

# South Pole,

**ARTHUR T. WALDEN,**  
*A Trainer of Sled Dogs, Leaves  
His Mountain Farm to Seek the  
South Pole, with Commander Byrd*

By **CHARLES J. V. MURPHY**

*Staff Reporter on the N. Y. World*



**A**RTHUR T. WALDEN was a dog puncher on the Yukon during the harsh, mad days of the Gold Rush. That was around thirty years ago, and in thirty years a man gets no younger. Yet Walden has never given up breeding, training, and driving sled dogs; and this fall he will take seventy of the best huskies from his New Hampshire farm south on one of the most hazardous expeditions known to man.

He and his dogs will accompany Commander Richard E. Byrd on his explorations across the vast wastes of the Antarctic continent, in search of the South Pole.

As a guest of Commander Byrd, I went recently to the Walden dog camp, high in the White Mountains near Wonalancet, N. H. We saw the dogs that Walden has assembled and trained for the Byrd expedition. And after a while, we got Arthur Walden talking about men and dogs and the old mad days on the Klondike.

It is not easy to get him to tell you that story of those seven years on the Yukon. He isn't one to endow his own life with glamour. But he loves dogs; once you get him talking about them, it is an open sesame to as rich a story of empire building as any man has told.

Arthur T. Walden (above) will be in charge of the over 75 dogs Commander Byrd is taking with him to the South Pole. Walden drove freight by dog in the early days of the Yukon. Since then he has been breeding and training sled dogs on his New Hampshire farm.

Norman Vaughn halts on the trail for foot inspection (right). The teamsters under Walden will each be responsible for his own dogs and equipment.



Sleds have tongues for steering (below)—only—they're called gee poles.





# HO!

"Sure, you hear everybody say that a dog is man's best friend," he said. "But not everybody believes it. Not everybody believes it because they do not know the story of the North, and of Alaska, where dogs and the courage of men carved a whole world out of wilderness.

"But it wasn't drama then; it was just part of the day's job. Somebody had to get food through. It was the dogs that did it.

"I've seen them, time and again, in blizzards so thick I could not see my hands before my face, so cold it was punishment to move, wriggle along on their bellies for miles at a time, and get the outfit through!"

When Walden talks that way, he is talking about dogs. Not nimby-pampy pets, not perfumed lap-dogs. He means hard-boiled Malamutes, wolfish cross-breeds with the hunger of the wind-swept tundra in their souls, and high-stepping draft-dogs from Greenland and Alaska.

These are the kinds of dogs with which he has worked for four dec-

Here are Edward E. Goodale, Norman D. Vaughn and Frederick E. Crockett, three Harvard boys who trained under Walden as dog teamsters. (below) The boys on a practice run over the hills of Wonalancet, N. H.



Pictures by  
D. Warren Boyer

These dogs are typical of the breed that will take Commander Byrd within flying distance of the South Pole.

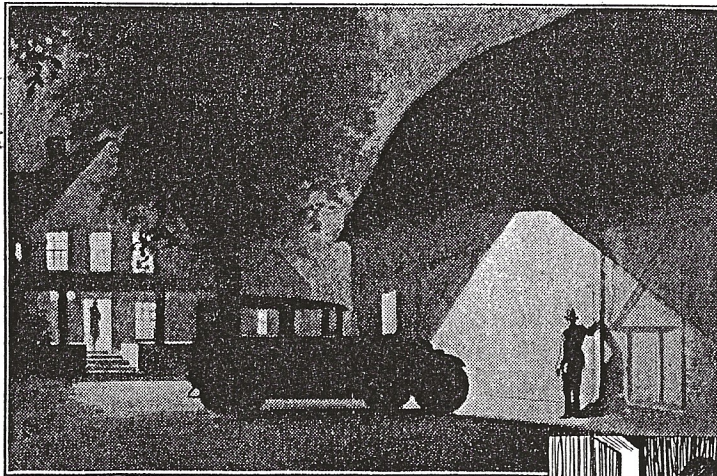
ades, whose stout-hearted ancestors he saw lead a thin, straggling line of men into the tumult of the Klondike and its gold-flecked mines, out of the wealth of which they were to fabricate an empire overnight.

