The World Dog Hall of Fame

Stories of Our Most Celebrated Dogs

Doug Gelbert

Cruden Bay Books

Dogs are our link to paradise...to sit with a dog on a hillside on a glorious afternoon is to be back in Eden, where doing nothing was not boring - it was peace."

- Milan Kundera

THE WORLD DOG HALL OF FAME:
STORIES OF OUR MOST CELEBRATED DOGS

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Introduction

How can it be that there is no Hall of Fame for dogs? There is a Pinball Hall of Fame, a Mascot Hall of Fame, a Hot Dog Hall of Fame. There is a Freshwater Fishing Hall of Fame. There is a Robot Hall of Fame. There is a Burlesque Hall of Fame. There are an estimated 3,000 halls of fame. And no Hall of Fame for dogs.

A "hall of fame" is a Bavarian idea, hatched by King Ludwig I to display portraits of 36 of his country's most breathtaking Frauleins. In 1853 he built a classical Greek temple in Munich and lined the walls behind the Doric colonnade with busts of historical figures who had brought glory to the kingdom of Bavaria and the Germanic peoples. He called his creation the Ruhmeshalle - the Hall of Fame.

But it was really the Americans who took the Hall of Fame ball and ran with it. On New York University in 1901 Henry Mitchell MacCracken launched the Hall of Fame For Great Americans. The first 29 inductees received busts placed in an actual "hall" designed by the esteemed architect, Stanford White. There was no consensus on who was truly a "great American" - only George Washington was inducted unanimously by a board of electors assiduously assembled by MacCracken. No dog was ever included in the Hall of Fame For Great Americans.

And so it began. Now quilters are honored, polka dancers are honored, tow truck drivers are honored, stickball players are honored, toys are honored, kites are honored…but not our best friends. Until now. So let's get started and meet the inductees into the World Dog Hall of Fame.

But before we get going, a word. Some of the stories you are about to encounter may seem the stuff of fantasy to the jaded 21st century eye. But lay down your cynical stick before trying to beat every last kernel of truth from the tales. After all, historians are not united in believing all the stories from Babe Ruth's life, the greatest of all American sports heroes. It is possible to be famous and not have every scrap of your life story verified. And this is a book that celebrates fame.

"Happiness is dog-shaped."
- Chapman Pincher

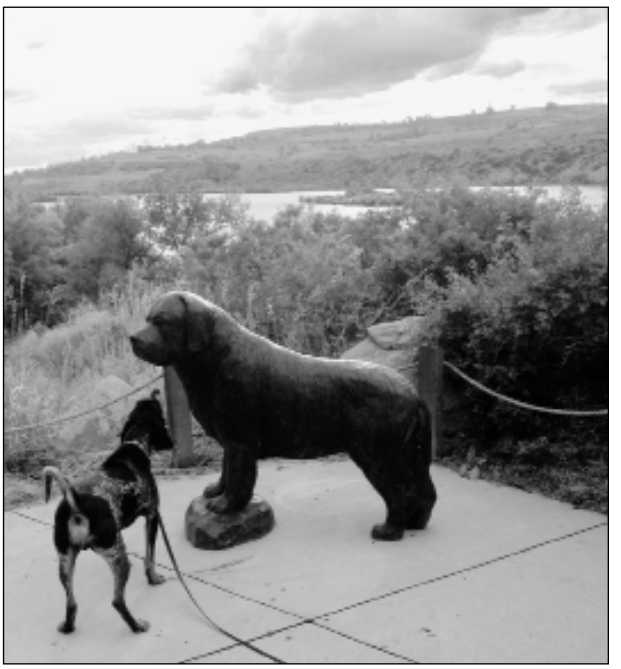
Seaman
1800?-1809?

In the summer of 1803, as he was rounding up supplies for the first-ever organized American crossing of the North American continent, Meriwether Lewis bought a dog. He paid $20 - half of his monthly captain's wage. He wrote in his journal, "The dog was of the newfoundland breed one that I prised much for his docility and qualifications generally for my journey." Lewis named his dog Seaman.

The big black dog would make the entire trip to the Pacific Ocean and back with the Corps of Discovery, serving as sentry, hunter, and companion. Early in the trip Captain Lewis recorded in his journal, "I made my dog take as many [squirrels] each day as I had occasion for. They were fat and I thought them when fried a pleasant food. Many of these squirrels were black. They swim very light on the water and make pretty good speed. My dog would take the squirrels in the water, kill them, and swimming bring them in his mouth to the boat."

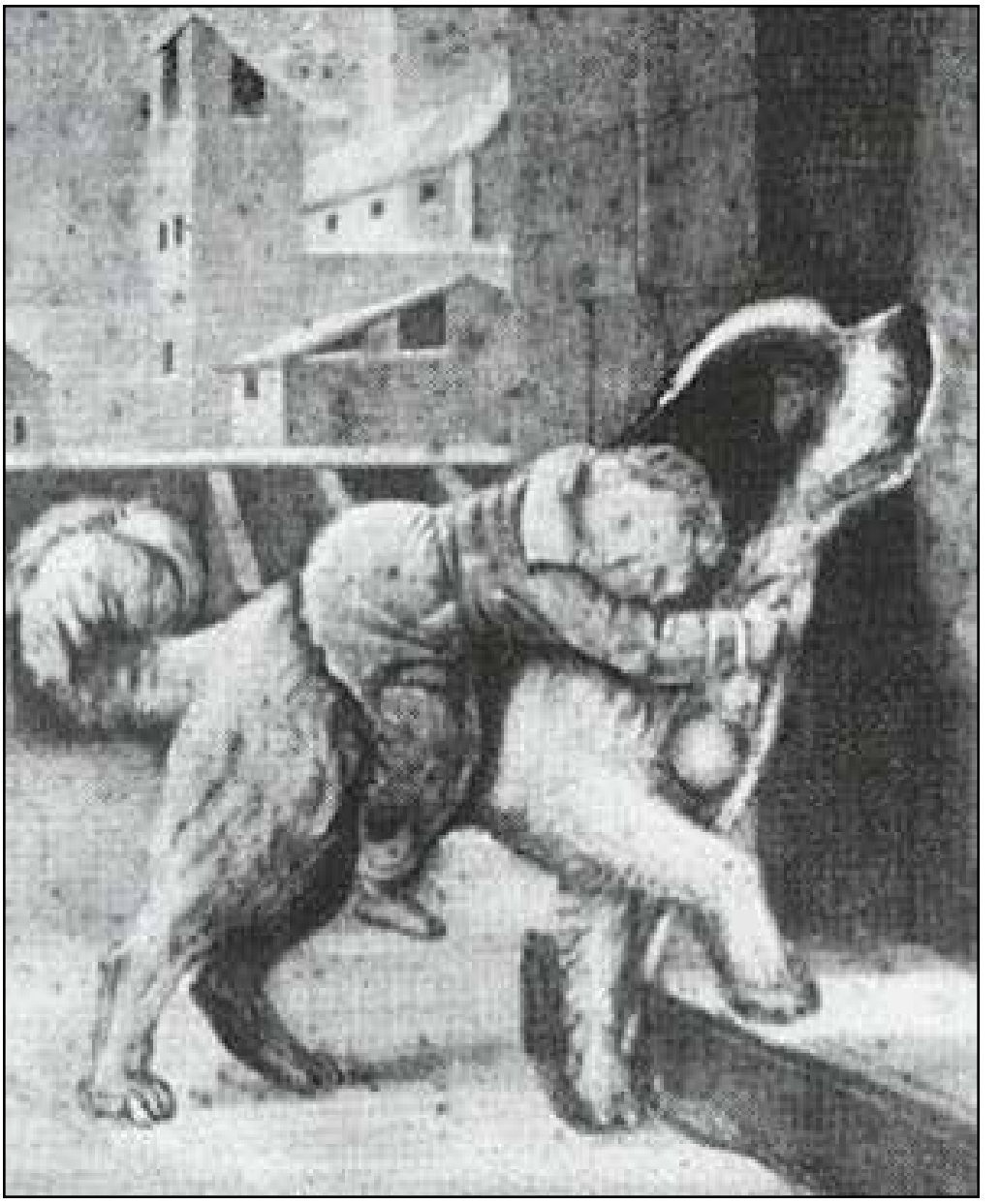
Seaman earned his keep as a game retriever and watchdog. He had more than a few adventures on the trail as well. He was stolen once by Clatsop Indians and on another occasion was badly bitten by a beaver, nearing dying from blood loss. Seaman also performed an occasional rescue of a Corpsmen trapped in the Missouri River.

