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15625 Serajevo, Yugoslavia--Scene of Murder of Crown Prince which Started Flame that Engulfed All Europe.

15625

SARAJEVO, JUGO-SLAVIA—SCENE OF MURDER OF CROWN PRINCE

The city of Sarajevo (sä′rä-yǟ′vō) in Bosnia was the seat of the Austro-Hungarian government for Bosnia and Herzegovina (hĕr′tsĕ-gō-vē′nä). In 1878 the leading governments of Europe sent representatives to a Congress in Berlin to settle the Balkan question. The work that this congress was to do was like that of the Peace Conference which met at Versailles in 1919, at the close of the World War. But the Congress of Berlin did not take into consideration the interests of oppressed peoples and arranged matters to suit their own selfish interests. The mistakes made in Berlin were underlying causes of the recent war. Austria was invited to "occupy" Bosnia and Herzegovina. The people of Bosnia and Herzegovina resisted the Austro-Hungarians but were unsuccessful. On September 20th, 1878, Austria-Hungary took over their government. This arrangement was supposed to be only temporary and she was supposed to evacuate when order and prosperity had been restored. But for selfish reasons Austria-Hungary became unwilling to do this and in 1908 Emperor Francis Joseph sent autograph letters to the various rulers of Europe stating that Austria-Hungary had annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina to her territory. Servia had for a long time hoped to unite with her Slavic kinsmen of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro in a greater state. Naturally she did not like this plan of Austria-Hungary.

On June 28, 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, and his consort, the Duchess of Hohenberg, were shot by a Serbian boy, who was a Bosnian subject of Austria. Because of this act Austria declared war on Servia and the great war was begun.

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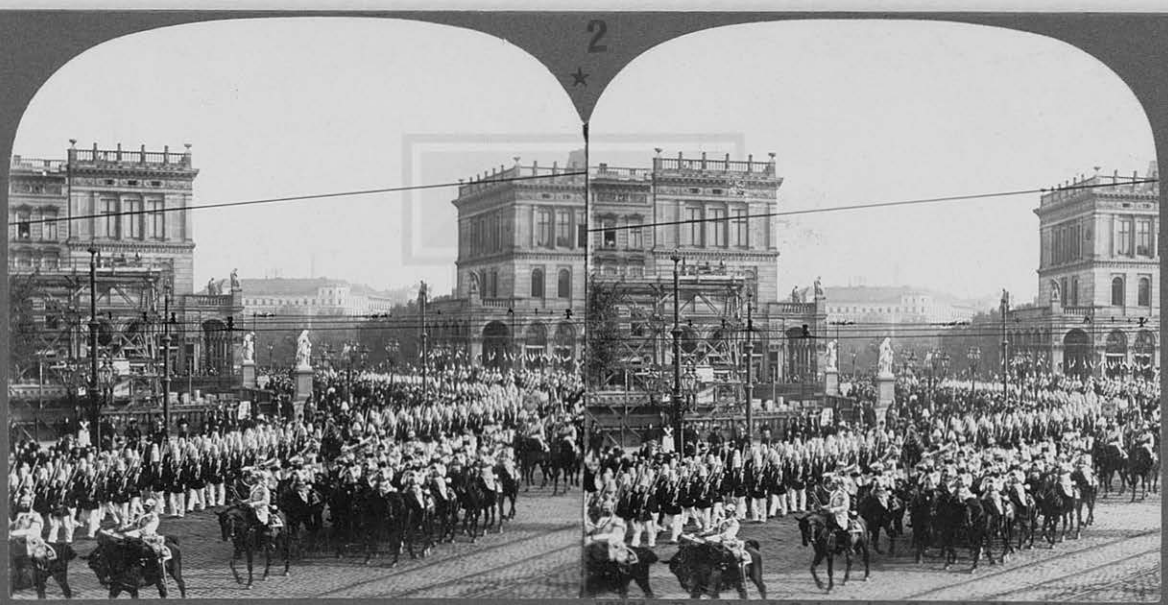

10331 Parade of Cuirassier Guards Marching to the Parade Ground, Berlin, Germany.

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10331

GUARDS MARCHING TO THE PARADE GROUND, BERLIN, GERMANY

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	2	2	2	2

The Prussian system of military training required that every able-bodied male citizen serve in the army for a number of years.

The army was made up of three ranks: the First Line, the Second Line (Landwehr), and the Third Line (Landsturm). In the First Line, each man served 2 years in the ranks and 5 years in reserve; that is, between the ages of 20 and 22 years each young man spent 2 years of actual service. During the succeeding 5 years he was called out at least twice to train from a month to two months. Men from the ages of 27 to 32 made up the Landwehr army. The Landsturm was made up of all soldiers from 17 to 45 years of age, whether trained or untrained, and not included in the First Line and Landwehr. The Landsturm was designed for use only as a home defense reserve.

By this system of training the Empire had constantly at its call about 2 million soldiers, with partially trained reserves amounting to nearly 2 million more. As a matter of fact, under the strain of the World War, Germany actually put under arms about 11 million men. Plainly, the Empire had in its hands the most tremendous weapon ever created for either defense, or conquest and oppression. The German army represented the power of National militarism carried to the extreme.

When Germany suddenly declared war in 1914, the Prussian war machine moved forward with precision. Every detail had been carefully worked out. Germany had been preparing for this war for many years. It is small wonder that this great machine crushed the defenses of sturdy little Belgium.

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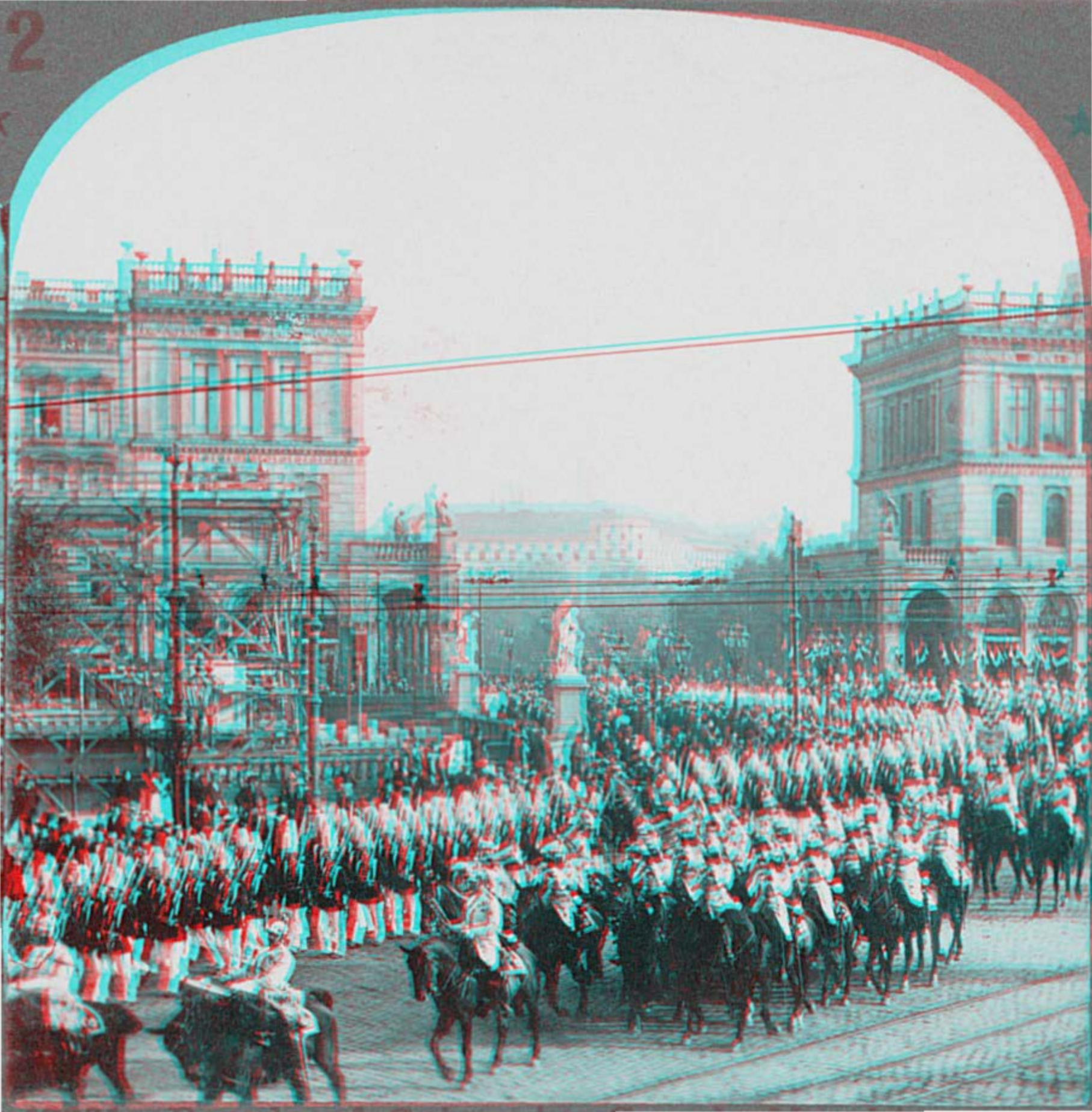