"In Alaska, long before the Gold Rush," he says, "they took dogs like these, virtually out of the wilderness, and trained them into obedient sled dogs almost overnight. But it took good men to do it—men dogs could trust, men like French Curly.





# and The Open Mind




**T**IME was when the farm home could only wish for electric light and power, and lived in the age of the lantern and well-sweep. Not so today.

For the past twelve years farmers have been enjoying every electrical convenience through the service of Delco-Light.

An interesting origin had Delco-Light. General Motors' research engineers had just invented Delco starting and lighting for automobiles and had revolutionized driving. There came to the Delco factory a telegram from a farm in Florida, asking for an extra system. On investigation, it was found that the farm owner was using the lighting system of his Cadillac to light his home.

General Motors has an open mind. Ideas from everywhere are welcomed. And the idea suggested by this Florida farmer started the engineers on a new path of research and development—individual electrical plants for the farm. The result was Delco-Light, whose plants today supply a high percentage of all electric service in rural America.

Delco-Light products light isolated homes and barns at a finger's touch. The  Pumps carry water to faucets. The power plants have lifted the heavy tasks that once fell on women's shoulders. The farmer no longer waits for electricity to come from the town. He has his own electric station—Delco-Light, a product of General Motors—and the Open Mind.



## GENERAL MOTORS


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**TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening. 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEA and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.**

"Nobody ever called him anything but that. A brute of a man, hard as nails. Even the tough old birds up there gave him the best part of the trail when they met him."

But with his dogs he was an angel. The most profane man among men to whom profanity was merely the italics of language, he talked to his dogs in a whisper. In all the Yukon, legend says, he was the only driver generous enough to give his dogs a pound of sugar a day.

Alaska was a man's country in those days. The boats only went as far as Juneau. From there, by small boat, it was possible to get to Dyea. After that there were the dogs. You had to take them or go back.

Walden freighted flour and got \$1.20 a pound for it.

"By hard, relentless driving," he relates, "it was possible to get to Circle City, about 900 miles from Dyea, in 95 days. It was the toughest kind of driving. Spills were frequent. We were invariably wind-bound; several times were both laid with snow blindness; we wrecked our sleds on Windy Arm, were bogged on sandbars and the first trip out wound up the journey on a raft."

"**T**HERE was Ribbon," Walden said, "a big dog; weighed 100 pounds or more; his heart must have weighed half that. He was as devoted to me—more, I daresay, than any human friend. I never saw his equal on the trail."

Then there was Shirley, a small, old-fashioned collie—probably you remember the type—Walden took her with him to Alaska. A much-petted dog Shirley drew back timidly at first from the cutting teeth of her savage brothers until she learned their ways; after that she was as bold as any.

Walden used the collie mostly as a loose leader—that is, he sent her ahead of the team to point the trail. Shirley had the rare faculty of being able to smell out a trail even though it might be under a foot of snow. She survived those seven years in Alaska with her master and came back with him. Once she saved an old sourdough, Walden's trail partner, the loss of a hand. He lost a mitten. Shirley loped back for miles through the storm, found it, brought it back in her mouth. And once Shirley saved Walden's life. This was on one of his early trips. He was alone. Night came on. It was bitterly cold. He was forced to pitch his tent in a willow swamp.

**H**IS hands were so numb he could barely light a fire; finally he did manage to start one with damp twigs and crouched beside it, dozing. To sleep without a fire in that cold meant death, certainly, but he could not keep his eyes open.

His head fell and, just as it did, a bundle of fur hit him smack on the back and bowled him over. It was Shirley. Walden, quite irritated, cuffed the dog and crouched again. Once more he dozed and once more Shirley struck. It happened probably five times.

"It wasn't until my back was black and blue," Walden said, "that I realized my danger. I came to and got my fire going. Had I fallen asleep then, it would have been my last."



## SLEDGE DOGS PAY VISIT M



Mayor George E. Dalrymple and members of the city council are here shown greeting Edward L. Moody, a member of the second Byrd Antarctic expedition, and his five pure bred Chinook sled dogs in front of City Hall yesterday. Mr. Moody brought his dogs here for exhibition purposes. The visit was arranged by Perry Tarleton of West Newbury. The dogs were also exhibited in front of H. E. Tuck's store, Emerson street, during the noon hour and in front of Haverhill High school after school.

Gazette Staff Photo

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