DISCOVERY OF NORTH POLE RELATED BY ROBERT E. PEARY

Intrepid Explorer's Story of the Bold Dash by Which He Reached the Earth's Apex---Dr. Cook's Claim Flatly Denied.

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DENIES COOK REACHED POLE.

Battle Harbor, Labrador (via Marconi wireless, Cape Ray, N. F.), Sept. 10.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook's story, or attempt to explain any discrepancies in his statements, The affair will settle itself.

He has not been at the pole on April 21, 1908, or at any other time. He has simply backed the polar a good brick.

These statements are made advisedly, and I have proof of them. When he makes a full statement of his journey over his signature to some recognized society or other reputable body, if that statement contains the claim that he was reached the pole, I shall be in a position to furnish material that may prove disastrous to his interesting story for the public.

ROBERT E. PEARY.

Battle Harbor, Labrador (via Marconi wireless, Cape Ray, N. F.), Sept. 9.—The steamer Roosevelt, bearing the north polar expedition of the Peary Arctic club, parted company with the Erik and steamed out of Etah Sound late in the afternoon of August 18, 1908, setting the usual course for Cape Sabine. The weather was dirty, with fresh southerly winds. We had on board 22 Eskimo men, 17 women, and 19 children, 246 dogs, and some forty odd walrus.

We encountered the ice a short distance from the mouth of the harbor, but it was not closely packed and was negotiated by the Roosevelt without serious difficulty.

FIND MUCH WATER.

As we neared Cape Sabine the weather cleared somewhat and we passed by Three Veort Island and Cape Sabine, easily making out with the naked eye the house at Hayes harbor occupied by me in the winter of 1891-92.

From Cape Sabine north there was so much water that we thought of setting the lug sail before the southerly wind, but a little later appearance of ice to the northward stopped this.

There was clear open water to Cape Albert, and from there scattered ice to a point about abreast of Victoria Head, thick weather and dense ice bringing us some ten or fifteen miles away.

From here we drifted south somewhat and then got astant to the northward out of the current. We worked a little further north and stopped again for some hours. Then we again worked westward and northward till we reached a series of lakes, coming to a stop a few miles south of the Windward's winter quarters at Cape Durville.

From here, after some delay, we slowly worked a way northeastward through fog and broken ice of medium thickness through one night and the forenoon of the next day, only emerging into open water and clear weather off Cape Fraser.

STRIKE ICE AND FOG.

From this point we had a clear run through the middle of Robeson channel uninterrupted by either ice or fog, to Lady Franklin bay. Here we encountered both ice and fog, and while working along in search of a practicable opening were forced across to the Greenland coast at Thank God Harbor.

The fog lifted there and enabled us to make out our whereabouts and we steamed north through a series of leads past Cape Lupton, and thence southward toward Cape Union. A few miles off that cape we were stopped by impracticable ice, and we drifted back south to Cape Union, where we stopped again.

SHIP FORCED AGROUND.

We lay for some time in a lake of water, and then, to prevent being drifted south again, took refuge under the north shore of Lincoln bay, in nearly the identical place where we had our unpleasant experiences three years before. Here we remained for severeal days during a period of constant and at times violent northeasterly winds.

Twice we were forced aground by the heavy ice; we had our port quarter rail broken and a hole stove in the bulwarks, and twice we pushed out in an attempt to get north, but were forced back each time to our precarious shelter.

HEAVY RUNNING ICE.

Finally on September 2 we squeezed around Cape Union and made fast in a shallow niche in the ice, but after some hours we made another short run to Black cape and hung on to a grounded bit of ice. At last, a little after midnight of September 5, we passed through extremely heavy running ice into a stream of open water, rounded Cape Rawson and passed Cape Sheridan.

Within a quarter of an hour of the same time we arrived three years before—seven a. m., September 5—we reached the open water extending beyond Cape Sheridan.

We steamed up to the end of it and it appeared practicable at first to reach Porter bay, near Cape Joseph Henly, which I had for my winter quarters, but the outlook being unsatisfactory, I went back and put the Roosevelt into the only opening in the floe, being barred close to the mouth of the Sheridan river a little north of our position three years ago.

PUT UP FOR WINTER.

The season was further advanced than in 1905. There was more snow on the ground and the new ice inside the floe bergs was much thicker.

