

COMMANDER PEARY'S RECORD OF VICTORY

Details of Long and Arduous Journey That Resulted in the Discovery of the North Pole

A CONSTANT BATTLE WITH ICE AND SEA

Highest Scientific Exploit of the Age Belongs to America---Superb Courage and Persistency Meet Rich Reward---Claim Made by Cook That He Also Reached the Pole Is Denied by Commander Peary.

CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

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

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

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

TEMPORARILY DISCOURAGED.
I came upon Bartlett and his party, fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the 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 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.

HAS NARROW ESCAPE

We built our igloos and turned in, but before I had fallen asleep I was roused out by a movement of the ice and found a startling condition of affairs—a rapidly-widening road of black water ran only a few feet from our igloos.

One of my teams of dogs had escaped by only a few feet from being dragged by the movement of the ice into the water.

Another team had an equally narrow escape from being crushed by the ice blocks piled over them. The ice on the north side of the lead was moving around eastward. The small floor on which were the captain's igloos was drifting eastward in the open water, and the side of our igloos threatened to follow suit.

SCAved BY QUICK DASH.
Kicking out the door of the igloos I called to the captain's men to pack their sledges and be ready for a quick dash when a favorable chance arrived.

We hurried our things on our sledges, hitched the dogs, and moved on to a large ice floe west of us.

Then, leaving one man to look out for the dogs and sledges, we hurried over to assist the captain's party to join us.

A corner of their raft impinged on the ice on our side. For the rest of the night and during the next day the ice suffered the torment of the damned, surging together, opening out, groaning and grinding, while the open water belched black smoke like a prairie fire.

FINDS CLEAR STRETCH.

Then the motion ceased, the open water closed, the atmosphere to the north was cleared, and we rushed across before the ice should open again.

A succession of laterally open leads were crossed, and after them some heavy old ice, and then we came to a layer of young ice, some of which buckled under our sledges, and this gave us a straight way of six miles to the north.

Then came more heavy old floes, covered with snow. This was a good long march.

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

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

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

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

EIGHTY-FOUR IS PASSED.
We concluded we were on or near the eighty-eighth parallel, unless the high wind had lost us several miles.

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.

PREPARING FOR FINAL DASH.

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

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

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

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

FEARFUL OF ARCTIC GALES.

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

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

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

MORNING OF FINAL START.

It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided, and the going was the best and most equitable of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, hard 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.

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

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

The observations completed and two copies made, one for him and the other for me, Bartlett started on the back trail in command of my fourth supporting party, with two Eskimos, a sledge, and 18 dogs.

BARTLETT DID GOOD WORK.

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

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

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

LEVEL ICE SURFACE.

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

The weather was going over even better. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla to Columbia, and harder.

We marched something over ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Before I turned in I took an observation which indicated our position as 89 degrees 26 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 it over which we had been traveling for the previous four days.

MERCURY GOES UP.

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.

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

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

THE POLE AT LAST.

I had now made my five marches,

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

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

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

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

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

TEMPERATURE AT TOP OF WORLD.

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 33 below, the maximum 12.

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

I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be a big travel.

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

FAST TIME 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 need waste no time in building new igloos every day, so that the time we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the track.

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

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

NO BOTTOM TO SEA.

Five miles from the pole a narrow lead filled with recent ice, through which we were able to work a hole with a pickax, enabled me to make a hole. 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 us as we dashed over it.

ICE FAVORED THEM.

South of where Marvin had turned back we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by the lead. 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.

CREW OF ROOSEVELT.

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

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

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

ROBERT E. PEARY.

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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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PRESENTS TO ESKIMOS.

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

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

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

And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the fine result been more signalized than to my friend, the

number 3, ratified state and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping in the clouds, which indicated our position as 89.57. I quote an entry from my journal some hours later:

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