The end of Seaman's story is unknown but it is assumed the big dog made it back across the continent with the Corps of Discovery since Lewis would certainly have mentioned it in his journal had he not. A dog collar has been discovered with an inscription that reads: "The greatest traveller of my species. My name is SEAMAN, the dog of captain Meriwether Lewis, whom I accompanied to the Pacific Ocean through the interior of the continent of North America."



This monument to Seaman in Great Falls, Montana is one of more than a dozen statues dedicated to the heroic trail dog along the route of the Lewis & Clark expedition.

Barry
1800-1814



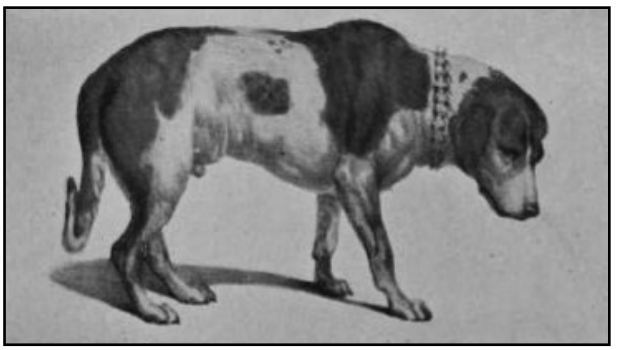
Not many dogs have an entire breed named after them. Before Barry his breed was known as an Alpine Mastiff or maybe an Alpine Spaniel. For many decades after his death in 1814, however, the dogs were called "Barry hounds." Finally, in 1880 the breed was officially recognized by the Swiss Kennel Club and named for its place of origin: the St Bernard.

The Great St Bernard Pass is the third highest road passage in the Swiss Alps at 8,100 feet. Hard by the border of Italy the passage has been a heavily travelled route for centuries. The Great St Bernard Hospice has operated in the pass for 1,000 years and in that time has made at least that many rescues in the mountains. They began breeding large dogs to aid in the work at least by the 1700s.

The pass is completely snow-free only a couple of months each year. Big dogs could handle big snow drifts and help pack down the snow for the two-legged rescuers. They could also provide critical warmth to injured travelers trapped in snow with their bodies and thick fur. Of all the St Bernard dog rescuers working the pass down through time none was more famous than Barry.

Barry began his work in the monastery in 1800 and was credited with saving 40 people before retiring in 1812. His legend has swelled through the years but the story most often relayed about his skill was the retrieval of a small boy from an ice cavern. Barry warmed the shivering child with his tongue and then maneuvered him onto his back for a ride back to the hospice.

Barry was not the size of modern St Bernards but he was burly enough to get the job done. Ironically, today's dogs are too big to participate in mountain rescues since they are too heavy to life up and down from a helicopter with a guide. The last recorded rescue by a St Bernard was in 1955. Their biggest value now is in hospital and nursing home visits where they are loved for their gentle disposition and patience.



The only known drawing of Barry shows a dog perhaps half the size of a modern St Bernard.

Barry's rescue days ended when a monk brought him off the

mountain to live his retirement days in the Swiss capital of Bern. After his death, Barry's skin was preserved and he was put on display in the Natural History Museum of Bern. His presence thrilled a local professor, Friedrich Meisner, who wrote in 1816, "I find it pleasant and also comforting to think that this faithful dog, who saved the lives of so many people, will not be quickly forgotten after his death!"

Barry was certainly not forgotten. Through the years the exploits of all rescue dogs in the Alps have come to land on Barry's resume. He has starred in countless children's books and is honored with a monument at the entrance of the Cimetière des Chiens in Paris. The Great St Bernard Hospice still breeds the fabled dogs and for the past 200 years one of the dogs has always been named Barry.

Barry is still regarded as an ambassador for Switzerland around the world. "It's like chocolate and cheese," mused Michale Keller, vice director of Bern Tourism, about the fame of Swiss exports. "I'd say Barry's in about third position." Even ahead of Swiss watches and Swiss army knives.

Barry wouldn't recognize his breed today - and they would likely be bewildered if asked to rescue a traveller in a snowy mountain pass.

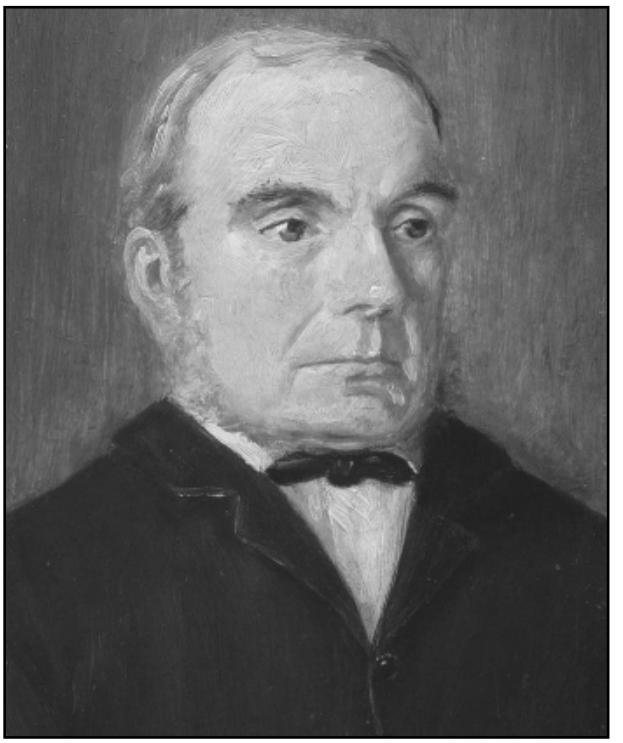
Greyfriars Bobby
1856-1872

A gardener by trade, John Gray couldn't find a job in his field after moving to Edinburgh in 1850. Instead, he took a job as a night watchman. To combat the loneliness of his patrols Gray adopted a little Skye terrier he named Bobby. The harsh night winds blowing off the North Sea took its toll on the constable and he contracted tuberculosis; he passed away on February 15, 1858.

After he was buried in Greyfriars Kirkyard the townsfolk noticed that Bobby was not leaving his master's grave. He would not leave for 14 years. The groundskeeper built a small shelter for Bobby beside the grave. When the one o'clock gun in town was shot off to signal lunch Bobby would leave and go to the Traill Coffee House - always a favorite of Gray - and he would be given a meal.