The work of discharging the ship was commenced at once and rushed to completion. The supplies and equipment were sledged across to and on and deposited on shore. A house and workshop were built of boards covered with sails, and filled with stores, and the ship was made fast among the floes, where it remained bottom of low tide.

The season for the journey ahead of the Arctic team was considered three months.

Hunting parties were sent out on September 6 and a bear was brought in on the 8th and some day a day or two later.

PREPARE FOR SLEDGE TRIP.

On September 9 the full work of transferring supplies to Cape Columbia was inaugurated. Marvin with Dr. Goodsell and Borup and the Eskimos took 35 sledge loads of supplies to Cape Columbia and on the 12th the same party started with loads to Porter bay.

The work of hunting and transporting supplies was pushed continuously by the members of the party and the Eskimos until November 5, when the supplies for the spring sledge trip had been removed from winter quarters and deposited at various places from Cape Colan to Cape Columbia.

The latter part of September the movement of the ice subjected the ship to a pressure which listed it to port some eight or ten degrees, and it did not recover till the following spring.

On October 1 I went on a hunt with two Eskimos across the field and Pots bay and the peninsula, made the circuit of Clements Markham inlet, and returned to the ship in seven days with 15 musk oxen, a bear and a deer.

Later in October I repeated the trip, obtaining five musk oxen, and hunting parties secured some 40 deer.

SUPPLIES MOVED TO BASE.

In the February moon Bartlett went to Cape Hecla, Goodsell moved some more supplies from Hecla to Cape Colan, and Borup went to Markham Inlet on a hunting trip. On February 15 Bartlett left the Roosevelt with his division for Cape Columbia and Parr bay.

Goodsell, Borup, MacMillan and Hanson followed on successive days with their provisions. Marvin returned from Cape Bryant on February 21 and left for Cape Columbia on February 23. I brought up the rear on February 22.

The total of all divisions leaving the Roosevelt was seven members of the party, 59 Eskimos, 140 dogs and 23 sledges.

MAKE READY FOR DASH.

By February 27 such of the Cape Colan depot as was needed had been brought up to Cape Columbia, the dogs were rested and double rationed and harnessed, and the sledges and other gear overhauled.

Four months of northerly winds during the fall and winter instead of southerly ones, as during the previous season, led me to expect less open water than before, but a great deal of rough ice, and I was prepared to hew a road through the jagged ice for the first hundred miles or so after crossing the big lead.

BARTLETT LEADS THE WAY.

On the last day of February Bartlett, with his pioneer division, accomplished this, and his division got away due north over the ice on March 1. The rest of the party got away on Bartlett's trail, and I followed an hour later.

The party now comprised seven members of the expedition, 17 Eskimos, 133 dogs and 19 sledges. One Eskimo and seven dogs had gone to pieces.

A strong easterly wind, drifting snow, and temperature in the minus marked our departure from the camp at Cape Columbia, which I had christened Crane City. Rough ice in the first march damaged several sledges and smashed two beyond repair, the teams going back to Columbia for other sledges in reserve there.

PASS BRITISH RECORD.

We camped ten miles from Crane City. The easterly wind and low temperature continued. In the second march we passed the British record made by Markham in May, 1876—82.28—and were stopped by open water, which had been formed by wind after Bartlett passed.

In this march we negotiated the lead and reached Bartlett's third camp. Borup had gone back from here, but missed his way, owing to the faulting of the trail by the movement of the ice.

Marvin came back also for more fuel and alcohol. The wind continued, forming open water all about us. At the end of the fourth march we came upon Bartlett, who had been stopped by a wide lake of open water. We remained here from March 4 to March 11.

GETS GLIMPSE OF SUN.

At noon of March 5 the sun, red and shaped like a football by excessed reflection, just raised itself above the horizon for a few minutes and then disappeared again. It was the first time I had seen it since October 1.

I now began to feel a good deal of anxiety because there were no signs of Marvin and Borup, who should have been there for two days. Besides, they had the alcohol and oil, which were indispensable for us.

We concluded that they had either lost the trail or were imprisoned on an island by open water, probably the latter.

Fortunately, on March 11 the lead was practicable and, leaving a note for Marvin and Borup to push on after us by forced marches, we proceeded northward. The sounding of the lead gave 119 fathoms.

