Anthology of Arctic Reading: General

General Works

This miscellaneous section includes works of general interest, some not specifically Polar, works of multiple expeditions, and works dealing with long period of Arctic exploration. Also included in this general section are excerpts from whaling books not associated with individual voyages, and not exclusively polar journeys.

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

Joseph Hooker was part of the *Erebus* and *Terror* Antarctic expedition led by James Clark Ross, an expedition poorly equipped for scientific investigation
p. 113, quotes Hooker himself: Except for some drying paper for plants, I had not a single instrument or book supplied to me as a naturalist—all were given to me by my father. I had, however, the use of Ross's library, and you may hardly credit it, but it is a fact, that not a single glass bottle was supplied for collecting purposes, empty pickle bottles were all we had, and rum as preservative for the ship's stores.

Anderson, Charles Roberts. *Melville in the South Seas.* New York: Columbia University Press, 1939.

Melville joined the navy in August 1843, and joined the *United States* in Honolulu in 1844, spending fourteen months on U.S. naval duty between Honolulu and Boston, arriving there in October 1844.
p. 358, in Honolulu: The next thirty days were spent preparing for the homeward-bound cruise. A number of men and officers whose terms of service had not expired were transferred to ships that were to remain on the station. Among these were Midshipmen Samuel R. Franklin, sent to the *Relief,* and Alonzo C. Jackson, to the *Savannah*. Hence-forward we

are deprived of their confirmatory records of the cruise. The *United States* was stripped of its charts and maps and all excess equipment. The most interesting part of this was the ship's library, consisting of the following: 'Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, 3 volumes; *Bancroft's History of the United States*; Darwin's *Voyages of H. B. M.'Adventure' and 'Beagle,'* 4 volumes; Livingstone's *Atlas*; Hough's *Military Law Authorities* and *Courts Martial*; and *Harper's Family Library.*

This forms Melville's earliest known reading list, and it has proved of considerable value for literary source-hunting in the South Sea volumes. In *White-Jacket* he speaks of reading voraciously while on board the *United States*, especially as his principal antidote against ennui while lying in port, and mentions specifically a dozen or more volumes that he read. Since none of the ones he mentions are in the list of those transferred from his ship at Callao, the implication is that this was only part, and perhaps a small part, of the ship's library….

Anson, Peter F. *The Church and the Sailor: A Survey of the Sea-Apostolate Past and Present.* London: John Gifford, 1948.

Catholic missions to seamen clearly lagged behind the Protestant efforts throughout the 19th century, most Catholic activity as outlined here occurring in the late 19th century and concentrating on the liturgical rather than literary needs of seamen. There was some interest in developing seaman's institutes, including some reading rooms, but the efforts seem modest at best.

p. 50: an exception was the Catholic Truth Society in the 1890s whose *Tablet* published a letter on June 18, 1891, from the Hon. Mrs. Fraser which said that the CTS had for some years supplied troop ships and one line of emigrant ships with Catholic literature and hoped to do more "in supplying Catholic sailors and others at sea with reading matter."

Another journal, the *Messenger*, promoted "any plan which may provide Jack, while at sea, with an occasional good book or devotional magazine…" and in fact in July the *Messenger* sent out papers and pamphlets to an initial twenty ships.

p. 51: the *Messenger* "In November, 1891, readers are advised that 'newspapers are not literature which does the most permanent good' and are recommended to send, magazines, such as *Catholic Missions*, or little devotional works and Lives of the Saints.

Baldwin, Evelyn Briggs. *The Search for the North Pole; Or, Life in the Great White World*…. Chicago, IL: Sold only by subscription, 1896.

Baldwin's papers are at the Library of Congress (q.v.); this book was written before some of his expeditionary work. Interestingly, he seems to have been an ardent Freemason and his chapter XLVI "Lovers of the Arts and Sciences: Free and Accepted Masonry in Arctic Exploration," lists a number of explorers who shared that association: Kane, Hayes, Greely, Melville, Gilder, and Lt. Peary (with whom he later squabbled. See p. 507-12.)
p. 76-76, on the preparation of Bering's second expedition "the greatest geographical enterprise ever undertaken" [the kind of hyperbole to which Baldwin was prone], including an impressive amount of staff and instruments.: This "Itinerant Academy" also carried a library of several hundred volumes, including scientific, historical and classical works, and others' of light reading, such as "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe," seventy reams of writing paper, an enormous supply of artists' colors, draughting material and apparatus. These gentlemen had not less than thirty-six horses, and on large rivers could demand boats with cabins.

To move this 'learned republic" from St. Petersburg to Kamchatka became one of the many duties assigned to Bering.
p. 286, Baldwin's account of M'Clintock's discovery of Franklin relics on King William Land: Here, too, were found five or six books, such as "Christian Melodies," which bore upon the title-page an inscription from the donor to G. G. (most likely Lieutenant Graham Gore); the "Vicar of Wakefield;"

A SMALL BIBLE

containing numerous marginal notes and having entire passages underlined; beside others of a devotional or scriptural character.

There were also found the covers of a prayer book and of a New Testament.

p. 301, on Charles Hall's first expedition in 1860: Mr. Hall learned that there were but ten Europeans in Holsteinberg and about 250 in all Greenland. Among those at Holsteinberg were the pastor and two school teachers. He noted the advancement of morals and intelligence among the natives and that the boys and girls had been taught to read and write with remarkable proficiency.

p. 336: On the 2d of June the large Arctic library of Captain Hall was carefully packed in his trunk, and, together with instruments, two log books, and a statement of what had been done by the expedition and the prospects of the present party reaching either a Scotch whaler at cape York, or some of the Danish settlements, taken about a fo;urth of a mile in a direction E. S. E. of the house and there cached.

p. 346, on the Payer expedition in 1873-74: "Every Sunday," says Payer, "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."

p. 420, on Greely winter of 1883: In order to relieve the mental strain, lectures and discussions on various topics were held. Lieutenant Greely talked on the geography of the United States; Lieutenant Lockwood read from the "History of Our Own Times"; Whisler dilated on te city of Independence, Kansas, as a splendid place for business….

p. 430, on Nansen's 1888 Greenland expedition and its sledging journeys: During halts for rest the men sheltered themselves within a tent, where they read the few scientific books carried with them, told stories, and wrote in their diaries. The Lapps [?] gave assiduous attention to the New Testament and to their journals.

p. 439: The mental gifts of the Eskimos are surprisingly developed. The Christian converts among them learn to read, write, cipher, and draw with great ease and skill. As already observed they are natural topographers, and notwithstanding remarkable artistic ability and ingenuity, hieroglyphics have never been used by them.

p. 440: AN ESKIMO NEWSPAPER, was established, in 1861, by Dr. Rink. It bears the imposing title of "A-tu-ag-agdliu-tit," or translated, Things that-should-be-known. It is printed at Godthaab, by Lars Möller, a native Eskimo, but educated in Copenhagen. He not only draws, but also lithographs his own illustrations for it. It is published monthly and contains translations from the Danish, the usual "locals," and news of the chase, etc.

Barrow, John. *Voyages of Discovery and Research within the Arctic Regions, from the Year 1818 to the Present Time….* London: John Murray, 1846.

A volume of summaries of and lengthy quotations from other accounts of major voyages up to the Franklin departure in 1845.
p. vii, Barrow's objective is to describe: …their several characters and conduct, so uniformly displayed in their unflinching perseverance in difficulties of no ordinary description—their patient endurance of extreme suffering, borne without murmuring, and with an equanimity and fortitude of mind under the most appalling distress, rarely if ever equaled, and such as could only be supported by a superior degree of moral courage and resignation to the Divine will—of displaying virtues like these of no ordinary cast, and such as will not fail to excite the sympathy and challenge the admiration of every right-feeling reader—has been the pleasing yet anxious object of the present volume.
p. 96, from Parry's first voyage: In order still further to promote good humour among ourselves, as well as to furnish amusing occupation, during the hours of constant darkness, we set on foot a weekly newspaper, which was to be called the North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle, and of which Captain Sabine undertook to be the editor, under the promise that it was to be supported by original contributions from the officers of the two ships: and though some objection may, perhaps be raised against a paper of this kind being generally resorted to in ships of war, I was too well acquainted with the discretion as well as the excellent disposition of my officers, to apprehend any unpleasant consequences from a measure of this kind:

instead of which I can safely say that the weekly contributions had the happy effect of employing the leisure hours of those who furnished them, and of diverting the mind from the gloomy prospect which would sometimes obtrude itself on the Stoutest heart. (See Edward Parry, *Journal of a Voyage,* p. 106-07).

p. 103-04, about Parry again: Nothing could be more judicious than the arrangements made for the employment of the men each day in the week; and on Sundays divine services was invariably performed, and a sermon read, on board both ships. 'The attention,' says Parry, 'paid by the men to the observance of their religious duties was such as to reflect upon them the highest credit, and it tended in no small degree to the preservation of that regularity and good conduct for which, with very few exceptions, they were invariably distinguished.' The minor arrangements made by Parry to find employment and to vary the occupations of both men and officers, during the long unbroken night of three months, appear to have been very judicious. The former [seamen], after attending divisions morning and evening, cleared up the decks, attended the officers round the ships, examined their berths and bed-places, and in the evening went to their supper, while the officers took their tea. After this the men were permitted to amuse themselves as they pleased, and games of various kinds, as well as dancing and singing, occasionally went on upon the lower deck till nine o'clock, when they retired to rest, and their lights were extinguished. 'It is scarcely necessary to add,' Parry observes, 'that the evening occupations of the officers were of a more rational kind, than those which engaged the attention of the men. Of the former, reading and writing were the principal employments, to which were occasionally added a game of chess, or a tune on the flute or violin, till half past ten, about which time we all retired to rest.'

Barrow's Parry chapter constitutes virtual hagiography of British seamen and officers, all obedience and dedication. I suspect that Barrow's florid praise reflects partly his devotion to the Royal Navy's system of rigid discipline, but more significantly his attempt to draw a damning contrast with John Ross to whom he became a sworn enemy after Ross's first voyage in search of the Northwest Passage. Beyond

that one has to wonder whether Barrow's men (if not officers) could they have been so compliant (cf. the mutinies of 1790s?).
p. 161, re theatricals during Parry's second voyage aboard *Hecla*: As a source, therefore, of rational amusement to the men, I proposed to Commander Lyon and the officers of both ships once more to set on foot a series of theatrical entertainments, from which so much benefit in this way had on a former occasion been derived. This proposal was immediately and unanimously acquiesced in. (Parry, p. 122-3)
p. 162-63, again quoting Parry: To furnish rational and useful occupation to the men, on the other evenings, a school was also established…, for the instruction of such of the men as were willing to take advantage of this opportunity of learning to read and write, or of improving in those acquirements…. And thus were about twenty individuals belonging to each ship occupied every evening, from six to eight o'clock. I made a point of visiting the school occasionally during the winter, by way of encouraging the men in this praiseworthy occupation; and I can safely say, that I have seldom experienced feelings of higher gratification than on this rare and interesting sight." (Parry p. 123-24)
p. 163, on Parry's efforts to take advantage of the polar night for instruction in elementary education: for the instruction of such of the men who were willing to take advantage of this opportunity of learning to read and write, or of improving in those acquirements: The same plan was adopted on board the Hecla: Benjamin White, one of the seamen who had been educated at Christ-church school, volunteering to officiate as schoolmaster…. I made a point of visiting the school occasionally during the winter, by way of encouraging the men in this praiseworthy occupation; and I can safely say, that I have seldom experienced feelings of higher gratification than on this rare and interesting sight. And well might he be gratified; for we are assured by him, on the return of the ships to England, that 'every man on board could read his Bible.' Nor were the interests of science neglected while these domestic arrangements were in progress. A portable observatory was erected for magnetical observations, and a house built for the reception of the

requisite instruments for astronomical observations, and for various experiments recommended by a committee of the Royal Society.

p. 248, Barrow returns to the school theme for Parry's third voyage with further quotes of Parry's latest account: By the judicious zeal of Mr. Hooper, the Hecla's school was made subservient, not merely to the improvement of the men in reading and writing (in which, however, their progress was surprisingly great), but also to the cultivation of that religious feeling which so essentially improves the character of a seamen, by furnishing the highest motives for increased attention to every other duty. Nor was the benefit confined to the eighteen or twenty individuals whose want of scholarship brought them to the school-table, but extended itself to the rest of the ship's company, making the whole lower deck such a scene of quiet rational occupation as I never before witnessed on board a ship…. (Parry, 3d voyage, p. 50-51).

p. 363, on Franklin's first land journey with winter at Fort Enterprise: The reading of newspapers, magazines, and letters from England, was a source of occupation.

p. 364, quoting from Franklin on winter routines: The Sabbath was always a day of rest with us; the woodmen were required to provide for the exigencies of that day on Saturday, and the party were dressed in their best attire. Divine service was regularly performed, and the Canadians attended, and behaved with great decorum, although they were all Roman Catholics, and but little acquainted with the language in which the prayers were read. I regretted much that we had not a French Prayer-Book, but the Lord's Prayer and Creed were always read to them in their own language. (Franklin, p. 258).

{Much of this florid prose seems hardly credible, the yes men telling the chief what he wanted to hear and then embellishing the exaggerations.]

p. 394: Piety and resignation under calamity are characteristics of the naval profession; and on the present occasion of distress we are told, "the Doctor having brought with him his Prayer-Book and Testament, some prayers and psalms, and portions of Scripture appropriate to our situation, were read, and we retired to bed."

p. 395, a well-known quotation from Dr. Richardson from his overland journey with Franklin: Through the extreme kindness and forethought of a lady, the party, previous to leaving London, had been furnished with a small collection of religious books, of which we still retained two or three of the most portable, and they proved of incalculable benefit to us. We read portions of them to each other as we lay in bed, in addition to the morning and evening service, and found that they inspired us on each perusal with so strong a sense of the omnipresence of a beneficent God, that our situation, even in these wilds, appeared no longer destitute; and we conversed, not only with calmness, but with cheerfulness, detailing with unrestrained confidence the past events of our lives, and dwelling with hope on our future prospects. Had my poor friend been spared to revisit his native land, I should look back to this period with unalloyed delight.—p. 449.

p. 452-54, apropos the death of the Eskimo artist Sackhouse: Brought to Leith in a whaling-ship, the owners, pleased with his manners, paid him every attention, had taught him a little English, and sent him back the following season, to remain or not, according to his own desire. [He did return, but] In pursuit of his studies, and in the midst of happiness, he was seized with an inflammatory complain, which carried him off in a few days….

The writer says he was unaffectedly pious, and when death was approaching he held in his hand an Icelandic Catechism till his strength and sight failed him, when the book dropped from his grasp, and he shortly afterwards expired. [Back goes on to praise the superiority and intelligence of "the people we are \pleased to call savages"….]

Berton, Pierre. *The Arctic Grail: The Quest for the North West Passage and the North Pole, 1818-1909*. New York, Viking, 1988. [Penguin Books ed., 1989]

The late Pierre Berton (d. 2016) was a Canadian writer on northern affairs combining a lyrical capacity to capture the history of the North with a critical sympathy and perhaps undue haste. Here he covers a

century of exploration, ending in the middle of the "Heroic Age" with Peary's last expedition.
p. 34-35, Parry and Ross in 1818: The greatest peril of wintering in the Arctic was not the cold; it was boredom. For eight, sometimes ten months nothing moved. Ships became prisons. Masts and superstructures were taken down, hatches hermetically sealed, the ships smothered in blankets of insulating snow. Hived together in these wooden cockleshells with little to do, the best-disciplined seamen could break down. Small irritations could be magnified into raging quarrels. Fancied insults could lead to mutinous talk and even mutiny, as Blight in the South Seas and Hudson in the North had discovered.

Parry was determined to cope with the monotony of the Arctic winter, and it is a tribute to his careful planning, which the more intelligent of his successors copied, that the British Navy was comparatively free of the friction that marred many of the later private expeditions from the United States.

Parry's background fitted him for the role. Since childhood he had loved music; he had a good ear and at the age of four could repeat any tune after hearing it once…. There would be plenty of music aboard Parry's ships (he even brought a barrel organ along) and there would be sports, amateur theatricals, and a newspaper, all designed to maintain a happy ship.
p. 41: The officers' evening occupations were, to use Parry's words, of "a more rational kind." [by contrast to enlisted men] They read books, wrote letters, played chess or musical instruments.
p. 42: In spite of all this, the expedition produced and printed [?] a weekly newspaper to which Parry himself contributed and put on fortnightly theatricals (the female impersonators shivering gamely in their garments). It was almost too cold, Parry admitted, for actors or audience to enjoy the shows.
p. 46, on Parry's next voyage [1820-21]: This time trunks of theatrical costumes were packed aboard along with the mandatory printing press, the magic lantern, and a full library of books that would be used in the schoolroom Parry intended to establish. In that long Arctic night he was determined that his unlettered crew would learn to read their Bibles.

p. 49: There were diversions. The officers shaved off their whiskers to play female roles in the theatre. (Parry played Sir Anthony Absolute in Sheridan's *The Rivals*.) The school was a success; by year's end, every man had learned to read. But the greatest event was the arrival on February 1 of a band of sixty Eskimos "as desirous of pleasing us as we were ready to be pleased." Soon there was fiddling and dancing on the decks as the newcomers made repeated visits to the ships.
p. 72, of Franklin's land expedition of 1819-22: On Sunday, October 20, after reading the morning service, Richardson crawled off to gather some of this lichen [*tripe-de-roche*], leaving the dying Hood before his tent arguing with Michel. Then to his horror, he heard a shot and an anguished shout from Hepburn, who had been trying to cut down a tree a short distance from the others. Richardson hurried back to find Hood dead with a ball in his forehead, a copy of Edward Bickersteth's *A Scripture Help* in his hand. Was it suicide? Michel said it was. But Richardson concluded from the dead man's position that it was impossible for him to have shot himself.
p. 91-93, about Franklin's 1825-27 overland expedition: They returned to a wintering spot on Great Bear Lake, which they named Fort Franklin. There they spent a cheerful nine months. The officers taught the men to read and figure. Richardson gave the officers lectures on the flora, fauna, and geology of the region. Franklin read Dante and Milton. There were games of shinny and blindman's bluff. And nobody went hungry.
p. 146-47, apropos Franklin at the beginning of hisill-fated 1845 expedition: He stocked his ships with twelve hundred books, including John Ross's account of his four-year entrapment with its shrewd comment on the need for fresh meat to combat scurvy. But who listened to the discredited Ross? Parry had more clout, and Parry still harboured the naïve belief that scurvy could be held at bay by morale-building entertainment and lots of exercise—which actually accelerates the onslaught of the disease….

The most strident criticism of all came not from a naval man but from a civilian, the wiry and waspish surgeon-naturalist Richard King, who didn't believe in sea expeditions. He was still convinced, after his journey with George Back, that the best way to find the Passage was by

taking an overland route from the mouth of the Great Fish River and north along the west coast of Boothia…. Franklin had a copy of King's book with him [*Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Arctic Ocean in 1833*…(London 1836)], giving King's reasons for believing that Boothia was actually a peninsula and King William Land an island. But few took much account of King. If his theories had been accepted, Franklin's ships might have been spared their tragic ordeal in the ice and the Passage discovered and even navigated in mid-century. At the very least, the search for the missing expedition might have been shortened.
p. 150, [1845]—notes that the expedition set off with testaments and prayer books, copies of *Punch*, as well as arithmatic books.
p. 209, speaks of Bellot's lack of a Bible being his greatest privation.
p. 245, Kellett's search for Franklin: His own ships were well provisioned. Fresh venison, bear, and muskox were available in abundance, while soirées, vaudeville shows, and plays broke the monotony.
p. 279, re Henry Goodfellow, a feckless youth on Kane's ship in 1854, who Kane found so absolutely useless that he was relieved of all duties: While the others toiled, Goodfellow lounged about, reading novels.
p. 324, M'Clintock on his ultimately successful 1859 search for Franklin on King William Island: M'Clintock's task would not be an easy one. The Eskimos had plundered everything they could find, throwing away what they didn't need—such as books, papers, and journals—and adapting the rest for their own use. And a spectral cloud of snow still covered the land, concealing the remains of the lost explorers as well as any artifacts not yet discovered by the natives.
p. 325: Franklin's men must have left some sort of record, but if they had, the Eskimos had long since scattered it to the winds; to them books and papers had no value or meaning.
p. 331-32, M'Clintock on finding the Franklin party's sledge and boat notes the sheer weight of what Franklin's survivors had dragged with them: The sledge itself was a monstrous contraption of iron and oak, weighing at least 650 pounds. On top of it was a twenty-eight foot boat, rigged for river travel, weighing another 700 or 800 pounds. To M'Clintock, with his own sledging experience, this was madness. Seven

healthy men would have had trouble hauling it any distance, even if it had not been loaded. But it *was* loaded, with an incredible accumulation of unnecessary articles: books (*The Vicar of Wakefield* was one), every kind of footgear from sea boots to strong shoes, towels and toothbrushes, gun covers and twine…, a bead purse, a cigar case—everything, in short, that civilized nineteenth-century travelers considered necessary for their comfort and well-being.

p. 332: But by what weird caprice had they been persuaded to bring along button polish, heavy cookstoves, brass curtain rods, a lightning conductor, and a library of religious books? It had taken them three days to haul this ponderosity of non-essentials fifteen miles before they realized they were not equal to the task.

p. 336: But as John Ross had discovered—and Franklin well knew—there were natives living directly across the water in Boothia who were to keep his own crew alive and healthy. Ross's account was in Franklin's shipboard library, but there is no evidence that any of his sledgers ventured over to Boothia.

p. 399, when Charles Francis Hall's *Polaris* foundered on the ice in late 1872, Hall abandoned ship, moving many supplies to the ice. When the ship seemed stable enough fourteen men reboarded it, shortly before the ice-floe floated away with the stranded party of Tyson as senior officer, ten seamen, and nine Inuit. They drifted toward and beyond Labrador for 1300 miles before being rescued near Newfoundland: The worst aspect of these long dark days was not hunger or cold; it was the sheer boredom that almost drove Tyson mad. There was nothing to do, nothing to read, and scarcely anybody to talk to. He could no longer write daily notes in his journal—it would take too much paper. Somebody had stolen the notes he had laid aside for future use….

p. 401, has a similar passage: "Oh, it is depressing in the extreme to sit crouched up all day with nothing to do but keep from freezing," Tyson wrote. There was no proper place to sit and absolutely nothing to read in the soft Arctic twilight. "It is now one hundred and seven days since I have seen printed words."

p. 441, at Fort Conger on Ellesmere Island in 1881 during the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition led by Adolphus Washington Greely:

Marooned on these bleak and treeless shores, hemmed in by sullen, wall-like cliffs that rose as high as a thousand feet, they did their best to pass the time playing Parcheesi and chess, backgammon and cards (but never for money), engaging in theatricals, taking classes in everything from grammar to meteorology, and publishing a newspaper, the *Arctic Moon*. Greely himself lectured on "the Arctic question," a euphemism for the North Pole discovery, which, as George Rice, the civilian photographer…remarked, was "a subject especially absorbing to those present."

p. 445, in 1883 a rescue ship for the Greely party failed to arrive and 25 men faced the prospect of a second winter: "The life we are leading now is somewhat similar to a prisoner in the Bastille [*sic*]," the impatient Lockwood wrote, "no amusements, no recreations, no event to break the monotony…. The others are as moody as I am—Greely sometimes, Kislingbury always, and as to the doctor [Bessels] to say he is not congenial is to put it in a very mild way indeed."

…The only reading available consisted of novels and books on the Arctic. [Only six men survived, rescued amidst allegations of cannibalism vehemently denied by the survivors despite plentiful evidence that it had occurred, at least among the deceased.]

p. 493, re Nansen on the *Fram* in 1893: To while away the time, he read Darwin, Schopenhauer, and the published journals of the earlier explorers, and edited a weekly journal, *Framjaa*. He agreed with David Hume, the English philosopher, that "he is more excellent who can suit his temperament to any circumstances": that, he wrote, was the philosophy he was practicing at the moment. It wasn't always easy: "I long to return to life…. The years are passing here…. Oh! At times this inactivity crushes one's very soul; one's life seems as dark as the winter; night outside; there is no sunlight on no other part of it except the past, and the far, far distant future. I feel I *must* break through this deadness, this inertia and find some outlet for my energies."

p. 497, Nansen after reaching Franz Josef Land: Since the land was teeming with walrus and polar bear they had plenty to eat. But the monotony was maddening. There was nothing to read but Nansen's navigation table and pocket almanac: "… the sight of the printed letters

gave one the feeling that there was, after all, a little bit of civilized man left." They had exhausted all conversation and were reduced to playing fantasy games, talking of life at home and how they would spend the following winter. Most of the time they slept.
p. 573, Peary in 1909 and Captain Bartlett: In a romantic gesture, the husky captain had jettisoned his precious supply of chewing tobacco in favour of a copy of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Bertram, Colin. *Arctic and Antarctic: A Prospect of the Polar Regions.* Cambridge: Heffer, 1957.

p. 121: Outside the expedition's little home the land is Nature's own; there are no man-made contrivances issuing forth smoke and filth, no noise of wheels and engines, no newspapers lying and spreading scandals, and no ugliness of any kind. The land is as God made it, filled with peace and beauty.
p. 122, on the isolation and beauty of sledging journeys: Besides the consideration of people, things and abstracts, there is time too for some analysis of the mind that thinks, a realization of how it normally reacts, and how it might react if more carefully controlled. Days of lying up in a tiny tent, even a week at a stretch is not a time of boredom, nor in modern days a period of discomfort, though it is certainly a time of deep regret that the work in hand cannot progress. But the weather is a working of a Providence that no man can control, and must therefore be accepted and forgotten.
p. 123, quoting from Shackleton's *South*: When I look back at those days I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snow-fields, but across the storm-white seas that separated Elephant Island from our landing place on South Georgia.

Bible. Biblical References to Ice and Snow, translations from Revised Standard Version. New York: Nelson, 1952.

ICE

Job 6: 16: My brethren are treacherous as a torrent-bed, as freshets that pass away, [16] which are dark with ice, and where the snow hides itself.

Job 38: 29: From whose womb did the ice come forth, and who has given birth to the hoarfrost of heaven? [30] The waters become hard like stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

Psalms 147: 16-18: He gives snow like wool; he scatters hoarfrost like ashes. [17] He casts forth his ice like morsels; who can stand before his cod? [18] He sends forth his word, and melts them; he makes his wind blow, and the waters flow.

SNOW

Exodus 4: 6: Again, the Lord said to him, 'Put your hand into your bosom.' And he put his hand into his bosom; and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous, as white as snow.

Numbers 12: 10: Miriam was leprous, as white as snow.
II Sam 23.20: And Benai'ah the son of Jehoi'ada was a valiant man of Kabzeel…. He also went down and slew a lion in a pit on a day when snow had fallen.
(cf. next entry)
I Chronicles 11: 22: And Benai'ah the son of Jehoi'ada was a valiant man…. He also went down and slew a lion in a pit on a day when snow had fallen.
II Kings 5: 27, re Na'aman: So he went out from his presence a leper, as white as snow.
Job 6: 16: supra
Job 9: 30-31: If I wash myself with snow, and cleanse my hands with lye, [31] yet thou wilt plunge me into a pit, and my clothes will abhor me.
Job 24: 19: Drought and heat snatch away the snow waters; so does Sheol those who have sinned.
Job 37: 6: For to the snow he says, 'Fall on the earth'; and to the shower and the rain, 'Be strong.'
Job 38: 22: Have you entered the storehouses of the snow, or have you seen the storehouses of the hail, [23] which I have reserved for the time of trouble, for the day of battle and war?
Job 38: 29: supra
Psalms 51: 17: ??? wash me and I will be whiter than snow. Wrong citation here.

