieshaggers,” two classes of literature which made up the bulk of our ship’s library, but occasionally in a corner of the machinery we would come across a man on a stool reading Shakespeare, or studying paleontology, or learning an obscure foreign language. And I knew at least one whose reading was confined to the Greek classics, and another for whom even ten seasons in the bowels of a factory ship had not destroyed the romance of medieval poetry. He was immersed in *Beowulf* on this occasion when we found him, but cheerfully left that hero awhile to talk to us on whale oil....

p. 186, Christmas conversations: Macdonald and the chief electrician argued the merits of Rudyard Kipling as a poet; and the second radio-operator hauled a copy of the *Golden Treasury* out of his pocket to help them decide on the points at issue. ...

p. 227, Robertson’s advice to future ship’s surgeons: I would advise him to take his own library. He will find many books worth reading in the ship’s small library at his first visit, but he will never see them again,

except in quaint and unexpected places, for he must realize that there are many intelligent and educated men even among the Whaler Group VIII's. I have seen, for example, the ship's only copy of Ibsen's plays lying for weeks, and well read, beside the bed of a fireman/greaser when I visited him to treat his burns.

p. 243: argument over whale vision settled in library.

p. 298-9—likens whalemens to the whales themselves as the motivating force that keeps them going back to whaling.

Cockrill, Ross. *Antarctic Hazard*. New York: Philosophical Library, 1957.

Cockrill applied for the job of veterinarian on the British whaling expedition aboard the *Southern Venturer* in 1950-51, to evaluate the Antarctic whaling population, its health and welfare and the likely survival of the whaling industry in its postwar rebound. Cockrill has a charming style displaying admirable equanimity amidst fanatic whalemens. His ship was part of a large fleet of vessels making annual expeditions which typically killed 34,000 whales.

p. 19: The officers' lounge, forward, was deserted....The lounge was a small, neat mahogany box with three fixed tables, half a dozen chairs, and a leather-covered settee which ran round two sides of the box. There was a bookcase, locked, containing an assortment of books, most of which still retained their paper jackets and appeared to be new. The selection had been made with care and prejudice: there were some volume of poetry, several biographies, the collected letters of T. E. Lawrence, a complete set of Dickens, and another of Scott, and two rows of modern novels including a number in Norwegian. There were two copies of "*Altid Amber*." At one side of the book-case was a gramophone and a pile of records, at the other was a radio.

p. 21: I got into bed, not without difficulty as the bunk seemed to be extremely narrow and an inordinately long way from the floor. I balanced "The Southern Stocks of Whalebone Whales" on my stomach and began to read. I was comfortable and rather tired.... I drew the bedclothes up to my ears, yawned, and drifted off to sleep.

p. 57: Cap'n Stewart read Dickens and back numbers of the Sunday papers and wrote laboriously, with the patience and neatness of an etcher on steel, on the log which he had maintained so meticulously for so many years, pince-nez perched askew below shaggy eyebrows, a tip of pink tongue protruding in concentration from a corner of his mouth.

p. 58: In the cabins aft, months-old Scandinavian magazines and newspapers circulated. Men lived, smoked, argued, and slept in close contact, boredom, and discomfort. Some wept in the weariness of seasickness, and sleeplessness, and home-sickness, and knew their vulnerability.

p. 222 has a good description of channel fever: We have a great desire to be home again. There is an urgent need for relaxation, for drink, for women, for a good book and a comfortable armchair, for clean linen and a hair-cut, for good talk, for cheerfulness, for all the simple, quiet things like the sound of the laughter of children, the bark of a dog, footprints on a gravel path, the sight of green grass, a house in a garden, trees, books, music, and physical ease.

He ends by giving the opening of *Moby Dick*.

1952-53 Australian Heard Island Expedition

Brown, Peter Lancaster. *Twelve Came Back*. London: Robert Hale, 1957.

An account of an Australian expedition (1952-53) to Heard Island between Kerguelen Islands and the Antarctic continent, in which two of fourteen members died (one frozen, another drowned). A rather pedestrian account but there are a few interesting passages:

p. 130: Wednesday followed Tuesday's pattern: it snowed all day so we remained indoors resting and re-reading the dog-eared selection of *Reader's Digests* until we could recite certain jokes by heart.

p. 148: In July the first edition of *The Heard Island Times* appeared—edited by Jim Carr. Owing to the lack of a printing machine only five copies were produced; this being the maximum number of carbons that the wireless-room could accommodate at one time. All articles were by

the editor himself, and even the letters from correspondents flowed from the same pen.

Next day the editorial office was flooded by answers from genuine “angry correspondents” and in view of this, the editor decided to bring out issue number two, between wireless “skeds”. Not a soul was left undisturbed by the editor’s vigorous writings. For the most part it was innocent fun until someone misinterpreted an innocent remark in a letter to the editor (author unknown) and magnified it into a sinister accusation. Starting as a joke, the situation became tense, and the expeditioner to whom the letter referred, daily became more upset.

Carr disclaimed all knowledge, and said the offending letter had been dropped into the special contribution box by a person or persons unknown.... The editor was openly accused, and we almost had a riot before the real culprit owned up: it turned out to be the best friend of the wronged party! So the whole incident was laughed off.

The newspaper, however, died a sudden death with issue number three which devoted its single page to “home-truths”. Carr slipped back into the obscurity of his world of routine “skeds”. It was a pity, because the newspaper had shown such great promise of relieving the winter gloom at Base Camp.

p. 155: Records were played constantly during meals. We drank our breakfast fruit juice to Handel’s *Water Music*. We had lunch with *Lucia di Lammermoor* and afternoon tea to Graham Bell’s original Australian jazz band. At dinner it was often Stravinsky’s *Four Norwegian Moods* that helped the stew down.

Over coffee Dohnanyi’s *Variations on a Nursery Rhyme* made us retrospective: my own thoughts drifted back to England, July and the “Proms”, the Albert Hall on a sultry summer’s evening—the perspiring penguin-attired orchestra—the effusive teenagers... I too had been one....

We boasted of a piano in the mess hut, but none of us could play a note.

p. 157: Our library was well used. [Les] Gibbney, at the end of our stay, claimed to have read every fiction book and said he had started again. Before coming south I had naturally thought that I should be able to

catch up with my reading during the long winter nights. It was not until August, however, that I found time to read other than the necessary technical works, for example the Royal Geographical Society's *Hints to Travellers*. But towards the end of winter, when the weather prevented outdoor activity, I managed to wade through some contemporary best-sellers—mostly escapist literature: *Cruel Sea*, *Dam Busters*, *The Great Escape* and *Festival at Fairbridge*. Often reading until 4 a.m., I finally caught up with *A Brave New World*, *Good Companions* and *King Cotton*, but that was the sum total of my pleasure reading for the year.

p. 157: The outside world seemed far away. At first we regularly gathered in the radio shack at night to listen to the A.B.C. or the B.B.C. overseas news broadcasts. Soon, however, the attendance dropped, and finally the broadcasts went unheard; no one was any longer interested in the sordid happenings of the outside world—except maybe the announcement that Sedgeman had won Wimbledon for Australia. We led a complete existence on Heard Island; life was too real and vital to take seriously the commonplace utterings of politicians.

p. 160: For most of us the dormitory huts were purely functional.... But for Teyssier with no work-room other than the kitchen, it was his study too. With odd pieces of timber he built a collapsible reading table; when his day's work was over he retired to his monumental study of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.... Across the room where Borland, Ingall and I slept, chaos reigned: a shambles of clothes, books and worn-out footwear—a rag-and-bone man's paradise.

1952-53 Russian Whaling Voyage

Solyanik, A. *Cruising in the Antarctic*. Moscow: Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1956.

Recounts a whaling journey from Odessa to Antarctica in 1952-53 in a flotilla of 16 ships. Rather typical Soviet narrative with great harmony, a few problems heroically overcome, and excellent discipline: p. 4: On every ship meetings were held, devoted to the Nineteenth Party Congress. In off-hours the sailors equipped a room for political

education.... Our library started functioning. All the hundred members of the Pishchevik Sports society started training.

p. 24: Words fail me when I attempt to describe the beauty of everything around us.... Time and again I would reread a passage in Goncharov's book, which expressed my own emotions and aptly described the fantastic sights around me....

p. 42-43: political education in the "Red Corner" of the ship: Twice a week the flotilla organ, *Soviet Whaler*, was issued and the crews put out wall newspapers.... [Entertainment included films, radio, and operas on loudspeaker—mentions Onegin, Gudonov, Carmen, and others.]

Every next man in the flotilla was a book fan. The crews of the catchers ordered books and magazines in the library by radio. These were passed over to the ships when they steamed up for refueling. We had no staff librarians—the job was done by our medical workers, accountants, and waitresses, who gradually managed the books available—some 24,000 volumes. Every ship held readers' conferences on classics and modern books.

p. 47, the author mentions reading an English book by A. Bennett on Antarctica.

p. 66, [Feb 21. Soviet elections were held at sea for the local Soviets since the ships were an independent election district of Odessa.

1952-54 Double voyage of Frenchman André Migot to Kerguelen Islands and to the Mawson Base in Antarctica as doctor and naturalist.

Migot, André. *Thin Edge of the World*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1956.

A double expedition for something of a French loner with an Antarctic obsession. After a varied exploratory career, primarily in Tibet, Migot began this journey with a French expedition spending one year on the Kerguelen Islands as doctor to a 50-man contingent, as well as a biological researcher. As he was preparing to return he learned of a subsequent Australian expedition to Antarctica itself, intended to set up the Mawson base in the Australian sector of Antarctica. He applied, was

accepted, and a month after the French left the Australians picked him up to go directly to the Australian bases on the continent where he again served as doctor and naturalist, although the trip only lasted three months.

p. 6, as he contemplated the beginning of his trip: I still had good reason to hope that I should still have enough leisure to work on the mass of Tibetan books, manuscripts and notes which I had brought home from the East but had not begun to edit. I had not even opened the cases....

There were fifteen packing cases altogether, none of which I could spare if I were not to waste a year's work by going to Kerguélen

p. 34—Migot says he had “fifteen boxes full of notes, books and Tibetan manuscripts” packed for the trip and they arrived in Kerguélen safe and sound. He doesn't mention them again in the book and it seems doubtful that he did any work on them, or he might have said so.

p. 39—the base at Kerguélen was called Port-aux-Français where in Building A was a library for books and phonograph records near to a large dining hall.

p. 70-71 [re boredom]: The problem of solitude and the inner life occurs in ordinary present-day life. Man is hardly ever alone; his life is more and more invaded by the madding crowd from which it is becoming impossible to escape. But what is more serious is that men are becoming less anxious to escape. I found that my companions at Kerguélen were bored when they were alone, because in their past social existence their inner life had withered away. In France a man can find a hundred ways to avoid being alone by himself: his family, friends, the movies and many others. When his work is over he can find complete change of atmosphere in entirely different surroundings. There was nothing of the kind in Kerguélen: no movies, no family, no chance of changing his environment. His only resources to retire into his room; but there he will find the other, the one in whose company he does not wish to be, the self from he longs to escape without knowing out to do so.

Many of the men had to work together, but even those of us—the scientists, the doctor and some of the technicians—who worked alone, were forced to meet at mealtimes. We met for breakfast, lunch and dinner in the great dining hall, sitting in dozens at separate tables,

according to our jobs. There was a special table for the senior staff, where the head of the mission, the administrators and the principal service chiefs sat together. These artificial groups were agreeable enough to begin with. We did not know each other well, and everyone had a chance of making an impression. But soon they became irksome, and sometimes unbearable, so that some members of the mission did not come to meals at all. It would have been better to have changed places at table frequently, for however interesting a man may be, it does not take long before one knows all his stories, and one soon finds that even the most gifted man's conversational assets are very poor if one has to listen to him three times a day for a whole year. This is why no man is a hero to his family or his valet.

p. 109, when packing to leave Kerguelen for Antarctica: I obviously could not go off to Antarctica with six cases of books, Tibetan manuscripts, notes and records...so I took enough clothes and books to keep me going through a possible winter in the Antarctic.

1953 Whaling Voyage (Robertson)

1954-55 British South Georgia [Mountaineering] Expedition

Sutton, George. *Glacier Island: The Official Account of the British South Georgia Expedition 1954-1955*. London: Chatto & Windus, 1957.

Sutton recounts the 1954-55 mountaineering expedition to South Georgia, its successes with some peaks and failure with others. Definitely a low-budget affair shipped on a whaling vessel and then used the gaol of a disused whaling station when not out climbing. Engagingly written though hardly over-dramatic.

p. 32: Our library of nearly a hundred books graced various shelves, and others [cells] carried the domestic crockery.

p. 186 at Stromness Villa: Our room was furnished with several austere chairs and tables, a bed, an empty bookcase, and the walls were adorned by two aged pictures showing exquisite sculpturings of nude women.

p. 208: I sometimes wondered what brought such diverse people to South Georgia. Some came in search of adventure.... Others south escape from a mundane way of life, unhappy surroundings, national service, boredom. Gwyll Owen, from the Welsh valleys, said, 'I'm bored.' 'Oh, go to the Antarctic,' said an exasperated friend. 'I will,' replied Owen, and months later joined the F.I.D.S. staff on Signy Island. Cockney-accented Bill Mayles just liked the life. After the war he came south to work on the development scheme in the Falkland Islands and had stayed there ever since. 'It's the money,' said Danny, a Glaswegian, but Danny is an institution....

p. 209: The gaol had its share of such visitors, including loquacious Doctor Burian, Hans Kristoffersen and others. Books and magazines were eagerly sought after, and every scrap of literature, whether lurid novel or magazine advertisement, held its interest. Photography also was popular, and Discovery House catered for both interests with a library and a dark-room.

p. 219, Appendix II, Acknowledgments, indicates W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s donation of books to the expedition.

1955-59 Royal Society IGY Antarctic Expedition

MacDowall, Joseph. *On Floating Ice: Two Years on Antarctic Ice-Shelf South of 75°S.* Edinburgh: Pentland Press, 1999.

For one year MacDowall was the leader of this expedition and base at Halley Bay in the Weddell Sea, one of Britain's contributions to IGY. It is quite a prosaic account, with little drama, but notable for its citations to the base newspaper, the *Halley Comet*.

p. 107: Dec. 1, 1957: I spent the day writing the annual seismological report. I did some more writing on the 2nd, this time for the Christmas edition of the *Halley Comet*. I wrote on the subject of the Halley Bay Ice-shelf.

p. 110: In the evening [Christmas eve] we all gathered together for a Christmas drink and were handed a copy of the *Halley Comet*. It was the third issue of those stalwart editors, Jim Burton and David Cansfield.

The editorial recognized that we were all thinking of the relief ship, *Totten*, fighting its way through the ice towards us with mail from loved ones and the first proper letters for a year.

p. 140: The *Halley Comet* Heralds Easter. The Easter issue of the *Halley Comet* was 12 pages long, the longest to date and one with a most attractive cover.... The contents included poems by Malcolm Edwards and Bert Brooker, an article by Ben Ellis on Deception Island, and the one I wrote on optical phenomenon. In the editorial we gave our congratulations to Bunny Fuchs for his knighthood

p. 144, 181: mentions use of Holerith cards for recording meteorological data.

p. 150, Sunday, May 4, 1958: After the service which I led at 11:15 a.m., I put out the weekly ration of year-old newspapers. As usual, there were quite a few of us who were very pleased to see them. The donor could not have anticipated the great pleasure they gave. [P. 158 has another distribution of old newspapers.]

p. 167: Midwinter's Day: Preparations for Midwinter's Day were moving ahead. The editors of the *Halley Comet* were receiving the last entries for the pin-up competition to select the six most favoured ladies out of a field of 46 glamour girls. [Since there was no limitation on number of votes, there were 1000 votes from the 25 or so men present.]

p. 220: Sunday, October 29: After the morning religious service, I put out the daily newspapers for 4 November 1957. *The Times* for that day contained the report of my appointment as Leader.