During this march we crossed the eighty-fourth parallel and traversed a succession of just frozen leads, from a few hundred yards to a mile in width. This march was really simple.

On the fourteenth we got free of the leads and came on decent going. While we were making camp a courier from Marvin came and informed me he was on the march in the rear. The temperature was 59 below zero.

The following morning, March 15, I sent Hansen with his division north to pioneer a trail for five marches, and Dr. Goodsell, according to the program, started back to Cape Columbia.

M'MILLAN TURNS BACK.

At night Marvin and Borup came spinning in with their men and dogs steaming in the bitter air like a squadron of battleships. Their arrival relieved me of all anxiety as to our oil supply.

In the morning I discovered that MacMillan's foot was badly frost bitten. The mishap had occurred two or three days before, but MacMillan had said nothing about it in the hope that it would come out all right.

A glance at the injury showed me that the only thing was to send him back to Cape Columbia at once. The arrival of Marvin and Borup enabled me to spare sufficient men and dogs to go back with him.

On leaving the camp the expedition comprised 19 men, 12 sledges and 100 dogs. The next march was satisfactory as regards distance and the character of the going. In the latter part there were pronounced movements in the ice, both visible and audible.

Some leads were crossed, in one of which Borup and his team took a bath, and we were finally stopped by an impracticable lead opening in front of us. We camped in a temperature of 50 degrees below.

At the end of two short marches we came upon Hansen and his party in camp, mending their sledges. We devoted the remainder of the day to overhauling and mending sledges and breaking up our damaged ones for material.

MAKE FORCED MARCHES.

The next morning I put Marvin in the lead to pioneer the trail, with instructions to make two forced marches to bring up our average which had been cut down by the last two short ones. Marvin carried out his instructions implicitly. A considerable amount of young ice assisted in this.

At the end of the tenth march, latitude 84.23, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from this far to his farthest north.

I was sorry to lose this young Yale graduate, with his enthusiasm and pluck. He had led his heavy sledge over the floes in a way that commanded everyone's admiration and would have made his father's eyes glisten.

CHANGES HIS PLAN.

From this point the expedition comprised 24 men, 16 sledges, and 79 dogs. It was necessary for Marvin to take a sledge from here, and I put Bartlett and his division in advance to pioneer the trail.

The continual daylight enabled me to make a moderation here that brought my advance and main parties closer together and reduced the likelihood of their being separated by open leads.

After Bartlett left camp with Henderson and their division, Marvin and I remained with our division 20 hours longer and then followed. When we reached Bartlett's camp he broke out and went on and we turned in. By this arrangement the advance party was traveling while the main party was asleep, and vice versa, and I was in touch with my advance party every 24 hours.

MOVES EXPEDITIOUSLY.

I had no reason to complain of the going for the next two marches, though for a less experienced party, less adaptable sledges, or less perfect equipment it would have been an impossibility.

At our position at the end of the second march, Marvin obtained a satisfactory sight for latitude in clear weather, which placed us at 85.5. The result agreed satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett and myself.

Up to this time, the slight altitude of the sun had made it not worth while to waste time in observations.

On the next two marches the going improved, and we covered good distances. In one of these marches a lead delayed us a few hours. We finally ferried across the ice cakes.

MAKES RECORD RUN.

The next day Bartlett let himself out, evidently, for a record, and reeled off 20 miles. Here Marvin obtained another satisfactory sight on latitude, which gave the position as 86.38 (or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruzzi, and showed that we had covered 16 minutes of latitude in three marches.

In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 86.14, by Nansen, and the Italian record of 86.34, by Cagni.

From this point Marvin turned back in command of the third supporting party. My last words to him were: "Be careful of the leads, my boy."

The party from this point comprised nine men, seven sledges, and 40 dogs. The conditions at this camp and the apparently unbroken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north.

DANGER IS ENCOUNTERED.

But I was not deceived by the apparently favorable outlook, for available conditions never continue for any distance or any length of time in the arctic regions.

The next march was over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition frequent over these ice fields, of a hazy atmosphere, in which the light is equal everywhere. All relief is destroyed, and it is impossible to see for any distance.

We were obliged in this march to make a detour around an open lead. In the next march we encountered the heaviest and deepest snow of the journey, through a thick, smothering mantle lying in the depressions of heavy rubble ice.