Psalms 68:14: When the Almighty scattered kings there snow fell on Zalmon.
Psalms 147:16: supra
Proverbs 25: 13: Like the cold of snow in the time of harvest is a faithful messenger to those who send him, he refreshes the spirit of his masters.
Proverbs 26: 1: Like snow in summer or rain in harvest, so honor is not fitting for a fool.
Proverbs 31: 21: She is not afraid of snow for her household, for all her household are clothed in scarlet.
Isaiah 1: 18: Come now, let us reason together, says the Lord: though your sins are as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall become like wool.
Isaiah 55: 10: For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not hither but water the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater.
Jeremiah 18:14: Does the snow of Lebanon leave the crags of Sirion? Do the mountain waters run dry, the cold flowing streams?
Lamentations 4: 7: Her princes were purer than snow, whiter than milk; their bodies were more ruddy than coral, the beauty of their form was like sapphire.
Daniel 7: 9: As I looked, thrones were placed and one that was ancient of days took his seat; his raiment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure

wool; his throne was fiery flames, its wheels were burning fire.
Matthew 21: 3??: his raiment white as snow??
Mark 9: 3: …and his garments became glistening, intensely white [exceeding white as snow in KJV], as no fuller on earth could bleach them.
Revelations 1: 14: …his hair and his head were white as white wool, white as snow; his eyes were like a flame of fire.

See also FROST and HOARFROST.

Birkbeck, Morris. *Notes on a Journey in America, from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of Illinois.* London: Ridgay and Sons, 1818.

Birkbeck was an activist abolitionist who came to the US the year before this journey. He helped settle Albion, Illinois.
p. 134: Scientific pursuits are also, generally speaking, unknown where I have travelled. Reading is very much confined to politics, history and poetry. Science is not, as in England, cultivated for its own sake. This is to be lamented the more, on account of the many heavy hours of indolence under which most people are doomed to toil, through every day of their existence. What yawning and stretching, and painful restlessness they would be spared, if their time were occupied in the acquisition of useful knowledge!

Bloom, Lisa. *Gender on Ice.* Seattle, WA: University of Washington Press, 1993.

A study of gender bias in polar exploration and its depiction in the *National Geographic*.
p. 39: Josephine Peary bored by little to do, accomplishing little because excluded from her husband's male world. She is at least reading Greely.

p. 42: Indeed, there were no small unfilled corners aboard Peary's ship. Its extensive inventory included: "a fairly complete Arctic library," "a large assortment of novels and magazines," "a pianola and an extensive collection of two hundred pieces of music." Peary's taste in music verged on the grand and monumental: Faust, Blue Danube waltz, ragtime.
p. 43—Bloom contends that with his cabin on the *Roosevelt* and his own personal isolation, Peary never left his home environment: Peary never leaves home in the sense that he continues to inhabit a simulacrum of home while he is away. Any reality he encounters that is incompatible with his own he literally transforms to a known and familiar space by filling it with his own personal furnishings (e.g. his fraternity flag at the North Pole).
p. 54-5—Bloom is critical of Wally Herbert for fully demonstrating the problems of Peary's North Pole "'discovery" while praising him as a great American and a national hero, in the Robert Scott mold.

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

Poorly documented, totally derivative (mainly from *NY Times*), this book is riddled with errors, but generally an engaging and respectful biography. Repeats story of Amundsen's teenage reading of everything he could find on polar exploration, but adds something about a voyage from Spain to Florida: He is careful to emphasize Amundsen's careful reading of fellow explorers and to use that information to give himself an extra edge. For that Amundsen probably gets insufficient credit.
p. 40-41: …Amundsen was soon at sea on a two-month voyage bound for Pensacola, Florida. He brought with him a large collection of books on polar travel and exploration—everything from Sir John Franklin's decades-old books to British naval officer James Clark Ross's account of reaching the magnetic North Pole in 1831 to the British explorer Frederick Jackson's more recent *A Thousand Days in the Arctic*, concerning his recent expedition to Franz Josef Land, northeast of Spitsbergen, in the late 1890s. [No date is given (it's after the *Belgica*

voyage), no source cited, and Franz Josef Land and Svalbard share the 80° latitude.]
p. 86: when Amundsen emerged from the NW Passage into Amundsen Gulf, he encountered the American whaler, Charles Hanson and he and Captain McKenna visited briefly. The Norwegians bid Farewell to the Americans and returned to the *Gjøa* with an armful of old newspapers as a precious parting gift. One of the newspapers contained a vague and unnerving article under the headline "War between Norway and Sweden." Norway was about to win independence and Amundsen would be the new nation's first hero.
p. 120, in preparing for his secret changed plans for the South Pole in 1910, Amundsen made his characteristic reading preparation: …poring over both old and recent maps, and reading historical accounts of mariners and explorers who had visited Antarctica. He studied all the literature he could obtain, seeking any information that would give him an edge, an advantage over his rivals that might sway the race in his favour or increase his chances of survival…. From his reading, Amundsen determined the precise location to which he wanted to sail and begin skiing to the South Pole [Bay of Whales].
p. 134, on voyage south: "The crew also occupied themselves with other pastimes during the tedious voyage. Several of the men offered musical performances on their violins, mandolins and other instruments; the ship's captain, Nilsen, gave refresher courses in English; and the men read Amundsen's library of works on polar exploration."
p. 139: "He had studied Shackleton's account of his polar trip, which was published in early 1910, and had learned much from it, especially much about what not to do, how not to proceed. Shackleton's hair-raising tale is a litany of near disasters; food was scarce, the supply depots too far apart, the equipment not quite suited to the task…."
p. 158: "Amundsen believed Johansen's "demotion" was for the good of all, and perhaps it was he had read dozens of accounts of failed expeditions, of breakdowns in leadership, of the infighting and suffering that followed…."
p. 192: "Although I have had offers of wireless installation for the *Fram*," he said in one rambling interview, "that also I declined. I don't

care for it. It is very much better to be without news when you cannot be where the news comes from. We are always more contented if we get no news. A good book we like, we explorers. That is our best amusement and our best time killer."

Bullen, Franklin Thomas. *The Log of a Sea-Waif: Being Recollections of the First Four Years of My Sea Life.* New York: D. Appleton, 1899.

p. 20: There were no books on board of reading matter of any kind, except the necessary works on navigation on the captain's shelf; so it was just as well that I could take some interest in our surroundings, if I was not to die mentally as most of the sailors seemed to have done…. they seemed totally ignorant of anything connected with the wonders of the sea.

Burn, David. *Narrative of the Overland Journey of Sir John and Lady Franklin and Party from Hobart Town to Macquarie Harbour 1842.* Edited by George Mackaness. Sydney: D.S. Ford, 1955.

Burn accompanied the Franklin's on this apparently epochal journey through what are evidently difficult terrain, weather, and rivers.

Burn kept a travel diary of the experience with full respect for the Governor General and his wife. Most interesting is his account of Franklin as preacher: p. 15, Sunday, 3rd May 1842: By 8 A.M., every tent, save Lady Franklin's, had been struck, most of the knapsacks packed, and breakfast speedily thereafter dispatched. His Excellency very shortly summoned the men, and in a thrilling tone of most impressive earnestness, read the morning service, to which he added a short but very striking sermon on the edict of Darius which consigned Daniel to the den of lions. In many a gorgeous temple have I listed to the soul-reviving promises of the Scriptures, but I much question if ever the language of sacred truth was more generally or attentively heard, than whilst delivered amid drizzling rain in the wild bush, to some who had proved most reckless violators of their country's laws [20 convicts were on the journey as carriers and palanquin-bearers]. May the truths of that holy hour live in *their* hearts, and sanctify our own. The weather becoming worse and worse, with every indication of an unfavourable continuance, Lady Franklin, too, remaining considerably indisposed, the tents were once more pitched, and our quarters reoccupied for the dreary uncomfortable day.
p. 22, Sunday, 10th: To attempt religious service was impossible.
p. 29, Sunday, 17th: Such was the dilemma, and so urgent the necessity, that religious duty was forced to give place to manual labour.
p. 48, Sunday, May 1st: The wind blew fiercer and fiercer, and it became evident that all the labour to be performed this day, had already been achieved. At 3, therefore, his Excellency assembled the people on the quarter deck, delivering the evening service, in his strikingly impressive manner, after which he read a chapter from a religious volume, entitled, "The Ocean Illustrated"—a treatise which was listened to with marked attention, and which, through God's mercy, may be productive of much benefit.
p. 52, Sunday, 8th: Every prospect of the relief ship vanished; and although we did not despond, we felt the pangs of hope deferred. The little chapel on the quarter-deck was put in order, and his Excellency, with the earnest and impressive piety—the distinguishing feature of this truly good man and exemplary Christian—performed service, and read a

Sermon on the dry bones of Ezekiel, chapter 37, and 9th verse. As usual, the auditory proved a most attentive one; indeed it has never been my lot to listen to any reader who so completely enchains his hearer; the devout and forcible manner of Sir John Franklin's delivery, exciting the most marked attention. I humbly pray God that the good seed which has been so zealously sown in the course of this brief pilgrimage, may not have fallen either upon the rock, or amidst briars; but that it may spring up to the peace and joy of many here, and to the eternal happiness of all.
p. 56, Sunday, 15th: Sir John read service in his wonted impressive style, giving us that most appropriate psalm, the 107th.

Cavell, Janice. *Tracing the Connected Narrative: Arctic Exploration in British Print Culture, 1818-1860.* Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2008). Studies in Book and Print Culture

An important if a bit theoretical approach to telling the Arctic story in the earlier nineteenth century, and especially in their serial publication (as in Dickens e.g.). She compares Arctic exploration narratives, serially reported, with serialized fiction of the period. Main emphasis is on John Franklin, from his earlier land journeys to his disappearance in 1845, and the periodic discoveries of his fate.
p.

Clements, Rex. *A Gipsy of the Horn.* London: Hart-Davis, 1951.

Although not a polar book as such there is this passage on reading during a voyage around the world:
p. 230-32: Sing-songs were almost our only amusement on the long passage home. Reading was impossible, for the very good reason that we had no books left. The few that had survived the West Coast had succumbed to the rigours of the Horn and been dumped, a sodden pulp, overboard. My battered old Shakespeare was the only book left in the half-deck and I hung on to that with grim solicitude. It was the Globe edition and I often blessed the serviceable paper and neat print—less good workmanship would never have stood so much salt water. We

often read scraps out loud, and on one occasion, when the bosun came in I fired off the first scene of *The Tempest* at him. He was immensely taken with it, but would hardly believe it was Shakespeare at all. However, he knew what 'bringing a ship to try' was, which was more than I did at the time or, I dare swear, a good many others who read the play.

Shakespeare knowledge of the sea always struck me as remarkable, For an inland-born poet he was very fond of sea similes, and astonishingly accurate in his use of nautical technicalities. How did he acquire his knowledge? One ignorant of sea-life would hardly use the phrase—"remainder biscuit after a voyage" as a synonym for dryness, or talk of a man as "clean-timbered."

I like to think that in the obscure early years of the poet's life in London he made a trip to sea, perhaps as an adventurer in one of the ships that smashed up the Armada. At least, no one can prove he *didn't*; and to my mind what more likely than that a high-spirited youth doing odd jobs about the old Shoreditch theatre, in the scrambling and unquiet times when Medina Sidonia was fitting out, should join some salt-scarred vessel and get his sea experience hanging on to the skirts of some bulky Spaniard in the Narrow Seas? At any rate it would account for the great number of his sea similes and straightforward use of sea terms. [There are two more fascinating pages on Shakespeare and the sea.]

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *Marginalia.* Bollingen Edition. Five? Volumes. Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 19-- .

Volume I:
p. 549n—says Coleridge would have learned that mercury freezes at -40˚F from Rees's *Cyclopedia*, or from accounts of Arctic travelers, esp. Franklin or Hearne.
p. 615—William Wales, mathematician and astronomer, was on Cook's 2nd voyage and then in 1775 became Master of the Royal Mathematical School at Christ's Hospital. Note asks whether Wales contributed to C's

account of the South Ice in Ancient Mariner. [Also note Wales's connection as maths teacher of Leigh Hunt at Christ's Hospital.]
Volume II:
p. 834, (Thomas Fuller)— notes ice as the element of the Eskimo in the Frozen Zone: "utter Snow-Land."
p. 985, re Hearne, Coleridge doubts Hearne's version of the irreligion of the Northern Indians: Hearne should have questioned the old men, and the women. [See also Lowes' *The Road to Xanadu*, p. 493, and his *Aids to Reflection*, p. 346-47.]
p. 1108, refers to Capt. Lyon's Private Journal (1821-23) for an account of an Eskimo Conjurer (p. 358-61; 365-67).
p. 1140, re Richard Hooker, 1862: Hence Errors become like Glaciers or Ice-bergs in the Frozen <Ocean> unthroned by Summers, and growing with the fresh deposits of each returning Winter.
Volume III:
p. 989n: how many thousands believe the existence of red snow on the testimony of Capt. Parry.—But who can expect more than *Hints* in a marginal note?—
Volume IV:
p. 303, Coleridge critical of Robert Robinson.
p. 491: evaporation after the Flood "would have sufficed to erect the two Girdles of Ice at a given distance from the Equator…."
Volume V:
p. 105, from Southey: Few things impress me so strongly with the Devil's reach of Craft, as the way in which by a due instillation of a few false principles he has managed now to frustrate, now to convert to his own interests…a Host of Missionaries, of the Romish Church, in India and S. America. With a Rump of Ice and a Front all fire he sends the glow of Hell into the Catholics with whom he shakes hands, & freezes the Protestants on whom he turns his back. S.T.C.

Colton, Walter. *Deck and Port; Or, Incidents of a Cruise in the United States Frigate Congress to California*. By Rev, Walter Colton, U.S.N. New York: A. S. Barnes, 1856.

p. 16, in Hampton Roads: Sunday, Oct. 26 [1845]. This being the sabbath, we had divine service. The crew were attentive: not the rustle of a hand or foot disturbed the stillness; the speaker's voice only broke the silence of the deck. The text was the injunction of the prophet, "Go up now, look towards the sea."
p. 19, Oct. 29: I have been occupied to-day in arranging in suitable cases the library of the crew—a library comprising between three and four hundred volumes. For many of the miscellaneous and religious books in this library I am indebted to the Presbyterian Board of Publication, to the Sunday School Union, to the American Tract Society, and to the liberality of Commodore Stockton. My acknowledgments are also due to the American Bible Society for a donation of Bibles adequate to the wants of the crew. No national ship ever left a port of the United States more amply provided with books suited to the habits and capacity of those onboard. This desideratum has been supplied, so far as the crew is concerned, with comparatively little aid from the department [Navy]. The government furnishes the sailor with grog to burn up his body, a Christian liberality with books to save his soul. The whisky ration is a curse to the service, and a damning blot on our national legislation.
p. 33: [Sunday, Nov. 9] I distributed tracts to-day to the crew—to all who came to me for them; and few remained behind. It would have encouraged the hearts of those who supply these sources of salutary instruction, to have witnessed the eagerness with which our sailors took them. In a few minutes there were three of four hundred men on the decks of our ship reading tracts; each catching some thought which lures from sin, and throws its clear and tender light on the narrow path which leads to heaven.
p. 79-80, interesting paragraph on meaning of the word nondescript.
p. 158-59, Feb. 9, during a strong gale: The gale still continues with unmitigated force. Our ship has a good character for steadiness, but last night she plunged and rolled like a leviathan in his death-throes….

In the mid-watch my library, secretary, mirror, and washstand fetched away. The books and looking-glass rushed together I my cot. I was half asleep, and thought for the moment our guns were tumbling below. [then, comparing his situation to the miserable men coming off

the watch]: What are my petty griefs compared with this? I got my light, and dividing my berth with my books, shivered mirror, manuscripts, inkstand, razors, chessmen, and broken flasks of casash [sic] turned in—abundantly satisfied with the romance of sea-life.
p. 381, July 10 [1846], heading east from Honolulu: We are now within nine hundred miles of our port. All are engaged, some in acquiring Spanish, some in writing letters home; while the crew, as they come off watch, occupy their time with books from the library. Sailors will read if you furnish them with books suited to their tastes and habits. Give them narratives, history, biography, and incidents of travel….But all this requires care in the selection; this duty properly devolves on the chaplain; it is for him to elevate and mould the morals sentiments of those around him. If he is not equal to this, he should not put his foot on the decks of a man-of-war

Compton, Nic. *Off the Deep End: A History of Madness at Sea.* New York: Bloomsbury, 2017.

Note from ABEBooks: Book. `This horrifying and engrossing book could scarcely be improved upon. A lightly-worn but gripping contribution to the field, well researched and full of anecdote and comparison. The Spectator `Marvellous, engrossing and horrifying. Off the Deep End is immensely informative and readable, and hugely provocative. The Big Issue Confined in a small space for months on end, subject to ship s discipline and living on limited food supplies, many sailors of old lost their minds - and no wonder. Many still do. The result in some instances was bloodthirsty mutinies, such as the whaleboat Sharon whose captain was butchered and fed to the ships pigs in a crazed attack in the Pacific. Or mob violence, such as the 147 survivors on the raft of the Medusa, who slaughtered each other in a two-week orgy of violence. So serious was the problem that the Royal Navy s own physician claimed sailors were seven times more likely to go mad than the rest of the population. Historic figures such as Christopher Columbus, George Vancouver, Fletcher Christian (leader of the munity of the Bounty) and Robert FitzRoy (founder of the Met Office) have all

had their sanity questioned. More recently, sailors in today s round-the-world races often experience disturbing hallucinations, including seeing elephants floating in the sea and strangers taking the helm, or suffer complete psychological breakdown, like Donald Crowhurst. Others become hypnotised by the sea and jump to their deaths. Off the Deep End looks at the sea s physical character, how it confuses our senses and makes rational thought difficult. It explores the long history of madness at sea and how that is echoed in many of today s yacht races. It looks at the often-marginal behaviour of sailors living both figuratively and literally outside society s usual rules. And it also looks at the sea's power to heal, as well as cause, madness.

Creighton, Margaret and **Lisa Norling**, editors. *Iron Men, Wooden Women***:** *Gender and Seafaring in the Atlantic Word, 1700-1920.* Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1996.

A fine collection of essays by some well-known scholars on relations of women to sailors, primarily but not exclusively in the American industry. The work focuses on the role of women in shipping, far beyond their role as figureheads of the "wooden" title. Much of their work was in pants roles, transvestites wearing men's clothing to assure their work. There is little I found about their reading as pirates, cabin boys, cooks, etc., but most of the essays are fascinating on the gender issues.

p. 128: Margaret Creighton. "Davy Jones Locker Room": The dissociation of forecastle sailors from women—actual and symbolic—raises the question of whether seamen simultaneously took sexual and romantic partners among their shipmates. If sailors found "family" aboard ship and claimed their self-sufficiency from shore in that regard, why might they not also find lovers or sweethearts? While it may be assumed that some did, evidence concerning sexual contact between men is frustratingly paltry. Most evidence in the literature reviewed here arises from sodomy "crimes" committed on an unwilling partner, which tells us little about mutual involvement. Moreover, some of these alleged acts involved other crimes, such as threats of poisoning and armed

violence, making it difficult to interpret the sexual element. We will probably never know the extent of same-sex relationships at sea, but further research may help us understand how they fit into shipboard culture.
p. 134, Creighton again: Owners and shipmasters were instrumental architects of the after cabin, but women were also responsible for its domestic dimensions. Evangelical reform was one of the few public activities open to middle-class women in the1800s, and sailors and their ships were a favorite target of women reformers and their minister compatriots. Such national agencies as the American Seamen's Friend Society, founded in 1825, or—more specific to whaling—the New Bedford Port Society, established in 1830, sponsored sailor "homes" in port. In these domiciles, wandering men could reacquaint themselves with domestic virtues such as neatness, temperance, and providence, and learn to save their money "to comfort the heart of some loved mother." These societies also tried to work through the shipmaster to try to reform sailors. They sent him aboard with testaments, religious tracts, and enlightening literature such as the *Sailor's Magazine*. In their newsletters and at their meetings, they congratulated what they claimed were the growing number of masters who shared their concern.

Dake, Charles Romyn. *A Strange* DISCOVERY. [How We Found Dirk Peters]. New York: H. Ingalls Kimball, 1899.

An 1899 novel intended as a sequel to Poe's *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* in which Poe's character Dirk Peters provides the ending to Poe's story. The action takes place far from the sea, in Bellevue, Illinois, but is laced with several accounts of reading experiences. The story itself is firmly within the hollow earth tradition.
p. 32-33, on the reading of another character in Dake's novel, Dr. Bainbridge: It appeared to me as we talked through the evening, that he had read about all that I had read, and much besides. He talked of English and French history with minute familiarity. Not only had he read English, French, and German literature, with such Spanish, Russian, and Italian works as had been translated into English; but he shamed me with

the thoroughness of his knowledge of Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, and others of our best writers of fiction. Goethe he particularly admired. Of Cervantes he thought with the rest of us: He had read "Don Quixote," for the first time, when he was eighteen, and during a severe illness accompanied with intense melancholia; and he had laughed himself out of bed, and out of his melancholy. "Don Quixote " was, he said, the only book which he had ever read in solitude — that is, read to himself — which had compelled him to laugh aloud. Works of science, particularly scientific works in the domain of physics, he delighted in. His imagination was of a most charming character.
p. 34-35, again with Bainbridge: By the time we had smoked out a cigar apiece, we were exchanging views and comments on such writers, English and American, as came to mind. One of the books that lay on my table was a copy of Byron; though most of the others were the works of American authors — Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Poe, and one or two others. He had picked up my Byron, and glancing at it had remarked that if all the poets were like Byron he would devote more time than he did to the reading of verse. I recall a remark that, with Byron's personality in mind, he made as he returned the book to the table. "Poor fellow ! "he said. "But what are we to expect of a man who had a volcano for a mother, and an iceberg for a wife? A woman's character is largely formed by the quality of men that enter into her life; a man's, even more so by the quality of women that enter into his. I wonder if Byron ever intimately knew a true woman? — a woman at once intellectually and morally normal, in a good wholesome way — a woman with a good brain and a warm heart? No man, in my opinion, is a really good man save through the influence of good women." [Other examples of reading are on p. 40 and 44 (Poe), 74 (Pym), 103ff (the unmade American author of "The Mistakes of the Gods, and Other Lectures."
p. 74-75, on the tradition of a warm and delightful Antarctic: Now, one day in New York, about three years ago, I allowed myself a holiday, as was my custom from time to time after a period of severe study. On the day I speak of I entered the Astor Library, and was permitted to wander at my pleasure among the books. I carried in my hand one of the small

camp stools which stood around the room, and whenever I found a book that particularly interested me, I would sit down and look it over. You understand, I was dissipating in this great treasure-house of books. About the middle of the afternoon I found myself in one of the most unfrequented of the library alcoves. There, on a shelf so high that I could just see over its edge as I stood on one of the library step-ladders, I found a strange little book, purporting to have been written in 1594. It had fallen down behind the other books. It had a leather back, well-worn; I saw that it was a 1728 Leipsic publication; and possibly came to the Astor Library by presentation from its wise and liberal founder's private library — though this is pure surmise. The book read much like other tales of the time, so far as its form went. I sat down to look at it — and I did not arise until I had read it to its end, some three hours later. I had not read two pages' before I became satisfied that the book had more truth than fiction in it. To have assumed it wholly the work of imagination, I should have had to admit that the author was an artist of artists, exceeding, through his artfulness, in naturalness, all other fiction-writers. No; there was truth behind the statements in the little book — truth at second or third hand, but truth.

Dana, Richard Henry. *The Seaman's Friend; Containing A Treatise on Practical Seamanship; A Dictionary of Sea Terms; Customs and Usages of the Merchant Service; Laws Relating to the Practical Duties of Master and Mariners.* Fifth Edition. Boston, MA: Thomas Groom, 1847.

A comprehensive manual of most aspects of seamanship at the height of sail, and near the beginning of steam. There are a few rudimentary references to books and reading, rather surprisingly few for a man of Dana's literary tastes.

p. 143: As to his duties as a watch-officer, it will be necessary to repeat the explanations partly given in the chapter upon the master's duties. The crew are divided equally into two watches, the larboard and starboard; the larboard commanded by the chief mate, and the starboard by the second mate. These watches divide the day between them, being on and off duty every other four hours. This is the theory of the time, but in

fact, in nearly all merchant vessels, all hands are kept on deck and at work throughout the afternoon, from one o'clock until sundown; and sometimes, if there is a great deal to be done, as immediately before making port, or after an accident, all hands may be kept throughout the day. This is, however, justly considered hard usage, if long continued, since it gives the men but little time for sleep, and none for reading, or taking care of their clothes. Although all hands may be on deck and at work during a day or a half day, yet the division of time is still kept up. p. 174: As to the time allowed for SLEEP; it may be said, generally, that a sailor's watch below is at his own disposal to do what he chooses in, except, of course, when all hands are called. The meal times, and time for washing, mending, reading, writing, &c., must all come out of the watch below… .

Debenham, Frank. *The Polar Regions.* London: E. Benn, 1930.

p. 32ff. Chapter III on Polar Travel is a brief history of polar exploration, citing Frobisher, Hudson, Barents, Spitsbergen Dutch whalers, Franklin, "Parry, McClintock, Kane, Greely, Nansen, Peary, and Koch, while the Antarctic has its own list including the names of Ross, Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen, Mawson, and Nordenskiöld" (p. 36).

Defoe, Daniel. *A General History of the Pyrates, from Their First Rise and Settlement in the Island of* Providence*, to the Present Time. With the Remarkable Actions and Adventures of the Two Female Pyrates Mary Read and Anne Bonny*…. Fourth edition. By Captain Charles Johnson [pseud.] London: T. Woodward, 1726.

Usually attributed to Daniel Defoe.
sig. A4: As to the Lives of our two female Pyrates, we must confess, they may appear a little extravagant, yet they are never the less true for seeming so, but as they were publickly try'd for their Pyracies, there are living Witnesses enough to justify what we have laid down concerning them; it is certain, we have produced some Particulars which were not

so publickly known, the Reason is, we were more inquisitive into the Circumstances of their past Lives, than other People, who had no other Deign, than that of gratifying their own private Curiosity: If there are some incidents and Turns in their Stories, which may give them a little the Air of a Novel, they are not invented or contrived: for that Purpose, it is a Kind of Reading this Author is but little acquainted with, but as he himself was exceedingly diverted with them, when they were related to him, he thought they might have the same Effect upon the Reader.
p. 63, among slave traders in the West Indies: One of these great Princes had formerly been a Waterman upon the Thames, where having committed a Murder, he fled to the West-Indies, and was of the Number of those who run away with the Sloops; the rest had been all foremast men; nor was there a Man amongst them, who could either read or write, and yet their Secretaries of State had no more Learning than themselves. This is all the Account we can give of these Kingdoms of Madagascar, some of whom it is probable are reigning to this Day.
p. 275, among imprisoned pirates facing death: They would yet in these Circumstances be impudently merry, saying, when they viewed their Nakedneſs, *That they had not left them a Half-penny, to give old* Charon, *to ferry them over* Stix: And at their thin Commons, they would observe, that they fell away so fast, that they should not have Weight left to hang them, *Sutton* used to be very prophane; he happening to be in the same Irons with another Prisoner, who was more serious than ordinary, and read and pray'd often, as became his Condition; this Man, *Sutton*, used to swear at, and ask him, *what he proposed by so much Noiſe and Devotion? Heaven*, says the other, *I hope*. *Heaven, you Fool*, says *Sutton*, *did you ever hear of any Pyrates going* thither? Give me H---ll, *it's a merrier Place: I'll give* Roberts *a Salute of* 13 *Guns at Entrance*. And when he found such ludicrous Expressions had no Effect on him, he made a formal Complaint, and requested that the Officer would either remove this Man, or take his Prayer-Book away, as a common Disturber.
p. 328: *Scudamore* too lately discerned the Folly and Wickedness of the Enterprize, that had chiefly brought him under Sentence of Death, from which, seeing there was no Hopes of escaping, he petitioned for two or three Days Reprieve, which was granted; and for that Time apply'd

himself incessantly to Prayer, and reading the Scriptures. He seemed to have a deep Sense of his Sins, of this in particular, and desired, at the Gallows, they would have Patience with him, to sing the first Part of the thirty first Psalm; which he did by himself throughout.