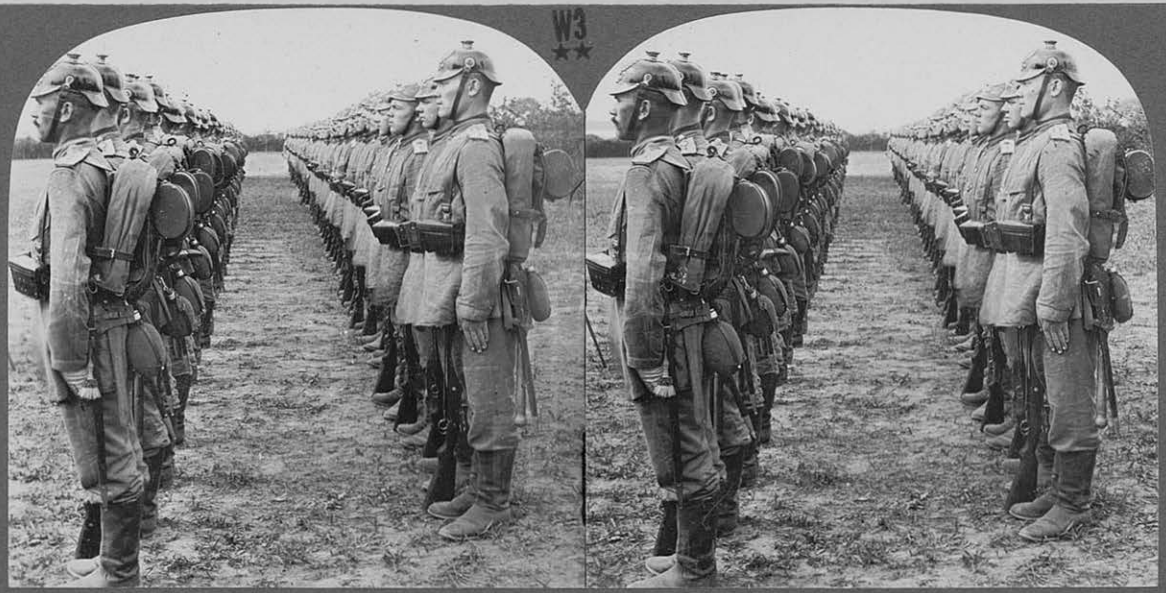

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W3

18728 Helmeted German Soldiers Lined Up for Review.

18728

HELMETED GERMAN SOLDIERS LINED UP FOR REVIEW

For more than half a century prior to 1914, Germany, with Prussia as its most powerful state and guiding spirit, had been molding itself into a more perfect empire, animated by the idea that Germans were superior to all other peoples. Previous to 1864, Austria had been the leading state among the loose array of Germanic peoples. In that year Prussia persuaded Austria to join with her in an attack upon Denmark, which resulted in the seizure of Schleswig and Holstein by the two assailants. In 1866, Prussia attacked and humbled Austria, seized for herself alone the two Danish provinces and stepped into Austria's place as leader of the German people.

Then, under the guidance of the shrewd statesmanship of Bismarck, and with an army perfected by General Von Moltke, Prussia played upon the vanity of the Emperor Napoleon III and provoked him into the war of 1870, in which France, ill-prepared for such a struggle, was humbled in the dust. Standing upon the prostrate form of France and following plans long and carefully prepared, Bismarck consolidated a new German Empire with Prussia at its head.

Then followed forty-three years of careful education of the German people in ideas of superiority of German "Kultur," the military training of its young manhood until practically the whole male population was familiar with arms, and the systematizing of German industries and railroads to make them readily available for military purposes. Finally, in August, 1914, this mighty military machine was set in motion. But the liberty loving peoples of the world were able to survive the first overwhelming attack and finally to utterly defeat their assailants in the greatest war of history.

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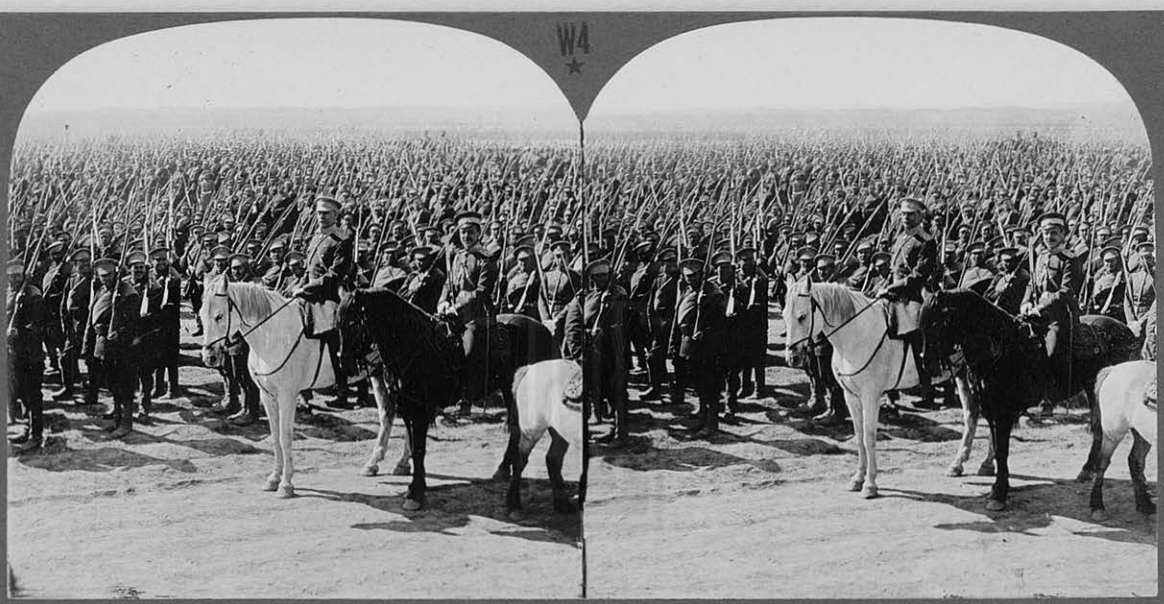

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18689 A Bristling Forest of Bayonets, Russian Troops on Review.

18689

A BRISTLING FOREST OF BAYONETS. RUSSIAN TROOPS ON REVIEW

In this array of bayonetted rifles stretching as far as the eye can look, one sees the evidence of the spirit of militarism which animated all the imperialistic nations of Europe for many years before the World War. In this race for military superiority Russia fully kept pace with Germany and Austria-Hungary, having a peace time army of about two million men, with as many more trained reserves. The upkeep of such huge armies was a very heavy financial and economic burden on the nations maintaining them and it is to be hoped that after the terrible lesson of the World War such armies will never again be brought into existence.