The devoted Bobby naturally became an Edinburgh favorite. When a law was passed in 1867 that all dogs in town must be licensed the Lord Provost paid for the levy and a collar. Bobby remained a faithful guardian of the grave until his death in 1872.

By that time Bobby's story had spread far beyond Edinburgh. Angelia Georgina Burdett-Coutts, considered the richest heiress in England and the president of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, commissioned a life-size bronze statue of Greyfriars Bobby just before he died. The esteemed William Brodie, one of Britain's busiest bust portraiture artists, executed the depiction of Bobby. In a long career filled with dozens of distinguished works the bronze of the loyal Skye terrier is probably Brodie's most famous work.



John Traill owned the coffee house where the grieving terrier came for meals. Hopefully, Bobby's arrival each day put a smile on his face.

The memorial fountain was placed at the foot of the George IV bridge. Over the years it became a custom to rub Bobby's nose for luck, wearing it down to the

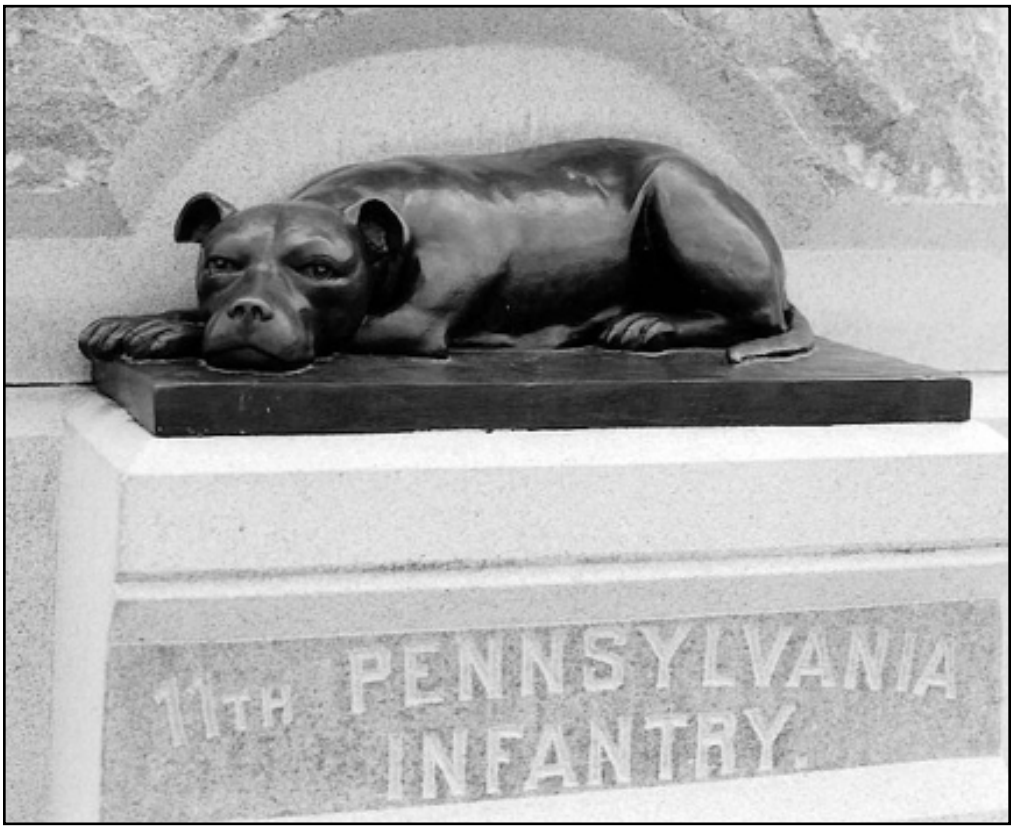
metal. The city tried to keep it blackened but eventually gave up. The statue was only the first of the tributes to the "world's most faithful dog." There have paintings, photographs, films, and biographies.

A dog's fealty to a master's grave was something of a trope in the 19th century. Even Seaman, about whom nothing is known for certainty beyond what was written in Meriwether Lewis's journal, was said to have a note left with his collar that read, "after Lewis died in 1809 no gentle means could draw him from the spot of interment. He refused to take every kind of food which was offered him and actually pined away and died with grief upon his master's grave."

Stories of such canine devotion don't play as well in more cynical modern times. Bobby's reputation as the standard of loyalty has spawned plenty of doubters, including one theory that there were actually two Bobbys who lived in Greyfriars Kirkyard. Regardless, the fame of Greyfriars Bobby endures and the words that adorn his headstone remain as true today as they did 150 years ago: "Greyfriars Bobby – died 14th January 1872 – aged 16 years – Let his loyalty and devotion be a lesson to us all."

The statue of Greyfriars Bobby is one of the most recognizable pieces of public art in Great Britain. His nose is regularly rubbed by admirers for luck, wearing it to the metal.

Sallie Ann Jarrett
1861-1865



Dogs have followed men into war as long as there have been dogs and war. Often their greatest value is doing what dogs do best - being a companion in the long, tedious times between battles.

Sallie Ann Jarrett joined the Civil War effort with the Eleventh Pennsylvania Infantry in 1861. She arrived in a basket in West Chester as the unit prepared to fill the Union lines. The bull terrier was only four weeks old and the regiment immediately adopted her as their mascot. The brindle pup was named for the two things that dominated the troops' minds the most in training camp - their commander Colonel Phaon Jarrett and Sallie Ann, a local girl who would stop by camp with biscuits and a pretty smile.

Sallie Ann was doted on but she also learned the code of the soldier. She was described in journals as "cleanly in her habits and strictly honest, never touching the rations of men unless given to her. She would lie down by haversacks full of meat, or stand by while fresh beef was being issued and never touch it." Sallie Ann recognized bugle calls and when the men were called to formation she always assumed her position along her namesake at the head of the regiment.

The Eleventh Pennsylvania shipped south and saw its first action at the Battle of Cedar Mountain in August 1862. Sallie remained calm, licking the wounds of fallen men and even picking at bullets that struck the ground around their position. In the ferocious fighting at Antietam the regiment tried to keep Sallie out of range but she would not leave

The only known Civil War-era photograph of Sallie Ann Jarrett.

the men. She picked up singed fur from a Confederate bullet for her stubbornness. It turned out Sallie had gone under fire in the family way - a month later she gave birth to a litter of ten pups.

Sallie Ann became renowned for her ability to recognize the individual members of her regiment in the fog of war. She always found her way back to the Eleventh Pennsylvania. When the regiment was undergoing review by the commander-in-chief, Abe Lincoln paused when he reached the handsome dog and doffed his stovepipe hat in acknowledgement. That's how the regimental history remembers it, anyway.

In July 1863 Sallie Ann Jarrett was back on her home turf in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania defending against Confederate invasion. Her position was overtaken but she refused to abandon the fallen men around her. She was not relieved for three days when a member of the Eleventh Pennsylvania arrived back on the scene to find a tired and hungry mascot.

In May 1864 a rebel minie ball penetrated Sallie's neck. The wound was not deemed mortal so the bullet was left to work its way out and Sallie continued to stay with her regiment. Nine months later, with the Union Army making its final assault against Confederate positions in northern Virginia an enemy bullet pierced Sallie Ann's brain. She was buried in the swampy grounds around Hatcher's Run where she fell.

