

# OWN STORY OF HIS FARTHEST NORTH DASH

### Final Desperate Rush, When Men Ate Their Dogs, Told of by the Commander.

### Afloat for Five Days on an Ice Floe, and Escape on Bridge that Bent.

### Lost in Blinding Storms and Cut Their Way Through Drift With Pickaxes.

### Cut Off from Provisions by Crack in Ice and Forced to Live on Half Rations.

### Musk Oxen Save Lives of the Party When Their Despair Was the Greatest.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Robert E. Peary set sail from North Sydney, N. C., for the North Pole on July 26, 1906. His last word before the report printed herewith was in the following telegram to Herbert L. Bridgman, of the Peary Arctic Club, dated Etah, North Greenland, August 18, 1906:

"Cape York was reached August 7, 12 days from Sydney. The voyage was unusually favorable. No ice anywhere. Natives and dogs were secured, and joined the Erik at North Star Bay August 5. Transferred to Erik and Roosevelt, proceeded to Etah immediately to overhaul machinery and prepare for ice fighting. The Erik visited all the settlements, se-

curing natives, dogs and walrus, joining the Roosevelt at Etah August 13.

"Natives are in prosperous condition, plenty of meat, abundance of dogs, and located this season deeper in Melville Bay and Inglefield Gulf than for years. The Roosevelt overhauled machinery, filled with coal, and leaves Etah for the north with 23 Eskimo men and some 200 dogs August 16. Ice extends from Littleton Island to Cape Isabella, but apparently is not heavy. This may make the establishment of a base at Sabine unnecessary. No ice was seen south of Littleton Island. All well on board.

"PEARY." Mr. Peary, in his dispatch to the Herald today from Chateau Bay, on the coast of Labrador, takes up this thread and tells in detail this thrilling story of his latest journey to the frozen north:

## Fought Ice and Storm on Journey North

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CHATEAU BAY, Quebec, Nov. 5.—Leaving Etah soon after midnight of August 16, the Roosevelt encountered heavy ice off Littleton Island, and bore into it toward Cape Sabine, realizing all our expectations in regard to her, even though deeply loaded and her boiler power reduced one-half. Cape Sabine and Prayer Harbor were densely packed with ice, negating any approach, and we smashed along into open water under Cape Albert. We deposited a depot of coal boats and provisions at Victoria head, then steamed in open water to Cape Frazer. Working the tides from there, we reached Cape Collinson, only to be driven back by the ice.

The Roosevelt was then forced eastward into the heavy channel pack, and after a severe struggle reached loose ice on the Greenland side of Cape Collinson, and after temporary delay steamed north close by the Greenland coast, past Cape Constitution and Thank God Harbor.

**Smashed Against Ice Foot.**  
A few miles north of Cape Lupton a sudden motion in the ice smashed the Roosevelt against the ice foot and ground her along its face and continued on to a narrow niche. This momentary furry twisted the back of the rudder, broke the heavy iron head bands and gave the Roosevelt a violent southerly gale, and squeezing, but did not seriously injure her.

As soon as the pressure relaxed we steamed around Cape Summit and into the fast ice of Newman Bay under Cape Brevoort. Here we remained a week, waiting for a lead to open across Hobson Channel, ice from the north gradually filling the bay and water through which we had come.

Again the Roosevelt deliberately attacked the dense channel pack, and after 23 hours of severe and continuous stress and strain, such as I believe no other vessel afloat could have withstood, we reached Wrangle Bay. Here the movement of a heavy pack twisted the back of the rudder until it was nearly torn away, but did not render it entirely unserviceable.

In Lincoln Bay the Roosevelt was held some time and forced under every tide. Then we squeezed around Cape Union, and later around Cape Rawson, and early in the morning of September 5 made fast to the ice foot under the point of Cape Sheridan, just as the ice closed in and held us fast. This ice remained stationary until the evening of the 16th, when a large floe piled around Cape Sheridan, crushing everything before it. It pressed against our starboard side.

**Terribly Squeezed and Held Fast.**  
The Roosevelt was unmercifully squeezed, had one blade torn off her propeller, and was lifted until the propeller showed out of water. On the turn of the tide she settled back somewhat, but did not float again until the following summer.

For 26 hours men, women and children worked incessantly landing coal and supplies and equipments. This position became perilous the Roosevelt's winter quarters, though I had aimed for Porter Bay at Cape Joseph Henry, 27 miles to the north. But here she remained, moored to the exposed face of the ice foot with her nose pointed steadily and stubbornly to the north.