Nevertheless, conditions being as they were, it was fortunate for the democratic nations of the world that Russia's armies were so large and that they did so well on the Eastern front immediately after Germany and Austria declared war in 1914. Otherwise Germany might have gathered enough troops in the West to have overwhelmed France and Great Britain before they could have brought their full strength into the field. Russia suffered terrible defeats but she also won great victories under such able generals as the Grand Duke Nicholas, General Brussilov and General Russky. She forced the Germans and Austrians to keep great masses of troops in the East and so enabled France and England to develop their full power on the Western front and to hold it until 1918, when the United States came into the war with enough men to finally turn the scales.

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18743 French Colonial (Morocco) Cavalry in Paris.

18743

FRENCH COLONIAL CAVALRY

Here is a picturesque scene. With what sensations must these swarthy sons of the desert parade the broad boulevards of Paris, the handsomest city in the world! Accustomed to the wide, silent spaces of the desert where for mile after mile stretch sands illimitable, their boundary the horizon; how strange to them are paved streets, row upon row of tall stone buildings, the crowded thousands on the sidewalks, the roar of traffic in a great city.

Yet an Arab disdains to show astonishment. Whatever their emotions, the faces of these men are impassive. Erect and warlike, they ride proudly through these pulsing thoroughfares. They have come to fight for France, their foster mother. And they are redoubtable soldiers. They proved their worth on many a stricken field during this war. Unlike Germany, France knows how to govern her colonial subjects so as to retain their affection and loyalty. Here they come, these stern warriors of another clime, their pennons fluttering to the breeze. See how the horses match, in size and color! What perfect alignment they keep, scarce a single horse's nose in advance of its mate! An Arab and his horse are one. Parisians welcome with open arms these foster sons who have come to join them in battle against the enemy; these men of another religion, of other customs, other aspirations, yet one with them in loyalty to France. They look with interest upon the strange attire and admire their martial carriage.

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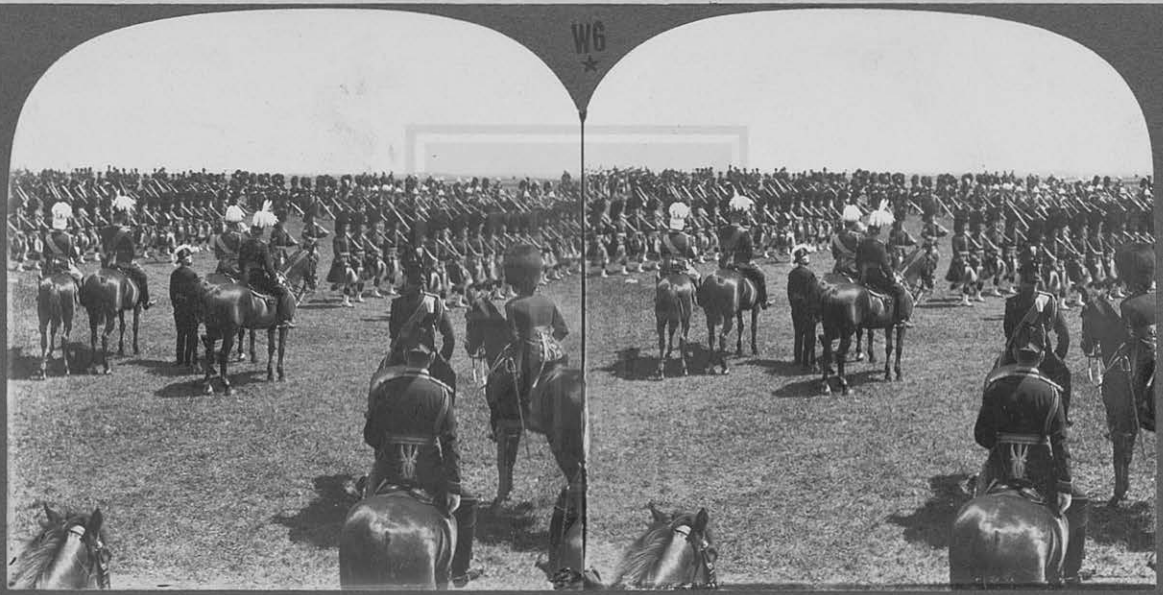

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16046 The 48th Highlanders of Toronto.

16046

THE 48TH HIGHLANDERS OF TORONTO

Since the American Revolution and the loss of the thirteen colonies England has learned that the only satisfactory method of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to grant them a large share of self-government. This method she has followed with great success in her relations with Canada. Canada in return is patriotic and loyal to the mother country. Germany had hoped that England's colonies would be disloyal in the late war. That was another one of Germany's mistakes. Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and Indians rushed to the help of their country. As soon as England entered the war ten thousand Canadians volunteered. Canada gave England 1,000,000 bags of flour and her Parliament voted $50,000,000 for the war. On September 24, 1914, thirty-two thousand Canadian troops sailed for Europe.

But this was only a beginning of Canada's patriotic efforts. Before the war ended she had enlisted more than 596,000 troops, over 7 per cent of her total population, had sent 422,000 of them overseas, and had lost more than 61,000 men dead and nearly 150,000 wounded.

Time after time the bravery of Canadian troops won victories for the Allies or made defeats less heavy. Various regiments, notably the famous "Princess Pat," lost in total several times as many men as were in the organization at any one time. Canadian troops withstood the first German attack with poison gas at Ypres, in April, 1915; it was "the might of Canada" which wrested Vimy Ridge from German hands in April, 1917. It was in battles such as these that Canada proved her right to rank with the bravest in defense of the liberties of the world.

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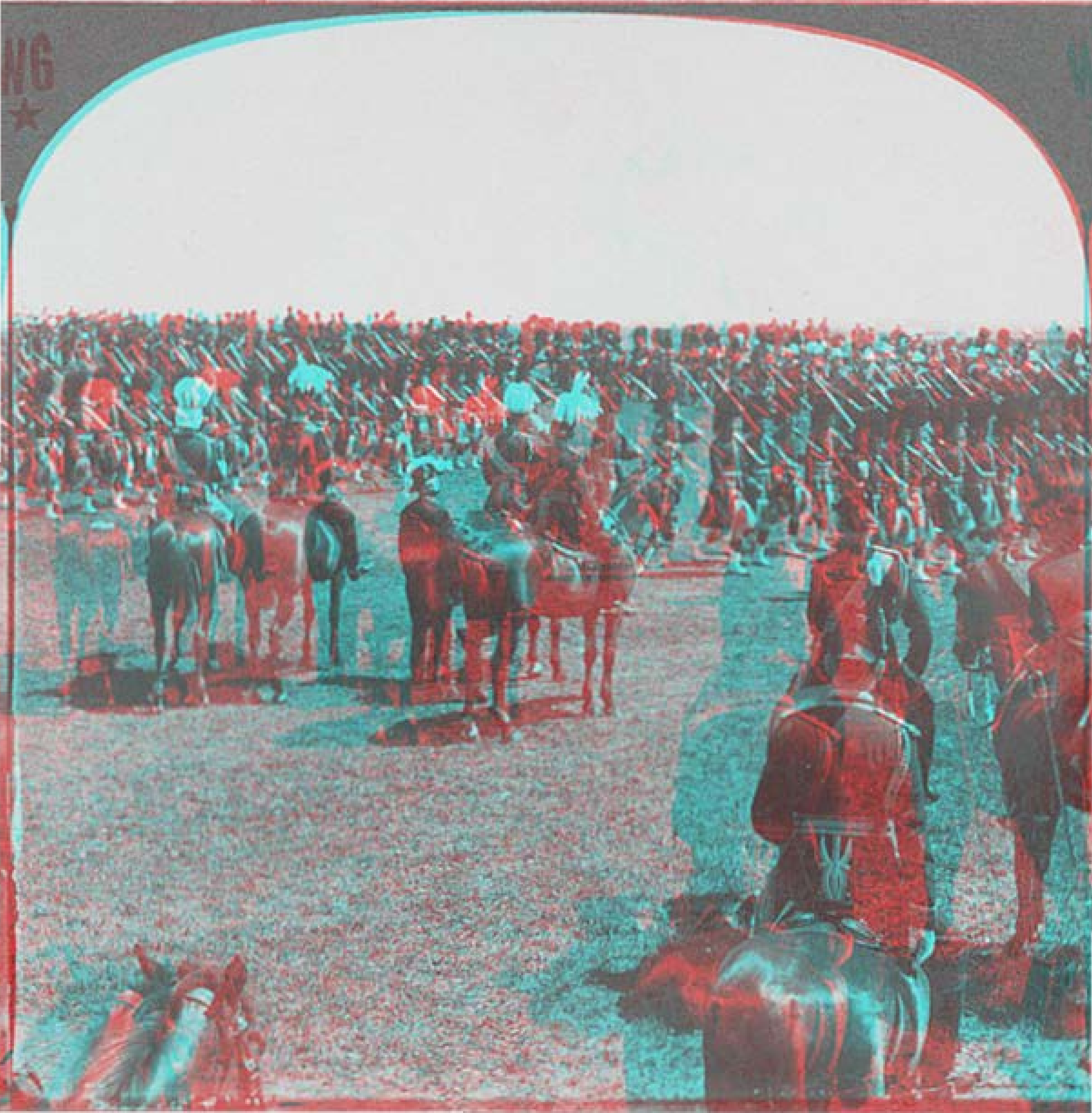

