

# Holk County Itemizer

PART TWO

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## Dr. Cook Says He Isn't "Colossal Liar" and Attacks Rear-Admiral Peary

Famous Polar Controversy Is Opened Again by Explorer Whose Claims of Discovery Have Been Denounced as Fraudulent by His Enemies

## Thorpe Loses Amateur Rank

World's Best Athlete Confesses to Professionalism of Long Standing and Loses His Medals

James Thorpe—Jim Thorpe to those who follow athletic events—has admitted that he is a professional. That means that he has accepted money for his services in athletic competition. That means that he is forever barred from taking part in track meets, football games or baseball games in which amateurs figure, and, most especially, that he may not again show his wonderful prowess in the Olympic games, that great international congress of athletes. Thorpe is, undoubtedly, the greatest all-around athlete in the world. He is a Sac and Fox Indian, a student at the Carlisle school for Indians. Within a little more than half a year Thorpe, at Stockholm and in competition against the world, established a new record and showed his supremacy. He was recently charged with having played professional baseball with the Winston-Salem team in North Carolina. When the charge was brought home to him Thorpe confessed that he had been a professional since 1910; that, technically, at least, he had taken Olympic honors under false pretenses. His confession was contained in a letter to the registration committee of the Amateur Athletic Union, which organization has general supervision over the eligibility of all athletes who are not in sports for a livelihood. This board was in session in New York City at the time, convening to decide Thorpe's case. In extenuation of his conduct, Thorpe said that he did not know that he had done anything wrong, as on the same team with him in 1910 were several college men who were spending their vacations playing baseball for pay. These, said Thorpe, were regarded as amateurs, and he could see no reason why he also should not retain his standing. Also, the Indian stated that he did not play for the money offered him, but because he loved the game.

His record is remarkable. His winning of the pentathlon and decathlon events at the Olympic games in Sweden and later his wonderful performance in winning the all-around championship of the Amateur Athletic Union at Celtic Park, New York, last September, stamped him as the most marvelous athlete of modern times. In addition, his prowess as a football player during the season of 1912 brought to him the honor of being given a place on the All-American football eleven, a "paper" team picked by leading sporting experts from among the best in the great college game.

Thorpe will be required to return all of the medals and insignia of honor that he has won in competition with amateurs since the time he played baseball for hire. Foreign sporting men, however, are reported as believing that Thorpe should be allowed to retain his medals, even if he won them under pretenses of being an amateur. This, too, means that the points won by Thorpe for America may not be counted for this country. Their loss, however, does not take victory from Uncle Sam. The corrected score gives the United States 79 points, with Finland second with 29.

In the pentathlon in Stockholm Thorpe finished first in the running broad jump, first in the 200-meters run, first in the 1500-meters run, first and third in the javelin event. In the decathlon, which consisted of the 100-meters dash, running broad jump, shotput, running high jump, 400-meters run, 110-meters hurdles, discus throwing, pole vaulting, javelin throwing and 1500-meters run, Thorpe had a percentage of 8412.955, against 7724.495 by Wieslander of Sweden, his nearest opponent.

Thorpe first was heard of several years ago as a football player with the Carlisle team. Later he specialized in weight-throwing, jumping and running. He also became noted as a lacrosse and baseball player and in the latter branch of sport several of the major league teams tried to procure his services. Only last year Pittsburg and Washington endeavored to secure him, but the Indian refused to sign a contract, declaring that he wished to remain an amateur.

After the Olympic games in Sweden last year King Gustave sent for Thorpe to congratulate him on his prowess. At first the Indian timidly declined to meet the monarch, but later, when several of the American committeemen insisted that he do so, Thorpe went to the palace. There the king took the Indian by the hand and smilingly said: "You are the greatest athlete in the world."

"Accused of being the most colossal liar in history, I sometimes feel that more lies have been told about me than about anyone ever born. I have been guilty of many mistakes. Most men really true to themselves admit that. My claim to the North Pole may always be questioned. Yet, when I regard the lies great and small attached to me, I am filled almost with indifference.

