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TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

WHO KILLED SIR HARRY OAKES?

By Alan Hynd

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A TRUE GIRL BY VARGAS

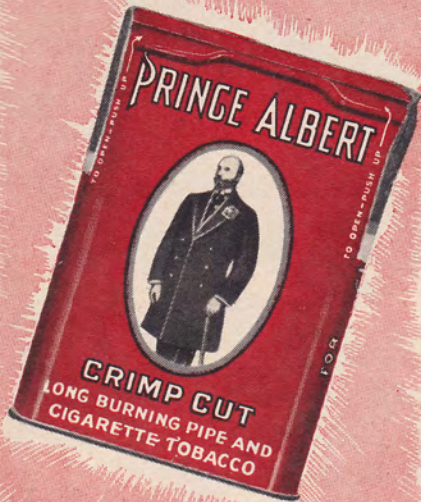
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FEBRUARY 25¢



THE CHINOOK—Have you
ever seen one? Page 36

Bite's Out



Pleasure's In



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MORE MEN SMOKE

Prince Albert

THAN ANY OTHER TOBACCO

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

the EDITOR speaking



The sturdy and amiable-looking creature on the left is perhaps the rarest beast in dogdom: a Chinook. The Chinook is not only rare but unique, and in many ways, not the least of which is this: although he has a mouthful of choppers practically good enough to tear the leg off an elephant, he will not, under any circumstances, bite a human being. At least no Chinook ever has, in more than thirty generations. Rush on to page 36 and find out more about it.

When a TRUE cover painting comes back from the engraver, there is never any danger of its lying around to gather dust; plenty of offers to give it a good home are always on hand. Sometimes the artist gets it back, sometimes it goes to an exhibit, sometimes one of the editors manages to snag it. Occasionally it's hung in a museum. This signal honor has just been given to

the November cover, the locomotive painting by Mr. Philip Ronfor. The painting will be hung in the West Texas Museum by the time this reaches print. We hope it will bring much pleasure to many Texans—and even transient foreigners.

With that cleared up, we can proceed on to plugs for a couple of good books. If you haven't read one lately, now's your chance, and we can heartily recommend a couple



"You found my number on a wall WHERE?"



Perry Greene has raised Chinook dogs for only twelve of his sixty years, but they're now his whole life's work and pride.

The Descendants Of Walden's Dog

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

Photo for TRUE by Dave Robbins



With the help of pin-dotted map, Mrs. Greene keeps tabs on Chinooks in twenty-five states.

The Chinook is the hardest kind of a dog in the world to buy, and the only breed that's controlled absolutely by one man. Here, for the first time, is the story of how the breed began and of how it's doing today

In all the world, there are three kinds of dogs: there are the mongrels, there are the American Kennel Club registered breeds—and there are Chinooks.

The Chinook—big, proud, intelligent and handsome—is, in numbers, the most exclusive dog in the world today. He is also the most mysterious in origin, the most difficult to buy, and the only pure breed that is entirely and absolutely controlled by one man. That man is Perry Greene of Waldoboro, Maine.

Nesting on the coast edge of Maine in the bleak, good land that has sprung crops and ships and men of equal hardiness, Waldoboro is a village of big barns, bell-towered churches, and firm but friendly righteousness. Perry Greene and his dogs are its best-known citizens. Because of them, people by the thousands from all over the world come annually to Waldoboro. But in the twelve years since 1940, only 162 of these people have left Waldoboro with a Chinook.

That's all the Chinooks there are.

Because Perry Greene refuses to mass-produce his remarkable dog and because there are seldom more than fifteen pups a year for sale, there are more people waiting to buy a Chinook than any other breed of dog. Even at an average price of \$400 per pup, it is safe to say that Greene could sell several hundred a year. Instead, however, he has a waiting list of \$50 depositors who are quite willing to take

their turn—whether it comes this year, next, or in 1955.

Chinook owners have one thing in common that makes them unlike any other group of dog owners. Although they have as pure and true a breed of dog as lives, none of them knows his dog's bloodline. None can trace his dog's ancestry beyond one generation. None of them knows where the Chinook came from—beyond the Greene kennels. They will, in fact, learn more about their dogs from this exclusive TRUE article than they have ever known before.

