

UC-NRLF



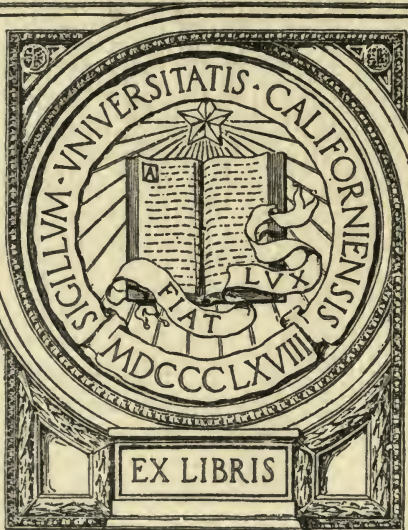
\$B 273 914

# BALDY OF NOME



ESTHER BIRDSALL DARLING

GIFT OF  
THOMAS RUTHERFORD BACON  
MEMORIAL LIBRARY



984f  
D 221 X 510f









Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

BALDY OF NOME







THE  
LIFE OF  
SCOTT  
ALLAN  
AND  
BALDY



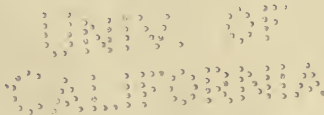
*SCOTTY ALLAN AND BALDY*

# BALDY OF NOME

AN IMMORTAL OF THE TRAIL

BY  
ESTHER BIRDSALL DARLING

AUTHOR OF "UP IN ALASKA"



A. M. ROBERTSON  
STOCKTON STREET AT UNION SQUARE  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA  
1913

COPYRIGHT 1912  
BY ESTHER BIRDSALL DARLING

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY  
AND  
ANATOMY

TO MY MOTHER

Whose unfailing kindness to all animals is  
one of my earliest and happiest memories.

272571



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Characters of the Racing Kennel—Tom, Dick, Harry, and the Others - - - - -	9
II. Scotty Allan is Boss—Discipline and Training	34
III. Dubby - - - - -	39
IV. The Great Four Hundred Mile Race of the All-Alaska Sweepstake—Baldy Makes Good - - - - -	47
V. The Solomon Derby—Baldy Rescues Scotty	58
VI. Kennel Gossip - - - - -	70





## ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Baldy of Nome . . . . .	Frontispiece
Nome . . . . .	7
“There was an air of repressed pride—almost a swagger— about Jack McMillan when he heard himself described as a ‘man eater’” . . . . .	12
“The Infant Prodigy, Spot” . . . . .	18
“She told Tom he had an ‘angel face’—and spoke of Dick and Harry as the ‘Heavenly Twins’” . . . . .	20
“ . . . and alluded to Irish and Rover, gentle Irish set- ters, as ‘Red Devils’” . . . . .	21
“They carried themselves with a conscious dignity as be- fitted their fame and aspirations” . . . . .	23
“Wolf was only a puppy taken from an Eskimo igloo, where all of the dogs and all of the family lived in happy harmony” . . . . .	30
“The water was warm and deep enough so that he had to swim—an ideal place for his Declaration of Independ- ence” . . . . .	36
“As keeper of the kennel meat, his life was now happily spent in dozing peacefully before the meat room door”	41
“Every afternoon Dubby took Texas, the Allan cat, out for a stroll” . . . . .	43
“Dubby’s reputation as King of the Trail had become a tradition of the North” . . . . .	45
“Then there was the more pleasant road through the woods from Council to Timber Road House” . . . . .	54
“There were other teams to follow” . . . . .	61
“The usual enthusiasm over the arrival of a victorious team was turned into an ovation for the popular and plucky little Scotchman. In spite of the loss of the best dog in the kennel on the eve of the race, and having been knocked senseless in the trail, he was still winner of the Solomon Derby, and he gave the credit of it all to Baldy!” . . . . .	68
“But for those ‘fuzzy-wuzzy Russian lap dogs,’ as She called them, to come in first and second, and break a record at that, was most humiliating” . . . . .	71



VIEW OF  
NOME, ALASKA



NOME



# BALDY OF NOME

---

## CHAPTER I.

*Characters of the Racing Kennel—Tom,  
Dick, Harry, and the Others.*

**B**ALDY always hated to have people go through the Kennel; he knew so well what to expect, and in some way, used to it as he was, it never failed to hurt. Everyone began, of course, with Tom, Dick, and Harry, and he heard again and again that they were the veterans of Alaska dog racing, and had been in all of those unique dashes across the snow-swept wastes of Seward Peninsula from Bering Sea to the Arctic Ocean and return, and had never been "out of the money." He was quite prepared for the exclamation, "How wonderful!" accompanied by a caress admiringly given and enthusiastically received; for Tom, Dick, and

---

BALDY OF NOME

---

Harry, the celebrated Tolman brothers, had tactful ways and made each visitor feel that his approval was the last seal to their perfect satisfaction in the fame they had won. Tom invariably leaned against people confidingly and put up his paw in friendly greeting; while Dick and Harry, so much alike that it was nearly impossible to tell them apart, stood alert and eager for words of praise.

It was not so bad when they passed on to Spot. Baldy never begrudged him any attention, for Spot was one of those lucky dogs beloved alike of men and his own kind. In his short life of eighteen months he had known nothing but the kindness he deserved. Rescued in infancy from poverty and obscurity, and given to little George Allan, he had been the child's constant companion, even when so small that he fairly rolled instead of walking. And then came the day when Spot was

broken to harness, and discovered that work was play to him. At that time he was awkward and had not grown up to his feet, but he was powerful and willing; and when he and Queen, an incongruous but congenial pair, won the first race in Nome, driven by boys under eight years of age, even George's father felt that Spot might make his mark.