W7

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19256 Vise, Belgium, Scene of the First Conflict of the War.

19256

VISE, BELGIUM, SCENE OF THE FIRST CONFLICT OF THE WAR

This peaceful little Belgian town of 3,600 people whose ancient houses are mirrored in the still waters of the Meuse River, or as the Dutch call it, the Maas, about midway between Liége (lē-ĕzh′), Belgium, and Maastricht, Holland, was at the beginning of the war chiefly noteworthy as a center for the rearing of geese. But, unfortunately for its people, it was a way station on the trunk line railway extending from the German frontier city of Aachen (ä′ kĕn), better known by its French name, Aix-la-Chapelle, through Liége to the Border of France. So Vise was directly in the path chosen by the Germans for crossing Belgium and striking France on its weakest side.

On the morning of August 4th, 1914, the drowsy quiet of its streets was rudely shattered by the rattle of rifles and machine guns and the crash of falling shells, as the advance guards of the 10th Hanoverian Corps, under General Von Emmerich, of General Von Kluck's 1st German Army, swept down on the place from the north and northeast. Belgian engineers, aware of the enemy's approach, had already blown up the Visé bridge across the Meuse, and a handful of local Belgian troops made a spirited effort to halt the German advance in the streets of the town. They might as well have thrown their puny strength against a descending avalanche. The gray-clad hosts of the invaders swept them aside like leaves and rolled on toward the doomed fortress city of Liége. Behind them the Germans left Visé, battered as we see it after even those few brief moments of battle; a grim harbinger of the infinitely greater devastation which was to mark the pathways of the German armies wherever they trod in the fair lands of Belgium and France.

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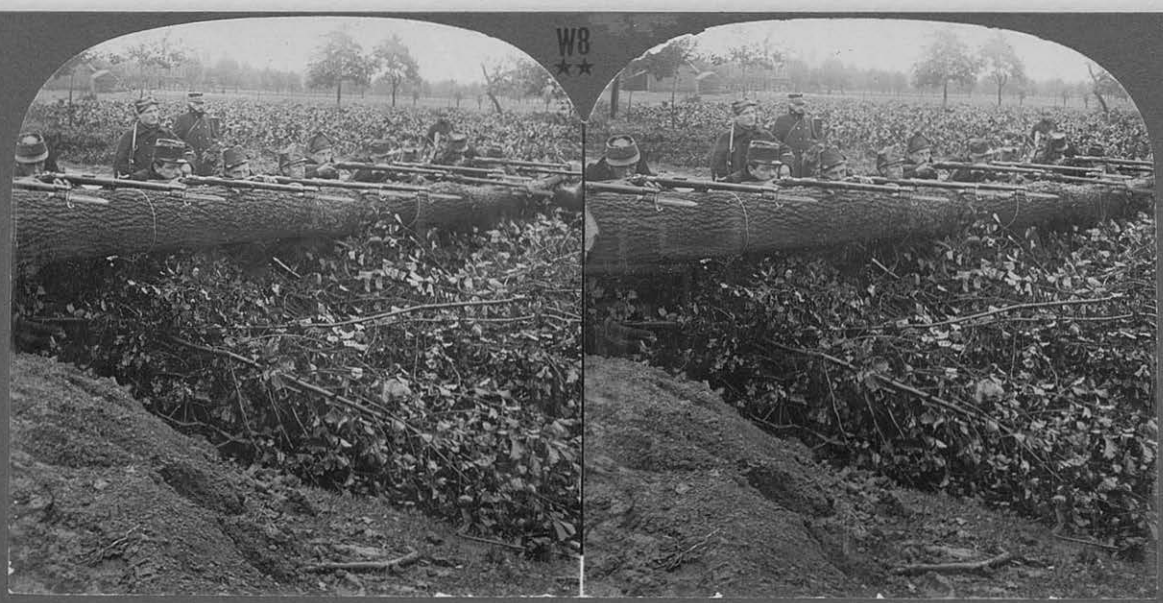

V19269—A Warm Reception Awaiting the Enemy, on Belgium's Defence Line Near Antwerp.

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V19269

A WARM RECEPTION AWAITING THE ENEMY, ON BELGIUM'S LINE NEAR ANTWERP

The little detachment of Belgian soldiers whom we see here, kneeling behind an improvised log breastwork amid their turnip fields, are some of the men who rushed to the defense of their outraged country and forced even the mighty hosts of Germany to pause in their headlong descent upon France. This log breastwork differs very widely from the deep and elaborately organized systems of trenches which covered northern France and western Belgium in later years of the World War.

But when the Germans were advancing on Antwerp in the later days of September, 1914, the defenders of the fortress had not yet learned the terrible power of the German heavy artillery, one shell from which would have blown into toothpicks such a flimsy defense as this big tree trunk. The Belgians relied confidently upon their ability to repulse any attack upon Antwerp. The proud and beautiful seaport city, with its 400,000 people and its vast world commerce, was reputed to be the most strongly fortified place in the world with its three lines of ramparts and detached forts, the outer line covering a circuit of 60 miles.

But on September 28, the Germans began the bombardment of the outer forts on the south side of Antwerp. In three days they had reduced the outer forts and at noon of October 9, twelve days after the beginning of the attack, the Germans marched into the city. They found it like a place of the dead, the defenders after their brave but useless defense, having retreated, accompanied by half the population of the city.