A Chinook is a 100-pound creature of most lovable traits and extraordinary intelligence. He is mild-mannered, understanding, even-tempered, and reliable. His great, tawny coat of fur is coarse, yet soft to the touch. It is in color somewhere between honey and pale dry sherry. About his wide shoulders every Chinook wears a thick ruff of fur which at times gives him a lionlike appearance. His muzzle blends in darkening stages to a black nose. His eyes are nut-brown, his ears ever alert, his tail curves in a sharp arc over his hind, and he walks with a deliberate, hip-swaying motion that is unique. No matter which particular Chinook you are describing, he is always a handsome dog.

He is the only dog in the world who is sold with a "bring-him-back-if-he-doesn't" guarantee to guard with his life, by the time he is twelve months old, the children and property

of his master. This is not the result of intensive training, but is Chinook instinct, bred into him through thirty-three generations. In the fulfillment of this guarantee, Chinooks have already—in their short, fifty-two-year history—shown themselves to be as adept at life-saving feats as the brandy-toting St. Bernards of the Alps.

It is a tribute to Perry Greene's breeding methods that he was recently able to feel sure about lowering the age at which he will guarantee his dogs' performance. Until a year ago, he promised a guard dog by eighteen months. Now it is twelve. It could hardly be much sooner.

A Chinook, pound for pound, will outwork, outpull, and outendure any other dog that lives. He is as much at home in deep, sub-zero temperatures as he is in the balm of southern California. Although Chinook owners, for the most part, do not expect work of their pets, they have a dog that takes to harness more amenably than a horse. A full-grown Chinook will pull 400 pounds from a dead start—four times his own weight. The Alaskan Husky, long famed for his load-pulling powers, can only move about one and a half times his own weight. In the winter of 1940, Greene took an all-Chinook dog team across 502 miles of rough Maine country in the amazing time of ninety hours. Considering that he had a load of over 800 pounds on the sled, his average time of 5.5 m.p.h. is remarkable.

Chinooks live a longer-than-average dog's life, seventeen years not being unusual. They maintain their prime-of-life appearance until death, and 12-year-olds play with 2-year-olds without the difference in age being apparent in their actions.

Temperamentally, a Chinook is dignified—and as self-assured as a professional bouncer at a church supper. In the fifty-two years since the first Chinook was born, no one of his breed has ever bitten a man. He would rather back up his deep, businesslike growl with the ability to knock an intruder down and walk all over him.

"I'm not saying that they *wouldn't* bite if sufficiently provoked," says Perry Greene. "I'm just saying they never have. Every Chinook is equipped with an impressive set of ivories and if the day ever comes he needs to use them, he'd be a damn-fool dog if he didn't."

For the record, there hasn't been a damn-fool Chinook born yet—in fact, based on the testimony of Chinook owners, every one of the 150 dogs now living in twenty-five states has at some time or other performed feats that are downright human.

High on the Chinook's list of accomplishments is the positive, night-and-day safe-guarding of children. No child in a Chinook's care will ever run into the street—not as long as the big dog can use his weight to shove, push, or haul the youngster back to safety. Nor, naturally, will any Chinook-guarded child be a very good bet to be kidnaped or otherwise molested.

Most of the thousands of people who have stopped at the Greene kennels on U. S. Route One—11,000 by actual guest-register count last summer—have come not to buy a dog but only to look at the twenty-odd premier animals which are the priceless Chinook breeding stock. A hand-lettered sign on the steel fence which confines the animals tells visitors that this is the only Chinook breeding stock in the world, that the breed is *not* registered with the American Kennel Club, and that prices for pups range from \$250 to \$1,000 depending on Mr. Greene's estimate of the dog's potential physique and intelligence.

"But *what are* they, Perry?" people ask. "Where'd they come from? What blood is in them? What combination of dogs produced this wonderful creature?"

There are two living people who know all the answers to those questions—Perry Greene and his wife, Honey. When I went to Waldoboro to see Perry not long ago, we sat down in his big living room, turned the soles of our shoes toward the roaring fireplace and had a talk. Perry relaxed in his big chair, allowing his long, high-booted legs to stretch. Two of his prize dogs, 11-year-old Bering, and 2-year-old Barrow, dozed awake on the rug. Perry poured us each a glass of white port wine and then started to spin a story—the first, complete story of the Chinook dog, beginning to end.

