# The Story of Bimbo a Lead Dog of Note

## With Dog Derbys Over the Tale of Bimbo Will be Enjoyed By All Who Love a Dog

### SAGACIOUS CANINE

The icy Alaskan river, plunging through its snow-clad gorge, was not frozen entirely over. In the middle the channel was free. At this particular place the gap was only three or four feet across—an easy jump for the malamute dogs pulling the sled, and negotiable by the sledge itself. But Bimbo, the lead-dog, ordered to cross the ice and make the jump, refused to leave the shore. Three times the driver, Merle Howard Guise, who tells Bimbo's story in "Boy's Life," urged Bimbo across to the opening, and three times the canny canine refused to budge. Then "on the third attempt, as we reached the channel, he turned sharply up-stream and dragged the disorganized team along the glare ice, in spite of the fact that I dug in the brake. A short distance up-stream he again turned, leapt the gap and, when the entire outfit had cleared the opening, dropped down upon the ice and put his head between his paws to receive his whipping." And Mr. Guise admits that he was sorely tempted to punish his lead-dog, but, he remembered Bimbo's intelligence, bravery and devotion. So, instead, he went back to the place where Bimbo had refused to cross. With a stick he struck the ice, and to his consternation it broke. It was only a thin sheet, not several feet thick as he had supposed. Bimbo had saved them all from an icy death in the water, and he had his reward in increased affection.

Bimbo showed his devotion in many ways. As lead-dog he was a stern disciplinarian to his fellows, and guarded jealously his own privileges. An instance of this is related by Mr. Guise:

> A low grow . . . a snarl . . . a yelp of pain . . . a heavy object rolling down the rocky hillside!
>
> The disturbance woke me, and I raised myself to one elbow. A slight brushing against the screen door, then silence, and I dropped back into bed.
>
> Bimbo had gained his objective! The post of honor, the gunnysack that served as welcome doormat in front of my little log cabin, was his, my leader's, by right of might, and for the rest of the night he would guard my slumbers even if he had to slash the throat of every contending malamute in the team to do it.

Poor Moose, undoubtedly it was his one hundred and fifty pounds that had tumbled down the slope, and he always took his dispossessing hard. In harness, at the "wheel," he was a veritable Red Grange. Dragging sled and dogs, he fairly waded through unfriendly teams that we chanced to meet upon the trail. But to Bimbo size meant nothing, for he had the knack of upsetting his opponent at the first onslaught.

Though a splendid fighter, Bimbo was not a quarrelsome dog. In fact, he avoided a fight when he could, and many a bully would display his teeth and utter contemptuous, low-throated insults, without seeming to arouse the slightest interest. In the matter of guarding my person against any animals, predatory or friendly, Bimbo probably considered that, because of his position in the team, he was entitled to this special privilege, and, fortunately for him, he possessed the fighting prowess to support him in this contention.

No two dog mushers agree upon the extent of the qualities that might reasonably constitute the perfect lead-dog, says the writer, adding, "but all agree that, as with men, pedigree is not necessarily the measure of capacity for real leadership. Many potential leaders are bred from selected, pink-eyed Siberian wolf-hounds, or from pedigreed setters trained to service in the North, and a chosen few might set up speed and endurance records in the great Nome Sweepstakes." Reading on:

> Yet a Mackenzie River husky, born in the humble environments of a squalid Indian camp, and maintaining an existence in spite of starvation rations and native abuse, might possess the very qualities necessary to lead his team over the most perilous trails.
>
> To me, Bimbo was the ideal lead-dog; to others, perhaps, he was merely a splendid leader. With his uncanny trail sense, he was easily the best that I had ever known. He was the kind of dog that stood in one's mind for ancestry, pedigree, blue blood; as if bred from registered stock, and trained from puppyhood to wear the jingle-bells of a leader. And yet he was simply one of the litter whelped in a Siwash fish-camp on the coast of Alaska, and turned loose as a puppy to reach maturity as best he might.
>
> When Bimbo was about one year old he had been picked up as a common young work-dog for fifteen dollars, and for weeks thereafter was thought to be worth just fifteen dollars less than the sum paid for him! He had been bought at Seward to fill out a team on the long mush north to the Yukon. At that time he answered to some other name. It would be more correct to say that he responded to no name at all and, placed in the "run," sulked the entire journey. This stubbornness persisted in spite of frequent lashings by the Jap who drove the team.
>
> Even on the Yukon this sullenness continued to a point where soon his end would have been the usual one of dogs not considered worth their feed. Only a fortunate mix-up in the harnessing of the team saved him. A driver borrowed the dogs, a musher unfamiliar with their position in the team. By chance he placed Bimbo in the lead!
>
> Immediately Bimbo's right to leadership was apparent; and from that time he retained it. This honor entitled him to the freedom of the camps, and thereafter he was seldom chained, winter or summer.
>
> A new dog in a team is always a problem, we learn, but Bimbo was always equal to such occasions. Continuing:
>
> A dog accustomed to taking orders only from some shouting driver soon learned, when placed in my team, that the real orders came from the lead-dog. When the rest of the team were straining at their collars to get the heavily loaded sled up the steep grade, and the musher had his hands full at the gee-pole, was no time for any dog to shirk. At such a time, a quick, backward glance from the panting Bimbo might be of no special portent to the shirker if he were a newcomer; perhaps the laggard might even return the look insolently, as if to say, "Well, what ya goin' to do about it?"
>
> A little more of this lagging and he would get Bimbo's answer—at the next stop for rest, or even at the end of the day. For a moment he would imagine, probably, that the whole team had jumped him, as Bimbo set upon him and gave him the neatest trimming he had ever experienced in so short a time.
>
> Usually one such lesson was sufficient to make a "good soldier" of the newest acquisition to the team. But once Kobuck and Notack, dogs new to the team, decided to "gang up" on Bimbo to revenge initiatory trouncings each had previously received. We had just completed a six-hundred-mile trail journey, and were enjoying the last few miles on a train of the partly-completed government railroad. Half a dozen other teams were crowded into the box-car, and the cramped quarters gave these two newcomers the opportunity, they thought, for retaliation.
>
> The two Siwash dogs were chained to the sled next to Bimbo. Soon they began to edge into him, forcing him to move over. Not satisfied, they crowded him still farther until he was at the end of his chain. Again they pressed him. It was too much! Bimbo struck!
>
> In a moment half a hundred dogs were at it, although in quarters too confined for a good free-for-all. Bimbo handled himself in a most masterly style, and the pair must have thought they had been set upon by half-a-dozen Bimbos, so quickly did he turn from throat to leg or tail, or whatever part of their furry hides presented itself. By the time I got a grip on Bimbo's hind legs, the two bullies had been soundly thrashed. Needless to say, Bimbo secured plenty of room, which he made use of by stretching out full length and going to sleep.
>
> A small lead-dog, however intelligent, is sure to cut a sorry figure in a team of powerful brutes if he has not the weight and strength to hold them in check. It is practically impossible for one man to harness and put in line a large team of high-spirited dogs without first lashing the towline and sled to trees or stumps. A good leader, first to be harnessed, will help considerably in keeping the team in place by lying down in the snow and digging in his toes as the harnessing proceeds. Even then he may be dragged about by the other dogs.
>
> When his harness was snapped into place, Bimbo would drop immediately into the snow, face to the front. A tug or two on the tow-line he would ignore, refusing to look back. A dog might give a pull that would move him a foot or so, which would be met with a turn of the head. But a violent tug that jerked him to his feet brought swift retaliation from Bimbo, and for the next few days the offender would be too much occupied licking his wounds to disturb his leader on a harnessing or any other occasion.
>
> The feet of the Northern malamute and the husky are exceptionally tough, and better adapted to hard going than the feet of the "outside" dog of fine breeding, yet they require the same attention that the driver gives his own. When the trail is gritty, and marks on the snow indicate bleeding feet, the careful driver halts and puts moccasins on the furred pads to protect them from the sharp particles of ice. These moccasins, or canvas sacks, if not ripped off by the fangs of the wearer, usually last for one or more days' travel.
>
> Bimbo, because of his strong, steady pulling was unusually hard on shoes, an inspection at the noon rest sometimes revealing his moccasins, especially those on his hind legs, worn through the bottom. He wore out twice as many moccasins as any other dog in the team, attesting to his conscientious work. He put his best into the tow-line until a word from the driver or a slowing down of the sled, indicated that the other dogs must have time out for a "blow."
>
> A sledge-dog should be a good trailer, and Bimbo was. One of the best pieces of trailing he ever did was to lead Mrs. Guise over Rainy Pass, on the ridge of the high Alaska Range, in a driving blizzard. This is how Bimbo handled the situation:
>
> When the storm broke we were too far up the mountainside to turn back. There was nothing to do but stagger blindly ahead—and leave the outcome to Bimbo.
>
> For three hours I could not see Bimbo or the other dogs—scarcely could I make out the handle-bars of the sled which I guided. Then, about three o'clock, as we passed out of the storm zone just before night settled down, there stood the government tripod—three sticks marking the summit of the dangerous pass! As I made my way forward and rewarded Bimbo by rubbing the ice from his face, it was with a feeling of wonder at an instinct that to me seemed inspired.

