

## "My Life In The White House," By Mrs. Calvin Coolidge

### Many Pleasant Days with White House Pets

Tiny Tim, the red Chow, came on the President's birthday, but I knew as soon as I saw that little round ball of fluffy brown that he was mine. Three months old he was and had just been taken from his mother and five brothers and sisters. We thought he would be lonely for the old friends, homesick for the playground where he had rolled and tumbled with the other little roly-pollicies of his litter. I rigged up a wooden box, placed it on its side by my bed on one of the screened porches with a soft blanket in the bottom and another on top hanging over the front a few inches. There I put him to bed with a good night pat and expectations of rude awakenings but he slept through the long hours of the night as quietly as you please. Rob accepted him into the family with equanimity but no enthusiasm. As he grew older they became good friends and pals.

A month later, another white collie puppy came. She traveled two days in an airplane to get to us and when she arrived there was a great smutch of grease on her white fur indicating that planes are not yet equipped with garments with which to protect canine passengers against the grime of a journey by that modern means. While she had come by air, she seemed very much at sea and for several days she cried and barked and whined pathetically, stopping only when picked up and held. Her puppy heart was set upon something which we humans were utterly unable to divine and if we allowed her to go out of doors unleashed she started for the hen yard, nor did she stop there, it is only that we managed to head her off before she went further. Perhaps she had become air-minded.

Her kennel name was Diana of Wildwood but we gave her the subtitle of Calamity Jane—it seemed to fit her so well—and we thereby gave recognition to an historical character of the early mining days of the Black Hills region when the woman so designated, a tireless worker, a hard liver and a kind friend, had kept a saloon, had nursed the miners when they fell ill of small-pox and softened the rigors of pioneer life with the milk of human kindness. Her dying request that she be buried by the side of Wild Bill Hickok, a notorious gunman of those days, was respected and fulfilled and their graves are visited by many tourists passing that way.

Yet another dog was brought to us, the day before we were leaving the Hills to return to Washington, a baby black Chow. I was a little dubious about being permitted to take this latest acquisition along but John and I layed our plans to be as unobtrusive about our preparation toward that end as possible and we managed nicely. He was the more interested in the successful accomplishment since it was not for himself that he was mindful but for a Certain Young Lady to whom he wished to present her. Black as midnight, even to the black mouth and tou-



Diana of Wildwood who became Calamity Jane at the White House.

gue of the well bred Chow, she was—and is—an imp of Satan and we named her Blackberry. She reached her ultimate destination the following spring, and rides out in a smart roadster by the side of the Certain Young Lady, not always a model of deportment, for she will run away, but a very winsome doggy in spite of her willfulness.

Our dog family now numbered three; Rob Roy, Calamity Jane and Tiny Tim. By this time Tim had rather outgrown the diminutive Tiny and he was sometimes referred to as Terrible Tim. Gentle and kind, always happy and contented, such a name belies him and I have never held with that nomenclature.

Now, our foundling enters upon the scene of action. I refer to her in that way because she was left upon our doorsteps, one Sunday night, by some people who drove up in an automobile and passed her out to one of the officers with a letter saying that she had been raised especially for Mrs. Coolidge because they knew she liked dogs. Tan and white in color, she was a small edition of a



colle. Active and a bit domineering, she was never a favorite with the other dogs. They considered her too "bossy". Calamity Jane objected seriously to her advent but after a few days decided to make the best of the matter and be agreeable.

About this time, we entertained some guests who were politely impressed with our dogs, particularly the white collies, but they had a pair of black Belgian Gruenendaels, the parents of ten young dogs who were then a year old, and they thought we should have a black dog to complete the color scheme. A short time later, one of the young dogs came to share the bones from the White House cupboard. Coal black, with no touch of other color, we named him King Cole. A little shy, rather bewildered by the noises and confusion of train transit, he arrived on a day when we were having an evening party. Rob Roy had not received the new-comer cordially and during the festivities I shut him in my room to insure his being unmolested. When we came upstairs, after the party was over, and entered the room, he received us joyfully, putting his front paws up on us, wagging his tail and telling us with little sounds of joy from deep down in his throat that he had decided to be our doggy. But King was born to be somebody's only dog and he seemed always to be seeking for someone to love him and him alone..

For the following day the President had planned a week-end trip down the river on the Mayflower. Rob Roy and Tim were usually the dogs who were taken along but now we were confronted with a problem. We could not take both Rob and King Cole because of the older dog's antagonism for the younger and King was so shy and unaccustomed to his new surroundings that we disliked to leave him behind so we decided, for this once, to have Rob stay at home. He did not see us go but he knew well enough what had happened and when we returned, on Monday morning, there was no sign of him anywhere. He was always on hand to meet us at the elevator door when he had been away, putting his fore feet up on the President and making joyful little yelps of greeting. Searching, we found him in the boys' room, looking out the window and a more indifferent dog I never saw—not a sign of delight at our return, not even a little wag of the tail. All day he went around, not sulky, not dejected, mere-

### *Mrs. Coolidge Says:*

"Occasionally, we meet a person who is averse to cats and cannot remain in the same room with one, seeming to have an uncanny sense which warns him if one is present. Less often, we come across an individual who has an aversion for dogs and then it is the dog who recognizes it and keeps at a distance."



Tiny Tim and Ebenezer, the democratic donkey.

ly self-contained and aloof. Gradually he forgave us but I think he never quite forgot.

Rob Roy's last summer was the happiest of his life for he went with us to his native state and there he accompanied the President upon all his fishing expeditions. When he blew his whistle for the guide to come around from the boathouses with the canoes, Rob would listen for the answering whistle from the guide, rush to the back porch and wait for him to come around the bend with two canoes which he propelled by means of a long pole while standing with a foot in each canoe.

Then Rob would rush through the house to the front porch, dash down the front steps to the landing, and wait there until the canoe in which the President always rode, came near enough to allow him to jump

(Continued on page 7)

Unfortunately I never did find the second part to this charming article