1955-58 TAE: Trans-Antarctic Expedition (Fuchs and Hillary)

Arnold, Anthea. *Eight Men in a Crate; the Ordeal of the Advance Party of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition 1955-1957. Based on the Diary of Rainer Goldsmith.* Norwich, UK: Erskine Press, 2007.

Because of goods unloaded too hastily at the beginning of the expedition, eight men had to spend an Antarctic winter in a large packing crate and a few tents while they gradually built their main hut

during the winter. The italic passages below are from Goldsmith's diary, the others from Arnold's connective prose.

p. 39: Apart from looking after the dog, hunting seals and collecting ice there was very little to occupy them on the ship. Some played bridge; others spent time in the bar; Rainer did a lot of reading, including the whole of *War and Peace*, but longed for something constructive to do

p. 75: ...occasionally anger surfaced. In fact the carbon monoxide problem should have been foreseen particularly if any of them had read and learnt from Byrd's *Alone* (1938) which describes how he nearly died in a tent heated by a primus; but there seems to have been a general disinclination to learn from the experiences of others. Rainer discovered this during the journey down. He had brought with him a rare copy of Filchner's book: a warning, if ever there was one, of the danger of hut-building (or leaving stores) on ice close to the sea. He was the only one who could read German but even so no one seemed interested in what the book had to say.

p. 81 May 18, 1956: Rainer was now sharing a tent with Ken rather than Tony. Much time was spent talking long into the night and also reading aloud to each other from books as diverse as James Joyce's *Ulysses* and A.A. Milne's *Winnie-the-Pooh*.

p. 82 May 29: *We had a good session last night in the tent reading aloud the poetry of Robert Service—his work fits very well down here.*

p. 89 Tuesday June 26: *Wrote air letters and read all day rather delightful.... Hannes was making his hundredth list and reading the Folies Bergères and Tony of course was digging out his bedroom.*

p. 91: Ken, with Rainer recording for him, spent many cold hours taking readings. Later his lengthy calculations were stymied by the lack of a Nautical Almanac. Scott had experienced the same difficulty.

p. 116: In the evening, when they had managed to sweep as much of the water out as possible, they all sat down to a long session with the newly discovered gramophone. The selection of records was excellent, ranging from Eartha Kitt to Beethoven. Another thing they found was the stamps, a Falklands issue specially overprinted for the expedition, which they had fun sticking onto envelopes and franking with the unique

Shackleton Base imprint, for the benefits of philatelists all over the world.

Barber, Noel. *The White Desert*. New York: Thomas W. Crowell, 1958.

Barber was a British journalist under contract to write for the *Daily Mail* on the Fuchs/Hillary Trans-Antarctic Expedition. He spent the austral summer of 1957-58 in Antarctica, mainly at McMurdo but making two substantial visits to the South Pole and was there when Hillary and then Fuchs arrived in 1958. He takes a British anti-Hillary stance on the controversy over Hillary's arrival at the SP and makes him into a quite unattractive figure. But he is not uncritical of Fuchs either, finding him stuffy, portentous, too proud to accept help offered by the Americans, but accepting it on a number of dire occasions. Nor does he note how Adm. Dufek is complicit in the feud of Fuchs and Hillary by encouraging Hillary to go to the Pole on his plane when it should have been none of Dufek's business. He rather simply sees Dufek as an innocently generous American with little agenda of his own.

p. 27, of the Shackleton Base on the Weddell Sea and its living room that: Queen's portrait hangs at the end; other walls decorated gay travel posters and one water color. Library shelves round the wall and four-berth cabins open off north wall.

p. 34, he too had a half dozen books about Antarctica with him for the flight to Christchurch.

p. 43, at McMurdo Camp: There was no officers' mess. The one mess hall was also the cinema. There was a small library, but it had only two chairs. If a man wanted to read or drink a tin of beer, he had to do it sitting on his bed.

p. 61, in the main living room at the South Pole: The other quarter of the hut was the recreation section. The gramophone was playing Mendelssohn as I walked in. Books and magazines lined the walls, and on a small bench was the "Pole Post Office" which cancelled American stamps with its magical dateline, so sought after by philatelists.

p. 71, at the South Pole: ...there was always plenty of time for good music, for the Pole had a library of classics I would dearly love to own myself.

p. 94: No, we didn't talk much, and the members of both Hillary's and Fuchs' party later told me they faced the same problem. Life was too exhausting, even without heavy physical labor, to do anything that wasn't strictly necessary. Personally, I read from the small library; at McMurdo I read on an average a book a night, usually starting about nine P.M. and finishing in the early hours of the morning, then sleeping the morning away.

p. 114, on cheating time in combating boredom.

p. 122, Hillary and his farm tractors proceeding to the Pole: "Some of us read books while sitting in the tractors because only one tractor needed to be navigated as they were roped together. The others followed in its tracks and their drivers were either reading or even sometimes dozing. In fact one of our biggest hardships was when our library ran out.

Carlyon, Roy. "Diary of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition and New Zealand's IGY Participation December 1956 to February 1958."

Transcript of personal diary of Roy Carlyon, covering the period December 1956-February 1958, which he spent as a member of the New Zealand contingent of a joint British/New Zealand Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition. It's unclear from the OCLC entry as to where the original manuscript diary is, but two copies of a transcript are at the University of Canterbury Library (Christchurch) and the University of Waikato Library. Carlyon seems to have been a prodigious reader. While at Scott Base during the first winter months of late April to mid-July, 1957, Carlyon mentions the following books:

Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway; *Year of the Lion*, Gerald Hanley; *Point Count Bidding*, Culbertson; *Island in the Sun*, Eric Waugh; *The Protagonists*, James Barlow; *Face of Innocence*, William Samsom; *The Second Seal*, Dennis Wheatley; *Consul at Sunset*, Gerald Hanley; *Fair Stood the Wind of France*, H.E. Bates; *Heart of the Antarctic*, Shackleton.

Sledge Journey Reading: Carlyon and Harry Ayres were on the polar plateau with two dog teams surveying the Darwin Glacier region when Carlyon wrote this in his unpagged diary: We seem to be getting a lot of reading in these days and Harry has just about exhausted our meagre supply of books. I finished 'Naked Island' by Russell Bradon this morning and started on 'All Boats Away' by Kenneth Dodson. I don't think anyone could honestly say they enjoyed the former. The later [*sic*] I am finding quite absorbing, being about the American navy in the Pacific and rather more interesting in the light of our close association with the Americans at Hut Point." A day earlier Carlyon said that "I finished 'Point of No Return' by John P. Marquand and enjoyed it very much.

Books read by surveyor Roy Carlyon during the TAE – taken from his diary:

Title, Author, Date of diary entry

Green Hills of Africa, Ernest Hemingway 30 April 1957

The Year of the Lion, Gerald Handley, 5 May

Point Count Bidding, Culbertson, 11 May

Island in the Sun, Eric Waugh, 15 May

The Protagonists, James Barlow, 20 May

Face of Innocence, William Samsom, 26 May

The Second Seal, Dennis Wheatley, 3 June

Consul at Sunset, Gerald Handley, 7 June

Fair Stood the Wind for France, H.E. Bates, 3 July

Heart of the Antarctic, E. Shackleton, 14 July

Recollections of a Journey, R.C. Hutchinson, 20 September

The Rains Came, Louis Bromfield, 20 November

The Citadel, A.J. Cronin, 21 December

Point of No Return, J.P. Marquand, 2 January 1958

Naked Island, Russell Braddon, 3 January

All Boats Away, Kenneth Dodson, 3 January

Courtesy of Stephen Hicks, Christchurch, NZ

Fuchs, Vivian and Edmund Hillary. *The Crossing of Antarctica: The Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition (1955-58)*. London: Cassell, 1958.

Fuchs wrote most of this book, including the chapters on the men who crossed from the Weddell Sea Shackleton Base to the Scott Base on the Ross Sea via the South Pole, with chapters on the Ross Sea supporting party written by Hillary who led that group. This is a thoroughly whitewashed version mostly omitting the conflicts between the two leaders. There are very few references to reading, though Hillary does say that “our library was well patronized” (p. 146). Some inferences can be drawn and we do know from Hillary’s other book that they had the paperback Penguin edition of *The Worst Journey in the World*, which they used to retrace Edward Wilson’s worst journey to Cape Crozier. Otherwise there are only fairly anodyne references such as these:

p. 51: in their crate at Shackleton base in March 1957: what became known as ‘The Great March Blizzard’, which lasted for seven days, only going out to feed the dogs and to sleep in their tents at night. Writing, reading, playing chess or Scrabble, the time passed slowly, the snow building up outside the door and having to be dug away every hour to keep from being completely buried.

p. 95: Hillary writing about the Cape Crozier trip: I was anxious to give the modified tractors a thorough try-out under conditions more comparable to a southern journey, so decided to repeat by tractor the route covered on foot by Wilson, Bowers and Cherry-Garrard in their

amazing *Worst Journey in the World*. [They were able to find the remains of the hut where Wilson lived out their C storm 44 years earlier.]

p. 140: Hillary writing again: Quite often we found the modifications (in garments) we thought necessary were identical with similar ones illustrated in the books on Scott's and Shackleton's expeditions, and it appeared that much the old explorers had learned was not being used by later expeditions.

Fuchs, Vivian. *A Time to Speak: An Autobiography*. Oswestry, UK: Anthony Nelson, 1990.

A comprehensive story of his life with concentration on his Falklands (FIDS) experience, and the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition of 1955-58. He is very judicious in describing his relations with Hillary on the later, but a certain animosity comes through.

p. 206, on a sledging journey: By now our two books had been read and re-read, but Adie was not to be defeated. I was suddenly astounded to find myself listening to him expounding the virtues of a branch of sausages. With care and proper attention to proper emphasis he was reading aloud the label on the tin—every stop and comma. Next it was pea flour, then the tin of peaches we were keeping for Christmas Day. To such is one reduced when, during months of isolated travel, everything has been said, and each man knows every detail of the other's life and the nooks and crannies of his home.

p. 237, for Midwinter Day celebration: They had each made each other presents, and Peter Jeffries, who was never seen without a book, received a book-marker inscribed, 'Here you were interrupted....'

Haddelsey, Stephen. *Shackleton's Dream: Fuchs, Hillary and the Crossing of Antarctica*. Stroud, UK: The History Press, 2012.

A solid, workmanlike account of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition (TAE) which for a time pitted Fuchs and Hillary in a race to the pole. The author calls it "the greatest polar expedition ever forgotten" (p.

251). He alludes to men reading occasionally, but never with any helpful details of which books or how read. General tone at times seems “a pox on both your houses” re the stubbornness of both Fuchs and Hillary.

p. 142: quote from Gunn’s *Land of the Lost Day*: “Perhaps someone had been reading Voyage of the Discovery,” wrote an amused Gunn, “because the same rules applied, one had to appeal to the President of the Mess for permission to speak or tell a tale, no bets or use of reference books allowed etc.”

p. 172: map seems curiously inverted, with higher latitudes to the north.

Helm, A. S. *Antarctica. By A. S. Helm and J. H. Miller. The Story of the New Zealand Party of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition.* Wellington, NZ: R.E. Owen, Government Printer, 1964.

The official account of the New Zealand part of the Fuchs/Hillary expedition, the one based at Scott Base near McMurdo which in addition to its Trans-Antarctic work sponsored some sledge journey surveys of the Darwin Glacier and other areas.

p. 126, in list of medical and dental requirements, this official report included “a 24-book medical library” along with dental instruments, adhesive plasters, and 12,000 ascorbic acid tablets.

Opp. p. 161, good picture of the book shelves in the mess hut at Scott Base, where among other things church services were held.

p. 195: Many of the Americans at McMurdo suffered from insomnia, or, as it was termed in the Antarctic, “big eye”. They even had a 1 a.m. film session, known as the “big eye movies”. Although it was seldom mentioned, several of the men at Scott Base suffered mildly from this complaint, but as they led a more active life than their American counterparts, it was not so noticeable. It consisted of a lack of ability to drop off to sleep, even after one or two hours of lying awake. Carylton complained that he would sometimes lie awake for an hour or two, after putting out his light, but if he commenced to read after going to bed he would often fall asleep almost immediately.

p. 214, on the music recordings at the Base: The radiogram donated to the men at Scott Base by the New Zealand Radio Manufacturers’

Association was initially seldom silent. A presentation of 500 records was made by Messrs Phillips Electrical Industries Ltd.—one to cover every day the expedition was in the Antarctic. The selection comprised mainly long-playing records, catering for a variety of tastes, from popular numbers to classical music.

p. 215: However, the two recordings which were in demand far beyond all others were “Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony” and the opera “La Traviata”. “La Traviata” had universal appeal, but it was unfortunately their only opera At the other extreme classical music was sometimes played by the “musical intellectuals”, who were caught out one day when they listened with profound appreciation for several minutes to a record of their choice being played at half speed.

p. 219, discusses some of the cultural interactions between the kiwis and the Americans at Hut Point, a much larger base with 78 men who had “twice-daily film showings, billiards, table tennis, and a record library.

Hillary, Sir Edmund. *No Latitude for Error*. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1961.

Re Trans Antarctic Expedition of 1956-57, with Vivian Fuchs. Unlike their joint book, Hillary’s at least shows some interior pictures with shelves of books, incl. one opposite p. 97 with one title legible, *Into China*.

p. 65, and p. 90, both deal with custom of divine service: a permanent feature at midday of each Sunday.

p. 94-95—while searching for the hut Wilson’s party used on the *Worst Journey*...: Mulgrew and I sat on our sleeping-bags brewing up a cup of tea and argued furiously as to where the hut must be. We produced our paperback copy of Cherry-Garrard’s account *The Worst Journey in the World* and read through line by line the chapter dealing with the establishment of their hut. We soon became convinced that the map in the book did not coincide with the description and that we had in fact been looking in the wrong place.... It was the hut all right—four rock walls half-filled with snow and ice, and the sledge peeping over the top with its wood polished white by forty-five years of this rigorous climate.

Opp. p. 97: picture of Hillary with bookcases in background.
p. 106-08, the schedule of weekly lectures by members of the party, followed by an outline of a more formal course in Navigation.
Opp. p. 116, picture of “mess-room with library, gramophone and all the other amenities of life”; also shows a sleeping cubicle with bookshelves.

McKenzie, Douglas. *Opposite Poles*. London: Robert Hale, 1963.

A light and half-hearted defense of Hillary’s determination to get to the Pole ahead of Fuchs, despite his dissembling on his motives. The title emphasizes the conflict. McKenzie, a NZ journalist drove one of the Ferguson tractors enroute to the S.P. between depot 450 and 700.

p. 117: Since the preoccupation of men is sex and money, and since money has small importance in Antarctica, sex captures most of the field left to idle dreaming. The Americans are less inhibited than New Zealanders about giving some sort of practical expression to this dreaming, and they had one room at Hut Point which was art photography in dementia. This room had a montage of pictures on the wall—on each of the four walls—and on the ceiling as well. The room was a complete canopy and cloak of women: a reeling vicariousness of women in every attitude and expression, snipped from the liberal American magazine press; in the main partly, and occasionally wholly, as naked as a penguin. This was a sitting-room in which, judging from the indifference of the Americans to their surroundings, surfeit had led to satiety.

Scott Base had its art, too, but more privately, and less overwhelmingly: less frankly, perhaps. Usually, however, the New Zealanders preferred to be seen in public, as it were, with their sex where it could be met with jolly laughter. Thus, a picture borrowed from the Americans and put up on the notice-board, unconcernedly and almost totally bare to the waist, was a scream.

After a year in Antarctica men were likely to have fused from the ready diet of pin-ups an image of female beauty and accommodation which was disconcertedly unrelated to real life.” [Goes on to say they needed time to readjust.]

Stephenson, Jon. *Crevasse Roulette: The First Trans-Antarctic Crossing 1957-58*. Dural, NSW Australia: Rosenberg, 2009.