The World War separated Mr. Guise and Bimbo in this way:

> It was at Seward that Bimbo had been purchased, as a common work dog, for that first long trip to the Yukon. After many years of trailing throughout the vast interior of the North with him, the war finally brought me out. I was now on my way to the Outside, and from Seward I sent the team back to the Yukon—all save Bimbo. Bimbo, now in his twelfth year, had served me faithfully. The thought of separating from him was unbearable, so I took him out with me, to live the rest of his life on a well-earned pension.
>
> At Settle, I installed Bimbo on the spacious back porch of a friend's home on Capital Hill. I was certain that his view of the down-town section of the city would be more appreciated than the sight of Elliot Bay beyond, for Bimbo had suffered much from seasickness.
>
> Frequently I took Bimbo on long walks about the residential sections, and observed his keen interest in city life. Moreover, he thrived on his new diet of beef scraps and other delicacies, and did not seem to pine for his salmon, tallow, and rice.
>
> In the North, Bimbo had never played with other malamutes, for he always had held himself apart from them, as he had been rejected by dogs of breeding. Here, though, he seemed to enjoy meeting the city-bred dogs who dashed out at him from ack yards, but refrained, fortunately for them, from anything more bellicose than bristling back and threatening growls. Particularly was he amused at a little puff-ball lap aristocrat that come sputtering out from a parlor and, sniffling and snarling feebly, strutted around him and under his belly, as though daring him to knock the blue-ribbon bow off its neck. When a young woman in maid's apron and cap came to the door and stamped for "Wiki-Wik's" return. Bimbo seemed hurt at the little fellow's being taken away.

---

A Texas man says it's his ambition to have a suit of clothes for each day. Most of us have that now, but it's the same one.

## British Boys Welcomed to Canada

Fifty British boys, arriving at Montreal over Canadian National Railways to commence farm work in Canada, were given a hearty reception and were entertained at a luncheon by Dr. W. J. Black, Director of Agriculture and Colonization for the Canadian National System. The boys are going to Lindsay, Ont., where they will be placed on farms under the jurisdiction of the Rotary Club of that city, which already has succeeded in its efforts to place British boys with Canadian farmers and give them a chance to establish themselves in the new country.

## Sunday School Lesson

**March 31. Lesson XIII—The Future Life (Easter Lesson)—Luke 24: 1-12; John 14: 1-6. Golden Text—Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. 2. 10.**

### ANALYSIS.

I. THE VISIT OF THE WOMEN, Luke 24: 1-12.

II. THE FATHER'S HOUSE, John 14: 1-6.

INTRODUCTION—Our hope for the future life rests on the fact of the Resurrection of Christ, which is assumed throughout the New Testament as the foundation on which the Christian church rests. There are differences in the several narratives of the gospels, but these do not invalidate the main account.

I THE VISIT OF THE WOMEN, Luke 24: 1-12.

V. 1. The evidence of the resurrection beigns with the visit of the women very early on the first day of the week. They had no idea that Jesus had risen, but were come to pay the last respects to their beloved Master.

V. 2. Different places have been described as the scene of this great act. Most think it occurred in what is now the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but many prefer the site of Gordon's Calvary, with the garden near by. Here there was a rock-hewn tomb, where the stone would be rolled up against the opening. Evidently the women were wondering how they could remove this.

V. 4. The angels which are mentioned in all the accounts are here said to have the appearance of men.

There is a measure of rebuke in these words to the women, as if they should have remembered the express promise of Jesus that he would rise on the third day.

V. 6. In the other gospels reference is made to the appearance in Galilee, Mark 14: 28; but in Luke reference is made in this verse to the words spoken of his resurrection during his earlier ministry in Galilee (see Luke 9:22).

V. 9. We must read John 20: 2 and Matt. 18: 8, from which passage we learn that Mary Magdalene had run from the sepulchre to tell Peter and John of the removal of the stone, so that she had not seen the angels then. The silence mentioned in Mark 16: 8, may be explained by the fact that while Mary told the apostles, the others were at first so overcome with fear that they did not mention it at that time. Afterwards, however, they spoke of it.

