

Anthology of Arctic Reading: Europe including Scandinavia

General Works

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

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

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. [He says it was the suffering they endured which appealed to him.]

p. 28, Amundsen's praise for Cook: ...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.... 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 reached it. He went there practically alone—of course, the Negro Hanson 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. [Goes on to draw comparisons with Scott.]

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 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.

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 reading.

Chamisso, Adelbert von. *A Voyage Around the World with the Romanzov Exploring Expedition in the years 1815-1818 in the Brig Rurik, Captain Otto von Kotzebue*. Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1986.

p. 27, a paeon to the son of Kotzebue, the German-born, Russian sea captain on his circumnavigation: How often in the far ends of the earth, namely on O-Wahu [O’ahu], Guaján [Guam], etc., have I been praised for my small share in the enterprise of his son, in order to cast a hem of the mantle of his fame over me. Everywhere we heard his name mentioned. American newspapers reported that *The Stranger* had been performed to extraordinary applause. All the libraries in the Aleutian Islands, as far as I have investigated them, consisted of a single volume of the Russian translation of Kotzebue.

[needs revision and better placement]

Conway, Sir William Martin. *No Man's Land: A History of Spitsbergen from its Discovery in 1596 to the Beginning of the Scientific Exploration of the Country.* Cambridge: University Press, 1906.

A general history of the archipelago, based on Conway's studies and his earlier visits. Although he reviews a number of books in preparation for his manuscript, he does not here reveal the thoughtful reader who appears in his earlier narratives

p. vii-viii: Let me then first appeal to reviewers and all readers alike henceforward to spell the name of the country correctly. Spitsbergen is the only correct spelling; Spitzbergen is a relatively modern blunder. The name is Dutch, not German. The second 's' asserts and commemorates the nationality of the discoverer.

In publishing this volume I am at length fulfilling a pledge given nine years ago in the book describing my first Spitsbergen journey of 1896. The preliminary studies made for that and for my second journey in the far North provided me with a considerable amount of unpublished materials for Arctic History which it seemed proper to bring together in a form convenient for reference. The story of Spitsbergen exploration, like any other matter into which a student is led to make research, presently began to prove attractive, so that I was led on to treat as matter for serious historical investigation what was begun as the by-play of an explorer's preparatory studies.

p. 287: In 1820 Scoresby published, at Edinburgh, the result of his life's observations in two volumes, entitled *An Account of the Arctic Regions*—a classical work which is still well worth reading, and might be republished with success nowadays, omitting portions that are out of date. In this book he brought together his deductions from his own observations, corrected by whatever he had been able to read of the work of others. He in fact summed up the Arctic knowledge of his day and laid a firm foundation for future advance.

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: Aaage og Else – døden
- Harald Kidde: Aaage 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, dighte 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: Bjarregaarden

Freytas-Tamura, Kimiko de. “In Nation Named for Ice, Poets Are Just Getting Warmed Up,” *New York Times* (Dec. 1, 2016) p. A3.

On Iceland (pop. 330,000) as a nation of devoted if sometimes amateur poets: Icelanders are unusually prolific readers and writers, and books of verse tend to sell very well in Iceland. Poetry was the third-largest category of books published in the country in 2014, after fiction and the arts....

The cold oceanic climate and long winter nights may also have something to do with it. “People usually get bored, and they try to humor each other,” Professor [Sveinn Yngvi] Egilsson said. “One of those ways is poetry.”

Freuchen, Peter. *Arctic Adventure: My Life in the Frozen North*. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1935.

One of two or three autobiographies by Freuchen, this mainly of his life and adventures with Rasmussen during the Thule expeditions. A few things stand out: his total admiration for Robert Peary (of course for Rasmussen as well), his growing sensitivity to Inuit culture (thanks to his marriage with Navarana), and his lack of any literary pretensions. He scarcely mentions anything he does during his leisure time.

p. 58: Perhaps the principal excuse for our excursions was to break the monotony which moves in like the Arctic’s gray, impenetrable fog. Then one does not need much excuse for travel, or do anything out of the ordinary, conditions permitting.

p. 216, 218, first Thule expedition, when they had found a cairn left by Peary in northern Greenland with a “statement to the effect that this cairn had been erected by Robert Peary and Eyvin Astrup, and that the following year Peary had visited it again with Matew [sic] Henson and

Lee...”: I copied Peary’s record for my own information; then I added to the original document the fact that I had visited the cairn twenty years later, and such information of our expedition as might be of interest in case we should be lost.

p. 220, also on first Thule expedition: We had a few books with us, and as the dogs died and it became necessary further to lighten our sledges we left them behind. One day we built a cairn in our own honor—nobody else would—and I left my old copy of *Homer* as a memento. Anyone interested in the contents of that cairn might be somewhat surprised to find in it a year’s file of a housekeeping magazine. Knud insisted he had bought them along merely for the value of the paper, but each night on the trip he had read me a complete menu for a week, and we had discussed it weightily for hours.

p. 283: When the ship departed it was fine to be left alone to read the papers. I made it a rule to read one newspaper a day, a paper just one year old, which worked out beautifully. If you receive mail only once a year, it is silly to read everything at once—you will forget most of it immediately, and when you reread it the news will be stale. ...

Only once did I break my rule. Madame Caillaux, wife of the French minister of finance, had shot Calmette, editor of *Figaro*. She was consequently tried for the murder, and I could not resist running through the papers lying on the shelf to learn whether or not she was acquitted.

She was.

p. 294—Freuchen is virulently anti-Greely. He must have that view as influenced by Peary.

p. 296-97: It had been a rare treat for me to live with the two Americans [MacMillan and Ekblaw] and learn about America from them. Ekblaw was very much interested in college life, especially the intramural activities. He had been editor of his college paper and still received copies of it. I tried to read them, but found that, even when I could read English, I could not understand what was meant.

p. 341-42: One can endure solitude somehow if he has books to read, but I had only one. The others had been lost in transit across Melville Bay, and even this one had been soaked.

It was a most erudite volume titled, *The Relationship between the Popes in Avignon and Denmark*. The subject was not my special hobby, but it was something to read and, as it was the only book I possessed for a whole year, I read it over and over again. Until I die I shall remember everything there is to know about the Popes in Avignon and Denmark. I fancied them my companions and I grew so weary of them that I was tempted to burn the book. But I could not do that, of course.

The author was a learned, in fact, a great, man. Long afterward when I returned to Denmark the government gave a banquet in my honor, and the Danish Secretary of Foreign Affairs was the author of that book, the one man in the world I hated above all others. He sat next to me—Dr. Moltesen was his name—and smiled and talked in a friendly fashion. I told him he would have to excuse me. Later on I gave him the oil- and water-soaked and often dried book, and had it bound in fine leather. He appreciated my thought and seemed to be very fond of the book. He could not have liked it half as much as I hated it.

p. 315 and 391: pictures of interior bookshelves. He had lots of books, it turns out.

Hall, Anna Gertrude. *Nansen*. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. New York: Viking Press, 1940.

p. 67, on equipping the *Fram* for Nansen's North Pole voyage: There were a library of a thousand books and a supply of games and musical instruments to help pass the time.

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

A very pleasant autobiography of someone who sailed with Amundsen on the *Gjoa*, the *Fram*, and the *Maud*, based on his diaries and presumably translated from Norwegian (though there is no indication).

p. 62, after two years or more they bespoke an American whaler west of Banks Island and they saw their first newspaper, one of which erroneously reported “War between Norway and Sweden.”

p. 133, on the North Pole attempt in 1919 aboard *Maud*: 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 over-wintering. We had nothing to do except wait for the ice to let us out; but it was not too tiresome. We all ate at the same table as before. We played cards in the evening, read and did odd jobs. Every Saturday we had a party with a hot toddy, and set the gramophone going, and made ourselves comfortable. You never have any fun other than what you make yourself. All of us were travelled men, who could both lie and tell true tales from life.

p. 146: 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.

Gosch, C.C.A. *Danish Arctic Expeditions, 1605 to 1620*. In Two Books: Book I. The Danish Expeditions to Greenland...; Book II. The Expedition of Captain Jens Munk. Edited, with Notes and Annotations by C.A. Gosch. Two Volumes. London: Hakluyt Society, 1897.

Book I: *The Danish Expeditions to Greenland in 1605, 1606, and 1607; to which is Added Captain James Hall’s Voyage to Greenland in 1612.*

Book II: *The Expedition of Captain Jens Munk to Hudson's Bay in Search of a North-West Passage in 1619-20*. [The first translation of Munk's *Navigatio Septentrionalis*. [Originally published in Danish in 1624.]

p. xxxii-xxxiii: On the whole, we think that anyone reading Hall's narratives will be inclined to believe that Hall had accompanied some earlier Arctic explorer, though it may have been in a subordinate capacity; and, as he appears to have had particular knowledge of Davis Strait, whilst no earlier voyages to that region in which he can have taken part are known to have been undertaken, except those of Davis, it seems that, if Hall had been there before, it must have been with him. Of course Hall may not really have known more than what he could gather from the published accounts of Davis's voyages, especially concerning the ice along the coast of Greenland. But, on the other hand, the conclusion that he had been with Davis is not a little strengthened by the only reference to Davis in connection with Hall's knowledge of the geography of Greenland which can be adduced.

p. 36, in the section on wintering in Port Churchill: During all the Holy Days, the weather was rather mild; and, in order that the time might not hang on hand, the men practiced all kinds of games; and whoever could imagine the most amusement was the most popular. The crew, most of whom were, at that time, in good health, consequently had all sorts of larks and pastimes; and thus we spent the Holy Days with the merriment that was got up.

[Those merriments were the last of the winter which proceeded with almost daily deaths from scurvy until only three men of the original crew of 64 were still alive (including Munk) and able to sail the ship back through Hudson Strait and back to Norway and Denmark.]

p. 164: It is manifestly difficult to prove a negative, and several centuries elapsed before geographical knowledge had advanced sufficiently for geographers to be able definitely to establish the non-existence of these islands. As was the case with many similar errors, cartographers in early days often found themselves face to face with the alternative, either to omit altogether features which were represented on

earlier charts or referred to in old books, or to insert them on very insufficient evidence. The former they generally hesitated to do, lest their charts might be thought imperfect. Once inserted, therefore, mythical islands or other misconceptions often, in early days, remained long on the maps, for voyages of discovery were very few and far between, and opportunities for really trustworthy verification were correspondingly rare. So far as the Atlantic is concerned, the islands in question remained long upon the charts because, until America had become more or less settled with Europeans, that ocean remained only very partially explored. Indeed, before the time arrived when geographers were able to declare without hesitation that these islands certainly did not exist, several other islands of more or less doubtful existence had appeared upon the charts; and these, like those which had appeared previously, maintained their positions thereon for a long period.

Book II: *The Expedition of Captain Jens Munk to Hudson's Bay in Search of a North-West Passage in 1619-20.*

Book II begins with a fascinating life of Jens Munk.

p. 107: Suffice it here to say that La Peyrère's error continued to be repeated without criticism in books and on maps, until it was discovered that Churchill Harbour is really situated in about lat. 59°. Afterwards another mistake arose. Some authors, who either did not know, or did not give due weight to the strong evidence connecting Munk's winter quarters with Churchill Harbour, allowed themselves to be misled by La Peyrère's indication of the latitude, separated these two localities, and placed Munk's winter-quarters high up on the western coast of Hudson's Bay far from Churchill River. It is thus shown on a few maps of the 18th century, but the earliest writer who has adopted this view is, as far as we are aware, Sir John Barrow, who fixes the place at Chesterfield Inlet; and his example was followed by several writers and map-makers. On the other hand, Mr. Ravn, though fully aware of La Peyrère's mistake, yet falls into error from not giving due weight to the evidence afforded by Munk's description of the locality and the subsequent discovery of relics of the expedition at Churchill

p. 122-23: The long and melancholy tale of the progress of the disease [scurvy], of the frequent deaths, and of the increasing difficulty of having the bodies properly buried, calls for few remarks. Unlike the skilful surgeon who managed to keep Capt. James's sick sailors in such condition that they could move about and do some work during his wintering in 1631-32, the surgeon of *Enhiorningen* could render no assistance at all. The vessel had been supplied with a store of medicaments, such as herbs, waters, medicines, etc., but the surgeon did not in the least know what use to make of them. They had been selected by physicians; but it was no part of their duty to supply information about the use of them—indeed, it would have been against the etiquette of their profession so to do. Although, therefore, Munk's complaint that there were no “directions for use” accompanying the many bottles and packets was well enough founded from the point of view of common sense, nothing else was, under the circumstances, really to be expected.

p. 178: If La Peyrère had not taken upon himself to “improve” Munk's map in the manner described, instead of reproducing it as it was, geographical science would have been considerably advanced; whereas his composition caused great confusion in the cartography of Hudson's Bay, the traces of which can be followed down to the end of the last century. His proceeding, moreover, was unjust to Munk, because he nowhere states in what respects he had deviated from Munk, who consequently got the blame for his imaginations when their true character was discovered.

On the Continent, where La Peyrère's book obtained great notoriety, both in the original and in the numerous translations, cartographers naturally availed themselves of the information contained in it, particularly as regards Hudson's Bay, not suspecting its untrustworthiness. On very many if not most of the maps published on the Continent, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the representation of Hudson's Bay is more or less founded on La Peyrère's. The maps of this series, commencing with Sanson's map of North America (Paris, 1650), are all characterised by the great projection of land in the south-west corner of the bay, bounded by a deep funnel-shaped inlet to the west of it. As these geographers do not seem to have

known anything about Fort Nelson, or the rivers which there enter Hudson's Bay, and of which there is an indication on Munk's map, some of them appear to have imagined that a communication with the Polar Sea existed there. On all these maps we find the west coast of the bay drawn as on Munk's map, or rather on La Peyrère's edition of it, exhibiting three deep inlets, on the southernmost of which Munk's winter-harbour is marked; and the name of New Denmark, translated into various languages, is found applied to the country around them. Several others of La Peyrère's names are met with on these maps.

Lauridsen, Peter. *Vitus Bering: The Discovery of the Bering Strait.* ... Revised by the Author, and Translated from the Danish by Julius E. Olson. With an Introduction to the American Edition by Frederick Schwatka. Chicago: S. C. Griggs, 1889.

A fascinating biography of the famous Danish-Russian explorer of the Far East of Siberia and the Northern Pacific. The frequent accounts of reading were not from books used at sea as most of our examples are but are later readings, included here to give some insights into a significant early expedition.

p. ix, from Schwatka's Introduction: I doubt yet if Americans will take very much interest in the dispute over Bering's simple claims in which he could take no part; but that this book, which settles them so clearly, will be welcomed by the reading classes of a nation that by acquisition in Alaska has brought them so near the field of the labor of Bering, I think there need not be the slightest fear. It is one of the most important links yet welded by the wisdom of man which can be made into a chain of history for our new acquisition whose history is yet so imperfect, and will remain so, until Russian archives are placed in the hands of those they consider fair-minded judges, as in the present work.

p. x-xi, in the last paragraph of Schwatka's introduction he includes an ominous note of Aryan superiority which we include at length as an adumbration of the late twenty-teens in the U.S.: On still broader grounds, it is to be hoped that this work will meet with American success, that it may be an entering wedge to that valuable literature of

geographical research and exploration, which from incompatibility of language and other causes has never been fully or even comprehensively opened to English speaking people. It has been well said by one who has opportunities to fairly judge that “it has been known by scientists for some time that more valuable investigation was buried from sight in the Russian language than in any or all others. Few can imagine what activity in geographical, statistical, astronomical, and other research has gone on in the empire of the Czar. It is predicted that within ten years more students will take up the Russian language than those of other nations of Eastern Europe, simply as a necessity. This youngest family of the Aryans is moving west ward with its ideas and literature, as well as its population and empire. There are no better explorers and no better recorders of investigations.” It is undoubtedly a field in which Americans can reap a rich reward of geographical investigation. There is an idea among some, and even friends of Russia, that their travelers and explorers have not done themselves justice in recording their doings, but this in the broad sense is not true. Rather they have been poor chroniclers for the public; but their official reports, hidden away in government archives, are rich in their thorough investigations, oftentimes more nearly perfect and complete than the equivalents in our own language, where it takes no long argument to prove that great attention given to the public and popular account, has been at the expense of the similar qualities in the official report; while many expeditions, American and British, have not been under official patronage at all, which has seldom been the case with Russian research.

As already noted, the bulk of similar volumes from other languages and other archives into the English has come from Great Britain; but probably from the unfortunate bitter antagonism between the two countries which has created an apathy in one and a suspicion in the other that they will not be judged in an unprejudiced way, Russia has not got a fair share of what she has really accomplished geographically translated into our tongue. It is through America, an unprejudiced nation, that this could be remedied, if a proper interest is shown, and which will probably be determined, in a greater or less degree, by the reception of this book here, although it comes to us in the round about way of the

Danish language. [Or am I totally misreading this whole passage about the Russian Aryans and the unprejudiced Americans?]

p. 18: The Cossack chief Shestakofi, who had traveled into the northeastern regions toward the land of the Chukchees, accepted the accounts of the former for his map, but as he could neither read nor write, matters were most bewilderingly confused. Yet his representations were later accepted by Strahlenberg and Joseph de l'Isle in their maps.

p. 20-21: Bering's two expeditions are unique in the history of Arctic explorations. His real starting point was on the extremest outskirts of the earth, where only the hunter and yassak-collector had preceded him. Kamchatka was at that time just as wild a region as Boothia or the coasts of Smith's Sound are in our day, and, practically viewed, it was far more distant from St. Petersburg than any known point now is from us. One hundred and thirty degrees—several thousand miles—the earth's most inhospitable tracts, the coldest regions on the globe, mountains, endless steppes, impenetrable forests, morasses, and fields of trackless snow were still between him and the mouth of the Kamchatka River, and thither he was to lead, not a small expedition, but an enormous provision train and large quantities of material for ship-building....