Baldy remembered how "Scotty" had laughed the morning of the children's race, when "Scotty" and Dave who took care of the dogs, and Matt who was a sort of god-father to them all, were watching George prepare his team for the contest. The black setter, Queen, fierce at the mere approach of any one else, had cheerfully left a young family to pull the sled for George; and Spot, overgrown puppy that he was, had quite astonished everyone by finishing the course of seven miles in thirty-two minutes and thirty-six

---

BALDY OF NOME

---

seconds. So, with that record, at an age when clumsiness alone is the chief characteristic of a dog, Baldy was not at all surprised at the interest "Scotty" Allan began to manifest in his son's pet.

Jack McMillan came next, and Baldy regarded with contempt the mixture of fear and respect with which Jack was greeted, due to his reputation for wickedness, which Baldy knew was totally undeserved. At first there had been an air of repressed pride, almost a swagger, about Jack when he heard himself described as a "man-eater," and listened to the thrilling and more or less correct account of his crimes given by the various people who pointed him out. Handsome and intelligent, bought at an enormous cost, he had been absolutely unmanageable



*"There was an air of repressed pride—almost a swagger—about Jack McMillan when he heard himself described as a 'man eater.'"*



in training and in the first big race. His driver did not understand him, and there had been many a battle royal in which life or death for the man or the dog had seemed the only issue. The fierceness of his strong wolf strain had made him a foe to be reckoned with, while his colossal strength and alertness were a valuable addition to any team; and so he was not killed, but was watched and controlled with difficulty. Finally his tusks were broken, but his resentment against restraint grew greater, and his hatred of his driver grew deeper. At last, as an incorrigible, he was turned over to "Scotty" Allan, who was known from Dawson to Nome as the best dog man in the North, and there were two desperate, deadly struggles for supremacy, in which "Scotty" won. Baldy could think of no other possible outcome, for while his dogs knew that Allan was their friend, they

realized that he was also their master, and they rarely forgot that obedience was the first Law of the Kennel. And so Jack McMillan's little poses of unconquerable ferocity, mere affectations of his stormy past, were a farce to those who saw him quiver with delight when George Allan and Danny Kelly hung round his neck berating him for his unsavory reputation; or when he eagerly pulled at his chain to put his massive head under some timid hand.

As to Kid, well, of course, Baldy did not know that there was an adage to the effect that "the good die young," but if he had, Kid's untimely end would not have surprised him in the least for Kid had all of the admirable qualities that any one dog could possess. He was the most promising racing leader in Alaska, and his death—but that is another story, and only concerns Baldy in so far as it gave him the great chance of his life.

Then there was ever a word of praise for Mego, the fleet hound mother, whose puppies rank so high in the racing world beyond the Frozen Sea. Exemplary in every other way she was, however, the cause of a continuous Kennel scandal from the fact that she was guilty of the crime of kidnapping, with appalling frequency; for when her own little ones had outgrown her loving care she would stealthily watch her chance to annex at least one member of any new litter in her vicinity. She had even been caught tunneling under a manger which housed some recent arrivals whose faint squeaks and squeals were siren calls to her keen ears. Sometimes light-minded, gadabout mothers were rather relieved at her deep interest in their progeny, and she was allowed to establish a puppies' "Day Home" while they roamed at will; but again, as with Nellie Silk, dire disaster

menaced each time Mego forced her amiable but unwelcome attentions on Nellie's attractive malamute family. But Baldy noticed that this failing seemed to create only kindly amusement or sympathy,—so perhaps after all, motives and not results are occasionally considered—at least where the affectionate impulses of mothers are concerned. In Baldy the idea of the greatest good for the greatest number was strong, and he wished that she might appropriate Nellie's entire brood, and elude Matt's sense of justice which rendered unto Nellie the puppies that were hers in spite of the knowledge that Mego was a far more tender and judicious parent.

Down the visitors would come between the stalls, Baldy dreading the moment they would reach him. On past Barney and Mike, Priest and Irish, and all of the others, to where he, outwardly unmoved

but inwardly shrinking, listened for the invariable question, "This is not one of the racers, is it?" and for the almost invariable explanation, "Well, he doesn't look it!" It was difficult to appear indifferent when he was called "onery," "morose," or "savage," and even "Scotty's" voice saying, "Oh, Baldy's a pretty good sort," did not ease the pain; for "Scotty" found good in all dogs that were not hopelessly bad, and this faint praise had a detached impersonal quality that spoke rather of a liking for dogs in general than for Baldy in particular; and Baldy craved a very particular liking from "Scotty," who was his idol.

Baldy's experiences had been distinctly uninteresting; he was "just dog." There had been no dramatic episodes in his life, like those of Jack McMillan's; he had not been an infant prodigy like Spot; he was no paragon like Kid; yet on the

---

BALDY OF NOME

---

other hand there was nothing of discredit in his career to warrant the name he had acquired. It was a very subtle; while such expressions as "I do not believe Baldy will ever amount to anything, he has a peculiar disposition," seemed to be the worst that was *said*, there was a definite impression given that much more *might* be said. He was, to be sure, absolutely natural, and if he felt depressed or at outs with the world, was apt to show it, which did not add to his popularity. It was very disconcerting to him to see how successful deceit is along certain lines, and what he saw might have undermined Baldy's whole moral nature but for the simple sincerity that was the keynote to his character. For instance, no matter how hateful Tom felt, he was always conspicuously amiable, which seemed basely hypocritical to Baldy. He had seen Tom after the most shocking de-



"The Infant  
Prodigy, Spot."

