

A DOG'S LIFE in the WHITE HOUSE



Of all White House dogs, Laddie Boy, the pet of the late President Warren G. Harding, probably gained the most fame.



Mrs. Calvin Coolidge had a regular menagerie. Here she is with her chow dog, Tiny Tim; the donkey, Ebenezer, and Diana, the white collie.



Canines Have Been the Favorite Pets of Presidents Since the Days of Teddy Roosevelt

doors the raccoon was kept chained, but inside the mansion she enjoy real liberty. Especially did she like the privacy of the bathroom. In the tub she often frolicked about with a cake of soap.

Tige and Blackie were kings of the Coolidge cats. Tige, a gray, striped tomcat, was the President's favorite. During his life of ease and comfort in the White House Tige often strayed off, but generally only for a night or so. But he never failed to march right back into Mr. Coolidge's good graces and in a few hours was the same meek and affectionate kitty the President loved so well. Finally he went on one of his mysterious nocturnal excursions and never came back.

Ironically enough, the highbrow Blackie finally turned vicious. Suddenly he started prowling around the White House grounds and killing squirrels and rabbits. He was also blamed for the demise of a number of birds. So eventually he was banished.

One of Mr. Coolidge's closest companions was Rob Roy, the snow-white collie

By James N. Miller

FOR the first time since the Harding Administration the White House kennels are empty. Not a single howl has enjoyed the luxury of America's No. 1 dog department house for so, these many months.

The reasons are good enough. First, President Roosevelt has made no secret of the fact that he dislikes the present kennel set-up and will not maintain any canine pets until there's a new deal in kennel-dom. Furthermore, unlike most Presidents, Mr. Roosevelt isn't strong for gift dogs. An expert on canines himself, he prefers to make his own personal choice in every instance. So that the scores of dogs of every breed and description that are sent him from time to time invariably are returned to their senders immediately or are given away.

A final reason is that an unprecedented amount of bad luck or ill health has dogged the lot of practically every one of the aristocratic canines housed there since Mr. Roosevelt entered the Executive Mansion in March, 1933. Major, giant police dog and the President's favorite, and Meggie, wee Scotch terrier and Mrs. Roosevelt's pride and joy, were banished a year ago for biting. Major, in addition, broke his leg in a mysterious accident.

Winks, mischievous setter pup, was in a weird crash and took a quick trip to puppy heaven. Tiny, enormous English shepherd, seemed unhappy in his historic environment and so was presented to a close friend of the Roosevelts for at least temporary guardianship. General Grant, a gift bull pup, turned out to be a poor "mixer" and was given away. Jack and Jill, universally beloved Irish terriers belonging to the President's grandchildren, Sisile and Buzate Dall, were too quiet and dignified for the exciting life at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. So, after only a very brief residence there, they were sent to the peaceful rural atmosphere of Krum Elbow, the Roosevelt estate at Hyde Park, N. Y.

MAJOR, a handsome buff and black German shepherd, trained for police work, was presented to Mr. Roosevelt shortly after his election to the Presidency by a troop of New York State police. Major's address for a few months was Krum Elbow.

There were several other police dogs there, and it was Major's job to keep them in order. He himself had a trick through which he was frequently misunderstood. He walked up to each visitor, took his wrist firmly in his teeth and scrutinized him before he let



Major, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's favorite pet, had been trained in police work, and when he put his training into practice at the White House, it became necessary to send him away.

him go. This made Major unpopular with some visitors. But really he didn't mean any harm. It was presumably part of his training as an alert police dog.

Unfortunately, Major brought his "take bite" with him to Washington, and it was sadly out of keeping with his newly acquired title of America's No. 1 dog. What had been regarded as a joke at worst in Albany was nothing short of a serious canine crime in the White House.

Poor Major! He soon found that a dog's life is just that in the Executive Mansion. Only a few days after Mr. Roosevelt took office in March, 1933, the hapless dog started his long series of crimes by biting Senator Hattie Caraway, of Arkansas on the arm while she was attending a Roosevelt party.

Later he tore Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald's trousers during a British statesman's visit to Washington. And just for variety he broke his leg soon afterward and, bare's recovered from that, had to have an operation on his back.

One day early that September Major nipped another stranger and was imprisoned in the doghouse near the south portico for several days. And when finally released he was further humiliated by being forced to wear a muzzle. The very last straw was an incident that occurred some weeks later. A certain Washingtonian was

passing the White House when he saw Major cavorting about on the other side of the fence. The man reached through to pat the dog. Major responded by biting his hand. Seven stitches were necessary. Small wonder the police dog was deported to Hyde Park.

Even so Major has a better record than some of his White House predecessors. The prize for annoying visitors still belongs to Pete, pet bulldog of Teddy Roosevelt. One fine day Pete turned on French Ambassador Jusserand and tore out part of that distinguished diplomat's trousers. Straightaway the Ambassador sought safety in the low-hanging limbs of a nearby tree.

