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“Khaki, the true story of how a brave dog cheered and helped his master in his work for the wounded in France”

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# KHAKI

The true story of how a brave dog  
cheered and helped his master in  
his work for the wounded in France



All profits from the sale of this book  
will be devoted to providing comforts  
for the soldiers fighting in Flanders

My only excuse or defense  
regarding this is that it was published  
without my knowledge by British friends  
who have been so interested by letters I  
wrote about Khasi that they felt it  
was worthy a memorial.

J. M. Campbell

Archives of the American Field Service  
and AFS Intercultural Programs

**D**edicated to  
Khaki's Friends  
& The Poilus  
& the British Tommies  
fighting in Flanders

Archives of the American Friends  
and AFS Intercultural Programs



*Khaki in his favourite place*



## “KHAKI”

**I**F K. of K. had been Khaki,  
With only a tail to wag,  
With only a mouth to carry  
Dispatches and kit and bag.

With only a bark as “lingo,”  
With only a glistening eye  
To tell to a world in anguish,  
“To help you I’d gladly die.”

Think you he could have been braver,  
Than this little dog of mine—  
Have proved a more faithful channel  
Of love that was wholly divine?

Perchance in that glad Hereafter,  
Which snatched them both from our  
sight,  
'Twas Khaki who sprang to welcome  
The hero of many a fight.

And big K. of K. would linger,  
To caress with kindly hand,  
Our small brown warrior Khaki,  
As they met on the Shining Strand.

FELIX RUDOLPH.

I cut this out at the time for  
I could not stomach it.

Now after 40 years, what the Hell?  
I don't know Felix R. but hope he  
is alive & does not suffer from this  
now.

JMR

# KHAKI

The true story of how a brave dog  
cheered and helped his master in  
his work for the wounded in France

Told by One Who knew Him




Illustrated by  
Winifred Foyster  
& Grace Benzenville

STEAD'S PUBLISHING HOUSE

Miss Stead was daughter of the Stead  
the Editor of Times. Was he not drowned  
on the Titanic? JMK





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*Stretcher Bearers*

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## “KHAKEI”

ONE day early in 1915, a young American, who had offered his services to France, was driving his ambulance slowly along the road near Farnis. At that time the roads in Belgium were still very beautiful. As he drove along, a little dog just the colour of khaki, with a cunning, bright little face, looked up at him from the roadside. Many poor little dogs had already lost their homes and were to be found wandering about alone. Perhaps that was the case with this little dog, so the young man got off his motor and talked to him. He asked him if he were lost and if he would like to take a ride, just as you would ask a child. The little dog wagged his tail, and barked, and felt happy right away. The young man brought him back to the camp and very soon he became a great favourite. He was very intelligent and good. On account of his colour he was called “Khaki.” Soon everyone round about, the children, the soldiers, the officers, all knew Khaki.

When riding on the ambulance he would choose his seat



*Khaki playing on the Dunes*



with great assurance on the bonnet, and had to be almost as clever as an acrobat to keep steady when the car went fast. As they drove along he would bark to clear the road for his master. Sometimes he would sit on his haunches and put his front paws on the steering-wheel and look very important. When his master was in a hurry and saw a long string of Zouaves coming towards him he would

say to Khaki, "Jump off, Khaki, and tell the good 'Poilus' to get to one side and let me pass, for I am in a rush to fetch some of their poor comrades who have been wounded on the battlefield. Go, my Khaki." And Khaki would jump off the ambulance and run straight to the officer on horseback, wagging his tail and barking wildly all the time, and tell him what master had said. The Colonel knew him and an order would be given to swerve to the side. Khaki would return triumphantly and jump to his place on the bonnet, and sit there so proudly; and the Colonel would salute him as he passed, and say, "Bonjour, Khaki," and the Zouaves