It all started with a man named Arthur Walden who was a prospector, explorer, and later manager of Admiral Byrd's dog teams. In 1896, Walden found gold on the Yukon River in Alaska, filled a few pokes, and was back in Maine by 1900. It was in that year, somewhere in the southern part of Maine, that Walden found one puppy in a litter of dogs which was as completely unlike any of its brothers or sisters as it was unlike its father [Continued on page 62]



Eleven-year-old Bering with a six-weeks pup.



Cook Sundra and 300 pounds of dogs.



Perry Greene is firm, fatherly with the dogs. He expects absolute obedience and gets it.



Feeding time is once a day at the kennel. Chinooks have average appetites for their size.

Descendants of Walden's Dog

[Continued from page 38]

or mother. The pup was male. It was larger than the other pups of the litter, was marked differently, and seemed to have an entirely different disposition. Walden, an old hand with Alaskan sled dogs, was quick to be interested. He bought the pup on a hunch.

It was a good hunch. The dog was a Chinook—although not to be so called for another twenty years. For the present, the animal was known only as "Walden's dog."

To be scientific, the dog was a sport of nature, a new creation, the first of a new, true breed of dogs. A phenomenon of nature that may occur once in multi-million chances—that may happen once in a thousand years—had taken place. Walden's dog was a creature not of its parents but of the cosmos.

"It was an act of God!" thunders Perry today. "It could never happen again." This is true. Chinooks are not the result of any particular crossbreeding; not the offspring of any secret mating that, if disclosed, could be duplicated. They are as A is to the alphabet. This much about the dog's parents can be said: they were not sled dogs, they did not belong to Arthur Walden, and there was no wolf or Husky blood in the strain. Inasmuch as the Chinook pup was a sport, all other conjecture as to its origins is as

academic as a search for the first snowflake of a blizzard.

Not only was Walden's dog a sport, he was, fortunately, a prepotent sport—that is, capable of transmitting its own characteristics without distortion to another and many more generations. To learn this, Walden mated him with a small black-and-white female. The first litter of pups resembled Pop from their dark muzzles to their shaggy tails. The new breed was begun. In the fifty-two years that have followed, the dogs have bred true in every litter with never a throwback to mar the perfection of thirty-three generations.

For several years following 1900, Walden continued to breed the dogs. Litter by litter, he became more impressed with his find. The dogs learned quickly and developed more rapidly after birth than any he had known. He took them on lecture tours with him, raced them in Alaska, even taught one of them to trample out a pile of blazing newspapers as an exhibition. Everywhere he went, people agreed: this, indeed, is something new. Here was a dog the world had never seen the likes of.

In 1917, a dog which Walden named Chinook—after the Alaska Indian tribe—was whelped. Three years later, when a friend asked, "Arthur, why don't you name this breed of yours?" Walden thought a minute, then said, "Well, Chinook is the finest animal I've ever raised. I'll call the breed Chinooks after him."

The dog Chinook went on to be Byrd's lead dog in the Antarctic. He could hold

to a course through a raging blizzard and never vary more than two compass degrees per mile. Sense of direction comes as easily to Chinooks as a sense of smell.

When Arthur Walden's exploring, prospecting, and lecturing activities left him with less and less time to spend with his dogs, he turned over his entire stock and the records of its breeding to a Mrs. Julia Lombard of Wonalancet, New Hampshire. Until she retired, Mrs. Lombard continued Walden's careful work of breeding for brains. In 1940, she sold her kennel and breeding stock to Greene—not because he offered the most money (he didn't), but because she felt he'd do the most for the dogs.

"So, that's where I took over." When Perry Greene finished his story, he flipped his home-rolled cigaret into the fire, poured himself another glass of port, and popped vitamin pills down the throats of his two house dogs. "Same vitamins I take myself," he grinned.

At an even 60 years, Perry Greene is a great, angular man of tremendous physical strength whose huge hands have been leathered by a life of hard work; whose fine face looks as if it had been hewed from prime oak by the strokes of an expert axman. He looks back on a life in which the breeding of Chinooks is but one interesting chapter.