Thomson, John. *Climbing the Pole: Edmund Hillary & the Trans-Antarctic Expedition 1955-1958*. Norwich, UK: Erskine Press, 2010

An excellent book which skewers Hillary for his disingenuous claim that his trip to the South Pole, upstaging Vivian Fuchs, was a spur of the moment decision, while convincingly documenting that it was Hillary's intent from the outset of his involvement with TAE.

p. 65—In 1956 Arthur Helm had this conversation with Hillary: We worked closely together on his proposal of carrying on to the South Pole once the depots had been laid to the specifications of Bunny Fuchs. Sitting around the fireside of our home, we secretly prepared the plans.

Ed's idea was to leave very early (in the Antarctic summer season), and I said I thought it was a month too soon. I went into the study and brought out a copy of Roald Amundsen's two volume work, *The South Pole*, dealing with his Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the *Fram* from 1910 to 1912. [Goes on to recount Amundsen's problems with too early a start.]

I opened the book where it dealt with this part of the expedition and gave it to Ed to read. He did so in silence, and then went over it again carefully before he handed it back to me. "We better put our start back a month too," was his comment, and the plans were changed accordingly.

[Nothing at all about any recreational reading among the TAE, but that seems true of most accounts which tend only to mention that there was a library or some polar books around.]

Warren, Guyon. *The Daily Journal of an Antarctic Explorer 1956-1958*. Edited by Karen Warren. Nelson, NZ: Copy Press Books, 2014.

Warren was a geologist on the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition (TAE) led by Vivian Fuchs (UK) and Sir Edmund Hillary

(NZ). When not on surveying journeys to the Polar Plateau and the Dry Valleys, he was mainly at the Scott Base near McMurdo and he mentions the library at McMurdo a couple of times. His notes about reading occur mainly during the winter period, as outlined here:

p. 124: Sunday 21st April [1957]... I fear we rather trade on the Americans eagerness to please—we must be about as good a pack of Kiwi bludgers as there ever was. Roy arrived back with four pair of their magnificent gloves (our other main clothing lack) and twenty pairs of inners! Spent most of the afternoon in the library and looked over their record collection—mostly “bop” and crooners but lots of good stuff as well.

p.130—found course materials for Italian which he considered doing.

p. 135: Friday 10th May...Finished off “Excuse My Feet” [G. Hugh Sumpter] by a certain anonymous “Sarg” from 2NZE and had a lot of laughs.

p. 136: Saturday 11th May...Tonight George is holding forth on everything from sex to spelling, but I’ve got into “Appointment with Venus” [Jerrard Tickell] and am going to have an early night and read in bed....

p. 136: Sunday 12th May enjoyed my book and read the whole 256 pages in one sitting before I went to sleep at midnight. Up in time for Sunday service.

p. 138: Thursday 16th May Harry brought “Rigoletto” from Hut Point [the US base and library]—they have most of the better known operas there complete, very few of them ever opened. Played it right through there and then, and we will put it on one of the spare tapes before we send it back.

p. 139: Saturday 18th May... Ken Meyer and Bordeaux came over from Hut Point with two films which we had after dinner—“Phoenix [Phenix] City Story’, not bad, about a gang-controlled city in Alabama cleaned up in 1954 and supposedly factual, and Alec Guinness in “The Man in the White Suit” which is good but not his best by a long way. Funny to watch the Yanks—they miss two-thirds of the humour if it’s anything more subtle than pie throwing.

p. 140: Wednesday 22nd May Read till quite late to finish off “Bhowani Junction”; well written and a lot of meat in it, but mostly raw.

p. 145: Friday 7th June Finished off “Requiem for a Wren” in bed—Nevil Shute, much below his best.

p. 157: Tuesday 2nd July... Worked on trying to correlate the various limestones that have been reported from the different localities but it means wading through half a dozen volumes of expedition reports to get back to the originals and it will take a long time.... Finished during the night a book on the development of the Viking rocket after the war. Very interesting especially as it is now to be used as the first stage in launching the first satellites at the end of the year.

p. 158: Wednesday 3rd July Went through quite a lot of Scott’s “Discovery” report—far more interesting and better written than the later one and less depressing and gloomy, but no-one would ever call Scott a joy-germ.

p. 170: Saturday 10th August Last night finished a rather poor book on the early history of Scotland Yard.

p. 170: Sunday 11th August Just finished a crazy James Thurber fair tale

....

p. 364, prints a letter from Fuchs to Warren promising to send copies of the TAE scientific reports to Guyon (March 13.963).

1957- OPERATION DEEP FREEZE

Belanger, Dian. *Deep Freeze: the United States, the International Geophysical Year, and the Origins of Antarctica's Age of Science.* Boulder, CO: University of Colorado Press, 2006.

A comprehensive historical account of the development of Operation Deep Freeze and the IGY, dense but well-written. The first eight chapters give the historical development of the American stations: McMurdo, Little America V, the South Pole, and the three more remote gap stations. Chapters 9 to 11 the major scientific areas of research: meteorology, the physics of the atmosphere, and geology/glaciology,

making the scientific details clear to the lay non-scientist. The final chapter is about the experience of life on the ice, an evocative account for anyone who was there.

p. 113—the survival gear on a crashed Otter plane included a Bible.

p. 145 setting up Byrd Station in the West Antarctic interior: Most of the library books, however, did not arrive until the following October.

Some worried about shortages of food, although the reach of that adversity depended on who told the story. Monotony, not lack of nutrition, was a fairer complaint.

p. 146: One acknowledged deficit was alcohol, which was in such short supply that the winter's beer was rationed to ten cans per man, as one sailor reportedly learned too late after consuming his entire allotment one early September night. There was even less hard liquor. It said something about relative yearnings that by midwinter the collection of pinups adorning the mess hall walls was overtaken by magazine advertisements for whiskey.

p. 321-54: an excellent chapter on “Life on the Ice” during the winter, with emphasis on dealing with monotony.

p. 326-27: Any excuse for a party helped break the monotony of the long dark months. Midwinter, on 22 June, generated the biggest celebration of the year at every station....

More intellectual pursuits were also available. Once he came to peace with the fact that volunteering for Antarctica meant wintering over, Ellsworth pilot Con Jaburg decided to study a foreign language and learn to play a musical instrument. Like many others, with similar intentions, he did neither. He took out two Air Force college extension courses—one in sociology, the other in English literature—but they also languished. He did read heavily in the classics among the station's (Ellsworth) library holdings and would later teach literature at a community college. At Wilkes, seismologist Henry Birkenhauer taught mathematics up to introductory solid geometry, and aurora and cosmic-ray physicist Dean Denison led a class in German. At Little America, exchange meteorologists Paul Astapenko and Alberto Arruiz taught Russian and Spanish, respectively. These classes “lasted with surprising vigor,” according to Crary's assistant Harry Francis, who taught history

and English to the station's several foreigners. Charlie Bentley learned to play the recorder on his own at Byrd, and chief Kenneth Kent, electronics technician, brought his bagpipes to Ellsworth. At the same station, Dr. Clint Smith led a class in classical music appreciation for a small but dedicated group. Some Navy men worked on correspondence courses or otherwise prepared for promotion examinations. But more courses were sent down than were used, and of those, far fewer were completed. Many kept personal journals. What they chose to record of daily events and thoughts richly revealed themselves and their surroundings.

[Another paragraph follows on the lecture series at various stations.]
p. 332, at Wilkes Station: arguably the happiest group launched in Deep Freeze II, organized religious practice played a minor role at best.... The official Navy report claimed services were held on Sunday evenings twice a month using the "excellent" *Minister's Handbook*, with about four men attending. [Prots. got as many as six or seven.]

Chappell, Richard Lee. *Antarctic Scout*. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1959.

Chappell was part of a program to send Boy Scouts on Antarctic expeditions, in his case to Operation Deep Freeze II when he was a winterover at Little America. Paul Siple was an earlier participant who became an important American explorer and encouraged this young man who later went to Princeton. The writing is wooden and generally sanctimonious, betraying the author's youth. Reading is minimal, mostly confined to the Bible (p. 81), though he does find a copy of Murphy's *Oceanic Birds of South America* to help his pursuit of ornithology, and he did participate in Little America's "University of the Antarctic." At those sessions he studied Morse code and did manage to send off a sample message. He ends with a rather fundamentalist homily based on Matt 28:20: "lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Chappell does not appear to have published anything else.

Dewart, Gilbert. *Antarctic Comrades: An American with the Russians in Antarctica.* Columbus, OH, Ohio State University Press, 1989.

Dewart was an American scientist who joined the Russians in 1960 at their Mirny base.

p. 7-8: Meanwhile I was working out a cultural export program of my own that I had hoped would give my Russian hosts a sample, however biased toward my preferences, of American literature and popular music. I packed books by such classical writers as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, and Stephen Crane; the works of more modern authors, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe, Eudora Welty, Carson McCullers; science fiction by Ray Bradbury and Frederik Pohl; an anthology of current short stories; a couple of issues of the avant-garde *Evergreen Review* featuring the fashionable “Beat” literati; and a collection of American ballads. One English novelist was included: George Orwell.

There was also nonfiction by world traveler John Gunther, cartoonist Bill Mauldin, musicologist Barry Ulanov, frontier historian Walter Prescott Webb, and two foreign social critics, Alexis de Tocqueville and Milovan Djilas. I added a ‘reference and miscellaneous’ section that contained English and English-Russian dictionaries, English and Russian grammars, a world almanac, a photographic album of American landscape, the U.S. Navy’s cruisebook on its Antarctic operations, and a complete Sunday edition of the *New York Times* (the last on the advice of my predecessor Gordon Cartwright).

For consultation on music I sought out Ralph Gleason, who was then the jazz critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*... Thus, I ended up with a [recordings] library that extended from Huddie Ledbetter and Josh White, through Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, to Miles Davis and Shelley Manne.

p. 22, aboard the *Kooperatsiya*: There were stacks of dog-eared magazines lying around: *Krokodil*, the satirical and humorous journal, *Sovietsky Soyuz*, the illustrated monthly, and *Vodnyy Transport*, house organ of the maritime industry. In the passageway outside I was gratified to see, in a long row of Antarctic photographs, a shot of my friend Carl

Eklund, taken during a brief visit he made to Mirnyy aboard a U.S. icebreaker at the conclusion of our year at Wilkes Station.

p. 40—gifts of meteorological publications.

p. 47: In his room he: had a bed, desk, bookcase, table, armchair, straight-backed chair, and shelves made out of packing crates. Every cranny was stuffed with clothing, books, instruments, and other paraphernalia....

p. 73-4—movies as chief entertainment

p. 91: Most of the books in my cultural-exchange collection were eventually donated to the base library, though a number of them went to friends who showed special interest in a particular volume. Fedyukhin, the photographer and war veteran, keenly appreciated Bill Mauldin's World War II cartoons, so I gave him my personal copy of *Up Front*; in return I received a Soviet-made exposure meter.

p. 164, describes digging out the base Komsomolskaya which had drifted over: a compact facility, containing a sleeping room for six people, generator room, combination office and radio shack, library, and bath. The library was small but well stocked with works of Dostoyevsky, Gogol, Chekhov, and Lenin, plus a number of foreign authors, including O. Henry, and there was something eerily science-fiction like about thawing these cultural treasures out of the glacial frost.

Doumani, George A. *The Frigid Mistress: Life and Exploration in Antarctica*. Baltimore, MD: Noble House, 1999.

A personal account of five trips to the Antarctic, mainly to Byrd Station. Probably the worst book of Antarctic exploration I've encountered. To quote one review of this account of five visits to Antarctica: "He is no writer." There is one paragraph about the library room at Byrd Station: if the publisher had remembered to provide pagination I would provide a citation—it's near the beginning of the book.

p. 11-12, on arrival at Byrd Station, Nov. 16, 1958: I went around looking for an empty bunk somewhere and found one in a niche called the library, a little shelf-walled semicubicle which apparently nobody

had seen or attempted to inhabit. I soon found out why: it was the leakiest spot in the building, water drip drip dripping through the ceiling panels from the snow on the roof... The third wall of the library was not shelved but was completely covered with life-size busts and pinups of anybody's pinup girl. I lay back and my eyes panned slowly from Anita Ekberg to Kim Novak to Brigitte Bardot as I drifted into sleep.

p. 60—winter life at Byrd station: Education became even more critical in the darkness months. The scientist managed to keep busy somehow, if not with his own work at least helping another scientist. The military personnel had a few odds and ends in the hobby shop, a few books they could read, and some records, which eventually wore out. The final refuge was resorting to the beer can.

p. 64, section on movies etc.: These films were also a source of laughter and nasty comments, but they were more revealing in their ineffectiveness during the latter days of our confinement. Pinup girls, nude photographs, and other sex exhibits were very common in every station, and in every room. In the early stages of isolation they were a source of curiosity, and every different pose presented an attractive sight. Eventually, however, these pictures became reduced to just paper on the wall.

p. 189, second winter in a small hut: One such shelf contained a communal library where we pooled whatever books each of us brought with him.

p. 191-92, in discussion of drinking: I think he suspected Long of having deliberately left our share behind. And the more he saw Long reading his New Testament before going to sleep, the more convinced he became that he was pretending to be a teetotaler. This would have passed unnoticed, had it not been for an occasion when we were blizzard bound and were reading aloud back and forth, each some excerpt of what he was reading.

Two of the books I had brought with me were particularly interesting reading; Julian Huxley's *Religion Without Revelation* and William Sargant's *Battle for the Mind*. As it developed, excerpts from these books were very thought-provoking and, to someone religious, rather controversial. One passage in particular I read aloud, knowing that

Long was Methodist, which had to do with the utilization of mass psychology by John Wesley. Long, of course had a counter argument, or felt that he would produce one. Mercer immediately plunged into the conversation wanting to fathom exactly how religious Long truly was, or was it just an air he was putting on. Etc

p. 193: There were times when the blizzard would drag slowly and we would get tired of reading.

p. 250, at top of Mt. Weaver: At an elevation of about 9,000 feet near the peak there was a rock cairn with a can hidden in it. I removed the rocks and read the label on the can. It said "Byrd Antarctic Expedition II," Van Houston Cocoa. Inside the can was a paper from an ordinary lined writing pad that looked so fresh as if it were deposited the day before. The paper was dated December 10, 1934, exactly twenty-eight years before, declaring that the mountain was climbed on that date and was being named after Dr. Charles E. Weaver.

p. 263: Among the many demands scientists asked of the National Science Foundation, I had been asking for some sort of information control system on Antarctic research in order to know who was doing what where in Antarctica before submitting our next proposal. The National Science Foundation decided to produce an *Antarctic Bibliography*, and was seeking an Antarctic scientist to manage the project. Dr. Richard Cameron declined, and I accepted the position to head the Cold Regions Bibliography Section at the Library of Congress, and moved the family to Washington, DC. [Appears to have finished volume I and II in 1966.]

Dufek, George J. *Operation Deepfreeze*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1957.

Rear Admiral Dufek was Commander U.S. Naval Support Force Antarctica, but apart from a fairly extensive bibliography his book shows no sign of his own reading. However, there are a few references:

p. 68: Letting our enthusiasm gather headway, I asked the Navy to furnish a historian to record our operations in the Antarctic. I was informed in no uncertain military terms just to get on with the job—and

make an official report. History and destiny would take care of themselves. I did not test the tempers of my superiors further by suggesting what had been a dream of mine—to take along a good poet to record the beauty and starkness of storms, the noise of crushing ice, and the silence, the total distance and mystery of Antarctica. No beautiful poetry has ever come out of the Antarctic. But I just don't dare write a letter to the Chief of Naval Operations and ask for a poet....

p. 70, aboard the *Arneb* enroute south: The thought of quiet hours of reading was very pleasant. There was a complete shelf of books on polar exploration, both north and south. They would be rich with the experiences of the great names in the polar regions, with valuable information about their operations. There was a shelf of outlines of world history. President Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* caught my eye. I would have time to read it again in more detail. On several shelves were paperback editions of Westerns and whodunits to bring me relaxation from tension. They would help allay the boredom that comes in operations when nature's stubbornness demands that the puny efforts of man must wait patiently for favorable conditions of winds and ice.

