

CAPT. BARTLETT AND HARRY WHITNEY TO LEAD AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO SEEK SOUTH POLE



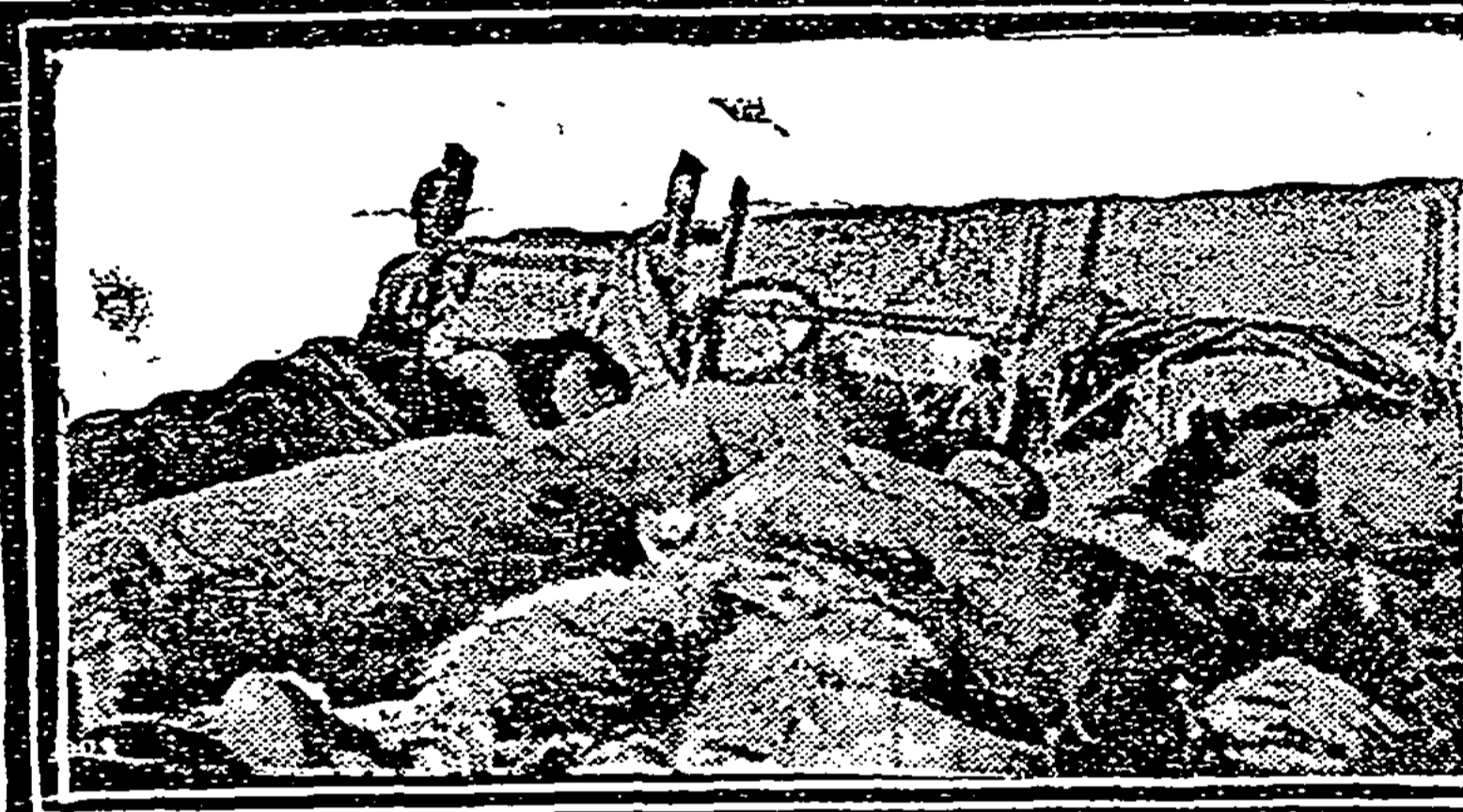
The Whitney Party's Method of Travelling in the Arctic. From a Photograph by Harry Whitney.



