

SLED DOGS to COMPETE for OLYMPIC HONORS



Seppala on the Trail



Seppala and Two of His Huskies



Emile St. Godard Winning Quebec Derby



"Whistlin' Lyd" Hutchinson

Mrs. Kaare Nansen

I BY ELMO SCOTT WATSON
T IS a far cry from the sub-zero temperatures and the snow-covered hills surrounding Lake Placid in northern New York to sunny California and the great stadium in Los Angeles where the 1932 Olympic games will be held this summer, but there is a connection between the two. Starting in Greece more than 3,000 years ago, Olympic games have been held at more or less regular intervals in many different countries during these 30 centuries, but this year for the first time in history the games will include sled dogs races.

Obviously it would be impossible for the sled dog races to be held at the same time and place as the other branches of Olympic competition. So that is why Lake Placid, N. Y., comes into the Olympic picture. It has one of the finest sled dogs racing courses on this continent and there on February 6 and 7 the teams of "huskies," driven by their fur-clad "mushers" will race 25 miles each day to win Olympic honors for the nations which they represent. Previous to the races at Lake Placid, elimination contests are being held in various parts of the country, notably in New England, to determine the American representatives in the Olympic finals, so these finals will see in the entry lists the names of some of the greatest sled dog drivers and teams in the world, pitting their speed and endurance against each other.

Outstanding among these will be such drivers as Leonard Seppala of Alaska, a native of Norway but now a naturalized American citizen, the man who with his heroic lead dog, Balto, thrilled the world a few years ago, when they carried the diphtheria serum to stricken Nome; Emile St. Godard of Le Pas, Manitoba, a young French-Canadian, who has won three world championships; Frank Dupuis, another Canadian; Arthur T. Walden of New Hampshire, experienced Alaskan soursough musher and dogmaster for Commander Byrd in the Antarctic; Walter Channing of Boston, who has twice defeated teams from both sides of the border in the annual races at Lake Placid; Charlie Lyman, the barber of Laconia, N. H., who has defeated veteran mushers, fur trappers and mail drivers of the Northland; Norman Vaughan, E. Goodale and Fred Crockett, "the three Musketeers of the South pole"; and many others.

Nor is sled dog racing a sport in which only men compete. Although Seppala, if successful in the trials, will represent his adopted country rather than his native land, Norway will probably be represented by a former American, the outstanding woman dog driver of the East. She is Mrs. Kaare Nansen, who before her marriage to the son of the famous Norwegian explorer, was Mrs. E. P. Ricker, Jr., a formidable competitor to the men in many an exciting dog race. And a competitor from the West may be Miss Lydia ("Whistlin' Lyd") Hutchinson whose fame is intimately associated with the fame of the annual American Dog derby at Ashton, Idaho.

What horse racing is to the people of the more moderate climates in North America, sled dog racing is to the people of the north where the snows are deep, the winds bite cold and the ice-bound trails defy man and his principal beast of burden, the sled dog, to conquer them. Part timber wolf, part Labrador husky, the fierce shaggy mailemutes turn their place in history during the Klondike gold rush a third of a century ago. But their usefulness by no means ended with the end of the gold rush. Today in the land which lies "north of 53," day in and day out these dogs haul provisions, medicines, freight and supplies. They are an essential part of the fur trade for with their help the trappers patrol their 200-mile trap lines and bring back to civilization the furs which fashion deersie milledy most wear.

The sport of sled dog racing is comparatively new but it has grown in favor and in extent more than most people realize. It began back in 1908 when the first of these picturesque sporting events was held over the 408-mile wilderness trail in Alaska from Nome to Candle creek and back. "Man's best friend" had made it possible for the golden riches of Alaska to be obtained, so the first All-Alaskan Sweepstake race was dedicated to the huskies. The plan

was originated by a Nome lawyer, Albert Fink, a dog lover and experienced soursough musher. Assisted by a company of friends he raised a fund of \$10,000 to be awarded to the winners and they spread the word of "race of the century" throughout the northland. The result was that Nome was packed with spectators and a long string of famous dogs and experienced mushers ready for the race. It was won by John Hegness, who ran the 408 miles across the bleak wilderness and back, after a steady grind, night and day, in 119 hours and 15 minutes—and most of the way he had to fight one of the most severe Arctic blizzards known in the history of Alaska.

Entered in the second race was a youthful hardware clerk whose name was destined, in later years, to occupy a romantic place in the annals of the northland. Scotty Allen, in odd hours at the store, had managed to assemble a team of dogs of doubtful value as racers. His entry was regarded as a joke; he was asked how he had got up the nerve to list them—but Scotty won the 1908 classic. In 1910 he was defeated by "Iron Man" John Johnson, who established a record never duplicated over that 408 miles, thanks to an exceptional team, his rare skill and a good break in weather. Johnson's time was 74 hours and 14 minutes, the fastest ever made in dog racing in the north.

But Scotty Allen was not discouraged. Back he came for another trial in 1911, and cut two hours off his previous record. He is the only man who ran in more than four All-Alaskan Sweepstakes—the first, second, third and eighth and final—and he won the distinction of always finishing a race, irrespective of weather or condition of his dogs. In 1915 Scotty took 440 Alaskan dogs to France; for distinguished service he was decorated by the French government with the Croix de Guerre.

