

## *The American Telephone Journal 1903*

### TOLD OF THE ST. BERNARD DOGS

**A** FRENCH tourist relates that some time ago he set out to cross St. Bernard's Pass by himself, and got caught in the fog near the top. He sat on a rock and waited for one of the dogs to come, but in vain, and when the fog cleared away he managed to reach the hospice. On arrival he observed that he thought the dog a rather over-rated animal. "There I was," he said, "for at least six hours, and not one came near me." "But why," exclaimed one of the monks, "did you not ring us up on the telephone?" To the astonished tourist it was explained that the whole of the pass is provided with shelters at short distances from each other, all in direct telephone communication with the hospice. When the bell rings the monks send off a hound loaded with bread and wine and other comforts. The dog on duty is told what number has rung, and he goes straight to that shelter. This system saves the hounds their old duty of patrolling the pass on the chance of a stray traveller being found, and as the pass is for about eight months of the year under snow, this entailed very hard and often fruitless labor.