In the early part of the year 1725 the expedition was ready to start out from St. Petersburg. The officers were the two Danes, Vitus Bering, captain and chief, and Martin Spangberg, lieutenant and second in command, and also the following: Lieut. Alexei Chirikofi, Second Lieut. Peter Chaplin, the cartographers Luskini and Patilofi, the mates, Richard Engel and George Morison, Dr. Niemann, and Rev. Ilarion. The subordinates were principally sailors, carpenters, sail makers, blacksmiths, and other mechanics.

p. 69-71: The Academic branch of the expedition, which thus came to consist of the astronomer La Croyère, the physicist Gmelin (the elder), and the historian Muller, was right luxuriously equipped. It was accompanied by two landscape painters, one surgeon, one interpreter, one instrument-maker, five surveyors, six scientific assistants, and fourteen body-guards. Moreover, this convoy grew like an avalanche, as it worked its way into Siberia. La Croyere had nine wagon-loads of instruments, among them telescopes thirteen and fifteen feet in length.

These Academical gentlemen had at least thirty-six horses, and on the large rivers, they could demand boats with cabins. They carried with them a library of several hundred volumes, not only of scientific and historical works in their specialties, but also of the Latin classics and such light reading as Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels. Besides, they had seventy reams of writing paper and an enormous supply of artists' colors, draughting materials and apparatus. All archives were to be open to them, all Siberian government authorities were to be at their service and furnish interpreters, guides, and laborers. The Professors, as they were called, constituted an itinerant academy. They drafted their own instructions, and no superior authority took upon itself to make these subservient to the interests of the expedition as a whole. From February, 1734, they held one or two weekly meetings and passed independent resolutions. It became a part of Bering's task to move this cumbersome machine, this learned republic, from St. Petersburg to Kamchatka, to care for their comforts and conveniences, and render possible the flank movements and side sallies that either scientific demands or their own freaks of will might dictate. In the original instructions such directions were by no means few. But Bering had no authority over these men. They were willing to recognize his authority only when they needed his assistance. None of them except Bering and his former associates had any idea of the mode and conditions of travel in that barbarous country. That there should be lack of understanding between men with such different objects in view as academists and naval officers, is not very strange. Their only bond of union was the Senate's senseless ukase. If it had been the purpose of the government to exhibit a human parallel to the "happy families" of menageries, it could hardly have acted differently. In all his movements Bering was hampered by this academical dead weight. The Professors not only showed a lack of appreciation of Bering's efforts in their behalf, but they also stormed him with complaints, filled their records with them, and concluded them—characteristically enough with a resolution to prefer formal charges against him before the Senate.

p. 98: The only fault of which the brave man can be accused, is that his too great leniency was as detrimental as the spirited and oftentimes

inconsiderate conduct of his subordinates.” It is undoubtedly true that Bering was not fully equal to the task; but no one would have been equal to this task. It is possible that his humane conduct impaired the work of the expedition, but this allegation still lacks proof, and Sokolofi, who wrote his book as a vindication of Chirikofi against Von Baer’s sympathetic view of Bering, must be read with this reservation. It is downright absurd to hold the leader responsible for the moral weaknesses of his officers, for he had not chosen them, and was as dependent upon them as they upon him. “It seems to me,” says Von Baer, “that Bering has everywhere acted with the greatest circumspection and energy, and also with the greatest forbearance. The whole expedition was planned on such a monstrous scale that under many another chief it would have foundered without having accomplished any results whatever.”

p. 113-14, on Adolf Nordenskjöld’s critical views on Bering’s expedition: Nor does Baron Nordenskjöld concede to the Great Northern Expedition a place in the history of the Northeast passage. The “Voyage of the Vega” is an imposing work, and was written for a large public, but even the author of this work has not been able to rise to an unbiased and just estimate of his most important predecessors. His presentation of the subject of Russian explorations in the Arctic regions, not alone Bering’s work and that of the Great Northern Expedition, but also Wrangell’s, Lütke’s, and Von Baer’s, is unfair, unsatisfactory, inaccurate, and hence misleading in many respects. Nordenskjöld’s book comes with such overpowering authority, and has had such a large circulation, that it is one’s plain duty to point out palpable errors. Nordenskjöld is not very familiar with the literature relating to this subject. He does not know Berch’s, Stuckenberg’s, or Sokoloff’s works. Middendorff’s and Von Baer’s clever treatises he uses only incidentally. He has restricted himself to making extracts from Wrangell’s account, which in many respects is more than incomplete, and does not put these expeditions in the right light. It is now a couple of generations since Wrangell’s work was written, which is more a general survey than an historical presentation. While Nordenskjöld devotes page after page to an Othere’s, an Ivanoff’s, and a Martinier’s very indifferent or wholly

imaginary voyages around northern Norway, he disposes of the Great Northern Expedition, without whose labors the voyage of the Vega would have been utterly impossible, in five unhappily written pages. One seeks in vain in his work for the principal object of the Northern Expedition, for the leading idea that made these magnificent enterprises an organic whole, or for a full and just recognition of these able, and, in some respects, unfortunate men, whose labors have so long remained without due appreciation. In spite of Middendorff's interesting account of the cartography of the Taimyr peninsula, Nordenskjöld does not make the slightest attempt to explain whether his corrections of the cartography of this region are corrections of the work of Laptjef and Chelyuskin, or of the misrepresentations of their work made by a later age.

About the charting of Cape Chelyuskin he says: "This was done by Chelyuskin in 1742 on a new sledging expedition, the details of which are but little known; evidently because until the most recent times there has been a doubt in regard to Chelyuskin's statement that he had reached the most northerly point of Asia. After the voyage of the Vega, however, there can no longer be any doubt." [Here Laurensen continues his unrelenting attack on Nordenskjöld.]

McCoy, Roger M. *Ending in Ice: the Revolutionary Idea and Tragic Expedition of Alfred Wegener*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2006.

Alfred Wegener is most famous for his proposed theory of continental drift, published in 1912. At first denied and scorned, then dismissed as unimportant, followed by eventual acceptance. His other fame relates to his several research expeditions seeking to understand the climatic influence of Greenland weather. He died on the ice trying to rescue his scientific colleagues isolated at Eismitte in 1930. Unlike so many explorers he was dedicated to his scientific endeavors. p. 13 has a picture of Wegener and his wife in his book-lined study in Marburg (1913).

p. 126: One of their pastimes, was reading from a small library with selections from science, literature, and history. Loewe liked to read aloud poems by Goethe and Schiller, and the others enjoyed his skill at reading with feeling and emotion. They agreed their isolation from the abundance of cultural stimulation in Europe had heightened their sensitivity to art and literature. They regretted that they had no way to play music in their cave, though they would occasionally sing together. One evening Sorge read aloud from a book about Scott's disastrous experience and death in Antarctica. Hearing this story affected Georgi emotionally, and gave him a bad premonition about Wegener's situation. He had to ask Sorge to stop reading.

Murphy, David Thomas. *German Exploration of the Polar World. A History, 1870-1940.* Lincoln, NB: University of Nebraska Press, 2002.

p. 46, Karl Koldewey's *Germania* sailed with the *Hansa* to Greenland in June 1869, but soon the ships parted. Hard to know which fared the worse. The *Hansa* sank. Aboard the *Germania*: Confinement, tension, isolation, darkness, and the exhausting routine of physical labor gradually erode group morale. The psychological health of the men had not been neglected when planning the expedition, and efforts were made to supply healthy diversions. A newspaper was attempted (as would be the case later with subsequent German expeditions to Greenland, but it "died of neglect" after five issues.

Nansen, Fridtjof. *In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times.* Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Two volumes. London: William Heinemann, 1911.

Nansen's second major work, this book covers only the earliest period of Northern exploration and could well be titled "In Northern Myths." He is certainly among the earliest and most scholarly, literary, and research-oriented writers of exploration history, the work verges little upon the subject of our inquiry.

Volume I.

p. 46, footnote 3: Both “gnomon” and “polus” are mentioned as early as Herodotus; and Athenæus [v. 42] describes the polus in the library on board the ship “Heiro” which was built by Archimedes.

p. 248, on Viking voyages: We find accounts of these voyages of discovery in the old writings and sagas, a large part of which was put into writing in Iceland. A somber undercurrent runs through these narratives of voyages in unknown seas; even though they might be partly legendary, they nevertheless bear witness in their terseness to the silent struggle of hardy men with ice, storms, cold and want, in the light summer and long, dark winter of the North.

Volume II.

p. 126-27, in a letter of March 3, 1551, from Carsten Grip of Kiel to King Christiern III: Grip was, as we are told in the letter, the king’s commissioner for the purchase of books, paintings, and the like. He tells the king that he has not found any valuable books or suitable pictures, but sends him two maps of the world, “from which your majesty may see that your majesty’s land of Greenland extends on both maps towards the new world and the islands which the Portuguese and Spaniards have discovered, so that these countries may be reached overland from Greenland.”

p. 194, as interesting section on the “Arab Geographers of the Middle Ages” and their views of the North.

Rink, Henry. *Danish Greenland: Its People and Its Products.* Edited by Dr. Robert Brown. London: Henry S. King, 1877.

p. 168: on training of indigenous boys: The author cannot omit adding one instance to illustrate this. Once he took such a boy with him to Denmark, where he stayed only one winter as apprentice in a printing-office, and acquired a skill in book-printing, lithography, and bookbinding, of which he has afterwards given proofs by managing, all by himself, without the least assistance, a small office in Greenland, the productions of which will be mentioned by and by. This young man is by no means a rare exception; perhaps one out of ten may be found to be

equally highly gifted. It cannot be denied that the half-breeds seem to surpass the original race as regards such perfectibility.

p. 213-16, *Printed Literature of the Greenlanders*: On passing from the folk-lore preserved merely by verbal tradition to the printed literature of Greenland, we must mention that a few old manuscripts have been found in the possession of the natives containing stories of European origin, which they had preserved in this way by copying them, such as 'Pok: or a Greenlander's Journey to Denmark,' ' Sibylle,' ' Oberon,' and 'Holger the Dane.' The existence of these documents proves that European tales may have some attraction for the natives, but not so much that they have been able to remember them without writing them down. The details of these stories in their Greenland versions of course frequently appear very curious.

The Literature of the Greenlanders.—The literature of the Greenlanders printed in the Eskimo language amounts to about as much as might make fifty ordinary volumes. Most of it has been printed in Denmark, but, as already mentioned, a small printing-office was established at Godthaab in Greenland in 1862, from whence about 280 sheets have issued, besides many lithographic prints. As regards its contents the Greenlandish literature includes the following books, of which, however, many are very small or mere pamphlets.

The Bible, in four or five larger parts and some smaller sections as separate parts.

Three or four volumes, and several smaller books, containing psalms.

About twenty books concerning religious objects. About ten books serving for manuals in spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, &c.

About sixteen books, with stories or other contents chiefly entertaining.

About six grammars and dictionaries in the Eskimo language for Europeans.

A Journal: **Atuagagdliutit, nalinginarmik tusaruminá-sassumik univkât**, i.e. 'something for reading, accounts of all sorts of entertaining subjects,' published in Greenland since 1861. Up to 1874 it comprised 194 sheets in quarto, and about 200 leaves with illustrations.

Official reports concerning the municipal institutions, 1862 to 1872, in Danish and Greenlandish, comprising about twenty-six sheets, besides many lithographic plates containing accounts and statistical returns.

Church, and Public Instruction.—For *missionary affairs*, comprising church-matters as well as public instruction, the natives are divided into the Danish and the Moravian communities; the former numbered 7,703, and the latter 1,945 souls in the year 1860. We have already mentioned the native catechists or schoolmasters, and the extreme difficulty of affording regular school instruction to a poor people so widely dispersed. Under such circumstances the fact is rather surprising that the ability to read and write may be said to be as common here as in any civilised country. We can confidently assert that the greater part of the inhabitants are able to read tolerably well out of every book in their own language, and that every child learns to read at least the chief passages of their usual school-books. The art of reading is not only familiar in every house, but reading also forms a favourite occupation. As to the objects of this reading we refer to the list before given of the Eskimo literature. Of course the religious part of it is still the most popular, or until of late, we may say, the only one commonly used. The New Testament especially, and a psalm-book, are found in every house. As regards skill in writing it must be said to be at least more than half as common as in reading. Carrying on correspondence by letters has become pretty frequent between the natives of the different stations, and whenever something has to be communicated to or by a Greenlander in any station, there is scarcely ever any doubt as to the possibility of settling the affair by letter. Moreover, the natives seem to be peculiarly talented as to acquiring a good hand in writing. The Eskimo language has always been written with the common Roman letters, with addition of the letter **k**, signifying a very guttural **k**, and of accents which are of great importance. As regards orthography a great irregularity has prevailed, until of late a very ingenious and simple system has been invented by Mr. S. Kleinschmiedt, who has published a grammar and a dictionary of the language.

Religious instruction is mostly imparted through the Holy Scriptures themselves, but class-books are also used, especially with regard to the chief Christian doctrines.

We have already stated that the obstacles to public instruction, caused by the scantiness of the population and its dispersion, have only been overcome with help of the native teachers. Formerly only very few of them received any particular preparation for this task. Now all the more populous places are furnished with schoolmasters, who have been trained at the two seminaries, which in 1875 were reduced to one, established at Godthaab. At these two schools it has been the custom for from ten to sixteen young natives from different parts of the country to study for some years, and to receive instruction in the following studies. Exegesis; explanation of the leading Christian doctrines; Bible history; geography of the Holy Land: passages of the Bible learnt by heart; exercises in writing on different subjects, mostly religious; mental exercises by reading and explaining books of no religious tendency; elements of history, mostly relating to the origin and the propagation of Christianity; elements of geography, chiefly with regard to physical geography; an introduction to natural history, with a special description of the mammalia; the elements of arithmetic; caligraphy; organ-playing and singing, together with catechistical and homiletical practice. The Danish language has also been among the branches of education taught, but with little success. It has been a rule that during their stay at the seminaries the pupils should continue to practise kayaking, and for this purpose they were ordered to have their kayaks in a proper state, and certain days were devoted to going out in kayaks during the lecture 'term,' while they had the whole summer at their own disposal for this as well as other national occupations.

Scarcely any country exists where children are so ready to receive school instruction as Greenland; it is almost considered more a diversion than a duty. Attending divine service is not less popular, and is scrupulously observed by the population. Most likely this inclination is favoured by the holidays now offering the only opportunity for festive assemblies, and by the natives on these occasions feeling themselves equal to the Europeans. But it is a mistake to believe that they would

prefer to have a clergy-man of their own nation officiating. On the contrary, at Godthaab, where the Danish and the Moravian stations are situated close to each other, it has happened that when the native 'vicar' had to preach in the Danish church, the members of the community repaired to the Moravians only for the purpose of hearing a European officiating. No displeasure at all is taken at the imperfect pronunciation of the Eskimo language, to which the usage of more than a hundred years has perfectly accustomed them. [There follows a long paragraph on music and the art of singing, including this passage on p. 217: In the winter houses here and there, especially in isolated places, the old monotonous songs, perhaps also accompanied with the drum, are said still to be used, but rarely when Europeans are present.]

p. 351-52, in the District of Umanak: There is a church in this place, and a small dwelling for a missionary, but none has resided there for several years. On November 7 the sun shines for the last time at Umanak, but continues to light the mountain tops at noon for 12 days longer, and after having announced its return in a similar way it again makes its first appearance on February 2. The only circumstance that tends to render these dreary months at all supportable to others than the natives is the sudden change taking place in December, by which the surrounding sea with all its numerous ramifications is transformed to one level plain, from which, with rare interruptions, an easy access can be gained to every part of its extensive shores until the first part of May. Even during the darkest period there is always sufficient daylight for taking a walk across the ice to the opposite shore of the mainland and back again with ease, making in all about 10 miles, when the weather is not too unfavourable. But in the house one is unable to read by daylight, and especially with a cloudy sky, and snow lamps have to be kept burning all day. In weather like this, when one is confined to the narrow rooms with nothing to vary the monotony of the darkness that reigns without except the howling of the dogs, in which they all join at intervals, at a sign accidentally given by one of them. Christmas time is of course exceedingly dull to European residents at Umanak, especially to single people.

Sverdrup, Otto. *New Land: Four Years in the Arctic Regions.*
Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. Two volumes.
London: Longmans, Green, 1904.

Volume I:

p. 82, on *Fram* at Christmas: Then came the mental part of the festivity. Assisted by the wittiest of the expedition as contributors, the doctor had started a paper, the *Friendly One*, named after the leader in Baumann's team, of which the first number was read aloud that evening. Some portions of it are reproduced on the following pages, though much of it must necessarily be unintelligible to the great majority of my readers. The wit and sarcasm of the *Friendly One* resulted in the publication of a rival paper, the *Arctic Fox*, which appeared on New Year's Day, but was withdrawn the same evening for want of subscribers; and therewith ended our journalistic efforts on board the 'Fram' for the winter. [p. 84-87 are reproductions from the *Friendly One* (*Den Venligsindede*)—they are in German gothic type.]

p. 145-46, Norwegian Independence Day, May 17, 1899 [also described as Constitution Day] on board the *Fram*...

PROGRAMME.

May 17, 1899.