Dippel. John V. H. *To the Ends of the Earth: The Truth Behind the Glory of Polar Exploration.* Amherst, NY: Prometheus Books, 2018.

p. 17, re *Belgica* winter in 1897: They read and reread books on navigation and lighthouses, played whist, listened to records, told stale jokes—anything to break the monotony. They ached like teenagers for a glimpse of a woman. [Cook, *First Antarctic Night*, p. 250, 252]
p. 35: The ordinariness of the heroes did not diminish their popularity. If anything, this made them even more admirable. If Franklin had to resort to chewing his boots, this act revealed not his desperation but his plucky resourcefulness. In fact, the term "pluck" came to signify the most admired quality of the polar explorers—especially for those who were English. It compensated for their shortcomings and mistakes. "Pluck" was also a character trait that many readers could relate to—unlike great courage or stamina.
p. 36, on Franklin on his overland journey: The image of Franklin as a kindly and considerate commander who always put the welfare of his men first, who read Dante's descriptions of hell for consolation around a crackling campfire and who exemplified what Parry described as "Christian confidence in the Almighty of the superiority of moral and religious energy over mere brute strength of body," struck a resonating chord in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He was their kind of hero.
p. 36-37, Parry's diversions in winter quarters: Parry had stopping [sic] keeping his diary because the days were so monotonously uneventful that there was no point in describing them. He would spare his readers a retelling of this interminable boredom—although doing so also enable

him to avoid mentioning the complaints from is sailors about their inadequate winter clothing: Parry had neglected to bring along any fur-lined coats [sic].

…plays where sailors in drag had extolled the virtue of their patiently waiting wives. S had the gay observance of all possible holidays, including Valentine's Day, when poems disavowing erotic love were read aloud to howls of laughter. ("Cupid! Fond of unity / Our boreal community / Defies you with impunity / Your arrows and your bow"). So had classes in reading and writing, as well as regular scripture readings, designed to "improve the character of a seaman, by furnishing the highest motives for increased attention to every other duty."

p. 60: There can be no greater wear on a man's mind and patience than this life in the pack…. The absolute monotony; the unchanging round of hours; the awakening to the same things and the same conditions one saw just before losing one's self to sleep; the same faces; the same dogs; the same ice; the same conviction that to-morrow will be exactly the same as to-day, if not more disagreeable; the absolute impotence to do anything, to go anywhere, or to change one's situation an iota. [De Long's *Voyage of the Jeannette*, 383.]

p. 86-87: Early in the age of polar exploration, commanders had come to realize that the greatest threat to a party's well-being was having nothing to do for months at a time, particularly once the sun had dipped below the horizon, curtailing sledge excursions into the surrounding territory. Monotony and boredom sapped morale and made crews despondent. For military men, order and discipline were the keys to endurance: rituals like morning calisthenics on deck or wind springs around the ship preserved a patina of normalcy in an exceedingly abnormal existence, kept the men fit, busy and under control….

But an unvarying schedule only compounded the ennui and tedium of being stuck in the ice.

p. 123-26, on the social stratification of the British military as well as their perceived superiority over the savage natives: The British military was as class conscious as any other social institution, if not more so: the distinctions between officers and enlisted men or sailors paralleled those separating aristocratic "gentlemen" from lesser males. They were, in

effect, two categories of men—each with strictly defined standards for breeding, education, manners, cultivation, and social behavior, as well as character. On ships of the Royal Navy, this translated into two spheres of living. Officers and ordinary seaman had separate rooms, and enjoyed separate social activities…. Segregation was deemed essential for efficient functioning, but also for upholding the social hierarchy. However, under certain circumstances, sticking to such rules could seem ridiculous and detrimental to overall well-being…. In 1912, Scott's so-called Northern Party, consisting of three officers and three enlisted men, was forced to seek refuge for half a year inside a tiny snow cave, near a granite outcropping they whimsically; dubbed "Inexpressible Island." After they had finished digging it out, the officer in charge, Lieutenant Victor Campbell, drew a line with the sole of his boot to demarcate the sailor's underground quarters from those of the three officers (the "quarterdeck"). Although each section was within earshot of the other, the two groups agreed that what was said on one side of the line would not be "heard" on the other. But the sordid realities of their confinement made a farce out of such artificial partitioning. Said the party's surgeon, George Levick, "You cannot watch one of your naval officers vomiting, shitting on himself, and wetting his sleeping bag and hold him in quite the same awe and esteem."

p. 125: Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* was fittingly on many explorers' reading lists. Fridtjof Nansen made a nightly habit of reading from it as he was readying for a trek to the North Pole in 1895. A few years later, Edward Wilson would read aloud from Darwin's ground-breaking opus to Scott and Shackleton while they were stuck in their Antarctic tent, waiting for the weather to improve before they could move further toward the South Pole. During their subsequent 1912 expedition, both Wilson and Scott found that *Origin* made for good bedtime reading.

p. 219, re Scott's demeanor: Cherry remarked, that he had "never known anybody, man or woman, who could be so attractive when he chose" But more often he choose to be otherwise—shy remorse, introspective, and seemingly content in the evenings at Cape Evans to read novels by Galsworthy and Hardy or scribble in his journal. He was not the sort of

man who would cheerfully make the rounds, stopping by bunks with an impish grin on his face to ask how the other were doing. (He was certainly not an Ernest Shackleton, who inspired genuine love and devotion among his men….)
p. 227: As a medical doctor, Cook reasoned that tension was common on long voyages like theirs [*Belgica*]—one of those dirty little secrets that never left the ship or made it into print. Boredom bred a "monotonous discontent" since men were forced to stare at the same faces, listen to the same jokes, and put up with the same annoying personality quirks day after day without interruption. But being new to these conditions, Cook underestimated how much linguistic and cultural barriers could stoke this smoldering anger.
p. 238, re Scott's Northern party: Tensions between the easily annoyed career naval officer Victor Campbell ("a shy, steely Old Etonian in flight from a troubled marriage") and several other men had been bottled up but barely concealed. With only three well-worn books at their disposal—the New Testament, *David Copperfield*, and Boccaccio's *Decameron*—their only imaginative escape for this wintry prison was via their daydreams, or while they slept, when the visions always revolved around food, rescue—or disaster.
p. 245-46, on Scott's *Terra Nova* trip: Later as commander [Scott] of the *Terra Nova* party, he had stocked the ship's library with volumes by his good friend J. M. Barrie (author of *Peter Pan, or The Boy Who Would Never Grow Up*—the impish free spirit for whom Scott would name his son), Charles Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Rudyard Kipling, Edward Bulwer-Lytton, and Thomas Hardy (*Tess of the d'Urbervilles* was a particular favorite), preferring these fictional diversions to the musty dog-eared volumes on polar expeditions entrusted to him by his mentor and fellow Royal Navy officer, Clemens Markham. (Scott read Darwin, too, but one senses he was more dismayed than enlightened by the naturalist's depiction of the base impulses driving humankind.).
p. 253, on the growth of the nation's readership in the nineteenth century, including in polar accounts.

Duncan, Archibald. *The Mariner's Chronicle; Being a Collection of the Most Interesting Narratives of Shipwrecks, Fires, Famines….* Two volumes. Second edition. London: James Cundee, 1804.

p. iv, gives his purpose: To present, therefore, a series of the most remarkable calamities recorded in the History of Navigation ; to rouse the dormant sensations of sympathy and benevolence ; to warn by the errors of the unhappy sufferers on the one hand, and to encourage by their example on the other; to display the energies of which, even in the most forlorn situation, the mind of man is susceptible— such is the object of the following pages.

Eyre, Richard. *Utopia and Other Places.* London: Bloomsbury, 1993.

p. 14-22, Eyre's grandfather, Lt. Royds, was on first Scott expedition, and Eyre talks about the journals he owns (now recently published). Royds had a cructacian named after him, Royds is Formosa (p. 18), and read Cook (p. 14). His copy of the Discovery Library Catalogue is now at the Canterbury Museum in Christchurch, NZ.

Fausset, David. *Writing the New World: Imaginary Voyages….* Syracuse, NY: Syracuse University Press, 1993.

p. 3, the exotic literature of Europe: … most clearly manifested in fiction about the regions that remained unknown the longest….their works, too, would finally be overtaken by history and supplanted by scientific descriptions of the material and social worlds. [Fausset's examples are Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver, Poe, Lovecraft.]

Fleming, Fergus. *Ninety Degrees North: The Quest for the North Pole.* London: Granta Books, 2001.

This is a fairly standard account of high Arctic exploration, well-written and readable but offering little by way of new insights into the

phenomenon. Chiefly deals with British and American explorers, but includes Nansen, Andree and others.
p. 5, on Franklin's provisions for the expedition: Franklin departed with two of the Royal Navy's finest ice ships, whose screw propellers were powered by locomotive engines of trusted design. He had food for seven years, silver cutlery and 1,000 bound editions of *Punch*.
p. 62, Isaac Hayes on the very overloaded *United States*: 'The cabin is flooded at least a dozen times a day.' His precious library of Arctic reference works spent more time sloshing along the deck than they did on their shelves.
p. 70: His [Hayes] other ideas for entertainment fell equally short of the mark. A newspaper, The *Port Foulkes Weekly News*, came out on 10 November to great excitement, the men reporting on city news, weather bulletins, 'foreign intelligence' and society clips. To announce its publication one of the youngest officers, the eighteen-year-old George Knorr, gave a rousing speech before the entire ship's company. 'We must carry [the American boundary] to the very Pole itself!' he said. 'And there, sir, we will nail the Stars and Stripes, and our flag-staff will become the spindle of the world, and the Universal Yankee Nation will go swirling round it like a top.'

The thrill soon wore off and *The Port Foulkes Weekly News*, which had never contained any news, never became weekly either. Hayes had also planned a series of theatrical events but these did not materialize. The crew could not be bothered and neither could he. Without saying why, he declared it 'impossible.' They settled down to a monotony of tasks whose meaningless was aggravated by the twenty-four-hour Arctic night.
p. 93, claims that Congress bought 15,000 copies of Kane's *Arctic Explorations* for its library, presumably for its exchange program.
p. 96, voyage of Petermann and Koldewey on *Germania* with the *Hansa* in 1869: Reading and re-rereading all the Arctic literature aboard, they wondered what conditions would be like.
p. 103, Paul Hegemann, commander of the *Hansa* before it was wrecked: "Hegemann's books, which were all they had to go by, offered no solace. 'The experience of former Greenland captains, who had got

on the ice on the Greenland coast, told us that their vessels had gone to the bottom,' Hegemann recited, 'and the men had been sometimes lost, and sometimes saved in the boats, after frightful difficulties and dangers, by reaching an Esquimaux settlement on the south-west coast.' It had even happened to Germans. The *Wilhelmine* from Pexel had gone down in 1777: there it was, on page 37 of Lindemann's *Arctic Fishery* in black and white.

p. 105, drifting on ice floes after their separation from the Germania, and feeling profligate about supplies from the *Hansa*: Hegemann's mirror was thrown aside and its gilt frame fed to the stove. Their Arctic library was stuffed in after it.

p. 167, about the 1875-76 Nares expedition: Kane's, Hayes's and Hall's journals had all described the monotony of an Arctic winter—a monotony which had possibly been their undoing—and Nares was not going to let his men drift the same way. A skating rink was cleared, firework displays were held, boxing matches were staged and evening classes were arranged. A newspaper was organized by Pelham Aldrich and every week there were 'Thursday Pops', semi-educational entertainments which comprised songs, readings and tableaux.

p. 172, Moss on monotony: 'Nothing can exceed the monotony of sledge-travelling. Day after day the same routine is gone through, day after day the same endless ice is the only thing in sight.'

p. 219, with the *Jeannette* in difficulties and De Long and Danenhauer uneasy with each other: [De Long] kept the men on low rations because, from Weyprecht's Journal, "part of the library which Bennett had supplied him—he knew how long it might take to cover the shortest distance.

p. 225, after the *Jeannette* sank and the men had set out for the Lena Delta: Everything that could be abandoned was abandoned. But they could not persuade De Long to give up his maps and journals, which were preserved in a heavy, watertight chest. On this point he was adamant. His expedition might be ridiculed but he would not lower it to Franklin's standard; he would never have rescuers wandering Siberia in search of remains, relics and records and then quibbling over what he had or had not achieved. Everything was to be kept on paper, so that

future explorers could benefit and his wife could be proud of him. Lugging De Long's box of books, and a roll of maps that was five feet long, they pushed deeper into the Siberian tundra.
p. 229, when Boyd of De Long's lost party died: In his hands he held Iveson's psalm book, with its inscription: 'Presented by the California Evangelical Society for Foreigners'." Melville found his maps and journals nearby.
p. 233: cites William F. Warren's *Paradise Found* (1885) with his hollow earth where the Garden of Eden would be found.
p. 243, on Nansen's drift with the *Fram*: Nansen tried to organize a shipboard paper but it fizzled out after eight issues. The men were just not interested. They were happy to lie back and—apart from the odd fight—to enjoy the peace. After all, it wasn't often that they had the chance to be well-fed, well-lit (by electricity) and well-paidfor doing nothing. If they needed intellectual stimulus there was the *Fram*'s 600-volume library which contained works by all the latest Scandinavian writers, as well as Jules Verne's novel *Captain Hatteras*, in which a bold captain and his crew sailed, as they were doing, towards the mysteries of the Pole. Fleming gives no sources about the library or its contents..
p. 259, with Nansen on *Fram*: They did a number of mindless things. They read Nansen's navigation tables and almanac until they were sick of them—and then read them again for 'the sight of the printed letters gave one the feeling that there was, after all, a little bit of civilized man left'. [Fleming reference is to Nansen, *Farthest North*, II, p. 395.]
p. 302-03, gives an account of the sale of the Inuit meteorites to the Smithsonian, of Inuit who lived in the Museums' basement dying and the father's bones reassembled for display at the AMNH. Little of this matches my recollection of original arrangements with AMNH and should be checked.
p. 308, Peary at Fort Conger in 1898: on the walls of Fort Conger he inscribed a quotation from Seneca: '*Inveniam viam aut faciam'* —Find a way or make one'.
p. 419-23, an epilogue summarizing the post-polar fates of several explorers in depression and penury. Claims that Emma De Long was the

only one to escape that fate and remained optimistic until her death in 1940.

Freuchen, Peter. *I Sailed with Rasmussen* [Freuchen's Own Story of the Great Explorer].(New York: Messner, 1958.

Primarily a biographical work on Knud Rasmussen. Neat stories on p. 149-51 on making a rotten piece sound enticing to an unsuspecting visitor, and p. 172 about a small boy and a ferocious bear.

Harris, John. *Zebulon: Or, The Moral Claims of Seamen Stated and Enforced.* First American revised edition. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1837.

A polemical tract about the neglect of the moral condition of seamen in evangelical work. The proposed solutions include development of safe Christian sailor's homes in all major ports, banking and credit institutions so sailors will save rather than spend their money on drink and prostitutes, and provision of Bibles and literacy training for all.
p. 20-21: The page of a Smollet, himself a sailor, and drawing from the life, might furnish us with truths so startling and revolting, that the reader of the present day regards them as exaggerations. We might cite unquestionable testimony to prove that 'during the last war, when so many sailors were wanted for both the navy and the merchant service, every art was used to entrap them, and every species of demoralization encouraged to keep them in state of dependence.' We might advert to the way in which, for years, our ships of war were made receptacles for the polluting refuse of our jails, to the necessary deterioration of the character of the genuine sailor. We might fill page after page with quotations from 'Voyages, 'Tales,' and 'Narratives' of those times—a class of books which have lately formed the most popular reading of circulating libraries—exhibiting scenes of license and depravity, especially at anchor, at which the heart sickens….how justly our ships

deserved the appalling names they received, of *floating hells*, and *hells afloat.*
p. 26-27, a passage on development of Bible Societies and the American Seamens' Friend Society, but with efforts clearly inadequate to the need: Several hundreds of dollars have been expended yearly, in providing and distributing Bibles, Magazines, Temperance Almanacs, &C. The Society also publishes monthly, 3500 of their Sailors Magazine.
p. 27, the American Bethel Society founded for Bethel operations on inland waters.
p. 98, Harris here advocates development of trained sailors to conduct Bethel meetings aboard ships, thinking that owners and captains would find this in their interest. They would "seize every prudent opportunity for reading the Scriptures and religious books to such as the crew as were to disposed to listen; to read or offer up prayer, if allowed by the captain to do so; to superintend and circulate the books of the loan library."
p. 100: In the mean time, the writer would urge the importance of seeing that each sailor, on his departure from port, be in possession of a copy of the word of God. Let the last question put to him be, 'Have you a Bible?'

Hatfield, Philip J. *Lines in the Ice: Exploring the Roof of the World*. London: British Library, 2016.

[What follows here is a review I wrote for the journal *Historian*, included here not as related to reading by polar explorers, but relevant to current reading about them. As far as I know this review was never published, due to some confusion between the US and UK book review editors of *Historian*.]

At first glance this handsome coffee table book from the British Library seems to have taken a leaf from the publisher's former landlord, the British Museum and its *A History of the World in 100 Objects* (2010). That model was followed by the Library in its *History of the 20th*

Century in 100 Maps (2015), each map accompanied by a brief text and an illustration or two. That same formula is used by Hatfield to create a history of Arctic exploration in about 100 visual items: prints and drawings, books, objects, and primarily maps, produced by both European and indigenous peoples. The organization is in a straightforward three sections: Chapter 1: Blank Spaces? The Draw of the Arctic; Chapter 2: 'One Warm Line': Seeking an Arctic Passage; Chapter 3: The Arctic and the Modern World. Each section has about 35 objects with commentary. Occasionally Antarctica sneaks into the narrative, but the emphasis throughout is firmly on the North and especially the Northwest Passage which appears in all three sections. Above all, the maps give a continuous picture over time of the filling of blank spaces at the roof of the world.

The format of the three sections is virtually identical, with brief texts that include generalities of varying depth: informative, debatable, provocative, surprising, anodyne, or dubious. In this case the items are not numbered and might better be called concepts with illustrations ranging from a single map to a half dozen photographs. In the informative category pride of place belongs to the original inhabitants themselves and the book stresses the importance of the Inuit and other indigenous peoples not only in the history of the region but also the role of native oral memory and testimony in unravelling that history. In fact, the first item emphasizes that 15th-century European arrivals did not enter an empty land, however blank the maps. The final entry stresses the importance of Inuit testimony in the 2014 location of Sir John Franklin's *HMS Erebus* and the solution to one of the great mysteries of Arctic history. On the other hand, one of the more anemic observations on this subject suggests that the indigenous peoples have different cultures from its Western visitors: "The Arctic is full of indigenous cultures whose use of the high north deserves respect from non-polar societies…" (p. 247), an obvious observation though often neglected.

Both surprising and provocative is a beautifully carved wooden map of a jagged East Greenland coastline, "each notch and curve represents not only a 'bird's eye view' of the coast, but also gives a sense of it in three dimensions" (p. 20). Another surprise is Rockwell Kent's beautifully illustrated *Salamina* (1935), which Hatfield places under the heading "an antidote to modern life." More commonplace is an illustration from Gustave Doré's well-known 1877 edition of *The Ancient Mariner* (p. 89), not particularly appropriate for this Northern compendium. Among the more dubious assertions are a couple of apparent gaffes, one showing a 1680 Oxford "Map of the North Pole and the Parts Adjoining" clearly showing Greenland seamlessly joining North America beyond Baffin's Bay. Hatfield writes that "However, contrary to what the map suggests, North America is in fact connected to Greenland, which shows how much further the charting of this area had to go" (p. 59 and 62). This may be no more than a syntactical problem, but only half of the sentence can be true: Greenland is an island.

For a debatable example, a map of Greenland shows vignettes of whale hunting from *Purchas His Pilgrims* (1625). Hatfield generalizes that "…the strain on whaling communities was immense, leading to a symbiotic relationship between whalers and explorers, with the latter continually opening up new grounds for the former to exploit" (p. 31). One could argue the opposite, that the whalers tended to be the explorers, looking for new sealing and whaling opportunities and secretive about revealing their discoveries until those sources were depleted. That was certainly the case in Antarctica. Both views might be true.

Most of these descriptions will be helpful to anyone new to the field, and often stimulating for others more knowledgeable about the Arctic. Each of the images is interesting in one way or another, but it is difficult to find a compelling purpose for the book other than as an elaborate picture book pitching the cartographic and other holdings of the British Library (among the richest in the world) and a few other

British institutions. Its claim is “an attempt to illustrate this rich, interconnected history through its human legacies….” [With the focus on] “how non-Arctic societies, such as Britain, relate to this polar region, it lingers particularly on the work of explorers and their agency in shaping the Arctic region we know today, not to mention how this underpins our deeper understanding of the world at large” (p.11). But the format is too fragmentary to provide no more than a tasting menu compared to the full meal promised. Or to mix the metaphor even further, the book can best serve as a useful primer to all things Arctic. There is more than enough in all the entries to entice the readers into further explorations of their own.

Syracuse University DAVID H. STAM

Hempleman-Adams, David. *Toughing it Out: The Adventures of a Polar Explorer*. London: Orion Books, 1997.

Hicks, Stephen. Private e-mail from cruise ship *Spirit of Enderby,* February 3, 2018, sailing in Antarctic Ocean toward Campbell Islands.

Hicks, a lecturer for the cruise ship, reports the following titles in the ship’s library. Here is some information on the ship's library:

There are about 100 titles in all. Subjects range widely from common Antarctic history to New Zealand Sub-Antarctic Island history to books specializing in Antarctic sea birds, albatross, petrels, prions etc. and mammals - seals, sea lions, whales, orca, etc. Some passengers are into history while others are into birds - with cameras 2 feet long and firing like machine guns.
There is no fiction in the library except what has been left by passengers during their trips - unless one classifies Huntford as fiction.
The historical covers early expeditions (d'Urville, Edward Duyker), a couple of Byrd titles, lots of heroic age material.

Some titles include;
South by Amundsen
South by Shackleton
Shackleton by Fisher&Fisher
Most of Huntford's work
Biographies of Crean, Worseley
Home of the Blizzard, Mawson
Heart of the Antarctic, ShackletonH
Antarctica - Reader's Digest 1985
Worst Journey in the World, Cherry-Garrard
Endurance, Lansing
The Enderby Settlement, Conan Fraser (very good)
Plants & Vegetation of the NZ Southern Islands, Given
Antarctic Dictionary, Hince
ANARE, Law & Bechervaise
Antarctic Encyclopedia
Mountaineering in Antarctica,Gildea
Crossing of Antarctica, Lewis-Jones

Hoag, Elaine. "Arctic Explorers at Work and Play, 1824-1854: Six Rare broadsides recently acquired for the rare book Collection," *National Library of Canada Bulletin* 34 (Jan-Feb 2002) –7 pages from the web.

p. 3, Parry's *Hecla* while wintering in the Arctic in December 1824: It was Parry who had recognized that the Arctic expeditions of his predecessors had often been jeopardized, not by the dangers of the journey itself, but by the long inactive winter layover, with its monotonous diet, unvaried company, restricted physical activity, lack of light and warmth, and simple boredom. In response, Parry instituted a highly successful wintering regime that included shipboard theatricals, concerts and masquerades among its many elements. Broadside advertisements were a natural adjunct to these activities.
p. 4: The expedition led by Sir Edward Belcher, who was sent to the Arctic after the Austin expedition had failed to find Franklin, was carefully equipped with another means of boosting the morale of the

sledge parties. Before Belcher's ships left England, the Admiralty printed dozens of copies of *A Prayer to be Used on the Departure of the Sledges.* As each party prepared to set off on its journey, Captain Belcher would recite the prayer before the assembled company:

> The crews of the squadron having been collected under the Union [Jack] on the floe, were addressed to their several duties. The beautiful prayer composed by Rev. H. Lindsay, for the commencement of traveling, was read and a copy distributed to each person. After many (and some very warm) expressions, and pressures of the hand we parted…. [A copy was carried by each sledging party along with a small bible.]

p.5: Although over 200 copies of the *Prayer* were probably printed, many of these being cherished and preserved by their owners for years, it is extremely rare….

Hoag, Elaine. "Caxtons of the North: Mid Nineteenth-century Arctic Shipboard Printing," *Book History* 4 (2001) 81-114.

p. 109, footnote 39: The catalogue of the *Resolute* library appears in the first issue (June 1850) of the *Aurora Borealis*, one of the manuscript newspapers produced on that voyage. The issue is held in the Edward Newell Harrison papers, MS/75/061, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. The catalogue was not reproduced in *Arctic Miscellanies*, the publication that reprinted selections from the *Aurora Borealis* after the crew returned home to England. The catalogue of the library on Belcher's *Assistance* was actually printed on board ship: *A Catalogue of the Library Established on Board H.M.S.* Assistance*, Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C.B. Commanding the Arctic Squadron in Search of Sir John Franklin and His Companions: Printed and published on Board H.M.S.* Assistance*, Wellington Channel, Arctic Regions, H. Briantt, Printer, 1853*. (1853). A copy of this catalogue is held in the Royal Geographical Society Library bound with other pamphlets concerning

the Arctic donated by John Barrow Jr. and given the binder's title: *Arctic Pamphlets, 1852-54.*
p. 114, footnote 103: Moira Dunbar…. It is also possible that the press was thrown overboard by the whalers. The ship and its contents were naturally in very poor condition, and much was jettisoned before the *Resolute* reached the United States, including Captain Kellett's extensive library. *Correspondence Respecting HMS* Resolute, *and the Arctic Expedition.* London: Harrison, 1858.

Hoare, J. Douglas. *Arctic Exploration*. London: Methuen & Co., 1906.

p. 89: Very little that is worthy of note occurred during the first winter. The monotony of the excessively dull season was, however, relieved by the appearance of a party of Eskimos, who proved to be thoroughly friendly, except on one occasion when they nearly assassinated half the party because they imagined that they had caused the death of one of the members of their tribe by witchcraft.
p. 118, on Franklin in a letter from Commander Fitzjames to a Mrs. Coningham: "I like a man who is in earnest. Sir John Franklin read the church service to-day, and a sermon, so very beautifully that I defy any man not to feel the force of what he would convey. The first Sunday he read was a day or two before we sailed [May 17, 1845], when Lady Franklin, his daughter, and niece attended. Everyone was struck with his extreme earnestness of manner, evidently proceeding from real conviction. . . . We are very fond of Sir John Franklin, who improves very much as we come to know more of him. He is anything but nervous or fidgety; in fact, I should say remarkable for energetic decision in sudden emergencies, but I should think he might be easily persuaded where he has not already formed a strong opinion."
p. 177-78: M'Clintock and the *Fox*, and finding bodies and relics in an abandoned boat: In this boat lay two skeletons, one of them huddled up in the bows, and the other across the afterthwart. Beside them were five watches, two guns, and a number of books, for the most part devotional, but, search as they would, M'Clintock and his men could find no trace of a pocket-book or journal, nor even a scrap of clothing marked with a

name which might reveal the identity of the two victims. Pieces of plate and an extraordinary variety of miscellaneous articles, ranging from two rolls of sheet-lead to tacks, were scattered about in the boat, and these M'Clintock de scribes as "a mere accumulation of dead weight, of little use, and very likely to break down the strength of the sledge-crews. The only provisions we could find, "he continues, "were tea and chocolate. Of the former, very little remained, but there were nearly forty pounds of the latter. These articles alone could never support life in such a climate, and we found neither biscuit nor meat of any kind."
p. 210, on the travails of the *Tegethoff*: 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 showed any inclination to do. ... The *Tegetthoff* had heeled over on her side, and huge pillars of ice threatened to precipitate themselves upon her. But the pressure abated, and the ship righted herself ; and about one o'clock, when the danger was in some degree over, the crew went below to dine. But again a strain was felt through the vessel, everything which hung freely began to oscillate violently, and all hastened on deck, some with the unfinished dinner in their hands, others stuffing it into their pockets."
p. 250, on discovering De Long's body: October 22, Saturday—one hundred and thirty- second day. Too weak to carry bodies of Lee and Kaack out on the ice. The doctor, Collins, and I carried them round the corner, out of sight. Then my eye closed up."