Sallie Ann Jarrett was remembered by her comrades in the Eleventh Pennsylvania Infantry as the ultimate military dog. They noted that she tended to have a dislike for civilians but that she hated Rebels even more. When the veterans of the regiment erected a monument on the Gettysburg Battlefield in 1890 a recumbent, but ever watchful, Sallie Ann was placed at its base.

"I can't think of anything that brings me closer to tears than when my old dog - completely exhausted after a hard day in the field - limps away from her nice spot in front of the fire and comes over to where I'm sitting and puts her head in my lap, a paw over my knee and closes her eyes, and goes back to sleep.
I don't know what I've done to deserve that kind of friend."

. - Gene Hill

Old Drum

1865?-1869

Old Drum lived the life of thousands of hunting dogs on the American frontier in the 19th century. It was not his life but his death that brought him everlasting fame.

Old Drum was well known around Johnson County, Missouri in the years following the Civil War. The black and tan hound was Charles Burden's favorite, a tenacious tracker with a booming voice. Burden and his brother-in-law, Leonidas Hornsby, owned adjoining farms, co-existing in a more or less neighborly fashion until October 28, 1869.

Hornsby had been trying to make a go of a sheep farm but was plagued by predation from wolves and dogs. As his losses climbed to more than 100 head he vowed publicly to shoot the next dog he found on his property. When one showed up that fateful night Hornsby's young nephew, Samuel"Dick" Ferguson, excitedly set out to dispatch the trespasser. Hornsby later claimed he ordered Dick to only shoot to scare the dog and to load the gun with corn.

The following morning Old Drum's body was found on the banks of Big Creek. It appeared he had been dragged to his final resting spot. His side was peppered with multiple shots but no hole had completely penetrated Old Drum's coat. Burden vowed justice for his prized hunting hound. He filed suit for damages against Hornsby, asking for the legal limit of $50.

Any evidence that Hornsby was responsible for Old Drum's death was circumstantial and the first jury could not agree one way or the other. At the second trial Burden was awarded $25. Hornsby appealed and the original verdict was overturned, although the sheep farmer only received court costs. An enraged Burden claimed that new evidence was now available and was granted another day in court.

A fourth trial convened in September 1870 with a stunning array of Show Me State legal talent assembled to argue the demise of Old Drum. Representing Hornsby was Francis Cockrell, who would later serve 30 years in the United States Senate, and Thomas Crittenden, destined to be the 24th governor of Missouri. Speaking for Burden and Old Drum was John Philips, a future U.S. Congressman and United States District judge, and George Graham Vest, who would be a U.S. Senator for four terms.

Under oath Hornsby confessed to ordering his nephew to shoot at the dog but the defense wove a tale that it was a different dog and Drum was spotted elsewhere that night. When Vest stood up to deliver his final summation he ignored all the testimony and evidence presented in the case. Instead, he said,

Gentlemen of the jury, the best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter whom he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us--those whom we trust with our happiness and good name--may become traitors in their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world--the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous--is his dog.

Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow, and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death.

The case was quickly decided in Burden's favor. He was awarded $50 and court costs. Hornsby appealed and the case went all the way to the Missouri Supreme Court before vindication for Old Drum was finalized in 1872. Vest's speech immortalizing the loyal companion came to be known as Eulogy of the Dog. A bust of Old Drum stands in the Missouri Supreme Court and a statue, featuring Vest's rhapsodic words, was dedicated outside the Johnson County courthouse in 1958. In 2017 the state legislature named Old Drum Missouri's official Historic Dog.

"We are alone, absolutely alone on this chance planet; and amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us."

. - Maurice Maeterlinck

Bob the Railway Dog
1882-1895

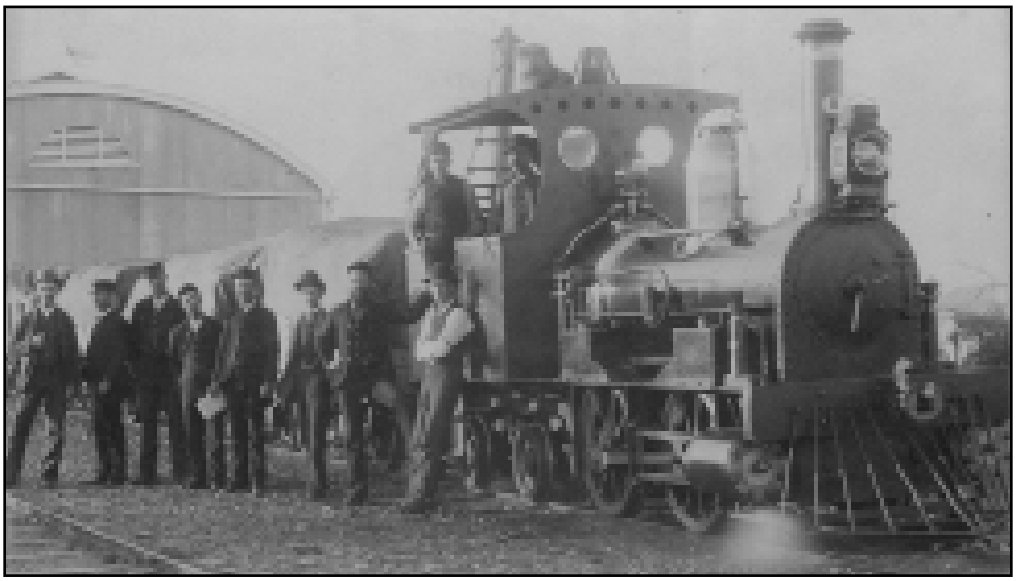
Most dogs make a lasting impression for their devotion and loyalty. And then there was Bob.

Bob was bred by a South Australian rancher from a German Collie Dog in 1882 to be a cattle dog. From an early age the dog seemed more interested in the workers constructing the local railroad than the cows in the field. He would run off, be brought home, run off, be brought home until when he was nine months old he disappeared for good.

The erstwhile cattle herder was rounded up with about 50 other strays and shipped to Carrieton, a railroad town with a rabbit explosion problem. When he arrived at the train station a local agent, William Ferry, took a shine to the dog and rescued him from rabbit destruction detail.

Ferry would become station master and as close to a master as Bob would ever have. Rather than hang around the station with Ferry, Bob began riding the trains. He would jump from train to train and soon became a familiar visitor across South Australia. His favorite spot to ride was atop the coal box which afforded a toasty perch. When a trip was finished Bob would just follow the engineer home for the night.