By October 1 100 musk oxen and deer had been secured. On October 12, from the summit of Black Cape, I saw the sun for the last time. During October my dogs died rapidly, the cause being traced to poisoning from my cured whale meat. Several tons of this were thrown away, and I faced the proposition of subsisting on my dogs, and what aid I could secure from the Eskimos until the spring sealing season began.

From this time until into February all the dogs and nearly all the Eskimos, with Marvin and Henson, lived in snow houses in the Lake Haasen Basin, and along the slopes of the United States Range, subsisting upon musk oxen, reindeer, hare and salmon trout.

**Not Very Cold, but Stormy.**  
The winter was the direct antithesis of that experienced by the Alert in this region. Temperatures were comparatively high, and every few days we had violent winds from the south, sometimes in the shape of squalls of a few hours' duration, sometimes continuing as furious gales for two or three days.

At those times water leads from a hun-

dred yards to two or three miles in width invariably formed, extending from Cape Rawson to Joseph Henry, and doubtless farther in both directions. The ice was in more or less active motion practically all the time.

On Christmas night the ice suddenly broke completely away from the shore from Cape Rawson to beyond Cape Sheridan and disappeared in the inky darkness, leaving the starboard side of the Roosevelt exposed and unprotected. Simultaneously a violent southerly gale began which threatened to tear the Roosevelt from her moorings, though the port anchor and cable and every steel and manila cable on board was fast to slots in the ice foot. The swell heaving around Cape Rawson from Robinson Channel rocked the Roosevelt pronouncedly.

The next three weeks were periods of constant anxiety, with the ice pack surging back and forth along the shore and liable to crush upon us at any time. I had no fear that the Roosevelt would be crushed, but was prepared for her being forced partly upon the ice foot and thrown on her beam ends. Explicit orders were issued in regard to the extinguishment of fires and lamps in this contingency.

With the exception of brief intervals of quiet, the ice remained in motion up to the time of my leaving the ship, and the Roosevelt was subjected to repeated but not crushing pressures.

On February 7 Marvin came in with the last of the field parties and I found that 20 dogs remained out of my original pack of more than 250. A few days later, Captain Bartlett, with Dr. Wolf, Mr. Clarke, Fireman Percy, Assistant Stewart, 20 Eskimos and 20 sledges, went to Cape Hecla to reconnoiter. The ice northward from that point, they reported, was in a condition disagreeable, but not unmanageable. A mass of water extended north from Cape Hecla as far as could be seen from the summit of the cape, and leads and pools were numerous to the northward.

**On the Move for Cape Hecla.**  
On February 19 Captain Bartlett left finally for Cape Hecla. Mr. Marvin and party followed the next day. Dr. Wolf and his party the next, and I was two days later. When I left the Roosevelt there was a lead of open water extending from Cape Joseph Henry past Cape Sheridan and Rawson. The northern part of Robeson Channel was open. There was open water along the Greenland coast as far as the Black Horn Cliffs, apparently to Cape Bryant, with numerous pools and leads in the sweep from Cape Henry to Cape Bryant.