"The biographies in my cruise box would augment the books in the cabinet. This was my favorite kind of reading. What men accomplished and how and why they did it have always fascinated me. Why do men follow one course rather than another? Why had I?

p. 74: The library was well stocked with books to suit every taste.

p. 123: Emergency supplies for an aircrash included a Bible.

p. 146, on visiting the Russian base: We exchanged gifts; I received Russian cigarettes and autographed books, and gave Captain Solianik American cigarettes and a copy of R. B. Robertson's *Of Whales and Men*.

p. 156, describing life in the winter camps: Each unit has a separate lounge set apart from their bunk rooms with table, red upholstered lounge chairs, reading lamps, books from the main library (the chaplain acts as librarian), and a record player, which can also be plugged in with earphones for a lone listener. [Only one of the seven base site plans given in the appendix shows the place of the library.]

McCormick, Patrick “Rediron”. *Deep Freeze I and Deep Freeze II, 1955-1957: A Memoir.*

http://www.antarctican.org/antarctican_society/PDF%20Files/pack_ice/McCormick%20Narrative/McCormick_memoir.pdf

McCormick was a Seabee who worked on projects at both McMurdo and South Pole.

p. 33: There was a library [at McMurdo] arranged much like a den at home with sofas, stuffed chairs and end tables with lamps. There was a limited selection of reading material and a high fidelity record player, high tech stuff at the time, with a limited, but varied selection of music. It was quiet, peaceful, and a good place to relax and get away from the usual hubbub and more exuberant activity in the mess-hall or berthing huts.

p. 37: A daily one page newspaper entitled AiropFacts, the name was later changed to The Antarctic Bulletin when it went weekly, was published by the administrative department. It contained limited news and sports scores gleaned from wire services via the teletype machines, weather reports from other bases on the Ice, the menu, upcoming movies etc. I still have most of those publications.

Siple, Paul. *90° South: The Story of the American South Pole Conquest.* New York: Putnam's, 1959.

Essentially the story of the establishment of the first base at the South Pole, now called the Amundsen-Scott Station, by the scientific leader of the expedition. As so often in the science/military relationship, Siple seems not to have gotten on too well with the military leader of Operation Deep Freeze, George Dufek, but is only mildly sarcastic in his criticism. The book contains a good deal more science than many of these accounts, and little on the recreational activities of the winter night. He attributes this to the lack of time for pastimes while getting and keeping the base operational. There are a few passages dealing with reading:

p. 69-70: I am certain those viewing polar expeditions from afar wonder how we poor shut-ins manage to while away our hours. The truth is that the winter nights [sic] pass so rapidly that I for one never seem to get all the things done I expected to accomplish. I always bring home some of the books I take along for winter-night reading, unread. The first half of the winter moves along leisurely in contrast to the exhausting pace maintained during the period of camp construction. Then by midwinter, the tempo picks up and becomes more frantic as sunrise approaches and everyone strives to be ready to make the most of the short summer season.

p. 146, in getting ready to supply the base: I remember that we were particularly elated when we acquired a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, for I knew that during the winter night men would argue about various factual questions and it was important that they have source books to settle their disputes.

p. 93, on an unsuccessful hunting party with inept hunters: However, the trip served the useful purpose of easing their consciences, for now they knew that no game could be got and that there was no occasion for them to do anything but wait for the spring in the orthodox way of explorers, reading the Encyclopædia Britannica or penny novels, according to temperament, making long diary entries, listening to victrolas and having flashlight photographs taken now and then, showing the comforts and convivialities of an arctic home.

p. 170, this *EB* was air-dropped to the Pole and lost: Our precious set of Encyclopedias, which I had planned to use to settle minor factual disputes bound to come up during the coming winter, was one lost stream-in I could not replace. We dug in many spots but never found the volumes.

p. 269—laments lack of encyclopedia: I found ourselves hard put at times to settle arguments. They did have popular magazines, some sporting mags and some Western pulps; lectures two evenings a week.

p. 271: Bedtime was generally late. A few of the men, like Bob Benson and Arlo Landolt, averaged only five hours of sleep at night because after their work was done they stayed in their offices or lay in their beds and read—usually classics or technical books in their scientific fields.

We suspected they slipped in a Western or pulp story now and then from the chuckles that came from them.

p. 274: The formal part of the [church] service consisted of a reading from the Bible and the singing of hymns. We had been led to expect an electric piano to be air-dropped to us, but when it failed to arrive we relied on records, though unfortunately the recorded hymns were not generally familiar to us and with the absence of hymnbooks we did not prove to be very articulate singers.

South Pole Station Daily Narrative. Commencing October 13, 1956, and ending January 20, 1957, as written by LTJG Richard A. Bowers, CEC, USN. See Antarctic Society website

Wednesday, November 7, 1956 POLE STATION preparation is at a standstill. All personnel have returned to their departments and are standing watches. The only thing accomplished was to gather library books for shipment to the Pole Station.

Thursday, November 29, 1956 A box of pocket books was placed on the shelves that WILLIAMSON built and SPIERS has some new shelves, benches and tables.

Sponholz, Martin, "Among the Magi"

This memoir by Society member Martin Sponholz recounts his experiences at Plateau Station and the Japanese Showa Station in the 1960's. It has never been published, but has appeared on other websites in the past. We thought it deserved a home with the Antarctic Society, with Marty's permission.

p. 138: Some of us also did much reading. This was a long standing tradition. Robert Falcon Scott, on each of his marches toward the South Pole in 1901 and 1911 took the lead reading to his men. Darwin's *Origin of Species* was commonly read. It was the first time in my life that I was given an opportunity to read the Bible from cover to cover in a reasonably short (only a few months) time. I was amazed at its consistent message from Old to New Testament - the Messiah to come

and the Christ of fulfillment sacrificing for me and for us all. Rob at one time asked me if I would conduct a weekly devotion. Today I wish I had not refused.

In 1966 I was still branded with my denomination's schism over prayer fellowship. I really wish I had learned to read the whole Bible as a high school student at Wisconsin Lutheran but school training only stressed interdenominational dangers without the whole council of God as I came to learn it on the polar plateau. I suppose I did not take stock of real sins in my youth but the religious schools I attended stressed proper behavior and not enough unconditional forgiveness. When I would walk out from camp to measure my snow stake fields and get away from the camp by as much as a mile or more, the stars and the silence became overwhelming. Except for the screeching of the snow while it drifted past me, no noise penetrated my ears. As a sinner I was struck with total fear grabbing for a weapon or a sword. For what? The Russians? Bears? No, I feared my almighty God. And over the Antarctic He placed His Southern Cross with a bloody star in its side. I knew I was forgiven of my sins.

Chapter VIII: Life in Winter. Most of the winter activity centered on movies and an aborted attempt to make their own monopoly game.

Stone, Robert. "Antarctica, 1958," *New Yorker* (June 12, 2006), p. 52-54 [Talk of the Town]

In 1958, I was a duty helmsman on the bridge of the U.S.S. Arneb, an ungainly naval transport ship with the lines of a tramp steamer.... When I went below to crash, taking to my rack, which was at the top of a four-high tier. I lay down to read with my pocket flashlight. I had "Ulysses" checked out from the Norfolk, Virginia, public library, and plenty of time to be patient with it. When we started sliding to port, I'd stay with Leopold Bloom for as long as I could tough it out, waiting for the big lumbering ship to arrest its roll and come back to starboard.... Then I'd set my book aside and ponder my fortune....

1957-58 Operation Deep Freeze I. Ellesworth Station. (Finn Ronne)

Behrendt, John H. *Innocents on the Ice: A Memoir of Antarctic Exploration, 1957*. Boulder, Colorado: University of Colorado Press, 1998.

An account of the International Geophysical Year expedition to the Weddell Sea with Captain Finn Ronne, 1956-58, with emphasis on the stresses and conflicts between the military captain and the civilian scientists. Behrendt is unusual in noting, mostly from his daily journal, a substantial amount of reading during the winter at Ellsworth Station.

These readings included Ronne's own *Antarctic Conquest* (p. 24); *War and Peace* (p. 58); *The Rebel* (Camus) and Stefansson's *Arctic Manual* (p. 114); *Gods Graves and Scholars* (Ceram: p. 122); Thurber (p. 136); *Cold* (Gould: p. 140); thesaurus (p. 153); *The White Desert* (Giaever: p. 158 with a long quote); *Mrs Warren's Profession* (Shaw) and *Grapes of Wrath* (Steinbeck: p. 170); *The Rain Cave*: p. 189); *Of Whales and Men* (R.B. Robertson: p. 201); *Life on the Mississippi* (Twain: p. 214); *The Life of Greece* (Durant: p. 223); *Scott's Last Expedition* (p. 320); *Time* magazine (p. 323); *Merck Manual* (p. 346); *Human Destiny* (LeComte de Nouilly: p. 371); *The Wall* (Hersey: p. 374).

p. 25: I took the opportunity to copy [naval messages on Operation Deep Freeze] those of interest, somewhat to the annoyance of the ships' officers, I suppose, who didn't do that sort of thing. These messages are the source of information about other parts of Operation Deep Freeze, included here from time to time. I am sure that the Navy did not bother to keep these documents in archives, so any copies we civilians made are the only ones preserved. [I have checked NARS and the only documents they preserve from the *Wyandot* are the daily deck logs. DHS]

p. 61: I had purchased a large selection of paperback books before I left the States and kept them in a makeshift bookcase we made from IGY supplies. In addition, everyone else brought personal books, which we traded around, and the recreation hall was furnished with a good general library. We also had an excellent scientific and Antarctic library in the science building.

p. 62: The Navy men had a very large number of fairly chaste (by 1970s-90s standards) pinups on their walls, whereas the scientists at Ellsworth in 1957 had few or none. Interestingly, the psychologists who interviewed us after the winter discovered that we scientists had a lot more headaches than the Navy personnel! Instead of pinup girls on his wall, one of the Navy men had many cutout ads of whiskey bottles. By the 1980s-90s, with many women in Antarctica, there were few or no pinups of naked women on walls at U.S. stations. [When I visited Ellsworth in early 1958 I was struck by how many Playboy nudes had been cut out and strategically placed among the knobs of the most complicated equipment. DHS]

p. 97: 2 April [1957], Tues. We have the most complete library of Antarctic literature...that I've ever seen. All the classics by Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton, Byrd, Ellsworth, and Mawson, in addition to the most up-to-date stuff available. James Cook's works on the South Pacific (1768-71) (including charts) are also here. There are scientific journals from the past few years. In addition to technical books in all our fields, we have books on ornithology, geography, climatology, photography, and history. German and French dictionaries in addition to *Webster's Collegiate* are but a part of the shelf of technical reference handbooks. I only hope I read a part of this. Kevin Walton's and Jennie Darlington's books are here but not Ronne's.

p. 104-05: Jack and I recorded "Damnation of Faust" until 0230 one morning in the rec hall. I printed pictures one Sunday afternoon. I just finished reading the best-written Antarctic book I've seen, *The Antarctic Problem* by E. W. Hunter Christie. It discusses the history of this sector of the continent and the dispute between Chile, Argentina, and Great Britain over competing claims. One night I read Orwell's *Animal Farm* before going to sleep.

p. 163: Jack dug out a copy of the *Psychology of Abnormal People* by J.J.B. Morgan, Ph.D., and began reading aloud...in my opinion, is a pretty good description of Finne Ronne.

p. 201—quotes Robertson's *Of Whales and Men*, on pornography, masturbation, and homosexuality.

p. 223: [15 Sept.] I read two books today and started a third. Clint has had a library book, *The Life of Greece*, a 700-page epic by Will Durant, which I want to read. I asked him when he would finish, and he said probably not before the traverse. I borrowed it for a week but everyone thinks I won't get it read in that time; it is rather meaty.

p. 231: 29 Sept., Sun. I finished off *Life of Greece* and started *Caesar and Christ*, Durant's book on the Roman era.

p. 296, during their traverse of the Ice Shelf: Still whiteout when I got up at 1130. Ed and I spent the afternoon reading, as it was too white to travel and there was nothing else to do....

p. 301, 10 Nov.: I also finished off Durant's *Caesar and Christ* and started another book

p. 302, 12 Nov.: I am going to start *Adventures in Ideas* by Alfred North Whitehead presently.

p. 315: Cards this afternoon and philosophy reading tonight. Stimulated by my reading of Whitehead, Aug, Paul and I started a discussion of whether there is a God. We didn't resolve the question.

Ronne, Finne. *Antarctic Command*. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1961.

Ronne's self-justifying and self-pitying account of his disastrous command of the IGY expedition at Ellsworth Station in the Weddell Sea in 1956-58, mainly acknowledging the extreme tensions between military and civilian scientists.

p. 73 shows library (item 4) in diagram map of the station.

p. 101: quotes Kane's *Arctic Explorations*.

p. 104: I also got the IGY men going on making a science building library and conference room....We had about 250 books and magazines for the library, but we intended to store office supplies and machinery there too.

p. 127: It was a blessing that we had plenty of reading matter in camp. We had not only one library—but two. The one for the use of all the men in camp was located in the hobby-room in the recreation hall. These books were mostly paper-backs and the men could come and help themselves. Usually, when they had read them they were brought back

to the library again or passed on to someone else. [see plate 5 for picture of this recreation hall, with two men reading]

The science library, on the other hand consisted of books of a more permanent nature and some quite valuable. They were purchased by the IGY for use of the scientific staff; but no man in camp would be denied the pleasure of reading all the books in this library, so we made it open with an adjacent reading space. To insure that no book would be lost, I directed the men to read the books there. However, any book taken out would have to be registered. This would insure that the IGY men could put their hands on any book in a few minutes for immediate reference. Otherwise, I knew from experience they would be lost and stashed away some place and never seen again.

Skidmore was obviously violating the rules by letting books out from the library without filling out a charge card. While I was discussing the matter with Thiel, Skidmore came into the library. He readily admitted taking liberties with the books but then immediately blew up and spoke very roughly to me.

1958-59 British FIDS (BAS) Expedition at Halley Bay

Norman, Nelson. *In Search of a Penguin's Egg*. Bloomington, IN: AuthorHouse, 2009.

Norman Nelson was in the British National Service when he was transferred to a FIDS expedition to the Falklands and the Antarctic Peninsula in 1958. Raymond Priestley introduced him to the prospect of following up on Edward Wilson's penguin studies of 1911. His experience was similar.

p. 40: One of the other very fine parts of this hut was the lounge which had been lovingly constructed by George Lush and his mates during the winter of the first year. There was a bar at one end and a library at the other. The first thing George did when he arrived was to take down the book at the right-hand corner—volume one of Gibbons' *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "Just as I thought," he said. It has not been moved since I put it there three years ago!

p. 55: The evenings spent indoors were becoming longer. As outside activity declined so did our appetites, and we began to have some trouble sleeping. Aside from photography, there was not much to do in the evenings. The advent of the personal computer has made an enormous contribution to the well-being of personnel during Antarctic winters, but they were not available until many years later. One blessing was that we had a record player which David Lambert brought down and made generally available. My favourite at that time was Beethoven's sixth symphony.... The other disc that was very popular with me was a record of, *The Importance of Being Ernest*, with Dame Edith Evans as Lady Bracknell.