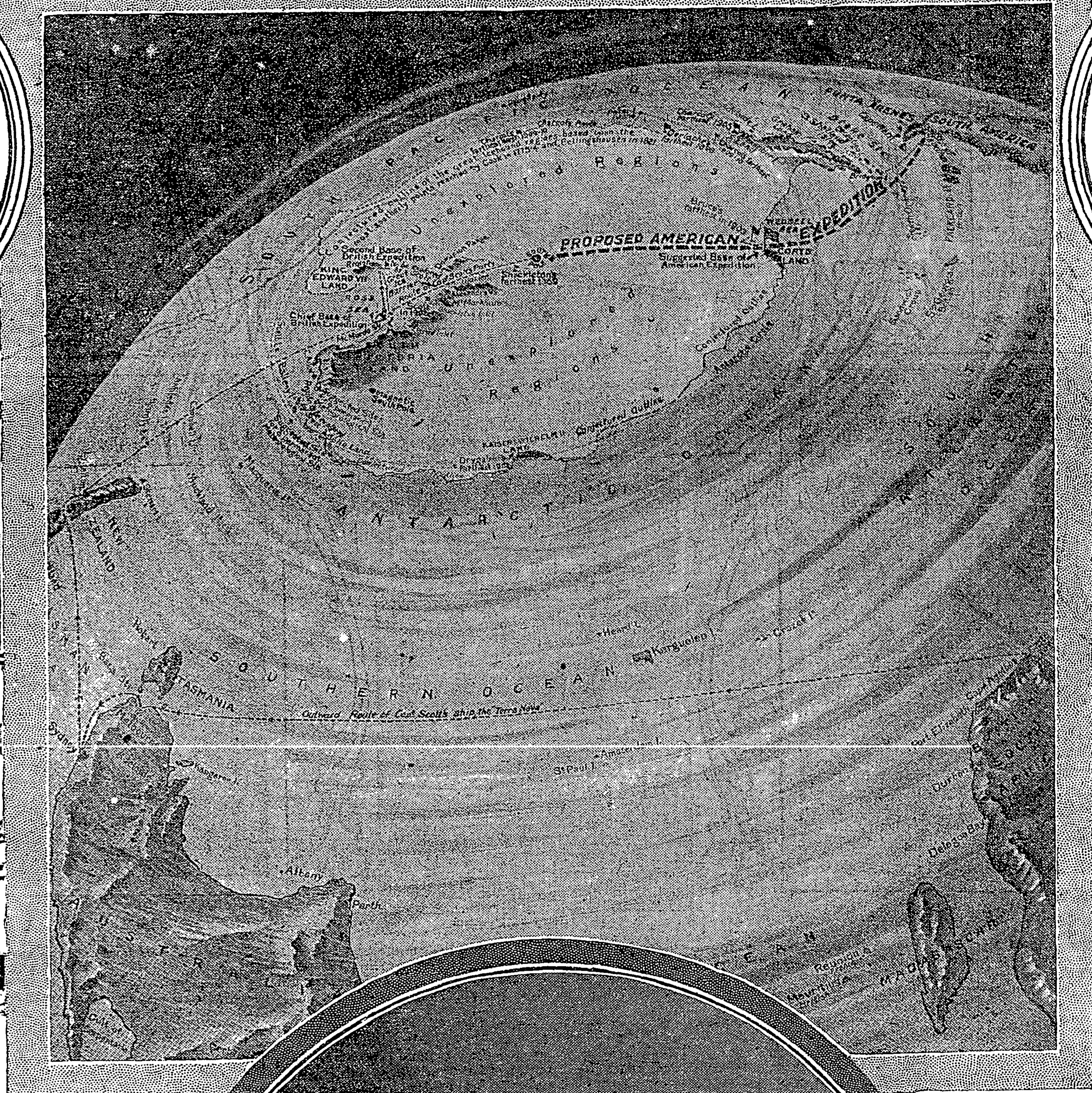
Harry Whitney.