Temporarily Discouraged.

I came upon Bartlett and his party, fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the heartracking work of making road.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were simply spoiled by the good going on the previous marches. I rallied them a bit, lightened their sledges and sent them on encouraged again.

During the next march we traveled through a thick haze drifting over the ice before a biting air from the northeast. At the end of the march we came upon the captain camped beside a wide open lead with a dense black water sky northwest, north and northeast.

The next march was also a long one. It was Bartlett's last hit. He let himself out over a series of large old floes, steadily increasing in diameter and covered with hard snow.

WIND HELPS OUT.

During the last few miles I walked beside him or in advance. He was solemn and anxious to go further, but the program was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies for an increase in the main party.

In this march we encountered a high wind for the first time since the three days after we left Cape Columbia. It was dead in our faces, bitter and insistent, but I had no reason to complain. It was better than an easterly or southerly wind, either of which would have set us adrift in open water, while this was closing up every lead behind.

This furnished another advantage of my supporting parties. True, by so doing it was pressing to the south the ice over which we traveled, and so robbing us of a hundred miles of advantage.

EIGHTY-FOUR IS PASSED.

We concluded we were on or near the eighty-eighth parallel, unless the north wind had lost us several miles. The wind blew all night and all next day.

At this camp, in the morning, Bartlett started to walk five or six miles to the north to make sure of reaching the eighty-eighth parallel. While he was gone I selected the 40 best dogs in the outfit and had them doubled.

I picked out five of the best sledges and assigned them expressly to the captain's party. I broke up the seventh for material with which to repair the others and set Eskimos at this work.

Bartlett returned in time to take a satisfactory observation for latitude in clear weather, and obtained for our position 87.48, and that showed that the continued north wind had robbed us of a number of miles of hard-earned distance.

Bartlett took the observation there, as had Marvin five camps back, partly to save my eyes, but largely to give an independent record and determination of our advance.

The observations completed and two copies made, one for him and the other for me, Bartlett started on the back trail in command of my fourth supporting party, with two Eskimos, one sledge and 15 dogs.

BARTLETT DID GOOD WORK.

When he left I felt for a moment pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance, but it was only momentary. My work was still ahead, not in the rear.

Bartlett had done good work and had been a great help to me. Circumstances had thrust the brunt of the pioneering upon him instead of dividing it among several, as I had planned.

He had reason to take pride in the fact that he had bettered the Italian record by a degree and a quarter and had covered a distance equal to the entire distance of the Italian expedition from Franz Josef's land to Cagni's farthest north.

I had given Bartlett this position and part of honor in command of my fourth and last supporting party, and for two reasons: first, because of his magnificent handling of the Roosevelt; second, because he had cheerfully stood between me and many trifling annoyances on the expeditions.

Then there was a third reason. It seemed to me appropriate in view of the magnificent British record of arctic work, covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast that, next to an American, no had been nearest the pole.

LAST STRUGGLE AT HAND.

With the disappearance of Bartlett I turned to the problem before me. This was that for which I had worked for 12 years, for which I had lived the simple life, for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip, for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about success.

In spite of my years, I felt in trim fit for the demands of the coming days and eager to be on the trail.

As for my party, my equipment, and my supplies, I was in shape beyond my most sanguine dreams of earliest years.

My party might be regarded as an ideal, which had now come to realization—as loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers of my right hand.

PARTY IDEAL FOR EFFORT.

Four of them possess the technique of dogs, sledges, ice, and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Odtam, were my companions to the farthest point three years before. Two others, Egiswuk and Sigloo, were in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, and now were willing to go anywhere with my immediate party, and willing to risk themselves again in any supporting party.

The fifth was a young man who had never served before in any expedition, but who was, if possible, even more willing and eager than the others for the princely gifts—a boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc., which I had promised to each of them who reached the pole with me, for he knew that these riches would enable him to wrest from a stubborn father the girl whose image filled his hot young heart.

HAD CONFIDENCE IN HIM.

All had blind confidence so long as I was with them, and gave no thought for the morrow, sure that whatever happened I should somehow get them back to land. But I dealt with the party equally. I recognized that all its impetus centered in me, and that whatever pace I set it would make good. If anyone played out, I would stop for a short time.