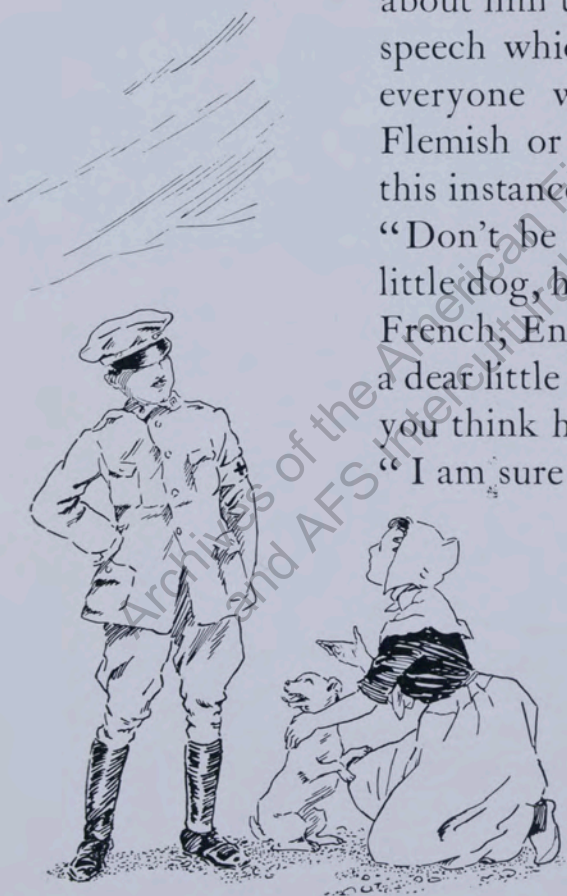


would salute him too, for all of them knew Khaki. He acknowledged the salutes by barking from time to time. One day a few months after he was found, he went with his master to the Dunes, near Dunkerque, and they were romping together when Khaki suddenly stopped and ran to a young girl who was coming towards them, and he jumped round her, barking and wagging his tail.

Now Khaki's master had had to answer so many questions about him that he ended by having a speech which seldom varied. Nearly everyone would ask if Khaki were Flemish or French or English, so in this instance as in many others he said, "Don't be afraid, he is only a clever little dog, he does not bite. He is not French, English or Flemish, he is just a dear little dog I have found. Don't you think he is wonderful?"

"I am sure he is all that you say," said the girl, "but I think I know more about him than you do, for he is my dog!"

Khaki's master picked him up quickly, for he was so afraid he might have to give him back,



and standing quite a distance from the girl, he said :—“Do you want him back? I am sure you must have missed him, he is such a companion and such a help.”

But the girl begged Khaki's master to keep him, as she said she would have little time to look after him now as she had charge of over three hundred children whom she had volunteered to take care of, and now they would have to leave the place as it was continually under bombardment and no longer safe to live in. With so many little ones she would have no time to look after Khaki, and she said, “As long as he is a brave soldier dog he must keep on doing his duty.” Khaki's master was very happy, and when he went to Paris soon after he bought a pretty necklace for the girl.

Poor Khaki, his master did not take him with him when he left Paris, but sent him to some friends to be taken care of. But all the time he was away his master was worried about the little dog, thinking he might be spoiled, or one thing

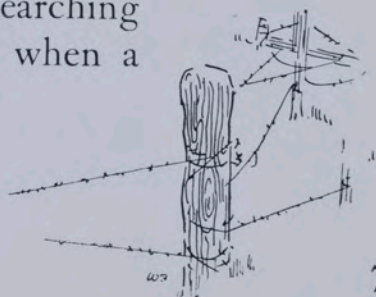




*Khaki's Master talking to him*

or another. When he returned to Paris he found that everyone wanted to have Khaki. The ladies at the head of the hospitals, officers, and a young well-known millionaire in the Chasseurs d'Afrique regiment, all of them wanted him. Someone wrote from America saying, "When you come back, above all bring the dog, he would be so happy in my large garden." But his master said: "Nobody shall have my Khaki, even if Joffre himself asked me for him I should not let him go." And Khaki, although he was very polite and kind to everybody, loved no one so much as his master.

Although Khaki was the bravest of little soldiers he was terribly afraid of the "Marmites," and he would try to hide himself in the funniest places; his master said, "I believe, if he could, he would leap through the keyhole, or jump into my mouth to get away from them." One day he crept through the smallest of holes imaginable and into the box under the seat containing the petrol tank. His master wasted valuable moments searching everywhere and at last located him when a tiny whine answered his whistle.