Ruben, Morton J. "The Mirny Diary" 12 February 1958 – 7 February 1959

This detailed diary was contributed by Morton Rubin's brother Harry. He gives credit to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sponholz for painstakingly deciphering and transcribing Morton's original handwritten manuscript. It is a fascinating glimpse of winterover life at an IGY Russian station. http://www.antarctican.org/antarctican_society/PDF%20Files/pack_ice/MJRubin-Mirny_Diary.pdf

p. 12: Vasikov asked what encyclopedia I had used, and I said that it was a 2 vol edition. He depreciated it, and I heatedly asked whether he had any at all, and whether he expected me to bring along 18 trunks filled with books and encyclopedias. It was really silly of me to have reacted that way.

p. 13: I visited Binnik's room before dinner to see his auroral film. He has a sparsely furnished room, one side of which is filled with the control panel for his two auroral cameras, radios, test apparatus etc. His ventilation outlet is almost completely filled with cables going to the cameras. I saw his test film of auroras and line spectra from auroras. He said that he had finished the Huxley book, and had liked it. Now he wants to read the Bible — he says they have no access to bibles in Russia.

p. 15: Visited the library which has 4000 volumes — mostly fiction. About only 20 English language books, principally “selected” items. Many translations; Jules Vern is popular. Today is Paul Robeson’s birthday — he’s 60 years old.

p. 15: Before bed had visit from Belov, who looked in as Konstantin was asking about Ross Ice Self. Belov and I always end up in a heated discussion. This time it started amicably, as he was glad to see me reading ОГОРЬК , but it ended in a rather bitter argument about socialism — Soviet Union brand — and capitalism. He uses all the old worn-out clichés about imperialistic capitalism, and really cannot see the whole of this world situation as he does not have access to all the news — he listens only to one side. But he is as positive as can be that his side is right.

p. 28 on Ruben’s birthday: Received gift of Tschaikowsky’s 1st piano concert on record, and guide book on Moscow from Tolstikov, Kibalin, Parfunyin, Nikolaev, and Ostrekin; photo of his 10th comet from Mikos. Pushkin’s Selected Works from Asgold; abacus from George and Tijan; Heat Balance from Met group; and the photo yesterday from aerologists.

p. 60: Heard some Tschaikousky music, and said what a great composer he was. K. said, “Yes, Tschaikousky was the world’s best composer, and Pushkin the best poet. This nationalism is all over the place, and everyone is infected. One can’t compliment them in anyway without a round of bragging coming forth. And Bellingshausen discovered Antarctica — he read it in a book; a Russian book, of course.

p. 63: Lebedev came over to give me titles of books he wants; he has asked Moscow to send 2 copies of all new books on Antarctica; one for him and one for “cultural contacts” — that’s me. We had tea, listened to jazz, looked at U.S. magazines. He says that our magazines are well printed, and with lots of color. He likes the U.S. interior decorating. He didn’t like *Reporter* magazine, and can’t understand for whom it is written. Went to see Galkin to fill in on his lecture of yesterday, and the radio Gazette. Gave Asxold a Sunday edition of *NY Times*.

1959-60 Australian National Antarctic Research Expeditions (ANARE)

Béchervaise, John. *Blizzard and Fire: A Year at Mawson, Antarctica.* London: Angus and Robertson, 1964.

This book concerns the ANARE trip to Mawson in 1959. A somewhat odd book in that it is an epistolary account of a year at an Australian base by letters to a variety of friends and relatives, interspersed with a series of newsletters ostensibly for a public audience. He does tell some exciting stories as the base commander, but his references to reading are more utilitarian than inspirational, for example the use of *The Australian Pilot* to find repair facilities in various places (p. 24). A discussion of Plato and death is more speculative and a rarity for this book (p. 135). However, there are some quietly meditative passages that make the book valuable and are reproduced here even though unrelated to Antarctic reading.

p. 47: We have much to do, both in the base and in the field. The childhood sense of time—immensely long days and endless months which are too interesting to be boring—is, I think about to descend on our party of twenty-three men.

p. 62-63: The intervening times will be eclipsed, whose stuff is with me now: great, slow halcyons of it passing through an antarctic night where ordinary time does not exist. Here is always the time of watching, the time of waiting, the time of contemplation, the time of the little-child, time that has not been impoverished by being thought valuable.

p. 73: I sometimes find myself thinking of inside [snow] drifts as female. Their curves are voluptuous, like those of breasts and thighs; those of open drifts are taut, or chiselled stone rather than of moulded flesh.

p. 157-58, a further possibly obsessive excursus on female breasts: Then, by special request a film, *Hobson's Choice*, was screened in the recreation room...under the watchful eye of Anita Ekbart, supreme amongst the pin-ups in this year of grace.

The contemporary fashion of emphasizing the breasts of beautiful women, though generally acceptable to Eros, sometimes offends Athene. I suppose it is all a matter of proportion. It is the motherhood of Raeburn's or Romney's frank matrons that is stressed, their fulfilment

rather than there unspecified promise. Today's taste seems much healthier, however, than the curious cult of a few years ago—consequent upon which the present reaction was inevitable—of suppressing of all the mammary character of women's bodies.... Doubtless we should all return, from time to time, to the liberty, dignity, and equality of human nakedness.

In the end, I think, some of the men were not quite sure what they were celebrating, but were delighted to be doing so, and the evening was completed with tales sliding along the usual grooves of brief encounters, great expectations, maiden virtue, and original sin. The world, starting and ending with Mawson, is put right, but always by means far outside our control. Casanova swops tales with Mandeville, and Cellini with Cyrano de Bergerac, but not in so many words.

p. 209, in a blizzard with roaring winds: is there calmness and sunshine anywhere in the world? Five men, achieving a relationship that can never be destroyed.

I'm going back to the pit. Has anyone seen *Almayer's Folly*?

No, but you can have *Rum Doodle*, if you like.

Law, Phillip. *Antarctic Odyssey*. Melbourne: Heinemann, 1983.

A history of the early years of ANARE, the Australian \National Antarctic Research Expedition, by its original Director, and starting with its two island stations at Macquarrie Island and Heard Island and later the Mawson station at Horseshoe Harbour. It's not a particularly inspired account, and it exhibits a certain solemn narcissism. But it does have some dramatic moments (e.g. the Hurricane) and some useful chapters on issues of administration, the psychological aspects of personnel selection, and questions regarding design of materials to be used at ANARE bases, from prefabricated huts to clothing.

p. 87, one of several references to the Hansen Atlas, the main cartographic guide to the early expeditions of ANARE, often dwelling on its inaccuracies.

p. 101, in February [1953?] the *Kista Dam* was beset in the ice near Mawson Station: "The day's events were unforgettable. Most of us had

read Shackleton's account of his 1914-16 expedition and the destruction of the *Endurance* by the pressure ice of the Weddell. We had seen the Hurley photographs of the beset ship and had shared vicariously the apprehension and excitement of his experiences. And here we were, safe after weathering similar pressure, but stuck fast thousands of miles from any possible source of assistance, the only ice-going ship in Antarctic waters outside the environs of the Antarctic Peninsula south of Cape Horn.

p. 199-200, on the organization of the Antarctic Division and its library provisions under Phillip Law, the author of this book: The leaders of four sections of the Antarctic Division reported directly to me—the Librarian, the Photographic Officer, the Publications Officer and the Geographical Officer. This arrangement was a reflection of my own personal interests to some extent and underlined the importance I attached to these activities.

Quite early in my Antarctic career I had resolved not to collect books, photographs or souvenirs on my own account. I reasoned that, if I collected such things for the Antarctic Division, they would have a safer and more permanent home. Also, my flat was rather inadequate for such hoarding. Accordingly, when I started the Division's Library and appointed a librarian, we haunted book shops and book sales in order to buy up Antarctic literature. At one stage we purchased from New Zealand a valuable collection of narratives of classical Antarctic voyages and, later, I prevailed upon the famous Australian Antarctic navigator of the Mawson era, Captain John King Davis, to bequeath his valuable personal library to the Division. I arranged for my librarian to subscribe to the most important scientific and Antarctic journals, and, when our own publications were produced, we gained further library material through exchanges. By the time I left in 1966 the Division's Library was quite an impressive one.

Establishing good libraries at the stations was a more difficult exercise, and keeping them in order was harder still. My librarian and I solicited gifts of books and magazines from a variety of sources and, whenever we found an Antarctic book that duplicated what was held in the Division's library, we bought it for one of the stations.

In each station party I appointed an interested man to be librarian. He and the Officer-in-Charge had a difficult job ensuring that the books were properly kept, that stocktaking and cataloguing were done and that duplicate records were returned annually to Head Office. The task became easier when proper amenities huts were built and adequate library accommodation became available.

...The organization of a storage and retrieval system for Antarctic information is a complex matter because the range of topics involved is immense. Almost every scientific discipline is concerned, while logistic requirements involve ships, aircraft, vehicles, huts, clothing, field equipment, radio, victualling, dog-sledging. Then there are medical subject psychological topics, Antarctic geography, Antarctic claims and politics, surveying and mapping, navigation, and many other topics. p. 213ff. is a chapter on "Selection of Antarctic personnel," perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book dealing with the psychological elements of Antarctic service, including depression, sexual deprivation (including a rather inconclusive passage on homosexuality), and the best characteristics of successful personnel. He includes a subtle reference to the problems of leadership at Ellsworth Station during IGY.

p. 236: At one station the film *Pride and Prejudice* was a particular favourite. It was shown time after time and frequently, for variety, it was shown with the sound turned off, and the men chanted in unison the dialogue which, by this time, they knew by heart. When I arrived to relieve the party, I was at a loss to account for the quaint mid-Victorian quality of the men's everyday dialogue and the old-world courtesy of their behavior, until I was told of the influence of this film throughout the station.

1959-60 US Overland Traverse Ellsworth Station to Byrd Station (Scientific Commander Scottish Glaciologist John Pirrit)

An account of the post-IGY year traversing by Sno-Cat from Ellsworth Station to Byrd Station in 1959-60 by a Scottish glaciologist.

Pirrit, John. *Across West Antarctica*. Glasgow: John Smith & Son, 1967.

p. 31, during their first winter: There were collections of records to suit everyone's musical taste, and the base had a scientific and a "popular" library as well as all types of do-it-yourself kits for making leather belts, model ships and other miscellaneous items. Unquestionably the most popular form of entertainment, however, was the "movies", and a show was put on every night with a double feature on Saturdays.

p. 89, after a 1500- mile Sno-Cat traverse from Ellsworth to Byrd Station through many crevasses and whiteouts, the party arrived to mountains of mail: I spent the whole of the first night going through an enormous pile of mail. Most of it was "official". There were new books for the library, copies of reports covering most of the various programmes, my formal letter of appointment as that year's "Station Scientific Leader" at Byrd, news of the outside world, copies of the latest maps, memos to be answered, forms to be filled in, and lots of mail from philatelists, asking that their enclosed envelopes be hand-franked with the Byrd Station Post Office cachet.

p.93, while considering a sledging journey from Byrd Station to the Mt. Vinson area: I also re-read avidly a description of the mountains in Sullivan's "Quest for a Continent". The vivid account made me feel quite certain that it was no distant mirage which had been seen, but that there could be no doubt that a tremendous peak existed, not far from Byrd Station. Sullivan was describing one of the flights made by two American aircraft during "Operation Highjump" (1946-47).

p. 105ff., in a chapter on his second winter, Pirrit finds that at Byrd the same problems of the military/civilian dual leadership at Ellesworth were being perpetuated at Byrd.

p. 108-09: As at Ellsworth, there was great variety in the reactions of the individuals to the monotony of the winter. There were the usual irritations caused by banging doors, noisy record-players, and unavoidable close contacts. By mid-winter, insomnia was a nuisance and some resorted to the use of sleeping pills. On the other hand, a few succumbed to the winter and could hardly be dragged from their bunks.

There were no special personality problems. Some individuals were more moody than others; one or two were inclined to be belligerent or very talkative when drunk, but fortunately the supply of liquor was limited.... The important thing, however, about privacy was that anyone with the “Big-Eye” (insomnia) could keep his light on for reading or studying as long as he liked without disturbing the others in the building. [Apparently this privacy was only available to the scientists.]

1960 American Whaling Voyage

McLaughlin, W R D. *A Story of British Whaling in Antarctica.*
London: White Lion Publications, 1962.

By a ship's doctor, participant on a pelagic whaling expedition to South Georgia, etc. in 1962.

p. 56: The ship's library was always well-stocked and was used by everybody. There were several thousand books in both languages [English and Norwegian]. Some had been presented by the shipowners, others were bought out of the crew's welfare fund, and many were on loan from the Seafarers' Education Services. Our librarian-cum-film projectionist was the deck storekeeper. He was a Jack-of-all trades and a magician who could produce from his store anything from a sewing-needle to a kedge-anchor. But he was an excellent seaman, an all-round whaleman of the younger school, as willing as he was capable.

p. 57: The greatest highlight of the voyage south was undoubtedly the stage show. It was the climax to our steaming in tropical waters and always took place south of the equator....

...the show was always a huge success. Enjoyment was shared by the actors and 'actresses' and by the large and noisy audience. I have seen far less glamour on the professional stage than we had here in our chorus of twelve young whalemens billed as 'The South Latitude Girls.' Their version of the Can-Can brought the entire house down. We also had a lugubrious comedian whose visage barely altered as he put across his songs and patter. His stories might well have been banned by any board of censors, but they always got by the ones we had on board.

p. 169, in chapter on wintering over on South Georgia: There was nothing to do in the evenings.... We had the radio, and we carried plenty of books and magazines, but these luxuries can be galling at times. We could sleep, of course, or we might muster up enough courage to poke a nose out into the freezing atmosphere and observe the heavens of the Southern Hemisphere.

1958-62 Operation Deep Freeze

Behrendt, John C. *Ninth Circle: a Memoir of Life and Death in Antarctica, 1960-1962*. Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press, 2005.

Much more prosaic than his earlier book on Ellsworth Station, and much less evidence of reading than in that book. Most of what follows is from his diaries of the time and not his connective commentary:

p. 46, Nov. 1960: Right now I am sitting in the library listening to a record of Rossini Overtures. There are several art prints on the wall and a big easy chair made of a mattress and a box. I am reading Mark Twain's *Autobiography*, which Sara gave me before I left home. It's delightful stuff for down here.

p. 55, Nov. 16: I am reading Will Durant's *Age of Faith*, a medieval history....

I'm still plowing through Will Durant, but when a fellow brought me a few *Playboy* magazines, I thought I'd take a break from Moslem Civilization for a while. I walked over to the head and back tonight. I'm pretty weak.

p. 64: I recall sitting in the cockpit in the left-hand seat on one of these flights while copilot Bob Farrington sat in the right-hand seat reading *Don Quixote* with the plane on autopilot....

A movie was just completing as we arrived in the mess hall—*The Adventures of Happy Babba*. It was a lousy show, but it had lots of thinly clad girls and lots of sex [tame by 1970s-2000s standards], so it is the most popular movie in camp. It seems a bit ludicrous to be out

exploring unmapped areas of Antarctica one hour and watching a movie the next.

p. 76: It's now 2330 and I'm sitting in the library in the Science building listening to *Rigoletto*, and reading *Hawaii* by Michener. One of the [scientists] is sitting at the table doing some last minute sewing on his cloths before leaving for the field.

Stuart, Alfred Wright. *This Frozen World: The Polar Diaries of Alfred Wright Stuart*. Gastonia, NC: Pipes & Timbrels Press, 2007.

Stuart was chosen to serve as a geologist based at McMurdo starting in 1958, at the end of the IGY.

p. 37—picture of McMurdo library, 1959.

p. 38: Jan. 11, [1959] ... Finished reading biography of Dr. Wilson, "Edward Wilson of the Antarctic," by George Seaver. Book over-praises Wilson but he nevertheless stands out as quite a man. His death was logical result of his extreme idealistic asceticism. In fact, he had so nearly subverted his body to his will that death was the only remaining act of his asceticism left for him to commit on himself.

p. 40: Jan. 21 Also worked on getting LA library stamped and catalogued.

p. 50: March 15 ... Late watch tonight. Presently taping music of "Midsummer's Night Dream." Quite dark at night now and it is still quite dim although it is quite accentuated by the low cloud cover. Read "All Quiet on the Western Front."

p. 50: March 17 ... Reading "Darwin, Marx, Wagner" by Jacques Barzun. Good meaty reading although don't follow all of it.

p. 52: March 29 ... Reading Shakespeare lately. Have read "Othello" and "Midsummer's Night Dream" and A. L. Bradley's criticism of "Othello" and "King Lear." Also reading "Quest for a Continent."

p. 52: March 30 ... Read most of "Death of a Navy," about Japanese in WW II.

p. 53: April 4 ... Started reading "By Love Possessed." Finished "The Soviets in the Arctic" last night. It only confirmed my impression that their polar work is very advanced.