V. 10. In the other gospels these names are placed at the beginning of the account. They all put Mary Magdalene first. John mentions no other directly, but implies the presence of others, John 20: 2. The three synoptists mention Mary the mother of Jesus.

V. 11. In all gospels the report is received with doubt. There is no evidence that the disciples were in an expectant mood. If they recalled the words of Jesus about his resurrection, they likely applied these to his return afterwards in glory. They did not think of his dead body coming back fro mthe grave.

V. 12. This is described more fully in John 20: 2-9. The position of the clothing is evidence of the way in which the resurrection took place. The physical body was transformed into a spiritual body, and the linen clothes dropped down on the stone.

II. THE FATHER'S HOUSE, John 14: 1-6.

V. 1. Few passages in the New Testament are more widely known, or have brought more comfort than this chapter. The minds of the disciples are greatly disturbed over the impending departure of Jesus, and they cannot see any way out of their difficulties. This passage consists of answers given to the several questions put by the disciples, and all of these bear upon the statement of Jesus that he is about to leave them. He gives them the assuring statement that he is going to his Father's house, but only that he may make ready for their arrival when the time comes. The one duty of the disciples is to have faith in the Lord.

V. 2. Heaven is here described as the abode of God the Father, where he is seen in all his perfection. Jesus had to use earthly figures to describe this place, and he likens it to a great royal palace, where there are many different rooms. There will be a place for all in that heavenly home. It is possible that the word mansion may be translated "stations," as if there were many places where the heavenly pilgrims may stop for a while. The two ideas of rest and progress are included. Jesus also tells them that they should trust him enough to know that in a matter of such grave importance he could not deceive them. If it were not so, he would have told them.

V. 3. This departure is no calamity, since it is the condition of his return in greater power. The promise of Christ's return is thus definitely included in this gospel. Here John is at one with all the New Testament writers, in making mention of the second advent of Jesus. But this passage also includes the return of Jesus in his spiritual presence to all believers. He will always be with his disciples. The resurrection was the spiritual return of Christ to the church.

V. 4. Jesus things that they should have known more than they seem to know. However dark their minds were, yet they should have some idea of the kind of life Jesus had lived, and of the kind of place to which such a one would go. Had he not taught them of the Father's all-sufficient love? Divine light and love must prevail in the abode of Christ.

V. 5. Thomas, the doubter, expresses the hesitation which was likely in the minds of all the disciples. He feels that Jesus is slipping away, and that they were not to see him any more. If only they could know the road by which he was going then they might follow on patiently, hoping some day to arrive at the same goal.

V. 6. Jesus definitely states in v. 7, that they should have known him better. However, he answers the question by giving one of the greatest sentences in all our Christian faith, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." He is the true, living way. He is the only road by which pilgrims may come to the Father's house. "To konw Christ is to know all, to know both the goal and the way."

## Famous Father Has Lovely Daughter

CONNIE MACK'S DAUGHTER FOLLOWS HIS LEAD

Mary Mack, daughter of the "Athletics'" famous manager, Connie Mack, is a leader in sporting events at Mt. St. Joseph's Academy in Philadelphia.

## Love

Old as the ages,
Bright as the day
Love is immortal,
Happy and gay.

Rare as red roses
In a deep shade
Blooming forever
Never to fade!

Old as dim Egypt,
Love's in her prime!
Stronger than Troy,
Outlasting time!

Pearls for a princess,
All in a sea!
Gold for a ruler—
Love still for me!

—F. Howell Woodring in the Pathfinder.

## The Old Way of Warmth

Manchester Guardian (Lib.): It is interesting to notice that in these days of frigid travel some passengers are calling out for old tin foot-warmers which used to be the most comforting of railway companions. There are two main schools of thought about the proper strategy in campaigning against cold—the European and the American. The American practice is not to heat the person but to heat the room, and this method is often carried to what English taste finds intolerable stuffiness. . . . Perhaps, if the cold continues, the American habit of taking iced drinks as a defence against the hot dryness of steam-heated rooms will give way to the consumption of mulled wines and the neguses which Englishmen drank before the days of the cocktail and central heating. The real argument for supplying local heat by means of a fire or foot-warmer was that you could keep your feet warm and your head cool; in a centrally heated room or carriage it is possible to have only a stuffy head while one's extremities grow unpleasantly chilly.