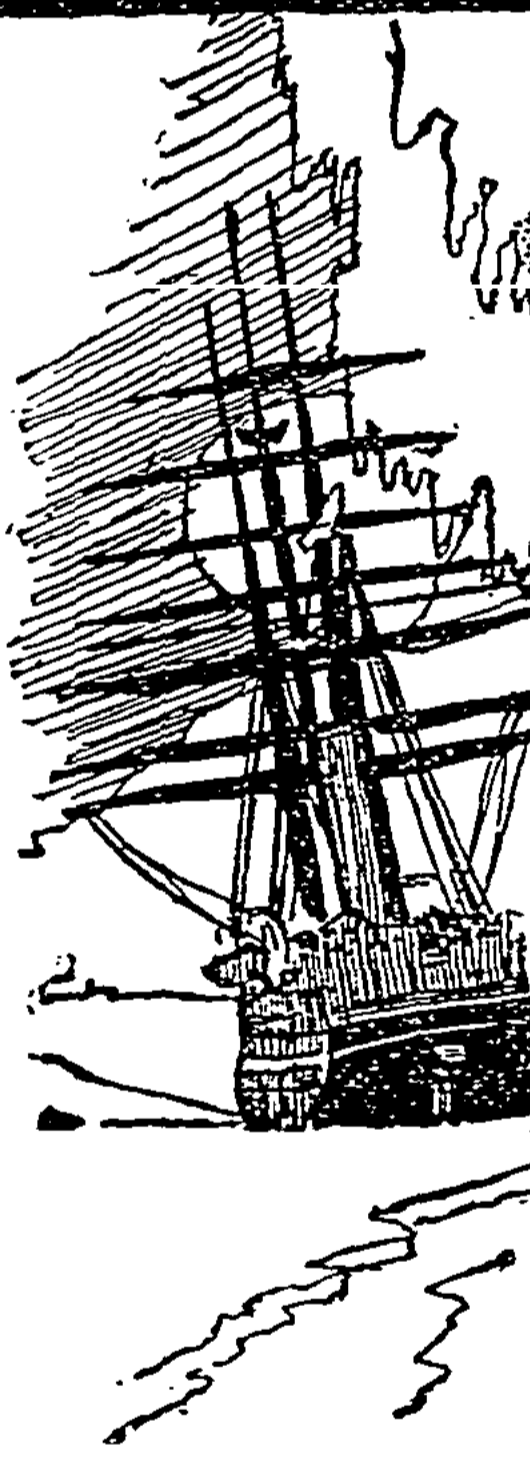
Capt. Robert A. Bartlett.



How Polar Voyagers Sleep. Photo by Harry Whitney.



Harry Whitney and One of His Eskimos.



First Announcement Through The Times of an American Effort to Plant the Stars and Stripes in the Furthest Antarctic by Peary's Old Captain and the Well-Known Arctic Traveler --- A Race Against Scott's English Expedition.

I HAVE nailed the stars and stripes to the north pole—with those words Peary thrilled the world somewhat over a year ago. Now two other Americans come forward with the statement: "We will nail the stars and stripes to the south pole."

This is the first announcement, made through THE NEW YORK TIMES, that an American expedition, headed by Capt. Robert A. Bartlett and Harry Whitney, will set out for the antarctic regions in a race against the Scott English expedition, which has already started.

From men such as these two are, the words are no empty, negligible boast. They know the frozen polar regions as well as any two alive, excepting Peary himself. One of them has himself been within five days' march of the north pole; for the past decade or so he has been almost constantly in the regions where ice and snow never melt.

The other, born to wealth amply sufficient to buy for him every luxury, has preferred over and over again to swathe himself in furs and plunge into the freezing arctic night, at the sacrifice of every comfort and the imminent risk of death.

Capt. "Bob" Bartlett—few ever call him by his real name of Robert A. Bartlett—commanded Peary's ship, the Roosevelt, on both her expeditions, including the one when the indefatigable explorer finally reached his far northern goal.

Harry Whitney, the rich New Haven sportsman, leaped suddenly into the most glaring limelight a year ago last

The Scene of the Race for the South Pole. The English Expedition, Under Capt. Scott, Will Go In from New Zealand, While the American Expedition, Under Bartlett and Whitney, Will Go In from South America.

Fall as the supposed guardian of Dr. Cook's celebrated "records."

