

APPENDIX.

SHRIEKING whistles of a myriad of craft and tumultuous cheers from thousands of American throats was the welcome home that saluted Dr. Frederick A. Cook on his landing at New York, on September 21, 1909, from the steamship Oscar II, after two years spent in the Arctic Zone, in the blackness of its long night and the glitter of its mid-night sun.

Inspiring as was the meeting when Doctor Cook returned to civilization and set foot on Danish soil, it was outdone that memorable day. From the moment the explorer stepped from the steamship to the tug in which his wife had gone down the bay to meet him in the morning, until long after nightfall, Doctor Cook was accorded a welcome, the sincerity of which was amply evident.

Throughout a long and uneasy night a flotilla of tug-boats, outposts of a continental curiosity, had tossed in the darkness for the first glimpse of this man. At 5 o'clock in the morning he was on deck eagerly watching for the wife from whom he had long been separated.

The Oscar II had purposely been held back, not to disarrange the reception plans of the Arctic Club of America, but leaving Fire Island shortly after midnight she nosed her way into quarantine at an hour too early for everybody but Doctor Cook.

A speck in the distance began to assume dimensions. Presently it was recognizable as the tug bearing Mrs. Cook and her two daughters. Quickly the tug came alongside and Doctor Cook clambered nimbly down the ladder. With no concern for the cameras trained on him, he made a rush for his wife. For the moment he even missed the children, who stood a few feet away, until his wife silently led him to them.

Then, as he lifted his youngest daughter to his shoulder, the silent, watching crowd that lined the rails of the Oscar II broke into a storm of cheers.

It had been arranged that the excursion steamboat Grand Republic, carrying 1000 of Cook's friends and clubmates, from Brooklyn and New York, and John R. Bradley, his backer, should keep in the background to give him the first few minutes with his family. But soon there was a second transfer from the tug to the Grand Republic.

Brooklyn's reception had all the elements of a riot except violence. From the moment the explorer, flanked by militiamen and police, fought his way into an automobile at the pier until he left the Bushwick Club that night for the Waldorf-Astoria, in Manhattan, the surging crowds often got out of control of the police.

SAFE ARRIVAL AT HOME.

As the Grand Republic reached her dock the whistle of every craft was tied down and for five minutes the brass bands were drowned. Doctor Cook, surrounded by eight militiamen, came up the gangway. The police threw a cordon around the party and pushed them through to the automobile to which Mrs. Cook and the children had preceded. A huge motor truck with a brass band pulled out ahead and Cook's automobile followed. More than 500 other automobiles, each aflutter with bunting, fell into line and the two-mile procession moved to the Bushwick Club.

It was just noon and thousands of school children lined the streets, shouting one word in chorus, "Cook!" Trolley traffic was paralyzed, business was suspended; there was only one person of importance in Brooklyn—Cook. Along the five miles of avenues through which the explorer passed mounted police were continually fighting a way for his automobile.

Every street near the Bushwick Club was choked. First one section of the crowd would charge toward the club, and by the time the police had it under control again another wedge had shoved forward. There was a full hour's tussle before Cook's automobile came in sight.

Cook's friends, headed by John R. Bradley, surrounded the machine, while the crowd whooped and whistled. Doctor Cook bowed and went into the house, but the mass of humanity cried, "Speech!" "Speech!" If Doctor Cook had chosen to make one he could not have been heard. He stepped onto the balcony and bowed.

After an hour's rest, in which Dr. and Mrs. Cook were entertained at luncheon, the public reception began. The crowd filed through the billiard room, where Dr. Cook stood, a wreath of flowers about his shoulders and passed out the back door. Policemen stationed every few feet hurried the crush along. Doctor Cook bowed smilingly, occasionally breaking the rule, against the protests of the committee, and grasping the hand of some old friend.

After three hours it was decided not to tax him further, although not a quarter of those waiting their turn outside had been admitted. The doors of the clubhouse were closed and a thoroughly tired and rather frayed citizen took off his classic garlands and sat down to his first meal on his native soil in two and a half years.

Dr. Cook took up his quarters that night at the Waldorf-Astoria. He decided that, owing to the overwhelming demand for autographs and autographic photographs, he would make a uniform charge of \$10 each, and he would set aside all the proceeds to be divided equally between the explorers and the Arctic clubs, to be utilized for future expeditions.

ARRIVAL OF COMMANDER PEARY.