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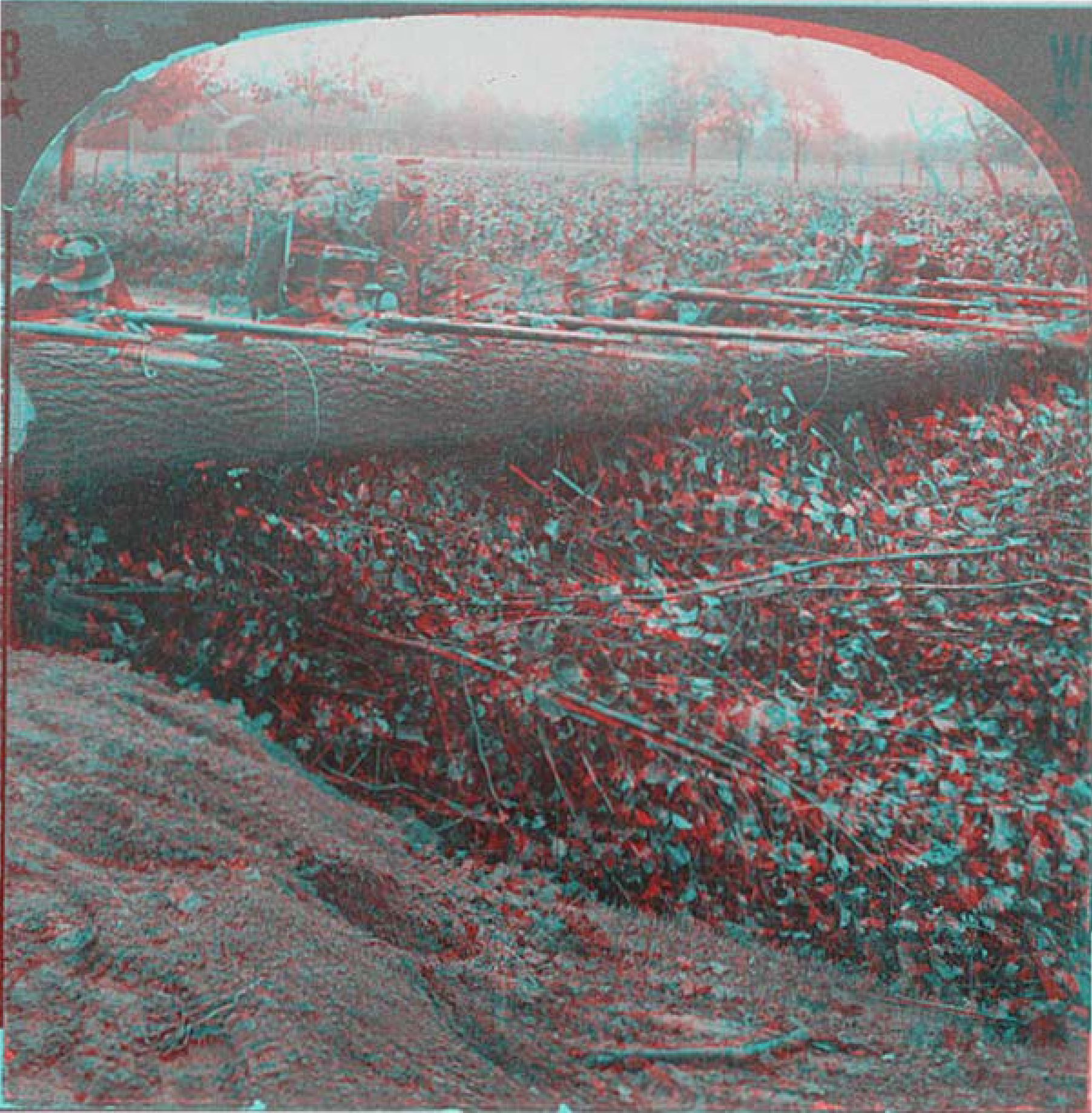

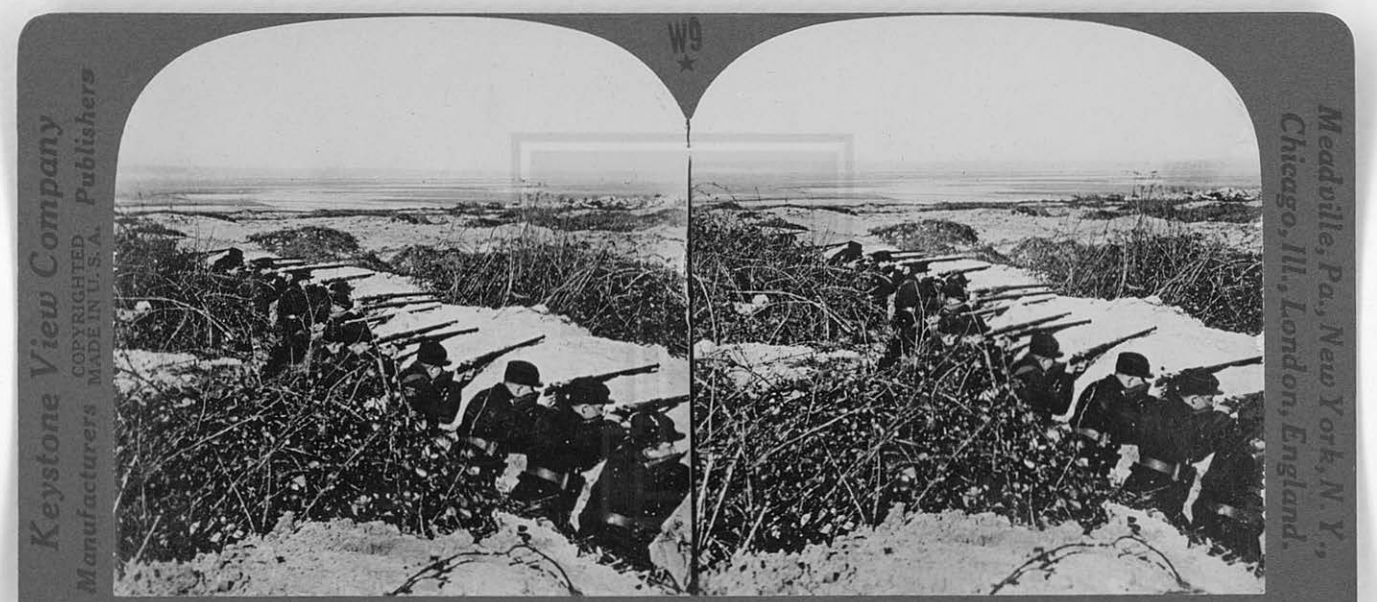

18009 Trenches of the Allies Among the Dunes and Brambles on the Coast of Flanders.

18009

TRENCHES OF THE ALLIES ON THE COAST OF FLANDERS

On such ground as this were fought out the first desperate battles of the winter of 1914-15. Here the invaders made furious efforts to push back the forces of the French and British and Belgians who opposed them in order to capture the ports of Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne and drive a wedge between France and England. But in the low marshy ground along the coast the Allies, though outnumbered, fought grimly and successfully to hold them back.

Deep trenches such as were used on other parts of the Western front were impossible here in the water-soaked ground, so breastworks had to be employed such as had been extensively used in the American Civil War. During October, 1914, they began to rise over the Flanders dunes and marshes. At Ypres and Dixmude, along the banks of the sluggish Yser River and on the seacoast between Ostend and Nieuport the battle raged furiously for weeks. Reinforced by many divisions after they had captured Antwerp on October 9, the Germans fought to gain a footing on the western side of the Yser, but the Belgians opened the dikes, flooding the country with sea water, and they were forced to fall back eastward. At Nieuport 6,000 French marines aided by British warships off shore heroically held the place for many days until reinforced by British troops. At Ypres the British themselves maintained the contest and when the Battle of Flanders, as it was called, finally died down for a while to a condition of trench warfare, though they had lost fifty per cent of their effective strength in the fighting, the sadly battered old Flemish city remained in their hands. They had even extended their lines well to the eastward of Ypres.