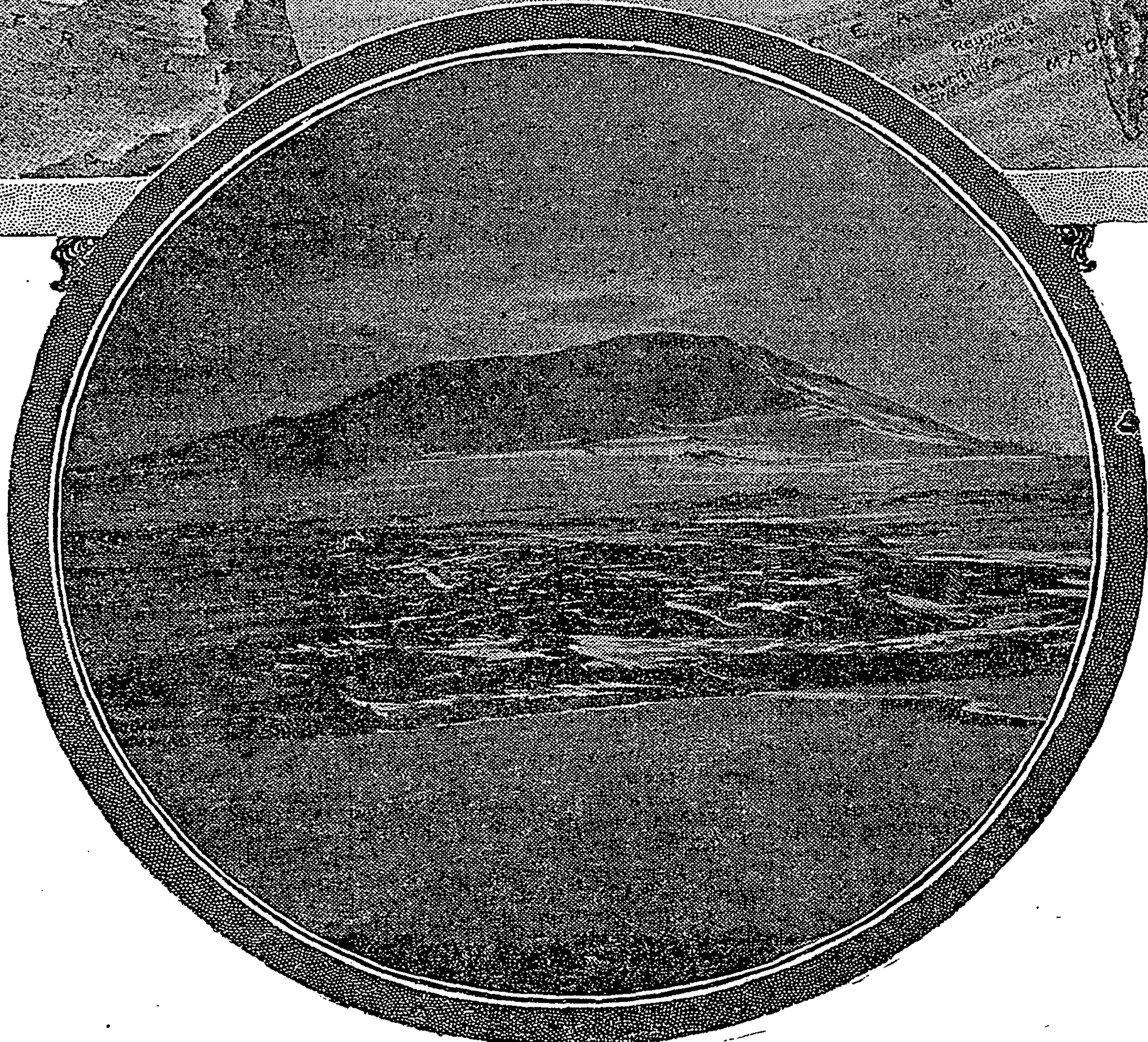
The American expedition for the discovery of the south pole will sail from its native country early next Fall. Its financing will be by private individuals.

Only the other day Whitney and Bartlett got back from a hunting trip to the polar regions, which took up all last Summer. That was the Rainey-Whitney expedition, on which Whitney was associated with Paul J. Rainey, another rich man who heeds the call of the land of ice. Capt. "Bob" was skipper of the Boethic, on which the two made their trip. Previous to the going out with them, Bartlett spent exactly two days in his Nova Scotian home, to which he hurried after touring Europe with Peary.

And yet both he and Harry Whitney are already champing in their eagerness to be off again to the realm of icy darkness and ever-present peril!

Whitney and Bartlett have long revolved in their minds the scheme of trying to conquer the south pole for the greater glory of the Stars and Stripes. They have read all there is to read about explorations in the antarctic, from the days of Capt. Cook down to those of Capt. Scott and Lieut. Shackleton. Last Spring they were absorbed

listeners when Shackleton told, in illustrated lectures, about how he attained his farthest south, and was compelled



Mount Erebus, the Southernmost Volcano Scaled by Five of the Shackleton Expedition.

to turn back by a grim chain of ice mountains when only a hundred miles from his goal.

And now that Capt. Scott has actually sailed from New Zealand again, in another attempt to raise the British flag at the south pole, the impatience of Whitney and Bartlett to get away knows no bounds.