Khaki and <sup>5</sup>American Friends <sup>4</sup>who are helping in France

3

2

1

Archives of the American Friends Service Committee and AFS Intercultural Program



- 8
- 1 - J. E. CUNNINGHAM - Milton Mass (Gimp)
  - 2 - Giles B Francklyn (Gillies) Died about 1946
  - 3 - Harold Kingsland - Paris Fr.
  - 4 - Giles (Nash)
  - 5 - J. G. B. Campbell

## CHAPTER II

ONE night, in May, 1915, when the Ambulance was camping under tents near Elverdinghe, and it was getting very late, Khaki's master could not find him. He hunted and hunted, but there was no sign of him anywhere; he spent the whole night looking for him. They had to leave the place next morning, and without Khaki. His master was so sad, he could not think what had happened to him, as although the Zouaves were very fond of Khaki, he felt certain they would not steal him, and, too, if Khaki heard him whistle he would be certain to bark. Soon everybody in the country round about knew Khaki was lost. Days and weeks passed, and every little while someone would bring a yellow dog hoping to get the reward, but not one of them was Khaki. The following July his master was passing through Elverdinghe again when a little boy came up to him and said, "I know where your dog is, that Flemish woman has it."



Khaki's master entered the woman's house, but with very little hope, he had been deceived so often. He told the woman he heard she had his dog.

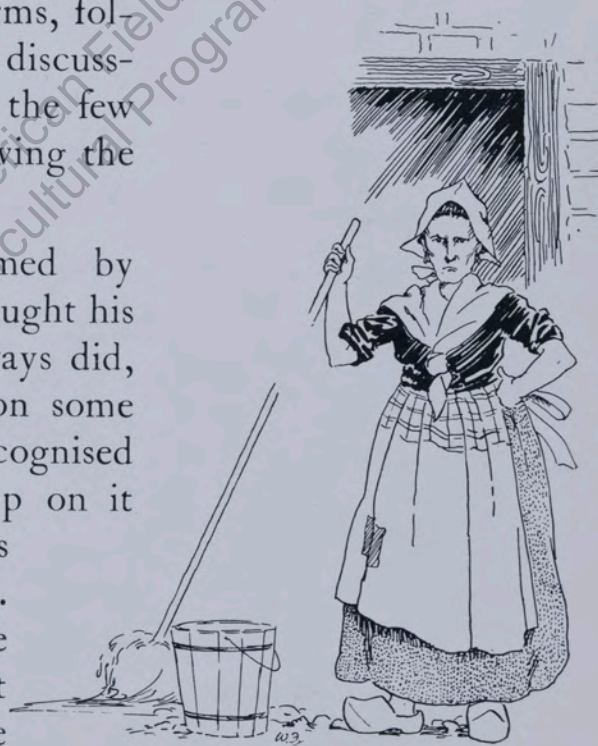
"Yes," she said, "I have a yellow dog, but I am sure it is mine, for I lost one some time ago, and, anyhow, if it is your dog you must pay me two francs a week for feeding it all this time;" and she was not going to show the dog unless she saw the money.

Khaki's master began to whistle, and called "Khaki, Khaki." Then he heard a racket upstairs, and the sound of tearing and scratching, and down came poor Khaki in such an excited state that for at least ten minutes he would not be quiet. He barked furiously at the woman and told his master with pathetic little cries all his story. The woman still protested that he was her dog, till Khaki's master threatened to send the military police after her. He said she really ought to pay him for all the anxiety and sorrow she had caused him, but he was so glad to have Khaki again that he gave her two



francs. The woman was pleased to have the two francs rather than nothing. She said she had tried and tried to send the dog away, but he would not go. Khaki told his master this was not true, and he told him all he had suffered shut up in a room when he heard his master's voice calling him from the road, and when he heard the Ambulance go next morning and could not get out. His master marched out of the house with Khaki in his arms, followed by a crowd of children discussing how they should spend the few coins the boy received for giving the information.

Khaki's return was welcomed by everyone. His master had brought his blanket with him as he always did, hoping he would find him on some road. Very soon Khaki recognised his blanket, and he curled up on it and went to sleep, for he was very tired after such excitement. Now Khaki's useful little life went on again. Every night his master fixed a comfy little





*Khaki and Lady Ypres*

3 of the Army Dogs at post in Belgium 1915  
Near Crombeke or Oostvlietoren - had far from  
Ypres.



hole in the straw close to him and rolled Khaki in his blanket in it, for the nights began to get very cold and damp, and he comforted him and petted him when he was afraid of the rats or the Bosches' marmites. They drove along no more pretty roads, with flowers along the sides and wall-flowers springing out of the walls now. Only through mud, mud, deep mud everywhere, yet the brave little dog kept on following his master, looking muddy like the dear "Poilus" he was so fond of.

