

THE NEWS RECORD

(Twice-a-Week.)

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1909.

Concerted efforts to develop the Portland livestock market on a big scale have been begun during the week by livestock men of the Northwest in connection with the railroads in the matter of more favorable rates. A conference was held between a number of representative stockmen, the management of the local stockyards, and the traffic manager of the railroads centering there. Uniform livestock rates that will be of great benefit to the stock raisers throughout the territory naturally tributary to the Portland market.

According to W. R. Parker, of Baker City, who was interviewed in Portland last week, Oregon has the only herd of ibex known to exist on the continent. He discovered the rare animals in the vicinity of Eagle Cap in the mountains on the south line of this county. He urges that a game preserve be created there for their preservation. Unless this is done, Mr. Parker fears the ibex will be exterminated by hunters.

THE BULLETIN.

The Bulletin is a new educational directory of the state of Oregon. It will contain the names of the teachers, the subjects taught by each, their preparation, the number of years in the state, and the salary, and is to be used by the state of Oregon.

The demand by literary societies throughout the state for the Oregon High School Debating League Bulletin has been large, but there is still a small supply to be had for the asking from the University of Oregon Registrar, says a communication from the University. The Bulletin contains a full discussion of effective debating, in addition to complete bibliographies on a number of important subjects. As the Wallowa County high school is a member of the league and will participate in the debates this winter, this bulletin would doubtless prove of interest to many of our readers.

Elizabeth Robins

the eminent English authoress, writes about the English Suffragettes. She tells why they resort to the violence that lands them in jail.

Save a little of your indignation for the chapters of "The Beast and the Jungle" that are to come. Judge Lindsey hasn't really started to get to the heart of his story yet.

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The Conquest of the Pole

By Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK

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KOOLOOTINGWAH and Inugito had been our bedfellows for the entire northward run, and they had gone through many dangerous and hard experiences together. We therefore felt more keenly their departure than the going of the first six. We were at first lonely, but the exigencies of our problem were soon sufficiently engaging to occupy every call and strain every fiber.

Now our party was reduced to three, and, though the isolation was more oppressive, there were the usual advantages for greater comfort and progress of a small family of workers. The increased number of a big expedition always enlarges the responsibility and difficulties. In the early part of a polar venture this disadvantage is eliminated by the survival of the fittest, but after the last supporting sleds return the men are married to each other and can no longer separate. A disabled or unfitted dog can be fed to his companions, but an injured or weak man cannot be put aside. An exploring venture is only as strong as its weakest member, and increased numbers, like increased links in a chain, reduce efficiency.

The personal idiosyncrasies and inconveniences always shorten the day's march; but, above all, a numerous party quickly divides into cliques, which are always opposed to each other, to the leader and to the best interests of the problem in hand. With but two savage companions, to whom this arduous task was but a part of an accustomed life of frost, I hoped to over-



DR. COOK AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE REACHED COPENHAGEN.

come many of the natural personal barriers to the success of arctic expeditions.

One Degree in Three Days.

By dead reckoning our position was latitude 82 degrees 23 minutes, longitude 95 degrees 14 minutes. A study of the ice seemed to indicate that we had passed beyond the zone of ice crushed by the influence of land pressure. Behind were great hummocks and small ice; ahead was a cheerful expanse of larger floes. Using the accumulated vigor of man and beast, we had advanced a degree of latitude in three days. Our destination was about 400 miles beyond.

But our life had assumed quite another aspect. Previously we permitted ourselves some luxuries. A pound of coal oil and a good deal of muck or tallow were burned each day to heat the igloo and to cook abundant food. Extra meals were served when an occasion called for it, and each man ate and drank all he desired. If the stockings or the mittens were wet there was fire enough to dry them out. But all of this must now be changed.

There was a short daily allowance of food and fuel—one pound of pemmican per day for the dogs, about the same for the men, with just a taste of other things. Fortunately, we were well stocked for the race with fresh meat in the lucky run through game lands.

At first no great hardship followed the changed routine. We filled up sufficiently on two cold meals and used superfluous bodily tissue. It was no longer possible to jump on the sled for an occasional breathing spell, as we had done along the land. With overloaded sleds the drivers must push and pull at the sleds to aid the dogs, and I searched the troubled ice for an easy route, cutting here and there with the ice ax to permit the passing of the sleds.

Stripped for the Race.
We are finally stripped for the race. Man and dog must walk along together through storms and frost for that elusive pivot. Success or failure depended mostly upon our ability to transport nourishment and to keep up the muscular strength for a prolonged period.

As we awoke on the following morning and peeped out of the eye port the

Polar Party Reduced to Three and Northward

March Continued—All Conditions Are Favorable
[SIXTH ARTICLE]

sun was edging along the northeast, throwing a warm orange glow on us that gladdened our hearts. The temperature was 63 degrees below zero F.; the barometer was steady and high. There was almost no wind, and not a cloud lined the dome of pale purple blue.

After two cups of tea, a watch sized biscuit, a chip of frozen meat and a



ESKIMO MOTHER AND CHILD.

bowlful of pemmican we crept out of the bags. The shivering legs were pushed through bearskin cylinders, which served as trousers; the feet were worked into frozen boots, and then we climbed into fur coats, kicked the front out of the snow house and danced about to start the fires of the heart.

Quickly the camp furnishings were tossed on the sleds and securely lashed down. The dog traces were gathered into the drag lines, and with a vigorous snap of the long whip the willing creatures bent to the shoulder straps. The sleds groaned, and the unyielding snows gave a metallic ring, but the train moved with a cheerful pace.

