

Dear Hampton

This is a copy of a letter to Dr. Ham & Watson
and I send it to you because it is the objects of the
policy that I will follow - ~~for~~

The Waldorf Astoria,
Dec. 28th 1910.

I have just finished reading your long article
Permit me to thank you at once for the splendid thread of genuine
friendship running through the trying task.

I can see that you have been misled by the fool
ish and in ~~some cases~~ malicious press campaign.
There is no plea of insanity; no ~~aid~~ for forgiveness; and no
doubt of the actual accomplishment of either task; the climb
of Mt. McKinley or the quest of the pole. But to determine
the mathematical pin point of the pole with the accuracy which
the arm-chair geographers demand is a physical impossibility.
All this will be brought out later.

There is hardly a word of truth in all that
the press has printed for the past year; and at present phrases
are picked out of my articles and around these a false meaning
is being built to discredit me.

I can see that you have the power of reading
between the lines. Dear Dr. read only the articles in "toto"
over my signature in Hamptons. There nearly every phase of the
bitter battle of defamation will be met.

I am all alone against an organized army of rival interests, oiled and fed by unlimited funds; every charge put against me is false, and if my health and money will hold out, in the end all this will be proved.

There is no confession except that the honors and friendly excitement was forced upon me against my will. That the calculations upon which accurate polar location is based are open to such interpretation as friend or foe care to express; and that my self exile was a mistake.

When at last dogged by the Press, abused by paid conspirators and driven to the verge of despair--by an unrelieved tension of public excitement, I said to myself let the ^{mill} ~~will~~ of infamy grind I will take a much needed rest in seclusion. That was my mistake; a very great mistake; but mental fag drove me to it. Once in seclusion where I could enjoy food and rest and get undisturbed sleep; where I could be a mere man and not a freak to the gaze of the excited crowds the normal joys of life was too great to early re-enter the storms of infamy.

The press will say that all was done for money. Another lie as you will see later. I am sending my story out through a magazine because that is the only way to get a hearing without having every word I utter distorted. To do this I have already sacrificed fifteen thousand dollars by refusing other offers. When I went away I canceled lecture engagements

for one hundred and forty thousand dollars. At Copenhagen I refused contracts amounting to over a million dollars. Does this look like a plan to hoax the world for sordid gain?

I have made money of course; but I have spent most of it in the same cause out of which it came.

The story that I have ever planned to rob Mr. Peary of honor or credit is a malicious lie. I have served on two of his expeditions without pay. I have defended him for twenty years, have never given public utterance to a word which could hurt him, and in this last campaign I was among the first to give him praise.

I ask for nothing now except to be freed from an unmerited charge of press slander; all of which is paid or influenced by the Arctic Trust.

Believe me dear Doctor that I appreciate your kindly letter and your noble brotherly helpfulness.

Fraternally,

Frederick A. Cook