- 7 a.m. Choral music from the fore-cabin. (Solo by R. Stolz.)
- 8 “ Breakfast a la Lindstrom. (Toasts for the day to be proposed by Simmons.)
- 11 “ Procession to the Seal-hole in Rice Strait.
- 12 noon. Salute. Speech in honour of the occasion. (By a dilettante.)
Unveiling of Fosheimsæter.
- 1 p.m. *Diner à la ‘3 Kroner.’*

Cafe, liqueurs.

- 6 “ Supper, with sups to follow.

In the evening dancing and music in the fore- and after-cabins, fireworks, and the midnight sun.

N.B. — No newspaper will be issued in honour of the day.—Ed. p. 167, on the funeral service of Dr. Svendsen: We arrived on board on June 15, at ten in the forenoon. The overwhelming impression made by the doctor's death is indescribable, and there were some among those strong healthy men who did not recover from it until many months were over.

The body was placed down in the cable-tier until the funeral could take place. On June 16 I wrote: —‘The flag is flying at half-mast from the peak to-day. It is the first time it has been in this position on board the “Fram,” let us hope it will indeed be the last.’

The funeral was a seaman's one. With the body and bier covered by flags, we walked out to Rice Strait, where a large hole was opened in the ice. It was an affecting moment. The doctor's lifeless body was lowered to the water-side, the prayers read, and a hymn sung. Then followed the moment when he slowly slipped into the deep. We shall never forget it. We sang a hymn, and said the Lord's Prayer.

p. 200, on letters delivered from an American ship: We found one of Peary's ships lying a little distance up the fjord, and about an hour after we had dropped anchor, Captain Bartlett came to see us, together with Dr. Dedrick and one or two other members of the expedition. We spent several pleasant hours in their agreeable company. They gave us some newspapers, and told us that one of Peary's ships, which had come from America, had a mail on board for us, but that she had left it at Payer Harbour. We also learned that Peary was here in active preparation for wintering. His other ship was out walrus-catching, probably down near Northumberland.

Baumann called upon Lieutenant Peary, who was kind enough to invite us to send letters with his ship to our nearest friends; on condition that nothing should be made known with regard to the expedition itself.

The following day we had a visit from Peary's owner, Mr. Bridgman, and from Professor Libbey, also an American. Mr. Bridgman very kindly offered to let one of the ships bring our mail every year,

promising to let the Tram's' owners know at what date the ships would be due to sail.

p. 274, notes a birthday poem composed in honor of Sverdrup: A poem too had been composed in my honour. Fosheim was the bard on this occasion, and possibly Schei may have had something to do with the authorship; I imagine they had written it in the tent during my absences. They made so much of the hero of the day, that he felt quite bashful. But a birthday of the kind may be very enjoyable once in a way. We had an extremely pleasant evening, and sat up till nearly eleven, at least a couple of hours longer than usual.

p. 306-307: reading from cook book after finding a pastry creation had frozen: Our hopes of a successful baking sank in a disquieting degree; and they sank still lower when Schei, who had been intently studying the cookery-book, read out, in a trembling voice: ' Pastry must not be exposed to a temperature so low that it will freeze.' There then, was our fate, sealed in clear incontrovertible terms!

p. 312, New Year's Eve 1899: Then came New Year's Eve. Out of consideration for Simmons, we again trooped off to the after-cabin to finish the evening. When we were settled round the punch-bowl, Isachsen read aloud the first and last number of the *Friendly One* for 1899. Again this year Baumann had taken the initiative with regard to the paper. Last year the doctor had edited it; for 1899 Baumann was the responsible editor as well, and brought out, as aforesaid, the first copy on the last day of the year, and that, too, as an 'Extra Number.' The reading took some time, for the contents were important and varied; one volley of laughter succeeded another; nobody got off scot-free, and all the others hugely enjoyed the good-natured hits at their comrades.

At last, about twelve o'clock, we reached what the editor called the 'ice-foot of the paper,' and he was rewarded with such applause as has seldom or never fallen to the lot of a newspaper editor from his subscribers.

p. 410: 'To say that I was proud [killing his first bear] is nowhere near the mark; but it was too dark for me to enjoy the sight of my fallen enemy, and besides, I was in my stockings. I therefore at once repaired to the tent, lighted the "Primus," and made myself some coffee. Such a

festal meal as I then had, of coffee and Christmas cake from the “Fram,” I had never had before, and can hardly hope to have again. I then lay and read for a while, but as soon as it was half-past two, and a little light, I was constrained to go out and enjoy my triumph. Then I came back and lay down with the intention of going to sleep for a couple of hours, but with only partial success.

p. 452: ‘Now passed a long and monotonous period, broken only by visits from passers-by, for no more bears came to the hut itself. I cannot say that I ever felt really dull. I must confess that I slept a great deal, and, secondly, always made myself some work to do outside the house, and went, in addition, regulation walks. If the weather was bad, which it generally was, I lay in the bag as much as possible and read. A great, nay, momentous, part in my life at this time was, of course, played by my meals, of which, during the greater part of my sojourn, I had two a day—breakfast and dinner. Later on I always had three meals a day. I lived all this time almost exclusively on two kinds of food—soaked biscuit fried in fat and bear-steaks. Practice makes perfect, and I think I really attained perfection in the cooking of these two excellent dishes, which I ate day after day without ever tiring of them. On Sundays and other feast days I generally had something extra, but the two first-named courses always formed the nucleus of my meals. My beverages were coffee and hot milk.

p. 453: ‘The period which now followed was the least pleasant of my stay at Björneburg, chiefly because I had come to an end of my literature and was obliged to read the only book in my possession (the others had been sent back to the “Fram”) over and over again.

p. 454: When some visitors brought a new book he felt better: The following period was short, but the pleasantest I spent at Björneburg—new books to read, good food and good weather.

Volume II:

p. 97-98, following an accident that needed medical attention: As soon as we arrived on board I set Simmons to find some of the doctor's books and see what we had better do for Olsen's arm. We found some diagrams and various directions as to how a dislocation should be reduced, and

after some consideration chose the way which seemed easiest and most simple.

The operation would have been easy enough had we dared to chloroform our patient, but we had no desire to attempt such a thing. What were we to do? Several days had elapsed, and the arm was swollen and angry. Inexperienced as we were we should probably torture poor Olsen most horribly before we got his arm into place again.

I therefore decided to make him thoroughly drunk — the effects of *that* we could better grapple with. For this purpose we first tried naphtha, but that did not do; he disliked the taste of it so much that I could not bring myself to force more on him. Good — we had other things that tasted considerably better. I entered into partnership with the brandy fiend; sent for a bottle of the very best Cognac; and began to give him dram after dram. But it really was too much to expect him to drink himself half-seas-over on dry nips all alone, without any other diversion, so I sat down and talked to him about everything I could think of. At first he was very much taken up with his arm, but from that we went on to the expedition in general, then to shooting in general, and lastly, after innumerable excursions, landed in the Lofoden Islands [Iceland], in which as a Nordlænding he was much interested, and had himself taken part in the fisheries there. In this way I brought him little by little into brilliant spirits; he grew livelier at every dram.... When he had swallowed something like half a bottle of brandy we thought he must be about ripe to be taken.

p. 99: In his semi-conscious condition Olsen took the whole thing with the greatest calm, and said nothing when Fosheim and I then tried our hand on him. To our surprise we were successful at the first attempt! That it was with unspeakable relief we heard the crack of the arm as it slipped into its socket, I need hardly say. As for Olsen, notwithstanding all he had taken down, it had not had much effect on him while we were doing our worst — the pain and excitement had kept him sober — but the instant the arm was in its socket he became dead drunk.

He was carried to his cabin in a hurry, put to bed, and a man set to guard him. We thought perhaps he might become delirious, or something of the kind, for, as I said before, he was not quite sober.

Fosheim took first watch. But Olsen behaved nicely the whole night, and next morning was quite himself again. We bandaged his arm so that he could not move the joint, and thus he was to go for three or four weeks.

Olsen's happiness, as he went about with his arm in the sling after his successful cure, was quite touching to behold. He had not had the slightest hope about himself, and during the agony he went through had painted the future in very gloomy colours. If Olsen was glad, we quacks were no less so, and proud into the bargain. We had discovered a brand-new Arctic surgical treatment, with the brandy fiend himself as assistant. But it is ever the same: genius is simplicity, and evil for evil is only fair play.

p. 338, at sea aboard *Fram* outside Havnefjord in 1900: ‘Of this my second hermit life there is really—though with one exception—nothing to say, and, besides, it did not last very long. The days passed uniformly in reading and short walks on the point, where I was invariably, though vainly, on the look-out for game. September 26 was marked by my shooting a raven of a kind which I had not yet been able to add to the zoological collection of the expedition. I began to feel rather dull, and hoped somebody would turn up from the “Fram”—a visit had been suggested, but did not take place. It did not seem either as if the meat could soon be taken on board, for the fjord was still free of ice. Now and then a little brash formed, but it always drifted away after a shorter or longer time. But then something happened which enlivened me considerably, and made an end of my hermit life.

‘On September 30 I lay reading till late in the evening, and, when eventually I put out the light, I remained awake for some time. Just as I was falling asleep, I was suddenly aroused—without any kind of preparation—by a series of frightful howls from “Susamel.” I have often heard dogs howl from pain or fear, but such terror as this expressed I had never heard before. [His reading was interrupted by his frightened dog.]

Trollope, Anthony. *How the “Mastiffs” Went to Iceland.* Introduction by Carol Lansbury. New York: Arno Press, 1981.

The Mastiff was a yacht owned by John Burns (Lord Inverclyde) who took a group of men aboard his yacht on a trip to the Faroes and Iceland in 1878. Trollope wrote this story of the voyage and published it privately in the same year. Although hardly Polar, Iceland is certainly an interesting exemplar of the print culture of the North.

p. 21-22, on their visit to Reykjavik: The real condition of a people, as to happiness and civilization, may very generally be told from the state of education among them. Everybody, almost everybody, in Iceland can read. I quote as follows from George Mackenzie's work on the country, published as long ago as 1811, when education was much less rife in the world at large than it is now; —“By the superintendence of the priests and the long-established habits of the people, a regular system of domestic education is obtained.” ... “The instruction of his children”— that is the ordinary Icelander, — “forms one of his stated occupations; and while the earthen hut which he inhabits is almost buried by the snows of winter, and darkness and desolation are spread universally around, the light of an oil lamp illumines the page from which he reads to his family the lessons of knowledge, wisdom, and virtue.” He goes on to say that by an old law of the land the clergy are empowered to prevent a marriage when the betrothed female is unable to read. The strictness of this latter rule we in England would not be prepared to recommend; but the feeling, the desire for and practice of education from which it emanates, tells us of a condition of things which even yet we ought to envy in parts of Great Britain. The amount of reading which certainly does prevail throughout Iceland is marvelous. There is hardly in the island what can be called an upper class. There is no rich body, as there is with us, for whose special advantage luxurious schools and aristocratic universities can be maintained. But there is a thoroughly good college at Reykjavik, with a rector and professors, at which a sound classical education is given; and there are now also minor schools. The result is to be seen in the general intelligence of the people. “Macbeth” has been translated into Icelandic, and published at Reykjavik, which would not have been done unless there had been some one there to read “Macbeth.” There are five newspapers published in the island, two of them at Reykjavik. J. B. caused some hymns to be printed

at a day's notice, in order that they might be sung at Divine service aboard the *Mastiff*. The work was excellently done.

Verne, Jules. *A Journey to the North Pole*. London & New York: George Routledge, 1875. [Later editions under the title *At the North Pole, Or The Adventures of Captain Hatteras*. Also known as *The English at the North Pole*.]

Novel about an American proposal to auction all territory north of the 84th parallel. The sale was to take place in Baltimore with all proceeds to be divided among underbidders. The English strongly opposed an American purchase, since “The North Pole belonged to them.” The plan itself was to turn the globe on its axis to melt the Pole and extract the coal, while changing the torrid zones as well; but the calculation of the equation to do it proved faulty and the earth was saved. The satire chiefly involves the French poking fun at the US for its North Pole obsession.

p. 23: The whole crew were Protestants, belonging to the same religious denomination. It was a matter of some importance that the men should think alike, as far as creed was concerned, to prevent party strife; for it has been always found in long voyages that assembling the men for reading the Scriptures and common prayer is a powerful means of promoting harmony, and of cheering them in times of despondency.

p. 31, of the crew, the surgeon, Dr. Clawbonny, is the intellectual with books, herbals, instruments, maps and charts all “arranged and classified with an amount of order that would have shamed the British Museum.”

p. 42-43—the Dr. had read all the relevant narratives of Parry, Ross, and Franklin, etc.

p. 45 shows a print of someone in cabin reading, probably the Bible.

p. 46: It was Sunday...—so part of the forenoon was spent in Bible reading, the Doctor undertaking the office of chaplain.

p. 85, the doctor stayed in his cabin to: devote himself to the reperusal of his volumes of Arctic voyages. [cf. Scott, Peary, and others.]

p. 130, the Captain is revealed to be one of the seamen, formerly called Gary but now Captain Hatteras; If ever human foot shall tread on polar ground, it must be the foot of an Englishman.

p. 207, gives an account of the death of Bellot on 18 Aug 1853: He tied his books together, and said he would go out and see how we were drifting. Then apparently he fell in a crevasse and drowned.

p. 265, on Jan 1 the Doctor was reading Sir Edward Belcher's 'Narrative of His Polar Expedition,' referring to coal in the Queen's Channel, 250 miles away, when they were out of fuel. Made a disastrous sledging trip to find the coal only to discover another ship ahead of them, *The Porpoise*. After one death Hatteras gives up the prospect, returning to the ship [etcetera].

The sequel is called "The field of ice."

1619-20 Danish Expedition to Hudson's Bay (commanded by Jens Munk with *Lamprey* and *Unicorn*)

Munk, Jens. *The Journal of Jens Munk 1619-1620*. Toronto: Royal Ontario Museum, 1980.

Munk led two Danish ships, the *Lamprey* and *Unicorn*, to Hudson's Bay and wintered over at Churchill in 1619-20. Many men including the surgeon died at Churchill, undoubtedly of scurvy.

p. 30: On 27 March I opened the surgeon's chest to examine its contents in detail, for as we no longer had a surgeon, I had to do whatever I could myself. And then I discovered what a serious oversight had been made in not providing a list that would tell us what the medicines were good for, and how they were to be used. I would also stake my life on the opinion that even the surgeon did not know how those medicines were to be used, for all the labels were written in Latin, and whenever he wished to read one, he had to call the priest to translate it for him.

p. 31: ...only four men besides myself were strong enough to sit up in their berths to hear the homily for Good Friday. [Presumably it was read by Munk, a devoted Protestant who hoped for the conversion of the native pagans.]

1721-22 Dutch West Indies Company Expedition to the South Seas (commanded by Jacob Roggeveen aboard)

Roggeveen (1659-1729) was a Dutch explorer, sent in 1721 in search of Australia which he missed, though he did find Easter Island (on Easter Sunday) and also the Society Islands, Samoa, and Bora Bora. He surveyed a number of these islands, but lost one of his three vessels, had violent skirmishes with natives, and was arrested in Batavia where the East Indies Company arrested him and confiscated his other ships. He did at least reach 60°S in rounding Cape Horn.

Roggeveen, Jacob. *The Journal of Jacob Roggeveen.* Edited by Andrew Sharp. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970.

p. 9: Jan Roggeveen (brother?): referred to a book of charts shown by him previously by Jacob in Vere, saying that he had put such a book in Jacob's chest for the voyage. The charts studied by them no doubt contained representations of islands..., and were mere spots of land separated by vast tracks of ocean....

p. 12-13: from numbers of references in his Journal, it is evident that Roggeveen's main guide in his traverse of the south part of the Atlantic was Amédée-François Frézier's account of his voyage to the Pacific coast of America, first published in Paris in 1716 under the title *Relation du voyage de la Mer du Sud aux côtes du Chily....*

1768-70 Beniowsky Journey and Exile in Kamchatka

Beniowsky, Moriz August, graf von. *Memoirs and Travels of Mauritius August, Count de Benyowsky. Consisting of his Military Operations in Poland, His Exile into Kamchatka....* In Two Volumes. London: G.G.J. & J. Robinson, 1790.

Exciting story of exile in Kamchatka and the conspiracy to escape. [See also August von Kotzebue's dramatization of this story: *Count*

Benyowsky; Or, the Conspiracy of Kamschatka, a Tragic-Comedy, in Five Acts. Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane. Translated from the German by R. W. Render. London: New York: Naphtali Judah, 1799.

p. xxii, in postscript to the Introduction in Volume I: He was as far north as 63 degrees, had with him Lord Anson's voyages, translated into the Sclavonian language, which he said was of the greatest use to him, being, guided, in a great measure, by them.

p. 54, exiled to the capital of Siberia, Tobolyk, the governor removes his fetters and treated him humanely, after many indignities: The greatest favor which I obtained from the governour, was, doubtless, the use of pen and paper, to dissipate my woes. Precious instrument, which can give the shadow of liberty where the substance exists not! Inestimable gift of art, whose value can be truly estimated by those only who have felt thy loss! With thee I shall still possess the enjoyments of the mind; and by thy assistance my misfortunes and complaints may be transmitted to future times!

p. 90, during imprisonment on Kamchatka in houses of exiles: On the 5th, I arose and examined the whole cabin, which appeared to be very well furnished; but what surprised me the most agreeably was an alcove of the same kind as that in which I slept, which was filled with French, Russian, English, German, and Latin books, placed in order. I found Anson's Voyages laying on a table, and began to read it with pleasure, but had scarcely finished the first page before Mr. Crustiew [a fellow exile] entered and embraced me. Our first conversation turns on this famous voyager, and my friend informed me that for six years past he had deliberated in his own mind on the means of quitting Kamchatka, and making his way to the Marion Islands.

p. 103: It fortunately happened that I was provided with a grammar of the Russian, German, and French languages, which I had found amongst the books of my friend. I put this into their hands [his students], with some introductions for the use of it.

p. 113, on starting a mapping project: ... and on that very day I received out of the Chancery several journals and relations of sea voyages, made either by the officers of the Imperial Russian service, or by individuals. At the first perusal, however, I was convinced that I could advance

nothing with certainty, except such articles as I found in the journals of Spanberg, Bering, and Tfirikow.

p. 258, on escaping from Kamchatka after his successful plot Benowsky says: "On the same day I had the archives of the chancery packed up, to carry them with me." In chapter XXX he uses them to describe earlier voyages eastward from Kamchatka, e.g. Alaska & Bering Sea.

p., 286, gives a description of the Kurelles Islands: The present is the most exact and most positive description of these islands; for I have written nothing but what is real. The relation of Captain Spanberg, and several others, which I found in the archives of Kamchatka...has afforded me every necessary information.