"Une noona terronga dosangwah" (good land out of sight today) we said to one another, but the words did not come with serious intent. In truth, each in his own way felt keenly that we were leaving a world of life and possible comfort for one of torment and suffering. Helberg Island was already only a dull blue haze, while Grant Land was making fantastic figures of its peaks and ice walls.

Wave of Mirages.

The stamp of reality had given place to a wave of curious mirages. Some peaks seemed like active volcanoes; others rose to exaggerated heights and pierced the changing skies with multiple spires like church steeples. Altogether this unexpected panorama of the upper surface of Grant Land under the influence of optical illusions gave us considerable entertainment.

At every breathing spell the heads turned to the land, and every look gave a new prospect. From belching volcanoes to smoking cities of modern bustle the mirage gave suggestive bits of scenes, but a more desolate line of coast could not be imagined.

Low wind swept and ice polished mountains were separated by valleys filled with great depths of snow and ice. This interior accumulation moved slowly to the sea, where it formed a low ice fall, a glacier of the malapina type, but its appearance was more like that of heavy sea ice; hence the name of the fragments from this glacier, floes, which seen in Lincoln sea and resembling old floes, were supposed to be the product of the upbuilding of the ice of the north polar sea.

Late in the afternoon the land suddenly settled as if by an earthquake. The partly gutter which raised it darkened and a purple tangle was drawn



DR. COOK HUNTING WALRUS.

over the horizon, merging imperceptibly with the lighter purple blue of the upper skies. We saw the land, however, repeatedly for several days whenever the atmosphere was in the right condition to elevate the terrestrial contour lines.

All Conditions Favorable.
Everything was in our favor in this march. The wind was not strong and struck at an angle, making it possible to guard the nose by pushing a mitten under the hood or by raising the fur clad hand. The snow was hard, and the ice, in fairly large floes separated by pressure lines, offered little trouble. At the end of a forced effort of fourteen hours the register indicated twenty-nine miles.

Too tired to begin the construction of a house at once, we threw ourselves

down on the sledges for a short breathing spell and fell asleep. A awakened about an hour later by a strong wind, we hastened to seek shelter. The heavy floe upon which we rested had several large hummocks, and over to the lee of one of these was found suitable snow for a camp. Lines of snowy vapor were rushing over the pack, and the wind came with a rapidly increasing force.

But the dome was erected before we suffered severely from the blast, and under it we crept out of the coming snows into warm furs.

It blew fiercely that night, but in the morning the storm eased to a steady draft, with a temperature of 59 degrees below. At noon we emerged. The snow grains had been swept from the frigid dome, but to the north there remained a low black line over a pearly cloud which gave us much uneasiness. It was a narrow belt of water sky and indicated open water or very thin ice at no great distance.

The upper surface of Grant Land was a mere line, but a play of land clouds over it fixed the eyes on the last known rocks of solid earth. In this march we felt keenly the piercing cold of the polar sea. The temperature gradually rose to 46 below in the afternoon, but the chill of the shadows increased with the swing of the sun's gliter.

A Life Sapping Wind.

It still blew that light, life sapping draft which sealed the eyes and bleached the nose. We had hoped that this would soften with the midday sun, but instead it came with a sharper edge. Our course was slightly west of north; the wind was slightly north of west. It struck us at a painful angle and brought tears. The moistened lashes quickly froze together in winking, and we were forced to halt frequently to unseal the eyes with the warmth of the uncovered hand. In the meantime we found the nose tipped with a white skin, and it also required nursing. The entire face was surrounded with ice.

This experience brought warm language, but there was no redress. If we aimed to succeed the face must be bared to the cut of the elements.

At about 6 o'clock, as the sun crossed the west, we had reached a line of high pressure ridges. Beyond the ice was cut into smaller floes and thrown together into ugly irregularities. An active pack and troubled seas could not be far away, according to our surmises. The water sky widened, but became less sharply defined.

We managed to pick a way among hummocks and pressure lines which seemed impossible from a distance.



ESKIMO DOG.

and in a few hours we saw from an unusual uplift of ice blocks a broad, dark line separating the packs—a tremendous cut several miles wide, which seemed at the time to bar all farther progress. We had a folding canvas boat on the sleds, but in a temperature of 48 degrees below zero no craft could be lowered into water without fatal results. All of the ice about was firmly cemented together, and over it a way was forged to the shore of the great lead.

Camp Beside the Lead.

Camp was made on a secure old field, and over its huge ice cliffs the crack seemed like a long river winding between palisades of blue crystal. A thin sheet of yellow ice had already spread over the mysterious deep, and a profusion of fantastic frost crystals were arranged in bunches resembling flowers. Through this young ice dark vapors rose like steam through a screen of porous fabrics and fell in feathers of dust along the sparkling shores. Eukishook went east and I went west to examine the lead for a safe crossing.

There were several narrow places, while here and there floes had been adrift in the lead and were now fixed by the young ice. Ahweiah remained to make our snow house comfortable.

In exploring the shore line a partially bridged place was found about a mile from camp, but the young ice was too elastic for a safe track. The temperature, however, fell rapidly with the setting sun, and the wind was just strong enough to sweep off the heated vapors. A better atmospheric condition could not be afforded to quickly thicken the young ice.

The groaning ice and the eagerness to reach the opposite shores kept us awake for a long time. With the ear resting on the frozen sea the vibrations and noises of the moving pack were not unlike those of an earthquake.

Breakfast was served early, and soon after we were on the thin ice to test its strength. Though the ice was hardly safe, it did not seem wise to wait longer, for the western skies were darkening with a wind that might destroy the new ice and compel a halt for a long time.

(Continued next week.)

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