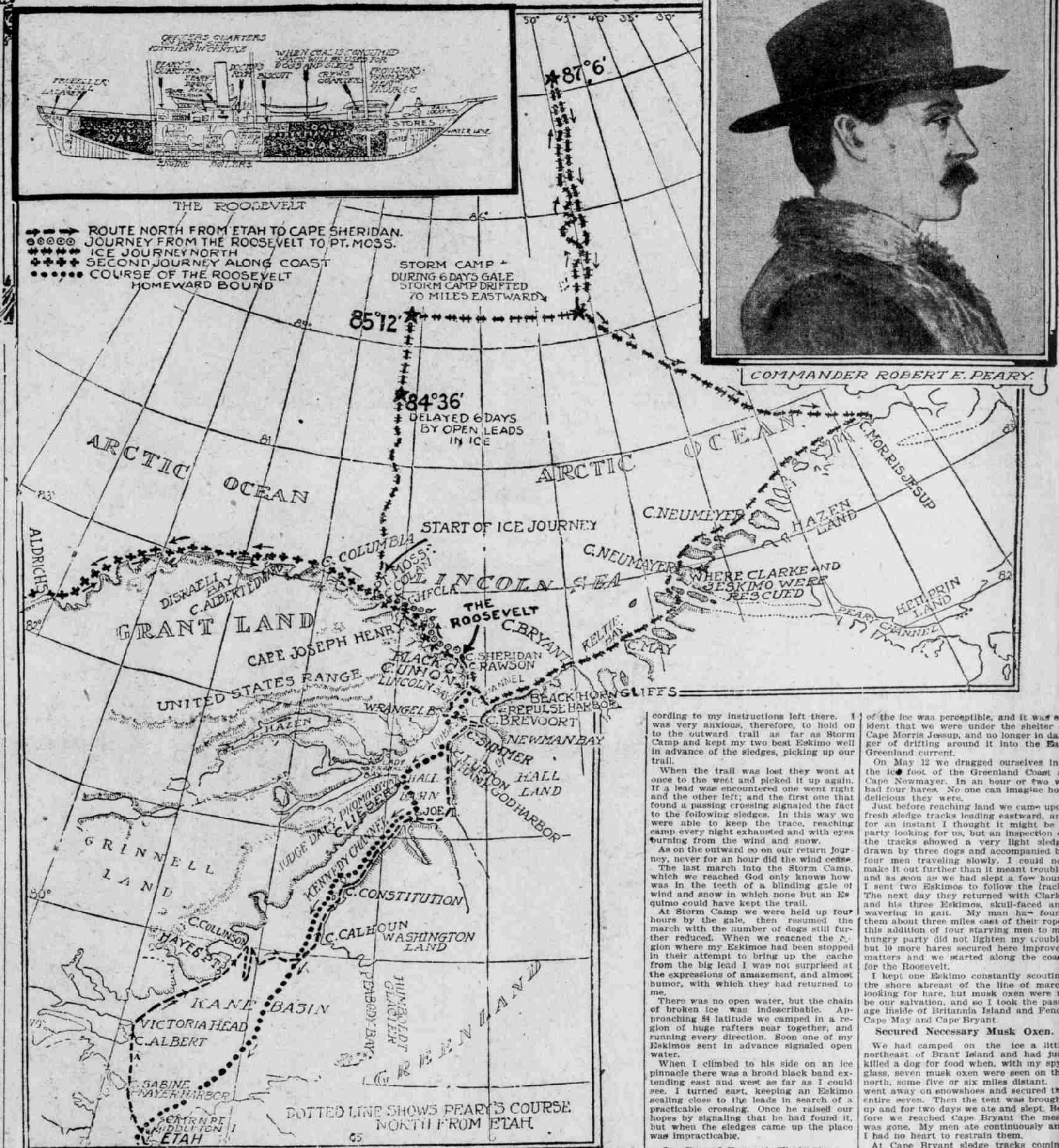
Point Moss, some 20 miles west of Cape Hecla, was determined as our point of departure from the land. Two days were spent at Cape Hecla resting the dogs, the expedition quartering in seven snow houses, and subsisting on four musk oxen killed just back of Cape Hecla.

On February 28 Mr. Hensen left Cape Hecla with a party of three light sledges. Captain Bartlett and his party followed the next day, then Clarke and his party, then Dr. Wolf, then Messrs. Marvin, Bryan and myself. During our stay at Cape Hecla there was open water along the ice foot and a large lead reaching north from the cape.

**Had to Wait for Ice to Be Quiet.**

On my second march from the lead the movement of the ice was such as compelled me to assemble my sleds upon an old floe to wait until the current ceased. Further on the doctor's party was delayed by open water and obliged to camp. Beyond this the captain's party was delayed for a day by an open lead, and another lead necessitated detours before they could be crossed. This and the roughness of the ice, a very considerable portion of the trail having to be cut with pick axes, made our progress slow.

Our first glimpse of the sun was obtained March 8. Some 50 miles from the land the character of the going greatly improved, and I began to hope that we were through the scattered ice near the land and into the less rugged surface of the central polar



area. Leads, however, were more frequent and wider at 84.28 latitude.

We came upon Captain Bartlett, Messrs. Hensen and Clarke with their parties stalled by a broad lead extending east and west as far as could be seen. A careful reconnaissance showed no immediate prospect of crossing, and I sent Captain Bartlett and Mr. Clarke, with their sleds, back to bring up more supplies, remaining with my own and Mr. Hensen's party to reconnoiter the lead at the first opportunity.

At this time the parties of Mr. Marvin, Dr. Wolf and Mr. Ryan were bound outward from the land on their second trip. The lead slowly widened, keeping a passable strip of water constantly open.