"As a popular illustration of the sort of yarns that were told, let me refer to the foolish fake of the gum drop. Someone started the story that I expected to reach the Pole by bribing the Eskimos with gum drops; perhaps the idea was that I was to lure them on from point to point with regularly issued rations of these confections.

"Wherever I went on my lecture tour after my return to the United States, much to my irritation, I saw 'Cook' gum drops conspicuously displayed in confectionery store windows. Hundreds of pounds of gum drops were sent to my hotel with the compliments of the manufacturers. On all sides I heard the gum-drop story, and in almost every paper read the reiterated tale of leading the Eskimos to the Pole by dangling a gum drop on a string before them. I never denied this, as I never denied any of the fakes printed about me. The fact is that I never heard the gum-drop yarn until I came to New York. We took no gum drops with us on our Polar trip, and, to my knowledge, no Eskimo ate a gum drop while with me."—Dr. Frederick A. Cook.

In the annals of Arctic exploration there is nothing to compare with the case of Dr. Cook. He has been acclaimed and honored; he has been denounced and condemned. He has been hailed as the first man to penetrate the frozen North to the axle of the earth, as the first to reach the "Big Nail" of the Eskimos. Then, Dr. Cook has been denounced as "the most colossal liar in history," as he says himself.

The career of Dr. Cook since his claim to Arctic honors first thrilled the world is too well known to need discussion here. It is enough to say that he was the center of the most sensational conflict ever known and that he, himself, now feels that he must defend his achievements. It is not in the province of this article to espouse the cause of Dr. Cook, but it cannot be amiss to give something of what the explorer has to say. He is now making a lecture tour of the United States, giving from the stage his version of his case.

For Current Features Dr. Cook has prepared an article which deals with what he calls the "Polar Controversy," starting with the time he and his two Eskimo companions started back from the top of the earth:

"On the return journey our difficulties were even greater than on the upward march. The ice began to break and separate; there was open water with continuous fogs. With clouded skies, it was impossible to determine the drift of the ice under our feet. We were carried unconsciously far to the west and south of our course, and, when skies finally cleared and we got an observation, we found ourselves away down in Crown Prince Gustav Sea. After a long and tedious journey, with starvation staring us in the face, we finally reached Jones Sound, and here, on Cape Sparbo, we stayed throughout another long winter night. We ate the meat of the musk-ox and used their fat for fuel and their skins for clothing. We spent the winter in an old cave. Early in March we started for the long return march to our Greenland camp. After many detours, to avoid open water, and many narrow escapes from starvation, we finally got back to our Greenland camp and here we saw for the first time in fourteen months other human faces except our own. Here with their people I left my two Eskimo companions, splendid, faithful, helpful manly fellows they had been! They had gone with me to the Pole and back, had suffered all of the tortures I had suffered, had endured all the hardships uncomplainingly, not for money, not for honor—for they cannot appreciate either—but simply because they wished to be useful to one whom they choose to call a friend. They deserve just as much credit as I do for the result of the expedition, and I want you to remember them, to remember their names: Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-i-shook.

"Now we were back to our Greenland camp; we were half starved, almost unable to walk. We naturally looked around for something to eat, especially from our own school. But, sad to say, during our absence someone else came along and took that camp, took everything we had in the north world. This brings us to the first chapter of what is known as the Polar Controversy.

"Two months after I had reached the Pole, two big ships started north for the Pole. They went north with the usual press bombast. At about the same time my companion, Rudolph Franke, who had been left in Greenland to guard my supplies, was sick. He was in desperate shape; he

needed help. He started south, aiming to get some assistance from the Danish whalers in North Star Bay. With boat and sled he fought an almost unhuman battle and reached North Star, but too late. The last ship had gone, there would not be another for another year. He appealed to those ever kindly wild people. They nursed him as best they could and aided him to get back north, aiming to get him back to my camp at Annotok. They did get him back as far as Etah, only 25 miles south of my camp, but here Franke was unable to go another step. He was sick; he had not had a morsel of civilized food in two months. He lay down on the rocks and expected to die.