Volume II: Deals with Benkowsky's travels after escaping Kamchatka, and going to Madagascar via Japan, China, Macao, etc., returning to France in 1777.

1869-70 German Second Arctic Expedition (aboard *Hansa*)

Koldewey, Karl Christian. *The German Arctic Expedition of 1869-70, and Narrative of the Wreck of the "Hansa" in the Ice....* Two Volumes. London: Low, Marston, Low & Searle, 1874.

A book of varied authorship recounting the tale of two ships, the *Hansa* and the *Germania*, which became separated, with one wrecked on an expedition to the North Pole.

Volume I:

p. 31, re cabin-life on the *Germania* at the start of the voyage: But as we had packed the greater part of our books, clothes, and small instruments under the mattresses, that means of protection answered no longer; and those lying on the leeward side were obliged every evening to prop it [their berth] up with heaps of books. Even then, it often happened, if the ship rolled heavily, that one of us would be pitched from the upper berth into the middle of the cabin near the stove, and there lie in a state of astonishment.

p. 32, during that storm: The scientific men were particularly impatient, as the constant rolling of the ship prevented them from doing anything but read and read again.

p. 35, note of ship's newspaper: And the captain did not forget... to enter his meeting with the *Germania* in the *Shipping News*; this notice p. 326: being the first news of the expedition seen in the papers.

p. 36: Dr. Buchholz showed me his nice cabin, which he enjoyed all to himself. In front of his bunk was room enough for chests and boxes, not piled one on another, but placed so that they could be got at ; and besides that, a place for a writing- table, where he could work quietly and undisturbed. The deck-space was not encroached upon by all sorts of stores, and even now seemed to offer accommodation for working upon large animals, without being in the way of the sailors. There was room enough for a zoologist in cold and windy weather to put up his table there. We pictured to ourselves our united activity in the brightest co.

p. 58: One glance over the different diaries at this particular time will best show the depressing influence of such continual foggy weather. As in the North Sea over the constant north wind, so here over the new enemy, the everlasting complaint was,—"Fog! thick fog!"

p. 59: With the near prospect of the all-absorbing work on the ice and also on land before us, we once more looked up all our things,— instruments, and put them in order, filling up the rest of the time with reading, studying, and playing. We studied Scoresby's works, read the Swedish expedition, or Lindeman's "Arctic Fisheries of the German Sea-port Towns," or turned over the leaves of Kane's and Parry's standard works.

p. 62: This necessary "crows' nest," already well-known from Scoresby's and the late Swedish expeditions, was on the 12th [July 1869], with much merriment and many good and bad jokes called forth by its peculiar appellation, hoisted up the mainmast, and fastened by the carpenter to the crosstrees, between the top and the top-shrouds.

p. 81. Aboard the *Hansa*: Captain Koldewey gave us a signal, which, through the hazy weather, we unfortunately misunderstood. We thought we read, "Long stay a-peak," which Captain Hegemann interpreted that

the ship should sail as far westward as possible. The signal, however, really meant, “Come within hail.” The misunderstanding was fatal; the *Hansa* pushed on to westward, lost sight of the *Germania* on the 20th of July, and never saw her again.

p. 101, refers again to Lindeman’s ‘Arctic Fishery,’ and references to McClintock’s *Fox* and Kane’s first voyage. This was aboard the *Hansa*.

p. 106-10 gives an account of the wreck of the *Hansa* on ice of East Greenland—a rather dramatic account of unloading supplies onto the ice.

p. 111-13: There was still a small medicine chest, and a few other things, which in our future position, would be great treasures, such as the cabin-lamp, books, cigars, boxes of gum &c....but still all necessary work was not yet accomplished.

p. 114, in a house built on an ice floe: Along the walls, which were covered with sail-cloth, shelves were placed, on which we laid our books, instruments, and cooking vessels.

p. 117: At the end of October the sun rose at half-past nine a.m., and set behind the rocky coast at three p.m. In the coal-house we could only see to read and write under the dormer-windows for a few hours each day.

p. 119-20: The nights were beautifully light, the light streaming downwards from the heavens; and the snow, with its The nights were beautifully light, the light streaming downwards from the heavens; and the snow, with its receptive and reflective powers glittered so radiantly, that one could read the finest writing without trouble, and see far out into the distance. Amongst other things, on such nights, we always saw the *Aurora borealis*. As an instance, on the 10th of December, it shone so intensely that the starlight waned, and objects on our field cast shadows. The coast, according as it was near or far away, was recognizable now as a dark streak of fog, and now as a rocky form in all its details.

p. 125, at Christmas 1869 they opened their presents and then “fell upon the old newspapers in the boxes.”

p. 152-53: Each one passes the time as he can.... Konrad composes poems; the carpenter relates *Vegesack* stories...; I studied Heine’s poems, and carved boats, and so on.

Volume II:

p. 265, the book here returns to the *Germania* and its wintering party.

p. 374, during a storm: With anxious glances at the threatened tent-roof we leave the deck and go below, seat ourselves at the table, and take a book. But reading is impossible. It is already late in the evening, and we can take refuge in our berths. But sleep will not come. Everything about us is in a constant tremble; the stone and glasses clatter, and now and then a stronger shock rouses us from our half-slumber; until at length, as the storm lulls by degrees, fatigue conquers, and helps the weary one to rest. We commend ourselves to heaven, and sleep.

p. 377-78, Nov. 14, 1869: The next day, the first really quiet Sunday, brought a slight interruption to the monotony of our daily life. The first number of the “East Greenland Gazette” appeared.

We thought that on this point too we ought to follow the example of our predecessors, although our prevailing state of mind had as yet in no way required such cheering and refreshing. Materials for the publication of such a number every fourteen days could never be wanting. Unfortunately, a small printing press, given by the printing-house at Bremerhaven, had not followed us on board. In order, therefore, to have two copies, one for the cabin and for the fore-castle, we had to take the trouble to write it. Already on the 10th had appeared “Invitation to assist in the publication.” Dr. Pansch was appointed editor, and a locked box was hung up, in which every one dropped his contribution anonymously.

At last, on Sunday at noon, the first number appeared “with a supplement,” sixteen pages in the whole. It contained all sorts of fun, some poems, “official proclamations,” and an address to the men by the doctor.

p. 379, after a storm: Worse than all was the loss of the “Robinson,” which had again disappeared; and this time, in spite of all our search, was not to be found....

On the 21st (Sunday) the second number of our paper appeared, as rich in contents, and with much that was interesting and funny. The following is an example of the official part :—

REWARD!!!

Whoever finds the body of Robinson (Crusoe), who has disappeared from his island, shall receive a reward of one bottle of wine and one dozen of cigars. Many may compete for this prize at the same time.

Given from our winter quarters, Clavering Straits, Nov. 10.

C, Koldewey.

p. 381: "Our leisure hours were spent agreeably in reading, playing at chess, and conversation"—also start of navigation school plus geography, astronomy and natural science.

p. 389, Christmas gifts to each of a small book: German Christmas in East Greenland ice! There stood the powerful forms of big "children," serious but cheerful, and the finest Christmas-tree rose on deck, glittering with lights and gold and silver; and on the fresh white tablecloth lay the plates with the gifts upon them; they were but trifling things, but they gave much pleasure: small books, letter cases, and so on. Near the tree lay a large harmonica "for the men;" this, with some balls of cord, in which were enclosed different small things, was a present from the ladies of Kiel. On the other side stood the complete model of a full-rigged ship, just finished by P. Iversen. ...

But we still wanted a song. Each one had his song-book, a gift from the publisher, G. Westermann, and—were we not Germans, "Vereint zur frohen Stunde"? So it was not long before we had a song. Was it a warning that the "Wacht am Rhein" should resound in the Arctic night?"

p. 392: A new number of the paper appeared on Sunday, which by its diminutive size, showed the decrease of material.

p. 398: On the 11th, when, as usual, all were in the cabin engaged in reading and smoking, some having already sought their berths, about a quarter to nine a slight smell of burning at the lower end of the cabin was perceived. It seemed to spring from the stove, in the fender of which things often fell and smouldered. But as Dr. Copeland went at nine o'clock to the meteorological reading, he noticed a stronger smell and smoke upon the stairs, and, hurrying on deck, was met by a thick vapour. There could no longer be any doubt; there was fire somewhere, and the fireplace in the after-cabin must be the place, as it had been heated for

the tailoring. Quickly all hands were to the fore; buckets and vessels of all kinds were brought out; and while some fetched water from the tide-hole, others pulled off the top and saw at once the white flames quivering through the smoke. Some few pails of water soon put it out, and in about a quarter of an hour all was over. Deck-beams and deck-planks were burnt, and charts were smoking; had not help come so speedily, the fire would have burnt through to the coal-bunkers.

p. 417: Amongst other disagreeables of an Arctic sledge-journey is its monotony. The ideas and wishes contained within the limited horizon of life in the Arctic-world pass as quickly away as the eye is wearied by the monotony of the landscape.

p. 574-80: has conclusion describing what expedition accomplished.

1872-73, etc. Swedish Arctic Expeditions led by Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld

Leslie, Alexander. *Arctic Voyages of Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld, 1858-1879.* London: Macmillan, 1879.

This volume covers all of Nordenskiöld's polar exploration including the *Vega* voyage, but is notable for its coverage of the hygiene issues encountered in 1872-73. It should be noted that Adolf Nordenskiöld was an important collector of maps and atlases, and that references to maps and charts occur throughout this volume.

p. viii-ix: I have thought the valuable and interesting report of Dr. Envall on the hygiene of the Polar Expedition of 1872-73 deserving of a place in this volume, and the scientific reader will find in the List of Books and Memoirs in the Appendix [p. 418-40], a sort of index to the large mass of printed matter, consisting of more than 6,000 pages of type and 150 plates, to which the Swedish Expeditions have given rise. [Alex. Leslie.]

p. 183-84: The expedition [1872-73] was well provided with meteorological, magnetic, astronomical, and physical instruments, together with sounding and dredging apparatus, an abundant zoological equipment, three observatories made at Stockholm, and a library of

about one thousand volumes, of which part was provided by the Governor of Gothenburg, Count Ehrensvärd.

p. 204: The leisure time of the crew was principally occupied with reading, but also with various games, as draughts, chess, and dominoes.

p. 212-13: The yule gifts consisted of knives, brushes, books, pieces of tobacco, cigars, pieces of soap, &c. Lotteries were held for their distribution, every person having three or four lots, and as many prizes, the lotteries causing the greatest excitement. The Lapps, who had never seen the like before, and who honoured the occasion by appearing in holiday attire of variegated colours, were besides themselves with gratification at what had fallen to their share.

p. 264-65, the approach of summer: This dreary time, however, was not without its pleasant moments. These were chiefly the few days when the sky was cloudless, when the sun shone and the temperature neared the freezing point. Then the imprisoned Swedes sunned themselves, enjoyed the warmth and drank in the fresh air, listened to the pleasant spring winter of the snow-bunting, and bethought themselves that summer was coming..., and the walrus-hunters would bring letters and newspapers from home, and, best of all, when they could leave Mussel Bay, some of them steering their course direct for home, and others to visit unknown regions of Spitzbergen and make great discoveries of various kinds.

p. 313, among the Samoyedes: "After the numerous crew of the *Alexander* and the *lodje* had with great devoutness attended divine service in the church of the monastery and in a neighbouring chapel, where the holy founder's dust is preserved, after we had seen various remarkable things belonging to the monastery, among them an exceedingly well preserved Slavonic Bible from the sixteenth century, and after I had paid a visit, along with the captain, to an old cripple, who in his youth had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, we steamed on. As was usual, we went ahead only slowly in consequence of the strong current and the frequent delays, which of course were taken advantage of by us for making excursions, talking with the natives, &c. These consisted partly of Russian settlers, partly of natives, 'Asiatics,' who, some on their own account, others in the service of Russians, had settled here for the summer to fish in the rivers.

p. 418-40: Appendix II. List of Books and Memoirs Relating to the Swedish Expeditions.

1872-74 Austrian Expedition to North Pole (aboard *Tegetthoof*, commanded Julius Payer, with Commander Weyprecht)

Initial purpose of the Austrians was to seek the Northeast Passage, or at the least explore the lands on the north-east of Novaya Zemlya. Payer is one who emphasizes the monotony of shipboard life and the role of reading to alleviate boredom.

Payer, Julius. *New Lands within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship "Tegetthoff" in the Years 1872-1874.* Two Volumes. London: Macmillan and Co., 1876.

Volume I:

p. 120: Books can tell him little of the stern life [in the Arctic] to which he dooms himself, as soon as he crosses the threshold of the ice, thinking perhaps to measure the evils that await him by the physical miseries of cold instead of by the moral deprivations in store for him. 2. In the year 1868, while employed on the survey of the Orteler Alps, a newspaper with an account of Koldewey's first expedition one day found its way into my tent on the mountain side. In the evening I held forth on the North Pole to the herdsmen and Jägers of my party as we sat round the fire, no one more filled with astonishment than myself, that there should be men endued with such capacity to endure cold and darkness. No presentiment had I then, that the very next year I should myself have joined an expedition to the North Pole; and as little could Haller, one of my Jägers at that time, foresee that he would accompany me on my third expedition.

p. 164: About 11.30 in the forenoon according to our usual custom, a portion of the Bible was read on deck, and this day, quite accidentally, the portion read was the history of Joshua: but if in his day the sun stood still, it was more than the ice now showed any inclination to do.

p. 181-82: October 30.—At half-past three o'clock in the morning there was a dreadful straining and creaking in the ship: at once we sprang out of our berths, and stood on deck with our fur garments on, and with our bags as before. New fissures had appeared which rapidly enlarge themselves; the two boats and the coal-house are now surrounded by up-forced masses of ice and separated from us. Then a pause! There is however no real repose, and the least sound on deck, the falling of anything heavy.—at other times quite unnoticed—alarms us into the expectation of new onsets. At noon, as we sate at dinner, there was renewed and excessive straining in the ship, and even in the cabin we heard such a rushing sound in the ice without, that it seemed as if the whole frozen sea would the next moment boil and rise in vapour. During all the afternoon the noise continues, and all the fissures send forth dense vapours, like hot springs. During the day no quiet for reading or working, and every night almost our sleep is disturbed by a horrible awaking within a great creaking, groaning coffin. Men can accustom themselves to almost anything ; but to these daily recurring shocks, and the constantly renewed question as to the end and issue of it all, we cannot grow accustomed."

8. There is however such an intolerable monotony in my diary, that, to spare my readers, I thus, in a few words, resuming its contents, describe our situation:—"One of us, to-day, remarked very truly, that he saw perfectly well how one might lose his reason with the continuance of these sudden and incessant assaults. It is not dangers that we fear, but worse far; we are kept in a constant state of readiness to meet destruction, and know not whether it will come to-day, or to-morrow, or in a year. Every night we are startled out of sleep, and, like hunted animals, up we spring to await amid an awful darkness the end of an enterprise from which all hope of success has departed. It becomes at last a mere mechanical process to seize our rifles and our bag of necessaries and rush on deck. In the daytime, leaning over the bulwarks of the ship, which trembles, yea, almost quivers the while, we look out on a continual work of destruction going on, and at night as we listen to the loud and ever-increasing noises of the ice, we gather that the forces of our enemy are increasing."

[Not clear why the sequence of numbered paragraphs is confused here.]
p. 189-90: 6. With the exception of **books**, we had no other amusement than short expeditions, never extending beyond a mile from the ship, in which we were accompanied by all the dogs. We generally set out with two small sledges, and when the moon was not shining, with our rifles ready to fire, for the darkness and the utter absence of open spaces on the ice imposed the utmost caution against bears. At a very short distance we could see nothing of the ship, and only by our footsteps on the snow could we make out where we were and find the way back. In these expeditions we were exposed to another danger—the risk of being cut off from the ship by the breaking-up of one of the drifting floes....