April 5: ... read more of "By Love Possessed."

April 6: reading "By Love Possessed" until 4.30 AM.

By April reading seems to give way to evening movies.

p. 57: May 2: Up until 2:00 AM finishing "Tess of the Durbervilles" very depressing—what a chronicle of injustice!

p. 58: May 8 ... Reading "The Idiot."

p. 62: May 30 ... Now reading "Anna Karenina."

p. 71: July 27 ... Finished reading Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" tonight.

p. 74: August 13 ... Stayed up to 3:30 AM finishing "The Cross of Iron." As a result, overslept until 10.30.

No readings mentioned during ice traverse in October.

p. 107: Jan 1, 1960 ... read "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," by Tennessee Williams.

p. 108: Jan. 8 ... Finished reading "The Aeneid" today—translation by C. D. Lewis.

p. 109: Jan. 12 ... Finished reading "Madison Avenue, USA by Martin Mayer—more or less factual description of the advertising business.

p. 113: Jan. 21: Started reading Albert Camus' excellent but difficult "The Rebel."

1963-64 Russian Antarctic Wintering Expedition

Swithinbank, Charles. *Vodka on Ice: a Year with the Russians in Antarctica.* Sussex, UK: Book Guild Ltd, 2002.

Recounts his experience as the only UK citizen on a Russian Soviet wintering expedition in 1963-64. The base was Novolazarevskaya (on the Antarctic coast of the Indian Ocean) and the personnel 12 Russians, 1 Czech, and Charles.

p. 51: mentions library at Mawson base.

p. 58, on Communist Party meetings: Attendance was compulsory for all party members off watch, but voluntary for non-members and for the expedition staff. It was the first of a number of Party meetings that I attended. Each time I was struck by how much they had in common with

church services back in England. The ‘sermon’ began with a text from the ‘bible’—in this case the works of Lenin—which was then interpreted in a fairly orthodox way by the speaker. Lenin’s works were so prolific that they provided scope for a wide choice of subject matter. Another thing they had in common with some of the sermons I have endured was that they were boring.

p. 59, picture of wall newspaper aboard ship 1965.

p. 72, picture of library shelves at Novolazarevskaya.

p. 86: Vasily had a deep interest in politics. One day I found him reading *Principles of Scientific Atheism*. Another time I found him poring over *Spravochnik Agitator*, which translates as the ‘Agitator’s reference book’, though in reality it was a communist propagandist’s handbook. Later, I borrowed the book. On the face of it, the pages were filled with convincing arguments on the merits of communism and the evils of capitalism....

p. 90: Vadim [a mechanic] asked me to send him a copy of Boris Pasternak’s *Doctor Zhivago*, which was banned in the Soviet Union.

p. 95: Tolya heard on the radio that 23 April was William Shakespeare’s 400th birthday. On mentioning this to Nikolay, he drew my attention to the complete works of Shakespeare in our library. There was a handsomely bound eight-volume set (in Russian). There were 15 books by Lenin, including *On the Building of the Party* and *On Communist Morals*, and a number about him. We had *Dialectics of Nature* by Friedrich Engels, *Selected Works* of Karl Marx, *Issues of Leninism* by Josef Stalin, *Communism, Peace and the Happiness of the People* by Nikita Khrushchev, *The Present International Situation and the Foreign Policy of our Country* by Cho En Lai and *Speeches 1961-63* by Fidel Castro. Then there was *Textbook of Political Economy*, *Fundamentals of Communist Training*, *Reference Book of the Party Worker* and *Contemporary International Problems*. In total, our political literature spanned more than two metres of bookshelf. ‘Nothing,’ my diary notes, ‘is left to the imagination.’

There were also translations into Russian of works by Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, John Galsworthy (15 volumes), Jack London, Jules Verne, Anatole France, Nikolay Gogol, Stendhal (15 volumes),

Thomas Mann (10 volumes), and Somerset Maugham. Drawing my attention to the packed bookshelves, Nikolay said, 'There, you see, we have a wide variety of foreign literature as well as Russian.' Later I realized that the Western literature in the library was largely selected, or at least approved, because the chosen authors wrote of the class distinctions that were held to be inherent in capitalist society.

The only English language book in the library was *Our Bessie* by Rosa, Carey, published in New York around 1890. I had brought my own books and, as I finished each one, I would pass it on to anyone keen to read English. Seva the aerologist was the keenest reader.

p. 96: picture of bookshelves and dining table.

p. 113: "we had been using paper napkins at meals. However, like many things in Russia, they eventually ran out. As a substitute, we were given pages torn from the works of Lenin. Pretending to be shocked, I said, 'So this is all you think of the works of Lenin? Quick as a flash, Tolya replied, 'Ah, but you see we know them by heart, so there is no longer any need to keep them.' But he could not hide the twinkle in his eye.

p. 119: I was presented [for my 38th birthday] with one of 15 volumes of Stendhal, each member of the station having one other on his birthday, Treshnikov's book of the history of Antarctica...[etc].

p. 127: Christmas Day was not celebrated, though there was a celebration because it was the anniversary of the Proclamation of Soviet Power in the Ukraine. It was also the day that our toilet paper supply ran out. Old copies of *Pravda* came in handy from then on.

p. 133, toward the end of the year Charles started teaching English conversation: It had been difficult to find English texts...that sustained their interest, until George Meyer brought on board a copy of John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. The pupils not only became diligent but enthusiastic, there was a waiting list to read it, and bedside lamps were on at all time of the night to snatch a few extra pages. The book seems to deal with situations that have universal appeal....

p. 139, while stopping for cargo on the West African coast, his students bought some books ashore: One brave soul bought three books that were banned at home: Ian Fleming's *From Russia with Love*, Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, and George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four*.

I took some comfort from the fact that my English classes at Novolazarevskaya seemed to have broadened their cultural outlook.

1964-65 Operation Deep Freeze

Baum, Allyn. *Antarctica: The Worst Place in the World*. New York: Macmillan, 1966.

Baum was a *NYTimes* reporter and photographer assigned to Operation Deep Freeze for later expeditions. The book is really quite a crude one with a large number of historical inaccuracies, but it has some appeal to romanticizers of the worst place in the world.

p. 67: News from home, the latest in sports, the juiciest gossip and the most recent jokes are what the isolated men crave most from new arrivals. This craving led to the founding of a newspaper at McMurdo. It is called *The McMurdo Sometimer* because of the infrequency of publication. It used to call itself “the only daily newspaper on the Antarctic continent,” until the men at now closed Hallett Station decided that they too would have a paper and began publishing a daily sheet of news items called *The Hallett Daily Hangover*. Distance between the two stations precluded a circulation war....

p. 70-71: At McMurdo and Byrd Stations, classes were organized in history, languages, the general sciences, mathematics, and metalwork. The teachers couldn’t have been better; scientists handled the math and science courses, sheet workers the metal classes, and Annapolis graduates the language instruction.

p. 76-77: Often the men who go to the Antarctic do so with great expectations of finding time for study, reading, and for undertaking that pet project they’ve been planning to do all their lives. Too often, these high hopes are dashed by the environment and the climate....[cf. Byrd in *Alone*]

p. 84: Inside [the chapel], the walls are covered with wooden plaques bearing the names of those who were members of Deep Freeze wintering-over parties. The chapel, which is used for Catholic,

Protestant and Jewish services, also houses McMurdo's library of five thousand books.

1970 French Expedition to Kerguelen Islands

Kauffmann, Jean-Paul. *Voyage to Desolation Island*. London, Harvill Press, 2000.

This Frenchman seems a bit obsessed with boredom, as shown on his travel book to the Kerguelen Islands. The week-long voyage provides "the indispensable prelude to getting to know any unknown country: waiting and boredom." "Isn't having nothing to do the supreme test, more even than suffering? Whoever can fill the emptiness of his being, where there is nothing more to occupy it, will survive. He will overcome the cruelest torture: time without limit and without end. Pain keeps one occupied; the man who suffers sees himself in his torment.

This is a beautifully elegiac book, alternating pieces of the relatively short history of the islands, with his personal experience of them, melding book lore with his own reflections. Although his goal was to see Christmas Harbour and its famous Arch, we learn on almost the last page that he never made it, and in fact the Arch had been destroyed.

p. 5: Boredom knows neither variety nor satiety.

p. 8: I've discovered the ship's library. The pages have traces of mildew and smell musty. These books probably haven't been opened since the 1950s: Louis Bromfield, Rosamond Lehmann, and Pierre Benoit. The rather worn cloth bindings bear the names of ships that no longer exist today; like the *Pasture*, a passenger ship of the Messageries Maritime Steamship Company that is well known to former old hands of the Indo-China line.... The ship's engine makes the paneling and shelves vibrate, sometimes lifting the books and making them collapse like dominoes.

p. 9: This eternal return of the same thing [the sea] creates a feeling of indolence, but with brief bursts of energy. The boredom of shipboard life is like no other. It is a slightly heady kind of lassitude where opposite sensations coexist within the same monotony. Despondency and

enthusiasm, the old and the new, before and after become confused, blotting out anything that could differentiate one thing from another.
p. 29: With my mountaineer's cap and anorak, plus a pack including Gracie Delépine's *Toponymy*, Rallier du Baty's *Adventures in the Kerguélen*s, and Edgar Aubert de la Rüe's *Two Years in the Desolation Islands*, I'm setting off to explore the central plateau and to get to know the land that should lead me to the Arch of Kerguélien .”

p35: “It is much the same with places as with books. I feel a little sad when I look at my library. What is the use of so many books? I know that at the end of my life, only ten or so books will have been really important. And the others? Glimpses of landscapes very quickly forgotten, passing pleasures. Taking up one thing after another, the fervor, the thrill of the moment, the right to hold opposing opinions, wanderlust: illusions of the 1970s. I can see now why I am drawn to the Kerguélens. They are the opposite of that fragmentation.

p. 41-2: Propped up between two rocks, I'm reading *Adventures in the Kerguélen*s by the navigator Raymond Rallier du Baty. The author tells us that he brought with him the works of Horace. He feels the same sense of unreality reading his favourite Latin poet in the landscapes of the Desolation Islands as I do reading his work. I've never read such a strange adventure story. Rallier du Baty also fell in love with the Kerguélens at some stage.... In the same way as his master Horace, he acknowledges he has discovered the simple country life.

p. 55-6: I come across a book someone left behind in the corner of the cabin. It is Pierre Mac Orlan's *The Sheet Anchor*. I read it when I was a kid in the same gleaming “Red and Gold” Collection, which for me had the saffron glow of the Society Islands. This forgotten book made me think of the family bake house where I used to read sitting on a half-full sack of flour....

After having read it through during the night by flashlight, I feel so puzzled I cannot go to sleep. In the first place, someone has written annotations in the book. But the underlinings make no sense to me. The passages that have been picked out are not the most striking, nor are they the most effective descriptions. They are dialogues, on the face of it quite uninteresting ones. The story takes place in Brest during the

decade 1770 to 1780, exactly the period when Kerguélen lived there himself.... Now Mac Orlan's novel takes place precisely in this part of Brest where the hero's father had a shop at the sign of the Sheet Anchor. This is the strongest anchor on the ship. Every time Penfield [the river in Brest] is mentioned, my mysterious reader has underlined it. Why?

I believe in fate, not coincidence. It is quite natural for a man spending a year in the Kerguélen Islands to be interested in the man who discovered them. But did he really read this book because of Kerguélen? Perhaps he was a Breton, maybe from Brest? Someone might have told him about *The Sheet Anchor* set in his hometown. He might have brought the book to Kerguélen, without doubt the best place in the world to catch up on one's reading.

p. 76: Unlike the original Robinson [Crusoe], who had tools and provisions, John Nunn had only a musket and a copy of Young's *Night Thoughts*. I try to imagine myself declaiming Pope's verses for two years. In a situation like that, one must become attached to any kind of book.

p. 141, in Port aux Français, a French base on the archipelago: The library smells of old paper, and that musty iodine smell of seaside villas shut up in winter. The books are not often disturbed on their shelves. Many of the paperbacks go back to the 1950s. I am quite touched to find covers with naïve drawings and authors I didn't expect to find here: Rosamond Lehmann (again), Elizabeth Goudge, Daphne du Maurier. But more than anything else, it is the wheat-loft smell and the murmuring of the wind through the windows that bring back those lost impressions. Does one have to come to Kerguélen to recover the past? Opening these dried-out books with their obsolete covers is like taking the stopper out of an old perfume bottle. I unseal them and with my fingers pry apart the pages stuck together from the damp. The heady odour of a box of coloured pencils rises up from the paper, the smell of my pencil case and y eras when I was a schoolboy. It is from the glue that exudes from the worn spines of old volumes.

p. 149, while waiting for a helicopter to take him to Christmas Harbour (and its famous Arch): I spend my time in the library while I wait for the helicopter. I make a few interesting discoveries there, including a

strange book by Valéry Larbaud called *The Governor of Kerguelen*, published by the *Nouvelle Revue Française* in 1933. It is actually about Christmas Harbour (the author of *Barnabooth* calls it *Port-Noël*). The idea for the book comes from the well-known literary game: “If you had to spend the rest of your life on a desert island, which 20 books would you take with you.” Etc. p. 150.

1975-76 NSF Sponsored Trip to McMurdo Sound

Langone, John. *Life at the Bottom: the People of Antarctica*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1977.

Journalist's account of an Antarctic visit in 1975-76, courtesy NSF.

p. 20, on what they could take: No porn; Someone wants to know about *Playboy* mag, and he says ‘Are you kidding? That’s money, baby, the Russians will give you their station for a copy.’

p. 21, a capsule description of Antarctica: Antarctica is the highest of the continents, an average elevation of 7,500 feet. The coldest and the driest, with annual precipitation at Pole the equivalent of less than two inches of water. (Phoenix gets 7.2 inches, New York City 42 inches.) Almost no fresh water, only small streams of meltwater from glaciers. The ice pack surrounding the continent is dense with plankton, and there is more living matter per acre in the area than anywhere else on earth. There is an active volcano, Mount Erebus, not far from McMurdo, 12,000 feet and smoking. Six months of daylight, six months of darkness. Daylight at Pole begins on September 21 and ends March 21. Periods of continuous daylight or darkness decrease as you get away from either Pole until a line is reached 23 ½ degrees from the Pole, where there is only one summer day with no sunset, one winter day without sunrise. It is confusing, the lecturer admits, but remember that in the Southern Hemisphere this line is the Antarctic Circle. Summer in Antarctica begins December 22, winter on June 22. When it's summer in the Antarctic, it's winter in the Arctic, and never the twain shall meet. Point to remember. The Antarctic is a continent surrounded by three oceans,

the Arctic is an ice ocean surrounded by three continents. Temperature in the Antarctic is, on the average, 35 degrees colder than in the Arctic.”
p. 56: at the McMurdo base there is the *McMurdo Sometimes*, “The World’s Southernmost Newspaper”...the principal source of news of the outside world.

p. 111-13, Poetry reading in the mess hall after the night meal: Poems must deal with Antarctica, a severely limiting factor. Everyone’s a Robert Service fan.... [Others cited are an old sledging song on blizzards, anonymous doggerel, and satirical parodies.]

p. 186: But despite all that vulgarity [of heavy swearing], you know, there was not one single instance that I can recall, at least with our group, where people discussed their own sexual behavior. People just jerked off as they pleased, talked a lot about other people’s sex life, but not their own. If a guy said he missed his wife, he wouldn’t be apt to say he was looking forward to a good screw when he got home. That sort of talk came out on the ship, heading home at last, and on ship you got more and more horny in anticipation of what you could do. Back on the ice, you were less so. It wasn’t a conscious effort to be celibate; there’s just nothing sexually stimulating there, at least not when we were there. Guys in various stages of beard growth, steadily growing uglier the more you see of them. I’m not aware, though statistically there must have been, of any gay guys, and we didn’t seem to have any of that prison substitute-homosexuality syndrome. I suppose if there were two gay guys there that would be all right, keep it to even numbers, you know.

p. 194: versions of home porn movies shown at McMurdo.