Khaki was so intelligent that when his master went for miles and miles with a French officer looking after the graves of the heroes who had fallen, he would stop by the graves and look up into his master's face, saying he understood it all for he had seen so many. Whilst his master looked in the bottle fixed on a stick over the grave to find the name and particulars of the dead soldier, Khaki would watch him solemnly. Then when flowers were planted on the grave (they were nearly

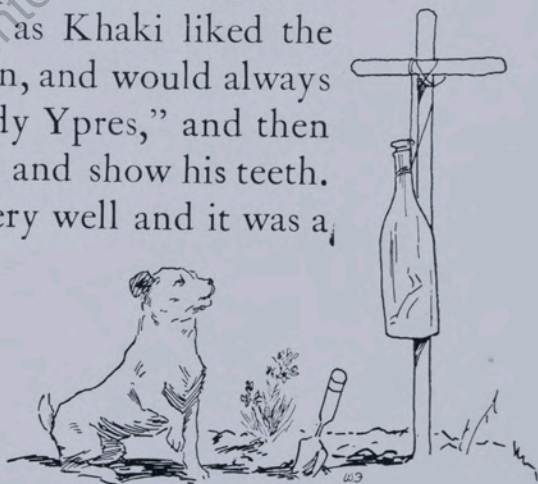




*Khaki talking to his Master*

always wallflowers), he would sit down and approve of the work and wait patiently to do the same thing all over again, many, many times. But when his master showed him the big mounds where Germans were buried by hundreds, he would bark and bark furiously at the word "Bosches," meaning they had no business to come here. "I am glad they are where they are, no flowers for them, eh, master?"

Khaki had many friends, and he was on good terms with all the other dogs about. A French officer, a friend of his master's, had two very cunning ones, also stray dogs. He called one "Lady Ypres;" this one was a pretty, rough-haired terrier, the other one was a fox terrier. Khaki's master tried taking the three out together and put "Lady Ypres" in the middle. It was not very successful as Khaki liked the colour that matched his own, and would always turn his head towards "Lady Ypres," and then the fox terrier would growl and show his teeth. But finally they behaved very well and it was a success.





*Khaki enjoying a Bone*



## CHAPTER III



**A**LTHOUGH Khaki was always terrified of the shells and marmites he would never let his master go about his work alone. During the bombardment of Dunkerque he was torn between his fear and the necessity of looking for bodies among the crumpling houses. He did not like the attacks with asphyxiating gas, it made his eyes run and very sore, but when he saw it was the same with his master he did not mind any more, and he knew he would be picked up and looked after when he could no longer stand.

In a Belgian village where the Ambulance often went a fair girl in a little café took such a fancy to Khaki, that one day she called him to her and put round his neck a collar she had embroidered



*Khaki contemplating Ruins caused by the Huns*

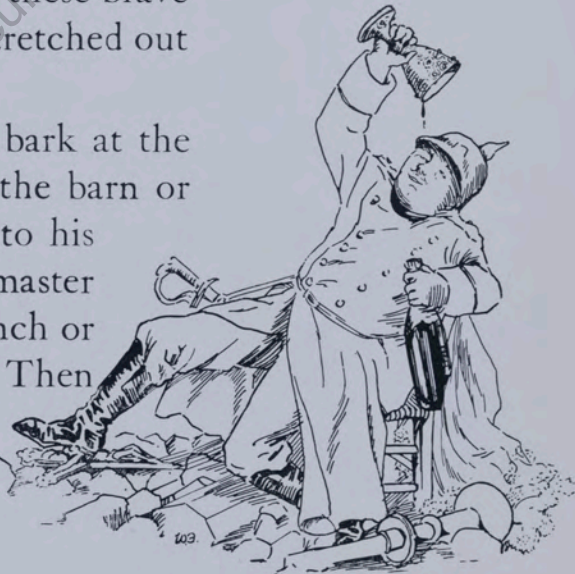
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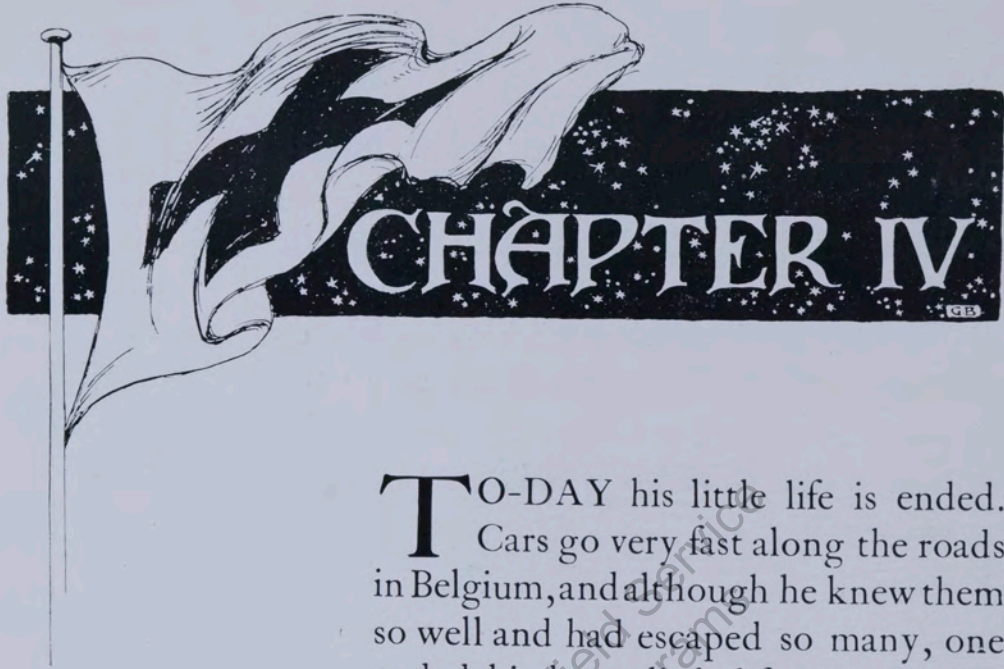
Church Elverdinghe where  
See, had Post Sprung in early  
Summer 1915 at time 1st Gas attack  
along canal