---

BALDY OF NOME

---

pravity, such as chasing the Allan girls' pet cat, stealing a neighbor's dog-salmon, or attacking a passing fox terrier, seem so pensive and gentle that mere circumstantial evidence could never attach itself to him, and Tom was far too crafty to be *caught* in an overt act. Only once could Baldy remember that Tom had manifested any trace of guilty uneasiness, and then it was not so much shame or remorse as fear of a richly deserved punishment. It was in March, just a month before one of the great races, and "Scotty" had taken Her up to the Hot Springs, seventy miles from Nome, to visit for a couple of weeks. Baldy could never quite figure Her out. She came into the Kennel every day and seemed to love them all, but She simply had no idea of discipline and casually suggested all sorts of foolish and revolutionary privileges for the dogs that would have ruined them in no time. Then, too,

---

BALDY OF NOME

---

She was not in the least discriminating, for She told Tom, who perhaps possessed more faults of disposition than any member of the team, that he had an "angel face";—spoke of Dick and Harry, clever imitators of their brother's misdeeds, as "The Heavenly Twins," and alluded to Irish and Rover, gentle Irish setters, as "Red Devils," which was so rankly unjust that Baldy, who knew not the meaning of irony, was amazed at Her stupidity; but when She let Jack McMillan put his paws on Her shoulders and lay his huge head against Her cheek, calling him a "perfect lamb" or a "poor dear Martyr," Baldy turned his head away in disgust.



*"She told Tom he had an  
'angel face'—and spoke  
of Dick and Harry as the  
'Heavenly Twins.'"*





“ . . . and alluded to Irish and Rover,  
gentle Irish setters, as ‘Red Devils.’ ”

These endearments were exceedingly impolitic, for they were invariably directed toward the very dogs who were most apt to overvalue mere physical charm or ingratiating tricks of manner. But there was one thing more objectionable still that could be laid at Her door—She was constantly lowering the general tone of the Kennel. Had Baldy been a French Poodle with little tufts of hair cut in circles around his ankles, and a kinky lock tied with a splashing bow over his eyes, he would probably, with delicate disdain, have characterized Her as lacking in “*esprit de corps*.” As it was, being a blunt Alaskan, he growled rather sullenly when She came too near, and considered that She had no more dog pride than an Eskimo—and Baldy’s contempt for Her could suggest no more scathing criticism. The team dogs were



*"They carried themselves with a conscious dignity  
as befitting their fame and aspirations."*

all well groomed, and carried themselves with a conscious dignity as befitted their fame and aspirations; but gradually, through Her, the commonest dogs made themselves at home about the place, and were housed and fed till it looked like a transient Dog Hotel. She brought them because they were tired and hungry, lame, halt or blind, or worse still, just because they "seemed to like Her." No reason was too trivial, no dog too worthless. Matt shamelessly upheld Her, "Scotty" submitted, while Baldy sulkily glowered at these encumbrances who were more fit for the pound than the Allan and Darling Racing Stables. There was no jealousy in his objections, for he actually gloried in the sensation that Spot and Irish always created when they were in the lead, which was surely a test of his unselfishness, and he was perfectly will-

ing to welcome "classy" dogs, as George and Danny called them, like Fighting Bob, Hiram Johnson or dainty Margaret Winston, the new thoroughbred fox hound from Kentucky.

He even admitted that there were dogs, neither workers nor racers, who had gained a sort of popular distinction that was recognized by both the human and canine population of the city, and while it was impossible for him to comprehend the reason, he accepted the fact philosophically. There was Oolik Lomen, who was born on Amundsen's ship, the "Gjoa," when on the voyage that resulted in the discovery of the Northwest Passage. Oolik, possibly from pride in his birth place or because of his unusual appearance, was haughty to the verge of insolence, and to Baldy he represented the culmination of all the charming but use-

less graces of the idle rich; for Oolik did nothing but pose on the Lomen porch on a soft rug, or wander about with a rubber doll in his mouth, much as a certain type of woman lolls through life carrying a lap dog.

Then there was the tramp Nomic, the pet of the Miners' Union and the Fire Department. This little fox terrier was a constant attendant at all affairs of the town—social or political—parades, christenings, weddings and even funerals. At concerts he walked out upon the stage with the performers and waited quietly through each number until the program was finished. He never failed to be at all balls, where he selected a couple for each dance and followed them through the mazes of the two-step and waltz with great dexterity; and in case of an encore remaining with the same people to the

end. Between dances he visited with those he knew, and it is darkly hinted that he had been seen to accept a drink at a near-by bar, if offered discreetly—though Baldy was no ready believer of such gossip. The knowledge that Nomie assisted at every fire, and at all the drills of the Life Saving Crew on the beach, made Baldy feel that his social diversions were only an outlet for his exuberant spirits, since there were not fires enough to keep him busy, and a poor little terrier, no matter how ambitious, is debarred by his size from the noble sport of racing. So it really seemed that Baldy was exceedingly liberal and tolerant in his estimate of dogs, in general, and it was only his desire for a high standard in his own Kennel that prompted his aversion to these waifs and strays that She collected, who, of no use, were neither professional beauties