1976-77 British Elephant Island Expedition

Furse, Chris. *Elephant Island: An Antarctic Expedition*. Shrewsbury, UK: Anthony Nelson, 1979.

This was a BAS sponsored survey of the birdlife of the Elephant Island group of islands of the South Shetlands. Despite a detailed listing of all supplies and equipment for the expedition, there is no mention of books or reading.

1982-84 Australian Yacht Cruises (aboard Dick Smith Explorer)

Lewis, David and Mimi George. *Icebound in Antarctica*. London: Secker & Warburg, 1987.

p. 81, on meeting the Russian icebreaker Kapitan Markov: There were sixteen women on their ship, most in their thirties and forties. Some were very good-looking. I noticed. Some were sailors; some laundry workers. We tied to a rope a copy of *Voyage to the Ice*, the story of my 1977-8 expedition. It was hauled up and we received in return a guide to Leningrad's Hermitage Museum.

p. 149: Memorable as was our reception by these friendly and generous people, I best remember something far more personal. This was when we returned to the donga and I saw Mimi naked again after so many months swaddled in unsightly clothes. I was so emotionally affected that, even after she had fallen deeply asleep, I remained at such a high pitch of excitement that, after several unavailing attempts to rouse her, I had no choice but to lie awake reading dull magazines until she came to in the morning.

1982-96 American Antarctic Program Expeditions

Mastro, Jim. *Antarctica: A Year at the Bottom of the World*. Boston: Little, Brown, 2002.

A composite one-man account of winterovers from 1982 to 1996 combing a dozen trips into one narrative. There are a few content-free references to the McMurdo library—it seems obvious he didn't use it often. Mastro served as a photo-journalist and the book includes some extraordinary photographs.

p. 120, by midwinter airlift to McMurdo: A few friends sent things specifically designed to torture me, like copies of *Surfer* magazine, with pictures of beautiful beaches, perfect waves, and gorgeous women. Most important were the letters. I tore into them, reading each one several

times, squeezing as much memory and meaning as I could out of every word.

1985-86 Australian Expedition to Antarctic Bases

Murray-Smith, Stephen. *Sitting on Penguins: Australia and the Antarctic.* Port Melbourne, Victoria, Australia: Mandarin Australia, 1991.

The author went as a highly critical “ministerial observer” to visit Australian bases in Antarctica and as a journalist reporting on his 1985-86 trip, “a testimony to the spectacular beauty of the region and an indictment of our treatment of it.”

p. 23: You could read, of course, but there wasn’t much of a ship’s library [aboard the *Icebird*].

p. 58, describes the tunnel of Mawson’s Hut (1911-14): And then into the cave of the Ice Queen. Angela is there, holding up the light: rows of bunks, shelves with old tins and jars, a line of open boxes with flour and other foods, all looking perfectly edible, a shelf of the paperbacks of Mawson’s day—*Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, *The Greatest Gift*, *On Tour with Troodles*, *To Pleasure Madame*, William Le Queux’s *The Mysterious Mr Miller*. Old newspapers, too. A row of pharmaceuticals, labelled POISON, and with them a bottle of Heinz India Relish.

p. 78: Reading Phil Law’s *Antarctic Odyssey*. It’s a good book. Very Phil—he wants to make sure you appreciate his role. But then, as Patrick Quilty says, his role was a great one, and he has never received his deserts.

p. 142: And as we looked out, far into the mists on the starboard bow, we saw a phantasmagorical solid taking shape, an Antarctic mountain range appearing through the dark clouds—I thought of *A Midsummer’s Night Dream* and “hot ice and wondrous strange snow.” It was a terrifying iceberg.

p. 148: The captain’s table again, and some good stories from Peter Gormly and Ewald Brune on their medical adventures at sea: emergency deliveries, dead bodies found in cabins, and the like, Peter reminds us

that the *Ship's Captains' Medical Guide* very sensibly ends with the prayer for the Burial of the Dead at Sea. A similar book is available in German, and Ewald writes down the resounding title for me:

Gesundheitspflege auf Kauffahrt-seisschiffen.

p. 154: I seek a solitary midnight supper of tea and toast—with the exception of breakfast, meals here never seem to happen when you're hungry. I take Morley's *Pictures from the Water Trade* with me, a witty study of the interactions of the author and the Japanese which, rather to my surprise, I find much to my taste.

p. 161, one bit of Antarctic slang was *jafa*—just another fucking academic.

p. 182, on new living quarters at Davis Base: A small, camp library, mainly paperbacks and hardly any Antarctic books. A film theatre, with racks of videos and old films.

p. 199: Someone on board today finished *Power without Glory*, and Peter Gormly has read the recent Buzo novel and doesn't think much of it. And no doubt I'm being quite unjust to the many on board who read a lot in their own time and own way—Gormly, for instance, takes the London *Sunday Times* and, he tells me, buys a lot of books. Others are, judging by the noise from below, interested in such areas as bush music.

p. 200, Peter Kerr quoted on the Australian bases and their cultural desert: No books, no collections of Antarctic experiences, no station magazines come out of our bases. These products used to be a staple of polar expeditions. Think of the delight, later on, to those who wrote them. Think of the Antarctic Division's encouraging the publication of periodic anthologies of Antarctic writing from the bases. We don't have these things because our educational system has brought us to a point where there is no-one capable of writing down what they think or experience any more. And if they did there (?? would be no one) who would or could read it.

p. 206: I decided to keep out of the way, and spent a profitable day on the bridge, reading Lyall Watson's marvelous book *Whales of the World*, full of fascinating 'incidentals': the dolphin calf which, when a man puffed smoke against an underwater window, went and got a mouthful of mother's milk and puffed back; the way dolphins can

determine the sex of men and women in the water; the fact that killer whales never kill humans, even when the humans are in seal-like wetsuits.

p. 206-8, on Jan.1, 1986 at Davis Station: Today a very useful day ashore. A delightful morning in the sun, perfectly comfortable in cords and a jumper. A most pleasant lunch in the living quarters with Rob Easter, a man I should like to stay in touch with. A talk to Gillian Deakin about the base library, which is in charge of. We were rather at cross purposes, in fact, I was very critical of the library, as I was of the library at Casey, though at least Casey had some books on Antarctica. (To be fair, books on Antarctica tend to be stolen, and such valuable ones as remain on the bases, Mawson's *The Home of the Blizzard*, for instance, are kept under lock and key.) The Davis library mainly consists of paperbacks discarded by previous expeditioners. It would seem to me to be the easiest thing in the world for the Antarctic Division to ask a small committee of qualified people to nominate, say, the ten best Australian novels of the year, the ten best Australian non-fiction books, and the ten most suitable overseas books, sets of each to be sent to our four permanent bases. But this would entail attention to the People Principle [morale issues] I have talked about. There is no regular or substantial subsidy, books arrive from the Antarctic Division on a hit-or-miss basis and, above all, there is no basic library of Antarcticana, locked up or not, in any station. Australian mindlessness in action. Gillian was defensive, and kept insisting on the right of people to read what they wanted to read at the same time as she emphasized the wide literary tastes to be met with among expeditioners. I couldn't make her see that I believed in both. No doubt she already saw me, though she's only been here a few months herself, as an interfering outsider. Fair enough, I suppose, but I'd been asked to look at the 'cultural' facilities on the bases, and I still think the libraries a disgrace. Odd to think of the amount of money spent on the buildings, and the contemptuous attitude to the cultural artefacts within them. There's more to all this than meets the eye. I shall write a special piece on it later.

p. 209, same day when he says he's a little depressed: Nor has Phyllis Rose's *Parallel Lives* helped. In its examination of the lives of the

illustrious of a century ago, the book suggests something sinister in the strategies of marriage and family, So, does the consciousness I have of achievements here—including my own achievement, whatever that might be—hide the dishonesties and exploitations, primarily male, so common in those Victorian marriages.

p. 237, Murray-Smith returns to the library issue in the last paragraph of his Afterword: Increased attention is...being paid to Antarctic libraries, and especially to the supply of Antarctic books. I remain unconvinced, however, that enough attention and money is being devoted to the provision of general books, let alone to quality fiction and the like which remain ignored.

1985-87 ‘Footsteps of Scott’ Expedition (Southern Quest)

Mear, Roger. *A Walk to the Pole*. New York: Crown, 1987.

Private British expedition tracing Scott’s trip in 1985, with Roger Mear, Robert Charles Swan, and Graeme Phippen, who walked from Cape Evans to the Pole. Did they have a copy of Cherry-Garrard with them? They quote from it frequently. They spent several days at Scott’s hut at Cape Evans, though they apparently were afraid to sleep in it.

Given their views of the Scott expedition that may not be surprising.

p. 74-75: Each area of the hut holds its secrets. There are rough clothes made from sail cloth by the marooned Ross Sea Party, black with soot from the seal blubber they were forced to burn for light and heat. A collarless linen shirt with thin blue stripes bears the name of Lieutenant Edward Evans, after whom this Cape was named. There are ragged copies of *Illustrated London News*, *Tit-bits*, and the autobiography of Babbacome Lee, ‘the man they could not hang’, [couldn’t find this in RLIN] and a stuffed Emperor Penguin. Only Scott’s enclosed ‘den’ is a disappointment. It is bare and empty. The rusting wire bed is stripped and sagging. The books have gone and the framed pictures of his wife and son have been removed....

p. 105, after three days in a hut: Anyway, I was reading, with a torch inside my sleeping bag. I was immersed in the tragic unrequited love of *Anna of the Five Towns*.... [Arnold Bennett].

p. 118: The weather next day *confined* us to the hut, reading by candlelight dog-eared paperbacks found on a shelf over the shuttered window. I got through *The Making of a Psychiatrist* and *The Space Egg*, Mike tackled *An Introduction to Jung's Psychology* and Gareth read Taylor Caldwell's *Dear and Glorious Physician*, the romantic biography of St Luke.

p. 133: One afternoon, having eaten lunch, we sat quietly around the table, Mike reading *Women in Love* [Lawrence], John listening to some recordings he had made of the sounds of moving sea-ice. Suddenly, a large tin of strawberries exploded spontaneously....

1989-90 Trans-Antarctic Expedition (Messner and Arved Fuchs)

Messner, Reinhold. *Antarctica: Both Heaven and Hell*. Translated by Jill Neate. Seattle, WA: Mountaineers, 1991.

On the two-person Transantarctic expedition of 1989-90, including visit to South Pole, and which included a number of days stranded in their tent. The trek was 2,800km on foot.

p. 171: We wanted to spend Christmas Day resting. We sat in the tent, read. Each dealt with his jobs: fetching snow, cooking, diary-writing.

p. 222: The days in the tent passed in domestic routine: breakfast, a stroll around the tent, reading, chit-chat, lunch, music, reading. In between a few minutes outside. We were camping in the middle of the most hostile desert on earth, without back-up, without dumps ahead of us. From time to time I read [Egon] Friedell's *Cultural History of Modern Times* [*Kulturgeschichte der Neuzeit: die Krisis der europäischen Seele von der schwarzen Pest bis zum Ersten Weltkrieg*] and, forgetting everything, lived in the past.

1989-92 Palmer Peninsula Expedition (Shapiro and Bjelke)

Shapiro, Deborah & Rolf Bjelke. *Time on Ice: A Winter Voyage to Antarctica*. Shrewsbury, UK: Waterline Books, 1997

Three-year voyage with overwintering on Palmer Peninsula 1989-92.

p. 197: The past few months I've been reading to Rolf in the evenings. He got tired of hearing me erupt in laughter while reading Kurt Vonnegut's novel *Galapogos*, so I started over, aloud. Vonnegut's commentaries are a great kickoff for discussion, especially since he often fuels us with a laugh.

p. 198, notes wedding gift of *Encyclopedia Britannica* as argument adjudicator. They were also given some books in Florida "To *Northern Lights* to be red library" is funny. I had to start by explaining the series of jokes that evolved from "what's black and white and red all over."

1992-93 Norwegian Solo Expedition to South Pole

Kagge, Erling. *Alone to the South Pole*. Oslo: Cappelens Forlag, 1993.

An unsupported sledging and ski trip from the Ronne Ice Shelf near the Ellsworth Mountains to the South Pole, ca. 1300 km, with use of GPS and maps. He provides one of the best synopses of expedition reading, at a time when books and reading are being replaced in Antarctica by videos, albeit with a small group of titles.

p. 24, Nov. 20, 1992, Day 3: Read a little before I sleep—about the religion, Taoism. My mood improves and I feel happy as I fall asleep.

p. 32, Nov. 22, Day 6: Takeout my Walkman and place it in my left pants pocket so it gets warmed by the heat of my thigh. Listen to different kinds of music. Billie Holiday singing, "Pappa may have, Mamma may have, God bless the child that's got his own." Keep on travelling, thinking about that stanza as I go.

p. 34, Nov. 25, Day 7: Didn't read at all last night, I was too tired. Still, I have something to think about—calculating my speed and when I should reach my goal....

I've started reading a book on Buddhism which is interesting. Down here, I have time to think about what I read, to pursue the thoughts as I go. Religion engages me. I got involved in Buddhism in connection with a visit to Nepal. Buddhism's concept of desirelessness fascinates me. I myself have practiced the exact opposite: the desire to experience everything. My life so far has been spent satisfying my own curiosity, the only restriction being to keep from doing anything I'd feel ashamed of the next day.

Look forward to reading more. Despite the differences between our own culture and that of Buddhism, it's easy to identify with many of their ideas.

Make camp and start reading even as I'm preparing my food.
p. 49, caption to picture of Kagge reading the Oxford World Classics paperback edition of Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray*. Caption reads: Try to make time to read every evening. The midnight sun illuminates the tent. I selected books to bring along according to which held the maximum number of words and ideas per gram of book weight.
p. 52-3, Dec. 4, Day 17: Beautiful weather. Try to memorize the poem, "The Best," by Nordahl Grieg, a Norwegian author we all studied in school. So far in my life, I've only managed to memorize poems the length of Ernst Orvil's, "They Lived in a Row-House and Never Anything More." This one is more demanding, but then, I have a lot of time. I've gotten to the fourth verse: "...the inadvertently clever—life's second best men." Repeat it to myself, the cheat-sheets in my breast pocket.

p. 56, Dec. 5, Day 18: Sit and read, write in my journal and doze off just after midnight....

p. 75, Dec. 13, Day 26: I've brought along a little reading material, selecting books which pack the maximum number of ideas per gram of book weight. That's how I ended up bringing Oscar Wilde, Hermann Hesse, Salinger and Buddhist and Taoist literature, as well as the New Testament. I've read most of these before; I didn't want to risk bringing unknown works which, I worried, I might be too tired to enjoy.

p. 75-79, Dec. 14, Day 27, is a lengthy journal entry reflecting upon the fame and defects of the best-known explorers, including Scott: As it

became clear to Scott that he'd be defeated by Amundsen, he focused mainly on creating literature. Instead of using the final days before his journey south to prepare, down to the last detail, he used them to write. And along the way, writing took on ever more meaning for him until, finally, the creation of literature was what mattered most. From being the Polar explorer with artistic ambitions, he became the great author. In death, he was granted more respect than he might have earned had he lived to reach his actual goal. Scott got most of the honor and Amundsen got the South Pole.

p. 84-86, Dec. 17, Day 30: Fine—a day off. I stay in my sleeping bag feeling relieved, and just a tiny bit guilty. Read “Catcher in the Rye.” It'll be good to finish the book so I can have a little more toilet paper....

I spend the day reading and letting my thoughts wander where they will....