7. December came, but it brought no change in our situation. Our life became more and more monotonous; one day differed in no respect from another, it was but a mere succession of dates, and time was reckoned merely by the hours for eating and sleeping. The ice, however, did not share in the universal repose. It was never weary of threatening; no day elapsed without movement on its part.

p. 195: On December 20 we were unable, even at noon, to read anything but the titles of books of the largest type; a man's eyes were invisible at the distance of a few paces, and at fifty even the stoutest ropes of the ship were scarcely discernible. The effect of the long Polar night—when the range of the light of a lamp is the whole world for man—is most oppressive to the feelings; nor can habit ever reconcile those who have lived under the influences of civilization to its gloom and solitude. It can be a home only to men who spend their existence in eating and drinking and sleeping, without any disturbing recollection of a better existence. The depression was made more intense by the consciousness that we had been driven into an utterly unknown region and with our eyes bound. Work, incessant work, was the only resource in these circumstances.

p. 207-08: 6. The arrangements of the officers' mess-room are simple and in harmony with its purpose. Here stands a large table, used for study and for meals; the smaller berths, where the officers sleep, are round the sides of the mess-room—just large enough to enable a man to breathe in. There, in a recess between two pillars, an untold resource, the library (of about 400 volumes, chiefly scientific); close beside it the

chronometers, and lastly, the inevitable evils, the medical stores, ranged round the mast. By the side of scientific works stand Petermann's *Mittheilungen*; and between Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Shakespeare's immortal works, a whole tribe of romances, which were read with never tiring delight.

p. 210: 9. Every Sunday at noon we celebrated Divine Service. Under the shelter of the deck-tent, the Gospel was read to the little band of Christians gathered together by the sound of the ship's bell, in all that grave simplicity which marked the worship of the early Christian Church. The Service over, we then sat down to the Sunday dinner, which was graced by a glass of wine and cake.

p. 217, on life below decks during the first winter: Our supply of Slavonic **books** was unfortunately not very ample, and, besides, not all the crew were able to read; the greater therefore was their tendency, like men of southern climes, to harmless noise, and I believe that some of our people, during the whole expedition, never ceased to speak.

p. 229: Throughout the day we sat penned up in the boats, worn-out with a feeling of indescribable weariness, each morning longing for the end of the day, and at every meal thinking when the next would be ready. It seemed as if the time for launching the boats would never come. When the hoarse melancholy scream of the Burgomaster-gull sounded through the stillness of the night, it seemed like a demon voice from another world, proclaiming that all our efforts would avail nothing to deliver us from the icy power which held us in its grasp. A visit from a bear was a welcome change in the monotony of our life.

p. 242, from Payer's journals: "To the others, their abode in the boats is a time of manifest weariness and ennui. Happy the man who has any tobacco, happy he who, after smoking his pipe, does not fall into a faint; happy too the man who finds a fragment of a newspaper in some corner or other, even if there should be nothing contained in it but the money market intelligence, or perhaps directions to be followed in the preparation of pease-sausage...."

p. 295-96, during the second winter: We had now leisure and calmness for intellectual occupations, which were, indeed, the only means of relieving the monotony of the long period of darkness. We lived like

hermits in our little cabins in the after-part of the ship, and learned, that mental activity without any other joy, suffices to make men happy and contented. The oppressive feeling of having to return ingloriously home, which had always been disagreeably present to our minds during the first winter, was no longer felt. We had now a hope, the charms of which grew day by day, that in the spring we should be able to leave the ship and start on expeditions to explore the land we had discovered. Happy in this expectation, we could enjoy the indescribable pleasures of good **books**, all the more that we were far from the busy haunts of men, and that the presence of danger clears and sharpens the understanding. Nowhere can a book be so valued as in such an isolated position as ours was. Great, therefore, was the advantage we possessed in a good library, consisting of **books** of science, and of the classics of literature. In fact, freed from the constantly recurring perils, which had been our portion in the first long Arctic night, this second winter was to all who actively employed their minds, comparatively a state of happiness, undisturbed by cares. With regard to the crew, they were kept in good humour by the increase of their comforts.

p. 311, during second winter of 1874: 10. The life we now led below in the ship had ceased to be in any way disagreeable, and cheerful and entertaining reading seemed to be healthier than bodily exercise. We did not suffer from any want of the necessaries of life; our sitting for hours even without our overcoats. The long night of this polar winter was gloomy and oppressive only to those who had time and leisure to weigh the burden of the hours. There were, of course, even in this second winter, some of those discomforts and dangers of which the reader has heard enough, and which lead him when he reads of life in the frozen regions to think of ice-floes rather than of a room in which comfort is quite possible.

p. 311-12, again during a second winter, less fraught than the first: 10. The life we now led below in the ship had ceased to be in any way disagreeable, and cheerful and entertaining **reading** seemed to be healthier than bodily exercise. We did not suffer from any want of the necessaries of life; the temperature of our living-rooms generally admitted of our sitting for hours even without our overcoats. The long

night of this polar winter was gloomy and oppressive only to those who had time and leisure to weigh the burden of the hours.

p. 318-19: December 26, we were able to read only the title of New Free Press, at the distance of a few inches, but not a word of Vogt's Geology. January 11, the word Geology on the title of that book was discernible in clear weather, but only when the book was held up to the light of the mid-day twilight. On the following day it was as dark at nine o'clock in the morning as at the 24th of January, and after it was four days old we could distinguish the common print of the "Press" by its light, and for the first time read off the degrees of the thermometer without artificial means.

Volume II: The End of the Tegetthoff.

p. 72, on the death and burial of Krisch: Silently struggling against the drifting snow, we marched on, dragging our burden through desolate reaches of snow, till we arrived, after a journey of an hour and a half, at the point we sought on the island. Here, in a fissure between basaltic columns, we deposited his earthly remains, filling the cavity up with stones, which we loosened with much labour, and which the wind, as we stood there, covered with wreaths of snow. We **read** the prayer for the dead over him who had shared in our sufferings and trials, but who was not destined to return home with us with the news of our success; and close by the spot, surrounded with every symbol of death and far from the haunts of men, we raised as our farewell a simple wooden cross.

p. 108: Orel and I made vain attempts to shorten the time by **reading** a volume of Lessing which we had brought with us; but we soon renounced the effort, finding that we could not fix our attention in such a situation.

p. 146: Only one thought possessed us—the rescue of Zaninovich, the jewel and pride of our party, and the recovery of our invaluable store of provisions, and of the book containing our journals, which, if lost, could never be replaced.

p. 211-12: But withal we redoubled our diligence to secure the results of our toils and labours. Lieutenant Weyprecht deposited our meteorological and magnetical readings, the log-books and the ship's papers, in a chest lined with tin, and soldered it down, and a few days

afterwards I made exact duplicates of the surveys, and of measurements, which I had taken. I took especial care so to prepare these, that another person might be able to construct from them a map of Franz-Josef Land, should I myself perish on the return journey.

p. 220-21: These recollections crowded upon us as the moment came to abandon her. Now too we had to part with our Zoological, Botanical, and Geological collections, the result of so much labour; the ample collection of instruments, the **books** which had helped us over many a weary hour, and the sixty-seven bear-skins which we had so carefully prepared, all these had also to be abandoned. The photographs of friends and acquaintances we hung on the rocky walls ashore, preferring to leave them there rather than in the ship, which must some time or other be driven ashore and go to pieces. A document stating the grounds of our decision was laid on the table of the messroom.

p. 242: “To the others, their abode in the boats is a time of manifest weariness and ennui. Happy the man who has any tobacco, happy he who, after smoking his pipe, does not fall into a faint; happy too the man who finds a fragment of a **newspaper** in some corner or other, even if there should be nothing contained in it but the money-market intelligence, or perhaps directions to be followed in the preparation of pease-sausage. Envious is he who discovers a hole in his fur coat which he can mend; but happiest of all are those who can sleep day and night....”

1878-80 Swedish Northeast Passage Expedition (Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld aboard *Vega*)

Hovgaard, Andreas Peter. *Nordenskiöld's Voyage Round Asia and Europe. A Popular Account of the North-East Passage of the "Vega," 1878-80.* Translated from the Danish by H. L. Brækstad. London: Sampson Low, 1882.

p. 192: The life on board the “Vega” was consequently somewhat monotonous, but owing to the anything but pleasant watches in the observatory, the time passed swiftly by. A great deal of our time was

occupied with studies of different kinds. Nordenskiöld brought with him an excellent library, consisting of course mostly of books of Arctic travels and scientific works. Every morning a new number of the *Gothenburg Commercial and Maritime News*, of which we had brought a set of last year's numbers. Was placed upon the table, and we read again, with the greatest interest, about the war between Russia and Turkey, and discussed other well-known topics and events.

p. 197, re observatory watches: On such occasions the watches pass quickly enough; but when the sky is overcast and the snow rushes wildly past the observatory, we are obliged to keep indoors, and then the time falls heavily on our hands. At first we tried to beguile the time by reading, but the book, was it ever so entertaining had to be put aside, and we were left alone with our own thoughts, walking up and down in the passage, which was only long enough to allow of our taking six steps in each direction.

Nordenskiöld, Adolf Erik. *The Voyage of the Vega Round Asia and Europe.* Translated by Alexander Leslie. London: Macmillan and Co., 1886.

Adolf Nordenskiöld was a Finnish aristocrat, Finland then being a part of the Russian empire, who led the first expedition through the entire Northeast Passage in 1878-79. He was a dedicated bibliophile who built a magnificent collection of maps and atlases, now at the University of Helsinki Library, and was a published expert on the early history of cartography. As shown in the notes below, he was even able to use the *Vega* expedition for his collecting needs.

p. 216, when meeting the local Chukchi representative of the Russian empire: He was in any case the first with whom some of us could communicate, at least in a way. He could neither read nor write. On the other hand, he could quickly comprehend a map which was shown him, and point out with great accuracy a number of the more remarkable places in north-eastern Siberia. Of the existence of the Russian emperor the first official of the region had no idea; on the other hand he knew that a very powerful person had his home at Irkutsk.

p. 1: INTRODUCTION. THE voyage ,which it is my purpose to sketch in this book, owed its origin to two preceding expeditions from Sweden to the western part of the Siberian Polar Sea, in the course of which I reached the mouth of the Yenisei, the first time in 1875 in a walrus-hunting sloop, 'the Proeven, and the second time in 1876 in a steamer, the Ymer. After my return from the latter voyage, I came to the conclusion, that, on the ground of the experience thereby gained, and of the knowledge which, under the light of that 'experience, it was possible to' obtain from previous, especially from Russian explorations of the north coast of Asia, I was warranted in asserting that the open navigable water, which two years in succession had carried me across the Kara Sea, formerly of so bad repute, to the mouth of the Yenisei, extended in all probability as far as Behring's Straits, and that a circumnavigation of the old world was thus within the bounds of possibility.

p. 216, when meeting the local Chukchi representative of the Russian empire: He was in any case the first with whom some of us could communicate, at least in a way. He could neither read nor write. On the other hand, he could quickly comprehend a map which was shown him, and point out with great accuracy a number of the more remarkable places in north-eastern Siberia. Of the existence of the Russian emperor the first official of the region had no idea; on the other hand he knew that a very powerful person had his home at Irkutsk.

p. 218, on some documents intended to be sent to King Oscar of Russia: This was placed, along with several private sealed letters, between a couple of pieces of board, and handed over to Menka with a request to give them to the Russian authorities at Markova. At first it appeared as if Menka understood the letter as some sort of further credentials for himself. For when he landed he assembled, in the presence of some of us, a circle of Chukches round himself, placed himself with dignity in their midst, opened out the paper, but so that he had it upside down, and read from it long sentences in Chukchi to an attentive audience, astonished at his learning. Next forenoon we had another visit of the great and learned chief. New presents were exchanged, and he was entertained after our best ability. Finally he danced to the chamber-

organ, both alone and together with some of his hosts, to the great entertainment of the Europeans and Asiatics present.

p. 225-26, on the Chukchi Siberian coast: When some ptarmigan were shot, they were therefore willingly saved up by the cook, along with the hares, for festivals. For in order to break the monotony on board an opportunity was seldom neglected that offered itself for holding festivities. Away there on the coast of the Chukchi peninsula there were thus celebrated with great conscientiousness during the winter of 1878-79, not only our own birthdays but also those of King Oscar, King Christian, and King Humbert, and of the Emperor Alexander. Every day a newspaper was distributed, for the day, indeed, for the past year. In addition we numbered among our diversions constant intercourse with the natives, and frequent visits in the neighbouring villages, driving in dog-sledges, a sport which would have been very enjoyable if the dogs of the natives had not been so exceedingly poor and bad, and finally industrious reading and zealous studies, for which I had provided the expedition with an extensive library, intended both for the scientific men and officers, and for the crew, numbering with the private stock of books nearly a thousand volumes.

p. 228ff. is a “spirited sketch of a day on the *Vega*, which Dr. Kjellman gave in one of his home letters”: “By three o’clock it begins to grow dark, and one after another of our guests depart, to return, the most of them, in the morning. Now it is quiet and still. About six the crew have finished their labours and dispose of the rest of the day as they please. Most of them are occupied with reading during the evening hours. When supper has been served at half-past seven in the gunroom, he who has the watch in the ice—house from nine to two next morning prepares for the performance of his disagreeable duty; the rest of the gunroom personnel are assembled there, and pass the evening in conversation, play, light reading, &c. At ten every one retires, and the lamps are extinguished. In many cabins, however, lights burn till after midnight.

“Such was in general our life on the *Vega*. One day was very like another. When the storm howled, the snow drifted, and the cold became too severe, we kept more below deck; when the weather was finer we lived more in the open air, often paying visits to the observatory in the

ice-house, and among the Chukches living in the neighbourhood, or wandering about to come upon, if possible, some game.”

p. 230 has a print of “An Evening in the Gunroom of the “Vega” During the Wintering” with one pipe-smoking man reading.

p. 355, on Bering Island: Every family has its own house. There is also a Greek church and a spacious schoolhouse, the latter intended for Aleutian children. The school was unfortunately closed at the time of our visit, but, to judge by the writing books which lay about the schoolroom, the education here is not to be despised.

p. 386-87, while recovering from the voyage in Japan: Remarkable was the interest which the Chinese labourers settled at Yokohama took in our voyage, about which they appeared to have read something in their own or in the Japanese newspapers. When I sent one of the sailors ashore to execute a commission, and asked him how he could do that without any knowledge of the language, he replied, “There is no fear, I always meet with some Chinaman who speaks English and helps me.” The Chinese not only always assisted our sailors as interpreters without remuneration, but accompanied them for hours, gave them good advice in making purchases, and expressed their sympathy with all that they must have suffered during our wintering in the high north. They were always cleanly, tall, and stately in their figures, and corresponded in no particular to the calumnious descriptions we so often read of this people in European and American writings.

p. 387: I had already begun at Yokohama to buy Japanese books, particularly such as were printed before the opening of the ports to Europeans.... But because the supply of old books in this town, which a few years ago had been of little importance, was very limited, I had at first, in order to make purchases on a larger scale, repeatedly sent Mr. Okushi to Tokio [his emissary for book purchases]. The object of the *Vega's* call at Kobe was to fetch the considerable purchases made there by Mr. Okushi. [A footnote here notes that Nordenskiöld, a great bibliophile, purchased over a thousand Japanese volumes, making over five thousand for the voyage, but mostly books of fewer than one hundred pages.]

p. 390: About six of the crew have finished their labors....Most of them are occupied with reading during the evening hours. After supper they “pass the evening in conversation, play, light reading, &.

1893-96 Norwegian North Pole Expedition (Fridthof Nansen aboard *Fram*)

Nansen, Fridtjof. *Farthest North*. Jan Krakauer, Series Editor. Introduction by Roland Huntford. New York, Modern Library, 1999.

On Nansen’s 1893-96 *Fram* expedition and the first wintering over.

p. 105-06: Afterwards there was again smoking in the galley, while the saloon was transformed into a silent reading-room. Good use was made of the valuable library presented to the expedition by generous publishers and other friends. If the kind donors could have seen us away up there, sitting around the table at night with heads buried in books or collections of illustrations, and could have understood how invaluable these companions were to us, they would have felt rewarded by the knowledge that they had conferred a real boon—that they had materially assisted in making the *Fram* the little oasis that it was in this vast desert.

p. 126-27, diary entry for Nov. 28: However anxious one is to take things philosophically, one can’t help feeling a little depressed. I try to find solace in a book; absorb myself in the learning of the Indians—their happy faith in transcendental powers, in the supernatural faculties of the soul, and in a future life. Oh, if one could only get hold of a little supernatural power now, and oblige the winds always to blow from the south.

p. 143-44, diary entry for Dec. 27: I am reading the story of Kane’s expedition just now. Unfortunate man, his preparations were miserably inadequate; it seems to me to have been a reckless, unjustifiable proceeding to set out with such equipments.... He learned a wholesome awe of the Arctic night, and one can hardly wonder at it.

[By contrast Nansen is]: almost ashamed of the life we lead.... With the best of food of every kind, as much of it as we want, and

constant variety, so that even the most fastidious cannot tire of it, good shelter, good clothing, good ventilation, exercise in the open air *ad libitum*, no over-exertion in the way of work, instructive and amusing books of every kind, relaxation in the shape of cards, chess, dominoes, halma, music, and story-telling—how should any one be ill?

p. 176, March 29, 1894: Our doctor, too, for lack of patients, has set up a bookbinding establishment which is greatly patronized by the *Fram*'s library, whereof several books that are in constant circulation are in a very bad state. In fine, there is nothing between heaven and earth that we cannot turn out—excepting constant fair winds.

p. 241, Dec. 2, 1894: I am now reading the various English stories of the polar expeditions during the Franklin period, and the search for him, and I must admit I am filled with admiration for these men and the amount of labor they expended. The English nation, truly, has cause to be proud of them. I remember reading these stories as a lad, and all my boyish fancies were strangely thrilled with longing for the scenery and the scenes which were displayed before me. I am reading them now as a man, after having a little experience myself; and now, when my mind is uninfluenced by romance, I bow in admiration. There was grit in men like Parry. Franklin, James Ross, Richardson, and last, but not least, in M'Clintock, and, indeed in all the rest.