"October 30, Sunday—one hundred and fortieth day. Boyd and Gortz died during the night. Mr Collins dying."

And here the brave commander's diary tragically ends. Some months later Melville, who had made his way to the coast in a less inhospitable region, and had organised a search-party as soon as he heard of De Long's plight, came upon the camp.

"Suddenly," he says, "I caught sight of three objects, and one of these was the hand and arm of a body raised out of the snow. ... I identified De Long at a glance by his coat. He lay on his right side, with his right hand under his cheek, his head pointing north, and his face

turned towards the west. His feet were drawn slightly up, as though he were sleeping; his left arm was raised with the elbow bent, and his hand, thus horizontally lifted, was bare. About four feet back of him, or towards the east, I found his small notebook, or ice-journal, where he had tossed it with his left hand, which looked as though it had never recovered from the act, but had frozen as I found it, upraised."
p. 287 on Adolf Nordenskiöld's Northeast Passage: Information concerning the nature of the regions over which he proposed to travel was, of course, difficult to obtain. However he read all the literature that existed upon the subject, and having equipped himself with the Nansen sledges and ponies which, he gathered, would be absolutely essential for success, he started off on his travels with a party consisting of Mr E. J. Garwood, his photographer, Dr Gregory, the geologist, Trevor Battye, the ornithologist, and, as artist, his nephew, H. E. Conway.
p. 307-08, Conclusion: So ends the story of Arctic exploration up to the present time. Those who have read these pages can not fail to have been impressed by the gallantry with which generations of brave men have willingly faced, in the cause of science, the terrible privations and sufferings only to be met with in the frozen North, or to have felt proud of the part which Great Britain has played in solving the secrets of the Polar regions. …

Much has been accomplished, but much still remains to be done. There is around the Pole a tract of over two million square miles which have never yet been visited by a human being, and there can be no doubt that if this tract can be made to give up its secrets the world of science will profit immensely. The Pole itself still remains to be conquered, and though it is difficult at present to see how that terribly arduous journey over the rough seas of palæocrystic ice is to be accomplished, science will doubtless find a way. Of this, at any rate, we may be sure; so long as the Pole retains a single secret, there will not be wanting brave men who will gladly go through any dangers, and suffer any privations, if they can but wrest it from its prison of ice.

Hyde, Alexander. *The Frozen Zone and Its Explorers: A Comprehensive History of Voyages, Travels, Adventures, Disasters, and Discoveries in the Arctic Regions*…. Hartford, CT: Columbia Book CO., 1874.

p. 793-94, concerning the Dutch expedition at Nova Zembla in 1596, describes the Ice House of Berentz found in 1871, a house unvisited for 278 years until 1871, the house included: the books that had beguiled the weary hours of that long night, two hundred and seventy-eight years ago. The 'History of China' points to the goal which Barentz sought, while the 'Manual of Navigation' indicates the knowledge which guided his efforts. Stranger evidence never told a more deeply interesting story.

Irving, Washington. *The Sketch Book.* Leipzig: Bernard Tauchnitz, 1843. Authorized Edition. [First published serially in 1819-20.]

p. 12: This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes; with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification, for on no country had the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, her oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence ; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; — no,

never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

p. 23: One of the first places to which a stranger is taken in Liverpool is the Athenaeum. It is established on a liberal and judicious plan; it contains a good library, and spacious reading room, and is the great literary resort of the place. Go there at what hour you may, you are sure to find it filled with grave-looking personages, deeply absorbed in the study of newspapers.

p. 93-94, on reading experience in the British Museum reading-room in the early nineteenth century: I HAVE often wondered at the extreme fecundity of the press, and how it comes to pass that so many heads, on which nature seems to have inflicted the curse of barrenness, yet teem with voluminous productions. As a man travels on, however, in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel. Thus have I chanced, in my peregrinations about this great metropolis, to blunder upon a scene which unfolded to me some of the mysteries of the book-making craft, and at once put an end to my astonishment.

I was one summer's day loitering through the great saloons of the British Museum, with that listlessness with which one is apt to saunter about a museum in warm weather; sometimes lolling over the glass cases of minerals, sometimes studying the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian mummy, and sometimes trying, with nearly equal success, to comprehend the allegorical paintings on the lofty ceilings. Whilst I was gazing about in this idle way, my attention was attracted to a distant closed, but every now and then it would open, and some strange favoured being, generally clothed in black, would steal forth and glide through the rooms, without noticing any of the surrounding objects. There was an air of mystery about this that piqued my languid curiosity, and I determined to attempt the passage of that strait, and to explore the unknown regions that lay beyond. The door yielded to my hand, with all that facility with which the portals of enchanted castles

yield to the adventurous knight-errant. I found myself in a spacious chamber, surrounded with great cases of venerable books. Above the cases, and just under the cornice, were arranged a great number of quaint black-looking portraits of ancient authors. About the room were placed long tables, with stands for reading and writing, at which sat many pale, cadaverous personages, poring intently over dusty volumes, rummaging among mouldy manuscripts, and taking copious notes of their contents. The most hushed stillness reigned through this mysterious apartment, excepting that you might hear the racing of pens over sheets of paper, or occasionally the deep sigh of one of these sages, as he shifted his position to turn over the page of an old folio; doubtless arising from that hollowness and flatulency incident to learned research.

Now and then one of these personages would write something on a small slip of paper, and ring a bell, whereupon a familiar would appear, take the paper in profound silence, glide out of the room, and return shortly after loaded with ponderous tomes, upon which the other would fall tooth and nail with famished voracity. I had no longer a doubt that I had happened upon a body of magi, deeply engaged in the study of occult sciences. The scene reminded me of an old Arabian tale of a philosopher, who was shut up in an enchanted library, in the bosom of a mountain that opened only once a year; where he made the spirits of the place obey his commands, and bring him books of all kinds of dark knowledge, so that at the end of the year, when the magic portal once more swung open on its hinges, he issued forth so versed in forbidden lore, as to be able to soar above the heads of the multitude, and to control the powers of nature. My curiosity being now fully aroused, I whispered to one of the familiars, as he was about to leave the room, and begged an interpretation of the strange scene before me. A few words were sufficient for the purpose. I found that these mysterious personages, whom I had mistaken for magi, were principally authors, and were in the very act of manufacturing books. I was, in fact, in the reading-room of the great British Library–an immense collection of volumes of all ages and languages, many of which are now forgotten, and most of which are seldom read. To these sequestered pools of obsolete literature, therefore, do many modern authors repair, and draw

buckets full of classic lore, or “pure English, undefiled,” wherewith to swell their own scanty rills of thought. [etc.]
p. 252-53: Master Simon had now to hurry off, having an appointment at the parish church with the village choristers, who were to perform some music of his selection.

There was something extremely agreeable in the cheerful flow of animal spirits of the little man; and I confess I had been somewhat surprised at his apt quotations from authors who certainly were not in the range of every-day reading. I mentioned this last circumstance to Frank Bracebridge, who told me with a smile that Master Simon's whole stock of erudition was confined to some half-a-dozen old authors, which the Squire had put into his hands, and which he read over and over, whenever he had a studious fit; as he sometimes had on a rainy day, or a long winter evening. “Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry;” “Markham's Country Contentments;” “the Tretyse of Hunting, by Sir Thomas Cockayne, Knight;” “Izaak Walton's Angler," and two or three more such ancient worthies of the pen, were his standard authorities; and, like all men who know but a few books, he looked up to them with a kind of idolatry, and quoted them on all occasions.
p. 392, on reading Walton’s *Complete Angler*: For my part, I was always a bungler at all kinds of sport that required either patience or adroitness, and had not angled above half an hour, before I had completely “satisfied the sentiment,” and convinced myself of the truth of Izaak Walton's Opinion, that angling is something like poetry–a man must be born to it. I hooked myself instead of the fish; tangled my line in every tree; lost my bait; broke my rod; until I gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the day under the trees, reading old Izaak; satisfied that it was his fascinating vein of honest simplicity and rural feeling that had bewitched me, and not the passion for angling. My companions, however, were more persevering in their delusion. I have them at this moment before my eyes, stealing along the border of the brook, where it lay open to the day, or was merely fringed by shrubs and bushes. I see the bittern rising with hollow scream as they break in upon his rarely invaded haunt; the king-fisher watching them suspiciously from his dry tree that overhangs the deepblack mill pond, in the gorge of the hills; the

tortoise letting himself slip sideways from off the stone or log on which he is sunning himself; and the panic-struck frog plumping in headlong as they approach, and spreading an alarm throughout the watery world around.

Isaacs, Nicholas Peter. *Twenty Years before the Mast, Or Life in the Forecastle. … Contain an Account of His Escapes from Wild Beasts; from the Dangers of War; from British Press-Gangs; from Frequent Shipwrecks; Together with Several Remarkable Dreams… and His Conversion to God.* Written by Himself, and Revised by the Editor of "Thirty Years from Home." New York: J. P. Beckwith, 1845.

Memoir of a sailor born in Norway, removed to England after his father's death, and shipped as cabin boy at age ten. Sailed the world on sealers and New Bedford ships. He became one of many nineteenth-century sailors turned pious proselytizer in the name of the Holy Spirit and Providence. His rather elaborate dream sequences are redolent of John Bunyan, but apart from his dogged spiritual views there is little evidence of education or reading here. There are a few interesting passages:
p. 4: With such motives and objects, and with many prayers for the blessing of God on his effort, this little book, like a new bark, is launched forth upon the uncertain sea of public patronage. May it meet with fair winds, fine weather, and many pleasant ports.
p. 174-75, during a long dream a man said to him: "What domination do *I* belong to?" "That is not a fair question," I replied. "But," he rejoined, "you must tell me."

Upon this, I thought in my dream, that I looked him full in the face, and discovered that he had but one eye, which was very large, and in the middle of his forehead. As I gazed upon him, his thoughts became visible to me through his eye, and I thought I could read this sentiment, traced in letters on his brain: "I believe that God has fore-ordained whatsoever cometh to pass, and that he has predestinated some to be lost." So I replied to him, "You are a Presbyterian."

He made no reply, and I went on to say, "Now you must tell me what I am?"

"You are a Methodist," was his answer.

"Yes," said I, "I am, and I thank God for it."

p. 91-92: I remained some time at Mystic, before starting on another voyage. There is nothing usually in the life of a sailor ashore, of any interest to a reader of books; but I cannot forbear mentioning one fact of this sojourn, because of the pleasure which its remembrance has always afforded me. [Isaacs goes on to tell a rather tedious story of saving an old sailor from drowning.]

James, Thomas. *The Strange and Dangerovs Voyage of Captaine Thomas Iames, in His Intended Discovery of the Northwest Passage into the South Sea….* (London, Legatt, 1633). [Reprint in Hakluyt Society edition of the *Voyages of Luke Foxe and Thomas James*. Two volumes. (London: Hakluyt Society, 1894). The James account is in Vol. II, p. 451-611.]

p. 606, in a list of instruments provided for his voyage are a number of books: A *Chest* full of the best and choicest *Mathematicall bookes* that could be got for money in *England*; as likewise Master *Hackluite* and Master *Purchase*, and other books of *Journals* and *Histories.*

Jakups, Deborah. Personal Letter to David Stam, January 15, 2018.

Jakups is the Librarian of Duke University, a specialist in Latin American affairs, and an old friend. In early 2018 she served as a consultant at the Falkland Islands, when we had the following email exchange, about the book culture of the islands:

Dear David,
Good to hear from you! I will try to answer your questions though I might have to supply only partial answers.

In the week we were there, I did not see a bookstore in Port Stanley. They sell books in the big grocery store (I'm blanking on the name now) but they tend to be children's books, pulp romance-type books, or popular fiction (not much of a selection). I didn't study it too closely. They also sell books in the souvenir shops (of which there are a few) and those are FI history, LOTS on the 1982 war, LOTS on penguins and other fauna and also flora of the Islands.

The only Library I could find is in the Rec Center/high school (I know, that's odd!) - a combination community center (squash courts! and swimming pool, etc.) in which memberships are available attached to the high school - which only goes for two years (education runs from pre-school through age 16, roughly our sophomore year) after which kids either go into a trade or off to England to finish "college" and maybe (about 30%) on to University. Unfortunately the Library was closed when I visited that building so I never did get to nose around and see what the collection was like. I regret that — time ran out on me.

The literacy rate seems quite high, though I don't know exactly (one source says 99%) but you have to keep in mind that there are different populations — those with "Status" or Permanent Residence Permits and those who come with work permits. There are many Chileans and individuals from St. Helena who tend to work in service. There are some Zimbabweans who first came as mine-clearers and stayed on. People are proud that there are "40 countries represented here," but with a total population of 3000 and a somewhat subjective process for achieving "Status" you have to wonder. Didn't see any poor people in the town. The GDP per capita is among the top 5 in the world thanks to the income they get from fishing (the 200-mile limit).

There are also the people in the "camp," way out on farms and ranches. If there are enough children there will be a teacher sent (e.g., Goose Green) but otherwise the kids at about age 9 go to Stanley and stay at Stanley House, and attend school.

I couldn't tell what people are reading but they are definitely online and social media. Facebook is very big as a way to communicate/connect. They order a lot of things online (3-4 month lead time for shipping!) so possibly they get books that way, or ebooks. I now

know some people, including in the government, so I am happy to follow up and ask if you've got specific questions.

As for the Antarctic Survey, there is a wonderful museum (Dockyard Museum) that includes an exhibit and the actual hut from which some work was carried out in Antarctica — I think I may have a photo I can send you. I don't know other than that if they are there but I bet so.

On Jan 15, 2018, at 11:58 AM, David H Stam <dhstam@maxwell.syr.edu> wrote:

Dear Deborah: Thanks to you too for keeping in touch—wonderful to hear of your thriving family.

I have a few questions for you about books and libraries in the Malvines. I confess to envying your visit there. In the Navy I sailed past them, 60 years ago next month, sailing between the Weddell Sea and Buenos Aires. Here are my questions:

Is there a bookstore in Port Stanley? A public library system for the islands? Is there a need to send books around the archipelago? What is the literacy rate in either language? Does the BAS (British Antarctic Survey) maintain any presence there? They started out as FIDS, the Falkland Islands Dependency Survey, I think between the wars.
Did you get any sense of what people are reading?
PS, same date: My sense of the Falklands is that people are practical and not particularly "intellectual," though many of our interviewees were plenty smart. They have no universities, and high school only until 16, and nearly all the teachers in the high school are on contract from the UK – so there is not a lot of "life of the mind," I'd say. Quite a different place and I am glad I had the chance to go.

Johnson, Alex. *A Book of Book Lists.* London: British Library, 2017.

p. 63-66, Scott's Discovery Library, 1901. A listing of the major polar titles from the Catalogue of the *Discovery*, from Scott's first expedition,

together with brief commentary, plus a list of books present on his cabin shelves aboard *Endurance* (1914-17).
p. 71-73, "Nerd: the United States Navy's E-Reader," a reader of 300 titles especially designed for submariners: Commerciallly available e-readers are not suitable for the submarines of the United States Navy because of various security and technological issues. But sailors like to read and there is limited storage book books, so the solution is the Navy e-Reader Device—known rather unfortunately as the NeRD—produced in conjunction with audiobook technology specialists Findaway.

Each submarine has five NeRDs, produced at a cost of$3,000 each…. Every NeRD can hold around 300 books but has no internet capability, no camera and no removable storage.
p.75, "US Light House Establishment Library Box 141: Lighthouse keepers and their families in the 19th century needed something to combat the boredom of these isolated working and living conditions. These were sturdy wooden cases that contained up to sixty books and magazines on several shelves and were passed between lighthouses around the United States. [cf. ASFS]

Johnson, Robert E. *Sir John Richardson: Arctic Explorer, Natural Historian, Naval Surgeon.* London: Taylor & Francis, 1976,

p. 71, when chief surgeon at Royal Naval Hospital Haslar: Richardson "was charged with caring for the hospital's library and museum…. Between 1840 and 1850, he built up an important facility for research in natural history …and a first-rate library of natural history." Visitors included Darwin, Lyell, Gray, and Hooker.
p. 81: during land search for Franklin with John Rae in 1848-59 while wintering at Fort Confidence: "The winter passed pleasantly. Richardson wrote, 'In fact, we are provided with everything essential to comfort, including a good supply of teacups, plates and cooking utensils.' He had his books, mostly chosen by his wife. They were not many but he thought that was an advantage; he would read them with more care and deliberation. He had his Bible and Prayer-Book, and 'an excellent book by Bishop Wilson' which was a great help to him in his

devotions. By November he had got through one volume of Shakespeare's plays which his mother-in-law had given to him, and he said he felt their beauties more than he ever had time to do before….. He also studied the Scripture, and was fond of quoting poetry of which he had memorized a vast store, as John Rae noted."

Jones, Bassett. Biographical Notes. Feb. 6-1877 to Jan. 24, 1960. Garnered from his archives at AMNH, the Grolier Club, Columbia University Library, and the Explorers Club. The following notes are by David H. Stam, based on his Grolier Club lecture on Jones in 2007.

Bassett Jones was a consulting engineer who graduated from MIT in 1898, who formed a consulting partnership specializing in elevator and lighting design and installation. He was also a major collector of materials dealing with the polar regions and he and Vilhjalmur Stefansson prepared a major exhibition of their collections at the Grolier Club in 1931-32. He joined the Explorers Club in 1926 when it was on 47 W 76th St. At the time of the exhibition he was living at 1088 Park Avenue and was acting President of the Explorers Club. Not all of his Explorers Club activities were entirely congenial: in April 1933 the *NYTimes* reported that he was being sued for $50,000 by a former librarian of the Club for asserting that the librarian had sold copies of the Club publication, *As Told at the Explorers Clu*b (New York, 1931), for his personal profit. The *Times* makes no further reference to this slander suit.

He came out of retirement in the 1930s to direct installation of the Empire State elevators in 1930, only on condition that they "do it my way." At the same time he chaired a subcommittee of the Merchants Association which recommended the end of elevator speed regulations which had been limited to 700 feet per minute. In November 1931 he gave a talk at the AMNH on "Fishing Banks and Fishing." In 1933 he was involved in a Columbia University study of the relationship of US debt structure to the decline in production during the depression. In 1935 he was spokesman for a move to separate Nantucket from the state of Massachusetts, arguing that it could govern itself much more economically. He also planned lighting for the 1939 World's Fair, and

according to the *NYTimes*, was a real estate operator. He loathed New York and called it "this center of organized discomfort" and spent as much time as possible at his home on Nantucket. In the 1950s he had an apartment at 325 E. 70th, but was living at 200 E 66th St. at the time of his death.

In 1953 he wrote a letter to the *Times* recommending that the Post Office charge first-class rates for junk mail, saying they might even operate at a profit and reduce the amount of useless mailings. A lengthy obituary appeared in the *NYTimes* on January 25, 1960.

His polar collection, Libris Polaris, was purchased by Columbia, probably in 1944 or 1945. In the Columbia file is an 120-page typed and priced catalogue of his polar library, dated 1944. It includes lots of single periodicals such as the *National Geographic*, usually at $1.25, as well as many high spots. The *Aurora Australis*, now the single most expensive polar icon as the first and possibly only book printed in Antarctica, is listed at $12.50, in a copy signed by both Shackleton and George Marston. George Back's famous *Narrative…* is priced at $25. Copies of both those titles were on view in *Books on Ice*, the 2005 exhibition at the Grolier Club curated by David and Deirdre Stam.

An August 1, 1932, letter to Eric Morrell at Duke University from an anonymous correspondent, says that Jones expected to publish a bibliography of his polar books in association with the Grolier Club. The author claimed to have the largest private collection of polar books and one can only speculate on who that might be. Stefansson is the obvious candidate since he already had sizable holdings.

Bassett Jones was involved in two polar exhibitions, a large one at the Grolier Club in early 1932 and a smaller one at the Architectural League in January 1941. Exhibit labels for both shows are included in the Bassett Jones archives, about 150 for the Grolier show and about 30 for the much smaller Architectural League exhibit. Those from the Grolier Club include a miniature Club logo on the lower left corner. Notably absent from these cards, in both cases, were any citations to the books being exhibited, so that they provide a potential polar parlour game for any enthusiast. It's easy to guess, for instance, that his presentation copy of a book about the *Belgica* given to Herbert

Bridgman, with holograph notes by all the crew was Dr. Frederick Cook's *Through the First Antarctic Night* (1909). Harder to intuit without a good deal of research, if then, is "A rare item, but of doubtful accuracy. BALCH".

Apparently Jones also displayed in the show whole groups of books without displaying title pages or contents. The labels suggest as much: "There is a large number of these small popularized general narratives, many of them full of errors, most of them worth little, but some of them scarce and a few rare." Another label reads "Materials on Norwegian Whaling 1930-31," just prior to the exhibit, while a third says "There is a large number of items bearing on Nansen and his work." The promises of Adolphus W. Greely, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Marie Byrd Stafford, Emma de Long and others to provide large numbers of books and objects to the exhibit implies larger numbers of objects than the Club would consider in its present exhibition space. My own speculation is that the 1932 exhibit included both some rare items under glass but also bookcases filled with books which members were able to examine, though pictures of the exhibition hall at that time show no bookcases.

Some interesting realia were also on exhibit, including a painting by Albert Operti of Peary's North Pole vessel, the *SS Roosevelt*, anchored at Cape Sheridan with full colors flying. Marie Peary let Jones know that the signal flags had been displayed in honor of her birthday in Greenland a few years earlier. Her mother, Josephine Diebietch Peary made a special trip from New Jersey to get from her lockbox in Washington Peary's chronometer for the exhibit. She also lent the sledge flag which Peary had taken to the Pole. Safety matches and a couple of small rocks from Amundsen's South Pole trip were recovered by Admiral Byrd and are now in the Libris Polaris collection. (Both are described in Laurence Gould's *Cold: the Record of an Antarctic Sledge Journey*. New York, 1931, p. 218-222.) There were also the American and Explorers Club flags carried by Commander Richard Byrd and Sir Hubert Wilkins over the South Pole. (?—check that claim)

The makeshift labels for the Grolier show suggest that the exhibit was organized geographically with some general display labels such as

General—Historical; Voyages; North Pole Attempts; The Franklin Search; Antarctica. And then there are specific places like Hudson Bay; Baffin Bay; Bering Straits; Spitsbergen; Ross Sea; Weddell Sea.

Unlike *Books on Ice* in 2005, Jones and Stefansson included a good number of manuscripts, including Stefansson's own manuscript diaries from 1906-1910, the famous logs of George de Long on the famous and tragic *Voyage of the Jeannette*, loaned by his widow Emma, original field notes and sketches of Robert E. Peary's North Pole trek, and the log of the Graf Zeppelin on her last flight over the Arctic(1931).

Jones, Bassett. Libris Polaris. Columbia University Library Collection. Notes.

Collection of Bassett Jones at Columbia University Library. [MS Coll\Libris Polaris]. Bassett Jones was a collector and member of both Explorers and Grolier Clubs. He and Stefansson did a major exhibit of polar exploration literature in English at the Grolier Club in January 1932. In that year Jones was also Acting President of the Eplorers Club. He then lived at 1088 Park Avenue. Bartlett in the *National Geographic* says: "We stopped for a couple of days at Nantucket, and there, through the generosity of Bassett Jones, electrical engineer in charge of the lighting at the New York World's Fair, we acquired an otter trawl, which later enabled us to bring back a wealth of specimens from the floor of the ocean."

Box 1 is primarily a miscellaneous alphabetical file of correspondence arranged by sender or occasionally recipient, including a good number of significant explorers. The following list is in order of the folders:

Roald Amundsen, gives a critique of Stefansson and the idea of a friendly Arctic.

Antarctic Radio News. Sunday Supplement, June 16, 1929. From Little America, with a dinner menu. Is this a periodical we should list?

Arctic exploration: miscellaneous photos, mainly of Snow Hill, but including one of Mrs Peary, Marie and Bartlett.

Bob Bartlett—letters to Jones, in a number of folders. One is a telegram to Jones, 2/6/32, right at the time of the Grolier expedition: LONG MAY

YOUR BIG JIB DRAW AND YOUR HEAD SAILS NEVER CATCH ABACK

Another Bartlett file is titled "Greenland Expedition of 1937. New York." It contains an offprint by him of "Greenland Expeditions of 1937" from *Explorations and Field-Work of the Smithsonian Institution in 1937*, p. 51-56, which includes a picture of Harvard student Robert Graff [eventually the President of the Grolier Club] and Howard McCall talking to the Eskimo girls of Cape York, Greenland. It's a presentation copy "For Governor Bassett Jones of Nantucket. Best wishes Sincerely Bob Bartlett."

11/21/42, in letter to Jones, Bartlett recommends he read the Book of Ecclesiastes.

Beaufort, Sir Francis. Letter to the Admiralty on ways to rescue Franklin, 11/24/1849

Franklin, Sir John. To William MacDonald 3/29/1882, inviting MacDonald to join the 2d overland expedition and asking him to get from Inverness to Stromness to join Franklin without bothering to go to London. He would be crew carrying out normal tasks for the boats and canoes: It may perhaps be satisfactory for you to know that all the Englishmen whom I propose taking will be sturdy quiet persons and of exemplary character—and with such men feeling as they will the honor and credit of their country equally concerned with their own character in the success of the Enterprise we may hope under the blessings of Providence for every exertion or success.

Gould, Laurence. Letter of 1/27/1935, possibly to Jones, alludes to an epic poem by Barney A. Heimbinder called "White Conquest," inspired by first Byrd expedition (New York: privately printed, 1934). Gould folders include a photo of Stef, Bartlett, and Gould. (Another folder under heading Group has enlargement of that photo.)

Greely to Jones 11/20/31, offering help on the Jones/Stef exhibition at the Grolier Club: Certainly will help all I can in the exhibit of Polar Literature…. Once I had over two thousand polar titles but they were scattered after my wife died. Much is in the N G Library. Probably I can send you two or three hundred titles with some photos.

MacMillan, Donald to Bassett Jones 11/4/32 has photo of McClintock's *Fox* wrecked and on its side on a beach in Disko Harbor. Another letter of 3/4/43 talks about the Bassett Jones library going to Bowdoin rather than to Columbia (as it happened). MacMillan file has another letter to Jones, 3/4/43, pleased that Jones was considering giving his library to Bowdoin, which combined with his would make Bowdoin library "one of the best, if not the best, Arctic library in the country."
Markham, Clemens. Letter of 2/28/1883 to unknown recipient arguing the success of Nares. An interesting letter on lime juice as well.
Mawson, Douglas, to Jones 5/16/32 responding to a Jones letter praising *The Home of the Blizzard*: May I be permitted to express my appreciation of the splendid achievements in the Polar zones of many of your American explorers. Peary's work in the Arctic has my fullest approbation. Wilkes in the Antarctic strained endurance to the full and set a very high standard of endeavour. Byrd…, has proved himself of the very highest order as an explorer….
Marie Stafford to Jones, 1/23/32 saying her mother Josephine: … took the midnight to Washington [from Nutley, NJ] & is going to her lockbox this morning in order to get for you the chronometers which Dad carried to the Pole with him and also his record and a piece of the flag, which Lange Roch (?) recovered at Cape Brevoort and brought back to mother. Another letter from Marie Stafford 2/5/32 to Jones, who had invited Marie Peary Stafford "to come to the Grolier Club exhibit. Unfortunately, however, I can't afford to come down now [from Cambridge] and later also and I must be in New York the week of the 29th." She also asked Jones to get Mrs [Emma] de Long to autograph her copy of "The Voyage of the Jeannette" for her and her boys "for whom I am trying to assemble the Arctic library."

Another typed document in the Stafford file outlines her plan for a Peary monument at Cape York: That this is a hard time to raise money for anything, goes without saying. Those who do not feel the depression personally, are caring for others less fortunate. [Bartlett was to use the *Morrissey* for this expedition but used native stone and native labor to erect it.]