When Ferry was transferred to Western Australia in 1889 his fellow railway men hid Bob so he couldn't take Australia's favorite canine traveler with him. By this time Ferry realized that Bob was a free spirit, jumping on and off trains as the mood struck him. He was truly a dog of the railroad. Bob was loved everywhere he went and often his arriv-



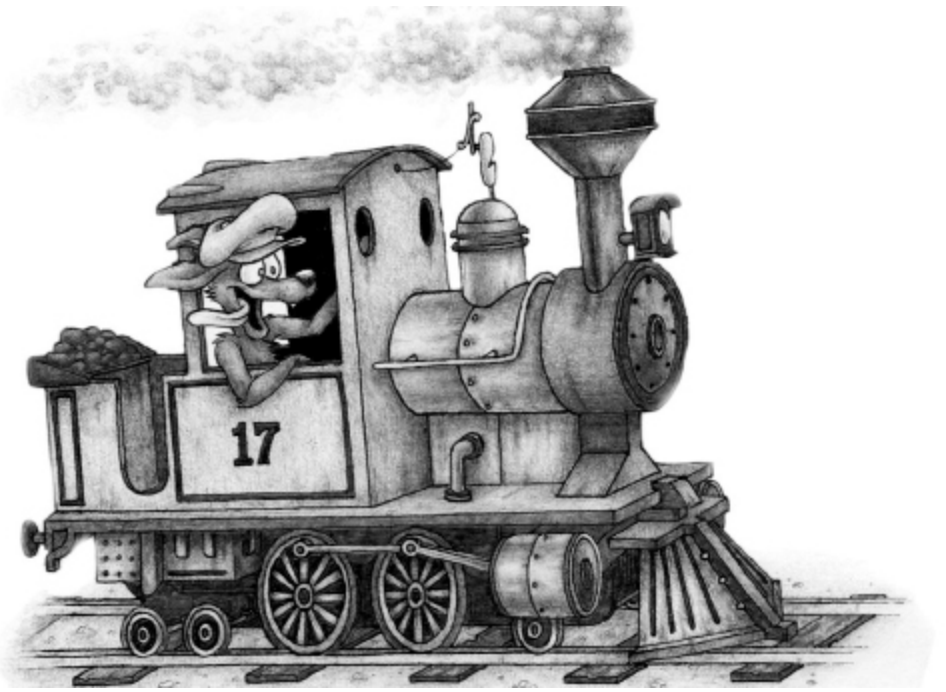
Bob in his usual spot - atop the locomotive in the Port Augusta Railway yard.

Bob the Railway Dog is immortalized sniffing out his next ride.

al in town made mention in the newspapers.

One day Bob was dognapped by a local sheep farmer. The intrigue ended quickly when Bob heard a train whistle and raced to meet the train. The crew recognized him and claimed him. When the farmer tried to protest he was told in no uncertain terms that the dog was the property of South Australian Railways and he would be prosecuted for theft if such a "mistake" were to happen again. Afterwards Bob wore a collar that was inscribed with a little doggerel, "stop me not but let me jog for I am Bob, the Drivers' dog." The famous collar is now on display in the National Railway Museum.

Bob the Railway Dog's last ticket was punched in Adelaide in 1895. His praises were sung in newspapers around the British Empire. His tales on the rails would be featured in books and a widely spread narrative poem. On Main Street in Peterborough, his main base, a bronze Bob looks friendly and ready for adventure exactly as he did when he was Australia's most famous and well-journeyed dog.



Nipper
1884-1895

Mark Barraud found a small stray terrier on the streets of Bristol, England in 1884. The little rascal seemed to have a special taste for human ankles - or so the story goes - so Barraud named him Nipper. Nipper spent his days in the Bristol theatre district where Mark worked as a scenery painter.

Unfortunately Barraud died unexpectedly in 1887 and Nipper was adopted by his 31-year old brother, Francis, who was a good enough artist to make a living as a painter in Liverpool. The two eventually moved to London with Nipper living another eight years, enjoying the ordinary life of no particular note that millions of pet dogs before him and millions since have lived. After his death in 1895 Nipper was buried in a park in Kingston upon Thames - never knowing that one day he would become the most famous dog in the world.

In 1898, working from memory, Francis Barraud started a painting of a curious Nipper looking into the horn of a new-fangled phonograph with a cocked head. Barraud called his work, finished on February 11, 1899, "Dog Watching and Listening to a Phonograph." Like most artists he was always on the lookout for extra cash and Barraud got the idea that Edison Bell Company, whose cylinder was depicted in the oil painting might find it of value. He fired off a hopeful letter to Edison headquarters in New Jersey and received a terse response: "Dogs don't listen to phonographs."

There is nothing like the power of a good idea and Barraud wasn't about to give up on this one. Surely there were more imaginative advertising targets out there. In the offices of the recently founded Gramophone Company in London he found William Barry Owen who said he would buy the painting if the artist would switch the machine to a Berliner disc gramophone. Deal. Barraud delivered the painting with a new name - "His Master's Voice" - which became the logo for Gramophone and its affiliate in the United States, the Victor Talking Machine

Francis Barraud painted a picture of his dog Nipper and it made him the most famous dog in the world.

Company. Over the years there would eventually be 24 different versions commissioned by the company from Barraud, who died in 1924.

In 1929, the Victor Talking Machine Company was acquired by the Radio Corporation of America - RCA - and Nipper was put to work as a trademark like never before. The dog-and-gramophone logo was used around the world. From then on Nipper was everywhere selling televisions and there he was on the cover of Elvis Presley records. He showed up in Looney Tunes cartoons. Nipper statues appeared at RCA Victor buildings across the globe. The steel-and-fiberglass one on the roof of a storage facility in Albany, New York stands 28 feet tall and weighs four tons. Nipper was named one of the ten most recognizable brand logos of the 20th century.

In 1991, almost 100 years after he died, Nipper "fathered" a son. RCA launched a new ad campaign featuring a puppy named Chipper. It is a bit harder these days for Nipper to hear either "his master's voice" or Chipper's ad pitches as his gravesite was built over in London. But there is a brass plaque on the Lloyds Bank building on Clarence Street to remember the life of the dog that the public never knew when he was alive.

The RCA headquarters in Camden, New Jersey was known as the "Nipper Building" for the four stained glass windows in its main tower.

Owney
1888?-1897

It was no small feat to become the biggest celebrity dog of the 19th century. There was no radio, no television, no movies, no internet. You really had to put yourself out there. And Owney certainly did.

Owney rests on his favorite bed - a mail sack.

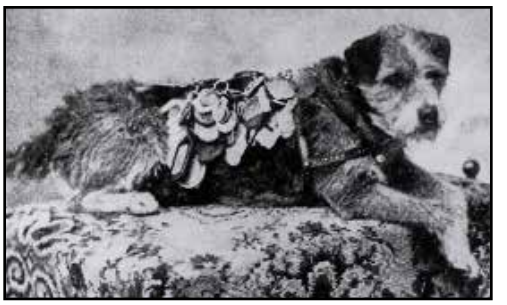
Owney's climb up the ladder of fame began in the Albany, New York post office in 1888. He was of indistinct origins but most recognizable as a Border Terrier. He was found by a postal worker named Owen so he became "Owen's dog." When Owen left, Owney stayed. He seemed to have an insatiable affection for mailbags and the marvelous scents that wafted from the wondrous canvas sacks.

When his precious mailbags moved, Owney went along as their guardian. He wouldn't let anyone touch the bags who wasn't wearing a postal uniform. One day a mail delivery arrived with both a pouch and a pooch missing. When the driver retraced his route he discovered that a mailbag had fallen off the wagon and Owney was lying on top of it, protecting the wayward cargo.

It wasn't long before Owney began jumping into trains loaded with mailbags. He started with local trains but soon he was leaving Albany far behind on his mail runs. Railway mail clerks were delighted to have Owney along for the ride, if not just as a good luck charm. In an era when it was not unusual to open a newspaper and read about a deadly train crash, no train Owney rode ever was in a wreck.

Once when he failed to return from a run to Montreal the Albany postal workers discovered Owney had been caged by the Canadian postmaster who was demanding $2.50 for his return to cover the cost of room and board. After that they fashioned a metal tag for his collar that read: "Owney, Post Office, Albany, New York."