I had no fault to find with the conditions. My dogs were the best, the pick of 122 with which we left Columbia. Almost all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a superfluous ounce, and, what was better yet, they were all in good spirits.

My sledges, now that the repairs were completed, were in good condition. My supplies were ample for 40 days, and, with the reserve represented by the dogs themselves, could be made to last 50.

HIS PROGRAM PLANNED.

Pacing back and forth in th ice of the pressure ridge where the igloos were built, while my men got their loads ready for the next marches, I settled on my program. I decided I should strain every nerve to make five marches of 15 miles each, crowding these marches in such a way as to bring us to the end of the fifth long enough before noon to permit the immediate taking of an observation for latitude.

Weather and leads permitting, I believed I could do this. If my proposed distances were cut down by any chance I had two means in reserve for making up the deficit:

First—To make the last march a forced one, stopping to make tea and rest the dogs, but not to sleep.

Second—At the end of the fifth march to make a forced march with a light sledge, a double team of dogs, and one or two of the party, leaving the rest in camp.

SEES DANGER IN GALE.

Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever present neighborhood of open leads and impassable water, and the knowledge that a 24-hour gale would knock all my plans into a cocked hat, and even put us in imminent peril.

At a little after midnight of April 1, after a few hours of sound sleep, I hit the trail, leaving the others to break up camp and follow.

As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloos I set another hole in my belt, the third since I started. Every man and dog of us was lean and flat bellied as a board and as hard.

CONDITIONS ALL FAVORABLE.

It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided, and the going was the best and most equable of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, and clear, and were surrounded by pressure ridges, some of which were almost stupendous.

The biggest of them, however, were easily negotiated, either through some crevice or up some huge brink. I set a good pace for about ten hours. Twenty-five miles took me well beyond the eighty-eighth parallel.

While I was building my igloos a long lead forward by the east and southwest of us at a distance of a few miles.

TRAVEL WAS EASY.

A few hours' sleep and we were on the trail again. As the going was now practically horizontal, we were unhampered and could travel as long as we pleased and sleep as little as we wished.

The weather was fine and the going like that of the previous day, except at the beginning, when pickaxes were required. This and a brief stop at another lead cut down our distance. But we had made 20 miles in ten hours and were half way to the eighty-ninth parallel.

The ice was grinding audibly in every direction, but no motion was visible. Evidently it was settling back into equilibrium and probably sagging due northward with its release from the wind pressure.

SURFACE ALMOST LEVEL.

Again there was a few hours' sleep and we hit the trail before midnight. The weather and going were even better. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla to Columbia, and harder.

We marched something over ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made 29 miles. Near the end of the march we rushed across a lead 100 yards wide, which buckled under our sledges and finally broke as the last sledge left it.

We stopped in sight of the eighty-ninth parallel in a temperature of 40 degrees below. Again a scant sleep and we were on our way once more and across the eighty-ninth parallel.

This march duplicated the previous one as to weather and going. The last few hours it was on young ice and occasionally the dogs were galloping.

We made twenty-five miles or more, the air, the sky, and the bitter wind burning the face till it cracked. It was like the great interior ice gap of Greenland. Even the natives complained of the bitter air. It was as keen as frozen steel.

A little longer sleep than the previous one had to be taken here, as we were all in need of it. Then on again.

Up to this time, with each successive march, our fear of an impassable lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing that it marked a lead, and when I arrived at the summit would catch my breath with relief—only to find myself hurrying on in the same way at the next one.

But on this march, by some strange shift of feeling, this fear fell from me completely. The weather was thick, but it gave me no uneasiness.

Before I turned in I took an observation which indicated our position as 89 degrees 3 minutes.

A rise in temperature to 15 degrees below reduced the friction of the sledges and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirits of the party. The more sprightly ones, as they went along with tightly curled tails, frequently tossed their heads, with short, sharp barks and yelps.

In 12 hours we had made 40 miles. There was no sign of a lead in the march.

ARRIVAL AT THE POLE.

I had now made my five marches, and was in time for a hasty noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated our position as 89.57. I quote an entry from my journal some hours later:

The pole at last. The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for 20 years, mine at last. I cannot bring myself to realize it.

It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions, which no mortal has ever penetrated before: "It is just like every day."