Stefansson to B. Jones 2/4/32 when they were working on the Grolier exhibit and when Stefansson was trying to sell Jones books he lacked for the exhibit, noting that the "books themselves are now side by side with yours at the Grolier Club." It was the Depression and at one point in a 2/15/32 letter, Stef says: If the depression is really hard with you, we could make a real hard time deal—a little down now and the rest when convenient. [In the Stef folders is also a clipping from *NY Sun* of 12/28/38 in which Hobbs attacks Weddell's penetration of the Weddell Sea as a hoax.]

Wilkins, Herbert. folder has comic strip from *NY Herald Tribune* 11/22/1936 about an air crash in the Arctic but mainly advertising the smoking of Camel cigarettes.

Box 2 consists of one container with miscellaneous materials including a box of matches left in Antarctica by Amundsen and found by Gould, a small rock found by Amundsen (see Gould's *Cold*, p. 218-22), exhibit labels for the Grolier Club with descriptive notes but no citations—seemed to be a couple hundred of them, and finally other exhibit cards for a smaller exhibit of Bassett Jones exhibit at the Architectural League during June 1941.

Box 4, first folder. Lithograph work that must be very rare: Voyages that have been attempted to discover a Northern Passage to the Pacific Ocean. Compiled by J. Wyld and Printed from Stone in the Quarter Master General's Office Horse Guards 1818. [Consists of 4 unnumbered leaves listing expeditions from Cabot in 1497 to an announcement of the 1818 expedition of Ross & Buchan.

The same miscellaneous folder also contains a flyer for the Explorers Club jubilee program on April 3, 1934, at 8.30 pm with 8 speakers including Stefansson, Fiala, Bartlett, MacMillan, and Henson, with Henson last speaking on "The Actual Attainment of the North Pole."

Jones, Bassett, continued. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY. In addition, the RB&M Library at Columbia holds an acquisition file related to the purchase of *Libris Polaris* in 1944-45.

July 10, 1935, Letter from Nantucket to Walter [Grainger] describing his house in Nantucket, Nashayte.
p. 2: This is a 'ranch' on the water, without formality of any kind—a place to live in old cloths. Six miles from any semblance of so called 'civilization'—150 acres fenced 'gainst summer visitors'. So long as I live there will be one place where the good old fashioned hardy primitiveness holds—a place for books and conversation, not 'bridge'; for hard physical work, not golf. Yours, Bassett Jones.
1936 Letter is from 175 Riverside Drive
1944 File includes priced catalog, the 3rd such copy, with title-page saying it was (Copied from the Card Catalogue). It had been searched against Columbia catalogues and noted call numbers of duplicates. Representative titles:

Abruzzi. Polar Star. 2 vols. London $20

Offprints at .50

Single journal issues at $1.25

AGS. Problems of Polar Research $7.50

Amundsen. My Life as an Explorer, 1927. With Stef letter $20

Amundsen. The South Pole. London 1913. With RA ltr to Mikkelson.

Aurora Australis. Antarctica. 1907. With signatures of Shackleton and Marston. $20.

Back, George. Narrative of the Arctic. Large Paper copy $25

Back, George. Narrative… in HMS Terror. London, 1838 $16. With Sherard Osborn Bookplate, and another copy

Barrington, Daines. Miscellanies. 1781. $35

Barrington, Daines. Probability of reaching the North Pole discussed. 1775. Signed $50

Blue Books. Bound volume by John Ross. 1824-1850-52. Bad condition Not Kept. Annotated and indexed by Sir John Ross (includes six Blue Books)

British Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1913. 13 volumes [Scientific reports] $40

Cook, Dr. Frederick. Through the first Antarctic Night. 1900. Presented by Cook to Herbert Bridgman. With notes from all *Belgica*

officers incl. Gerlache, Amundsen, Artowski, G. le Comte, and Rocavatski. $10.

Cook, Captain James. Voyages. 3 vols. in 6, all first eds. $175

Flaherty. My Eskimo Friends. 1924 $4

Hakluyt. Principle Navigations. 3 vols. 1599 $350.

Henson. Negro Explorer at the North Pole. 1912. $1.50

Love life of Dr. Kane. Missing

Parry's Works, 1821-28. 5 vols. with 3 ALS $75

Peary. The North Pole. With Peary letter. $45

Purchas, Samuel Travels. 5 vols. 1625-6 Sign by John Narborough. $500

Richardson. Fauna Boreali-Americana. 4vols. 1825-37. $120

Shackleton. Heart of Antarctica. 2 vols. Large paper uncut. 1909. $45

South Polar Times, 1907-14. 3 vols. $30

Wilkins, Hubert. Under the North Pole. Special large ed, carried aboard the *Nautilus*. 1931. With Wilkins letters and the flag carried on *Nautilus*. $600

There is in the file an extensive list of books not received [by Duttons], as well as a list of "Books Not on List" but found in the collection. As far as I can see the appraisal was done by Duttons (Park & 48th) where the collection had been sent and who asked Jones to take the books back on 3/18/44. On 6/28/45 Stephen McCarthy, Assistant Director at Columbia, wrote Duttons re a final transaction; says that the titles missing and the titles not listed but provided pretty much evened out with one exception: The exception is Dionyse, Settle, *A true reporte of the laste voyage… 1577*, which was recorded in the original catalog at $20. If you are ready to reimburse us for this title [apparently not found] on the fifty-five percent basis, or $11, we should feel that this whole transaction had been satisfactorily concluded.

OCLC lists only two copies of this Settle, but this one got away. The file also contains a 10-page list of duplicate titles from the collection which Columbia was trying to sell. At one point the Library of Congress asked if they could have the whole list, except for any post 1870 American titles, to balance their Gift and Exchange account with

Columbia which owed LC about $700. That was rejected by Maurice Tauber and negotiations continued with Minnesota, Univ. of Washington, and Catholic Univ.
1953 Letter to EC from 325 E. 79th.
1956 Letter, March 16, describing gifts to be added to *Libris Polaris*, which he thought remained a separate collection, listing 5 titles, 3 on John Rae.
1958 He subscribed to the *Polar Record* for a number of years in advance, to continue the run of 27 numbers bought with the collection, and he needed to be assured that it was completing his set.
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY LIBRARY. Museum Archives File
#1158: Aug. 27, 1925, address on letterhead 612 W. 112th St. Renewal of his AMNH membership and a new one for his wife Emily. Sent from Sunset Maine.
#1290.4, July 18,1929, from 101 Park Ave. To George H. Sherwood [Director, AMNH]. Planning a trip to Greenland east coast with Bob Bartlett for "next summer" and asks for a good book or articles on Arctic flora. Museum sent him a short bibliography.
#1276.1. Copies from EC file. On Feb. 28, 1931 Bassett Jones was Vice President of the EC and chair of the Exec Committee. It was then at 544 Cathedral Parkway. He presided over EC that year.

Jan 12, 1931. Secretary's report: …the Club is in debt for $1774.30 borrowed from the Library Fund. P. 4 notes the approval of permission for the Library Committee to sell, if possible, 10 sets of the Scoresby Log Books [published by the EC] for not less than $1000, proceeds to go to General Fund.
#1237. Dec. 6, 1932, Director George Sherwood to Bassett Jones, just retired to Nantucket. Concerned an unpaid bill for coloring lantern slides for a Museum lecture Jones had given.

EXPLORERS CLUB Membership file (copies at Columbia)
Obituary Jan. 28, 1960: p. 1: He designed the first theatre floodlights in 1912 for Maude Adams and directed the lighting for her enchanting impersonation of Peter Pan. [In 1923 he was President of General

Seafoods Corp. of Gloucester, which was integrated into General Foods in 1926. He had a great interest in ichthyology.]

GROLIER CLUB EXHIBITION FILES. Polar exhibit 1932.
Loan items:

Lincoln Ellsworth Congressional Medal, lent by Dr. G. F.Kunz. Returned by George L. McKay, Curator

Stefansson Diaries. May 1906 to April 1911, with gaps. Vol. III contained his physical measurements of Eskimos, "red leather, red mottled boards, back broken."

McKinlay's typed diary of 1913-18 Expedition (Karluk)

Log of Frederick F. Hoadly's Greely Relief Expedition (from Stefansson)

Five pictures lent by Laurence Gould. A letter from Jones states only 4.

A rifle presented to Stef.

Operti paintings lent by the EC

Feb. 4, 1932. Bassett Jones was living at 173 Riverside Drive during the exhibit. On February 4 at 3 pm Jones gave a tour of the exhibition followed by a "tea" party. The distinguished group of guests included Mrs. Peary, her nephew, Emil Diedrich, Mrs. Emma de Long, Jones's mother and his wife, Stefansson, Captain Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence [sic] Gould, Edward Brock, and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Strong. The most obvious exclusion, who could easily have come, was Matthew Henson.

February 18, 1932, there were misunderstandings between the Club and Jones over the removal of the exhibit books from the Club to Jones's Riverside drive (hired movers had ignored Jones's ordering of the boxes and they were all mixed up). And also over the prospect of a catalogue. Letter from Coykendall to H. T. Peters on that date: I guess there is nothing to do but let the matter drop because we cannot issue a Bibliography of Polar Books and expect to sell it in the Club. The only hope for Jones would have been an inexpensive Check List which might have been given away at the Exhibition. But the quantity of material which he brought here makes even this impossible.

March 1, 1932, Letter from Frederick Coykendall, Secretary of the Club to Henry C. Smith concerning Jones's plans for a catalogue of the exhibit: If I recollect rightly, the night of the exhibition I talked with Jones upstairs and he then repeated his idea that he intended to have a catalogue made for his own purposes and you will recall that in his talk at the meeting he said the catalogue would come out, whether the Grolier Club cared to do it or not. I suppose these misunderstandings must happen with people who are not accustomed to exhibitions. I can only express my regret that Bassett Jones gathered a wrong impression from what I said to him, but it would seem to me that his own judgement would have suggested that a catalogue of upwards of 1200 items would be so expensive that the Club could hardly undertake to give it away at an exhibition and of course as a Club publication it could never be sold. I suppose the best thing to do is to let the matter drop, because no discussion will ever clear it, but I wanted you to understand just what happened.
March 1, 1932. Ltr from Stefansson to H. T. Peters, Chair of the Committee on Arrangements, saying it had been a privilege to introduce the Club to the literature of polar exploration.

Jones, Tristan. *Ice*. Kansas City, KS: Sheed Andrews and McMeel, 1978.

Narrative of the author's attempt to sail singlehandedly as close as possible to the North Pole.
p. 36, his admiration for Nansen, as writer and explorer.
p. 48, in his cabin: There were pictures of Shackleton, Nansen, and Scott, all cut out of old 'London Illustrated News' magazines, and one of the queen at the forward end of the cabin.
p. 48-49: I scoured the secondhand bookshops of London for reading material. Some of the bargains I found were a complete works of Shakespeare, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, a full set of Mark Twain's works, Marx's *Das Kapital*, plus definitive editions of Kipling, Byron, Wordsworth, and Keats, together with the works of W. B. Yeats and Wild. I also managed to scrounge several of Joseph

Conrad's books—*The Nigger of the Narcissus, The Heart of Darkness, Lord Jim*—and many of the Maigret books by Simenon, which I think much of. I also secured a copy of one of the greatest sailing fiction books ever written, *The Riddle of the Sands* by Erskine Childers, who was later shot as a traitor by the Irish Free State troops during the Irish troubles.

I found later in the voyage that I had a treasure indeed onboard in the books by Alain Gerbault *In Search of the Sun* and *The Voyage of the Firecrest*. I also had Cervantes's *Don Quixote* and several scruffy volumes by Balzac and Dumas.

These, together with my *Reed's Nautical Almanac*, the *Admiralty Pilot for the Arctic Ocean East of Greenland*; and Charles Darwin's *Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle*, were to be my appreciated companions during many long, dark nights to come.

So much for the modern works. Even more important than all these, with the exception, of course, of the navigational volumes, were the English translations of *De mensure orbis terrae* by the Irish monk Dicuil, written around A.D. 825, and the Venerable Bede's accounts of Celtic settlement in Iceland up to the century before the Norsemen arrived there, *De Ratione Temporum*. I had notes on the account of the voyage made by the Greek geographer Pytheas of Massalia from Britain to Iceland (or Thule, as he called it) in 330 B.C. There was also a collection of translations of the works of Strabo and Pliny, written around the birth of Christ, which gave accounts of sailing directions from Britain to Thule. There were also scraps of written Celtic lore of the voyages of Saint Brendan to the islands of the North, and translations of the great Icelandic sagas. Snorri Sturluson's *Prose Edda* and a history of Iceland entitled *Islendingabók* by Ari the Learned; also the *Sturlunga saga* and the *Fornaldarsögur*, the Sagas of the Old Times, Icelandic translations of the Celtic and Romance legends of Tristan and Yseult, or Erec and Blanchfleur, together with the classic *Islandingasögur,* the Saga of the Icelanders. These tales, woven of fact and fantasy, of calamitous cowardice and cold courage, are living proof of the leavening influence of the Celt on the savage Viking soul, for in no other Scandinavian culture was such a standard of heroic prose and poetry

reached. Nowhere else did the blood gush from the word so wetly and redly, nor the sun rise in such paeans of splendor; nowhere else was man so human, not yet so godly, except in the old (much older than the Sagas) legends of the Gaels.
p. 217, in an Inuit hut: Around the inside of the wooden hut, there were pictures from Danish magazines and newspapers.
p. 219: For the whole of the arctic winter I ventured very little out of the boat…and read a great deal (I went through the whole of Shakespeare twice). I listened to the radio for a couple hours each day only, as I had to conserve the batteries…. [For lighting he used a stone seal-oil lamp to conserve his kerosene ration.]
p. 223, for an excerpt from Robert Service's "My Husky Team" about huskies irrigating the Pole.
p. 243: If something I was reading dealt too heavily with the more profound aspects of existence, I put the book down and baked some bread, or repaired another sail, or had another go at straightening out the engine propeller shaft. [Daily routine included reading for an hour or so in mid afternoon. Also speaks here of shit and sex.]
p. 253: Then I lit the seal-oil lamp and, putting some of my rapidly diminishing charcoal on the heating stove, settled down to read. This was my only relief from the arctic conditions of cold, anxiety, loneliness, and, when the weather was bad, idleness… after drying out all my volumes, I had plenty to read, and I was cozy enough, with the little stone lamp sending up its slow, tiny wavering column of black smoke….
p. 273, trouble with his vision.
p. 276, on approaching land at last he makes a fetish of straightening out "the oil-smeared books in the repaired library…."

Kagge, Erling. *Philosophy for Polar Explorers: What They Don't Teach You in School.* London: Pushkin Press, 2006.

Rather light stuff with message that nothing is impossible, as it might seem to someone who reached North Pole unsupported, walked to the South Pole, sailed the Atlantic solo, and climbed Everest.

p.25: incorrectly places the *Polaris* demise and the Tyson drift in 1887 (should be 1871).
p. 59, 61, enroute South Pole: In my sledge I had everything I anticipated needing for those months. Fuel for seventy-five days, food for sixty-six; tent, sleeping bag, one hundred and ninety-six grams of reading material, one thousand, two hundred eighty-two grams of repair kit and absolutely no spares of anything at all. My reading was to be made up of the most possible words and thoughts per gram, with the intention of recycling the books as loo paper. The most sacred of these I planned recycling last, the hope being that I'd reach journey's end before that became necessary. My edition of The New Testament weighted twenty-eight grams, a small quantity of Buddhist literature thirty-two grams, and Oscar Wilde's The Picture of Dorian Gray fifty-eight. I'd read most of this before, but expected to be so exhausted that I'd be content to read good literature that was familiar to me…. Altogether I'd worked out I'd use three-and-a-half sheets a day….
p. 105-06, Reflections on motivation: there are good reasons, and real ones, according to J. P. Morgan. Some are:

Because it's there.

Conservation, a love of the natural world, peace, the protection of vulnerable cultures, the raising of money for charity and scientific research—these are some of the most common reasons for expeditions.

Knowledge of some sort.
Egocentricity
Need for attention and recognition
Revenge
Nationalism
Adventure seeking—
Playing risks with death
Fame and fortune—notoriety and money

These are always mixed and likely to alter as circumstances change. People lie about it and then the lie becomes truth.
p. 107, quotes Peary: "It's partly the curiosity, partly a sense of adventure, but mostly I think it's the fame and the money."

p. 138, see also later chapter on optimism as motivator.

Kelly, Scott. *A Year in Space: A Lifetime of Discovery.* By Scott Kelly and Margaret Lazarus Dean. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2017. Review by Jaroslav Kalfar in *New York Times Book Review* (Dec. 10, 2017) p. 29.

After comparison to Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff* as an influence on the author: Another noted inspiration is the book after which Kelly named his own, and which he carries with him on multiple voyages to the International Space Station: "Endurance," by Alfred Lansing, about Ernest Shackleton's historic expedition to the South Pole, during which his crew cheated death after their ship became trapped in a polar pack ice, overcoming 850 miles of heavy seas on small lifeboats [not true] … Lansing's account is a stark reminder that along with the rock-star image of the explorer comes the omnipresent specter of death. …

Just as Kelly brought with him the books that inspired him to become a man of space, it is easy to imagine future generations of explorers and daredevils harnessing the lessons and truths within the pages of "Endurance" as the blueprint for their own trips into the unknown.

Kierkegaard, Søren. *Either/Or***.** Translated by David F. Swenson and Lillian Marin Swenson. Volume I. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1959.

p. 281, in "The Rotation Method" section (p. 279-96): Starting from a principle is affirmed by people of experience to be a very reasonable procedure; I am willing to humor them, and so begin with the principle that all men are bores. Surely no one will prove himself so great a bore as to contradict me in this. The principle possesses the quality of being in the highest degree repellent, an essential requirement in the case of negative principles, which are in the last analysis the principles of all motion. It is not merely repellent, but infinitely forbidding; and whoever has this principle back of him cannot but receive an infinite impetus

forward, to help him make new discoveries. For; if my principle is true, one need only consider how ruinous boredom is for humanity, and by properly adjusting the intensity of one's concentration upon this fundamental truth, attain any desired degree of momentum. Should one wish to attain the maximum momentum, even to the point of almost endangering the driving power, one need only say to oneself: Boredom is the root of all evil. Strange that boredom, in itself so staid and stolid, should have such power to set in motion. The influence it exerts is altogether magical, except it is not the influence of attraction, but of repulsion.

King, Thomas Worthington. *Journal of a Voyage Around the World: A Year on the Ship* Helena *(1841-1842).* Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 2003.

Although not strictly Antarctic bound or a circumnavigation, this voyage did round Cape Horn and reached almost 59 degrees south. King was a recent Harvard graduate when he took this voyage from New York to Canton, and after brief work there he continued on another ship back to New York. He was a fast reader and regular in his comments about reading. What follows is taken verbatim from the journal of his voyage.

p. 7-8, Tuesday 16th November, 1841: In the afternoon I arranged my books placing those I want to use most in convenient and concatable situations. They are all piled up on a shelf which I had made under my berth and though at hand, and yet difficult to find. I cannot feel too much gratified that I brought my books with me—they are the best & most constant friends & companions one can have--& when the jest or yarn has passed off I feel a relief in take up one of these old companions and finding a smiling welcome within its pages. Here though in mid ocean I am surrounded by a community of nations—at one time I love to be elegant with the Greek to fight the Trojans with old Homer; and again Horace & I tread over again those Etruscan fields and rail together at the folly of the times; or perchance Cicero attracts me with his mellow voice and still smoother language, & I join with him in pleading the Cause of

Archias or urge the condemnation of Verres. Now I tread with Rinaldo through the camp of the Crusaders or bask in the garden of the enchantress Armida; perchance Alfieri calls and I go over with him, the plaintive & touching history of David and the cruelty of Saul.

At another time Racine invites me and leads me through the tragic history of Athalie; or wishing to laugh at the lawyers and see them as depicted in the Plaideur. At times I would sail with Camoens to Eastern shores & visit with him the inhospitable natives of Malinda, or wonder about in the garden of Venus. As for Cervantes, he Quixote & myself, including Sancho, have wept over the fall of Chivalry and vowed to couch our lances & do right good battle against wrong doers. I say nothing of the great Shakespeare; immortal Milton—with a host of splendid companions. Pope, Dryden, Gray, Thompson. "ed id omne genus" we are always together and scarcely out of sight. With such companions, who that does not envy me? Can I tire of them? Did I, La Bruyère might add another & disagreeable portrait to his *Characters*. No branch of literature, but what I am in some manner supplied. No language, but I can, so far as my feeble knowledge goes, indulge in and pluck its choicest fruit. [King goes on with a fulsome paeon of tribute for both Harvard and his mother (Queen of mothers!) for his education and his taste for reading and literature.]

p. 15, Friday, 27th November: So I spent the morning from 9 to 1 upon the lee side of the taffrail reading *Master Humphrey* [Dickens] which I finished. My opinion of this book is exactly what I was afraid it would be & I was disappointed. I think it is somewhat tedious & prosaic—besides I am wholly out of humour with the author for killing sweet pretty little Nell after exciting my sympathies to the utmost extent, after carrying her through so much hardship and suffering. [cf, Oscar Wilde on the subject.]

p. 32-33, Wednesday 22: I was obliged this afternoon that I might be comfortable, actually to go to bed & there remained from 2 until 6 o'clock, reading. Is this not romantic? I admit it is in idea, but I'll be sworn there's no spark of romance in the reality. If the cold increases I byink of Rip Van *Winkleizing* until we round Cape Horn, as this is altogether more than I bargained for. … I am now writing with woolen

gloves on, to keep my hands comfortable, or rather from being very uncomfortable…. Read Blackstone this morning--& Spanish in the afternoon. Also Capt. Delano's voyages—one from Boston around Cape Horn in 1799-1800.

p. 33, Thursday 23rd December: Cold, bitter cold and no fire to warm me! poor wretch, why didst thou leave thy pleasant residence in Philadelphia, that queen of cities, to come here on the black & inhospitable shores of Cape Horn? Was it to search like Rasselas after the phantom happiness? Or has Plutus inspired thee to try distant regions after gain? Perhaps thou seekest variety in travel, & art desirous of seeing foreign lands….

Read my Blackstone today, concerning hereditaments [*sic*]—and finished *Consalvo de Cordoba* my Spanish, which has occupied me the last fortnight. I like it very much I wish there were more to read. I shall commence tomorrow the little drama of *El Sí de las Niñas*. I have a dreadful headache today and shall retire for the night tho' it is but two bells, so goodnight to you my N. American friends, & speedy breezes to you my swift ship *Helena*.

p. 34, Friday 24th December: I read Blackstone this morning, but find it *dry* this cold weather, & shall therefore lay it by for the present to resume it when we reach the more comfortable climate of the Pacific. I also began the comedy of Moratín, entitled *El Sí de las Niñas*, but found it either less interesting than *Gonsalvo de Cordoba*, more difficult, or else the cold prevented my entering into the spirit of it, for I did not continue it, & shall postpone it for the present. We have been reading the sailing directions for passing Cape Horn, & all seems *blue* enough. Almost all the writers prefer a winter voyage, to the summer season—when the days are only six hours long; for though the days be short & the weather cold, yet the chances are better for getting Easterly winds to carry the ship around.

p. 36, Saturday 25th December: [Christmas] Dinner being finished I smoked a cigar, but being fairly overpowered by the goose was obliged to take refuge in my berth & lay there reading *Rasselas* until Murphy with tender arms enfolded me & I slept! Gentle dreams stole through my brain, geese were cackling & hissing around me—unborn goslings

reproved me, widowed geese & heartbroken ganders rebuked me with silent, sad glances….
p. 36, Sunday, 26th December: A comfortless day…I shut myself in my stateroom & read the services of the day, this being the first Sunday after Christmas. This occupied me until dinner, which being dispatched, I retreated to my berth, overpowered by the cold & remained there all the afternoon, reading *Rasselas* & dozing. This latter method of killing time will be the least unpleasant resort of escaping from the bitter cold.
p. 38, Monday, 27th December: I give up reading now, my mind being constantly on the stretch to solve the important question, "how may I keep warm?"
p. 39, by Tuesday, 28th, he is in better spirits: I employed myself for the greater part of the day in amusing reading & practicing my flute & guitar. Have not the courage to begin my studies until fairly clear of Cape Horn & in fine, warm weather. If we had a stove, I should like nothing better than to sit by it & read all the day long, let the winds blow as they might, so that my feelings were above the freezing point. [Actually, the temperature on this summer Cape Horn day was no less than 56 F.]
p. 40, Wednesday 29th: Commenced *Nicholas Nickleby* this afternoon & intend reading it again & go over with him, those rugged hills he climbed at first, until the better fates triumphed over the worse, & he gradually became freed from the grips of misfortune & was happy.
p. 46, King ends a five-page New Year's meditation on his happy year past, naturally with reading: I read *Nicholas Nickleby* today and am as much interested as I was on first perusal. One circumstance I have forgotten to note, which occurred today & which I should not omit—I sewed a button on my *unmentionables!*
p. 47, Saturday, Jan 1st, 1842: I went up to the mizen crosstrees and sunned myself reading *Nicholas Nickleby* and sketching some parts of Staten Land, but did not succeed very well;…

…Dinner finished retired to my stateroom and then to the berth, where ensconced I lay until teatime reading *Nickleby*.
p. 49, Monday, Jan 3rd: I have kept my room all day, reading *Pelham*, and have finished the first volume & pretty well advanced in the second.

If we remain in this cold region much longer I shall become quite a novel reader, it is impossible to study, the weather is too uncomfortable. One great comfort in our affliction is the continued daylight. The sun sets about a quarter to nine, when we have twilight until twelve, and then the day begins to break. I have just come from on deck, 10½ o.c. p.m. and can read the finest print without difficulty. Think of daybreak at midnight.

p. 49-50, Tuesday 4th: We are rapidly approaching the "end of all things" the terminus of creation, where the sun even looks frozen, and everything gloomy. I have been reading *Pelham* all day & finished it, and for the first time regret I read so fast, as my novels will soon be exhausted. I provided myself, but scantily supposing that my studies would afford equally agreeable & more valuable entertainment. But who can fix his mind upon *anything* while the body is freezing. I can't and so have given it up. In the course of time we must get around this Cape, I presume, & upon this presumption I exist, patiently (I think I am *patient*) awaiting the action of Destiny.

p. 51, Wednesday, Jan 5: Boswell makes Dr. Johnson laugh at the idea of our being affected by the weather but, the Dr. never visited this part of the globe. I wonder if Johnson would prove that a man would be quite as happy when baffled off Cape Horn with head winds and stormy weather, as he would be if all was fair and the ship experienced no such inconveniences? I leave it for the intelligent reader, no less a person than the first person singular, to judge.

… I will hope however that fair breezes are to be our position until we reach Valparaiso—"so mote it be!" I have been reading Washington Irvings Sketch Book today, and am most pleased. He writes as I wish I might even imitate, an ambitious desire perhaps, and unattainable, yet it is no harm to wish it.

[Within a week the ship is beyond the Cape enroute to Valparaiso and King's reading resumes at a presumably higher, philosophical level. But he deserves notice for his voracious reading at sea. There is much more material on reading in this amazing book, but we will leave King's reading in warmer climes for other readers to discover.]

Kirwan, L. P. *A History of Polar Exploration*. New York: Norton, 1960.

Kirwin's *History* is widely considered the classic history of polar exploration.

p. 31-34, on early Dutch expeditions such as the 1596 expedition with William Barents, whose camp was discovered in the 1870s. The Dutchman had such books as *The Chronicle of Holland, Zeeland and Friezeland*, by Albert Hendricus, or *The History or Description of the Great Empire of China*….: When the bear-fat ran out and they could no longer read, when the smoke from the fire became too suffocating, they lay in their bunks with covered roof and the cracking of the ice-floes out at sea (p. 31).

When Barents' winter house at Ice Haven was later discovered, near Novaya Zamlya the contents were scattered by bears…: Among the charts and books still recognizable was a copy of the Dutch translation of Pet and Jackman's log which Barents had obtained from Richard Hakluyt…and an old sea-chest. In this, frozen together in the ice, were print sand copper engravings depicting in elaborate Renaissance style classical scenes such as Pallas, June, and Venus in the presence of Paris, and biblical events such as the meeting of Esau with Jacob, all intended for the edification of the people of Cathay (p.32-3).

