PEARY'S OWN STORY OF FINDING THE

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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Denies Cook Reached Pole.

Battle Harbos, Labrador (via Marconi wireless, Cape Ray, N. F.), Sept. 10.—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. 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 geographical society, or other reputable body, if that statement contains the claim that he has reached the pole, I shall be in a posi-tion to furnish material that may prove distinctly interesting reading for the pub-lic. ROBERT E. PEARY.

Battle Harbor, Labrador (via Marco-ni 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 ford 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 children, 226 dogs, and some fort;

we encountered the ice a short dis-tance from the mouth of the harbor. but it was not closely packed, and was negotiated by the Roosevelt without serious dimculty.

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 1961-62. From Cape Sabine north there was

so much water that we thought of set-ting the lug sail before the southerly wind, but a little later appearance of ice to the northward stopped this. There was clean open water to Cape

Albert, and from there scattered to a point about abreast of Victoria Head, thick weather and dense ice bringing us some ten or fifteen miles

From here we drifted south somewhat and then got aslant 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 Windrd's winter quarters at Cape Dur-

From here, after some delay, we slowly worked a way northeastward through fog and broken ice of medium thickness through one night and the ferencen 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 fog lifted there and enabled us steamed north through a series of leads past Cape Lupton, and thence south-ward toward Cape Union. A few miles off that cape we were stopped by im-practicable ice, and we drifted back south to Cape Union, where we stopped

Ship Forced Aground.

We lay for some time in a lake of water, and then, to prevent being drift-ed south again, took refuge under the north shere of Lincoln bay, in nearly the identical place where we had our unpleasant experiences three years be-fore. 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 precari-

Heavy Running Ice.

Finally en 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 mid-night of September 5, we passed through extremely heavy running ice into 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

We steamed up to the end of it and it 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 prior. years prior.

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.

bergs was much thicker.

The work of discharging the ship was commenced at once and rushed to completion. The supplies and equipment we siedged 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. touched bottom at low tide.

The settlement on the stormy shores of the Arctic ocean was christened Hub-

Hunting parties were sent out on Sep-tember 10 and a bear was brought in on the 12th and some deer a day or two Prepare for Sledge Trip.

On September 15 the ruil work of trans-ferring supplies to Cape Columbia was inaugurated. Marvin with Dr. Good-sall and Borup and the Eskimos, took 16 sledge loads of supplies to Cape Belknap and on the 27th the same party started with loads to Porter bay.

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 sup-plies for the spring sledge trip had been removed from winter quarters and deposited at various places from Cape Co-ian 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 Pass bay and the peninsula, made the circuit of Clemants 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 Hecia, Goodsall moved some more supplies from Hecia to Cape Colan, and Borup went to Markham inlet on a hunt-

ing trip. On February 15 Bartlett left the Roosevelt with his division for Cape Columbia and Parr bay. Goodsall, Borup, MacMillan and Han-sen followed on successive days with their provisions. Marvin returned from Cape Bryant on February 17 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, 140 dogs and 23 siedges.

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 pertherly 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, 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 get away due north over the ice on March 1. The rest of the party got away on Bartlett's trail, and I fellowed an hour later.

The party now comprised seven members of the sarredition 17 February 182

bers 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 siedges in reserve

Pass British Record.

We camped ten miles from Crane City. easterly wind and low temperature centinued. passed the British record made by Mark-ham in May, 1876-82.30 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 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 frem March 4 to March 11.

Gets Glimpse of Sun. At noon of March 5 the sun, red and shaped like a football by excessed re-flection, just raised itself above the horison for a few minutes and then disan seen it since October 1.

I now began to feel a good deal of anxiety because there were no signs of Marvin and Berup, whe 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 We concluded that they had either lost the trail or were imprisoned on an is-land by open water, prebably the latter. Fortunately, on March II the lead was practicable and, leaving a note for Mar-vin and Borup to push on after us by forced marches, we proceeded northward. The sounding of the lead gave 110 fathers. 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 temper-ature was 50 below zero.

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

McMillan 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 Mac-Millan'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 Caps Columbia at once. The arrival of Marvin and Borup enabled me to spare sufficient men and dogs to go back with

Loss Is Serious One.

This early loss of MacMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a siedge all the way from Cape Columbia, and with his enthusiasm and the powers and physique of the trained athlete I had confidence in him for at least the had confidence in him for at least the 56th parallel, but there was no alterna-

The best sledges and dogs were selected and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a We were over the co

We were over the continual shelf, and, as I had surmised, the successive leads crossed in the fifth and sixth marches composed the big lead and marked the continual shelf.

On leaving the camp the expedition On leaving the camp the expedition comprised is men, il 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 ics, 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.

practicable lead opening in front of us. We camped in a temperature of 50 de-

At the end of two short marches we came upon Hansen and his party in camp, mending their sledges. We de-voted the remainder of the day to overhauling and mending sledges and break-ing 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 im-

Marvin carried out his instructions im-plicitly. A considerable amount of young ice assisted in this.

At the end of the tenth march, latitude 55.25, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having trav-eled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from this far to his farthest

north.

I was sorry to lese this young Yale runner, 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 com-prised 20 men, 10 sledges, and 70 dags. 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 Hender-

son and their division, Marvin and I re-mained with our division 20 hours longer and then followed. When we reached Bartiett's camp he broke out and went on and we turned in. By this arrange-ment 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 adapt-

able 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 \$5.48. The result agreed satisfactorily with the dead reck-oning 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 im-

proved, and we covered good distances. In one of these marches a lead delayed few hours. We finally ferried acros 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 50 minutes showed that we had covered to 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 86.24, by

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 apparently unbroken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction reminded me of Cagai's description of his farthest north. Danger is Encountered.