---

I do not deprecate for a moment the value of the spirit of self-sacrifice. —Will H. Hays.

## Trout Fishin'

How a withered old man who might have been the very shade of Izaak Walton explained the peculiarities of "procrastinating" trout is told by Ray Bergman in the April issue of "Field and Stream". This old fellow ambled up to a fisherman who hadn't been having the best of luck and casually said, a twinkle in his faded blue eyes:

"Guess ye ain't had much 'sperience wi' these here 'crastinatin' trout, have ye? Tain't nothin' unus'al. They often git that-a-way, an' ye must have had some 'sperience wi' 'em, fer ye cert'nly 'nly do a lot o' trout fishin'. Yer shoes is all worn t'om the rocks, them wadin' pants o' yourn is all patches, yer rod is hand-made—Oh, everythin' ye got shows 'sperience an' use. But say d' ye ever study the game like ye orta? I mean the way trout feel 'bout it. They's a lot like ourselves.

"They's three things does it," continues this sage old angler. "Trout as are slightly willin', continual castin' over the same spot and these here bivisible flies. See how they's made? Good stiff hackles, a stiff tail to make 'em ride high, without the hook point penetratin' the water, an' white on the top so's ye know where 'tis yerself. An' say, don't get so peevish an' disgrunted 'cause ye ain't gettin' fish. Chances is, it's yer own fault, an' ye'll never learn that-a-way. Try an' think like a trout does, an' ye'll get better fishin'. S'long."

### Soon Now

"Skunk cabbages poking their noses upthrough the earth, restless anglers fumbling among flies hooks and lines are all signs of approaching spring. In the same paper Seth Briggs starts the season with a few suggestions to fishermen.

"The best way to catch fish," he says, "is to keep your line wet and not think too much about the lure you are using or going to use. It is seldom possible to take trout on a dry fly during a snow storm or when the water freezes on your line, but the man who fishes consistently, conscientiously and intelligently with any lure with reason, usually comes home with a good catch of fish.

"Here is a suggestion to those who in the past have twiddled their thumbs until the first of May. Get out this year on the opening day with a good selection of wet flies and try your luck. Take a few each of Hare's Ear, Coachman, Cahill, Cowdung, March Brown and Queen of the Waters. Put on one or at most two different flies of the above assortment on your leader and fish them hard for a while before you change to a different fly."

## Henley in the Middle Eighteen Hundreds

Early morning in Henley! From over the wooded hills in the east there comes a great flood of sunshine that lies warmly on the ruddy side of the old inn, on its evergreens ,and on the slopes of sweet-scented mignonette, and sweetbrier and various blossoms that adorn the bank of the river. The river itself, lying apparently motionless between level and green meadows, has, its blue surface marred here and there by a white ripply of wind; the poplars that stand on its banks are rustling in the breeze; there are swallows dipping and skimming about the old bridge, and ducks paddling along among the rushes and weeds, and cattle browsing in the deep green; and farther on, some high-lying stretches of rye-grass struck into long and silvery waves by the morning wind.

All the stir and motion of the new day have come upon us; and Henley, clean, white, and red, with its town-hall shining brightly down its chief street and all its high clusters of old fashioned houses backed by a fringe of dark-wooded hills, shows as much life and briskness as are usually seen in a quaint, small, old-fashioned English town. But where the silence and the stillness of the morning dwell is away up the reach of the river. Standing on the bridge, you see the dark blue stream, reflecting a thousand bright colors underneath the town, gradually becoming greyer in hue until it gets out amid the meadows and the woods; and then, with a bold white curve that is glimmering like silver in the north, it sweeps under the line of low, soft green hills that have grown pearly and grey in the tender morning mist. Bell is standing on the bridge, too. The Lieutenant has brought out his sketch-book, and has placd it on a stone parapet before her. But somehow, she seems disinclined to begin work thus early on our journey; and, instead, her eyes are looking blankly and wistfully at the rich green meadows, and the red cows, and the long white reach ofthe river shining palely beneath the faint green heights in the north.

"Is Henley the prettiest town in the world, I wonder?" she said.

"Yes, if you think so, Mademoiselle," replied von Rosen, gently.—From "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by William Black.

---

I noticed your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me she was ill?" "So she was; but to day she's on the mend!"

---

Probably when Cupid twanged one in the direction of Lindy he pulled that old one about "the higher they fly the harder they fall."