When Owney's mail train rolled into town faraway post offices added their own tags to the collar. Owney became recognized by the jingle of tags announcing his arrival. Not all were from post offices. The celebrity dog, despite his undistinguished origins, was feted at



Owney shows off his collection of tags on his special harness.

dog shows and other events in his honor. Fore example, in 1893 the Los Angeles Kennel Club added a medal for "Best Traveled Dog" to his collection.

The tags were actually becoming a bit of a burden for Owney. Postmaster General John Wanamaker declared the little terrier the Official Mascot of the Rail Mail Service and presented him a special vest to distribute the weight across his back. There would be hundreds of tags - so many that compassionate clerks would remove them and forward them back to Albany for safekeeping.

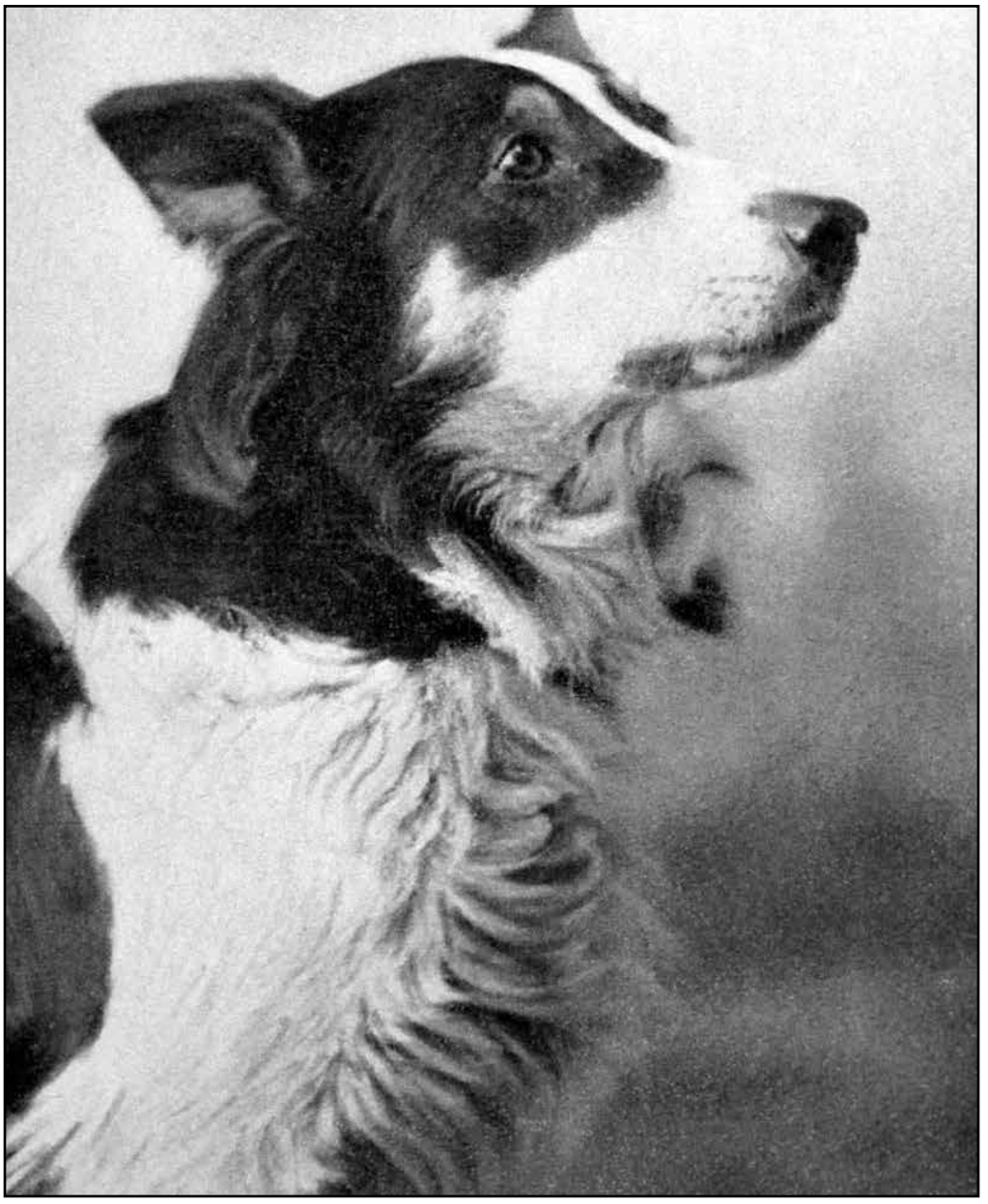
Owney's story was chronicled in newspapers and magazines across the country. He visited all 45 states and logged over 140,000 miles - the equivalent of traveling on his own almost six times around the globe. And in 1895 Owney did a world tour of his own, enjoying a 129-day publicity tour that took him with mailbags to Asia, the Middle East, North Africa, and Europe.

Owney made his last delivery on June 11, 1897 in Toledo, Ohio. He was older then and a bit cranky. There is no definitive account of what happened in the post office that day but it seems that a clerk tied the dog star up to wait for a newspaper photographer to arrive. Owney naturally protested and bit his captor when he tried to quiet him down. The aggrieved postal worker summoned a policeman who shot Olney. The *Chicago Tribune* called the incident "an execution."

Devastated postal clerks everywhere demanded that Owney be prepared for display and his travels continued. Owney's last stamp was finally cancelled in 1911 in Washington, D.C. at the Smithsonian Institution. His permanent home is a glass case in the National Postal Museum, which has also produced an hour-long online video celebrating his life. On display are 372 of the estimated 1,000 tags Olney accumulated in his travels. The tags are also a prominent feature of the "Owney the Postal Dog" stamp issued in 2011. Bit overdue now, don't you think?

Owney gets his own postal stamp!

Jean
1902-1916



Helen Hayes enjoyed an acting career that spanned eight decades and earned her the nickname "First Lady of American Theatre." In that time she never appeared with a bigger star than she did right at the beginning, when she was eight years old. "I had long curls," Hayes remembered, "and they let me play the juvenile lead in two pictures in support of Jean, the collie. Jean was the famous dog of the day, and I was very thrilled."

There had been dogs in films before Jean. After all, in the age of silent films a dog's inability to talk was hardly a hindrance. British director and producer Cecil Hepworth made a star out of his collie Blair in a succession of short flickers starting with *Rescued by Rover* in 1905. The movie was such a massive hit in England that the negative wore out and Blair was forced to shoot his on-screen heroics twice more.

Jean was a family dog in Robbinston, Maine in the easternmost county of the United States when Blair was inventing the dog movie genre. Laurence Trimble grew up on the farm surrounded by the animals he loved. In 1907, when Laurence was 22, he struck out for New York City to make his way as a freelance writer. He took Jean, a tri-colored collie then five years old, with him.