But I was not deceived by the appar-ently favorable outlook, for available conditions never continue for any distance or any length of time in the arc

tic regions.

The next march was over good go ing, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition, frequent over these ice fields, of a hasy at-mosphere, 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 epen 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

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

During the next march we traveled through a thick base drifting ever 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 love one

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.

bia, and harder. During the last few miles I walked beside him or in advance. He was sol-We marched something over ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made 20 miles. Near the end of emn and anxious to go further, but the

yards wide, which buckled under our sledges and finally broke as the last

program was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth sup-porting party, and there were no sup-

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 post 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 magnificent and magnificent handling of the Roosevelt;

between me and many trifling annoy-ances on the expeditions.

Then there was a third reason. It seemed to me appropriate in view of the magnificent British record of arc-

tic work, covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast that, next to an American, he had been nearest the pole.

Last Struggle at Hand.

energy on the upward trip; for which I had trained myself as for a race, crush-

Party Ideal for Effort.

Four of them possess the technique of dogs, sledges, ice, and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Octam.

were my companions to the farthest point three years before. Two others, Eginwuk

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 shot-gun, 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 was with them, and gave no thought

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 condi-

tions. My dogs were the best, the pick of 122 with which we left Columbia. Al-

most all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a super-

fluous ounce, and, what was better yet, they were all in good spirits. My sledges, now that the repairs were

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 per-mit the immediate taking of an observa-

Weather and leads permitting, I be-lieved 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

Sees Danger in Gale. Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever present neighbor-hood 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

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

of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, and clear, and were sur-

rounded 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 be-

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

Travel Was Easy.

A few hours' sleep and we were on he trail again. As the going was now

practically horizontal, we were un-

hampered and could travel as long as we pleased and sleep as little as we

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 an-ether lead cut down our distance. But

we had made 20 miles in ten hours and were half way to the eighty-ninth

The ice was grinding audibly in every direction, but ne motion was visible. Evidently it was settling back into

equilibrium and probably sagging due northward with its release from the

Surface Almost Level.

The weather and going were even bet-

ter. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as

the glacial fringe from Hecla to Colum-

Again there was a few hours' sleep id we hit the trail before midnight

tion for latitude.

camp.

and eager to be on the trail.

sledge left it.
We stopped in sight of the eighty-ninth parallel in a temperature of 40 degrees below. Again a scant sleep 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 state of the when he left I felt for a moment pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance, but it was only momen-tary. My work was still ahead, not in the rear.

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 com-plained of the bitter air. It was as

plained 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

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 uncasiness.

Before I turned in I took an observa-tion which indicated our position as 89

degrees 25 minutes.

A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black and the ice be-neath was a ghastly, chalky white, with no relief—a striking contrast to the gilms mering, sunlit fields of it over which we had been traveling for the previous four

Weather Becomes Milder.

With the disappearance of Bartlett 1 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 The going was even better, and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's takes. A rise in temperature to 15 degrees be-low reduced the friction of the sledges

ing down every worry about success.

In spite of my years, I felt in trimfit for the demands of the coming days 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. 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.

There was no sign of a lead in the

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

duote 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 my-

years, mine at last I cannot bring my self to realize it. It all seems so simple and common-place. 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 Of course I had my sensations that

made sleep impossible for hours, despitmy 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 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 hori-son with my telescope for possible land, and searching for a practicable place to

make a sounding.

Plan for Return Trip.

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 \$2 below, the maximum II.

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. 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 teld 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 journey five outward marches in three Journey hve 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 lel was a region some fifty miles wide which caused me considerable uneasi-ness. Twelve hours of strong easterly,

westerly, or northerly wind 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 hol with a pickax, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, 1,500 fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bot-

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

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

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 1 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 Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across; sometimes a short detour, sometimes a brief hait 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 unrecogniz-able. 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

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

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 crasy. 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 troubles."

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 permittee into each of the

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 sleep 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 life-less with fatigue. They were different animals now, and the better ones among them swept on with tightly curied tails and uplifted heads and their hind legs treading the snow with pistoplike regularity.

Marvin's Fate Learned. 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 siedge at some time during the journey.

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

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 overtock them with finatructions
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

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 30 days earlier than in 1808, 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 Jesnie off Baunders island and took over its coal and sleared from Cape York on its coal and cleared from Cape York on August 26, one month earlier than in

Announces His Triumph.

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 cooler 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 imthe present expedition an agreeable im-provement 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 Borup and Others Praised.

Borup not only made the record as to the distance traveled during the jour-ney, but to his asistance and his expert hey, but to his asstance 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, inval-uable 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 pewer 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

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. Conners, who was promoted to be bos'n in the absence of Murphy, proved to be practically effective. Barnes, seamon, and Wiseman and

Joyce, firemen, not only assisted Mar-vin 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 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, hatch-

ets, traps, etc. For the splendid four who stood b side me at the pole a boat and tent each to requite them for their energy and the hardship and toil they under

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

Tribute to Jesup. And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the fine result been more signally due than to my friend, the late Morris K. Jesup, the first president of the club. Their assistance has enabled me to tell the last of the great earth stories, the stery the world has been waiting to hear for see years the stery of the discovery of the north pole.

ROBERT E. PEARY.