The same world conflict that claimed Allen drew the other men of Alaska—and the ranks of the racers became so depleted that it was impossible to hold the big race. Thus the 1916 event became the last. During that winter a company of soursoughs met in Le Pas, Man. Dog race talk was revived. It was suggested that Le Pas hold one, and the date was set for late that winter, over a 150-mile course from Le Pas to Fila Flon, mushroom mining town, and back.

Few preparations were made; the drivers used ordinary dogs; they themselves were unskilled in the art of racing, and a bitter struggle followed across that trackless snowy waste in quest of the \$500 prize and the title of champion. But it turned out to be a singularly exciting race. The winner had an accident that stayed in two ribs; but he hung on until the finish. From that day to this Le Pas has staged each winter one of the most thrilling races and has developed some of the finest men and teams in the game, most famous of whom is their own boy, St. Godard.

Since that time the growth of the dog derby idea has been rapid until now such races are held in different parts of the United States, Canada and Alaska. Outstanding among them, besides the one at Le Pas already mentioned,

are the annual races at Poland Spring, Maine; Laconia, N. H.; Ashton, Idaho; Prince Albert, Saskatchewan; Quebec, and Fairbanks Alaska. The American Dog derby at Ashton, Idaho, is run each year on Washington's birthday over a 25-mile course, and attracts a large crowd of spectators from all over the Northwest.

Perhaps the best known of all the dog races is the Eastern International Dog derby held at Quebec during the third week in February each year where "world championships" are awarded the winners. There assemble the winners of the other contests, to race over a course of about 120 miles, run in heats of 40 miles a day.

Quebec attracts the best drivers and teams from all parts of America, and rivalry runs high during the three days, attaining a fever heat on the last day of the race. The winner of the world's championship in the first international was Arthur T. Walden, of New Hampshire, experienced Alaskan soursough musher, who started trailing dogs across the frozen wilderness back in 1893, during the gold rush, and who was dogmaster with Commander Byrd in the Antarctic.

In 1923 the international was won by a French Canadian, Jean Lebel, of Quebec, much to the elation of the Canadians. Earl Brydges, of Le Pas, took the next championship, and into the arena of the 1925 derby stepped young Emile St. Godard, still in his teens to begin his unparalleled record in dog racing. He is now the only man who has won three championships. Frank Dupuis won the 1926 race over St. Godard by a margin so narrow as to make the race one of the most thrilling, and to establish a new time on the trail. St. Godard won the 1925, 1927 and 1928 races. In 1929 Leonard Seppala entered with a string of seven wonderful dogs. This was the third year he had made a determined bid to win the world's championship, and from start to finish, Seppala ran one of the most spectacular races ever seen at Quebec—or anywhere else. Not only did he defeat St. Godard by about an hour, but he broke St. Godard's own world record, and again put the Americans into the game. Dupuis took second honors and St. Godard came trailing in third. In the opinion of the judges, Seppala's Siberians completed the 123-mile grind fresher than any racers they had ever seen; and they were awarded the condition prize, something unusual in the annals of dog races. Usually this award goes to some driver who trails in later and who has saved his dogs in the mad dash over the snow.

It is such drivers and such dogs as these who will compete in the Olympic contests at Lake Placid within the next few weeks.

The sled dogs are trained for their life work just as soon as they are able to walk; they are tied up and soon acquire the habit of pulling. At about sixty days of age they are given over to the care of boys, who harness them to small sleds or wagons. The dogs appear to be willing to do this play-acting in the harness, and come to enjoy the pastime.

Any number of dogs may be used in a team, although 15 is about the limit.

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No Need to Sigh for Those "Good Old Days"

Factory working hours varied with the sun back in the 1850s, for candles provided unsatisfactory illumination. Each employee was given a "bell card," showing what time the factory starting bell would ring for each day.

A typical card of the period, issued by the Robbins & Lawrence company, machinery builders of Windsor, Vt., and reproduced in the seventy-fifth anniversary number of the Iron Age, reveals that starting time ranged from 6 in the summer months, to 7:25 during the winter. Stopping time, too, followed the sun, from 6 in the summer, and as early as 4:42 in December. The average for the year was ten working hours. But getting to work at 6 was not the worst of it. For some unknown

reason the "wake-up" bell was rung an hour and a half earlier, at the ungodly hour of 4:30. Come to think of it, they probably needed the full 90 minutes between rising and getting to work. For they had no safety razors, no gas stoves to boil the coffee or quickly cook the eggs, no trolleys, busses or flivvers to shorten the trip from home to shop.

No wonder our grandfathers were bearded gents. Imagine hopping out of a nice warm bed with the thermometer at 10 above, inside and outside the house, lighting an ice-cold stove, waiting for the water to boil, and drawing with shivering hand a straight razor over a stiff beard with a gooseflesh foundation. Those were the good old days!

The multiplication table affords the miser food for thought.



A Cold

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Bostonian's Alma Mater

The late Sherman Whipple, one of Boston's best known lawyers and famous characters, was unique among his colleagues, owing to the fact that he went through Yale instead of Harvard. It was almost sacrilege and proved a decided drawback at the beginning of his career. This is no slam at Yale, but merely states the fact that in the eyes of Bostonians, a local boy who went there instead of to Harvard has committed a social error. Of course, Whipple had intended to go to Harvard, but as expense had to be considered, his prudent mother wrote to both Harvard and Yale asking them to send catalogues. Yale promptly sent a catalogue. Harvard replied that one would be sent on receipt of 50 cents. So Sherman Whipple went to Yale. —Los Angeles Times.

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