Johansen, Hjalmar. *With Nansen in the North, A Record of the Fram Expedition in 1893-96.* New York: New Amsterdam Book Company [n.d., ca. 1897].

p. 40, Oct 1, 1893, Sunday and their first day of rest: In the forenoon we had some sacred music on the organ, and read books from our well-stocked library.

p. 42, after a bear was shot: No trace of food could be found in its stomach....The only thing we found in the stomach was a piece of brown paper, which it must have swallowed just before, as we could plainly distinguish the name of a Norwegian firm, 'Lütken & Moe,' stamped on the paper.

p. 73, Christmas 1893: Our paper, *Framsjaa*, appeared this week—a specially well-filled number, including artist sketches of “The Norse Boy in Time of Peace” and in “Time of War”

p. 74, no religious service of any kind on board.

p. 75: Maps were brought out, and the history of former expeditions was read and discussed. We lived through all their experiences, but at the same time we knew we were far better off than any other Arctic exploration, and dearly bought were the experiences upon which Nansen built....

p. 85: Our library was in great request; on more than one occasion it had been a great comfort to us. Books about earlier Arctic expeditions were those read at first. A number of volumes of English illustrated papers were great favourites; we enjoyed the pictures almost as children do.

p. 93, re Norwegian Independence Day, May 17, 1894: Forward! Forward, Norwegians! What we do, we do for Norway!

p. 99, Midsummer’s Day, during drift of the *Fram*: Our life was somewhat monotonous, one day was exactly like the other. There was the same kind of work at the same time, and the same recreations at the same hours. The latter consisted of cards and reading, but we were beginning to get tired of cards. We were, however, very comfortable....

p. 111, late August. In the evening we either played cards or searched the treasures of our library. Amundsen would never touch cards—‘They are the devil’s playthings,’ he used to say.

p. 124, Christmas 1894: We read the same Christmas numbers, and looked at the same illustrated books as we had brought out from the library the last Christmas.

p. 135, In talking about the tensions of 13 people in close quarters adrift on the ice: One’s spirits were apt to become depressed now and then, and one easily became cantankerous and irritable. It was a capital thing, however, that we could have recourse to the library when we were out of sorts.

[Shortly afterwards, Nansen and Johansen left the ship to walk Polewards, and there is scarcely a mention of reading after that until p. 282 where Johansen contrasts their winter hut to that of the cabin of Jackson (their rescuer), much farther south, that he would later learn

about.]: They were cozy and comfortable and did not trouble themselves much about the Arctic winter. They had also a good library, a thing we were very much in want of. We had only a nautical almanack, in which we could read all about the Royal Family and the treatment of the apparently drowned, and I was longing so much for the last volume of Heyses' novel, which I had not managed to get through aboard the *Fram*.

p. 306, Johansen transcribes from the journal a poem about spring—it may have been written by him but it isn't clear.

p. 321, Nansen and Johanson spent several days after their rescue with Jackson at Elmwood on Cape Flora: The shelves on the walls up the roof were filled with books.

p. 327: I began to learn English, Nansen and Dr. Koettlitz kindly assisting me in my studies. The latter brought out a number of illustrated English comic papers, and was indefatigable in translating the text into German for me. Blomkvist had an old English-Swedish dictionary, which helped me a good deal, and in the library I found all Cooper's novels, which I knew well, having read them in Norwegian.

[The book betrays only very moderately the depressions that Johansen suffered, and which probably contributed to his suicide later.]

1896, 1897 British Exploring Expeditions Crossing Spitzbergen and its Interior (led by Sir William Martin Conway)

Sir William Conway took two consecutive annual trips to Spitsbergen exploring the interior of the archipelago. The first took only three months, from June to August 1896. The second was even shorter at little more than two months, a privately sponsored tour. He published books about each within a year of their completion, as well as a later more general history called *No Man's Land*. Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1904.

Conway, Sir William Martin. *The First Crossing of Spitzbergen, Being an Account of an Inland Journey of Exploration and Survey... and of an Almost Complete Circumnavigation of the Main Island.... With*

Contributions by J. W. Gregory, D.Sc. A. Trevor-Battye, and E. J. Garwood. London: J. M Dent & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897.

p. 36-37, describing some passengers on this tour boat: There was a crow's-nest to be fitted up. All sorts of people came to say good-bye—consuls, agents, dealers, and relatives or acquaintances of passengers. The deck was crowded. Glasses clinked. Every one was in the way of every one else, but the sun shone brightly and all were gay. In the midst of the shindy, Gregory digested geological papers from various journals, cross-questioned any one that came handy about Spitsbergen birds or the Norwegian vocabulary, and went on piling up information generally. “You read always,” said the French gentleman to him. “Yes,” was the merry reply; “you see I am young and have a lot to learn.” Garwood was also busy. He started from England with some work on hand still requiring a preface. With this he had been labouring in the intervals of sea-sickness, negative developing, baggage overhauling, and the rest, at odd moments during the voyage. The hour appointed for sailing came, but the preface lingered. Furiously the author worked on amongst teacups and the debris of food. At last the work was done. A wild rush on shore, and the precious document was consigned to the post and all the printer's devils.

p. 38: A few minutes later we were again upon the ship. A brief passage carried us into the open sea, and our course was finally set for Spitsbergen. Of what happened during the next twenty-four hours I have but the vaguest idea. The sea was what its admirers might call calm. There were no white caps on it, but a long rolling swell came from the south-west, enough to keep one miserable, even without the marrow-freezing wind. So I remained in my bunk and read, till the boredom of inactivity became intolerable.

p. 233-34, at Advent Point: It goes without saying that there were stories to exchange, but they were only briefly told, for [E. J.] Garwood was bearer of mails from home, letters and newspapers, which we greedily devoured, each of us seated on a convenient rock, with the water lapping at our feet, the boat bumping on the shingle, and the birds

fluttering above from their shelf-planted nests. A knob of ice that afterwards fell close to Gregory's head suggested that we might have chosen a safer reading-room. Long such charming conditions could not be expected to last.

p. 278: Beyond it we saw, as one mass, the larger islands of Parry, Phipps, and Martens—all cliff-sided, bare, and lonely. The reader will find it hard to share the emotions evoked by the sight of these islands in the mind of one to whom, by much reading of books of Arctic travel, they had long become, if inaccessible and remote, yet definite realities, associated with the doings, the struggles, and the disappointments of great explorers, memorable in the annals of daring and human achievement. There they lay silent, cold, and still, under their pall of cloud and snow, with the gloom of the north enshrouding them.

p. 339, what Conway calls A Summer Resort: Presently the famous Hedgehog Mount or Hornsunds Tind will come in view, towering above all neighbouring hills, and producing the impression of a giant mountain. More or less of the west coast will next be seen, with glaciers coming down from the inland ice to the margin of the sea. He will look into Horn Sound, and will in all probability be taken into Bell Sound, once the harbour of the English whalers. Schoonhoven (improperly but commonly called Recherche Bay) will doubtless be visited. There Arctic glaciers can be investigated close at hand, and even walked upon without difficulty. It was not far from this bay that, in 1630-31, a party of English whalers spent the winter in the blubber-boiling hut, having been accidentally left behind. They were the first men who ever lived through a whole year in Spitsbergen; the account of their adventures made a great sensation in its time and is still worth reading. After passing Bell Sound, the mouth of Ice Fjord is quickly reached. Beautiful, indeed, and highly characteristic is the scene on entering, with the fine mountains on either hand, the great glaciers coming down from the north, and the strange table-hills stretching away to the south. Along the front of these the steamer passes for a few hours before rounding into Advent Bay.

1897 British Private Exploring Expedition to Spitsbergen (Sir William Conway)

1897 Swedish Polar Flight Attempt, commanded by Solomon Andrée)

Andrée's Story: The Complete Record of his Polar Flight, 1897. From the diaries and journals.... Translated from the Swedish by Edward Adams-Ray. New York: Viking Press, 1960.

In the diaries and journals of the three participants there is little or nothing on the materials they had with them except mention of their logbooks. On the other hand, the following accounts of the discovery of the men's remains and artifacts show some interesting discoveries.

p. 154: When the scattered relics of his body were discovered by the crew of the *Bratvaag*, there were found, among other things, in the left inside pocket of his [Andrée's] jacket a memorandum-book and a lead-pencil. This book contains the last notes written by his hand, but unfortunately they have come to us in a very fragmentary condition. The place where Andrée sank into his last slumber, and which was marked merely by the clothes that had covered the upper part of his body, was so high up against the slope of the cliff that the ice which covered it has certainly melted away several times during the thirty-three years that have elapsed. As a result, the book has been incessantly exposed to the action of the air and the summer heat, and mould has grown rankly from the glue of its covers. In consequence, only the outer edges of the pages have been preserved, while the parts of the leaves lying toward the backbone of the book have become in many places a complete pulp. In spite of the extreme care that has been taken to preserve the written parts, it has not been possible to save more than a few fragments of Andrée's last words to those who should come after him, and these fragments are difficult to decipher....

- p. 167, a description of Nils Strindberg's observation book, kept impeccably even when on the ice of "The Sledge Journey, 1897."
- p. 190-92, account of preliminary preservation of logbooks, maps, and books found at the Andrée site in 1930, 33 years after the expedition failed.
- p. 204-05 refers to a "sack of books" or "parcel of books" found in the abandoned boat.
- p. 209: description of notebooks and logs.
- p. 230: preservation measures for diary. (See photocopies for these last entries under Andrée.)

1899-1900 Italian North Polar Expedition (aboard *Polar Star*, commanded by the Duke of Abruzzi and Umberto Cagni)

Abruzzi was an unusual aristocrat in commanding an expedition which he himself sponsored (Prince Albert Grimaldi of Monaco was another). Despite some severe difficulties, including his ship frozen in for eleven months, the amputation of Abruzzi's fingers, and the disappearance of three men, the expedition did attain a Northern first of 86°34'N on April 24, 1900, twenty-one nautical miles closer to the Pole than Nansen's record of 1895.

Abruzzi, Duca delgi Amedeo di Savoy, Luigi. *Farther North than Nansen. Being the voyage of the Polar Star.* Two Volumes. London: Howard Wilford Bell, 1901.

Abruzzi's expedition divides neatly into the two parts described in these volumes. The first volume deals with the sea voyage of the *Polar Star*, the second with Umberto Cagni's sledging journey toward the North Pole. Much of the second volume is by Cagni who had taken over command because of Abruzzi's injuries.

p. 26, provisioning for their sledge journey included calculation books and paper.

p. 31: Sunday was given up to complete rest for the crew, and the usual Sunday prayers. [p. 71 also notes the routine nature of Sunday prayers.]

p. 38-39, following some preliminary sledge journeys: We had learnt more during these marches than during all the winter; among the rest, things which neither books, nor the advice of preceding Polar travelers could have taught us. And while our slight frost-bites were healing in the delicious warmth of our big tent, we entered gaily and energetically into the preparations for our next start.

p. 93: The observations made at Cape Flora on our coming up north, owing to the good working of the chronometers, during the short passage from Archangel to Prince Rudolph Island, enable us to gain an almost exact knowledge of the longitude of Flora Cape. I have read in books and newspapers something about an error of 10' discovered by us in the longitude of Flora Cape, as given by the Jackson expedition. As this longitude referred to has never been published, I do not understand how such a rumour should have got abroad.

Abruzzi, Luigi Amedeo di Savoia. *On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea.* Translated by William Le Queux. Two Volumes. New York: Dodd Mead; London: Hutchinson, 1903.

Volume. I.

p. 34: Besides the instruments, we also had a collection of books on the Arctic regions, and other scientific works.

p. 160, on their polar night: ... with the help of the observations of other explorers which we collected from the books we had brought with us to draw up the plan of the expedition towards the Pole.

The time passed over quickly. As for me, I had set out with a well-stocked library, thinking that I should have much leisure for reading, as there would be no other occupation, but I ended by reading very little.

p. 166, picture of Dr. Cavalli in the tent, reading.

Volume II:

Consists of "The Statements of Commander U. Cagni upon the Sledge Expedition to 86° 34' North, and of Dr. A. Cavalli Molinelli upon his Return to the Bay of Teplitz. There is a reference on p. 684 to "the little

room for study, round which are four cabins for the Italian officers...”, but I found nothing that indicates that anyone read anything much on this trip. It is a very lackluster account.

1898-1902 Swedish Ship and Sledging Expedition to Northern Greenland (Led by Otto Sverdrup aboard Fram)

Sverdrup, Otto. “Captain Sverdrup’s expedition to Northern Greenland.” *Geographical Journal* 13 (Feb 1899) 136-147

Re the 1898-1902 ship and sledging expedition aboard the *Fram*, designed to survey the northern coast of Greenland, map its coastline, and to determine the extent of its northern islands. The article includes a description of *Fram*’s equipment.

p. 141: For the intellectual diversion of the expedition, a library of several hundred volumes, consisting principally of books used on the former expedition [of *Fram*], was taken. A considerable number of new books was added, however, and the saloon furnished with a piano for the musical entertainment on board.

Sverdrup, Otto. *New Land: Four Years in the Arctic Regions*. Two volumes. London: Longmans, Green, 1904.

Volume I:

p. 82: on *Fram* at Christmas: Then came the mental part of the festivity. Assisted by the wittiest of the expedition as contributors, the doctor had started a paper, the *Friendly One*, named after the leader in Baumann’s team, of which the first number was read aloud that evening. Some portions of it are reproduced on the following pages, though much of it must necessarily be unintelligible to the great majority of my readers. The wit and sarcasm of the *Friendly One* resulted in the publication of a rival paper, the *Arctic Fox*, which appeared on New Year’s Day, but was withdrawn the same evening for want of subscribers; and therewith ended our journalistic efforts on board the ‘Fram’ for that winter. [p. 84-

87 are reproductions from the *Friendly One (Den Venligsindede)*—they are in German gothic type.]

p. 102-03: Herewith I turn the matter over to [Ivar] Fosheim, making an extract from his account of the visit:—

‘As I was standing at the turning-bench in the ‘tween decks, on March 18, the doctor came running in through the door, radiant with delight, and exclaimed, “We have got a visitor! There is an Eskimo outside by the smithy.” I ran out to look, and, sure enough, there he was, with his dogs and sledge and the usual gear, surrounded by a ring of curious spectators. They soon came on board, Sverdrup first, and the Eskimo after him, with short elastic steps.

‘At dinner our unusual visitor sat at the end of the table, handling his knife and fork in a more civilized fashion than might have been expected. He was short in stature, but well-knit and unusually well proportioned, and looked very intelligent considering that he was a “savage.” His little dark eyes shone with understanding and good humour. His nose was slightly aquiline, and on his upper lip was a thin, black moustache. His skin was of the dark red-skin type, with a slight tinge of sallowness, and his face was surrounded by a thick mane of coarse, glossy black hair, which fell far down on his shoulders, and quite hid his eyes and the adjoining parts of his face. When he bent his head, it fell over his eyes in a thick veil.

‘That the man was from the east side of Smith Sound we found out at once; but from what particular part he came, or whither he was bound, we did not so readily discover. We showed him some pictures in Astrup's book, among others the one depicting the author and Kolotengva bear-shooting in Melville Bay. Our friend at once pointed to Astrup's companion, and then to himself, exclaiming proudly, “*Eh, Kolotengva! Eh, Kolotengva!*” So he was the well-known Hurragut himself; the first Eskimo to cross Inglefield Gulf in a kayak, and the daring hero of so many exciting adventures bear-shooting and walrus-catching!

‘By the help of a map, with which he seemed as much at home as a professor of geography, a few Eskimo words which we had acquired, and, last but not least, by pantomime, we got out of him that he was

from the island of Kama, in Inglefield Gulf, that he had been four days on the journey, and that he was on his way north to Peary's ship, the "Windward." It came out by degrees that two Eskimo from the "Windward" had already been home that spring to fetch more dogs for Peary, who had lost from sickness during the course of the winter thirty-seven out of sixty dogs. In this manner the Smith Sound Eskimo had got information as to the whereabouts of the "Windward" and the "Fram; and, needless to say, Kolotengva would not lose such a favourable opportunity of visiting the rich *Kablunaks*, who, according to an *innuit's* views, are in possession of so many wonderful things, from sewing-needles and pocket-knives to powder, shot, and guns.

p. 145, Norwegian Independence Day celebrated aboard the *Fram*: N.B. —No newspaper will be issued in honour of the day. — Ed.

p. 165, on the death and burial of Dr. Svendsen: We gathered from his diary that he had overrated his strength. The great mistake had been that, whereas all the other members of the expedition had undergone strict medical examination, the doctor had never been examined.

After the experience which I have had, it is my very strong advice to future explorers to be particularly careful in their choice of a doctor. Almost before the other members of the expedition, he must have a sound and resisting constitution. The responsibility he has undertaken must not be overlooked; he it is who must watch over the health of each individual, and on him the welfare of the expedition may, in certain circumstances, be almost wholly dependent. If one or other member of the expedition should fail, there is always another who can take his place, but a doctor is not to be replaced, for, as a rule, he is the only medical man on board.

In my diary for Sunday, June 10, I wrote:—'This, then, was to be the end here—here where we have spent so many happy hours, and where for so long we have had our second home. There is nothing to be done. We must be reasonable and submit to what has happened, be it never so heavy.' And again on Monday I write:—'The sun is shining as usual, everything looks bright and peaceful. The birds twitter as joyously as ever; they, at any rate, are happy; they do not feel anything of that which is affecting us human beings....'

p. 167: The body was placed down in the cable-tier until the funeral could take place. On June 16 I wrote:—‘The flag is flying at half-mast from the peak to-day. It is the first time it has been in this position on board the “Fram,” let us hope it will indeed be the last.’