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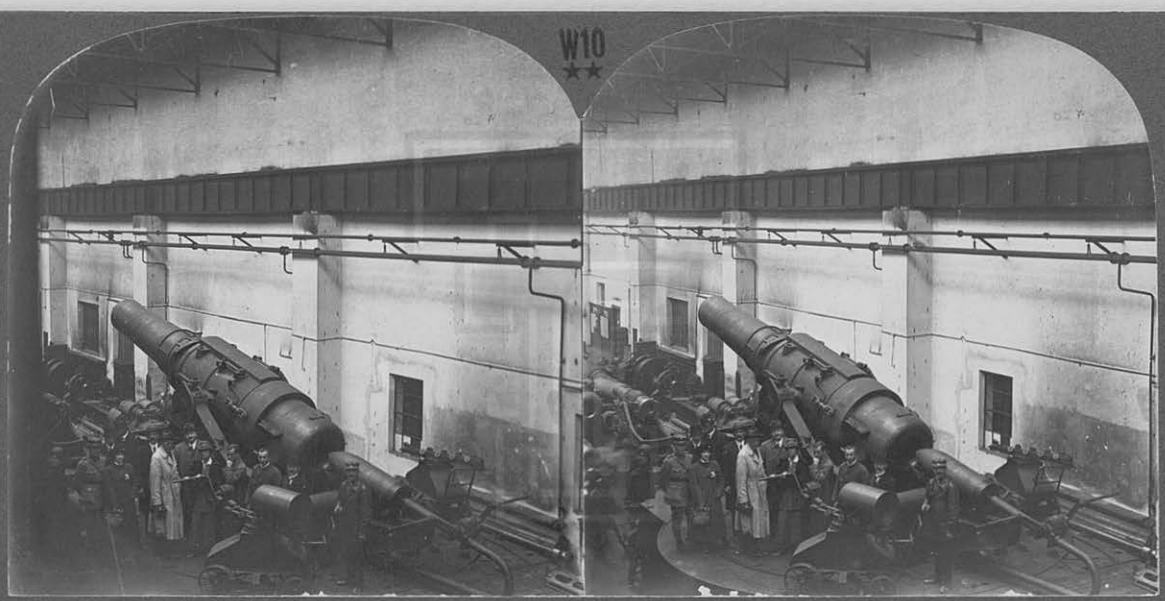

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19251—Skoda Works, Pilsen, Bohemia, Where the Famous Skoda Mortars Were Made.

19251

SKODA WORKS, PILSEN, BOHEMIA, WHERE THE FAMOUS SKODA MORTARS WERE MADE

We are looking at just a corner of one of the many huge buildings constituting the artillery foundries operated by Baron Skoda at Pilsen, Bohemia. But it is sufficient to indicate the great proportions of the plant and the formidable nature of its products. In the manufacture of heavy artillery the Austrians at the Skoda works had gone ahead of even the Krupps at Essen, Germany, and the huge Skoda mortars were probably the most destructive in existence at the beginning of the war. They were supplied to the Germans in large numbers, and the world was astounded at the ease with which their high explosive shells demolished the reinforced concrete walls and steel gun cupolas of the forts at Liege, Namur, Maubeuge and Antwerp; forts which were the latest word in defensive strength and which were supposed to be impregnable.

The gigantic howitzer before us is not completed but the length and massive thickness of the tube, reinforced by steel bands shrunk on, and the size of the projectile poised at the open breech, give an impressive idea of its power. Such guns, even though firing at a high angle, had an effective range of 7½ miles or more and their shells, plunging down with terrific energy, buried themselves deeply in whatever material they struck, whether earth, concrete or steel, before the delayed action fuses set off the bursting charge. Then the resulting explosion rent the target into fragments.

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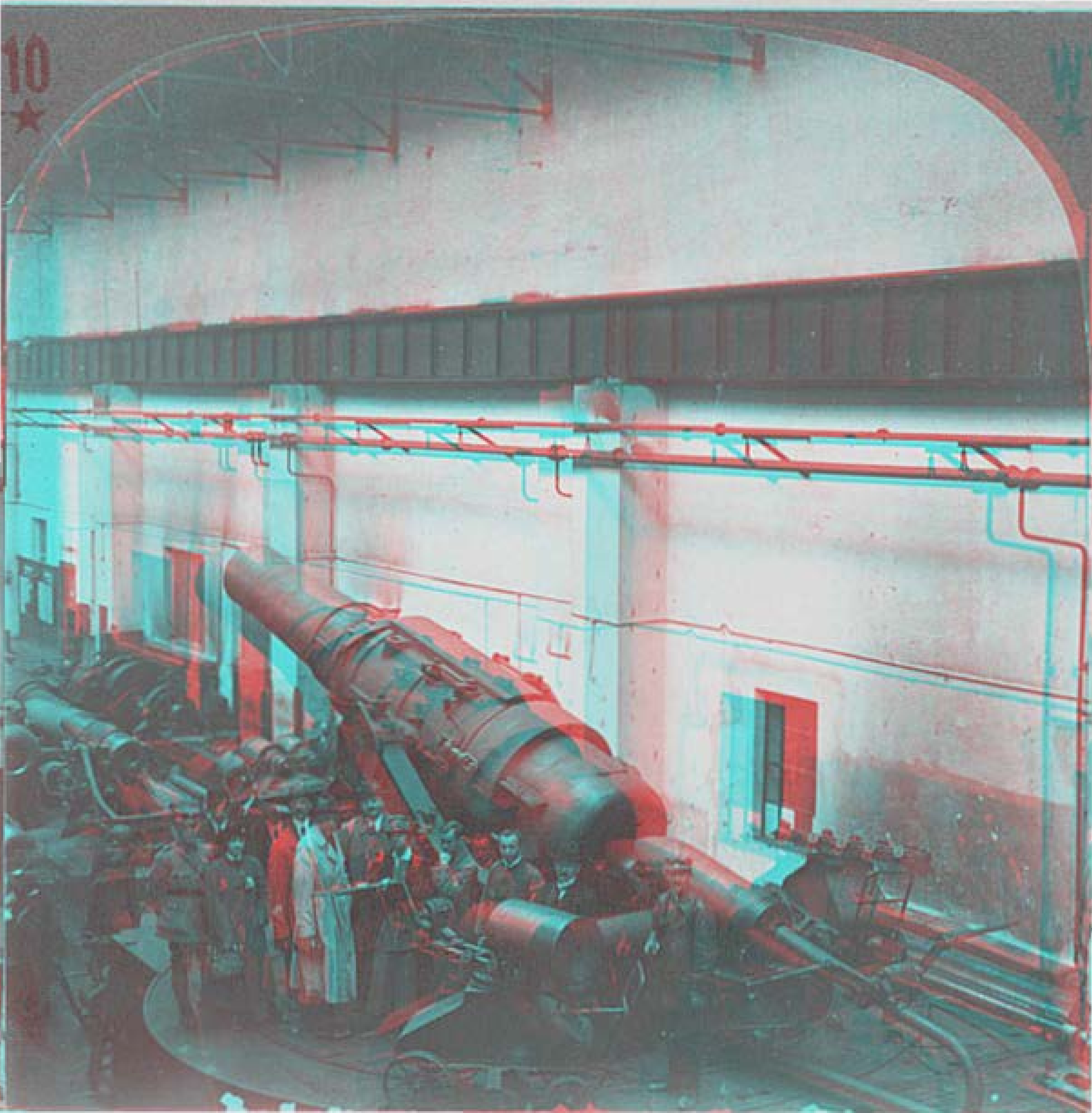
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V18937—At Longwy, France—Ruins Around Main Gateway.

V-18937

RUINS AT LONGWY, FRANCE

Longwy (lôn-wē′) was a French city of about ten thousand people, lying about 25 miles northwest of Metz, the great German fortress in Lorraine, and just over the border from Luxemburg. Barely had the war been inaugurated by the invasion of Belgium when another powerful army under the German Crown Prince poured into eastern France through Luxemburg. Longwy, which had a fortress of the second class, was immediately attacked. For nearly three weeks a perfect tornado of shells was rained upon the devoted city. The fort was held by about 3000 Frenchmen who made an heroic defense, surrendering only when further resistance became impossible. The fort lay in ruins about them, its walls whether of concrete or masonry shattered into fragments, its guns dismounted. The upper part of the city, in which there were about four hundred houses, was completely demolished. Of church, shops, houses, nothing remained but tottering walls, unsightly piles of shattered stone, torn and twisted iron rails. Some conception of the ruin may be gathered from the scene before us. The men whom we see are German soldiers, two of them wearing the spiked iron helmet and the other the soft gray field cap used early in the war by German privates.

Longwy is divided into two parts by the Chiers River, which flows through the middle of the city. In the southern section, known as Longwy-Bas, there were mines, factories and iron works, and the houses clung to the sides of hills which arose almost from the river bank. This section of the city suffered comparatively little damage.

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Nach
Houston I
Houston II

18769 "Mur Tschoffen," Wall in Dinant before which Germans Shot Many Loyal Belgians.