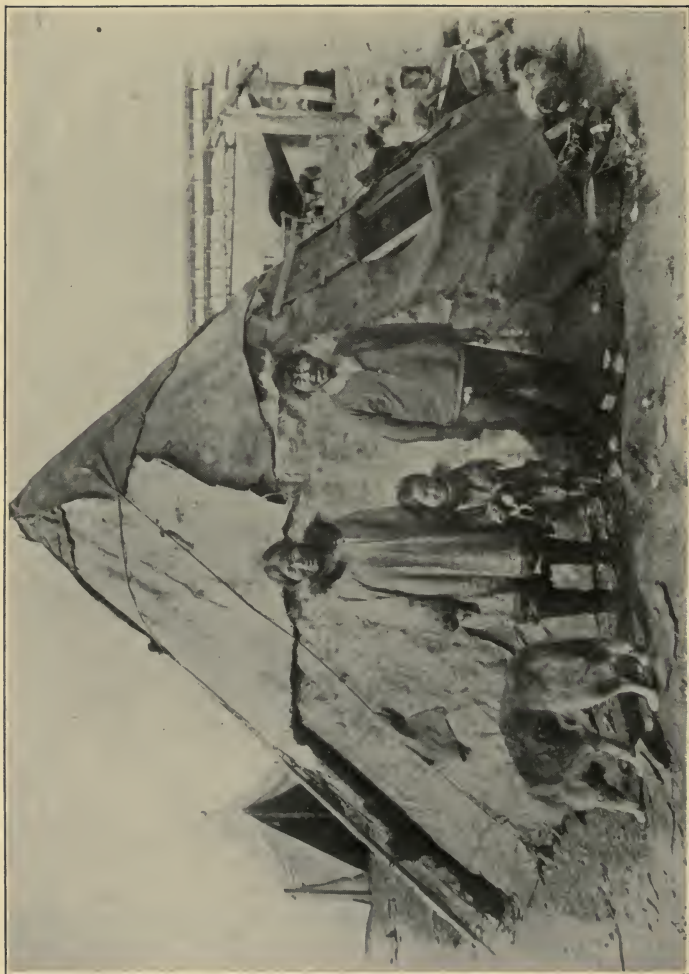
like Oolik nor society favorites like Nomie.

Also Baldy's intolerance of Her had a personal side and was aggravated by the fact that She frequently gave him such an ill-sounding title as "Pessimist" or "Dog-ones." The latter, She carefully explained to him, was not a bad name, only a bad joke, which, however, was no balm to his injured feelings. It was after they had arrived at the Hot Springs that Tom's brutal crimes and subsequent hypocrisy had made Baldy feel the injustice of a world that seldom delves below the surface of things.

Tom had always hated Eskimo dogs; he either chose to ignore his own huskie blood, or else felt it was superior to the native strain in the malamutes of the Coast, just as some people proudly boast of being descended from Pocahontas, who would shudder at the mere idea of a



Siwash squaw ancestress. At all events, Tom had resented the entrance of the Eskimo dog, Wolf, into the Kennel, and never failed, when "Scotty" was not about, to manifest an enmity that would have told a civilized dog not to attempt any liberties with him. But Wolf was only an ignorant puppy, taken from an Eskimo igloo, where all of the dogs and all of the family had lived in happy harmony; and so, one day, when he was particularly joyous, he nipped, in the spirit of mischief, the end of Tom's wagging stump of a tail. Tom wheeled instantly, his hair bristling, and his jaws apart, but the timely entrance of Matt made further demonstrations impossible; and Tom's instinctive dislike for Wolf grew into an obsession after that direct and personal insult. In their well appointed quarters in Nome, with each dog in his own stall, revenge was out of the ques-



*"Wolf was only a puppy taken from an Eskimo igloo, where all of the dogs and all of the family lived in happy harmony,"*

tion; and when in harness or out with Matt for exercise, there was as little chance for settling a grievance as there would have been with soldiers on parade; but at the Springs Tom's opportunity came. The small stables were overcrowded, there being seventy-two dogs in camp belonging to storm-bound travelers. It was necessary to chain the dogs closer together than "Scotty" felt was wise, though he was not prepared for the tragedy that greeted him when he went out one morning to see that all was well with the team. Every dog rose to greet "Scotty" and Her as they came in the door except poor Wolf, who lay dead, strangled with his own collar. A careful examination showed that on one hind foot were traces of blood and marks of teeth; and there were but two dogs who could have reached Wolf to stretch him till he choked, Baldy and Tom. Baldy never

forgot the sickening suspicion that seemed to hang over him all day. For a very brief period Tom had shown a humility as deep as it was unusual; he had refrained from jumping upon "Scotty" and rubbing against Her; he had sat alone on a pile of wood, not even romping with Dick or Harry, till he felt the hour of judgment had passed, and then, deciding there was no punishment forthcoming, he had leaped and frisked, and had been so innocently frivolous that Baldy's contempt for his own kind made life hardly worth while. One might look for such actions from a cat that had killed a bird, for cats were only soft-footed, purring bundles of deceit, with no standard of Trail Morals; but from a dog, a racing dog, and one belonging to "Scotty" Allan, it was almost incredible. One would expect him to at least have the courage of his race prejudices, and be willing to take

the consequences of what he regarded as a legitimate feud.

The cold-blooded murder was much discussed, and when She stooped to lay a pitying hand on Wolf's stiffening body, and looked inquiringly toward Baldy, "Scotty" had said, "No, it's not like Baldy to do such a thing and I hate to think Tom would; at all events, I cannot punish either on a mere suspicion, for there's the possibility that a stray dog might have been responsible." And so the affair was ended officially, but the memory of it rankled, and gave another excuse for Baldy's fast growing pessimism. Fortunately he was too busy to brood much over his troubles, for the time of the Race was approaching and many new dogs were being tried out. Most of them were as eager for the honor of making the team as a college freshman is to get into the "first eleven"; but occasionally it was thrust upon an unwilling candidate. [ 33 ]

CHAPTER II.

