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"Clipping from the Editorial column"

### Just a "Prince"

Prince, one of the sublime characters of the Great War, is dead, and wherever it is that good dogs go when they finish their allotted span among us there he will be welcomed and rewarded. To us it is inconceivable that if there be a place in eternity for man there is none for the friend who loves him past all understanding.

A British Tommy named Brown, a Hammersmith lad, was Prince's god. One day, the god, with a gun over his shoulder and a pack on his back, said goodby in a hurry. His outfit, the Staffordshires, had been ordered "Over There." That's all Brown knew about it—all he could tell his family or his friend. The War Office was not given to making confidants of mere privates. And it was just as well that Private Brown didn't know that the Staffordshires were destined for the line in the Armentières sector.

It was easy enough for a great government to cut Private Brown off from communication with his family and the little human world of Hammersmith which made up his life, but all of its resources were insufficient to cope with the intelligence and instinct and the love of a dog.

A few days after the god had disappeared from his home Prince was missed, and no more was seen or heard of him again until he was returned to England by agents of the Royal Society for the Protection of Animals. The little fellow had ordered himself "Over There." How he crossed the Channel and what he went through in furtherance of his quest among the war mazes of battle-shocked France nobody will ever know. A fortnight after being missed from Hammersmith he was at Armentières and with his god and his master in the trenches.

Peace to you Prince! Aye, and good luck and fair weather to your brave and loving spirit!

"Clipping from Washington Paper"

## Alert Trench Dogs Repeatedly Saved Hundreds in War

### Whole Companies Fore- Warned of Raider Traps; Invaluable Carriers of Messages Under Fire.

WASHINGTON, May 3—"Add dogs to any list of the potent factors in winning the war!" counsels a bulletin from Washington headquarters of the National Geographic Society.

"Heroic deeds of the Red Cross dogs have been widely celebrated, and justly so," the bulletin continues, "but not only did the dog figure gloriously as a messenger of mercy in the war, but did his bit nobly in many other ways.

"It is said that there were about 10,000 dogs employed at the battle front at the time of the signing of the armistice. They ranged from Alaskan malamute to St. Bernard and from Scotch collie to fox terrier. Many of them are placed on the regimental rosters like soldiers. In the trenches they shared all the perils and hardships of the soldiers themselves, and drew their turns in the rest camps in the same fashion. But they were always ready to go back, and it is not recorded that a single one of them ever failed when it came to going 'over the top.'

"Mounting guard at a listening post for long hours at a stretch, ignoring danger with all the stolidness of a stoic, yet alert every moment, he played a heroic role. Full many a time it was the keen ear of a collie that first caught the sound of the approaching raiding party. And did he bark? How natural it would have been for him to do so! But no, a bark or a growl might have told the raiders they were discovered, and thus have prevented the animal's own forces

from giving the foe a counter surprise. So he wagged his tail nervously—a canine adaptation of a wig-wag system which his master interpreted and acted upon, to the discomfiture of the enemy.

"Often whole companies were saved because the dog could reach further into the distance with his senses than could the soldiers themselves.

"It was found that many dogs would do patrol and scout duty with any detachment. But there was another type of dog worker needed in the trenches—the liaison dog, trained to seek his master whenever turned loose. Amid exploding shells, through veritable fields of hell, he would crawl and creep, with only one thought—to reach his master. Nor would he stop until the object of his search was attained. Many a message of prime importance he thus bore from one part of the field to another, and naught but death or overcoming wound could turn him aside.

"But the work of the dog of war was not limited to the front. Where the motor lorry was helpless, where the horse stood powerless to aid, where man himself found conditions which even the iron muscle and the indomitable will that is born of the fine frenzy of patriotism could not conquer, here came the sled dog to the rescue.

"Alaska and Labrador contributed the motive power for the sleds that kept the men in their mountain pinnacle-trenches in the high Alps provisioned and munitioned in the dead of winter. In four days, after a very heavy snowfall, one kennel of 150 dogs moved more than fifty tons of food and other supplies from the valley below to the front line on the mountain above.

"In the Vosges mountains more than a thousand Alaskan sled dogs helped to hold the Hun during the last year of the war."