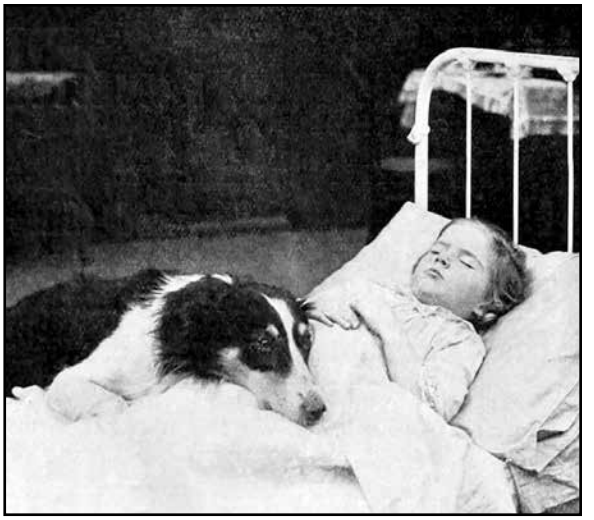
A couple years later Trimble was working on a story about the making of movies when the nascent industry was still centered around the Big Apple. While visiting Vitagraph Studios he learned about a script that was being delayed for production because it lacked a dog who could act. Laurence volunteered that he had a dog who could fill the role and the next day he brought Jean to the set. Within minutes she was performing on cue like a veteran actor. Vitagraph signed Jean for $25 a week and Trimble was hired as a director.

***Jean became the first American canine star in 1910 when she appeared in* Jean the Match-maker.**

Trimble would make over 100 silent films in the next 20 years with many starring Jean. Often they wnt home to film with the rugged Maine coast in the background. With such names as *Jean The Match-maker*, *Jean Goes Foraging*, and *Jean Goes Fishing*. Jean was branded as the "Vitagraph Dog" and every

bit as popular as Florence Turner, the "Vitagraph Girl" considered the most prominent actress in the world.

Jean even laid claim to being the first reality star. When she gave birth to six puppies in 1912 the blessed occasion became fodder for a Vitagraph film called, naturally enough, *Jean and Her Family*.

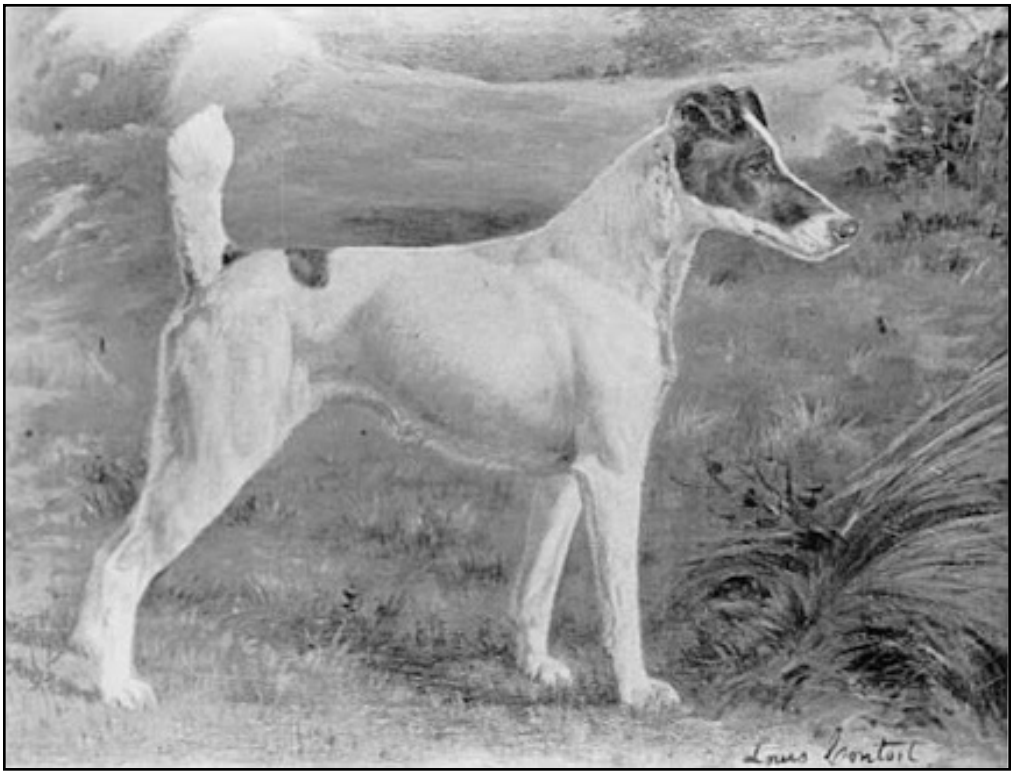


***Jean shows pathos with her star turn in* Playmates.**

The two mega-stars would pull a power play in 1913 when Turner, Jean and Trimble would leave Vitagraph to make movies in England. Trimble and Jean would stay three years abroad before coming home. But there would be no more movie appearances for the famous Vitagraph Dog. America's first canine screen star died shortly after returning to the United States.

***Jean tugs at heart strings with this scene in 1912 in* Church Across the Way.**

Warren Remedy
1904-1912



Like so many competitions the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show began with boastful talk in a bar. Seems that a group of hunters in Manhattan got to bragging on their gun dogs and decided to form a kennel club and settle their bets. The sportsmen named the new kennel after their favorite watering hole in the Westminster Hotel. The first dog show on May 8, 1877 was an immediate hit with over 1,200 dogs representing 35 breeds in competition. The *New York Times* reported that, "the crush was so great that the streets outside were blocked with livery carriages, and the gentlemen who served as ticket sellers could not make change fast enough."

For the first 30 years the dogs competed only in their own groups but in 1907 the Westminster Kennel Club introduced an all-breed competition for Best in Show. Representing the Terrier Group was Warren Remedy, a smooth-coated fox terrier not yet two years old. Her owner was Winthrop Rutherfurd, whose own breeding went directly back to Peter Stuyvesant, the last Royal Dutch governor of New York in the 1600s, and John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts.

Rutherfurd started the oldest fox terrier kennel in the United States in 1880 at his sprawling estate in Allamuchy, New Jersey. The Tudor mansion was in Warren County, hence all Rutherfurd terriers carried the Warren moniker. Rutherfurd served as president of the American Fox Terrier Club and wrote the standards of the ideal characteristics of the breed. No wonder his dogs performed so well with the judges in competition.

Warren Remedy started showing in 1906 but was still considered by experts to need "a little size yet." The next year she reached her maturity, just as the Westminster Kennel Club launched its first ever Best in Show tussle among over 2,000 dogs. Warren Remedy claimed the trophy and $50 in gold. She won again in 1908 and 1909. Some may have sniped that Warren Remedy had an unfair advantage against other dogs when her breeder wrote the standards but as *Outing* magazine summed up her competitive career, "at her best she was about as near perfection as a dog man ever hopes to see."

To this day no dog has ever won Best in Show on three straight trips to Westminster like Warren Remedy. She was the most famous dog in America, appearing in magazines and shilling for Spratt's Dog Cakes, the first manufactured dog biscuits. James Spratt, a lightning rod salesman from Cincinnati patented the Meat Fibrine Dog Cake back in 1860 and this was the first time the company had employed a celebrity endorser. When Warren Remedy died in 1912, maybe the best show dog there ever was, her passing was mourned in the *New York Times*.

Togo
1913-1929

Togo (far left, with his team)

Brawny Malamutes were always the sled dog of choice in Alaska's Great White North until Leonhard Seppala, a trainer and musher from Norway, helped change all that. Seppala landed in Alaska in 1900 when he was 22 years old, looking to chase gold in the Yukon. When the winter hit he found himself working as a dogsled driver. His life as a prospector was over.