I dive back into “Catcher in the Rye” and finish the book.

p. 90, Dec. 22, Day 35: Almost without exception, I'm in a good mood in the evenings. I get great pleasure from the peace, the food, the reading. It's fine knowing that a good night's sleep awaits me.

p. 92, Dec. 24, Day 37, Christmas Eve: Can only remember fragments [of the Christmas story]. When I was younger, I didn't like the text because all it meant to me was more delay in getting to the presents. These last years, I've learned to appreciate the gospel: the story is so beautifully told. The day goes by quickly. I have many thoughts to play with, one after the other. I'm having fun, and looking forward to my cake.

...Cocoa means a holiday; I only have enough with me for four evenings. Leaf through the New Testament and decide to learn John 3:16 by heart. Find the Christmas gospel.

p. 95, Dec. 25, Day 38, Christmas: Put on an opera. Try to get into it but can't. Before I left, it seemed to me that opera would make perfect listening here—something to live and grow with. But I was wrong: opera seems long, and life short.

Change to Prince. That works. I have only eleven cassettes with me, everything from classical to rock and roll and blues, from Beethoven's Third to Stevie Ray Vaughan's concert version of “Mary

had a Little Lamb.” Even though I have limited battery power, I’ve still managed to get sick of most of the music I’ve brought along. Still, it does me good to listen to it a couple of hours during the day. Prince is great. I concentrate, listening to him for about an hour. Turn it off and then miss it. But enough is enough.

1993-96? Tourist Excursion to South Georgia and Antarctic Peninsula aboard *Academik Vasilov*.

Diski, Jenny. *Skating to Antarctica: A Journey to the End of the World*. Hopewell, NJ: Ecco Press, 1997.

This largely autobiographical work using the hook of a voyage to the Antarctic Peninsula aboard the tourist ship, *Academik Vavilov*, to explore the pained relation of the author to her parents, and her own daughter’s efforts to explore those relationships. The somewhat mean-spirited passages on the sea voyage to South Georgia and the Peninsula are outweighed by the psychological exploration of troubled parental relations. In essence there is little about Antarctica beyond descriptions of tourists and penguins, nothing about reading, and a bit about boredom.

1998-99 South Pole Winterover (NSF) at Amundsen-Scott Base

Nielsen, Jerri. *Ice Bound: A Doctor’s Incredible Battle for Survival at the South Pole*. New York: Hyperion, 2001.

This book created considerable controversy by the author going public with her medical condition, despite commitments not to call for special services in case of serious illness. Her cancer was the cause. p. 30, discussing materials to bring to Antarctica: Do you like western novels? If so you can read mine. Otherwise, better take more to read. Also raises question of what music to bring: “you will get tired of the same music.”

p. 35, uses U.S. Antarctic Program *Participant Guide* issued by the NSF: There weren't many books about Antarctica in the Cleveland bookstores, but I managed to pick up a Lonely Planet guidebook that had some good information.

p. 125: And to feed my soul, I threw in a book on the history of the world and a medical text.

p. 164: Concentrating in such an environment was difficult, reading was impossible. I found myself staring at a page, reading the same sentence over and over again. I often glanced forlornly at the shelves weighted with the fiction and poetry I had shipped here in the summer. In reality, I read very little outside of my medical textbooks.

One of the few books I was able to tackle during this time was *Endurance* [Lansing], the story of Ernest Shackleton's incredible, failed expedition to cross Antarctica in 1914-15. He never achieved his goals, but he never lost a man to the Ice. His survival skills and leadership abilities were legendary. One of my favorite Shackleton stories took place after his ship, the *Endurance*, was trapped in the pack ice on the Weddell Sea. The crew had to abandon ship before the vessel was crushed, and the men could only bring their barest necessities.

Shackleton set an example for them by pitching a handful of gold coins onto the ice while tucking a small book of Browning's poems into his pocket. "I throw away trash," he announced, "and am rewarded with golden inspirations." [Nielsen goes on to talk about a favorite medieval Persian poem, "Hyacinths," which she tacked on her wall at the Pole.]

p. 317: Shackleton's use of Job 38.29, from a page torn from his Bible to keep with him on the ice: "Out of whose womb came the ice? And the hoary frost of Heaven...the face of the deep is frozen."

2001 Russian Tourist Expedition (*Kapitan Khlebnikov*)

Burke, David. *Voyage to the End of the World, with Tales from the Great Ice Barrier*. Boulder, CO: University Press of Colorado, 2005.

This modest book is quite a beautiful evocation of the southern continent, contrasting the author's own tourist voyage aboard the

Kapitan Khlebnikov in January 2001 with a select history of other voyages, adventures, and explorers. Well chosen and nicely illustrated. Little on reading but does tell brief story of a lone watchman at Framheim in 1911 who feared an attack by some Englishmen. After loading his rifle, he dug out an English grammar and looked up “and how are you this morning?” so he’d be prepared for the assault.

2002-03 Australian Base Resupply (Griffiths)

Griffiths, Tom. *Slicing the Silence: Voyaging to Antarctica*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2007.

Recounts a summer 2002-03 resupply trip, combining diary entries, with reflections, historical discursions, and thoughtful reporting on the trip. Some reading tidbits:

p. 37: Albatrosses are surface feeders and swoop at any floating scrap, particularly if it is white. Dr. Edward Wilson on Robert Falcon Scott’s ship, *Discovery*, on examining the stomach of an albatross, found in it ‘an undigested Roman Catholic tract with a portrait of Cardinal Vaughan.’

p. 48-49 reports on reading of meteorologist Morton Moyes on Frank Wild’s western party (Mawson): For ten weeks Moyes was left completely alone with his weather instruments at base camp, feeling ‘like the last leaf of a branch’. Between reading the wind gauge and the snow gauge, he did some other reading: Ernest Shackleton’s *The Heart of the Antarctic*, the meteorological notes of the British and Scottish expeditions, Thomas Babington Macaulay’s *History of England*, Robert Browning’s poetry, Baruch Spinoza’s *Ethics*, Dante Alighieri’s *Inferno*, the Harmsworth *History of the World*, Francis Bacon’s *Essays* and Archibald Geikie’s *Geology*. He wrote in his diary: ‘I’d like a good novel for a change, the shops here don’t stock them.’

p. 54: passage on books cited by Robert Cushman Murphy, taken from *Logbook for Grace*.

p. 59: Grytviken had its own library in 1912 when Murphy visited South Georgia.

p. 119: on Mawson's return expedition in 1930: "One experienced expeditioner lived with one hand constantly on Mawson's book of the 1911-14 expedition, *The Home of the Blizzard*, 'read to produce the answer to any question at a moment's notice'. 'These old explorers die hard', reflected [Stuart] Campbell. 'I wonder if we'll all live in the past like this in the years to come. I hope not.' Here they were on Earth's final frontier, already steeped in the past."

p. 130: during the post WWII jockeying for Antarctic territorial claims, Australia mounted a secret program to claim Heard under Stuart Campbell. "In spite of his tiresome exposure to these rituals on Mawson's BANZARE voyages, he was unsure of what he should do 'and looked through books and books and books and a huge volume of External Affairs papers on how to claim land'."

p. 152-53: Describes Swithenbank at Mirny from *Vodka on Ice*: In the station library at Novolazarevskaya, there were 15 books by Lenin and a number about him, and books by Friedrich Engels, etc. See Swithenbank for complete quotes.

p. 160: from Griffith's diary at Casey Station: "I spent some time in the library reading old station logbooks and looking up every now and then and gazing out the window at the ice, taking the historian's delight in reading archives *in situ*."

p. 162ff. chapter on wintering is very good on polar madness and surviving.

p. 176: There is a famous story of the director of the Australian Antarctic Division, Phillip Law, arriving at Macquarie Island in 1950 to relieve a wintering party and finding everyone speaking to one another with theatrical nineteenth-century gentility. The men had survived the winter by repeatedly working through their small film collection, and the group's favourite was *Pride and Prejudice*. Once they tired of watching it, they turned down the volume and acted out the voices themselves. This ventriloquism easily tipped over into daily relations, and soon men were bowing and holding doors open for one another, and addressing their colleagues with sweet and elaborate civility. 'Such affability, such graciousness—you overwhelm me' they could be heard saying to one another.

p. 176: describes the library at Australia's Casey Station which had the logbooks of the Station on its open shelves, logs which covered some dicey personnel problems, e.g. 'D.H.C. WINTERERS A PROBLEM.'

p. 204: describes a study by Brigid Hains who noted the misogynistic books in Mawson's personal library (Kipling, Service, and Stevenson).

p. 210: retells the story of Jennie Darlington's book *My Antarctic Honeymoon* and Finn Ronne's attempt to suppress it at Ellsworth Station in 1957.

p. 244: By the end of our week at Casey, a small number of us were making regular pilgrimages to the station library. I had been telling some of my companions some of the stories I had found in the logbooks, and so a few joined me so that they could see the old documents. Soon we were finding a little time each day to sit down and pore over the logbooks, reading the best stories out loud to one another. One or two of my companions had not been in a library since school and were surprised to find themselves in one, and they shared my delight at how the past seemed to spill out of the pages.

p. 269-70: Griffith's lament over the failure of explorers to learn, even from their immediate predecessors of winterovers. Stephen Murray-Smith "was shocked in the 1980s by the poverty of the Australian Antarctic Division's historical imagination, and by the severity of the annual discontinuity between past and present. ... There were no records of the extent of fast ice in the bay, no easy access to information about ground covered by field parties in earlier years, no way even that a plumber could find out the age of a building, no history books or videos available at the stations, little popular knowledge of even the most famous of Antarctic heroes, and the officer-in-charges daily logs of activities and achievements were, for a time, officially discontinued.... At the start of every year, at the breaking of the ice, the accumulation of knowledge began anew, but only for a few months."

Next paragraph on library at Kerkeulen Islands (Kauffman).

p.339: from Shackleton's Ross Sea party: "in the hut at Hut Point were found letters from Mackintosh and Joyce, a script from the play, *Ticket of Love*, which was written and performed during the *Discovery* expedition, a plywood snow-shoe made from a biscuit case, ten hand-

carved chessmen made possibly from a broom handle, two scones found near the blubber stove, and numerous tins of Huntley & Palmers biscuits manufactured in 1901.”

p. 344: Stonington Island has a Mormon text from Ronne’s expedition
The carpenter’s shed at Mawson—the oldest surviving building at the oldest continental base—is a Sistine chapel of Playboy centerfolds. Such public posters are disapproved in modern Antarctica, but not if they constitute heritage.

2013-14 Antarctic Study Cruises to Patagonia and Antarctica aboard *Seabourn Quest*

Walton, David H. W. Personal communication from David H. W. Wilson, Emeritus Fellow, British Antarctic Survey, January 20, 2014.

The late David Walton was a lecturer on this cruise and his description of library facilities on the cruise tells a good deal about changes in book and information provision aboard expeditionary ships, including commercial trips, in the 21st century.

The library is shelved in Seabourn Square which is the social hub of the ship and equipped with 10 internet terminals and the best coffee bar on the ship. It is divided into several parts -
Reference books such as the Oxford dictionary, an almanac for 2013, dictionaries for French/German/Portuguese/Spanish/Italian/Scrabble and Quotations.

General interest books including books on houses in many countries, gardens, travel photo books, classic movies, art including both modern and classic picture books, biographies etc. with a considerable number of large format books

Travel - a very large collection of travel and cruise guides to most of the world (c.120 volumes mainly Brandt and Lonely Planet) but also with travel narratives such as Chatwin, Darwin, books on the ocean and Cape Horn, Argentina, Patagonia, Chile, Atlas of climate change

Extensive sections on crime, thrillers and romance (several hundred books) which was mostly modern novelists but did include some classic material such as Dickens

Polar section included Boothe (Storied ice), Bridges (Uttermost part of the Earth), Cherry-Garrard, Gurney (Race to white continent), Larson (Empire of ice), Lansing (Endurance), Walton (Antarctica), Huntford (Scott and Amundsen), Wilson (Lost photos), Stump (Roof at the bottom of the world), McGonigal (Secrets of white continent), Turney (1912), Bickel (Mawson will), Lanting (Penguin), Burns (Just tell them), Burton & Croxall (Wildlife of South georgia), Bingham (Penguins), Frazer (Penguins), Jouzel (White planet), Ussher (Still life), Carey & Franklin (Cruising guide), Cox (South with the sun), McClintock (Lost Antarctica), Matthiessen (End of the Earth), Post (Glacier ice), Fox (Antarctic Peninsula). Some of these were there in multiple copies - Ussher, Larson, Boothe, Walton, Gurney, Lansing, Jouzel

There was no control or record over taking the books out - you just helped yourself. The large books like Ussher were rarely borrowed. All copies of my book were permanently out on loan and I only saw them at the start and end of the voyages! The books on Patagonia were heavily used when we were in the Chilean fjords.

Many of the passengers had Kindles and had stocked them before coming whilst others used the internet to download new titles.

The library also provide on line access to newspapers from around the world from almost every country you could imagine.

The passengers came from around 20-25 countries with the largest contingents from USA and Australia but some of the minor countries - like Nicaragua and Finland - changed each voyage.

Hope this is helpful! As I was working I had limited time to read and when I did it was recent crime novels on my Kindle, although I did use the polar reference library that we had in the expedition office for checking on facts. That included the recent book by David, Readers Digest, Naveen, Poncet and other practical guides for landings, etc.

2011-12 British Solo Ski Crossing of Antarctica.

Aston, Felicity. *Alone in Antarctica.* With a Foreword by Joanna Lumley. Berkeley, CA: Counterpoint, 2014.

Aston crossed Antarctica alone and unsupported in 59 days. Her book, hyped as a riveting adventure, is to my mind a rather tepid affair though describing an unusual and impressive accomplishment. She apparently took no books or print with her but jokes about her experience with modern audio practice.

p. 183-84, apparently towards the end of her journey: As a treat to celebrate my good mood and better progress, I allowed myself to listen to the audio material I'd been saving on my MP3 player. Until now I'd listened only to music. I'd learnt from previous expeditions that deciding what music to take on a journey is actually quite difficult to get right. Variety is the key because no matter how much you love a particular genre, album or band, over the course of six weeks or more it begins to get tedious. (Preparing for this expedition I had made the mistake of asking friends for contributions from their music collections to bolster the variety of my own and began to notice a theme in the tracks I received in response; Cypress Hill – 'Insane in the Brain'; James Blunt – 'Out of My Mind'; Garbage – 'Stupid Girl'; Green Day – 'Basket Case'; Eminem – 'Just Lose It'; The Eurythmics – 'Don't Ask Me Why'. Eventually, I had decided to add variety by adding spoken word recordings. My dad gave me a complete set of BBC Radio 4's *Sceptered Isle* series—over 300 hours of British history from the ancient Britons to Queen Victoria. This might not be everyone's ideal but I love history, so I loaded every single episode onto my MP3 player.

Unfortunately what I didn't realize was that my particular player logged each individual programme as a separate track and replayed the tracks not in the order they had been downloaded but in alphabetical order according to the title of the episode. What that meant was that I had 300 hours of British history played at me in a totally random order over which I had no control. As I skied through a blissfully serene Antarctica, the digital voice in my ears darted from medieval England to the Age of Enlightenment, from the Spanish Armada to the American War of Independence....

I had the same problem with audio books. Each chapter was logged as a separate track and the tracks were played in alphabetical order according to title. Listening to an Agatha Christie murder mystery, I heard the murderer revealed before anyone had actually been murdered. In frustration I returned to listening to music.

ⁱ The title is stolen from Elisha Kent Kane's best-selling *Arctic Explorations* (Philadelphia, PA: Childs & Peterson, 1856). The phrase appears in Volume II, p. 196: on abandoning the ship after two years iced in, Kane says that "it was hardly easier to leave some other things behind,-- several of my well-tested instruments, for instance, and those silent friends, my books. They had all been packed up, hoping for a chance of saving them; and, to the credit of my comrades, let me say gratefully that they offered to exclude both clothes and food in favor of a full freight of these treasures."