*Scotty Allan is Boss—Discipline and Training.*

BALDY had watched with much interest the attempt of Fisher, a recent acquisition, to ignore "Scotty's" authority, and wondered when the inevitable end would come, and what it would be. Fisher had shirked on the trail all the way from Nome, for he had been badly trained. "Scotty" spoke to him frequently, but Fisher preferred nagging to working, though he was careful not to be defiant in manner. But one day when "Scotty" was going to take Her for a ride, and Fisher felt inclined to doze on the hay in the barn, there came open rebellion. When the other dogs stepped into place and "Scotty" was ready to snap each harness to the tow-line, Fisher, reluctant in

coming, meditated a moment, and then dashed down the steep bank into the overflow of the Springs. The water was very warm, and deep enough so that he had to swim, and he felt that he had selected an ideal place for his Declaration of Independence. But "Scotty," shouting directions to have the other dogs unhitched, started in pursuit. Fisher left the hard, well-beaten track, and struck out for some small willows and alders where the snow had drifted in feathery masses. He broke through the crust frequently, but knew that a man would have more difficulty still in making any headway. Finally "Scotty" turned back toward the house and Fisher sat down to think over his little victory. He was tired and panting, but he felt that he had scored a point, when, to his amazement, he saw "Scotty" again coming toward him, and now on snow shoes. He plunged forward, and relent-



*"The water was warm and deep enough so that he had to swim—  
an ideal place for his Declaration of Independence."*



lessly "Scotty" followed. Hour after hour the chase continued until at length Fisher realized the futility of it all and, thoroughly exhausted, crouched shivering in the snow, waiting for the punishment that lay in the coils of the long black whip in the man's hand. But at some little distance from him "Scotty" paused and called to Fisher. There was something compelling in the voice, something he could not resist, and so, in spite of the temptation to make one more wild dash for liberty, the dog crawled to "Scotty's" feet in fear and trembling; and instead of the sting of the lash that he had expected, a gentle hand was laid upon him and a kind voice said, "It's a good thing, old fellow, you decided to come of your own free will; it means a bone instead of a beating; remember that always"; and a delicious greasy bone was taken from a capacious pocket and given him.

So Fisher went back to the stable with "Scotty," and all of the other dogs, with a politeness born of similar experiences, ignored the little episode which taught Fisher once for all that respect for authority eliminates the necessity for a whipping, which is, perhaps, the canine version of Virtue being its own Reward.

CHAPTER III

*Dubby.*

WHEN the real training for the Sweepstakes began, it was interesting work for them all. Dogs were rejected or accepted till it appeared as if the best, the strongest, and most willing dogs in Alaska were ready, under "Scotty's" careful discipline, for the contest. Baldy could not quite understand what it meant, he realized that these long swift runs with the sled empty of freight or passengers did not mean a business trip such as they made in delivering goods to the miners on the creeks; yet there was certainly a seriousness about the whole affair that put the dogs on their mettle.

The town of Nome, extending along the shore of Bering Sea for over two miles, is very narrow, not having been

built far back on the tundra which stretches away, a bog in summer, to the hills in the distance. In winter this is, however, a wide sweep of spotless snow crossed by well defined trails—and it was here they came for exercise, sometimes even going into the mountains which rose rugged and majestic from the vast white plain to a sky brilliantly blue in the dazzling Arctic sunshine, or sodden and gray in a storm.

At last the Great Day came. There was an early stir in the Kennel and everything was confusion. Even Dubby, a dignified old huskie, came in to see what was happening. Dubby, pensioned and retired, with a record of over thirty thousand miles in harness to his credit, lived a delightful and exclusive existence in his own apartments over the barn. That he might not feel utterly useless he had been given the honorary position of Keeper of



*"Every afternoon Dubby took Texas, the Allan cat, out for a stroll."*

North. One of the most brilliant lawyers of Alaska, who knew the dog's cleverness as a leader, always raised his hat to him when they met on the street as a greeting from one keen intellect to another; and so, admired by men, and feared by dogs, the faithful huskie was singularly exempt from the tragedies of a neglected old age. From the first, however, Dubby had shown a pronounced disapproval of racing, and while not actually hostile to the racing dogs, his critical attitude was galling. Generally he ignored them completely, turning his back when they were being harnessed, and apparently oblivious to their very existence. He showed the same contempt for racers that a substantial business man with rigid principles might feel for a distinctly sporting element introduced into his ultra-conservative neighborhood. So it was rather remarkable for Dubby to come in, even with Her,



*"Dubby's reputation as King of the Trail  
had become a tradition of the North."*

and remain while she placed bows and knots of glistening gold on the dogs' collars and on the front of the racing sled. She even tied the "colors" about Dubby's neck and he offered no objection, though he must have felt that such decorations were out of all keeping with the dignity of his gray hairs.



CHAPTER IV.

*The Great 400-Mile Race of the All-Alaska Sweepstake—Baldy Makes Good.*

**B**ALDY never forgot that morning. Through the narrow streets, gay with the waving banners and fluttering streamers of the Kennel Club green and gold, they went, the eager, laughing, pushing throngs of people closing in upon them till Baldy longed to howl in sheer fright, though howling in harness was strictly forbidden by "Scotty." What a relief it was to reach an open space on the smooth ice of Bering Sea in front of the town! Here the gathering crowds were held back by ropes, and only a few moved about, overlooking a team that stood between two stands in which were judges, timekeepers, and fur-clad heralds with

their trumpets. There was a hush of expectancy now that was almost as disconcerting as the noise and clamor through which they had just come. They were mad to be off, but "Scotty's" voice, "Steady, boys, steady," kept them quiet. Suddenly the notes of a bugle rang loud and clear, a flag fluttered and fell, and the team between the stands dashed down the ice, followed by prolonged shouts of goodwill. An almost interminable wait followed, ten full minutes of nearly uncontrollable excitement on the part of the dogs, when at last the signal to start came to them also. "Scotty's" "All right, Boys! Let her go!!" was music to their ears, and eagerly leaping forward, they, too, to the sound of wild cheers, had hit the Trail for the Arctic.

It was blowing a gale, and the temperature had dropped to six degrees below zero, but not one owner and not one driver

of the fourteen teams entered in the race protested against starting in the storm; for these "Men of the High North," in serious undertakings or in sport, are ready to abide by the Luck of the Trail. And so, one by one, they all left, and the blizzard grew in fury as they went down the coast. Like phantom teams they silently sped far out over the frozen waters of Bering Sea, threading their way between the huge ice hummocks that rose, grotesque and ghostly, in the misty grayness of the whirling snow; past villages and roadhouses, native settlements and camps, pausing only when necessary for food and drink and a rest.

