

# DISCOVERY OF THE POLE IS DESCRIBED BY PEARY

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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.

### Peary Denies Cook Claim.

Battle Harbor, 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, 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 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. 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 13, 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 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 sailing the tug out 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 ice to a point about abreast of Victoria Head, thick weather and dense fog bringing 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 eastward and northward till we reached a series of leads, 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 eastward, 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 Ezer.

### 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 toward 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 hull, 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 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 by. 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 ice, 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 floes was much thicker.

The work of discharging the ship was commenced at once and rushed to completion. The supplies and equipment were sledged across ice and sea and deposited on shore. A house and workshop were

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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 settlement 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 12th 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 16 sledge loads of supplies to Cape Heiknap 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 City 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.

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 13 I left for Cape Hecla with my division for Cape Columbia and Parr bay.

Goodsell, Borup, MacMillan and Hansen followed on successive days with their provisions. Marvin returned from Cape Bryant on February 17 and left for Cape Hecla on February 21. I brought up the rear on February 27.

The total of all divisions leaving the *Roosevelt* was seven members of the party, 69 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 past winter had insured the 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 haul 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 I followed an hour later.

The party now comprised seven members of the expedition, 12 Eskimos, 123 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 had been 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, 1878-82, 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 excess 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 the Eskimo 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 110 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.

### 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 battleships. Their arrival relieved me of all anxiety as to our supply.

In the morning I discovered that MacMillan's foot was badly frozen. 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 16 men, 12 sledges and 19 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 at a temperature of 59 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 baggage which had been cut down by the last two marches. Marvin carried out camp with instructions to make a considerable amount of young ice assisted in this.

At the end of the tenth march, latitude 83.23, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's from this far to his farthest north.

I was sorry to lose 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 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 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 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 84 clear weather, and showed that we had covered 50 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."

### 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 84.28 (or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Ahrens), and showed that we had covered 50 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."

### 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, freedom of these ice leads, of a sea 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 heart-breaking 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 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 program was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party, and there were no supplies left for an increase in the main party.

### Bartlett Did Good Work.

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 had covered a distance equal to the entire distance of the Italian expedition from Franz Josef's land to Cagni's farthest northward point.

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 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.

### Ready for Final Effort.

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—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—loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers of my right hand.

### Men All Tried True.

Four of them possess the technique of dogs, sledges, ice, and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Ootah, were my companions to the farthest point, three years before. Two others, Ekinuik 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 purely arctic—boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc., which I had promised to such 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.

### All Followed Him Blindly.

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 any one 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 127 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.

At a little after midnight of April 1, twenty-five miles took me well beyond 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 belted as a board and as hard.

### Fine Morning for Start.

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 igloo a long lead forward by the east and southwest of us at a distance of a few miles.

### Few Handicaps Are Faced.

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 out down our distance. But we had made 20 miles in ten hours and were half way to the eighty-ninth parallel.

### Going Improves on Way.

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 frequent 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 20 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. The 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 this time, with such 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 45 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. We were speaking of his being in 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.

### Pole Reached at Last.

I had now made my five marches, and was in time for a haaty 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 29 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 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.

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 the 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.

I could not 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.

### Double Speed on Return.

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 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.

### Sea 1,500 Fathoms Deep.

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 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.

### Little Trouble in 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 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 charn 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.

### First Handicap on Return.

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.

the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally.

### Eskimos Wild with Joy.

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.

### Sleep Finally in Safety.

Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then arm 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's rest 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 uplifted on with tightly curled tails and uplifted heads and their hind legs trailing the snow with pistonlike regularity.

### Shocked by Marvin's Death.

We reached Hecla in one march and the *Roosevelt* was 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 his sledge at some time during the journey.

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

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