Of course I had my sensations that made sleep impossible for hours, despite my utter fatigue—the sensations of a lifetime, but I have no room for them here.

The first 30 hours at the pole were spent in taking observations; in going some ten miles beyond our camp and some eight miles to the right of it; in taking photographs, planting my flags, depositing my records, studying the horizon with my telescope for possible land, and searching for a practicable place to make a sounding.

PLAN FOR RETURN TRIP.

Ten hours after our arrival the clouds cleared before a light breeze from our left and from that time until our departure in the afternoon of April 7 the weather was cloudless and flawless.

The minimum temperature during the 30 hours was 23 below, the maximum 12.

We had reached the goal, but the return was still before us. It was essential that we reach the land before the next spring tide, and we must strain every nerve to do this.

I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be a big travel, little sleep and a hustle every minute.

We would try, I told them, to double march on the return—that is, to start and cover one of our northward marches, make tea and eat our luncheon in the igloos, then cover another march, eat and sleep a few hours, and repeat this daily.

SPEED NEARLY DOUBLED.

As a matter of fact, we nearly did this, covering regularly on our return journey five outward marches in three return marches.

Just as long as we could hold the trail we could double our speed, and we need waste no time in building new igloos every day, so that the time we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the track.

Just above the eighty-seventh parallel was a region some fifty miles wide which caused me considerable uneasiness. Twelve hours of strong easterly, westerly, or northerly wind would make this region an open sea.

In the afternoon of the 7th we started on our return, having double fed the dogs, repaired the sledges for the last time, and discarded all our spare clothing to lighten the loads.

TRIES TO SOUND SEA.

Five miles from the pole a narrow crack filled with recent ice, through which we were able to work a hole with a pickax, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, 1,500 fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bottom.

In pulling up the wire parted a few fathoms from the surface and lead and wire went to the bottom. Off went reel and handle, lightening the sledges still further. We had no more use for them now.

Three marches brought us back to the igloos where the captain turned back. The last march was in the wild sweep of a northerly gale, with drifting snow and the ice rocking under as we dashed over it.

NOT DELAYED BY LEADS.

South of where Marvin had turned back we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by open leads. Still further south we found where the captain had been held up by an open lead and obliged to camp.

Fortunately the movement of these leads was simply open and shut, and it took considerable water motion to fault the trail seriously.

While the captain, Marvin, and as I found later, Borup, had been delayed by open leads, we seemed to bear a charm and with no single lead were we delayed more than a couple of hours. Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across; sometimes a short detour, sometimes a brief halt for the lead to close, sometimes an improvised ferry on an ice cake, kept the trail without difficulty down to the tenth outward march.

LOSE BARTLETT'S TRAIL.

Igloos there disappeared completely and the entire region was unrecognizable. Where on the outward journey had been narrow cracks, there were now broad leads, one of them over five miles in width, caught over with young ice.

Here again fortune favored us, and no pronounced movement of the ice having taken place since the captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloos, followed it beyond the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally.

From here we followed the captain's trail, and on April 23 our sledges passed up the vertical edge of the glacier fringe, a little west of Cape Columbia.

When the last sledge came up I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled and called and danced themselves helpless. As Ootah sat down on his sledge he remarked, in Eskimo:

"The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we never should have come back so easily."

A few hours later we arrived at Crane City, under the bluffs of Cape Columbia, and, after putting four pounds of pemmican into each of the faithful dogs to keep them quiet we had, at last, our chance to sleep.

LONG SLEEP WELCOME.

Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then turn over and sleep again. We slept gloriously, with never a thought of the morrow or having to walk and, too, with no thought that there was to be never a night more of blinding headache.

Cold water to a parched throat is nothing compared with sleep to a numbed, fatigued brain and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping and drying our clothes. Then for the ship. Our dogs, like ourselves, had not been hungry when we arrived, but simply lifeless with fatigue. They were different animals now, and the better ones among them swept on with tightly curled tails and uplifted heads and their hind legs treading the snow with pistonlike regularity.

MARVIN'S FATE LEARNED.

We reached Hecla in one march and the Roosevelt in another. When we got to the Roosevelt I was staggered by the news of the fatal mishap to Marvin. He had either been less cautious or less fortunate than the rest of us, and his death emphasized the risk to which we all had been subjected, for there was not one of us but had been in the sledge at some time during the journey.