It was all a confused memory to Baldy afterwards, only a few events standing out clearly in his mind; the most important being that he was selected to lead with Kid through the terrors of the raging storm, up Topkok Hill. "Scotty," know-

ing that for awhile he must forge ahead, keeping the trail which here could be so easily lost, felt that success or failure would rest on his selection of dogs who would follow him unfalteringly, to the death if necessary. Kid was an instant choice; hesitating a moment, he hooked up Baldy beside Kid and gave the signal to start again. Baldy's heart was filled with pride; he had supposed that Tom, Dick, or Harry would share the honor with Kid, and now, unexpectedly it had fallen to him. "Scotty" was trusting him; a great victory might hinge on his strength and faithfulness, and he was grateful indeed for this chance to prove that he was both strong and faithful. He did not care though the glittering frost whitened his short hair and at times pierced his lean flanks like a knife thrust; he hardly realized that the driving snow froze his eyelashes together and caked in

icy balls between his toes, making his feet so tender that they bled. Straining and breathless he plunged forward knowing only that his master was somewhere beyond calling to them from out the cold and the dark. So, willingly, blindly, they followed till at length the fury of the blizzard was over, and once more the white trail stretched endlessly to the point where earth and sky were one. Sometimes, in the glory of the April sunshine, they passed the other teams; sometimes the other teams passed them, speed mad all; and then there was a long rest, much care and food, to repletion. In spite of the physical relaxation, however, there was a nervous tension in their stay at Candle; for one by one the other teams came and went, and Baldy some way felt that the real work of the contest was yet to be done and he was eager to be about it. Finally they were off again, after an irk-

some delay in which dogs were checked off and identification papers signed. Even the least responsive dog must then have felt the thrill of the famous race, for never a whip, hardly a word, was necessary to spur them on. Soon the stiffness from the rest and the heaviness from the food were forgotten, and there existed just one dominating, resistless impulse in man and dog—the impulse to win.

Now with flying feet they sped along the edge of deep gorges, up steep slopes, and over the slippery ice of streams, rivers and lakes. There was even no hesitation when after crossing the level floor of Death Valley they chose a narrow defile from the many that led out of that dreary, desolate stretch of country whose appalling silence is only broken by the wailing and shrieking of the wind in those sudden and terrific storms that sweep down from the towering peaks that surround it.

Then there was the more pleasant road through the woods from Council to Timber Road House; and so on and on through Solomon and Safety, till the course was almost covered.

To Baldy that wonderful homeward run was blurred by the fierce excitement at the end. He dimly recalled the miles upon miles of glaring whiteness; the joy of those moments when they left their rivals far behind them on the Trail; and of fatigue, held in check by a new and strange exaltation. He had a certain scornful pity for several of the dogs who had given in to the exhaustion of the long hours of traveling and were being carried as passengers on the sled that they might recuperate for the final desperate dash for Nome. And what a dash it was! At Fort Davis, four miles down the coast, there was the booming of a cannon in welcome, which was an inspiration to



*"Then there was the more pleasant road through  
the woods from Council to Timber Road House."*



Tom, Dick, and Harry, who loved any sort of a demonstration in which they could figure conspicuously, but was a nerve-racking forerunner to Baldy of the personal discomfort that may be part of a great achievement. Though it was ten o'clock at night, the full moon and the radiance of the snow made everything shimmer and glitter with wonderful brilliancy; the lights of the little town seemed but a continuation of the stars; huge bonfires cast a warm glow upon the ice, and rockets rose and fell like sparkling jewels in the clear sky. There was the stirring triumphant notes of the bugle, and wild, incessant cheers. Then the crowds surged toward them as they "crossed the line," and the timekeepers officially announced the arrival of the first team; four hundred and eight miles in eighty-two hours, two minutes and forty-one seconds. Again came the deafening shouts, and again they

were engulfed, almost crushed, in the struggling mass of humanity that hemmed them around. Kid, quiet and indifferent, took no heed of these outbursts; Tom, anxious as usual to be in the limelight, glanced about and selecting the District Attorney, who was known to be a great admirer of the team, jumped upon him demanding recognition. The people laughed and gave three cheers for Tom and his friend; but Baldy did not even resent this little play for public favor, for "Scotty," feeling the dog pressing against him, had just looked down and said, "Good old Baldy, we might have had a different tale to tell if it had not been for you!" And so Baldy's first great race was over, and he had made good.

He experienced a contentment quite new to him, and his time was no longer spent in brooding over the shortsightedness of a world which, till now, had ap-

---

BALDY OF NOME

---

peared unable to grasp the idea that beauty is only fur deep, but that ability goes to the bone. He became ambitious and his ideal was indeed high—to be classed with Dubby and Kid in “Scotty’s” affections.

CHAPTER V.

*The Solomon Derby—Baldy Rescues  
Scotty.*

SEVERAL months passed and they were again in training. Baldy knew that this race would not be one of any unusual distance, for they were taken out merely for cross-country spins in which speed and not endurance was the main consideration. Kid, a fine leader always, was developing each day greater control over the team, and "Scotty" was jubilant. The day before the race, by an unavoidable accident, Kid was killed, and the whole Kennel was plunged into gloom, for he had been a genial stable mate and a general favorite. "Scotty," heartsick over his loss, moved silently amongst the other dogs, who realized that something was very wrong and gave as little trouble as

they could. There was no exercise that afternoon, and the next morning when they were being harnessed, the question of a leader confronted "Scotty." He talked it over with Matt and with Her, and when they suggested Tom, "Scotty" said that while Tom never fell below the necessary standard in anything, neither did he ever rise above it. He pondered for a little while and then exclaimed, "I believe I'll put Baldy in the lead; he's nervous amongst people, but on the trail I can depend upon him to the last breath in his body!"

