

VARIOUS PAPER CLIPPINGS ABOUT THE CHOWS OF PRESIDENT CALVIN AND GRACE COOLIDGE

THE EVENING HURONITE. HURON, S. D.

WITH THE COOLIDGES AS PRIVATE CITIZENS



Here are some interesting and intimate views of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, now private citizens again. 1—Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge go for a stroll with their two dogs, Beans and Tiny Tim. 2—The fight between Mike Gleason's bull pup, Pat, and Tiny Tim, famous White House chow. 3—Mrs. Coolidge perched on a soda fountain stool to enjoy a chocolate soda. 4—Mrs. Coolidge (right) and her girlhood chum, Mrs. R. B. Hills, on a shopping tour in Northampton. 5—James W. O'Brien, Coolidge landlord. 6—Dr. Frederick W.

Plummer, who occupies the other the carpenters who fixed it. 8—The half of the Coolidge duplex at 21 Mass-double house at 21 Massasolet avenue, sasolt Ave. 7—The parlor floor sug-half of which is occupied by Mr. and ged, and Mr. Coolidge gave cigars to Mrs. Coolidge.

The Kingston Daily Freeman. Tuesday evening July 12, 1927

LATEST IN COOLIDGE MENAGE



A new pet has been added to the Coolidge household. Mrs. Coolidge is shown with "Tiny Tim," a chow pup presented her by Harry Gillespie, of Denver, at the Summer White House in the Black Hills.

(International Newsreel)



Dogdom's rising star is Tut, a favorite of Herbert Hoover, who may some day be lord of the White House grounds. Here he is with his master. At the left are two canine aristocrats that he will displace if his master is elected president—Mrs. Coolidge's Rob Toy and Tiny Tim, the president's own chow. Both Rob Roy and Tiny Tim are now vacationing with President and Mrs. Coolidge in the Wisconsin wilds.

1928 The reason Blackberry Coolidge was given to Miss Trumbull??.....Howling at the moon!!



Rob Roy, the White Collie That Was the President's Special Pet, and Tiny Tim, the Chow

other living things as hard-boiled as himself.

Captain Andrews of the President's yacht, the *Mayflower*, evinced a lively interest in him, so Mrs. Coolidge turned Paul Pry over to that vivacious mariner. Scarcely had Andrews gone on a day's shore leave when Paul Pry was off, apparently trying to find the White House and Mrs. Coolidge again.

Then there was the wirehair Peter Pan, which just wouldn't get on with the other dogs. He is now occupying his time watching over the canaries, the love birds and the goldfish in the household of Ted Clark, the President's secretary.

There was little Boston Beans, the pup whose anguished efforts to match his short legs to the long leaps of the collie furnished a brief season of amuse-

Prudence would snap the leash and run in circles while Beans went over and over down the sloping lawn, like the eggs that are rolled there at Easter.

It was fun for Prudence, but hard on Beans. So Beans now enjoys the contentment of sole possession in the family house at 21 Massasoit Street, Northampton, Mass.

And there was Blackberry, the furry black chow. Blackberry had the kind of voice that Shakespeare wrote about, and he bayed the moon whether there was any moon or not. He seemed to engage in a perpetual hog-calling contest.

What with his love of his own voice and what with his evident determination to encourage the other dogs to engage in vocal contests, the classic calmness of the White House corridors got completely shattered.

Ladies sitting sedately in the Blue Room, preparing to make a formal call, were startled by strange noises, and gentlemen wondered whether they had stepped on something on the way in.

Blackberry obviously needed a home where he could be a soloist under no temptation to organize a choir. He was given to Miss Trumbull, the daughter of the Governor of Connecticut.

Rob Roy and Prudence Prim, Paul Pry and Beans and Blackberry came and stayed their term and went. But there are others still barking and playing and roughing one another and licking the President's hand and showing in their dearest way their liking for a White



Coolidge in 1929 holding Tim on a balcony.

MR. AND MRS. COOLIDGE

"Beans" Jealous of Mrs. Coolidge's Chow

NORTHAMPTON, March 28 (AP)—"Beans," the Boston terrier the Coolidges sent from the White House some time ago to be pet and companion for Mrs. Lemira Goodhue, the first lady's mother, is suffering mentally from a disjointed nose this week.

The reason is that when Mrs. Coolidge came here early yesterday to visit her mother, who is critically ill, she brought "Blackberry," a fuzzy black chow.

It appears that Blackberry monopolizes the attention of Mrs. Coolidge rather more than appears to Beans to be justified. Hence it is a rather crestfallen Beans that mopes about the Coolidge former home in Massasoit street, where Mrs. Coolidge is making her headquarters. It seems to be a case of out and out jealousy.

The peninsula of Lower California lies between the Pacific ocean and the Gulf of California.

Coolidge On Way Home



chowtales.com

After a summer of quiet and relative seclusion, President and Mrs. Coolidge took their departure from Superior, Wis., and started toward the capital, passing through Chicago, where they are pictured on the platform of their train. The president explained that his pet dogs are camera shy, as he held Collie Rob Roy and Mrs. Coolidge held Chow Tiny Tim for the above photo.