To those who stood that same day in the tossing tumult that acclaimed Commander Robert E. Peary as he landed at Sydney, Nova Scotia, from his ice-buffed steamship, which had borne him on his expedition to attain the North Pole, it seemed that Sydney's reception to the explorer must have been relatively as great as was that in the larger city of Copenhagen to Doctor Cook.

The throngs began to cheer as the Roosevelt drew near the densely packed wharf, while esplanades and slopes of hills at the water front were reverberant with strong-lunged cheers. And all about was a tossing sea of flags. English and American waving side by side.

The Roosevelt herself was gaily decked with bunting and from the mizzen gaff rippled the Stars and Stripes with the words "North Pole" inscribed on a field of white cut diagonally across its folds. Beside the commander, proud in his achievement after 23 years of nearly constant effort, stood his wife and daughter and his little son. Mrs. Peary, for the first time in the many times she has come to greet her

husband homebound from the frozen North, had gone to greet him victorious at sea. She and her children and Colonel Borup, father of one of Peary's companions, had gone forth as the guests of John Ross on his steam yacht Sheelah. That meeting of husband and wife who had been "married 23 years but lived only three" was touching in the highest degree. This was the real welcome toward which the conqueror of the Pole had looked. Then the Roosevelt resumed its way toward the waiting throngs at Sydney, preceded by the Sheelah to signal that the Arctic heroes would soon be there.

Quickly as the Roosevelt touched the wharf Mayor Richardson leaped aboard to extend the welcome of the city. Soon afterward Mrs. Peary and her daughter were helped over the gangplank and Commander Peary and the Mayor following. A bevy of girls surrounded the explorer and presented a massive emblem, a mound of white flowers surmounted by the American flag, emblematic of the conquered Pole.

Commander Peary, the Mayor and the United States Consul forced their way through the throng to a richly decorated carriage which had been held in waiting, running the gauntlet as they did so of a battery of scrapping cameras.

COMMANDER PEARY UNDER SHOWER OF FLOWERS.

As the carriage started for the drive to the Sydney Hotel the vehicle and its occupants were pelted with a storm of flowers, while cheer after cheer broke from the surrounding multitude. The carriage made its slow way to a point in front of the hotel veranda, where it came to a halt, and Mayor Richardson delivered to Peary a short address of welcome.

As the explorer rose to reply another burst of cheers came from the throng and continued for several minutes. But at last the tumult sunk so that the voice of the speaker could be heard. The commander said that he was no stranger to Sydney; that all of his expeditions to the Pole had started here and ended here. On one expedition he had brought back to Sydney a "Farthest North;" on another the noted meteorolite which takes his name.

"And now, thank God," said the explorer fervently, "I have brought back the Pole."

The crowd pressed to the carriage to shake the explorer's hand. The police formed a line on one side of the carriage, and for nearly two hours the hand-shaking went on.

Commander Peary received a taste of the greeting that awaited him while still far from Sydney. A flotilla of craft, ranging from palatial yachts to small buzzing motor boats, came out to escort him, each displaying every bit of bunting that it owned. All the while whistles were screeching in a deafening din. Out of this fleet shot a launch, and Mr. Kehl, the American Consul at Sydney, climbed on board to welcome the explorer.

Next a press tug ran alongside and correspondents came on. Then a tug chartered by the Italian Consul and filled by his fellow countrymen came near.

The launch of a photographer was caught in the water washing between the tugs and capsized, but the photographer was dragged out by the heels.

More of the welcoming flotilla came by. Peary, standing on the deck, doffed his cap to every salute. The harbor mouth was entered and a vista of green grass was opened up. "Gee," said one of the Roosevelt's crew, "wouldn't I love to just get out in the grass and wallow."

Then the town of Sydney came into view, the place fairly smothered in waving flags and its water front black with waiting throngs. These held their peace until the Roosevelt was well within range of their voices, and then they lifted their voices to the utmost.

It had been planned to give a banquet that evening in honor of Peary, but the Commander let it be known that he would much prefer to spend the evening with his family. This pleasure was cheerfully accorded by the Reception Committee.

Accompanied by his wife and family Commander Peary left Sydney on the 7 o'clock train the next morning, to stop a short time at Bangor and then to proceed to Portland, where he spent a few days with his wife and children in their home on Eagle Island, Casco Bay.

His reception at New York was a quiet one, as Commander Peary had let it be known that he wished as little display as possible, pending the official recognition of his claims.