And so it was Baldy who led the team in the Solomon Derby. It took the strongest self-control and the keenest desire not to shake "Scotty's" trust in him, to keep Baldy from bolting when he moved once more through those throngs whose nearness roused in him such fear; but the ordeal was soon over, and they were in the

open, speeding toward the dark and frowning cliffs of Cape Nome. Two teams, at intervals of ten minutes, had started before them, and there were three others to follow. As the course was only sixty-five miles, from Nome to Solomon and return, "Scotty" decided to pass the teams in front, even if he acted as trail breaker and pace-maker, for there was no necessity for generalship in the matter of resting and feeding. Baldy thrilled with pride as he forged ahead. The day was clear but cold, twenty below zero, and the course was in excellent condition. What a chance was his to show "Scotty" that he was more than "just dog." No understudy on the stage, given an unexpected opportunity, ever desired more fervently to eclipse the Star than Baldy to successfully fill poor Kid's place. How they flew over the snow; how exhilarating the crisp air was; how light the sled; and then it



*"There were other teams to follow."*

gradually dawned upon Baldy that the sled was *too* light. The racing sled only weighed a little more than thirty pounds, and "Scotty," when he was not running behind with a tight grasp on the handle bars, usually perched at the back on the projecting runners. For some time Baldy had not noticed this additional weight, and then, too, he was beginning to miss his master's voice, "Hi, there! Tom, Dick, Harry, snow birds in sight; Rabbits, Spot! Roadhouse, Barney!" Of course, all of the dogs knew perfectly well that it was only a joke, that snow birds, and rabbits, and roadhouses are things that do not concern you at all when you are being driven by "Scotty"; but they enjoyed the little pleantry and it gave them delightful things to think about that might become possibilities when they were not in harness.

If "Scotty" was not actually addressing



them personally, he was usually singing scraps of Scotch ballads, or whistling bits of ragtime, which was wonderfully cheering, as it gave them a sense of companionship with him. At last the instinct that all was not right was too strong for Baldy, and stopping suddenly he looked back and discovered that they were driverless. He realized that such halts as this were absolutely prohibited; but the team without "Scotty" was a ship without a captain, and Baldy felt there was but one thing to do—to find "Scotty" at all hazards. For an instant there was danger of a mutiny amongst the dogs. Tom, Dick, and Harry agreed it was a wonderful chance to make that snow bird joke a charming reality. A fluffy plump hare, scurrying by, within range of Spot's young eyes, roused in him a desire to give chase and he quite forgot the importance of his position. But Baldy, knowing the time for

action had come, that his supremacy as a leader must be acknowledged at once, firmly held his ground. In some subtle, final way he made them realize that they must obey him implicitly; and so, when he swung round they followed him as unswervingly as they would have followed Kid.

Far away in the whiteness Baldy saw a black spot toward which he sped with mad impatience. It was his master, lying pale, motionless, and blood stained in the trail. From a deep gash on his head a crimson stream oozed and froze, matting his hair and the fur on his parka. Baldy stopped beside him, quivering with an unknown dread. He licked the pallid face, the cold hands, and placed a gentle paw on the man's breast, scratching softly to see if he could not gain some response. Throwing back his head there broke from him the wild wail of the malamute, his

inheritance from some wolf ancestor. The other dogs joined in the mournful chorus, and then as it died away he tried again and again to rouse his silent master. Moment after moment passed; finally the warm tongue and the insistent paw did their work, for there was a slight movement, a flicker of the eyelids, and then "Scotty" lifted himself upon his elbow and spoke to them. He was terribly confused. What was he doing in the snow—in the bitter cold, soaked in blood, and with his team beside him? Then he remembered that he was in a race, the Solomon Derby; he had gone ahead of the other teams at a terrific speed when he heard something snap. Thinking it might be a runner, he had leaned over the side of the sled to look; there was a crushing blow, and he recalled no more till he felt Baldy's hot breath, and an agonizing pain in his temple. Gazing about he saw the cause

of the mishap, an iron trail stake half concealed by a drift, now red with his blood. He could not tell how long he had been unconscious, whether minutes or hours. He only realized that he had never reached Solomon. Weakly he stumbled to his feet and fell into the sled. At a word Baldy darted ahead and Allan saw from the position of the high wireless tower at Port Safety that they were traveling in the wrong direction. Giving the order, the team was turned, and, uncertain of anything save that you are never beaten till the race is over, "Scotty" urged Baldy to do his willing best. Arriving at Solomon "Scotty" was amazed to hear that they were the first team in, his delay having apparently been but a short one. He resisted the entreaties of the Solomon officials that he should have medical attention, saying that he would not have any trouble so

long as his cap was frozen to his wound, and only rested the five minutes that are obligatory for the signing of papers and the watering of the dogs.

On the return it seemed as if Kid himself could not have done more than did Baldy, and "Scotty" was amazed at the way he handled himself and the team; all of his latent powers developing to meet the demands upon him. He proved himself indeed a leader.

The news of the accident had been telephoned to Nome, and the usual enthusiasm over the arrival of a victorious team was turned into an ovation for the popular and plucky little Scotchman. In spite of the loss of the best dog in the Kennel on the eve of the race, and having been knocked senseless in the trail, he was still winner of the Solomon Derby, and he gave the credit of it all to Baldy!