They are never very happy, anyhow, when they are not in polar regions. "Bob" Bartlett, wandering about the corridors of the Hotel Astor, seems like a lost soul.

"It's terribly lonesome in this crowd," he insists.

Whereupon he gazes at the chatting, fashionably dressed groups of the hotel lobby with a sort of vague discontent, as if he wished they were all seals and musk oxen.

As for Whitney, he spends his time in restless trips between New Haven and New York and Boston and New Orleans—obviously, a fish out of water.

"We have our eye on a wooden whaling vessel, something like the Roosevelt," Capt. Bartlett told a TIMES reporter. "She's up in Newfoundland now, and she's just the right kind for the antarctic."

As "Capt. Bob" speaks, Whitney, sitting in a corner of the hotel room, nods in silence. Long ago the rich New Havenite won a reputation for keeping quiet. Nothing upset him more than the blinding limelight in which he found himself after he met Cook at Etah and realized that the world was waiting, open-mouthed, to hear what he had to say about those "records."

So he talks, size and mode, without a word, while Capt. "Bob" continues: "We'll probably sail from New York

next September for Punta Arenas, Chile, the southernmost port in South America. From there we'll get into the antarctic and try to reach Coats Land before navigation is closed up in February.

"Coats Land and all thereabouts is 'terra incognita.' The Scotch expedition under Bruce discovered it in 1904, but made no landing.

"We'll land, if we can, and make our polar dash from there. From the point discovered by Bruce to the pole is a matter of 800 miles—a longer distance than Shackleton had to sledge.

"But I think it very likely that there may be some indentation in the coast—a sort of gulf—which will allow our ship to sail a good bit southward before we are obliged to begin our journey on land."

"Why don't you start from New Zealand, like Shackleton and Scott?" the Captain was asked.

"Can't do it!" Capt. "Bob" spoke with tremendous emphasis, and shook his head violently. "Can't do it! That's the British route. That belongs to them—to Scott and Shackleton. Americans must go in by another way. We can't use it. It wouldn't be sportsmanlike. No, Sir!" The silent Whitney nodded.

There is a polar chivalry, evidently, and it has its Bayards.

"If we can get a comfortable place for the ship's anchorage," resumed the skipper, "she will lie there all next Winter; if not, she will go back to South America, after landing our main party, and pick us up the following year."

"Possibly we can't land at all, though—that we'll have to find out when we get to Coats Land. We didn't know what we were up against when we went north, either."

"Coats Land is almost opposite the point from which Shackleton started his land journey toward the pole. We'll start our land journey in the Spring, after the arctic night, when the light comes back. The relay system of sledging will be used, with 'caches' of provisions at intervals of about every 100 miles. There will be fifteen sledges, each in charge of a member of the expedition."

Here he was halted by an inquiry as to just what the relay system is.

"It is this way," he explained. "The first man starts out with his sledge on the first day, the second on the second day, and so on. At the end of his tenth day's march the first man dumps his sledge-load of provisions, makes a 'cache,' and starts back along his trail until he meets up with the man who

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started out from the base on the second day.

"That man turns over his sledge-load of provisions to the first man, who then takes it forward and makes a 'cache' ten days' march from the first 'cache,' while the man he met goes back until he meets the man who left the base on the third day.

"In this way a regular criss-cross is kept up and 'caches' are placed all the way from the base to the pole. By going back and forth the men keep the trail in good shape, so there is less danger of anybody's getting lost.

"No matter how stormy the weather may be in polar regions, it hardly ever entirely obliterates a trail. Some trace of the latter—a single footprint or a scar in the side of a rock—can usually be picked out by those accustomed to the work.

"We hope to do a good deal of our sledging during the long antarctic moonlight nights."

"If it's not too cold"—from Whitney.

"And if there isn't too much wind," continued Bartlett. "Harry and I expect to work along lines based on our Northern experience, and possibly introduce some innovations hit upon during former expeditions.

"If we get away, the expedition will consist of about twenty-five men. I'll try to have them all young men—they're the best kind in polar exploration. I already have my eyes on several. For clothing we'll use furs entirely."

"How about food?"

"Oh, the usual three things, pemmican, biscuits, and tea." It was Whitney who spoke, from his retired corner. Bartlett asked the visitor if he knew what pemmican was.

"Pemmican?"

He wasn't sure.