The funeral was a seaman's one. With the body and bier covered by flags, we walked out to Rice Strait, where a large hole was opened in the ice. It was an affecting moment. The doctor's lifeless body was lowered to the water-side, the prayers read, and a hymn sung. Then followed the moment when he slowly slipped into the deep. We shall never forget it. We sang a hymn, and said the Lord's Prayer.

p. 200, in winter quarters, when they met one of Peary's ships, and met with Bob Bartlett: They gave us some newspapers, and told us that one of Peary's ships, which had come from America, had a mail on board for us, but that she had left it at Payer Harbour.

p. 306-307: reading from cook book after finding a pastry creation had frozen: Our hopes of a successful baking sank in a disquieting degree; and they sank even lower when Schei, who had been intently studying the cookery-book, read out in a trembling voice: ‘Pastry must not be exposed to a temperature so low that it will freeze.’ There then, was our fate, sealed in clear incontrovertible terms!

p. 311—Christmas menu: We set to work to over-eat ourselves in true Norwegian fashion.

p. 312—New Year's Eve 1899: When we were settled round the punch-bowl, Isachsen read aloud the first and last number of the *Friendly One* for 1899. Again this year Baumann had taken the initiative with regard to the paper. Last year the doctor had edited it; for 1899 Baumann was the responsible editor as well, and brought out, as aforesaid, the first copy on the last day of the year, and that, too, as an ‘Extra Number.’ The reading took some time, for the contents were important and varied; one volley of laughter succeeded another; nobody got off scot-free, and all the others hugely enjoyed the good-natured hits at their comrades.

At last, about twelve o'clock, we reached what the editor called the ‘ice-foot of the paper,’ and he was rewarded with such applause as has seldom or never fallen to the lot of a newspaper editor from his subscribers.

p. 452: ‘Now passed a long and monotonous period, broken only by visits from passers-by, for no more bears came to the hut itself. I cannot say that I ever felt really dull. I must confess that I slept a great deal, and, secondly, always made myself some work to do outside the house, and went, in addition, regulation walks. If the weather was bad, which it generally was, I lay in the bag as much as possible and read.

p. 454: When some visitors brought new books he felt better: ‘The following period was short, but the pleasantest I spent at Björneborg—new books to read, good food and good weather.’

Volume II:

p. 338, while seeking winter food: ‘Of this my second hermit life there is really—though with one exception—nothing to say, and, besides, it did not last very long. The days passed uniformly in reading and short walks on the point, where I was invariably, though vainly, on the look-out for game. September 26 was marked by my shooting a raven of a kind which I had not yet been able to add to the zoological collection of the expedition. I began to feel rather dull, and hoped somebody would turn up from the “Fram”—a visit had been suggested, but did not take place. It did not seem either as if the meat could soon be taken on board, for the fjord was still free of ice. Now and then a little brash formed, but it always drifted away after a shorter or longer time. But then something happened which enlivened me considerably, and made an end of my hermit life.

‘On September 30 I lay reading till late in the evening, and, when eventually I put out the light, I remained awake for some time. Just as I was falling asleep, I was suddenly aroused—without any kind of preparation—by a series of frightful howls from “Susamel.” I have often heard dogs howl from pain or fear, but such terror as this expressed I had never heard before. At the same time I heard a wild turmoil going on at the place where the dog was tied up. “Susamel,” apparently, was rushing round and round the length of her chain, followed by some animal with much heavier steps. That something was going on was very evident, and I therefore made all the haste I could to light the lamp and get out of the bag. But the bag was very narrow, and it was therefore some time before

I was clear of it; during this performance I overturned the lamp, which at once went out, but I would not stop to light it again.

Outside the howls continued, and the dog and its enemy, whatever it might be, ran round and round till I could hear the pebbles scattering far and wide. But then I heard that the dog had got loose, and was running as hard as it could go, still howling and with the chain dragging behind it, in a northerly direction, towards the lowest part of the point. In this way “Susamel”—called later the “Heroine of Ytre Eide”—left the seat of war, and left me to pull the chestnuts out of the fire as best I might.

Meanwhile, I had got out of the sleeping-bag, and seized my gun, which was lying ready loaded beside me. I then managed—still in the dark—to unhook a couple of hooks in the tent-door so that I could see out. Being cloudy weather, it was very dark, and I could only see the meat-stack in a confused mass. I could just distinguish the outlines of a bear, which was standing by it, with its head down, but without eating, as if it were listening. I very cautiously stuck the barrel of the gun out of the tent-door.

p. 449-50: So the “Fram’s” Second Polar Expedition was at an end. An approximate area of one hundred thousand square had been explored, and, in the name of the Norwegian King, taken possession of. If the members of the expedition have been able to do anything, this is owing in the first instance to the sacrifices of generous Norwegians: that we have not done more is, at any rate, not owing to want of will.

1903-07 Norwegian Northwest Passage Expedition (Roald Amundsen aboard *Gjoa*)

Amundsen, Roald. *“The North West Passage” Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the Ship “Gjoa” 1903-1907 by Roald Amundsen with a Supplement by First Lieutenant Hansen Vice-Commander of the Expedition.* Two Volumes. (New York: Dutton, 1908).

A strangely colorless, almost vacuous account of a long expedition, at least in this translated prose. Volume I has only a few bookish references, a picture on p. 119 of a shelf of scientific books in the Villa ‘Magnet’, the small base building for magnetic observations. And a description of an Eskimo visit to the ship:

p. 289: Their favourite diversion when they visited us on the vessel was to look at the illustrated books. At first they generally set the pictures upside down, but with our assistance they soon got used to the proper way of looking at them. Now, as luck would have it, we had hardly anything else but pictures of the Boer War, and of these we had a large supply. It was death and killing and fire and slaughter, not very pleasant even to us, and the Eskimo impression of ‘civilization’ derived from these pictures could hardly have been happy and alluring.

[This passage illuminates an earlier passage on p. 259 where Amundsen states that in preparing for any attack or theft of the Eskimos during the second winter]: We had, therefore to teach them to regard us and ours with the greatest respect, and at last we hit upon a method of accomplishing this. A powerful mine was buried beneath a snow hut at a good distance from the ship, and a train laid from the ship and well covered with snow. When that was ready, we collected the Eskimo together on board. I spoke to them about the white man’s power; that we could spread destruction around us, and even at a great distance accomplish the most extraordinary things. It was, consequently, for them to behave themselves properly and not to expose themselves to our terrible anger. If they should play any tricks on land, for example, over there by the snow huts, then we should merely sit quietly on board and do so.... With a terrific report the igloo blew up, and clouds of snow burst high into the air. This was all that was required.

Volume I:

p. 40-44ff, on a meeting with the Danish Literary Expedition to Greenland under Mylius Ericksen with Knut Rasmussen—gives no details of the meeting. Amundsen seems to pride himself on being without affect, concealing his emotions (as did his men).

p. 101, during the first winter in Gjøahavn. Not a word about books, though he does mention some studying.

Vol. I, chapter X gives historic review of attempts to find the North-west Passage.

p. 129, notes that the first ship after going through the NWP was the Charles Hanson which had some old newspapers: “Old! Yes to you! To us they were absolutely fresh!”

p. 289, on their early meetings with Eskimo: Their favourite diversion when they visited us on the vessel was to look at the illustrated books. At first they generally set the pictures upside down, but with our assistance they soon got used to the proper way of looking at them. Now, as luck would have it we had hardly anything else but pictures of the Boer War, and of these we had a large supply. It was death and killing and fire and slaughter, not very pleasant even to us, and the Eskimo impression of “civilization” can hardly have been happy and alluring.

p. 366-6, an addendum seems to have the only reference to books, a list of contributions in kind: Books from Messrs. H. Aschebourg and Co., Mr. Jacob Dybwad, and Messrs Feilberg and Landmark.

Volume II:

p. 176: Manni had now become a pupil of Lieutenant Hansen. He was learning to write and to tell the time. ... While these games [draughts] were in progress I was as a rule, sitting in the cabin, reading, to the pleasing accompaniment of the subdued and well-considered observations to which the play gave rise. But when by some chance Manni won then there was a roar which for a while rendered impossible any attempt at literary enjoyment in his immediate vicinity.

There is very little sign of reading of interest, although Amundsen does make reference to a medical guide he used. No religion; no ceremony for Easter but only a Lord’s Prayer at Wiiks funeral. A very disappointing read, and certainly nothing heroic.

1906 German Hunting Expedition in Alaska and Siberia

Niedieck, Paul. *Cruises in the Bering Sea: Being Records of Further Sport and Travel.* Translated by R. A. Ploetz. London: Rowland Ward, 1909. [Reprint Camden, SC: John Culler, 1995.]

The German author hunted bear and sheep in Alaska and Siberia and his book is now especially current as he hunted on the fabled Kamchatka Peninsula where hunting has just been opened. The author bagged many brown bears and snow sheep.

First published in London by Rowland Ward in 1909, in translation from German, the book describes a hunting expedition in 1906, an account full of adventure, some anti-Semitic jokes (chiefly re the ship's captain), and needless killing of bears, etc.

p. viii: While eminent explorers expand their best energies, and millions are squandered, in order to discover the North Pole, the regions which lie between the latter and the temperate zone remain neglected by Science....whilst the discovery of the North and South Poles of the early would only be of small value to Science and scarcely any to humanity at large.

p. 18, on the Ainu people of the Kurile Islands: The inhabitants of the Kuriles are the Ainu, of whom tradition says that they formerly inhabited the whole of Japan. To-day there are only a few thousands of them left, although they are a vigorous race and considerably taller in stature than the Japanese. Their grade of culture is extremely low; they mostly live in caves, feed on what the ebb-tide leaves on the beach, and, like all primitive races, are doomed to certain extinction.

Their tradition relates that one day an Ainu god dined with a Japanese god, on which the Ainu got drunk and fell asleep; thereupon the Japanese stole his confrère's grammar and alphabet, and taught his faithful worshippers the art of reading and writing, while the Ainu to this day are unacquainted with written characters.

p

p. 23-24: Even in Japan and on the voyage, I had had differences of opinion with Mr. Storck, the owner of the *Stepney*, in the course of which I had acquired the conviction that he was the sort of man who, to express myself cautiously, spells money with a capital *M*, and whose statements must be taken *cum grano salis*. He is one of the class of self-made men whose education is by no means on a par with the wealth, apparently considerable and rapidly acquired, which they possess; a

class of persons more frequently met with in the United States than in other countries, for the Americans are, of all men, the finest exponents of the noble art of money-making, and their country affords them special and copious facilities for practising the same. My friend Radclyffe is a man who generally manages to hit the right nail on the head, and at Petropaulovsky I overheard him give the following neat and appropriate reply to the question, "How are you getting along with Mr. Storck?" "During a somewhat varied career in many lands, I have encountered a number of men whose ancestors undoubtedly in former times hunted jackals round the walls of Jerusalem. Most of these men who can lay claim to such a descent have an eye to the main chance in business propositions when money matters are concerned. But seldom have I met one of them who was as sharp on the tracks of the almighty dollar as this worthy individual. He has also a somewhat exaggerated idea of his own accomplishments and abilities. In fact he is one of those men whom I should like to buy at my price and afterwards sell out at his own valuation, in order to make myself a small fortune quickly."

p. 100, alludes to Nansen's tales about the dangers of walruses.

p. 124-25, an account of polygamy, pederasty, and other marital customs among Konjaks of Kodiack, included here as a fascinating passage apart from any reading implications: Polygamy was universal in former times among the Konjaks; rich men might own as many as five wives. Their weddings were performed with but few ceremonies. The suitor betook himself to the father of the bride, and when he had been accepted, was obliged himself to carry wood to the hut and heat the bathroom, where he and his father-in-law then took a bath together. Meanwhile the relations of the bride assembled in the hut and sat down to banquet. After the bridegroom had come out of the bath with his prospective father-in-law, he adopted the latter's name and handed over his wedding gifts, and having done this, he left the house with his bride and repaired to his own dwelling. The first wife always ranked above the others. The heritage went in the first place to the brother of the dead man, and only from him to whatever son the latter had selected, according to his conduct, to be his heir.

In Kodiak, women did not play the same subordinate part as among other primitive tribes of America; rather did they enjoy considerable respect, and had so much power that they kept so-called “auxiliary husbands” by the side of and, it must be owned, with the consent of the husbands. Such an “auxiliary” had the right, in the absence of the legitimate husband, to assume his place and privileges with his wife, but had to vacate both when husband No. 1 returned. his wife, but had to vacate both when husband No. 1 returned.

A thing worthy of notice is that both among Aleuts and Konjaks the so-called Grecian love (*pæderastia*) was an indigenous custom. Davydoff's account of this is as follows:

“There are here (on the island of Kodiak) men with a tattooed chin, who only do women's work, always live together with the women, and like them have husbands, sometimes even two at a time. Such creatures are called Achnutschik. They are anything but despised; rather do they enjoy consideration in the settlements, and are mostly sorcerers. The Konjak who, instead of a wife, has an Achnutschik is even regarded as a happy man. If a boy appears to be particularly girlish, his father or his mother destine him from earliest childhood to the profession of Achnutschik. Sometimes it happens that the parents fancy beforehand that a daughter is going to be born to them, and when they find themselves disappointed in their hopes they make their new-born son an Achnutschik.”

Both among the Konjaks and the Thlinkets we find the same cruel treatment of women when they are just attaining the age of puberty. At this period a small hut was built for the virgin, in which she had to spend half a year, kneeling in a stooping position. After this time the hut was slightly enlarged, so that, while still on her knees, she could at least keep her back upright, and in this attitude she had to remain another six months. After the lapse of a whole year the parents took her home again, when a great feast celebrated the occasion.

p. 135, on Thlinkets customs and manners. The second section of the book is on Alaska, mainly topographic and ethnographic with much less emphasis on hunting. Not the most sympathetic of authors but an interesting specimen of sporting literature.

p. 138, education about the Thlinkets: The education of the children is very similar to the methods adopted by the ancient Spartans. When the child is a few weeks old it is wrapped in skins and tied to a board, which the mother always carries about with her. The first solid nourishment it receives is generally the raw blubber of some marine animal, excepting only that of the whale. When the child first begins to walk, it is bathed daily in the sea, quite irrespective of the season. This may possibly explain, on the one hand, the extreme hardihood of body of the Thlinket, when he has once safely survived the tender years of childhood; on the other, the scanty numbers of the population, since probably only the smaller half of all the children born survives this treatment. The Thlinkets in general bathe in the sea daily, however severe the winter may be; should a boy refuse to go into the cold water, he is thrashed with a stick till he does so. This, however, is the only case in which corporal punishment is ever practised, for the Thlinket considers this as the greatest dishonour which can be offered to a free son of Nature. Theft, in their opinion, is no particular crime; if a thief is caught, he is only compelled either to restore the stolen property or to pay its value instead. Murder is avenged by murder; for the law holds good: Blood calls for blood.

1907

Mikkelsen, Ejnar. *Mirage in the Arctic: the Astounding 1907 Mikkelsen Expedition.* Introduction by Lawrence Millman. Guilford, CT: Lyons Press, 2005.

A breezy account of Mikkelsen's attempt to find land within the Arctic Sea, and his dealing with the ice that he did find instead of land.

1909-12 **Danish Expedition in Search of Mylius-Erichsen (aboard Alabama led by Ejnar Mikkelsen)**

Mikkelsen, Ejnar. *Lost in the Arctic, Being the Story of the 'Alabama' Expedition, 1909-1912.* London: William Heinemann, 1913.

p. 171: When I got back to camp Iversen has prepared a little feast. He has opened a new case of provisions in which we find two cigars, that Laub had packed away as a surprise for us. They are pretty badly damaged, but we fix them up somehow, and are soon enjoying the rare treat of a good smoke, together with the further delight of looking at the pictures in an old number of an illustrated paper that had been used to pack them in. The sheets are greasy and torn, but we put the pieces carefully together—here is reading matter for many days, even though we take a little foretaste of it now by glancing at the text here and there. There are bits of several stories, with neither beginning nor end, but that doesn't matter—we make up the rest ourselves—a splendid way of passing the time, and an excellent subject for conversation on lying-up days.

p. 229: one reads so often in **books** of the joy of a condemned man suddenly reprieved, and I have often tried to imagine what it was really like, but all my attempts have been far short of the mark; not until now have I ever realised what it means. Now I think I understand. For I have been so sure, all this while, that I was to die—and how could I think otherwise. [Goes on to force himself to walk and get a new lease on his life.]

p. 328-29, April 24 [1911?]: The journey is a succession of monotonous days, one just like another. We turn out, have our meal, haul like a couple of horses for ten hours, camp, eat again, and sleep—that is the regular order of the day, and beyond it nothing, pleasant or the reverse, happens until we reach the little rocky island where our diaries were left.

The first thing I catch sight of sends a cold shiver down my back—it is a piece of the canvas in which the books had been packed. Our fears of the last months have been justified—a bear has been at the depot and torn the whole thing to pieces. Two years' work destroyed, our whole summer of starvation valueless—and worse, an ignominious return with the report—expedition carried out as per instruction—results eaten by a bear.

