

THESE DOGS WILL BRAVE THE ANTARCTIC

On Arthur Walden's Rugged and Romping Chinooks, Now Training in the New Hampshire Hills, Commander Byrd Will Depend for the Safety of His Expedition in the Southern Continent

By MARY LEE

UP where the hoary ridges of the Sandwich Range cut the blue skies of New Hampshire, four teams of sled dogs are being trained to go with Commander Richard E. Byrd's expedition to the South Pole. Arthur T. Walden of Wonalancet has been chosen by Commander Byrd to take charge of the dog teams of the expedition, and Mr. Walden has picked three Harvard students as candidates to earn their jobs as his assistants. With their aid he is perfecting his equipment and training dog leaders. His Chinook dogs are to lead the teams of Eskimo huskies which are expected to break the way for airplanes in the exploration of the Antarctic continent.

Another week and the March sun will be boring slantwise into the deep snows on the south slopes of Passaconaway. The lavender of the birch twigs on the hills will shimmer with new softness, and the New Englanders will reach up to the rafters of the woodshed for sap buckets. Soon the last day will be at hand for training the sled dogs, and the next time they feel the harness tugging at their shoulders will be when they disembark from the good ship Samson at the edge of the Ross Ice Barrier.

Arthur T. Walden is a veteran at driving dog teams. He has been driving dogs since 1896, when he went to Alaska as a "dog puncher" carrying freight from Chilkoot Pass down the Yukon to Circle City and the mushroom towns that sprang up in the gold rush. Cold work it was and lonely. You took your life in your hands and traveled solitary into the deep night of the Arctic, driving your dogs along precarious rivers, telling no man where you went lest you be ambushed at some distant bend and held up. You followed the stars, knowing that after one misstep the river and oblivion would get you. And if you fell and broke your neck, why your neck was the "cheapest bone in your body" along the Yukon.

Alaska was the school where Arthur Walden learned to drive dogs.

low eyebrows. A skin reddened and toughened by zero winds and many a Winter's sunshine. A square-set, compact, wiry man, alert from the tips of his reindeer moccasins to the peak of his fur helmet—a man whose every motion speaks coordination of muscle and control of nerve.

"I've got a boss for the first time in my life," he tells you—and Arthur Walden is 56 now. "Byrd is the only man living, except Amundsen, I'd volunteer to go with."

Chinook's hoary nose goes skyward, his haunches down, the great tail sweeping the snow behind him.

"Woo-oo-oo!" he sings.

"Woo-oo-oo!" sings Quimbo. The team behind them joins in. Crockett's team, down by the narrow bridge that leads across a mountain stream to "Dog Town," takes up the tune, and Goodale's team in the stockade behind them, and Vaughan's team by the wood's edge. From a shed the voice of Wolf, Sepalla's half-breed, wails a high scream above the bass voices

design of Mr. Walden's. They are to be of ash, triple selected. The woodsmen, when the trees were chopped, marked out the tough ones. From among these the best planks are chosen and, later, the strongest of the finished pieces. Mr. Walden thinks nothing of a trip to South Tamworth to see that a single screw goes in exactly as he wants it.

Both snowshoes and skis will be taken for walking beside the dog sleds. The men will wear fur clothes, Eskimo fashion. Com-

hoping to qualify among the fifty-five men that Commander Byrd will choose from the 3,000 who would like to join him are Edward E. Goodale, Harvard '28; Norman D. Vaughan, '29, and Frederick E. Crockett, '30. They tend their own dog teams, cook their own meals, sleep sometimes on the snow in sleeping bags, sometimes in an experimental tent, sometimes in a cabin in the woods, and snap out a quick "Yes, sir!" to the least command of Mr. Walden. "A great fellow, the Skipper!" they yell

you, white teeth gleaming in bronzed smiles. They sit in a game of Alaskan "Solo" of an evening, and Mrs. Walden is "Cousin Kate" to all three. Nevertheless, "When the Skipper tells you to step out, you bet you step out!"

If you ask Mr. Walden how he happened to choose young Bostonians as dog drivers, he will answer that dog driving needs intelligence as well as nerve and muscle.

"A horse can be driven by almost any driver," he explains. "Dogs can't. They've got too much sense. Therefore it requires a better man than to be a dog man than to be a horse man. I picked out these boys as I've always picked men, as a woman picks a husband: for no reason at all. I liked the look of 'em. I guess you women call it intuition."

"Dog driving is a small part of what they've got to learn," says Mr. Walden. "The dogs'll teach 'em that. You can't learn to ride without going out and falling off a horse, and you can't learn to drive dogs without going out and falling off a dog sled. These boys have got to learn to stand on their own pins. There may come a time when it will be a matter of life or death if they can't make a right decision. I think they are the kind of boys that will make good."

Arthur T. Walden and His Dogs. He Will Direct the Expedition's Sledge Teams.



He leads you out where the snow gleams and the sun paints shadowy, purple streaks across it. A row of small red kennels, and from each one a nose, and then two paws, and then a shaggy body. Uproarious barking. Quimbo, the great black leader, strains at his chain ferociously. Beyond him Atlan and Kusko, Jock and Nook, Noatak and Ballarat, all roaring menace. The

of the sled dogs, till overhead the slopes of Wonalancet echo.

"That'll do!" Walden's mitten falls. Chinook's head drops. Suddenly the din that made the crisp air tremble ceases.

"You see, he's choirman," says Arthur Walden, patting the Dog Emeritus of sled dogs.

Across the river are freight sleds such as Walden will take with him

Commander Byrd has sent for the skins of fifty reindeer from Alaska and has asked the Danish Government to send him Eskimos to sew them into garments. There may be difficulty, however, if the Eskimos insist on bringing their families, as Commander Byrd is averse to taking women.

Two ten-foot freight sleds will be driven behind each team of dogs