for him with "Khaki, Ambulance Americaine," and on one side she fixed a rosette made of the Belgian colours. Khaki rushed back to the Ambulance, very much annoyed at looking like a frivolous woman, he a soldier's dog. His master thought he looked ridiculous, but did not like to take the collar off so long as they were in the village for fear of hurting the girl's feelings. But Khaki tried his hardest to get rid of it.

One day his master was conveying a load of badly wounded Turcos and Khaki asked, "Shall I go and comfort them?" "Yes, but be very gentle and walk carefully." So Khaki licked the Turcos' hands and lay down beside them; he loved them so much, all these brave soldiers, and they loved him and stretched out their hands and patted him.

One of Khaki's last tricks was to bark at the Taubes. He would rush out of the barn or wherever he was and come back to his master to tell him. Sometimes his master would say, "No, Khaki, it's a French or an English one, you silly dog." Then he would bark joyously, but if his master said, "Yes, it is a Taube," he would bark angrily.





**T**O-DAY his little life is ended. Cars go very fast along the roads in Belgium, and although he knew them so well and had escaped so many, one ended his brave little life. Here is his master's letter:

“Khaki is no more—You shall know of his terrible end. My heart is heavy and at every turn I see the poor little fellow as he was, not as he died. You must know first how I buried him, with tears, I am not ashamed to say. His death was almost immediate, thank God. I just had time to pet him, he could not have suffered more than a moment. A captain who knows Khaki and me well saw the misfortune and jumped out of his car and ordered some

soldiers to bury him well, for he said, 'This is a little dog who has followed us all the campaign.' But I thought best to bring him back, so I dug him a grave by a hedge where he often used to run on his way to meals, and wrapped him carefully in straw (in which the soldiers sleep). The men who innocently caused his death helped me. Later I went back all alone and fixed up the grave. First I was going to take him up and bury him in his blanket in a more pretentious grave. Then I thought his blanket should serve France's soldiers whom he loved, and I knew he would not want a better grave than so many brave men who had died for their 'Patrie.' I fixed it up with bricks to last at least for a few months. I drove a stake for his head, and on it I nailed his collar with a French flag. The flag will not be degraded, he served France in his way and was a faithful little dog soldier. In the days to come I shall tell you often of his goodness. He was a good dog, a true friend—long shall I grieve. I shall be happy in thinking





"Pete"  
Award

*Khaki and a Friend*



Pete

*Khaki the centre of admiration*

of his life. Poor, poor dear little fellow. Dusk is coming, the night is going to be very dark. How he hated the dark and used to come and crawl in my arms. You can hardly see the roads he used to love to run along. He is resting peacefully."

NOVEMBER 15th

1915

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS"





THE  
ARDEN PRESS

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