Henry Hudson in 1607: carried with him not only Barent's charts but—as Barents himself had done—a translation of the sailing directions for a voyage from Norway to Greenland compiled by a Norse colonist living in Greenland towards the end of the fourteenth century…. (p. 33-34).

p. 62, re Captain James Cook's 1768 expedition: No people ever went to sea better fitted out for the purpose of Natural History; they have got a fine Library of Natural History…. [This Mainly refers to the library of Sir Joseph Banks.]

p.79-80, of British expeditions under Barrow in early 19th century, and Parry's first Northwest expedition: On board, rollicking performances by the ships' company of the latest London farce, magic lantern shows, and a heavily humorous weekly magazine, like Parry's *North Georgia*

Gazette and Winter Chronicle, kept up morale during the months of winter darkness. But discipline was stern, and the moral tone set by officers drawn from the new middle class was strictly Evangelical and Sabbatarian. Religious education featured largely in the ship's routine on these expeditions and large additional stocks of bibles were hopefully carried for distribution to the Eskimoes. (See also p. 88 for the *Gazette at Cape Sabine*.)

p.161, re *Erebus and Terror* and Franklin expedition in 1845: each ship had a library of twelve hundred volumes ranging from treatises on steam engines to the works of Dickens and Lever and volumes of *Punch*. Franklin was particularly concerned for the education and spiritual welfare of his men while isolated in the Arctic wastes. Slates and arithmetic books, pens, ink, and paper were provided for classes during the winter; testaments and prayer-books were available for all; and a hand-organ, playing fifty tunes, ten of which were psalms or hymns, was purchased for each ship.

p. 241, re Shackleton's voyage on Scott's *Discovery* expedition: On 23rd April 1902 the sun sank at noon, to disappear for four months. There was plenty, apart from work, to keep the men from moping during the winter darkness. Shackleton, a voracious reader, recited poetry, preferably the poems of his favourite Robert Browning, in an engaging Irish brogue, and having something of a flair for journalism, edited the *South Polar Times*, the lineal descendant of Sabine's *Winter Chronicle and North Georgia Gazette* [sic] on Parry's first North-West Passage Expedition. This was illustrated by the delicate drawings and water-colour sketches of Wilson…Another more boisterous publication was *The Blizzard*, now a collector's piece among Antarctic bibliophiles.

[*Discovery* also had its Royal Terror Theatre, featuring "Ticket of Leave," and a "Nigger Minstrel Show", recalling Parry's performances of "Miss in her Teens."

Kobalenko, Jerry. *The Horizontal Everest: Extreme Journeys on Ellesmere Island.* New York: SOHO Press, 2002.

An autobiographical/historical account of his and various explorer's travels in Ellesmere.
p. 197, in chapter on Nares expedition: In March, after a long winter in which condensation had also been the main problem on the ship—one officer rigged an umbrella over his chair so he could read without water raining onto his book—the sledging trauma began again.
p. 213, says that the current military base at Alert has a library.
p. 253, at abandoned RCMP post at Bache Peninsula: The buildings were gone but plenty of eloquent garbage from that golden age of the RCMP remained [1953-63]…, even a box of paperbacks that had helped the Mounties endure the long winter. Moisture had glued some of the pages together, giving new meaning to the term pulp fiction, but considering that the books had sat outside for seventy years, they were in good shape. Most were Edwardian society novels, with characters such as Lord Fisher and Mr. Asquith and chapter openings, such as 'The loveliest mouth in France turned into a distracting smile….' [Something seems wrong here: he seems to refer these books to Greely at Camp Clay in 1884, which would have been 70 years before RCMP came, but theirs would probably not be paperbacks and couldn't have been Edwardian.]

Kpomassie, Tete-Michel. *An African in Greenland.* New York, New York Review Books, 2001.

p. 272, on staying in the earthen hut of Robert Mattaaz in Upernavik in the 1950s: Generally, the interiors of turf dwellings were covered with rough wooden paneling to strengthen the earth walls and ceilings…. But old Mattaaq had had an original idea: the four wooden walls of his house were lined all over with pages cut out from picture magazines—so many that you couldn't see a scrap of wood behind them! A careless observer might have thought that these pages had been stuck on just anyhow, but far from it. In his own way, old Robert was a 'bookworm' whose favorite reading matter was restricted entirely to periodicals. Every week for many years now he had been getting hold of magazines dealing with 'world affairs.' And even now when he avoided going out as much as

possible because of the curiosity his appearance aroused in the village—his wife, his daughter, his youngest son Niels, aged fifteen, and his two other married sons who also lived in Upernavik, continued to buy them for him. But therein lay the rub: these magazines, reviews and newspapers began to make such a clutter on the floor that one day old Rebekka suggested throwing them out the window. Alarmed, the old man began by sorting out this junkheap and pinning on the wall the articles he wanted to reread. And so—casually, almost unintentionally—a first layer of printed pages spread over the four walls, followed in time by a second layer, a third, and even a fourth layer. The ceiling, too high for Robert Mattaaq to reach—and where two sagging planks threatened to collapse at any time—was the only area unpapered. The first pages dated from five years back and, as new pages had kept being added to the old ones, my host had great difficulty locating old articles or documents he needed [Pictures of Maataaq and his room, which he calls his 'library' are on the penultimate plate in the center of the book.]

Kverndal, Roald. *Seamen's Missions: Their Origin and Early Growth.* Pasadena, CA: William Carey Library, 1986.

p. 106-7, on the influence of Lieutenant Richard Marks as an evangelical in the Napoleonic Wars who as minister expanded seaboard services on Nelson's *Conquerer* including reading of Sunday prayers, a ship's choir, and on arrival at home ports: Marks obtained Bibles for every mess, and several hundred tracks for distribution. (Henceforth, he seldom went between decks 'without seeing some of the crew reading them.) He also organized a ship's library of evangelical books, with over 150 subscribing members.
p. 223: Scotland took the lead in 1822 with the Edinburgh and Leith Seamen's Friend Society and its portable marine libraries as well as port reading rooms.
p. 315-16: A "Marine Library," or (as it also came to be called) a "Seamen's Library," was established as early as 1820, on the newly acquired Greenock Floating Chapel. Similar provisions were successively made on board the floating chapels of Leith, Hull, Dublin,

London and Clifton. Following the example of Lady Mary Grey in mission by media, a number of ladies of rank took a corresponding initiative with regard to libraries. Most prominent in this field were the Duchess of Beaufort and her daughter (who, in 1821, established a "Seamen's Library" at West Cowes, and Lady Thompson of Fareham (who, in 1812, founded a "British Seamen's Library" in Genoa). G. C. Smith warmly commended their efforts, advocating a "Metropolitan Seamen's Library" in the Tower Hill area as a further goal for "British Ladies." At length, after establishing himself in Wellclose Square in the mid-twenties, he succeeded in organizing his own "Sea-Book Depository," incorporating a seamen's library.

In addition to such stationary libraries, a need was soon recognized for *portable* libraries. A so-called "Ship's Library" was seen as a means of both literally and figuratively defeating the "Doldrums." In order to relieve the tedium and attendant temptations of especially long voyages, seamen now had means that might "not only rationally amuse, but also tend to Christianize their minds.

….In the merchant navy, W. H. Angas became an early persistent advocate of not only seamen's libraries ashore, but also ship's libraries afloat. Here, as in so many areas of social and cultural concern for the seafarer, Leith led the way (in 1822-23); by 1827, that Society had some 30 library-boxes in circulation.

Meanwhile, other seamen's mission societies followed suit. The procedure was simple. A box of books was entrusted to the master for the ensuing voyage. The response was remarkable. One captain reported that his ship was now unrecognizable, having become "like a little Heaven." From a ship which was foundering in the Atlantic, the library-box was the first object to be saved. When boxes were returned, they were frequently accompanied by voluntary contributions from grateful crews. Concurrently with the distribution of the first ship's libraries, portable libraries were also allocated to the more reputable boarding-houses for seamen. [It may be necessary to say that not all captain's testimonies can be equally trusted.

Lewis-Jones, Huw W. G. "'Heroism displayed': revisiting the Franklin Gallery at the Royal Naval Exhibition, 1891." *Polar Record* 41 (2005) 185-203

Excellent article on the use by Clements Markham and others to reignite interest in Arctic exploration through a blockbuster exhibition of 1891, reinforcing romantic, patriotic, heroic, and other ideals from past British history.
p. 201: Studying exhibitions can provide valuable insights. One has the rare opportunity to prise underneath the 'official mind' of patriotism, and to gauge public reaction through press reports and periodical articles. They have left behind a deposit of cheap publications, pamphlets, and ephemera which illustrate—some more skillfully than others—a variety of narratives, imperial, racial, or in this instance (the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891) naval, that were disseminated for public consumption, some soon discarded while others became quickly entrenched. Despite the patriotic and moral didacticism that provides the body to most of the surviving sources, the RNE celebration of exploration…had an instrumental currency that was real as well as rhetorical. The RNE must have been central to propagating heroic myths, and whilst one cannot detail its precise role in culturing an exact part of late-century public consciousness, one can claim for it the achievement, at least, of putting a vision of Arctic [and for Markham Antarctic] exploration firmly back in the public domain."

Lopez, Barry. *Arctic Dreams: Imagination and Desire in a Northern Landscape*. New York, Bantam Books, 1987.

This is simply one of the best written books of Arctic history and description: This is a land where airplanes track icebergs the size of Cleveland and polar bears fly down out of the stars. It is a region, like the desert, rich with metaphor, with adumbration. In a simple bow from the waist before the nest of the horned lark, you are able to stake your life, again, in what you dream. (Preface, p. xxix.)

p. 10, re the *Cumbrian*, whaling in the Arctic in 1823: In their own separate, spare quarters, the ship's officers might have been reading William Scoresby's *Account of the Arctic Regions* or the recently published discovery narrative of William Parry, who had opened the way to the West Water in 1818 with John Ross. They admired Parry; overall, however, they viewed the British discovery expeditions… as a pompous exercise in state politics, of little or no practical value.
p. 17: Perhaps some traveler's story of irenic northern summers reached the Greeks and convinced them of the Hyperboreans' salutary existence. A darker side of this distant landscape, however, was more frequently evoked. The indigenous southern cultures regarded it as a wasteland of frozen mountains, of violent winds and incipient evil. For theological writers in the seventh century it was a place of spiritual havoc, the abode of the Antichrist. During the time when the southern cultures in Europe were threatened by Goths, Vandals, and other northern tribes (including, later, the Vikings), two quintessentially malevolent figures from the Old Testament, Gog and Magog, emerged as the figurative leaders of a mythic horde poised above the civilized nations. These were the forces of darkness, arrayed against the forces of light. In English legend the northern armies are defeated and Gog and Magog captured and taken to London in chains. (Their effigies stood outside Guildhall in the central city for 500 years before being destroyed in an air raid in World War II.)
p. 311: Cartier's famous remark about southern Labrador came to stand for the general condemnation of the whole region: it looked like "the land God gave to Cain." "*Praeter solitudinem nihil video*," wrote one early explorer—"I saw nothing but solitude."
p. 327ff., in a chapter called "The Intent of the Monks," Lopez deals with the work of John Davis, "perhaps the most highly skilled of all the Elizabethan navigators", who made three Arctic voyages in the 1580s.
p. 334: Shipboard conditions slowly improved, the maps became more accurate, and better navigational instruments were developed. Books such as Davis's *The Seaman's Secrets* spread a technical knowledge of navigation. By the seventeenth century, cartographers were not so disposed to conjecture by filling in with an island or two. They left large

areas like the Arctic blank now, something that would have astounded their predecessors.

p. 349, Parry in *Hecla* and *Griper* in 1819: The singular Parry, who turned twenty-nine on the voyage, had made thoughtful preparations for overwintering. Wagoncloth was brought out and run over the spars to create a completely sheltered deck for exercise. On November 5, *Miss in Her Teens, or The Medley of Lovers* was performed on the quarterdeck, and similar farces were produced throughout the winter—with *Miss in Her Teens* getting an encore at the end of the season. Sabine, at Parry's appointment, began to edit and publish *The North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*, which appeared on November 1 and regularly every Monday thereafter for twenty-two weeks. It contained strictly anonymous essays, poems, and articles by Peter Pry About, John Slender Brain, and others, and featured adjudication of various issues in the Court of Common Sense. A close reading indicates that several of the officers didn't care for the production and that practical jokes were played on those who wouldn't join in this bit of officers' public-school amusement.

p. 357-58: To travel in the Arctic is to wait. Systems of local transportation, especially in winter and along the fogbound coasts in summer, are tenuous. A traveler may be stranded for days in the vicinity of a small airport, tethered there by the promise of a plane's momentary arrival or by the simple tyranny of plans. In these circumstances I frequently read journals of exploration, especially those dealing with regions I was in. I read in part to understand human presence in a landscape so emphatically devoid of human life.

In all these journals, in biographies of the explorers, and in modern narrative histories, common themes of quest and defeat, of aspiration and accomplishment emerge. Seen from a certain distance, however, they nearly all share a disassociation with the actual landscape. The land, whatever its attributes, is made to fill a certain role, often that of an adversary, the bête noire of one's dreams….

p. 360: During the years of the Franklin search the British persisted in trusting to the superiority of their terrible winter clothing. They refused to use dog sledges because they felt it demeaned human enterprise to

have dogs doing work men could do. Other explorers, particularly Hudson's Bay men like John Rae, and Samuel Hearne earlier, adopted the more serviceable clothing, more nutritious food, and more efficient travel methods of the Eskimos. Both Peary and Stefansson championed various aspects of the local intelligence as indispensable to their successes.
p. 380, re Crozier's abandoned campsite from the *Erebus* on King William Island in 1845: A boat abandoned on the beach and later found by M'Clintock contained a kid glove, with measures of powder tied off in each finger; a copy of *The Vicar of Wakefield*; a grass-weave cigar case; a pair of blue sunglasses, folded in a tin case; a pair of calf-lined bedroom slippers, bound with red ribbon; blue and white delftware teacups; and a sixpence, dated 1831.

Macfarlane, Robert. *The Gifts of Reading.* Penguin Random House, UK, 2017.

p. 31-32: As I work on this essay, over the Christmas of 2015, I know that a copy of my book *The Wild Places* is being sledge-hauled to the South Pole by a young Scottish adventurer called Luke Robertson, who is aiming to become the youngest Briton to ski there unassisted, unsupported and solo. Robertson's sledge weighs seventeen stone, and he is dragging it for thirty-five days over 730 miles of snow and ice, in temperatures as low as -50˚C, and winds as high as 100mph. Under such circumstances I felt impossibly proud that *The Wild Places* (paperback weight: 8.9oz) had earned its place on his sledge, and impossibly excited at the thought of my sentences being read out there on the crystal continent, under the endless daylight of the austral summer.

McMurtrie, Douglas C. *The Work of the American Seamen's Friend Society.* New York: ASFS, 1913.

p. 4, McMurtrie enumerates the work of the ASFS:

6. Places loan libraries (43 volumes) on board ships for the use of the crew at sea. This society has about 3,000 loan libraries constantly afloat.

7. Provides Bibles, Hymn Books and Manuals of Worship, so that the worship of God can be maintained on board ships at sea.

p. 6: The American Seaman's Friend Society is *the Christian Church on the seas, rivers, bays and ports of the United States and abroad….*

Manwaring, George Ernest. *The Floating Republic*. By George Manwaring and Bonamy Dobrée. New York: Augustus M. Kelley, 1966.

p. 15, on belowdecks life for British seamen: There was no leisure, no leave, no books, to qualify their miserable existence:* there was nothing to make a man feel himself a human being. [Footnote*: In 1812 a shocked Admiralty provided libraries, and the seaman's life was rendered gayer by the availability of such books as the *Old Chaplain's Farewell Letter, The Whole Duty of Man*, and *Advice after Sickness*. (Hutchinson, 43.)

Maxtone-Graham, John. *Safe Return Doubtful: The Heroic Age of Polar Exploration.* New York: Scribner's, 1988.

p. 1: On the night of January 30, 1916, a frail, white-haired gentleman retired to the bedroom of his house in London's Eccleston Square. Once undressed, he swung expertly into a hammock and, as he had done for more than seven decades, read himself to sleep in traditional Royal Navy fashion: One hand held his book, the other a candle, exactly as he had learned as a midshipman in 1844.

But on this occasion, fatigue overcame him with a rush. The burning candle slipped from his fingers and toppled among the bedclothes. Oblivious, the old gentleman slept as charred linen blossomed into flame that ignited the blanket. Dense smoke filled the room. Before anyone in the house could intervene, Sir Clements Markham, then in his eighty-sixth year, dozed into eternity. The

following day, he was dead. Directly over his smoldering hammock hung a perfectly good electric light.

So died the doyen of Great Britain's geographical fraternity, or, as a colleague was to suggest posthumously, "an Instigator of Polar Enterprise."

p. 16: Walter May, mate on board HMS *Resolute*, was scene painter for the Queen's Arctic Theatre, early evidence of a talent later employed designing bas-reliefs for Franklin's London memorial. Sherard Osborn, a shipmate from HMS *Collingwood* in the Pacific, served on HMS *Pioneer* as the editor of the *Illustrated Arctic News* as well as actor/manager of the Arctic Philharmonic Entertainments. On board HMS *Hecla* during the winter of 1821, Lieutenant George Lyon produced nine plays and, in one, earned Markham's undying admiration for playing 'through the last act with two fingers frostbitten.'

p. 78: Sir Allen [Young] had left his polar library on board [*Pandora,* renamed *Jeannette*], and Emma [de Long] immersed herself in arctic history, growing to share her husband's fascination with the *Jeannette*'s polar quest.

p. 82-3, [January 1878 aboard icebound *Jeannette*: There were *tableau vivants*, blacksmith Dressler garbed as Vulcan at his forge, and typical of messdeck humor to this day, *Two Sailors Mourning a Dead Marine:* revealed were two crewmen draped lugubriously over an empty brandy bottle, one of four that de Long had issued, full, to greet the New Year. Not quite Royal Arctic Theatre caliber, but warmed by the spirits, the *Jeannette*'s crew roared their approval, grateful for anything that jogged their monotonous routine.

p. 200, on Edward Wilson's faith: Read through the Holy Communion Service at 8 o'clock, not knowing where anyone would be at home, but I always go in spirit to St. Philip's where I can find Ory, at any rate.

p. 218, on the1888 Nansen trip: Both Ravna and Balto [two Lapps] were recent converts, intensely religious. When the camp was threatened by the sea, both retired to one of the boats, lying beneath their tarpaulin and reading aloud passages from their New Testament.

p. 224, what was left of the *Discovery* when it finally went to Dundee: All that remains in the cabins are a few dusty relics, fragments of the

great undertaking: Scott's wooden snow goggles, a miniature *Gulliver's Travels* (the gift of Sir Clements), a square copper matchbox used while sledging, even some pony snowshoes that must have come from the *Terra Nova.*
p. 228: Amundsen although unpaid, invested his remaining pocket money in a secondhand collection of arctic memoirs.
p. 245, on the profusion of books in the Hut during Scott's *Discovery* trip.
Note: Gjoa pronounced ewer in Norwegian.

McCormick, Robert. *Voyages of Discovery in the Arctic and Antarctic Seas, and Round the World: Being Personal Narratives of Attempts to Reach the North and South Poles; and of an Open-boat Expedition up the Wellington Channel in Search of Sir John Franklin and Her Majesty's ships "Erebus" and "Terror," in Her Majesty's Boat "Forlorn Hope," under the Command of the Author. To which are added an Autobiography*…. In Two Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1884.

These volumes cover three separate expeditions with an autobiography, and can be found on the Hathi Trust. McCormick was the surgeon on Ross's *Erebus* (1839-1843), also something of a zoologist who also was involved in the Franklin Search in the 1850s.
Volume I:
p. 215, somewhere in South Sea Islands: The rapidity with which the general diffusion of the Scriptures had taken place throughout the various tribes in the interior, he states as most remarkable, and effected entirely by converted natives from the Bay of Islands. Native Prayer Books were general amongst them; and, as a substitute for a church bell, they jingled together pieces of metal at their meetings for public worship.
p. 239, among Maoris in NZ, an interesting account of a debate between Catholics and Protestants with Maoris present, the point being to convince the natives "which of the two creeds it might be most desirable

to become converts to." No conclusion seems to have been reached, but he says that the Roman Catholic priests were demanding.

Volume II:

The second volume consists of his account of the search for Franklin on the *Forlorn Hope*, and finally his *Autobiography*.

p. 8, on the Whale-fish Islands in Greenland, May 31, 1852, and visiting a humble hut of the village "governor", a Dane: The furniture of this apartment consisted of a broad bench of boards, loosely covered with a few sealskins, occupying one side of the room as a bed-place, and on the other side a small deal table and a chair, with an old guitar suspended from the wall, which was papered with Danish newspapers and the solitary Dutch prayer-book constituted the library of this poor, simple-minded recluse. He told me that he was married to an Essquimaux woman, which would be a barrier to his return to his native land, "Huskey" women not being permitted to be naturalized in Denmark. He had resided here two years.

p. 174, in a section of suggestions for preserving health in Polar Regions: During the dark and monotonous season of winter, active exercise in the open air, on the floe or on the land, is the very best preservative of health, aided by proper attention to diet; the mind being at the same time engaged in rational occupations, reading, writing, sketching, or whatever may be the bent of individual task.

McGoogan, Ken. *Dead Reckoning: The Untold Story of the Northwest Passage.* Toronto: HarperCollins, 2017.

McGoogan claims to bring a new integrative emphasis to the indigenous elements involved in the search for the Northwest Passage adding to the British focus on the Royal Navy. The work is a broad overview of this history but not so innovative as it seems to claim. His final chapter 32 is called "Erebus and Terror Validate Inuit Testimony," citing the discovery of the two ships (2014, 2016) as Inuit Vindication.
p. 28, re Jens Munk's medical problems during his 1619 expedition wintering on Hudson Bay. During a particularly lethal period of scurvy he says of the surgeon's medical supplies: 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. 100, on British imperialism: The ethnocentric arrogance of imperial Britain, [Richard C.]Davis writes, "made it virtually impossible for Franklin to respect the traditionally evolved wisdom of Yellowknife Indians and Canadian voyageurs even though their assistance was crucial to the success of the expedition." What today we regard as insensitive, arrogant and overbearing "was viewed as the epitome of civilized enlightenment by all those who basked in its nineteenth-century glow.
p. 107, with Franklin and Richardson reading Scripture, including Psalms 23 to starving voyageurs at Fort Enterprise in 1821, shortly after the murder of Robert Hood. Apparently Hood had been reading *Bickersteth's Scripture Help* when he was shot.

McGoogan, Ken. *Fatal Passage: The True Story of John Rae, the Arctic Hero Time Forgot.* New York: Carroll & Graf, 2001.

p. 27, shows small library at HBC's Moose Factory.
p. 65: As winter deepened, daylight dwindled and temperatures plunged. Rae visited a nearby Inuit camp and discovered the efficiency of the

igloo. Back in the stone house, his pocket edition of Shakespeare's plays had recently frozen solid after getting wet; to thaw it, he had had to take it to bed.
p. 67: Time dragged endlessly and, as he perused Hamlet, Macbeth, and King Lear in the faintest light, Rae thanked his lucky stars that he had remembered to bring his Shakespeare.
p. 81: Franklin's two state-of-the-art ships…. Carried daguerreotype cameras, libraries of 1,200 books, hand organs that played fifty tunes, and enough provisions for three years.
p. 88: Rae and Richardson would sit around the fire chatting with the *voyageurs* before retiring to write in their journals and read by lantern light, Richardson turning to the Bible, Rae (most often) to Shakespeare.
p. 108: Rae responded to a letter from England in which Sir John Richardson offered to send him anything he might want. Besides several 'volumes of useful and entertaining works,' including a new collected Shakespeare, the explorer asked for a telescope, an aneroid barometer, an astronomical chart of the stars, and a good general atlas with all the latest discoveries.
p. 112: …beside the corpse of William Foubister lay an open Bible and a kettle, empty and overturned.
p. 125: During the winter, Rae received a printed copy of his book about his first expedition, which had finally appeared in London the previous year: *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea in 1846 and 1847* (usually shortened to *Arctic Narrative*). An editor had had his way with the work—no doubt by necessity and Rae pronounced it 'so remodeled that I did not know my own bantling when it reached me.'
p. 177—Rae took books on sledding expedition.
p. 188: … dragging a third sledge piled with instruments, books, and bedding, Rae set out to trace the last uncharted coastline of North America.

Melville, Herman. "A Man-of-War Library," *White-Jacket, or The World in a Man-of-War.* New York: Library of America, 1983. p. 522-24

Chapter 41

A Man-of-War Library

Nowhere does time pass more heavily than with most man-of-war's-men on board their craft in harbor.

One of my principal antidotes against *ennui* in Rio, was reading. There was a public library on board, paid for by government, and intrusted to the custody of one of the marine corporals, a little dried-up man, of a somewhat literary turn. He had once been a clerk in a Post-office ashore; and, having been long accustomed to hand over letters when called for, he was now just the man to hand over books. He kept them in a large cask on the berth-deck, and, when seeking a particular volume, had to capsize it like a barrel of potatoes. This made him very cross and irritable, as most all Librarians are. Who had the selection of these books, I do not know, but some of them must have been selected by our Chaplain, who so pranced on Coleridge's "*High German horse*."

Mason Good's Book of Nature—a very good book, to be sure, but not precisely adapted to tarry tastes—was one of these volumes; and Machiavel's Art of War—which was very dry fighting; and a folio of Tillotson's Sermons—the best of reading for divines, indeed, but with little relish for a main-top-man; and Locke's Essays—incomparable essays, every body knows, but miserable reading at sea; and Plutarch's Lives—superexcellent biographies, which pit Greek against Roman in beautiful style, but then, in a sailor's estimation, not to be mentioned with the *Lives of the Admirals*; and Blair's Lectures, University Edition—a fine treatise on rhetoric, but having nothing to say about nautical phrases, such as "*splicing the main-brace*," "*passing a gammoning*," "*puddinging the dolphin*," and "*making a Carrick-bend;"* besides numerous invaluable but unreadable tomes, that might have been purchased cheap at the auction of some college-professor's library.

But I found ample entertainment in a few choice old authors, whom I stumbled upon in various parts of the ship, among the inferior officers. One was "*Morgan's History of Algiers*," a famous old quarto, abounding in picturesque narratives of corsairs, captives, dungeons, and sea-fights; and making mention of a cruel old Dey, who, toward the latter part of his life, was so filled with remorse for his cruelties and

crimes that he could not stay in bed after four o'clock in the morning, but had to rise in great trepidation and walk off his bad feelings till breakfast time. And another venerable octavo, containing a certificate from Sir Christopher Wren to its authenticity, entitled "*Knox's Captivity in Ceylon*, 1681"—abounding in stories about the Devil, who was superstitiously supposed to tyrannize over that unfortunate land: to mollify him, the priests offered up buttermilk, red cocks, and sausages; and the Devil ran roaring about in the woods, frightening travelers out of their wits; insomuch that the Islanders bitterly lamented to Know that their country was full of devils, and, consequently, there was no hope for their eventual well-being. Knox swears that he himself heard the Devil roar, though he did not see his horns; it was a terrible noise, he says, like the baying of a hungry mastiff.

Then there was Walpole's Letters—very witty, pert, and polite—and some odd volumes of plays, each of which was a precious casket of jewels of good things, shaming the trash nowadays passed off for dramas, containing "The Jew of Malta," "Old Fortunatus," "The City Madam," "Volpone," "The Alchymist," and other glorious old dramas of the age of Marlow and Jonson, and that literary Damon and Pythias, the magnificent, mellow old Beaumont and Fletcher, who have sent the long shadow of their reputation, side by side with Shakspeare's, far down the endless value of posterity. And may that shadow never be less! But as for St. Shakspeare, may his never be more, less the commentators arise, and settling upon his sacred text, like unto locusts, devour it clean up, leaving never a dot over an I.

