

PEARLY OWN SQUAD OF FINDING THE OUT 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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Denies Cook Reached Pole.

Battle Harbor, Labrador (via Marconi wireless, Cape Ray, N. F.), 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 he makes a future statement, I will cover 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 position to furnish material that may be of distinctly interesting reading to 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 returned to Etah for the first time 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 20 children, 224 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 Vort island and Cape Sabine easily making out 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 appearance of ice to the latter stopped this. There was clear open water to Cape Albert, and from there scattered ice to a point about abreast of Victoria Head. Thick floating ice, dense ice, and driving us some ten or fifteen miles away.

From here we drifted south somewhat 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 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 northward through fog and broken ice of medium thickness through one night and the forenoon of the next day, only leading us 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 we 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 several 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 pushed 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 remained 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 ice, being barred close to the mouth of the Sheridan river a little north of our position three 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.

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.

The men 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 11th and some deer a day or two later.

Prepare for Sledge Trip.

On September 15 the full work of transferring supplies to Cape Columbia was inaugurated. Marvin with Dr. Goodsell and Borup and the Eskimos, took 18 sledges loads of supplies to Cape Belknap and on the 17th 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 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 East 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.

In the October I repeated the trip, obtaining the 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 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.

Goodsall, Borup, MacMillan and Hansen 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, 39 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, then cross the big lead.

Bartlett Leads the Way.

On the last day of February Bartlett, with his pioneer division, accomplished the movement of the ice, away from 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, 13 Eskimos, 133 dogs and 19 sledges. One Eskimo and seven dogs had gone to peckings.

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—42.39—and were stopped by open water which had been formed behind 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, forcing open water all about us. At the end of the fourth march we came upon Bartlett, who had been stopped by a wide lead 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 reflection like a football by excessed refraction, 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.

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.

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 MacMillan's sleds had frozen to the ground. 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.

Loss Is Serious One.

This early loss of MacMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a sledge 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 18th parallel, but there was no alternative.

The best sledges and dogs were selected and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a depth of 85 fathoms.

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 continental shelf.

On leaving the camp the expedition comprised 18 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 invisible.

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 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 the supplies, and to breaking up our damaged ones for material.

Make Forward 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 82.29, 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 man, but 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 glister.

Changes His Plan.

From this point the expedition comprised 20 men, 10 sledges, and 70 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 a few hours' march, 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 we had made a night's march, while the main party was asleep, and vice versa, and I was in touch with my advance party every 24 hours.

Moves Expedition.

I had no reason to complain of the going for the next two marches, though the description of the party was 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 82.48. 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 worth while to watch the time in observations, though 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 cover.

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 82.68, or beyond the farthest advanced party was traveling.

In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 82.14, by Nansen, and the Italian record of 82.84, 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 last of 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 water which lay to the north.

Danger 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.

During the next march we over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition, frequent over these ice fields, of a haze 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 heartrending work of making roads.

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

program was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies left to 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 distance.

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 has 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 farther 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 my heartches mainly rested 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, he had been nearest the pole.

Last Struggle at Hand.

With the disappearance of Bartlett I turned to the problem before me. This 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 lakes.

A rise in temperature to 15 degrees below zero 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 bark and yelp.

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

Weather Becomes Milder.

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 lakes.

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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, was 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 our 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 flag, 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 melt, 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 trip. In the 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-ninth 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 doubtless fixed 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 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 passed a few fathoms from the surface and I led and wire went to the bottom. Off we ran and handle, lightening the sledges still further. We had no more use for them now.

Not Delayed by Leads.

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

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 zero. Again a scant sledge and we were on our way once more 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 of 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 frost from the north.

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 was no unpleasant surprise.

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 ghastly, 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.

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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 in 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 pemican 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 narrow 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. I slept, and I slept.

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 and 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 pistollike 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 my 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 by the Eskimos, and the Roosevelt left its winter quarters and was driven out into the channel back of Cape Union.

It fought its way south in the center of the channel and passed Cape Sabine on August 2 or 3 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 loaded at their houses. We met the Jeanie off Saunders island and took over its coal and cleared from Cape York on August 28, one month earlier than in 1905.

Announces His Triumph.

On September 5 we arrived at Indian Harbor, and 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 saved the labor of the Eskimos, had 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 least discomfort and strain upon the members of the party.