We pitch our tent in silence, and silently we begin digging about the snow.... Suddenly something glistens in the snow. It is our old tea

tin—nothing in itself, but it gives us hopes, for where one thing is others may be. We dig away with renewed energy, casting the snow to right and left, and now we begin to find things in earnest. A diary, a notebook full of observations, a roll of films and some cartridges. One of the last named has been bitten flat by a bear—it would have served him right if it had exploded in his inside. Soon everything is found, with the exception of one of my diaries, of which only a few pages remain, torn and pierced by the teeth of a bear. Lucky if was no worse—for as Iverson has his diary, the loss is not so serious, but it is annoying to lose notes made under such difficult conditions.

p.352-53: I lie in my sleeping bag, poring over *Adam Bede*—one of the few books I have with me. I have read it half-a-score of times, and I know it almost by heart, but that doesn't matter. Mechanically my eyes follow the words, growing drowsier by degrees, and the book hangs heavier in my hands; I rouse myself sufficiently to blow out the light, and fall asleep.

1923 German Air Expedition to Spitsbergen

Mittelholzer, Walter, et al. *By Airplane towards the North Pole: An Account of an Expedition to Spitzbergen in the Summer of 1923.*

Translated from the German by Eden & Cedar Paul. London: George Allen & Unwin, 1925.

This expedition had the two-fold purposes of aerial photography of the Spitsbergen interior, and making the case (albeit in the interests of the Junker aircraft corporation) for the utility of aircraft in polar exploration. In a book devoted to exploration by air it would appear unsurprising that there is no apparent reference to reading as appears in most other exploration literature. It does have this curious reference to Robert Peary's claim to the North Pole discovery of 1909: "But Peary's aim had been the establishment of a sporting record, rather than the advancement of science" (p. 164-65).

1928 Italian North Pole Flight of Umberto Nobile (aboard the airship *Italia*)

Giudici, Davide. *The Tragedy of the Italia, with the Rescuers to the Red Tent.* New York: Appleton, 1929.

An account by an Italian reporter aboard a Russian icebreaker looking for Nobile after the airship had crashed.

p. 43-44: During the early days of the voyage [aboard *Krassin*] my Russian colleagues brought out a small newspaper called *Our Expedition*, containing short leading articles, geographical and scientific explanations concerning the regions where the ice-breaker was to work, and caricatures of the leading personalities of the expedition. Later on, when events crowding upon us one after another made it impossible to publish the complete newspaper more than once a day, the system of issuing bulletins was adopted. These were posted up in the mess-rooms of the crew and distributed just as if they were “special editions.”

p. 52-53: At midnight, when the state of our wireless station allowed it, we used to intercept the communiqués of the Swedish Press.... In this way we learned what the big foreign newspapers were publishing about the progress of the *Krassin*.... Then when the discussion which inevitably followed the reception of the news bulletin began to slacken, young Mme Worontzowa used to read to her compatriots, and her efforts, judging from the deep attention with which they were followed, must have been extremely interesting. Still, a person compelled to sleep on the corner sofas of the little saloon might have felt some doubts as to the beauties of Russian literature on Polar expeditions.

p. 56: A censorship was in force on board the ice-breaker. In the case of the Russian journalists, this was chiefly in the hands of Captain Oras. In this connexion I almost always came into contact with Professor Samoilovic, who, I am glad to be able to say, always showed me the greatest courtesy. Not once, in fact, did Professor Samoilovic take exception to a single sentence or even a single word of the telegrams I sent to the *Corriere della Sera*. Naturally I was careful to see that my messages were completely objective and did not forget the duties incumbent upon me as a foreigner onboard a vessel of the Russian state. In my case, therefore, the censorship in the *Krassin* was little more than

a formality. It was natural that Professor Samoilovic, as head of the expedition, should wish first of all to inform the Moscow Committee of the progress of the operations, and it was only right that I should bear in mind this legitimate desire.

p. 159: Engineer Troiani, whose feet were giving him trouble, had been transferred to the ship's hospital, where he occupied a berth over that of Captin Mariano, and passed his time in reading *La Noce sur le Pack* or in delving into records of Polar exploration, greatly scandalized the other survivors, who declared that they had quite enough of the pack and of Arctic expeditions.

p. 195, after giving up on the *Krassin*: Cupboards full of books, navigation instruments, tins of preserved food, and kitchen utensils were all strewn about in hopeless confusion, and were left to roll from one side of the vessel to the other for an entire night, for the crew, entirely occupied with managing the ship, could spare no time to clear up the disorder.

1930-31 German Expedition to Greenland (Alfred Wegener)

Wegener, Alfred. *Greenland Journey: The Story of Wegener's German Expedition to Greenland in 1930-31 as Told by Members of the Expedition and the Leader's Diary.* Edited by Else Wegener, with the Assistance of Dr. Fritz Loewe. London: Blackie & son, 1939.

p. 140, Karl Weiken on the relief journey: During the excessive exertions and nerve-racking hustle of the summer we had often looked forward to the long restful winter night. First we would rest awhile and collect ourselves, and then we would be able to enjoy a good book again.

p. 151-55, Winter at Western Station: "the rest of the evening we were usually free to do what we liked. One might be reading a book from our library while the man on one side of him industriously made calculations from the day's observations, and the man on the other side pored over old newspapers, the contents of which we soon knew by heart. For a change there were some books of puzzles, or the hut might be enlivened

by a game of skat or bridge, which, however, often caused night to be turned into day.

p. 194, winter at *Eismitte* during 1930-31: On Sunday afternoon we drank chocolate by way of a treat and usually spent the time reading. We had a small but good library of books on scientific and literary subjects and on the history of art. We shall never forget the Sunday evenings, when Loewe took our pocket editions of the poems of Goethe and Schiller and read their immortal poems aloud with genuine art and deep feeling. We often thought wistfully of all the fine music which we could neither play nor hear owing to our complete lack of musical instruments.... One's sensitiveness to art, poetry and music seems to increase enormously when one is far removed from the surfeit of culture in Europe.

p. 200-01, on finding Wegener's body, his diary was missing.

Georgi, Johannes. *Mid-Ice: The Story of the Wegener Expedition to Greenland.* Translation ... by F. H. Lyon. [Preface by Einar Mikkelsen] London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner, 1934

p. xii: It is a human document of importance, which will show coming generations till remote ages what German scientists will dare that they may follow their scientific vocation and do honour to their country.

p. 36, *July* 31, 1930, enroute to Greenland interior: But there is a lot to do, so I have no time to be bored.

p. 68-69: I meant to tell you a long time ago, by the way, how fine I think *The Buddenbrooks* and how much I love it. I have certainly read it three or four times, and learned a good deal from it. Thank you for sending it. And what a curious coincidence! In a scene which has nothing to do with the main theme Thomas Mann makes Johann Buddenbrook get hold of a book called *On Death, and its relation to the indestructability of our nature in itself*. I took up the second volume of Schopenhauer, and there was this essay, a quite wonderful human discussion of the end of life, which we must all look in the face one day—just the thing have always wished to read. What a happy coincidence!

p. 86: I add a description of our present arrangements: At the entrance is (1) the kitchen, then (2 and 3) two boxes piled one upon the other for instruments and writing materials, and as a writing table for both of us. At the farther end (4) the lower box holds tools, and on it stands a larger box containing our library; in between (5 and 6) are Sorge's and my beds.

p. 91, *October 3, 1930*:.. I have read a book which has deeply moved me. It was given to us as a present by our Danish friend of last year, Herr Faester--Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, the English war book.... It is a confession, a human soul in explosion. We are all to blame for the war and the whole disaster, it says, and each of us who has survived this monstrous devastation must do something to secure that this fearful self-flagellation of mankind shall not have been quite in vain.

p. 134-35: I finished Sieburg's book *God in France* yesterday, and greatly enjoyed it. It is quite extraordinarily interesting; it often provokes one to contradiction, but always gives one something to think about. Sorge and Loewe have read it too with equal pleasure.

p. 138, *December 9, 1930*: Then I read a bit of *The Buddenbrooks* (for the *n*th time) and finally did a little delicate mechanical work. For supper an extra good cup of chocolate with black bread and butter, with some very cheery talk. In short, a very pleasant day after a few days in which the atmosphere had once or twice been rather gloomy.

p. 142, *December 14*: Then we had some capital talk. Loewe in particular is very witty, and it is a curious contrast when he buries his head in his sleeping-bag and complains of pains in his teeth and feet, and then interjects one humorous and clever remarks after the other. Sorge read Schiller's poems aloud, and Loewe extemporized a very instructive lecture on voyages of discovery to the Antarctic, which was suggested to him by the report of Byrd's flight to the South Pole in the *Berliner Illustrierte*. I am always astonished at the knowledge he always has available. [At the time Loewe was recovering from a less than expert amputation of a number of his toes.]

p. 153, *January 1, 1931*: Yesterday was a perfect Sunday, ... In the afternoon we sat opposite one another at the table and read Fritz Reuter. Sorge had received the *Stromtid* in the popular edition from his wife at

Christmas. In reading it I lived through the happiest times of my youth, when on wintry evenings my father read through the *Stromtid* and other things of Reuter (*Dorchlaeuchting*, and poems). He used to read admirably; I do not know where he gained his practice.

p. 175: Loewe, on the other hand, sleeps much, and now even refuses to read Schopenhauer--he the most voracious reader of us all!

p. 182, Georgi's premonitions of Wegener's death: Oh, my premonition, when some time after Wegener's departure Sorge read aloud an account of Scott's last journey, and I had to ask him to stop. I felt it then without knowing it.

p. 212: I am reading a bit at meals now--Erskine's *Adam and Eve* again. A very beautiful book; sad, but true and profound. Do you know it?

p. 216, *March* 11, 1931, Loewe's birthday: *Sunday, June 21, 1931*, Midsummer Day! Now the year is going downhill once more, but our expectation of meeting again is rising! I have felt the lack of reading matter somewhat on the last quiet days when the weather has been bad. But I had a pleasant surprise! I was carrying rubbish and odd boxes upstairs in a box, and as I was coming down the steps again I found a tiny little book, just a lump of ice, *Hamlet*. It probably belonged to Loewe and got into the rubbish-box by mistake. But how it fell out onto the steps I cannot understand. At any rate I now had something new. And I have certainly never read *Hamlet* so carefully before! Of course it had to be thawed and dried first, leaf by leaf. Yesterday and to-day I have been reading Schweitzer's *Between Water and Virgin Forest*. I have the greatest respect for that man....

p. 224-25, Friday, July 10, 1931: Schopenhauer is a marvel! Such learning in the most widely different fields, such power and lucidity. An abridged, more easily readable edition would find a wide welcome. I am glad to have made his acquaintance here. [Another page on reading the Bible.]

1921-24 Danish Fifth Thule Expedition to Eastern Siberia (led by Knud Rasmussen)

Rasmussen, Knud. *Across Arctic America: Narrative of the Fifth Thule Expedition.* New York: Putnam's, 1927. [Reprinted New York: Greenwood, 1969]

From ABEBooks, 9/4/17: Between 1921 and 1924, Knud Rasmussen led a small band of colleagues in a journey of investigation across the top of North America. The full scientific report of that 20,000-mile trek by dog sled from Greenland to Siberia, known to history as the Firth Thule Expedition, fills ten volumes. This single volume, *Across Arctic America*, is Rasmussen's own reworking and condensation of his two-volume popular account written in Danish, and gives the essence of his experience of the Arctic and its people. It was the people who most captivated the Greenland-born Rasmussen, who had become a virtual adopted son to the Eskimos of the far northern district still known by the name of the trading post he established there, Thule. His first four Thule Expeditions extended the limits of the known world in Greenland solely, but Rasmussen's Fifth Thule Expedition demonstrated the unity of the Eskimo world from the Atlantic Ocean to the Chukchi Sea, proving the people all shared the same basic language and culture.

In effect a summary of the expedition, compressing the narrative and stories from the more scientific reports of the expedition. From 1921 to 1924 the expedition worked its way from Baffin Land to the Eastern Cape of Siberia, exploring the origins of the Eskimo race, its myths and stories, its spiritual life and its everyday hardships. In addition to Eskimo assistants, the expedition consisted of Peter Freuchen, Therkel Mathiassen, Kaj Birket-Smith, Helge Bangsted, Jacob Olson, and Peder Pedersen (Captain of its vessel, the *Sea King*). He sees a great deal of homogeneity over this 3000 mile track, emphasizing only the distinction of the land culture (mainly caribou) and the sea culture (open sea fishing), both of which ranged widely as hunting conditions dictated, but developed quite different cultures and habits. The work is a treasure trove of stories about Eskimos, as well as ethnological descriptions.

**1926 Amundsen/Ellsworth/Nobile Flying Expedition over
North Pole**

Amundsen, Roald and Lincoln Ellsworth [et al]. *First Crossing of the Polar Sea, with Additional Chapters by Other Members of the Expedition.* New York: George H. Doran Company, 1927.

A composite account of the 1926 Svalberg to Alaska flight with Nobile, giving a fairly florid account of the expedition, avoiding most of the controversy it engendered. Obviously not much about reading in a crowded gondola, but there are a few things of interest:

p. 103, in a chapter on the *Norge* flight from Rome to Svalbard, written by Gustav Amundsen, a description of their quarters near Leningrad: On one wall hangs a paraffin lamp, yielding a feeble light, just enabling those sitting under it to read! The whole of our library consisted of two books, which one of us, whom I will not name, had commandeered from Consul Platou in Leningrad. I hope our worthy consul will forgive the culprit when he hears what a joy those two books were to us. I do not think, however, that he would care to have them returned, for a well-worn public library book would look brand-new compared with the rags we left!

p. 194, in a long chapter on navigation over the polar sea, written by H.J. Riiser-Larsen, there is mention of the almanacs used, i.e. the *Nautical Almanac* and the Norwegian Fishery Almanac (the only one with azimuths to 90°) and since they might have to overwinter there were almanacs for 1927 as well.

[A distinctly odd book for its multiple authorship, its poor organization, and its disingenuousness.]

1961 Lighthouse Keeper in Iceland, Johann Petersson

Millman, Lawrence. *Last Places: A Journey in the North.* Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1990.

p. 132-4, on Johann Petursson, keeper of the lighthouse at Hornbjarg: Johann took the Hornbjarg job in 1961 because he figured it would buy time for, and even fuel, the novel he was writing. It was

unheard of, he said, for an Icelandic writer to combine teaching with the labor of his pen.... His literary colleagues tended lighthouses, from which they still managed to carry on a lively dialogue with their public, like the Skálavík keeper Oscar Adalstein Gudjónsson, who read sections of his works in progress over shortwave to the fishing fleet. Yet between navigating boats around icebergs, gathering errant fishing floats, and enduring assistants who couldn't read the cloud charts...., he, Jóhann, had scarcely written a single word in twenty-six years.

We went inside the lighthouse and I saw another, equally good reason for not being lonely. Here in the Westfjords it used to be said that the more remote the holding, the bigger the library and the more literate the occupant. Well, Hornbjarg was about as remote a holding as you could get without slipping off into irrevocably Arctic seas, and by Jóhann's own estimate the lighthouse had 16,000 books lining its walls, rising up in precarious piles from the floor, thrust into boxes in closets, and choking the cloud charts.... I even expected to find a few books inside the freezer next to his cache of whale meat.

Pride of place went to the Sagas, complete in several editions, including a few odd volumes of *The Foster-Brother Saga*, which is set around Hornbjarg and is best known for a scene where one fowler falls off a cliff and another fowler tells him not to make so much noise, he'll scare the birds. But unlike some of his countrymen, Jóhann did not draw the line with the Sagas (or the Sagas' apparently universal shelf-mate, Jane Fonda). I also noticed the collected works of Faulkner, Dreiser, Hemingway, Dostoyevski, Hamsun, Hardy, Nexø, Dickens, Isak Dinesen, the Icelandic Nobel Laureat Halldor Laxness. There were well-thumbed copies of Dee Brown's *Heygda mitt Hjarta vid Undad Hne* and ex-chairman Mao's *Rauda Kverid*. There was the Icelandic translation of *Moby Dick* done by Julius Hafsteinn, a retired sheriff from Húsavík, who had seen two whales copulating at sea and was so impressed by the sight he decided to translate Melville. There was Joy Adamson's *Borin Frjáls*, John Steinbeck's *Thrúrgur Reidarinnar*, Richard Llewelyn's *Graenn Varstu*, Dalur, the midwife Margarete Tómasdóttir's translations of *Colette*, and the pharmacist Helgi Hafdanarsson's translations of Shakespeare. There was an odd quarto volume in English entitled *A*

Short Commentary on the Flowing Back of the Waters of the Red Sea for the Passage of the Israelites.

Jóhann had the most eclectic reading taste of any person I'd ever met. I tried to convince [sic] him that *Sámsbaer* (Peyton Place) wasn't a very good book. ("You actually like that book?" "I do." "But it's very badly written..." "Not in Icelandic, it isn't.") But I didn't persist, since a hungry man ought to be allowed to consume whatever he pleases.

Said Jóhann: "Did you ever read *Ástsaga* [Love Story]? Now that's another good book...."

"And maybe it was, in the lovely mists of Hornbjarg."

p. 155, in the loneliness of Greenland he says: Finished Epictetus and started a Simenon mystery.

p. 197, in Labrador: Read a Simenon mystery by flashlight.

p. 206: I flushed up spruce grouse by the dozens; they flew to neighboring branches where they sat and clucked at me in astonishment. And I read *The Lure of the Labrador Wild*, Dillon Wallace's harrowing account of the ill-fated Hubbard Expedition from North West River to Ungava Bay.

p. 212-23: I listen to the bravura orchestra of the wind and read some of E. H. Carr's biography of the Russian anarchist Bakunin....

p. 228: Only book worth readin' is *The Lure of the Labrador Wild*, declared the eldest son. "Ought to teach that book in the schools," said the Eskimo-dark son. "Instead of algebra and geometry," added the third son....

p. 231: I'm curled up in my sleeping bag reading Suetonius's *Lives of the Twelve Caesars*....