After a delay of six days, the lead, now about two miles wide, was crossed on the young ice, which bent beneath our weight and necessitated half leads on the sledge. Mr. Hensen's party proceeded north immediately, while I remained a day longer to establish a cache on the north side of the lead and leave instructions for the supporting parties which I hoped would arrive in two or three days.

When I started north from the land the weather was so thick it was almost impossible to follow Mr. Hensen's trail, and westerly wind I remained a day longer at the ice grinding.

At the end of the three marches I overtook Mr. Hensen in 82.12 north latitude, camped in dense fog. My own igloo was barely completed before it began to blow heavy. The ice quickly responded to the pressure. Mr. Hensen's igloo, built too near the edge of the floe, was shattered by the breaking of the ice, and his party was obliged to build another nearer the center.

sledges, sent back on the track to meet any supporting parties that might possibly have crossed the lead, or if none had done so, to bring up the cache at the lead. Those men returned inside of 74 hours, saying they had been able to get less than the distance back to the cache, where they had encountered open water and completely sheltered ice as far north as they could see from the highest pinnacles.

It was evident that I could no longer count in the slightest degree upon the supporting parties, and that whatever was to be done must be done by a dash, with the outcome hanging entirely upon the weather and the condition of the ice.

At the storm camp we abandoned everything not absolutely necessary and bent every energy to setting a record pace. In the legacy of retrievable damage which the storm had left us was one small codicil—such snow as the wind had not torn from the face of the floes was beaten and banked hard, and the snow which had fallen had been hammered into the areas of rough ice and the shattered hedges of the big floes, so that they gave us little trouble. North of the storm camp we had no occasion for snow shoes or pickaxes.

The first march of 10 hours in the lead with the compass, sometimes on a dark track, the sledges following in Indian file with drivers running beside or behind, placed us 30 miles to the good, my Esquimaux said.

Forty-four hours on the second march I overtook Mr. Hensen in his camp beside a lead which was closed. When I arrived he pitched up and followed behind my hurry party. I had with me now seven men and six teams with less than half loads for each.

As we advanced the character of the ice improved, the floe becoming much larger and rarer, but the cracks and narrow leads increased and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern side was moving more rapidly eastward than on the southern.

As dogs were fed, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20 we came into a region of open leads leading nearly north and south, and the ice bottom became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till noon of the 21st.

My observation then gave 87 degrees 5 minutes.

I thanked God with as good a grace as possible for what I had been able to accomplish, though it was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel for which I was risking my life.

But looking at my remaining dogs and the nearly empty sledges, and hearing in mind the moving ice and the unknown quantity of the big leads between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could be reasonably expected.

My dogs were put out from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us and a hundred feet or so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record, and a piece of the flag which six years before I had carried around the northern end of Greenland.

Then we started to return to our last igloo, making no camp here.

From the time we left storm camp the wind had blown with greater or less force, but without interruption from a little south of the west. Now as we retraced our steps it blew squarely in our faces, and was accompanied by a fine drift of snow which cut like needles. When we reached camp I was nearly blind from its effects, and completely cut off.

Of 14 cracks and narrow leads passed in this last march all but three had changed in the hours elapsing between our outward and return march.

**Last Sleep for Many Days.**  
At this camp we took a full sleep, the last for a number of days, and then hurried on sick at heart.

I had hoped that Marvin had crossed the big lead before the storm, and that he would cache provisions at Storm Camp according to my instructions left there. I was very anxious, therefore, to hold on to the outward trail as far as Storm Camp and keep my two best Eskimo well in advance of the sledges, picking up our trail.

When the trail was lost they went at once to the west and picked it up again. If a lead was encountered one went right and the other left, and the first one that found a passing crossing signaled the fact to the following sledges. In this way we were able to keep the trace, reaching camp every night exhausted and with eyes burning from the wind and snow.

As on the outward so on our return journey, never for an hour did the wind cease. The last march into the Storm Camp, which we reached God only knows how was in the teeth of a blinding gale of wind and snow in which none but an Eskimo could have kept the trail.

Approaching 84 latitude we camped in a region of huge rafters near together, and running every direction. Soon one of my Eskimos sent in advance signaled open water.

When I climbed to his side on an ice pinnacle there was a broad black band extending east and west as far as I could see. I turned east, keeping an Eskimo scaling close to the leads in search of a practicable crossing. Once he raised our hopes by signaling that he had found it, but when the sledges came up the place was impracticable.

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