18769

WALL IN DINANT WHERE LOYAL BELGIANS WERE SHOT

There is little in the peaceful scene before us to recall the terrible tragedy enacted on this very spot in August, 1914. Here, in that fateful month, 116 citizens of Dinant were pitilessly massacred by German soldiers acting under the command of their officers. With the butt ends of muskets, men were separated from the women as the terrified citizens huddled together in the street, stood up against this wall, and shot.

On Friday, August 21st, the sack of the town began, and its fate was more terrible than it was when Charles the Bold captured the city five hundred years before. The citizens were all indoors, the "guarde civile" had given up their arms, when the enemy burst into the streets, fired into the windows, smashed in the doors, dragged people into the street to be shot and stabbed. Then began the pillage, and when the invaders had glutted themselves with spoil, grenades were thrown and houses set on fire. Of 1,400 houses not 200 were left standing. One of these we see; on the wall a plaster plaque to the memory of the slain, before it a memorial wreath.

Dinant is a Belgian town on the banks of the Meuse. In the fifteenth century it was a flourishing city of 60,000 people, but its commercial importance has declined. It is now principally a summer resort,—or was, before the war—a charming town with quiet streets, quaint architecture and lovely vistas. All this the war has leveled to a heap of ruins, to piles of unsightly stone and mortar.

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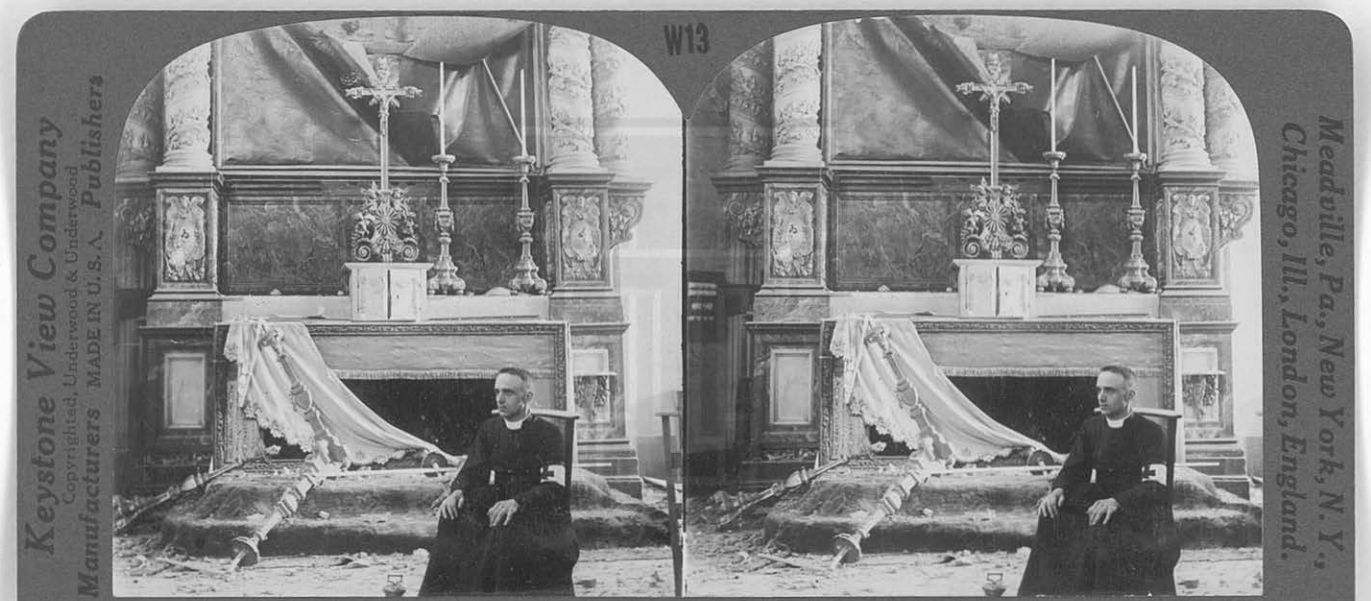

V18939 Altar of Malines Cathedral, Wrecked by German Shells.

V18939

WRECKED ALTAR OF MALINES CATHEDRAL

Malines, one of the most charming towns of Belgium, undefended, was bombarded several times, apparently in a spirit of pure malice. On one of those occasions a hundred shrapnel shells exploded in the town. The church of Notre Dame was damaged, great holes were knocked in the walls and roof of the Cathedral of St. Rombaut, houses were battered down and the town hall was smashed.

In the intervals between the bombardments, the terrified inhabitants carried away to safety many valuable works of art that had hung in their places of worship. But there were many they had no opportunity to carry away when they, themselves, were forced to flee from bursting shells. The beautiful altar of the Cathedral, with its richly embroidered cloth, the fine metal candlesticks, the masterpieces of great artists which adorned the walls, the lovely stone pillars, were ruined. Bursting shells tore the pictures to shreds, knocked pieces out of the stone pillars, piled a litter of stone and dirt at the foot of the altar. The rains of heaven poured through the broken roof and completed the destruction man had begun.

But a fraction of the destruction wrought in the Cathedral is visible to our eyes. We see but one spot, yet that is typical of many others. We cannot see the shattered walls, the gaping holes in the roof, the splintered arches; yet they are all there, evidences of the destructive policy of the invader.

Malines was a town of great antiquity. It was formerly called Mechlin and it was there that the famous Mechlin lace was made.

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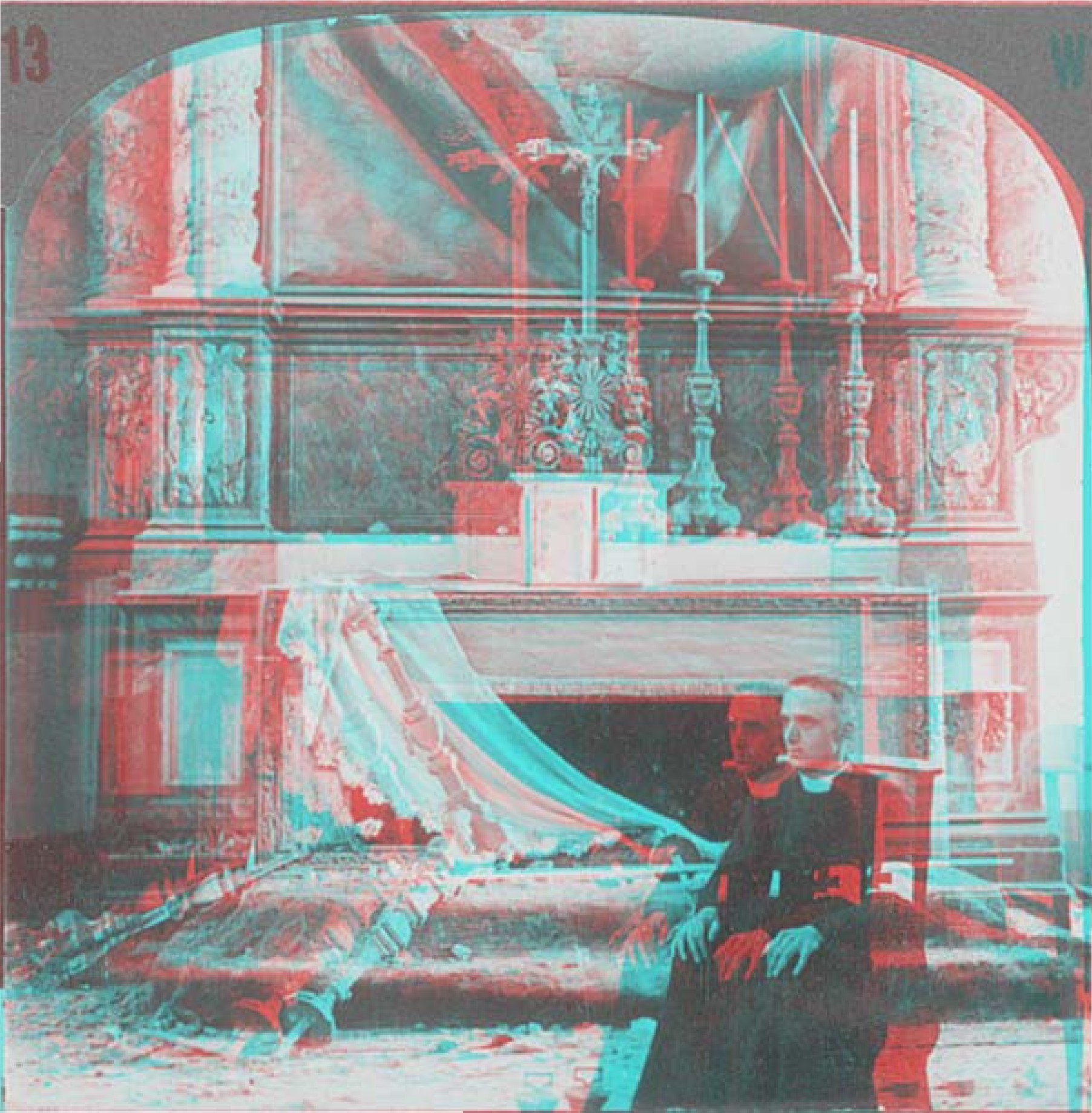
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18768 Cardinal Mercier, Renowned Belgian Prelate, Speaking at Dinant, Belgium.