I diversified this reading of mine, by borrowing Moore's "*Loves of the Angels*" from Rose-water, who recommended it as "*de charmingest of wolumes*;" and a Negro Song-book, containing *Sittin' on a Rail*, *Gumbo Squash*, and *Jim along Josey*, from Broadbit, a sheet-anchor-man. The sad taste of this old tar, in admiring such vulgar stuff, was much denounced by Rose-water, whose own predilections were of a more elegant nature, as evinced by his exalted opinion of the literary merits of the "*Love of the Angels*."

I was by no means the only reader of books on board the Neversink. Several other sailors were diligent readers, though their

studies did not lie in the way of belles-lettres. Their favorite authors were such as you find at the book-stalls around Fulton Market; they were slightly physiological in their nature. My book experiences on board of the frigate proved an example of a fact which every book-lover must have experienced before me, namely, that though public libraries have an imposing air, and doubtless contain invaluable volumes, yet, somehow, the books that prove most agreeable, grateful, and companionable, are those we pick up by chance here and there; those which seem put into our hands by Providence; those which pretend to little, but abound in much.
[Chapter 23 is entitled "Theatricals in a Man-of-war", p. 441-49]

Mikkelsen, Ejnar. *Conquering the Arctic Ice.* London: William Heinemann, 1909.

First edition, with folding map and illustrated throughout with photographs. Mikkelsen's 1906 Anglo-American expedition proved that there was no land north of Alaska. In addition to the scientific data gathered in the expedition, it was noteworthy in its contribution to understanding the Eskimo people. Mikkelsen was awarded a Patron's Medal from the Royal Geographic Society for exploration in the Arctic and for his work in Eskimo resettlement in Greenland.

p. 133: I knew quite well that there was no immediate danger, but during the long nights which I spent alone, brooding and reading, I could not help thinking of what might have happened. Only when day came, and life stirred, I felt ashamed of my worries of the night before, knowing that Mr. Leffingwell was an experienced traveller and perfectly capable of taking care of himself. December set in with storms from the west, and for three days we had a regular blizzard. On the third we had

some extra excitement. The galley took fire during the night, but I was not called until the whole thing was over.
p. 137, books as presents at Christmas: From the blind girls who had knitted our woollen stockings, etc., there was a small present for each of us. From my sister we found some books and a letter to me which sent my thoughts back to the dear ones at home, longing for the Christmas they were celebrating and thinking of the many Christmas-times we had spent together in the days of childhood. An old ship's officer who had been my superior not many years ago, and who had helped with the packing of our things, had out of his slender means sent us a game of dominoes. Mrs. Nanton, of Victoria, B.C., had sent a big Christmas cake, and so had others of our lady acquaintances there; and Leiser & Co., our grocers, had packed a really magnificent box, containing plum pudding and sweets, cigars and cigarettes, and other good things. It was a fine box, and Joe Carrol was allowed to take as much of our provisions as he needed to make us a really splendid dinner. But what a lonely thing a Christmas is on board ship and in the Arctic!
p. 140, on winter quarters in the far north: The day was perfect, and Ned and I enjoyed our daily round to the traps. We can already see that the days are getting longer, and each day the red glow of the sky to the south, visible at noon through a mountain pass, comes stronger and stronger, while the golden tinge framing the edges of the clouds tells us that it will not be very long before the sun has come back so far that we can see it through the pass. Then we shall have fine, long days again, we shall once more be able to travel, and the monotony of the winter will be a thing of the past.
p. 141-43, again winter at Ned’s family cabin: The children were fighting or playing, laughing or crying, until they were put to bed, and Ned and I resumed the game of “Idiot's delight.” This was the ordinary routine of the day, but we spent much time in walking up and down on a large snowdrift outside the house, discussing every possible subject between heaven and earth. While eating our supper, beans and bread as usual, on January 8, the long absent party drove into camp, and we made ready to start for home on the following day. But to our intense dismay a perfect blizzard from the west sprang up during the night, and when we

wanted to start we could not see fifty yards before us. It kept on blowing for two days, and when it calmed down at last our worst fears were realized; the strong westerly wind had raised the level of the water so much that it had flooded the ice, frozen fast to the bottom of the shallow waters outside the river. We tried to start, but the water was too deep; so we returned to Ned's cabin, soaking wet with water and perspira tion. And it was lucky that we did return, as the gale blew up afresh, and for three days we were again confined to the house. The Eskimos are very eager to learn reading and writing English, and Gallikar, who had been taught the latter accomplishments, partly by the missionary at Point Barrow, partly by a miner who lived one year at Collingson's Point, was in his turn teaching Ekajuak's son, Ejakok. Every evening, when the day's work was done, the two boys would sit down on the floor, and for several hours they were busily engaged with their books and slates. Gallikar read quite well, and studied mining from some ancient books on the subject, the only literary treasures of the house, besides the school-books which he had got at Point Barrow. Ejakok was getting on very well, and although he was not nearly as bright as the half-breed Gallikar, he could read an ordinary book and had some ideas about arithmetic. A strange custom, common to all households where a white man has married an Eskimo woman, was practised in this house. The husband does not eat with his wife and children, but takes his meals in solitary grandeur, at the table of the house, while down on the floor the mother of his own children and the rest of the family are eating as best they may. As far as I remember I have seen only one case where this custom was dispensed with.

p. 197: The sledges were in shape and were cached about four miles away, so we had absolutely nothing with which to pass the time, except reading and talking, sleeping and eating. And the talk was not very cheerful either; our only subject of conversation was our prospects, and we were perfectly aware of the fact that they diminished with every day we idled away, waiting for the weather to improve.

p. 199: While in the tent waiting for weather to clear “conversation flags. We have each a small book—*Hamlet* and *King Lear*—and the reading and discussing mysterious passages help to pass many an hour

which otherwise would be spent talking over our gloomy prospects, the result of which would invariably be to make us, if possible, still more despondent than we already are.
p. 216, April 6 [1906?], camped on heavy ice, and trapped by heavy weather: It is rather tiresome to lie like this, but we had our books, and the day passed fairly well with reading, drinking tea, talking, and sleeping.
p. 274, on an interrupted sledge journey: There was a strong blizzard blowing to-day, so we could do nothing but lie still. We amused ourselves by frying and eating bear steak, reading *Hamlet* or *King Lear*, talking, and sleeping. Mr. Leffingwell is complaining that his eyes are bad; they are red, and he has probably got an attack of snow-blindness.
p. 312, on educated half-breed girls: I have met one of these half-bred women, the squaw of a native, who, as she was cooking some seal meat and repairing some boots, was talking literature with me and reciting Byron!
p. 317, on Caruso vs. coon songs on Eskimo phonographs.
p. 377, Christmas again: There were books and wearing apparel, tools, and all sorts of sweets, etc.
p. 401, enroute to Fort Gibbon: After eight hours' travelling we came to a store, only sixteen miles from Loudon, where we put up, as its owner, Mr. Lewis, gave a vivid description of the hard trail ahead, the snow and storm, and the discomforts of sleeping out of doors without a tent, all of which we should expose ourselves to if we did not avail ourselves of his offer to stay in his house as his guests. We were perfectly aware of all this, and had no intention of going further that day, so even if he had not pressed us quite so much we should have stayed and been glad to do so.

There was an Indian settlement near Mr. Lewis, and the people were nice enough when we sat talking in the store, but if it came to a bargain with them, then God help us!

Upon the whole there are many natives living along the banks of the river, but we see very little of them, as all our dealings are with white men, the natives asking too much for everything they have to sell. They are not pleasant people here, and, coming straight from the kind and hospitable Eskimos, I find it hard to put up with their impudence. With

sorrow I thought of the future of the Eskimos, when they had been as long in contact with white men as these Indians have, and had lost their old habits and customs. That this will be their fate some day I have no doubt.

Milton, John. *A Briefe Historie of Muscovia.* Vol. III. Complete Prose Works. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982.

p. 524: The discovery of *Russia* by the northern Ocean, made first, of any Nation that we know, by *English* men, might have seem'd an enterprise almost heroick; if any higher end than the excessive love of Gain and Traffick, had animated the design. Nevertheless that in regard that may things not unprofitable to the knowledge of nature, and other Observations are hereby come to light, as good events ofttimes arise from evil occasions, it will not be the worst labour to relate briefly the beginning, and prosecution of this adventurous Voiage; until it became at last a familiar Passage.

Mirsky, Jeannette. *To the Arctic: The Story of Northern Exploration from Earliest Times to the Present.* With an Introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. (Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1970). [First published as *To the North* in 1934.]

p. 103, on Parry's 1819-20 expedition: A school was formed to teach the men to read and write. Captain Sabine edited a weekly, the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*, for the amusement of the officers, and they in turn amused the men. Fortnightly a farce that had had a successful run in London was given. Christmas was celebrated by a special dinner and an operetta, *Northwest Passage.* [A facsimile page of the gazette is on p. 102.]
p. 142, on William Penny's ships *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* on the Franklin search in 1850, wintering on Cornwallis Island: The ships were dry; the men could bathe, wash their clothes, and exercise in any weather. They were kept amused; there was a theater where plays were given every two weeks, announced by playbills; the *Aurora* and the

Illustrated Arctic News appeared monthly; and a school was started, with classes for the men.
p. 160, McClintock learns from natives the fate of Franklin expedition: he met some natives from whom he bought many more relics—silver spoons and plates—and learned that though there had been many books in the wreck, they had all been destroyed by the weather; that the survivors had made for the Great Fish River, falling and dying as they went along.
p. 180, on the discovery of Franz Josef Land in 1874 by Payer and Weyprecht, quoting Payer: A time of ennui. Happy the man who has any tobacco, happy he who, after smoking, does not fall into a faint; happy too the man who finds a fragment of a newspaper in some corner or other…, but happiest of all are those who can sleep day and night. [See Payer, Julius von. *New Lands within the Arctic Circle*. London, 1876.]
p. 203, on Nansen's *Fram* in 1893: The *Framsjaa*, a newspaper, was issued under the inventive and amusing editorship of the doctor, with illustrated supplements on special days.

Moore, Thomas. "Thoughts on Patrons." 1828.

> Patrons, indeed! When scarce a sail
> Is whiskt from England by the gale,
> But bears on board some authors, shipt
> For foreign shores, all well equipt
> With proper book-making machinery
> To sketch the morals, manners, scenery
> Of all such lands as they shall see,
> Or *not* see, as the case may be: --…
>
> We authors now more prosperous elves,
> Have learned to patronize ourselves;
> And since all-potent Puffing 's made
> The life of song, the soul of trade,
> More frugal of our praises grown,
> We puff no merits but our own. …

He's off—the puffers carry it hollow--
The critics, if they please, may follow.
Ere they've laid down their first positions,
He's fairly blown thro' six editions! (1828?)

Morison, Samuel Eliot. *The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages.* New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1971.

p. 502, on Martin Frobisher's first voyage: More impressive than the ships was the equipment…. The literature included two works by André Thever: his *Cosmographie universelle*, just out, and *Singularitez de la France antarctique;* and Medina's *Arte de Naviguar*, one of the best available treatises on navigation. Strangely enough, Frobisher did not carry William Bourne's more recent *Regiment of the Sea* (1574). Probably more for amusement than anything else, he had a copy of Sir John Mandeville's famous book of whoppers. Also, for good measure, a 'great' English Bible. This was probably the 'Bishop's Bible' of 1572, whose title page includes a portrait of the Queen, useful to show the natives…. [Can't tell the source of Morison's list but he does suggest there was a complete list somewhere—see Stefansson ed. of Best, v. 2, p. 77-78]

Moss, Sarah. *Scott's Last Biscuit: The Literature of Polar Travel.* Oxford: Signal Books, 2006. [Published as *The Frozen Ship* (New York: BlueBridge, 2006).

Polar expeditions have created a literature with its own history and style, and "The Frozen Ship" is a detailed and moving examination of the most intriguing and influential journeys into the eternal ice. Sarah Moss delves into the morbid fascination of expeditions that went terribly awry and the increasing interest in those that were rescued at the last minute, and she pays particular attention to the desire to find and even preserve long-lost explorers. Some of them, like Ernest Shackleton, Richard Byrd, and Roald Amundsen, have become iconic figures, while others, as important in their day, have faded into obscurity. Here, like wayward travelers, they are rescued heroically. (ABEBooks, from Strand entry)

p. 73, in place of Parry's fanfare about the "rational amusements" of the officers, Nansen remarks simply: A good library was of great importance to an expedition like ours, and thanks to publishers and friends both in our own and in other countries we were well supplied in that respect.

p. 74, reading on *Fram*: …supper at six o'clock… Afterwards there was again smoking in the galley, while the saloon was transformed into a silent reading-room….

p. 78, Nansen's pleasure in the "good cheer" and "sybaritic life" waned as his frustration and "fear of the consequences"—which still seem to be as much moral as physical—grew. He was bored and missed his wife desperately: Monday, March 26th [1896] …. The sun mounts up and bathes the ice-plain with its radiance. Spring is coming, but brings no joys with it. Here it is as lonely and cold as ever. One's soul freezes. Seven more years of such life—or say only four—how will the soul appear then? And she…? If I dared to let my longings loose—to let my soul thaw. Ah! I long more than I care confess.

Add now to this good cheer our strongly built, safe house, our comfortable saloon, lighted up with the large petroleum lamp and several small ones (when we have no electric light), constant gaiety, card-playing and books in any quantity, with or without illustrations, good and entertaining reading, and then a good sound sleep—what more could one wish.

p. 81, re Nansen and Johansen: Everything they touched, and particularly paper, became filthy, and Nansen, in words that echo through accounts of polar winters, almost stopped writing his journal; …there was nothing to write about. The same thoughts came and went day after day; there was no more variety in them than in our conversation. The very emptiness of the journal really gives the best representation of our life during the nine months we lived there. [Source??]
p. 82, says Nansen was unusually fortunate in having something to read that he had not written himself: The little readable matter which was to be found in our navigation table and almanac I had read so many times already that I knew it almost by heart—all about the Norwegian royal family, all about persons apparently drowned, and all about self-help for fishermen. Yet it was always a comfort to see these books; the sight of the printed letters gave one a feeling that there was after all a little bit of the civilized man left.

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

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

His second trip was aboard the *William Scoresby* (to study whale behavior) and recounts adventures in the Bay of Biscay (man lost overboard, the Cape Verde Islands (imprisonment), Rio (white slavery), south of South Georgia (tangling with an iceberg), and various places in Antarctica.
p. 136, concerning Norwegian whalers at Grytviken in South Georgia: Their amusements here in South Georgia were simple—in such a remote corner of the world it would have been difficult for them to be anything

else. They played poker, at which we Englishmen used to join them sometimes, and various Norwegian card games that we did not understand. There was a good deal of reading, of old magazines and newspapers, and of various books, chiefly fiction, which they had brought with them. [Also speaks of knitting, music, film showings and especially Charlie Chaplin. Pease was also present for the unveiling of the Shackleton tombstone on South Georgia (p. 138).]
p. 141-42: Thus we could proclaim our respective philosophies, Mr. Dilwyn, John and I, and then, as like as not, he would break off and ask; 'Well, what's it matter any way?' and quote a line of Browning which seemed very wonderful to us just then:

'While a chaffinch sings on the orchard bow
In England now, in England now….'

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

After various adventures in Africa Pease turned his attention to the Arctic, motivated by a desire to learn more of Franklin's fate and particularly his records: the objects of this coming expedition were to endeavour to locate the log-books or relics of the ill-fated Franklin expedition, based on what he thought new information from natives about Hall's interactions with them. For Pease this was a solo affair, accompanied only by dogs. Later attempts from Churchill included Derek Graham, and an Eskimo called Kubloo.
Op. p. 240, a picture of author reading at an Arctic base camp (Fort Churchill, 1934).

On one foray into the Arctic Bush he discovered a grave with a Cree inscription saying "White Man Buried Here 1852" which Pease says is the date that Franklin's "ill-fated expedition met its fate."
p. 275, during a third trip: I proved to myself that I was right in my surmise as to exactly where the relics of Sir John Franklin would be found, and…that other guesses as to the location of the final resting-place have been wrong. I am positive that Sir John Franklin's "May the bulldog grit of the British Empire never die, and may the log-books of the Franklin Expedition be brought back to England by a British explorer!"

Pierson, John S. *Ship's Libraries, Their Need and Usefulness.* New York: American Seamen's Friend Society, 1878. 33 p.

p. 5 describing what first can be done for the physical and spiritual welfare of the sailor, the author goes on to ask what more can be done for his welfare: Obviously the only way left to reach him is by the *printed truth,*—The Bible, the tract, the good book. Just *here then comes in the ship's library* with its indispensable offices,--the last important advance made in the line of religious work among seamen,--the 'missing link,' I think we may call it, in the chain of evangelical agencies for their benefit.
p. 6, gives a testimonial from the SAILORS' MAGAZINE on the good done by a ship's library: "Library No. 4,674. With much pleasure I return this library from bark *Western Sea*. The books have been read and highly appreciated by all. *It is my opinion that there is no better way of reaching the spiritual wants of the sailor, than through the system of Loan Libraries.*
p. 7-8: Consider farther, in order to appreciate the splendid field which an interesting book has at sea, *the monotony of ship life* during a long voyage, as described from more than one voice from the forecastle;—into which comes no mail, no daily newspaper, no fresh face, or voice to enliven, as on shore….

Think now what boon a ship's library, with its three dozen interesting books must be, dropped into the dreary sameness of such a

life;—life the breeze which came at last to break the enchanted calm with its hideous scenery, in "The Ancient Mariner." [The picture given of a sailor bored by a dime novel but fascinated by the religious propaganda of the Bible Societies seems unrealistic if not ludicrous., but Pierson does go on to recommend books for recreation and amusement, as well as "*civilizing, softening, humanizing* books".]
p. 12, in recommending *Books of heroism*: Let him read, now, such a book as "Kane's Arctic Explorations," and mark the deliberate self-devotion to a great purpose; or better still, Gilmore's thrilling account of the exploits of the "Storm Warriors of the Goodwin Sands," or "Livingstone's Travels," or the "Life of Bishop Pattison," or of "Richard Williams," of the heroic but ill-fated Patagonian Mission, and see there the love of the Master appearing as the moving principle throughout,—and he gets a new idea.

Rediker, Marcus. *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea: Merchant Seamen, Pirates, and the Anglo-American Maritime World, 1700-1750.* Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1987.

p. 158, on literacy among sailors: Such "old men" were valued for their intimate grasp of maritime lore, which they communicated through an oral tradition crucial to an occupation marked by many degrees of literacy. Some seamen were entirely illiterate, whereas others possessed not only the skills of literacy but used them in remarkably talented ways. As many as three-quarters of the sailors employed in the merchant shipping industry between 1700 and 1750 were literature if judged by the standard of the ability to sign one's own name. But there is reason that the actual proportion of the literate may have been considerably smaller, because not all who could sign their names could read or write. … Further to say that one in four was illiterate is to obscure the uneven distribution of illiteracy among seafarers. All captains, mates, and surgeons were literature, but, at best, only two of three common seamen could even sign their name. … Maritime life contained cultural forms for the literate and illiterate. Books, tales, and ballads all functioned as

important means of communication, education, and entertainment. [For statistics on literacy, see Appendix D, p. 307.]
p. 162-63 is on maritime language, a linguistic necessity for any sailor, and they did seem to learn it quickly: Maritime language was marked by lack of ambiguity. Each object and action had a word or phrase—short, clear, and unmistakable—to designate it. Acknowledging the struggle against nature for survival, maritime language was constructed to serve as a precise set of relays for authority, to link captain and crew with a machinelike efficiency.

Richards, Robert L. *Dr John Rae*. Whitby, Yorkshire: Caedmon of Whitby Publishers, 1985.

p. 35: Rae happily spent the winter [1845] at York Factory. He built a 'laboratory' and occupied himself with meteorological observations and he taught some of his men to assist him. The company [HBC] maintained a small library at York and Rae used it to continue his study of natural history, botany, geology and other subjects.
p. 115: A notable person who entered the controversy [over cannibalism on the Franklin expedition] was the writer Charles Dickens. On 2 December 1854 in his magazine *Household Words* Dickens wrote an article on 'The Lost Arctic Voyagers' in which he commented on Rae's discoveries and reports. Dickens considered that the Eskimos were not to be trusted on the subject of cannibalism. 'The word of a savage is not to be taken for it; firstly because he is a liar; secondly because he is a boaster; thirdly because he talks figuratively; fourthly because he is given to a superstitious notion that when he tells you he has an enemy in his stomach you will logically credit him for having his enemy's valour in his heart.' Dickens was critical of Rae and thought his report to the Hudson's Bay Company was 'a very unsatisfactory document on which to found such strong conclusions as it takes for granted.'??? He did agree, however, that Rae was bound to report fully and accurately to the Admiralty and he criticized the latter for making public the report without considering the effects it would have on those who waited so long for news of their relatives and friends." [Rae responded in two

articles on 23 and 30 December, sticking to his guns about his Admiralty report.]

Riffenburgh, Beau. *The Myth of the Explorer: The Press, Sensationalism, and Geographical Discovery.* Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1994.

Explores the role of the press in developing idealized versions of polar heroes, whatever their feet of clay. Cites Joseph Campbell, John Ruskin, and particularly J. Mackenzie in clarifying the requirements for heroic status: an exotic setting, the personal characteristics and qualities of the hero, the martyrdom of the hero (though this varied from country to country), and the development of icons of the fallen heroes for whatever nationalistic, patriotic, or commercial motives. (cf. Scott, p. 7).

Riley, Jonathan P. *From Pole to Pole: The Life of Quintin Riley, 1905-1980.* Bluntisham, UK: Bluntisham Books, 1989.

Quinton Riley was the Quarter Master of the British Graham Land Expedition, and this biography includes one full chapter on his participation in the BGLE (p. 55-95). He is described as a good-natured but argumentative colleague, of firm religious convictions, and a valuable member of the expedition staff.
p. 72 prints a sketch by Quintin of his sleeping quarters and of his bunk, with a note that his book shelf is not shown.
p. 76: For relaxation most people were content with reading or listening to the BBC, which Meiklejohn could pick up on the 1500 metre band. Although many packs of cards had been taken, no-one ever played. Discussions and arguments on a wide variety of topics were fairly frequent; Quintin of course loved arguments and was prepared to be opinionated on almost any subject, fortified by many assumed prejudices. He would throw remarks around as a fisherman scatters around bait, waiting for some fish to rise up and snap. Once Quinton had hooked his fish he would play him with great enjoyment until the subject was exhausted. Moreover he had taken copies of Whitaker's Almanac

and Kennedy's Latin Primer with him so as to be able to have the last word in any dispute.

Rowley, Graham W. *Cold Comfort: My Love Affair with the Arctic.* Montreal: McGill-Queens University Press, 1996.

This is a rather dry account of a mid-1930s expedition to map the coastline of Baffin Island and the Foxe Basin and also some archaeological work on Thule and Dorset cultures. There are scattered reading references:
p. 39, August 22 1936: The rain was heavy early next morning, so I wrote a letter and read *Tristram Shandy*. The Arctic is an excellent place for reading books one feels one should read but never does if there are any distractions.
p. 42: We awoke to find we were firmly shut in, and we remained imprisoned by ice, and sometimes fog as well, for two more days.

We had not expected to be held up for so long and we soon read everything we had with us. Pat introduced me to the game of battleships which we played now and again from then on.
p. 91, an Inuit Sabbath service: It began with five hymns, one after another. These were followed by a reading from the Bible. Some passages the congregation would agree with, smiling and nodding their heads in approval. Other passages were obscure, as might be expected in a context changed from the Near East to the Far North, and there were many interruptions with everyone free to ask for an explanation. A discussion would then follow until a consensus had been reached on the meaning. In this way the reading became also a cooperative sermon….. Though I could understand only a little of what was going on, I found these services to be a real religious experience, which left me with no doubt that Christianity was a most important influence in the life of that camp. [Elsewhere Rowley does note that they had distinct splits between Anglican and Catholic.]
p. 96: After supper I noticed that Kutjek was reading the service for the solemnization of matrimony in his prayer book. He must have read it

many times before, but the prayer book and parts of the Bible were then the only books in his language.
p. 120-21: Pond Inlet. There was plenty to do at Pond Inlet. My time was fully occupied in arranging to travel to Arctic Bay, making social calls, writing, and reading. Having nothing to read is in some ways like having nothing to eat or drink. I had been deprived of reading for a longtime, and at first it did not matter much what I read, just as any food is good when one is hungry enough. During the winter I had spent a night in an igloo where the walls were lined with advertisements from the *Saturday Evening Post* of several years back, and I read all of them. I can still remember one that offered a new Packard for $1000. At Pond Inlet there was no shortage of books, and there was a radio with news from 'the outside'.
p. 123: Although none of the Baffin Island Inuit had ever been to any school, most of them were literate in syllabics and used them to keep in touch with their relatives and friends, as well as for reading the Bible and prayer books.
p. 141, re Admiralty Inlet excavations: My memories of the next few days are of worry about Aiula [a sick Inuk child], of reading Shakespeare from the complete edition I had found at the post [Pond Inlet?], and of eating a lot of *muktuk*.
p. 171-72: The time before Kutjek was due to return passed quickly. I had one or two archaeological books to read and the post [Repulse Bay] had a substantial though very mixed library.
p. 180, Christmas in Lyon Inlet: I was of particular interest because I was new and different. I had a few books with me which the children and often their parents enjoyed, particularly *Birds of Canada* and Jenness's *The Copper Eskimos*….
p. 197, on a long komatik sledge trip at Jens Munk Island: Sometimes I would recite poetry to myself and I found I could recall long passages, mainly Shakespeare and Keats, learned years before at school. Occasionally, and unexpectedly, I would suddenly feel intensely happy. I have no idea what caused such irrational and yet unbounded euphoria. I remembered part of one of Siegfried Sassoon's war poems, 'Everyone suddenly burst out singing, And I was filled with such delight as

prisoned birds must find in freedom. Winging wildly across the white orchards and dark green fields.' The context was completely different, but the emotion was the same.
p. 218: The next day it was drifting so badly that all we could do was sit in the igloo waiting for better weather. I had picked up a few books, mostly Jane Austen and Dickens, at Arctic Bat, intending to read them during the summer. They helped to fill up such periods of enforced idleness since I did not want to spend all the time asking what must seem to my companions to be silly questions, and I had already learned all the string figures that Panikpakuttuk knew.
p. 219, at the end of trip at Igloolik: It was 16 May [1939]; the journey from Arctic Bay, which I had hoped would last little more than a week, had taken twenty-five days, and I had only *War and Peace* left for summer reading.

Rundell, Thomas. *Narratives of Voyages towards the North-West, in Search of A Passage to Cathay and India. 1496 to 1631.* London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society, 1849.

This very early volume from the Society contains "Selections from the Early Records of the Honourable the East India Company and from Mss. In the British Museum.

p. 61, on the Voyage of Captain George Weymouth and his Instructions: IV. *Muster-roll and wages* } A list of the persons embarked in the expedition, with the pay attached to their respective ranks, has been framed from the Court-minutes, the accounts of disbursements, and some miscellaneous documents. Except in some instances of the rating of the men, respecting which the information is defective, the list may be considered correct. The original agreements entered into by seventeen of the crew arc preserved. Of these persons four make their marks, three write their initials, and ten affix their signatures. This presents a favourable view of the state of education in the time of Elizabeth: that is, as far as regards writing, and, it may be presumed, reading. Writing and reading were not,

however, the sole tests of efficiency. It will be perceived by reference to the autographs, that a well-trained seaman, though unlettered, was rated above and considered entitled to better pay than the man, his inferior in the profession, though excelling him in the mechanical part of education.
p. 66-67, again the voyage of Weymouth:

The particulers of y^{e} Mutinie.

The nineteenth day [of July 1602], the wind was north and by east, and our course to the eastwards. The same night following, all our men conspired secretly together, to beare vp the helme for *England*, while I was asleepe in my cabin, and there to haue kept me by force, vntill I had sworn vnto them that I would not offer any violence vnto them for so doing. And indeede they had drawne in writing, the causes of their bearing vp of the helme, and thereunto set their hands, and would haue left them in my cabin: but by good chance I vnderstood their pretence, and preuented them for that time.