The big lead, cheated of its prey three years before, had at last gained its human victim.

The rest can be told quickly. McMillan and Borup had started for the Greenland coast to deposit caches for me. Before I arrived a flying Eskimo courier from me overtook them with instructions that the caches were no longer needed and they were to concentrate their energies on the ideal observations, etc., at Cape Morris K. Jesup and north from there.

ROOSEVELT STARTS BACK.

These instructions were carried out and after their return in the latter part of May McMillan made some further tidal observations at other points. The supplies remaining at the various caches were brought in and on July 18 the Roosevelt left its winter quarters and was driven out into the channel back of Cape Nion.

It fought its way south in the center of the channel and passed Cape Sabine on August 8, or 29 days earlier than in 1905, and 32 days earlier than the British expedition in 1876.

We picked up Whitney and his party and stores at Etah. We killed seventy-odd walrus for my Eskimos, whom I landed at their homes. We met the Jeanie off Saunders Island and took over its coal and cleared from Cape York on August 26, one month earlier than in 1906.

ANNOUNCES HIS TRIUMPH.

On September 5 we arrived at Indian Harbor, whence the message, "Stars and stripes nailed to north pole," was sent vibrating southward through the crisp Labrador air.

The culmination of long experience, a thorough knowledge of the conditions of the problem gained in the last expedition—these, together with a new type of sledge which reduced the work of both dogs and driver, and a new type of camp cooker which added to the comfort and increased the hours of sleep of the members of the party, combined to make the present expedition an agreeable improvement upon the last in respect to the rapidity and effectiveness of its work and the lessened discomfort and strain upon the members of the party.

HIS CAPABLE AIDS.

As to the personnel, I have again been particularly fortunate. Capt. Bartlett is just Bartlett—tireless, sleepless, enthusiastic, whether on the bridge or in the crow's nest or at the head of a sledge division in the field.

Dr. Goodsell, the surgeon of the expedition, not only looked after its health and his own specialty of microscopes but took his full share of the field work of the expedition as well, and was always ready for any work.

Profs. Marvin and McMillan have secured a mass of scientific data, having made all the tidal and most of the field work, and their services were invaluable in every way.

BORUP AND OTHERS PRAISED.

Borup not only made the record as to the distance traveled during the journey, but to his assistance and his expert knowledge of photography is due what I believe to be the unequaled series of photographs taken by the expedition.

Henson in the field and Percy as steward were the same as ever, invaluable in their respective lines.

Chief Engineer Wardwell, also of the last expedition, aided by his assistant, Scott, kept the machinery up to a high state of efficiency and has given the Roosevelt the force and power which enabled it to negotiate apparently impracticable ice.

Mr. Gushue, the mate, who was in charge of the Roosevelt during the absence of Capt. Bartlett and myself, and Boatswain Murphy, who was put in charge of the station at Etah for the relief of Cook, were both trustworthy and reliable men, and I count myself fortunate in having had them in my service.

HAD A WILLING CREW.

The members of the crew and the firemen were a distinct improvement over those of our last expedition. Every one of them was willing and anxious to be of service in every possible way.

Connors, who was promoted to be bos'n in the absence of Murphy, proved to be practically effective.

Barnes, seaman, and Wiseman and Joyce, firemen, not only assisted Marvin and McMillan in their tidal and meteorological observations on the Roosevelt, but Wiseman and Barnes went into the field with them on their trips to Cape Columbia, and Condon and Cody covered 1,000 miles hunting and sledging supplies.

PRESENTS FOR ESKIMOS.

As for my faithful Eskimos, I have left them with ample supplies of dark, rich walrus meat and blubber for their winter, with currants, sugar, biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, etc.

For the splendid four who stood beside me at the pole a boat and tent each to requite them for their energy and the hardship and toil they underwent to help their friend Peary to the north pole.

But all of this—the dearly bought years of experience, the magnificent strength of the Roosevelt, the splendid energy and enthusiasm of my party, the loyal faithfulness of my Eskimos—could have gone for naught but for the faithful necessaries of war furnished so loyally by the members and friends of the Peary Arctic club.

Their assistance has enabled me to tell the last of the great earth stories, the story the world has been waiting to hear for 300 years—the story of the discovery of the north pole.

ROBERT E. PEARY.