At 14, Perry left home to go into the woods as a chopper. He told the foreman he was 22. His 6-foot frame and 186 pounds backed up the lie. At the end of his first winter in the woods, young Greene had established himself as a head chopper—a man who could fell so much timber it took three teams of oxen to haul out his logs. For this, he was paid top wages of \$28 per month.

Perry Greene handles an ax as surely as his knife and fork. No man who has ever swung a blade has ever even approached his world-championship performances. The first time he stepped into competition, the world mark for chopping an 8-by-8-inch hard-pine log in two was 37 seconds. Young Greene spit on the palms of his huge hands, planted his feet, and let fly. He dropped the world mark by three full seconds on the first try. In succeeding years, he left all competition behind, taking the record down to 15 2/5 seconds in 1936. There it stands today, a full fifteen seconds faster than its nearest competitor.

"They'll never break it," says Perry. "Choppers just aren't what they used to be in my day."

To buy a Chinook from Perry Greene is not only to acquire a superlative animal, it is a personal triumph. The big wood chopper doesn't take an immediate liking to every transient dog fancier who happens along, nor even to those with enough ready cash to buy a Chinook. Prospective purchasers must come to Waldoboro and pass strict muster.

"Chinooks deserve the best owners I can find for them," says Perry. "That's one reason I make people spend at least twenty-four hours here at the house before I make up my mind." For a man with his heart set on owning a Chinook, that can be a harrowing test.

Despite this tension, however, the



HANDSOME

by Theodore Pratt

"In his novel **THE TORMENTED**, Theodore Pratt explored the phenomenon of nymphomania. Now, in **HANDSOME**, he reveals the motivation, the psychology, of the insatiate male. You will learn how a thoroughly likable and gentle person such as Handsome will stop at nothing to gain his ends, not even murder, if a female opposes his demands."

DR. RICHARD H. HOFFMANN
Internationally Famed Psychiatrist

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Greene house is a friendly home, big, comfortable, and interesting. Mrs. Greene—Honey, that is—designed it, and Perry built it singlehanded. The interior shows the handiwork of the master woodsman—hand-hewn ceiling timbers, knotty-pine paneling, wide board floors, heavy, iron-latched doors. This is the setting for the prospective Chinook buyer's test.

Meals are an event. Sundra, the Greenes' Finnish cook, produces great quantities of delicious chow three times a day, and takes no back talk from anybody, not even Perry. The table is set with simple dignity and across it, Perry Greene watches his man, listens to what he says, begins to decide whether the guest will be a customer by sundown tomorrow. Until then, the coveted Chinook pups are on one side of the wire and the man who wants one will stay on the other. Sometimes they never get together.

"I remember a man and his wife came here for a dog one time," tells Perry. "He seemed a right sort at first—until we got up to go to supper."

"Mind if I wash my hands?" this fellow said. "I've been touching the dogs." Perry doesn't record his answer, but that man will never own a Chinook.

"These dogs are cleaner than I am!" booms Perry. "They're a damn sight cleaner!" Chinooks, surprisingly, never need a bath. Greene's eleven-year-old Bering has never been washed. Neither has any other dog in the kennel, yet all of them look as if they'd just been brushed and powdered for the bench.

If you ask him, Perry will tell you what he likes and doesn't like about prospective buyers. "I like to sell my dogs to young folks—especially if they've got children. They're more likely to teach the dog manners than old people. Old people are liable to treat a Chinook like most of them treat grandchildren—spoil 'em!"

"I don't like yes-men—the ones that are obviously trying to butter me up so I'll sell 'em a dog." To this Honey will add that most people who come to the Greene house seem to tiptoe in their conversation.

"They're definitely on their best behavior and Perry usually doesn't take to it much."

The big woodsman not only watches the buyer's reaction to his dogs; he watches the dogs' reactions to the man. "Most everybody likes the Chinooks," observes Perry. "I'm more interested in the dog liking the man." This is not an invariable reaction. Although generally good-natured, Chinooks are not friendly to the point of slobbishness.