The twentieth day, I called the chiefest of my company into my cabin, before Master *John Cartwright*, our preacher, and our Master, *William Cobreth,* to hear what reasons they could alledge for bearing vp of the helme, which might be an overthrow to the voyage, seeing the merchants had bin at so great charge with it. After much conference, they deliuered me their reasons in writing :

Concluding, that although it were granted, that we might winter betweene 60 and 70 degrees of latitude, with safetie of our liues and vessels, yet it will be May next before wee can dismore them, to lach out into the sea. And therefore if the merchants should haue purpose to proceede on the discouerie of the nortlh-west parts of *America;* the next yeare you may he in the aforesaid latitudes for [from] *England,* by the first of May, and so be furnished better with men and victuals to passe and proceede in the aforesaid action.

Seeing then that you cannot assure vs of a safe harbour to the northward, we purpose to beare vp the helme for *England*; yet with this limitation, that if in your wisedom, you shall think good to make any discouery, either in 60 or 57 degrees, with this faire northerly winde, we

yeeld our liues, with vour self, to encounter any danger. Thus much we thought needefull to signifie, as a matter builded vpon reason, and not proceeding vpon feare or cowardise.

Then we being in latitude of 68 degrees and 53 minutes, the next [day] following, about eleuen of the clocke, they bare vp the helme, being all so bent, that there was no meanes to perswade them to the contrary. At last vnderstanding of it, I came forth of my cabin, and demanded of them: Who bare up the helme? They answered. ONE AND ALL. So they hoysed vp all the sail they could, and directed the course south and by west.

The two and twentieth, I sent for the chiefest of those which were the cause of the bearing vp of the helme, and punished them seuerely, that this punishment might be a warning to them afterward for falling into the like mutinie. In the end, vpon the intreatie of Master *Cartwright* our preacher, and the Master *William Cobreth,* vpon their submission, I remitted some part of their punishment.

p. 85, in Admiralty Instructions for the Voyage of Sir Thomas Button:

11. ***Last*** of all: see that you and all under yo^{r} charge, doe faiethfullie obserue and followe all such further directions and instrucĉons as shal be given by the ADUENTURERS. And to the end it may appear what care we have of the Action and howe acceptable everie mannes good indevour and service therein wilbe to Us, Let theis be perticerlie read once everie Moneth, if it can be, to your whole Companie.

p. 94, re the Voyage of James Hall, has a complicated passage on different longitudinal readings of Baffin [1612] and Sir John Ross much later [1818?]: CAPTAIN GIBBONS, it will be recollected, accompanied Sir Thomas Button on his voyage in 1612, as a volunteer; and it is evident the knight entertained a very high opinion of his relative. Sir Thomas "saith, albeit that bee is so neare in blood, as that modestie will not allow of his speaking too much of his merit, yet hee will boldlv sav thus much of his sufficiencv, as that he is not short of anv man that ever yet he carried to sea.

p. 145, Voyages of Bylot and Baffin: Therefore briefly thus, and as it were in the fore-front, I entend to shew the whole proceeding of the voyage in a word: as namely, there is no passage nor hope of passage in the north of *Davis* Straights, We having coasted all, or neere all the circumference

thereof, and finde it to be no other then a great Bav, as the vovage doth truelv shew.' Wherefore 1 cannot but much admire the worke of the Almightie, when I consider how vaine the best and chiefest hopes of men are in thinges vncertain; and to speake of no other then of the hopeful passage to the North West. How many of the best sort of men haue set their whole endeauoures to prooue a passage that wayes? not onely in conference, but also in writin; and publishing to the world. Yea what great summes of money haue been spent about that action, as your worship hath costly experience of. Neither would the vaine-glorious *Spaniard* haue scattered abroad so many fake maps and journals, if they had not beene confident of a passage this way; that if it had pleased GOD passage had been found, they might have eclipsed the worthy praise of the adventurers and true discouerers....

p. 223: This brief discourse I had concluded with a request to any noble-minded traveller that should take it down, or come to the notice of it, that, if we should perish in the action, then to make our endeavours known to our Sovereign Lord the King. And thus, with our arms, drums, and colours, cook and kettle, we went ashore; and first we marched up to our eminent cross, adjoining to which we had buried our dead fellows. There we read morning prayers, and then walked up and down till dinncr-time. After dinner we walked up to the highest hills, to see which way the fire had wasted; we descried th.at it had consumed to the westward sixteen miles at least, and the whole breadth of the island. Near our cross and dead it could not come, by reason it was a bare sand. After evening prayer I happened to walk along the beach-side, where I found an herb resembling scurvy-grass; 1 had some gathered, which we boiled with our meat for supper. It was most excellent good, and far better than our vetches. After supper we went to seek for more of it, which we carried off to the quantity of two bushels, which did afterwards much refresh us.

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

p. 65, re Scott's Northern Party: Levick used to read aloud in the evening, first a chapter a night of *David Copperfield*, then the *Life of Stevenson*, then

Simon the Jester [William Locke novel]. That was their library, and thus rationed lasted them about half way through the winter…. On Sunday nights they sang with a religious bias.
p. 81, Lincoln Ellsworth on the *Wyatt Earp* in 1931: He stocked the ship with books about the frontier marshal and those lawless days. The Norwegian crewmen who knew English translated the books to the non-English speakers….
p. 97-8, re the Greenland Expedition of Alfred Wegener, Loewes and an Inuit named Rasmus: the favorite reading of this trio seems to have been Schopenhauer and Goethe.
Chapter 8. "Records of Travel," on the importance of record keeping to all explorers who want their exploits and discoveries known.
p. 127, on the failed Mikkelsen/Erichsen expedition: at one point their major task "was to get back to the cache they had made before their desperate dash to Danmarks Hut, and recover their records. The found everything except Mikkelsen's diary which had been eaten by a bear."

Scott, Michael. *Tom Cringle's Log.* Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1833.

Early maritime fiction, sometimes compared to Marryat's work. There is a good deal of material, not very respectful, about black sailors. Not much reading amidst the swashbuckling, except for burials. An example:
Volume I, p. 13: The surgeon could do nothing for him, and had left him; but our old Captain—bless him for it—I little expected, from his usual crusty bearing, to find him so employed—had knelt by his side, and, whilst he read from the prayer-book, one of those beautiful petitions in our church service, to Almighty God, for mercy to the passing soul of one so young, and so early cut off, the tears trickled down the old man's cheeks, and filled the furrows worn in them by the washing salt spray. On the other side of his narrow bed, fomenting the rigid muscles of his neck and chest, sat Mishtress Connolly, one of three women on board—a rough enough creature, heaven knows, in common weather; but her stifled sobs showed that the mournful sight had stirred up all the woman within her. She had opened the bosom of

the poor boy's shirt, and, untying the riband that fastened a small gold crucifix round his neck, she placed it in his cold hand. The young midshipman was of a respectable family in Limerick, her native place, and a Catholic—another strand of the cord that bound her to him. When the Captain finished reading, he bent over the departing youth, and kissed his cheek.

Senn, Nicholas. *In the Heart of the Arctics.* Chicago, W. B. Conkey, 1907.

This rather charming account of a voyage with Peary to Greenland in 1905 aboard *Erik*. Senn was a Professor of Surgery at the University of Chicago, and a veteran medic of the Spanish-American War.

p. 79: Greenland is the largest island in the world. It is an island-continent familiar only to explorers, whalers, and the few white people living there in the service of the Danish government.

The many books written by explorers, who attempted to reach the pole by making Greenland the base of their expedition to the farthest north, have been read by millions of people; but no one can obtain a correct idea of this strange and mysterious icebound and ice-covered land, from the best written and most accurate accounts. To know this, the most northern of all known lands, it must be seen. The complicated topography of the country, the interesting native population, the mighty ice-cap, the countless glaciers, the floating mountains of ice, the resistless, moving fields of floe-ice, the gigantic sea-animals, the scanty but beautiful flora, the long summer day, and the equally long winter night, are things which must be seen to be understood and appreciated. The average layman is impressed with the idea that Greenland is an uninhabitable wilderness of ice and snow, and it is hard to make him believe that the arctic summer, with its midnight sun, even as far north as Etah, the very heart of the arctics, is delightful.

p. 98-99: It was our captain's intention to set the course of his vessel for Cape York, but as he could not make out our exact position, we drifted lazily along at the rate of less than four miles an hour. It was a monotonous, dreary, and most disagreeable day. Even the sailors lost their customary

cheerfulness and the captain's mind was visibly disturbed. It is bad enough to be lost on land, but it is vastly more so on the trackless ocean in rain and fog, near a dangerous coast, and among icebergs and possibly floating ice. The question, "Where are we?" became a burning one for the third time since we left Sydney. An overcast, weeping sky, mist and fog, a falling barometer, a chilly atmosphere, and wet deck, coupled with the uncertainty of our location, made up a combination of things not congenial to physical comfort, and certainly not conducive to a happy mental state. Forced idleness, under such depressing conditions, is painful, and the loss of a whole day, discouraging. Que faire? I did the utmost in my power to make the best possible use of my time by reading and writing. I envy the people, who, under such circumstances, can while away the burden of time by reading novels or playing cards, some thing out of the question with me.
p. 193: on Eskimo language, etc.: Their only needs are food and clothing. This is a part of the world free from politics, and a place where the value of money is unknown. These Eskimos have no written language, and their thoughts are expressed in not more than 300 words. The tranquillity of these communities is not disturbed by the voice of steam, the ticking of the telegraph, the ringing of the telephone, or the reading of the daily news. The excitement of elections, grafts, insurance scandals, and bank failures have never disturbed the calmness of the Eskimo mind.

The lazy ones enjoy the benefits of the labor of the more active and no complaints are made. As there is no property ownership, stealing is out of the question. They borrow, but they cannot steal. Some of the early explorers accused these Eskimos of stealing, a charge which was undoubtedly well founded at that time; but, on the whole, they are honest. On our entire trip not a single act of dishonesty was discovered. Many times I dealt out little presents, and in almost every instance the recipient, by motions, wanted to know if I intended him to keep it — a very good indication of honesty.
p. 300: Think of a country where there is nothing to read, to which there is no access, and from which there is no escape, except every year or two by a tramp whaler, or an occasional vessel of an explorer, and you will have some idea of the solitude and extent of isolation of the heart of the arctic region.

Skallerup, Harry Robert. *Books Afloat & Ashore: A History of Books, Libraries, and Reading Among Seamen During the Age of Sail.* Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1974.

p. 4: In 1631, when Captain Thomas James fitted out his vessel in Bristol for a voyage in search of the Northwest Passage, he purchased 'A Chest full of the best and choicest Mathematicall bookes that could be got for money in England; as likewise Master Hackluite and Master Purchase, and other books of Journals and Histories. [See C. Miller, ed. *Voyages of Captain Luke Fox of Hull*, Hakluyt Soc. London 1894, p. 265-67, 606 p.]
p. 7: Luke Foxe makes light of his failure to order many books; Frobisher purchased just 8 books for his first journey including travel books and cosmological treatises, and one good practical navigational manual.
p. 15-16: A good look at the contents of a ship's scientific library of this period is afforded in an account of a similar voyage of discovery begun seventeen years after that of the [Cook's] *Endeavour*. The ill-fated expedition of France's Comte de la Pérouse was furnished with a large collection of books at its outset in 1785. Over 119 entries appeared in the catalog of the library which was intended on the voyage 'for the use of the officers and men of science embarked' under the command of La Pérouse. The traditional mariner's choice of voyages, including 'Hawkesworth's Voyages, and Cooks three Voyages, in French and in English' headed the category of books of interest to mariners—astronomy and navigation, which numbered nineteen treatises, not counting 'all the usual books of navigation.' For the scientists, eight titles in physics were listed along with sixty-five in natural history, a category that contained works on science in general, botany, zoology, chemistry, languages, and the *Mémoires de l'Académie des sciences.*

The example of La Pérouse's library furnishes also one last observation concerning the early provision of books to seamen, which is rather self-evident. Libraries and book collections at sea, no matter what their content or intended usage, were exposed to an additional destructive

hazard not shared by similar collections ashore—shipwreck. La Perouse and his ships, as Carlyle wrote, ‘vanished trackless into blue immensity,’ and so did his books. The library at sea, often formed to serve some temporary expedient, could and did perish even before its fleeting mission was fulfilled. But if the library did survive a long voyage, often the volumes composing it, like the men composing the crew of the ship, might be disbanded and lost sight of forever at journey’s end, or might be recruited again for further service.

Notes connection between Joseph Banks and Cook—a book collector and explorer working together [until they didn’t.]

Smucker, Samuel Mosheim. *Arctic Explorations and Discoveries during the Nineteenth Century. Being Detailed Accounts of the Several Expeditions to the North Seas, both English and American, Conducted by Ross, Parry, Back, Franklin, M’Clure, Dr. Kane, and Others. Including the First Grinnell Expedition….in Search of Sir John Franklin.* New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Co., 1858.

Although boredom is something that we have all suffered from at some point in our lives, and has become one of the central preoccupations of our age, very few of us can explain precisely what it is. In this book Lars Svendsen examines the nature of boredom, how it originated, its history, how and why it afflicts us, and why we cannot seem to overcome it by any act of will. A diverse and vague phenomenon, described as anything from 'tame longing without any particular object' (Schopenhauer), 'a bestial and indefinable affliction' (Dostoevsky), to 'time's invasion of your world system' (Joseph Brodsky), boredom allows many interpretations. In exploring these, Lars Svendsen brings together observations from philosophy, literature, psychology, theology and popular culture, examining boredom's pre-Romantic manifestations in medieval torpor, philosophies of the subject from Pascal to Nietzsche, and modern related concepts of alienation and transgression, taking in texts by

Samuel Beckett, J. G. Ballard, Andy Warhol and many others. He also puts forward an ethics for boredom, discussing what stance one can adopt towards boredom as well as how one ought not to do so. This book arose from the author's attempt to relax and do nothing. Finding this impossible, he thought it better to do something, so he wrote A Philosophy of Boredom. A witty and entertaining account that considers a serious issue, it will appeal to anyone who has ever felt bored, and wanted to know why.

Swaine, Theodore. *An Account of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage by Hudson's Streights, to the Western and Southern Ocean of America. Performed in the Year 1746 and 1747, in the Ship* California*, Capt.* Francis Smith*, Commander. By the Clerk of the* California. Two volumes. London: Jolliffe, Corbett, and Clarke, 1748.

The little found in these volumes concerning reading and writing has to do with the documents of the expedition itself, as well as the account of earlier voyages.
Volume II: includes summaries of a number of earlier voyages (p. 64ff) including the mutiny against Henry Hudson in 1610 (p. 100-20?).
p. 7, in February 1747 in the region of Newfoundland, commenting upon the relatively mild weather, despite prevalence of scurvy: In that time the *Spring* was greatly advanced. Neither Water or Ink in the Tent froze; and Water put out at the Tent-Door froze but little.
p. 64, turning from his present 1747 voyage to the retrospective accounts of earlier attempts toward a North-West Passage: I hope I may plead an Excuse for troubling my Readers with my Narration, if they are pleas'd to consider, that a great Number of others, who would willingly know this History, and not having Leisure or Opportunity to collect it for their own Use, would gladly peruse it when done by another. Some of ;these Voyages are also scarce, others have been left out in the late Editions of Voyages, therefore a Recital of them, repeated after this Manner, cannot be improper. But what makes it mostly necessary is, that by giving a History of this Undertaking from the Origin, it will give the Reader a

further Insight into the Expedition we are now writing of, than he could otherwise have had; and by considering this Expedition jointly with the rest, he will be able to form some Judgment in himself, whether there is any, and what Probability of a Passage remaining. [An historical account of attempts to locating the Passage, starting with John Cabot, follows.

p. 81, a 1582 report of a discovery of the North-West Passage by the Portuguese: " (a) I *Thomas Cowles* of *Bedmester* in the County of *Somerset* Mariner, do acknowledge, that six Years past, being at *Lisborne* in *Portugall*, I did hear one *Martin Chacke* a Portugal, read a book of his own making, which he had set out six Years before that Time, in print in the *Portugal* Tongue, declaring, that the said *Martin Chacke* had found now twelve Years past *a Way from the Portugal Indies, through the Gulf of* Newfoundland, which he thought to be in 59° 00′ of the North Pole…."

p. 113, during angry debate over the Hudson mutiny terms: Upon this *Green* took and Swore upon a Bible that he would do no Harm, and that which he did was for the good of the Voyage. [The author claims that this oath was written and taken with no intention of honoring it. The long account is worth reading.]

Stefansson, Evelyn. *Within the Circle: Portrait of the Arctic.* New York: Scribner's, 1945.

p. 32: Since 1913 a journal printed in the Eskimo language has published twelve monthly issues each year in Godhavn. *Avangnamioq*, the Northlander, it is called. It is distributed throughout North Greenland as soon as it is off the press. It is sent in yearly volumes to the rest of the country from its printing plant, which is now housed in the town hall, the House of Assembly.
p. 33, re the nearby Arctic Station: "Its Arctic library, swelled by contributions from Danish and foreign societies, now contains fifteen thousand volumes; its herbarium contains more than fifty thousand specimens of plants.
p. 38—prominence of chess on Grimsey, Iceland, since the middle ages.
p. 40: There is no illiteracy in Iceland! The island is the most bookish in the world, reading and publishing many times more books per capita than any other country.

p. 45, Willard Fiske of Cornell fame, adopted Grimsey though he was never there: “He was deeply impressed that a community of less than a hundred, in money the poorest in all Iceland, should be so interested in chess and boast a much-read library of several hundred volumes….” He left a bequest providing the library with $100 a year for purchase of new books.
p. 80, picture of Soviet girl reading newspaper in Leningrad.
p. 81: Arctic research stations all have libraries, some with as many as five thousand volumes. More than twenty-three stations print their own newspapers (as do ice-breakers and other Arctic ships) and ‘wall newspapers are encountered everywhere, even at the smallest fur trading post.

Stuster, Jack. *Lessons from Polar and Space Exploration.* Annapolis, MD: Naval Institute Press,1996.

Studies polar explorations to prepare for lunar space travel.
p. 26—notes common response to isolation and confinement in letter writing and journal keeping: Some members of expeditions use their diaries as outlets for the feelings that they dare not permit themselves to expose or act upon. In this way, maintaining a diary serves as therapeutic purpose for some individuals.
p. 8: on Nansen’s *Fram*: …the crew established several shops on board, including sail making, blacksmithing, tin work, shoe repair, and even bookbinding in order to repair books in the well-used library.
p. 88, reading requirements for medical residence to alleviate boredom.
p. 130, quotes Nansen’s *Farthest North* I 372-73: I have no inclination to read, nor to draw….The only thing that helps me is writing.
p. 132, Conan Doyle as surgeon on whaler *Hope* in 1880.
p. 191, submariner’s preference for open landscapes and seascapes; also for westerns in film genres; sees need to choose graphic art by group consensus or conflict can emerge.
p. 192, good picture of library alcove at an Antarctic research station. (50 shelves or approximately 2000 vols.)

p. 270, quotes Rodgers 1990: The bunks were each individual's private chamber in the close confines of the winter burrow [at Little America]…. After lights-out at night, men lit candles on shelves over their bunks and for an hour or two read or wrote entries in pocket-sized, leather-covered diaries that had been provided.
p. 287, recommends some form of library compartment for space crews.
p. 309, memorizing poems (Cherry) or even composing, memorizing, and eventually writing one (John Glenn).
p. 324, Nansen's reading of Kane.

Vaughan, Richard. "The Arctic in the Middle Ages," *Journal of Medieval History* 8 (1982) 313-42.

An overview of knowledge of the Arctic in the middle ages. Claims that any one of the writers displays woeful ignorance, but collectively they provide a good picture of the medieval Arctic, from cold to frostbite, from skies to polar bears, to unicorn horns. The writers he cites are Saxo Grammaticus who is in "the very first rank of medieval writers about the north" and who wrote about geysers and volcanoes in Iceland, and Finnish use of skies. See his *History of the Dan*es, 2 volumes, 1978-9.
Others are Albertus Magnus on Animals (esp. whales and whaling) and Dante's *De Monarchia* (1:14) who refers to inequality of days and the extreme cold of the Scythians.

Victor, Paul-Émile. *Man and the Conquest of the Poles*. Translation by Scott Sullivan. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1963.

p. 75: Barents did all he could to keep up the morale of his flock. By the flickering bear-oil lamp he read them Mendoza's *History and Description of the Great Chinese Empire.* Seated in a circle around the smoking fire, their backs frozen, the men listened to their chief, the 'scholar' who would one day get them out of the spot they were in. [1596]

When their camp was discovered in 1871: They also found navigational instruments (including a cross-staff), three books [a translation of a Spanish work on navigation by Medina, a Dutch chronicle, and Mendoza's *History of China*] and the Dutch translation of Pet's and Jackman's logbook. They were surprised to discover in a chest various religious images with which it was doubtless intended to redeem the pagan souls of Cathay.
p. 87: Thomas James expedition of 1631 had with them "the geographical documents of Hakluyt and Samuel Purchas, as well as all the most recent mathematical books." [Luke Foxe "published an account of his voyage [1631], which many consider an authentic masterpiece of Arctic literature."
p. 94, Bering in Okhotsk and Siberia in late 1720s: A mass of assistants were prepared for their tasks, among them interpreters speaking Greek and Chaldean. A vast library had been selected: *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe* were both in it.
p. 99, re. Captain James Cook's trip in the *Endeavour* in 1769(?): …the ship's library would have made many a scientist turn pale with envy.
p. 107: It was on August 1, 1785, that La Perouse sailed from Brest with the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, two barges…remarkably well fitted out; Cook might have dreamed of their sumptuous chart rooms, their laboratories and their twelve-hundred-volume library.
p. 121, notes Parry's literacy classes and the *North Georgia Gazette*.
p. 154: Franklin's great expedition was a failure, but a glorious failure…. At the time of the disappearance of the Erebus and the Terror, the sale of books of adventure and books on polar exploration increased tenfold; shopwindows took Voyages to the Far North as their theme, and the most incredible rumors went around….
p. 157-8, Nares for his 1875 expedition: The Geographical Society presented Nares with a volume containing papers on Arctic geography and ethnology, while the Royal Society prepared a digest on various branches of science connected with the regions to be visited.

Weibert, Knut. *Deep Sea Sailors: A Study in Maritime Ethnology.* Stockholm: Nordiska museet, 1969.

p. 109: As far as reading was concerned we never saw so much as a Swedish newspaper in three years.
p. 111: It was the lack of books….at this time and previously, in my opinion, that turned sailors to making things, models, mats, picture-frames, mostly out of scrap.
p. 111: Lack of reading matter, writes an old seaman, turned the men to other things…; these pastimes have to a large extent dropped out since fo'c'sles have been better lit and larger supplies of books have been available. (See M. K. Cook *In the Watch Below,* 1937.)
p. 115, (cf. Rex Clements, *A Gipsy of the Horn*, 1951, p. 230): finds reading aboard ship limited by?? and those few didn't survive well; pages were used for cigarette paper or toiler paper; there was poor lighting for seamen below deck; and was sometimes condemned by captains. Procurement did occur from Seamens' mission and women's association, as well as exchange on board ship.
Map in flap: "The Countries around the North Pole"

Whyman, Henry C. *The Hedstroms and the Bethel Ship Saga: Methodist Influence on Swedish Religious Life*. Carbondale, IL: Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1992.

The Bethel ships were intended as floating chapels for seamen and also immigrants. They were evangelical, teetotal, sabbatarian, and predominantly Swedish Lutheran turned Methodists. The period was 1840s to 1860s at least, and followed a Swedish movement called the *läsare*, a reading fellowship of like-minded Christians. Both of the NY ships were named *John Wesley*, and the movement here was led by Olof Hedstrom. There is little here about the use of Bethel ships elsewhere, even at sea, but it is an interesting introduction to the phenomenon.
p. 33, Hedstrom sermon used the text, "Except these abide in the ship ye cannot be saved." Interesting text for various expeditions.
p. 40ff, on *läsare*, Swedish groups who met in private homes for Bible reading, prayer, and conversation on spiritual matters. They were influenced by German Moravianism and English Wesleyan Methodism, as transmuted into Swedish pietism.

p. 41: Bible study required reading skills, and so the movement formed educational institutions of all sorts.
p. 79, description of the second *John Wesley*: Between the entries is the Pastor's study, on either side are lockers or cases for books and for the Sunday School library.
p. 8: [The Sunday School] curriculum included alphabet primers, spelling books, and most importantly, pious tracts, stories, Bibles, and Hymns for children. The teaching materials were inexpensively published by the Methodists' own Sunday School Union and tract societies, as well as the American Sunday School Union.

Wiebe, Rudy. *Playing Dead: A Contemplation Concerning the Arctic.* (Edmonton, ALB: NeWest, 1989).

p. 21: Young Midshipman Robert Hood is unaccustomed to both the nightly 'dismal serenade' of the 'cowardly, stupid and ravenous' sled dogs and to the lazy winter lives of the traders, 'few of [whom] have books, and the incidents of their lives do not furnish much subject for thought.' Hood decides: 'in such a state one might be disposed to envy the half year's slumber of the bears.'
p. 25-26, from Richardson's diary, Oct. 7, 1821: Through the extreme kindness and forethought of a lady, the party, previous to leaving London, had been furnished with a small collection of religious books, of which we still retained two or three of the most portable, and they proved of incalculable benefit to us. We read portions of them to each other as we lay in bed, in addition to the morning and evening service, and found that they inspired us on each perusal with so strong a sense of the omnipresence of a beneficent God. That our situation, even in these wilds, appeared no longer destitute; and we conversed, not only with calmness, but with cheerfulness, detailing with unrestrained confidence the pat events of our lives, and dwelling with hope on our future prospects. Had my poor friend been spared to revisit his native land, I should look back to this period with unalloyed delight.

One of their books is of course the *Book of Common Prayer* whose lectionary gives them their daily morning and evening readings….

p. 27: Besides the Bible, they read Edward Bickersteth's *A Scripture Help,* and a prayer of the Princess Elizabeth of France, 'which, amongst others, had been presented by a lady before the expedition left England…. [The prayer is strongly predestinarian.]
p. 86, quotes George Best on Frobisher's men killing Inuits and their own suicides.

Wooldridge, Emily. *The Wreck of the Maid of Athens, Being the Journal of Emily Wooldridge 1869-1870*. Edited and Illustrated by Laurence Irving. New York: Macmillan, 1953.

The wreck occurred somewhere between Tierra del Fuego and Staten Island on the Lemaire Channel. This is the homespun story of a petticoat sailor, in dire straits, always devoted to her husband's command.
p. 26: In my sleeping cabin I had…shelves over my bed on which were my books.
p. 27: I never find the time wearying or monotonous on board ship: woolwork, reading, being on deck and watching the waves break….
p. 28: Then on Sunday afternoon the Boy would come on the poop and repeat the Commandments, some hymns, and finish up by reading a chapter of the Bible; soon after we would have prayers in which the whole ship's company would join.
p. 33, immediately after the wreck: On my return to the cabin everything was floating; I picked up charts, chairs, pillows, books, my workbox, papers, broken glass, and then I looked about to see what happened. I found the skylight broken, the binnacle lamp upset, and mixed with salt water. In the pantry, plates and dishes were still jumping about, the cheese rolling about the floor, pickles fallen on dough that was rising.
p. 60, Sunday, February 20, 1870: As this was Sunday the men did no work at the boats, and early in the evening they all came up to the Mount when the Captain repeated some of the Church Service prayers from memory, and read us the account of St. Paul's shipwreck, the men afterwards singing some hymns.

p. 117, Sunday, 27th: When tea was over, the Captain read us some chapters out of the Bible and gave us few words on having Faith and Trust in God's mercies.
p. 132, while sailing in a small boat to the Falklands, Sunday, April 3rd, 1870: During the morning the Captain read us the history of Esther.