

CHINOOK, ALL WELL, TO TAKE TRAIL TOMORROW

Will Roll Again in North Snows and
Forget Warmth of Hospital—
Abscess Has Disappeared

Greets Musher Walden, 'Best Guy in World'

Chinook is out of the hospital, folks. Tomorrow he'll start on the long north trail for Wonalancet, N. H., with Arthur T. Walden, great musher of New England. There Chinook will sniff the frosty air of the White Mountains and roll in the snow and bay at the white Winter moon. He is all better and the abscess has disappeared. Last night he held a reception at the Angell Memorial Hospital, where he has been languishing in a cage bed since a week ago Monday, when he was rushed to Boston in an automobile from Wonalancet, suffering from a bad abscess behind the ear.

Welcomes "Greatest Guy"

When Walden entered the hospital the dog sensed his presence, for he began to pace up and down, weaving back and forth in his short cage. He was quiet, but watched for the door that would admit the "greatest guy in the world" for Chinook.

As the musher opened the door there was a rumbling thump as

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ARTHUR T. WALDEN AND CHINOOK

CHINOOK TO TAKE TRAIL TOMORROW

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Chinook wagged his tail against the boarding of the cage. His eyes looked volumes and he pushed against the cage, his tongue hanging out, and every muscle of him trembling.

Then the attendant let him out of the cage and he leaped to the chest of Walden, who smiled and talked

to him in a low tone, half-whistling and half-speaking.

"Let's Go," Chinook Looks

Chinook began a bark which died in his throat as Walden uttered a hiss of warning not to bark. He wagged that huge yellow tail that Walden has followed to victory on the snowy trails so many times and growled softly.

Chinook seemed to say: "Well, old fellow, you've come back for me, eh. Let's get out of this warm place. I can't get a breath of fresh air. Let's go back to the snow places where a fellow can roll and feel the wetness of the snow on his back. Come on, let's go," and he stood, his great head up-raised, watching Walden for the next move.

Lou Haskell asked Chinook to pose, but he stalked majestically by to investigate a poor sick kitty in the next

room. The kitty was too ill to even venture a scratch, so Chinook didn't bother her.

Attendants at the hospital talked to him and he accorded them a little attention but at all times kept his eye on Walden. The street door opened and Chinook leaped up with a "let's-go" look in his eye to Walden, but scampered back to sit at the masher's feet while he talked to the reporter.

Chinook Doesn't Like Posing

He rolled over and swung a heavy paw in the air as Walden stroked his nose. He pushed a great front paw over that same nose where Walden's fingers had rested a moment before and then waited for the action to be repeated.

Then Lou took the picture. Chinook didn't like that. Just like the little boy that won't recite his poem when company comes, Chinook wouldn't sit still. The bright light bothered his eyes.

Kitty meowed and Chinook cocked his head to one side, the right ear lifted just a little higher than the left. But he didn't take the matter up with Puss.

He wanted to get the picture over with. He leaped up onto Walden's lap, then scrambled down again and was "shot." With the click of the camera Chinook sprang up, jumped for Walden's hand, ran toward the door and back. The real fellow was back and Chinook was happy. His eyes followed Walden as he shook hands with the doctors and they went out together to go to the Statler.

Chinook is on the long north trail back to New Hampshire tomorrow and he will smell snow and feel the sharpness of the crust on his feet. The warm hospital will soon pass from memory under Winter skies.