Mr. Harding's Laddie Boy nipped at dignitaries and finally was sent away. Mr. Hoover had Shamrock, a great Irish wolfhound that bit so many White House policemen and marine guards at Rapidan Camp that he had to be destroyed.

BESIDES housing all these biting dogs, the Executive Mansion has served as a veritable menagerie of pets of almost every conceivable sort. Mr. Taft kept a cow named Pauline as a member of the "kitchen cabinet." Mr. Coolidge at various times had a raccoon, a donkey and a couple of frisky tomcats.

Probably the prize pets of them all, however, were Mr. Wilson's sheep. During the World War Dr. Cary T. Grayson, Presidential physician, bought them



Probably the prize of all White House pets were the sheep which roamed the spacious grounds during the regime of the late President Woodrow Wilson.

to mow the White House lawn to save manpower when labor was scarce. Fourteen sheep were brought to the enclosure just south of the mansion. In 1920, with conditions becoming normal after the war, Mr. Wilson gave the animals to a close personal friend for his farm near Olney, Md.

Winks, tiny English setter, was only a few months old when he was presented to President Roosevelt at Warm Springs, Ga., in the Fall of 1933. When the setter had matured somewhat he was brought to the White House to replace Major. Since Winks was the only dog in the kennels, you might suppose he would behave himself. Instead he got in trouble almost from the very first. On February 28, 1934, he was in dire disgrace for having eaten the breakfasts set out in the servants' dining room for nineteen servants!

Winks had finished and was licking his chops over his enormous repast of steaming bacon, eggs and toast, just as the first of the servants arrived for the morning meal. And was he embarrassed? He put his tail between his legs, lowered his head and made a speedy getaway.

Winks wasn't punished. But he didn't linger long in his historic environment. Less than five months after his hunger march the setter got into a peculiar crash. He was playing on the White House lawn with another dog belonging to a Secret Service man. Suddenly Winks got all excited about the fun he was having and failed to keep his eyes front. He cracked into an iron fence and died of concussion of the brain. The pup now rests in a special canine coffin in Silver Spring, Md.

President Roosevelt became fond of Tiny, big, shaggy English sheep dog presented to him early in 1933. The original plan was to send Tiny to the Roosevelt farm at Warm Springs, Ga. Before so doing, however, he was turned over to Admiral and Mrs. Cary T. Grayson, close friends, to keep temporarily, as doubt had arisen over the advisability of sending such a heavy-coated dog to such a warm climate. Until a final

decision has been made as to his future, Tiny will remain with the Graysons. The Hoovers kept eight dogs during their residence in the White House. King Tut, the President's favorite, was a magnificent police dog, raised from a pup by the Hoovers. Tut assumed the throne of the kennels when his master and mistress moved from S Street to 1800 Pennsylvania Avenue.

So faithfully and religiously did Tut assume the task of patrolling the regularly assigned beats of the policemen about the rear grounds that he thought of nothing else. He gave up all notions of play and paid little attention to meals or sleep. Pretty soon, at the age of 8, he passed away, presumably from sheer exhaustion.

Probably the Coolidges had the queerest assortment of pets of any Presidential family. They kept a gentleman donkey, a lady raccoon, two cats and something like seven dogs. Just where the donkey came from seems to be a mystery. Anyway, the First Lady grew fond of him, named him Ebenezer and housed the beast in a special pen.

Official records are conflicting as to just when the raccoon joined the White House family. One notation says Thanksgiving, 1928, and another asserts that Christmas of the same year was the proper date. Anyway, the animal was the gift of an admirer who intended her for the President's holiday dinner to replace the traditional turkey. But Mr. Coolidge took a fancy to the little creature the moment he saw her arriving at the White House and named her Rebecca. Soon this feeling grew into a real attachment.

Mrs. Coolidge also became fond of Rebecca and had a house built for her in a huge tree with a wire fence around it in the rear grounds. White out of



Dejected? Contrite? Or just plain ashamed of himself? Anyhow, this is the way Winks looked after he had helped himself to nineteen breakfasts on the servants' table.

which supplanted the Harding Laddie Boy as canine boss of the White House. Rob quickly worked himself into the affections of the President. Often when his master retired to his office after luncheon the handsome collie trotted along to take a snooze in front of the fireplace, curl up in a leather chair at the President's elbow or look out of the window, yearning, perhaps, for a run around the yard or out in the street where he wouldn't have to observe all the White House rules of etiquette. Even during mealtime the faithful collie generally was near the chair of his master and always profited to the extent of getting choice morsels of food.

Another Coolidge favorite was Paul Pry, frisky alreadale and half-brother of President Harding's Laddie Boy. Paul was a big, overgrown, awkward puppy when first he entered the White House. Mrs. Coolidge tied him to a leash and managed to calm him down somewhat. Nevertheless he never quite got over the habit of galloping.

Other well-known Coolidge dogs were Diana, a white collie; King Cole, a black Belgian dog; and Beatie, a yellow collie.