*"The usual enthusiasm over the arrival of a victorious team was turned into an ovation for the popular and plucky little Scotchman. In spite of the loss of the best dog in the kennel on the eve of the race, and having been knocked senseless in the trail, he was still winner of the Solomon Derby, and he gave the credit of it all to Baldy!"*

What a homecoming it was for the dog. "Scotty" Allan warmly praised him, and Matt listened in cordial admiration. She almost wept on his neck and said he deserved a Carnegie Medal, whatever that was, but suggested a large juicy beefsteak as an immediate compromise. George Allan and Danny Kelly, from out their superior wisdom of dog affairs, conceded frankly that it was more than they had expected of a "sourball"; while most gratifying of all, Dubby came in to express, with strenuous waggings of his docked tail, his surprise and satisfaction that a member of a purely sporting fraternity had distinguished himself so highly; had acted in fact, in a manner worthy of a thoroughbred huskie; and Baldy, knowing that Dubby had himself and his unblemished career in mind, felt that this was indeed the climax of approval.

CHAPTER VI.

*Kennel Gossip.*

THE days and weeks and months now slipped quickly and happily away for Baldy. There was one episode that he did not care to dwell upon too often—their defeat in one of the big Sweepstakes by two teams of the Siberians. It would have been far less trying if their successful opponents had been Alaskans, but for those “fuzzy-wuzzy Russian lap dogs,” as She called them, to come in first and second, and break a record at that, was most humiliating. Baldy was too true a sport not to admit, even to himself, that they were beaten fairly and squarely, but he had many excuses in his own mind for so deplorable a happening. He felt they had gone into the contest weak; there had not been enough dependable dogs in the





*"But for those 'fuzzy-wuzzy Russian lap dogs,'  
as She called them, to come in first and second, and  
break a record at that, was most humiliating."*

Kennel, and he was glad indeed when "Scotty" decided hereafter to use stronger teams in these events. Then they proudly retrieved their defeat, and covered themselves with glory in the most hotly contested races ever run in Alaska. Twice again Baldy had taken them at headlong speed out over the frozen waters of Bering Sea; across the trackless wastes of drifted snow; through the pitiless storms of driven sleet; skimming the glare ice of lagoons; skirting the precipitous heights of towering mountains, to the bleak shores of the Arctic; and again twice he had brought them safely back, Victors in this Classic of the North.

With the summer came Baldy's play time. He had been invited with Irish and Rover to visit at one of the Pioneer Mining Company camps in the far hills; and here, free to do what their wildest fancies dictated, they swam, unmolested,

in the ditch; ran for miles with their chum, the gray horse; hunted squirrels, and even fished so successfully that they were the admiration of all the men who came down each day to watch them. Irish and Baldy would stand in the riffles of a stream, and Rover leaping into the pools and quiet waters would drive the fish up into the shallows where they were seized by his two companions, taken ashore and dropped on the bank, when they returned for more—keeping up the sport till a bird in flight or some other fascinating moving creature lured them away in a spirited chase through thick willows and across the marshlands. At night they slept in the bunk house, and ate without restriction such mysterious delicacies as pies and chocolate cakes till at last, surfeited with luxury and idleness, they returned to Nome ready for the cares and responsibilities of the winter.

There had been several changes in the Kennel; Dubby, full of years and honors, was dead, and his obituary in the newspapers was one that many a man might be proud to deserve. "Alaska's most famous leader passes away." What untold stories of marvelous intelligence, of unfaltering allegiance, of loving service lay in those simple words!

Baldy missed Dubby sorely, for there had grown a firm bond of sympathy between them. The old huskie had learned to know that a character may dignify a calling, and that a true heart often beats beneath a racing harness; while Baldy had discovered that Dubby's aloofness was but the inevitable loneliness of the Dog who has had his Day. To divert his mind from sad memories Baldy would go to look at Mego's twelve beautiful, fat, new puppies, and then, dozing peacefully, would dream of a comfortable,

---

BALDY OF NOME

---

serene old age when he would be given the tutoring of such, as Winners of future "All-Alaska Sweepstakes."

One day, from so rosy a vision, he suddenly waked to see Her come into the Kennel with "Scotty." They stood by the door talking earnestly. "It is a hard choice," She said, "for I know you love them all. It would not do to separate Tom, Dick, and Harry, and one would be quite enough to draw an invalid chair. On they came past Priest and Irish. "He must be strong and gentle," She continued, as they paused at the last two stalls and looked from Jack McMillan to Baldy. McMillan tugged violently at his chain, striving to reach Her. Baldy crept close to "Scotty's" side. "Jack is both strong and gentle," the man explained. "He was never vicious, just misunderstood. As for Baldy, well, I can't very well give him up. He has led the team in

---

## BALDY OF NOME

---

three great victories, and you remember he did not desert me when I lay freezing and helpless, alone in the snow." His master's hand fell caressingly on the ugly dark head pressed so tightly, so trustfully, against him. "He's a wonderful leader and my faithful friend," "Scotty" said.

And so it happened that McMillan of the broken tusks, whose name was once a symbol of all that was fierce and wicked, and wolf-like in the annals of Nome, today, under sunny California skies, wanders contentedly beneath the Berkeley Oaks with Her; or sedately pulls a wheeled chair, the loved and loving companion of one whose tender affection has blotted out the memory of those other days of rebellion and unrest; while Baldy, like White Fang, Cigarette, and her blind charge, Cigar, John Johnson's Blue Eyed Leader, and brave old Dubby, will be known so long as the Tales of the North shall be told, as one of the Immortals of the Alaska Trail.









RE  
TO

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE FIRST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

APR 5 1938

LIBRARY USE

MAR 14 1954

JAN 18 1938

4 APR '60 GGC

REC'D LD

MAR 5 1940

MAR 21 1960

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any  
University of California Library

or to the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station  
University of California  
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling  
(510)642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing  
books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made  
4 days prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JUN 18 2003