"Every so often somebody who comes here will hair up the whole kennel. There's no explaining it. Just that certain people don't mix with animals." These people leave Waldoboro with several hundred dollars in dog money still in their pockets.

Buyers are not permitted the pick of any litter. They may not specify a choice of male or female. They take what Perry Greene gives 'em and they're lucky to get that.

Obviously, in order to maintain control of the breed, Greene never sells an

open bitch. All females are spayed at five weeks. Just to be sure that the good vet doesn't make any mistakes, Greene stands by to assist and observe the operation.

Only nine people in the world own more than one Chinook; none owns three. Where two dogs are members of one family, they are always of opposite sex.

No Chinook owner has ever had the privilege of naming his dog. They're named by Greene before they leave the kennel—original, appropriate names from the north countries: Oomalik, Chena, Taavo, Kokalik, Chilkoot, Kiska, Dukavik. They are thereafter referred to by the Greenes as Kiska Brown, Taavo Smith, etc., depending on the owner-family's surname.

Those fortunate people who leave Waldoboro with a pup, go with a minimum of instructions from Greene. He asks only three things of an owner. Teach the dog to mind, have manners, and stay home.

Chinooks are not difficult to teach. Even when eight weeks old—the age at which most leave the kennel—they can be immediately housebroken and trained to their master's routine. A pamphlet of instructions which Greene gives every new owner says, "Housebreaking should take one and a half to three days. If it takes longer, there is something wrong with you." Perry is sure of his dogs.

The same pamphlet—which contains certain pages which are not for publication—advises on general training, care, and feeding. So fussy is the maestro about

what his furry children shall eat that he recommends a particular brand of commercial dog food but specifies that it be those cans produced at a midwestern city—not the same brand as packed at an eastern point.

Greene doesn't like to see a Chinook trained for tricks. "It's beneath his dignity," says Perry when he explains why he doesn't favor the typical shake-hands or sit-up-and-beg type of training.



"You can teach a Chinook to do anything," Perry goes on. "Why not teach him to do useful, helpful things?" Greene's own house dogs do errands, carry the paper or mail, and will bring any object to you providing they can lift it. Handsome Barrow—TRUE's cover dog this month—carries Honey's billfold in his mouth whenever she goes to town (no danger of that being stolen!) and Bering brings his master an egg nog from Sundra twice a day—no matter how far from the house Perry may be working.


Caution: "If you ever visit the Greene kennels and don't intend to offend the big woodsman who will show you his dogs, remember this: don't—repeat, don't—whistle or chirp at them. First of all, the dogs won't pay any attention to you; second, Perry won't like it.

"Chinooks respond to their master's voice," he'll tell you. "Anybody can imitate a whistle, but a voice can't be copied. That's why I don't want 'em whistled at." On this point, Mr. Greene is firm.

Chinooks are given superb care at the kennel. Daily feed includes beef and

UNCLE WALTER

<p>IT SMELLS GRAND</p>  <p>HAS IT GOT AROMA? MAN, AND HOW!</p>	<p>IT PACKS RIGHT</p>  <p>AND IT PACKS SO NEAT IT RATES A BOW</p>
<p>IT SMOKES SWEET</p>  <p>IT'S THE PIPE-BLEND CHAMP YOU MUST ALLOW</p>	<p>IT CAN'T BITE!</p> <p>A BLEND OF CHOICE KENTUCKY BURLEYS, EXTRA-AGED TO GUARD AGAINST TONGUE BITE. SIR WALTER RALEIGH STAYS LIT TO THE LAST PUFF—NEVER LEAVES A SOGGY HEEL.</p>



*It costs
no more
to get
the Best!*

horse meat (lean), blackstrap molasses, sour milk, cod-liver oil, dog foods, bones. So careful is Greene of his dogs' diet that he buys cows and horses on the hoof, then has them slaughtered and dressed out to hang in his huge, walk-in freezer.

"One batch of poison meat," shudders Perry, "and there'd be no more Chinooks in the world."

Greene will not allow hired help near the kennel. He even insists on cleaning the yards and the runs each day himself so he can observe the condition of each dog's excrement. No Chinook on record has ever had a case of distemper.