A few years later the Nome Kennel Club started a long-distance race for dog sledders, following telegraph lines along the Bering Sea that linked villages and gold mining camps. The All-Alaska Sweepstakes covered 408 miles, requiring between three and four days to complete. As he built his reputation as a musher Seppala championed huskies imported from Siberia that rarely reached 50 pounds. Teams of the quick and agile Siberians came to dominate the race.

Seppala got his first sled dog team of Siberian Huskies in 1913. The dogs had been ticketed for a run to the North Pole with Norwegian arctic explorer Roald Amundsen but the expedition was called off. That same year Seppala culled his kennel of an unpromising puppy named Togo. Undersized and often unhealthy, Togo was given to a neighbor to be a pet.

Togo had other plans. He threw himself threw a window and ran back to Seppala's kennel. When Leonhard took his teams out to train the puppy would break loose and try to keep him with his heroes. One day a team of larger Malamutes took exception to the young miscreant and administered a mauling he would not forget.

At wit's end with Togo, Seppala put him in harness when he was just 8 months old. In his first outing Togo ran 75 miles, working his way to lead dog by journey's end. With Togo on lead Seppala won the All-Alaska Sweepstakes a record three straight times in 1915, 1916, and 1917. World War I brought an end to the event after that.

In 1925 Nome was the largest town in northern Alaska with 1,500 inhabitants but was still isolated. When the Being Sea froze over the only way to get supplies was by train first to Nenana and the by 675 miles by dog team - a journey usually of some 25 days. That January the territorial governor received an emergency telegram from Nome that the community was threatened by a deadly diphtheria epidemic. Serum was available but would not be any good after more than six days on the trail.

Authorities organized a dog sled relay to deliver life-saving serum 675 miles to Nome. The champion musher and his now 12-year old prized lead dog were recruited to anchor the return to distressed Nome. Seppala planned to cover the entire route to meet the westward bound dog teams and return on his own. After he departed Nome ad-

By being the lead dog of the team to deliver the life-saving serum to Nome after a relay of 674 miles, Balto became the dog hailed as a hero.

ditional relay teams were assembled but Togo still led Seppala's team through by far the longest and most dangerous leg of the Serum Run - 264 miles.

The race to save Nome made headlines around the world. More than 20 drivers and over 100 dogs participated in the courageous 5 1/2 day-race over the frozen Alaskan wilderness. A curious public was eager to put a face on the heroic effort in the exotic locale. That belonged to Gunnar Kaasen and his lead dog, Balto, who had taken the last 55-mile leg into Nome. Before 1925 was out there was a statue of Balto in Central Park in New York City. The Siberian husky was there for the ceremony. He worked the vaudeville circuit for awhile, letting admiring fans see the famous dog and eventually lived out his years in celebrity in the Cleveland Metroparks Zoo in Ohio.

Balto was a sled dog in Seppala's kennel but he had not been one of the trainer's top 20 dogs selected for the mission. He had been pressed into duty with an auxiliary team to relieve Seppala's crack team. Balto had never even performed as a lead dog. It was as if a star fullback bulled his way through a punishing defense for 95 yards down a football field and headed to the sidelines to take a breather on the opponents' 5-yard line. His back-up then ran the ball into the endzone for a touchdown and wound up on all the ESPN highlight shows.

Not that an aggrieved Togo spent his days pacing his kennel. Seppala and his team were feted around the country by those in the know, making appearances in stadiums and being featured in articles and books. Seppala founded a Siberian Husky kennel in Poland Spring, Maine where Togo spent his retirement until his death at the age of 16.

The Serum Run inspired the creation of the world's most famous sled dog race, the Iditarod, in 1973. At the headquarters of the Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race in Wasilla there is one Siberian husky on display to greet visitors - Togo.

Stubby
1916-1926

General John "Black Jack" Pershing, commander of the American forces in World War I, adds another medal for valor to Stubby's collection.

General John J. Pershing was the first American to be promoted to the rank of General of the Armies. In July 1921 Pershing met to honor one of those who served under him when he was commander of the American Expeditionary Forces on the Western Front in World War I. That soldier was the General Black Jack Pershing of dogs.

The *New York Times* reported on the confab of historic man and historic dog: "Stubby on parade is a gorgeous spectacle. He wears a leather blanket, beautifully embroidered with the flags of the Allies in natural colors, the work of nearly a hundred French demoiselles whom Stubby met in his travels. He wears also a Victory medal, with crossbars indicating the major engagements at which he assisted. His blanket is literally covered with badges and medals which have been thrust upon him by admirers, and on the left side of his elaborate leather harness, also a gift, he wears three real gold service chevrons, while on the right side he has another gold chevron to indicate his honourable wounds."

Stubby was always described as a brindle Bull terrier after he wandered onto a military training field in Yale University in 1917 as a stray. But he could have been almost any mishmash of breeds. Private J. Robert Conroy discovered him and named him Stubby for his short tail. He learned the bugle calls and the drills of the men of the 102nd Infantry, 26th Yankee Division and Conroy taught him a military salute, raising his right paw to his right eyebrow. That trick came in handy after Conroy smuggled Stubby aboard the SS *Minnesota* troop ship bound for France. When the commanding officer met the forbidden stowaway he was allowed to stay after getting a crisp doggie salute.

The canine soldier received special orders to accompany his unit to the front lines as a mascot. Stubby quickly adapted to the pounding artillery and loud rifle fire of life in the trenches. He became adept at identifying wounded allied soldiers by their voices and barked to lead

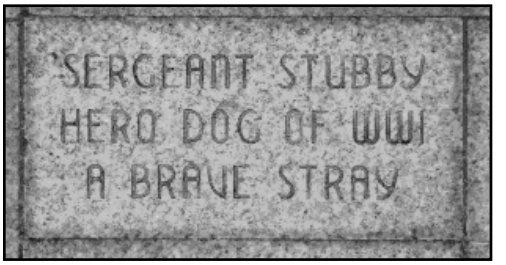
medics to their positions. He correctly pegged one soldier studying a map as a German when he called to him and Stubby chased the man, causing him to fall. He continued to bark and snap at the fallen spy until American soldiers arrived.

Stubby was the most decorated dog of World War I and in great demand in peacetime.

His first battlefield injury was as a result of poisonous mustard gas. After that he was outfitted with a special gas mask and was inscrutable in detecting a gas attack, barking incessantly for soldiers to grab their masks before they were even aware of the danger. A German grenade left shrapnel in his chest and necessitated surgery and a six-week hitch in a Red Cross Recovery Hospital. As his health improved Stubby visited as many fellow wounded soldiers as he could, boosting unit morale.

By war's end Sergeant Stubby had served in four major offensives and 17 distinct battles. Back home he marched at the head of victory parades and was a familiar visitor to the White House, dropping in on Woodrow Wilson, Warren Harding, and Calvin Coolidge. When Conroy attended Georgetown University Stubby went with him and was soon the school mascot. At halftime of football games he would delight the crowd by pushing a pigskin around the field with his nose. The canine war hero was given membership with the YMCA and a card that promised him "three bones a day and a place to sleep for the rest of his life."

Stubby died in Conroy's arms in 1926 and the honors continued to come his way after his death. His skin was preserved and he spent a lot of time at the headquarters of the Red Cross. In 1956 Conroy donated World War I's most decorated dog to the Smithsonian Institution. He never got another dog.



There is no contemporary evidence that Stubby was awarded a rank during his lifetime but his service stature seems to have grown in his afterlife.

Strongheart
1917-1929