"Beef suet, sugar, and raisins, jammed together in a cake. All the water is squeezed out and the stuff is then boiled down. The allowance of it is a pound a day for each man and each dog. As for biscuits, they're a luxury."

"You bet," murmured Whitney.

"And I'll tell you one thing—I'm going to take along a good supply of tobacco this time. I don't want to run out of that again."

It will be remembered that last year, when urged to tell of his hardships in the unfriendly vicinity of Etah, Whitney finally blurted out that he suffered excruciatingly for lack of a smoke—that was all.

But Bartlett brushed aside the question of nicotine—he had been smoking

furiously throughout the interview—and went on:

"We won't use ponies for our sledges as Shackleton did last year. I think dogs are better. Ponies are too heavy. In going over crevasses such as we'll find in the antarctic, they would break through the crust where dogs would not.

"Antarctic exploration is similar, of course, to that in the north polar regions, but yet there are differences. For instance, the open leads of water are the nightmare of the north. As these are covered with huge masses of drifting ice, they seem as if they were dry land, and men traveling over them may not be making any progress at all, in spite of the hardest toil, because they are just drifting. Why, a man who thinks he is working steadily toward the north pole may be drifting due south, and be quite unable to do anything to overcome it.

"But exploration in the antarctic has shown that there are no such treacherous leads of water. There every step counts—you are always advancing.

"Another difference is the question of the quantity of provisions to be taken. In the north all explorers count absolutely on shooting a great deal of musk ox, deer, and walrus, which are used as food both for men and dogs. But the further south one gets in the antarctic the less animal life is found; the only kinds good for food there are penguin and seals. The former were found by Shackleton as far south as the ice barrier from which he started overland toward the pole. Beyond he found nothing."

"Are penguin nice to eat?"

"They are not," said Harry Whitney emphatically.

"The meat is coarse and oily," added Capt. Bartlett. "But anything counts down there.

"On account of this scarcity of animal life in the antarctic, we'll have to take along much more pemmican than if we were going north. Our ship will carry provisions enough to last the expedition three years."

By this time the light of adventure is ablaze in the eyes of both sailor and sportsman. More and more rapidly pour out the former's words, wrapped in their Newfoundland accent, more and more frequently the former takes the cigarette from his lips and puts in a remark.

"What's the use of trying to get to the south pole?—that's what a lot of people here ask," exclaims Bartlett. "Well, the answer is this: Because there's a British expedition trying to get there! Isn't that enough for any American?"

"And supposing we don't discover it? We'll take along geologists and other

experts and they'll probably be able to do a lot of mapping of land down there that's now unknown. Oh, there's plenty of reason for going!"

Harry Whitney nods.

Capt. Robert Falcon Scott, the British rival of Whitney and Bartlett, left Cardiff on the 15th of last June, on a voyage of discovery having as its object the South Pole. His ship, the Terra Nova, is an old Dundee whaler, built a quarter of a century ago but thoroughly refitted and remodeled for its Antarctic journey. One of those who wished success to Scott when he left England was "Bob" Bartlett, then in Europe with Peary.

Scott's expedition, when it started, was said to be the most completely and ingeniously equipped of any that ever set out on a polar quest. It comprises sixty men in all.

Scott's route is from New Zealand southward. His southern base will be Macmurdo Sound, almost directly opposite Coats Land, where Whitney and Bartlett expect to start their "dash" to the pole. The Scott expedition proposed to reach Macmurdo Sound at the end of the present month. In January, 1911, twenty-two men will be landed to form a western party, with a hut, provisions, and equipment, and establish a winter station. Later they will go south to lay depots. By the end of February the western party will have established a system of depots south of the ice barrier.

In April it is expected that the Terra Nova will return to New Zealand, after explorations in the region of Macmurdo Sound. Next October those left behind intend to begin the actual dash for the pole—six months ahead of Whitney and Bartlett, if the plans of the latter are carried out. Scott and his companions hope to plant the British flag at the South Pole on or about Dec. 22, 1911, and to get back to civilization early the following Spring.

With Scott are a number of other British officers and scientists. The expedition left Cardiff with provisions enough for three years.

The records of the two Americans justify their high hopes. The quiet man from New Haven turned his attention to polar regions after he had visited pretty nearly all other parts of the globe. Ever since the land of the long night has apparently had for him a fascination that he cannot overcome.

Economy.

WHERE shall I send these now? asked the Humorist of his wife, as he separated a sad bunch of jokes from the thirty-seventh rejection slip.