People often ask Greene why he does not register the Chinook breed with the American Kennel Club. A.K.C. requires only a registration fee of \$400 and proof of eight consecutive generations of pure breeding. "I've got the four hundred dollars somewhere," allows Greene, "and I can show them thirty-three generations of pure breeding right there in that safe. Why don't I? Because I don't want to see the dog ruined; I don't want them bred for show with narrow heads and thin, quivering hind legs." About then Perry gets strong-feeling about the subject and cranks up his big voice to add, "I raise *dogs*—real, working animals, guardians and companions—not models! I refuse to breed the brains out of them!"

And, by the tall pine tree, when Perry

tells you something, you believe it, mister!

Every so often, Perry gets a letter in the mail from some stranger who believes he owns a Chinook. There are invariably a couple of snapshots to "prove" the belief. Since the Greens know every Chinook owner in the world—and consider them all closer than friends—such letters only draw a smile and a polite reply. "You have a nice dog. He is not, however, a Chinook."

There are six distinct ways in which a Chinook may be identified beyond dispute. Until now, these have never been disclosed except to Chinook owners.

First, a Chinook has a skin that is at least three times as thick as that of any other breed.

Second, every Chinook has a distinct birthmark somewhere on his body in the form of a coarse hank of hair that is distinct from the over-all coat.

Third, a Chinook's nose, because of its unique texture, can not be "nose printed" for identification. No known printing method has yet succeeded.

Fourth, every Chinook's tail is composed of two distinct sections, disregarding its mantle of fur. Extending about four inches from the dog's body is a thick section which drops abruptly down to a thinner extension.

Fifth, the Chinook's foot pads are unlike those of any other dog. Instead of

being composed of the usual, fibrous, almost spongy tissue, they are smooth and tough as old sole leather. No Chinook has ever come up sore-footed, no matter under what conditions he has worked.

Sixth—and perhaps most dramatic—is the structure and arrangement of a Chinook's teeth. Every incisor at the front of a Chinook's mouth interlocks with its opposite number. The entire dental equipment of every Chinook resembles that of a bear more than it resembles that of any other living dog.

There's no mistaking a Chinook.

Although these dogs are obviously excellent candidates for seeing-eye work, only one has ever been so employed. Greene explains that most seeing-eye organizations can not afford to pay Chinook prices.

One of the dogs served the U. S. Marines during World War II as a Devil Dog. The only animal that Greene has ever shipped anywhere, the big male became a brutal fighter—but only after long, hard training. He was honorably discharged at war's end. At Greene's request, the dog was destroyed. "My Chinooks are gentle dogs. I didn't want any exceptions."

Perry Greene is a tremendous citizen for Maine. That's not saying what he may think of the federal government—it's just that, as far as he goes, the State of Maine is number one. If you ask him about nine times where he was born, Perry might tell you—if he likes you—that he was actually born in Providence, Rhode Island. "But I came to Maine in my mother's arms," he adds, as if to assure you that his youth wasn't completely adulterated.

Greene is a licensed, Grade A guide, one of a handful to be so accredited by the Maine Guides Association for work in every one of Maine's fifteen counties.

Four times a year—"about four times," amends Perry—the Greens publish a four-page, tabloid-size paper called the *Chinook News*. It contains letters from Chinook owners from coast to coast, pictures of their dogs, stories of Chinook bravery, intelligence, and companionship. Sundra has her own column of cooking recipes on page four and Honey contributes a column about her husband—the condition of his ulcer, his plans for a retail sporting-goods store on Route One, his scout troop activities, etc. The fact that the *Chinook News* has a paid circulation of 2,500 in a world that has only some 150 Chinook owners indicates how great is interest among dog people in this "State of Maine dog."

On the second afternoon I was with Perry Greene, we were sitting again in front of the big fireplace. We'd been talking dogs for almost twenty-four hours. Through the crisp, winter air came the sounds of the Chinooks barking for their food in the kennel. Perry flipped a home-rolled smoke into the fire, stood 6 feet tall out of his chair and said, "Well, boy, if you got all the answers you want, I got a cow to milk, a horse to water, and wood to get in."

At the moment, the only question I had in mind to ask Perry Greene was why he didn't let a Chinook do the chores.

—Charles N. Barnard



"I knew he was too good to last."