"While he was lying on those rocks, two big ships came into that harbor flying the American flag. Franke was glad; he was happy. He pulled himself together and went out and boarded the ship "Roosevelt." He went up to the galley and asked for a cup of coffee. That coffee was refused, but that wasn't the worst, he was forcibly put off that ship in the presence of a dozen other men. Here was a sick, a hungry, dying man refused a cup of coffee from an American ship, fished out at public expense!

"Franke went back to his rocks and prayed that he might die, to be relieved of his misery. Those two ships stayed there two days. Then Mr. Peary changed heart. In the meantime he had learned from the Eskimos that after all Franke was not a beggar. He had no money, but he did have in his possession furs and ivory worth ten thousand dollars. He had under his direction my camp north of there, which camp was out

of his reach, but was worth twenty-five thousand dollars. Here was thirty-five thousand dollars to gain and Mr. Peary changed heart. He called Franke aboard the ship, offered him a cup of coffee and a square meal and gave him two big goblets of whiskey. He then called Franke to his private cabin and there the following conversation took place: Mr. Peary said to Franke, "You are a very sick man. If you stay here you will die. If you go home you may live." Franke knew that. "You may go home on one of these ships, but before you do so you must turn over everything that belongs to yourself, and everything that belongs to Dr. Cook. You will not be allowed to take any records home." There was no alternative, the man did it. But what law of what land would grant it?

"Here is, first, a dastardly underhanded trick to steal thirty-five thousand dollars, but that isn't the worst. It was a deliberate attempt at murder. For in taking my camp, all of my food supplies, he was attempting to starve me out, to prevent my return to civilization. Here Mr. Peary did a thing for which he would be hanged, and rightly so, in a mining camp, but he next did worse. Twenty-five miles south of Etah, in a region of bleak rocks and glaciers, in a region of death-dealing storms, Mr. Peary deserted two innocent, helpless children. Two little boys, his own flesh and blood, his own children, were left there to starve and freeze in that cheerless world. Those poor little ones are there today, crying for bread and milk and a father. The meanest thief in all the world would not do that. Mr. Peary did it. Can that man be honest in anything? That is the kind of man who tried to stir heaven and earth and the other place, mostly the other place, to overthrow my claim.

"One of those ships went south, carrying Franke with it. The other went north, stayed for a year, came back on the following year to this same place at Etah, and there, from my Eskimos, Mr. Peary learned for the first time that I had reached the Pole a year ahead of him. He gathered all the information he could and then put on full speed and rushed to the wireless station at Labrador. Here he sent through a brief message saying that he also had reached the Pole. I had gotten to Copenhagen about a week previous to this, and had promptly given to the world my complete report. That report was public property, as all of my material always has been. That report was at that wireless station in Labrador. Mr. Peary took it from the operator, went behind the rocks and stayed for a week, digested that report and then came forth and issued his report. Every Arctic explorer at once said the Peary report was a scientific du-

PLICATE of mine; that, because of the parallel material which it contained that it either proved my position at the Pole, or it proved that he had borrowed from the previously published report. You are then asked to take this man's report as the truth, and to take mine as a lie. Why? Why was it necessary to put this leprous spot upon the fabric of clean human endeavor? You cannot under-

stand that unless you understand this man, and I want you to understand him.

"We next go down to Washington, the home of the "Steam Roller." Here we have the so-called National Geographical Society, an organization which is no more national than the National Cash Register, but they

geographer in that society. Now, as an organization of political shrimps, that is all right, but as a scientific body it is a colossal humbug, and those of my readers who are members of that society are a party to that humbug. Two-thirds of the newspaper editors of this country are two-

came forward, posing as experts to pass upon both cases, Mr. Peary's and mine, to settle for all times and all peoples the question of distribution of Polar honors. But whence their authority? Who are its members? For two dollars per, any man, woman or child in this audience becomes a geographer in that society, for the same money the man who sweeps the streets becomes with equal facility a

Picture of Dr. Cook, As He Is To-day



Nordpolfahrer  
Dr. Fred. A. Cook.

## More Power to You, Columbia River