"Don't you really think, dear," inquired his wife gently, "that it would be cheaper for us to start a magazine and print them ourselves?"

Of several wealthy clubmen who announced their intention of going north with Peary on his recent successful expedition to the north pole, Whitney alone "made good." Family opposition and other considerations deterred the others. They never started.

But when the Roosevelt sailed from New Bedford July 9, 1908, Harry Whitney was on board.

He afterward separated from Peary, Bartlett, and the rest and busied himself with hunting big game in Ellesmere Land. It was then he encountered Dr. Cook—an encounter that brought him much unwelcome fame on his return to civilization.

Whitney is tall, spare, and wiry. He is about 38 years old. Like himself, his father, the late Stephen Whitney, was a lover of sport in many forms. Although it has been often stated that the family is related to Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, this is not the case.

Harry Whitney has two sisters, Mrs. Charles Dickey of New York City and Mrs. William Blodgett of Fishkill-on-Hudson. His own mother and the mother of his stepbrother, Stephen Whitney, were sisters. They were the daughters of the late Bradish Johnson, a wealthy and socially prominent clubman, who lived partly in New York and partly on his country place on Long Island. From him Harry Whitney inherited some of the wealth which he so assiduously devotes to hunting and exploration in the polar regions.

Instead of going to college, Harry Whitney went into the copper manufacturing business after graduating from high school. He spent three years in that line of work at Ansonia, Conn. Then he decided to be a sheep farmer in Australia. So he went there, bought a ranch and got the business started. But a drought killed all the sheep and he returned home, cured of sheep-farming proclivities.

Then he bought a ranch in Arizona, and while there had one of the narrowest escapes from death of his whole eventful career. He was riding on a mustang, 100 miles from Tucson, the nearest town, when an insect got into his ear and began to sting him, causing the most excruciating pain. He did all he could to dislodge the insect, but in vain. Realizing that his position was desperate he put spurs to his horse and went galloping at top speed over the 100 miles between him and human aid at Tucson. When he at last reached there he was nearly raving mad from the pain. People thought him a lunatic.

What would have happened to him is a problem if an Elk's pin which he wore had not aroused the interest of some members of that order who encountered him. They had him taken to

a hospital where doctors located the trouble and performed an operation on his ear. If he had not made such speed to Tucson and reached there before being driven quite out of his senses by the pain he would have perished in the desert wastes about that town.

Whitney has been four times to the arctic—in 1901 and 1902, with Peary in 1908, and with Paul Rainey and "Bob" Bartlett last Summer. His 1902 expedition was a sealing voyage. He has written a book and several magazine articles about his adventures. But unlike other explorers he has not become a lecturer—that is by no means in the line of "the silent sportsman."

Capt. "Bob" comes of a family of seafarers. His father, Capt. William Bartlett, was a skipper. "Bob" was born in Brigus, Newfoundland, Aug. 18, 1875. After going through public schools there he went to Bishop Field College at St. John's, Newfoundland. His parents wanted him to go into business, but the smell of the salt was in his nostrils. Shipping as an ordinary seaman before the mast, he went to Brazil while still a boy.

After years of voyaging over the ocean, he obtained his Captain's certificate. He then took his first plunge into arctic exploration, going North with Peary in 1898 as first mate with his uncle, Capt. Samuel Bartlett. After that he made two trips under another uncle, Capt. John Bartlett, to Hudson's Bay.

In 1905 Capt. "Bob" commanded the Roosevelt, Peary's ship. He was the youngest skipper who ever commanded on a polar expedition. After the Roosevelt returned to New York he superintended the rebuilding of the vessel, and was again in command of her when she started in 1908 on the expedition in search of the north pole that was destined to be successful.

Bartlett took the Roosevelt to Cape Sheridan—further north than any vessel ever went under steam. Before doing that he made Peary agree to let him participate in the overland dash for the pole instead of sticking by his ship. "Bob" commanded one of the advance sledge parties, and got to within five days' march of the pole.

Peary has nothing but the most enthusiastic praise for Bartlett's work, both on the successful 1908-09 expedition and on the previous trips.

And now this rugged viking is loitering about a hotel, eaten up with impatience. His eyes wander restlessly about the comfortable hotel room; they catch the quiet glance of Harry Whitney.

"Upon my word, I can't eat, drink, or sleep I'm so impatient to get away!" he exclaims.

Harry Whitney nods his head.