

PEARY'S OWN STORY OF FINDING THE NORTH POLE

Top of the World Reached by Wonderfully Swift Rush Over the Immense Fields of Ice.

Favorable Conditions Aid Bold American Explorer in Realizing the Ambition of His Life -- He Denies Cook Arrived at the Goal.

Notice to Publishers.

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REPORT OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE BY ROBERT E. PEARY, Commander U. S. N., Copyright, 1909, by the New York Times Company.

Denies Cook Reached Pole.

Battle Harbor, Labrador (via Marconi wireless, Cape Ray, N. E., Sept. 9.—Do not trouble about 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 handed the public a gold brick.

These statements are made advisedly, and I have proof of them. When I reach the pole, I shall be in a position to furnish material that may prove distinctly interesting reading for the public.

ROBERT E. PEARY.

Battle Harbor, Labrador (via Marconi wireless, Cape Ray, N. E., Sept. 9.—The steamer *Roosevelt*, bearing the north polar expedition of Robert E. Peary, sailed from Etah for Cape Sabine in the afternoon of August 18, 1908, setting the usual course for Cape Sabine. The weather was dirty, with fresh northerly winds. We had on board 22 Eskimo men, 17 women, and 10 children, 226 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 Voort island and Cape Sabine, easily making out with the naked eye the house at Hayes harbor occupied by me in the winter of 1901-02.

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 a lead of open water, as Capt. 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 some what and then got astern to the northward out of the current. We worked a little further north and stopped again for some hours. Then we again worked westward through the ice, until we reached a series of lakes, coming to a stop a few miles south of the *Roosevelt's* winter quarters at Cape Duvivier.

From here, after some delay, we slowly worked a way northward 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 E.

Striker Ice and Fog.

From this point we had a clear run through the middle of a narrow channel uninterrupted by either ice or fog to Lady Franklin bay. Here we encountered both ice and fog, and were 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 Lorton, 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 experience three years before. Here we remained for several days during a period of constant and at times violent northerly winds.

Twice we were forced aground by the heavy ice, we had our port quarters full of broken ice and a hole stove in the bulkheads, 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 5 we squeezed around Cape E 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 Henry, 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 flow, being barred close to the mouth of the Sheridan river a little north of our position three years prior.

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 flow was much thicker.

The work of discharging the ship was commenced at once and rushed to completion. The supplies and equipment were stowed across ice and sea and deposited on shore. A house and workshop were built of board, covered with sails, and fitted with stoves, and the ship was snug for winter in shoal water, where it touched bottom at low tide.

Some comment on the stormy shores of the Arctic ocean was christened Hubbardville.

Hunting parties were sent out on September 10 and a bear was brought in on the 13th and some deer a day or two later.

Prepare for Sledge Trip.

On September 15 the task of transferring supplies to Cape Columbia was inaugurated. Marvin with Dr. Goodsell and Borup and the Eskimos, took 16 sledges loaded with supplies to Cape Belknap and on the 27th the same party started with loads to Porter bay.

The work of hunting and transporting supplies was prosecuted 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 Cape to Cape Columbia.

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

October 1 I went on a hunt with two Eskimos across the field, and a Eskimo and the peninsula, made the circuit of Clemons 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 month Bartlett went to Cape Hecla, Goodsell moved some more supplies from Hecla to Cape Colon, 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 divisions. On February 22 we left Cape Bryant on February 27 and left for Cape Columbia on February 21. I brought up the rear on February 22.

The total of all divisions leaving the *Roosevelt* was seven members of the party, 59 Eskimos, 10 sledges and 23 sledges.

Make Ready for Dash.

By February 27 such of the Cape Colon depot as was needed had been brought up to Cape Columbia, the dogs were ready, 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 to be before me, 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, then cross 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 followed an hour later.

The party now comprised seven members of the expedition, 11 Eskimos, 123 dogs and 19 sledges. One Eskimo and seven dogs had gone to Pecca.

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 the harnesses, the teaming sledges 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 MacMillan in May, 1879-82—and were stopped by open water, which had been formed by wind after Bartlett passed.

But I was not desolved by the apparently favorable outlook, for available conditions were such that, 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 Cape E, the ice was rough and uneven, 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 depression of a heavy bubble ice.

Temporarily Discouraged.

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

I knew what the matter was 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.

In the next march we traveled through a thick haze drifting over the ice before a blinding air from the north-east. 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 bit. 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

on the march in the rear. The temperature was 29 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.

MacMillan Turns Back.

At night Marvin and Borup came spinning in with their men and dogs steaming in the bitter air like a squadron of battle. Their arrival relieved me of all anxiety as to our 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 was sufficient to spare sufficient men and dogs to go back with him.

Loss Is Serious One.

This early loss of MacMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a sledge on which he had stored his supplies, and with his enthusiasm and the powers and physique of the trained athlete I had confidence in him for at least the 80th parallel, but there was no alternative.

To beat sledges and dogs were selected and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a depth of 23 fathoms.

We were over the continual shelf, and, at 1 a. m. or so, the maximum lead crossed in the fifth and sixth marches composed the big lead and marked the continual shelf.

On leaving the camp the expedition comprised 12 men, 52 sledges and 160 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 of the ice 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 59 degrees below zero.

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 stores 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 to 12 miles a day. Marvin carried out his instructions implicitly. A considerable amount of young ice assisted in this.

At the end of the tenth march, latitude 82, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from his trail to his farthest north.

I was sorry to lose this young Yale engineer, who had shown an excellent promise. He had 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 20 men, 39 sledges, and 29 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.

The second march, with Henderson and his 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, having traveled 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, with my sledges and 29 sledges, 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 I set up a signal as a satisfactory sight for latitude in clear weather, which placed us at 83.8. The result agreed satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett and myself.

Up to this time, the slight altitude of the sun 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 sledge, and the extra sledges gave the position as 83.38 or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruuzzi, and showed that we had covered 50 minutes of latitude in three marches.

In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record made by MacMillan, 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 60 dogs. The conditions at this camp and the approach of the evening, however, led me in every direction reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north.

Danger Is Encountered.

But I was not desolved by the apparently favorable outlook, for available conditions were such that, 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 Cape E, the ice was rough and uneven, 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 depression of a heavy bubble ice.

Temporarily Discouraged.

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The Next March Was Also A Long One.

It was Bartlett's last bit. 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 base in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies for an increase in the main party.

When he left I felt for a moment pang 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 the best record, nearly 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 post of honor in command of my fourth supporting party, not least 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 this expedition.

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 should be the first to reach the pole, and he 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 32 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 for the demands of the coming days and 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 busy noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated our position as 89.27. I quote an entry from my journal some hours later:

The pole at last. The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for 30 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 had 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 20 hours at the pole were spent in taking observations; in going some eight miles to the right of it, in taking photographs, planting my flags, securing 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 20 hours was 33 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 our march on the return—that is, to start making one of our marches in two, to make 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 chances of a gale destroying the track.

Just above the eighty-seventh parallel was a region some fifty miles wide where the ice consisted of irregular masses. 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 our double fed the dogs, repaired the sledges for our 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 speak a hole with a pickaxe, 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 the 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 strong 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, here 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 was made since the captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloo, 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

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 falling.

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 plain 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 credit success, our fear of an impassable lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathless 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 alibi 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 25 minutes.

A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black and the ice beneath was a glacially chalky white, with no relief—a striking contrast to the glimmering, sunlit fields of ice over which we had been traveling for the previous four days.

Weather Becomes Milder.

The going was even better, and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the ice, dotted with the sapphirine ice of the pre-vault summer's lake.

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.

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