18768

CARDINAL MERCIER AT DINANT

Cardinal Mercier (mĕr′syā′), prince and prelate, fearless soul whom the Germans could not bend, is speaking in the cathedral at martyred Dinant. Throughout the war his voice was raised in protest against the crimes which Germany perpetrated in Belgium. In ringing tones he demanded for Belgium the rights which all civilized nations accord their opponents—and was denied. The one head that would not be humbled, the one tongue that would not be silenced, he was hated by Germans, revered and almost worshipped by his people.

Cardinal Mercier was born November 21, 1851, at Braine l'Allend in the Walloon Brabant. He is a man of imposing presence, over six feet tall, with a scholarly face, white hair and deeply set, seeing eyes, the eyes and head of a thinker. He was in Rome when Louvain was sacked and there received the terrible news, followed a few days later by that of the bombardment of his own beautiful Church of Notre Dame at Mechlin, of which he was archbishop.

Returning to Belgium he steadfastly took up the defense of his people. Ceaselessly he proclaimed their rights, continually he protected them to the limits of his power, challenging and protesting Germany's arbitrary exercise of power. How the Germans hated him! Yet harm him, even they dared not, who dared every other infamy. On one occasion, prevented by a cordon of soldiers from going by train to Brussels where he wished to celebrate high mass, this heroic old man set out to walk and actually did walk as far as Velvarde, where he caught a tramcar. Cardinal Mercier visited our country in the fall of 1919, and was received with high honors.

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V19270 French Fleeing into Amiens from the Somme District.

V19270

FRENCH RFUGEES FLEEING INTO AMIENS FROM THE SOMME

In the densely peopled regions of Belgium and northern France over which the tides of the German invasion advanced and receded, tens of thousands of women and children were forced to flee before the enemy, carrying with them little or nothing of their possessions.

In front of every German advance during the World War, like leaves before a wind, these throngs of fugitives filled all the roads of France or were crowded into the fields beside them by the columns and trains of the French, or British, or American troops advancing to meet the foe. They were there in countless multitudes when the tide of battle first swept down from the borders of Belgium in 1914, when the German armies made their last desperate plunges westward.

The unfortunates whom we see before us, crowded, with a few poor little personal belongings, upon the rough floor of a bumping farm wagon, are some of those who made their way into Amiens when the Germans broke through the 5th British Army in March, 1918. In spite of their misfortunes, the steadfast courage and patience of the typical French peasant is in their faces. "C'est la guerre," ("It is the war,"), with a little shrug of the shoulders:—that phrase summed up the philosophy of resignation of the French villagers and country people in the face of appalling personal calamities. And in such a spirit lay much of the unflinching endurance, the unshakable courage, which finally won through to victory in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

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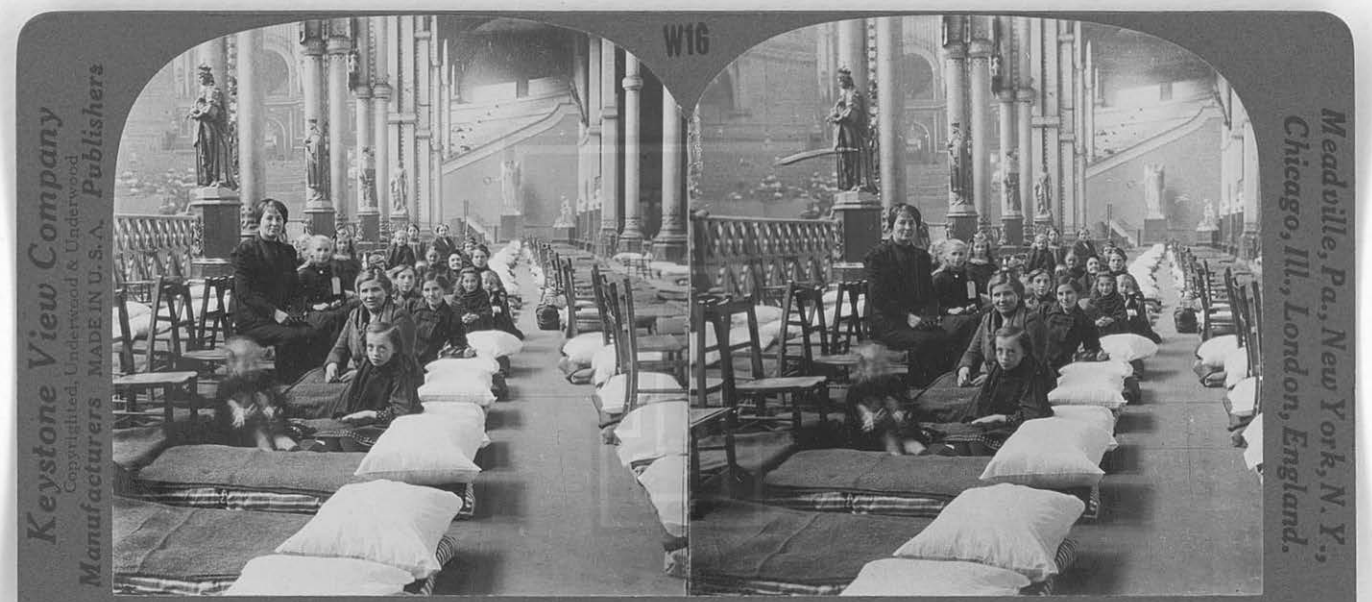

V19273 Belgian Refugees Housed in Alexandria Palace, London.

V19273

BELGIUM REFUGEES HOUSED IN ALEXANDRA PALACE, LONDON

Upon the people of Belgium the opening of the World War fell like a sudden and devastating storm. Swept by the gray-clad hosts of the German invaders, scores of their beautiful cities and busy manufacturing towns, hundreds of their thrifty farms were shattered by shell fire and gutted by flames. At the same time tens of thousands of people, women, children and old men, terrified by the horrible atrocities committed against many of them, abandoned everything and fled, helpless and hopeless fugitives, into France or to the seaports where they might get ships for England.

In England great numbers of them found refuge, and it is to the credit of the large hearted humanity of the English people that, in spite of the burdens and anxieties bearing upon them in those early months of the war, they so generously threw open their homes and public places to these forlorn refugees and made such self-sacrificing efforts to care for them. In palaces and cottages of the poor, in city halls and hospitals and the mansions of country estates they were taken in, and many orphaned children were adopted by English families.

The Alexandra Palace, in which we are standing and where these Belgian women and children are housed in some degree of comfort, lies in a beautiful park 300 acres in extent on the northern outskirts of London. The building, which is of brick, was erected in 1875, and it is an enormous music hall covering, with its courts, an area of 7½ acres, the central hall being 386 feet by 184 feet in size.

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18745 Awaiting Enemy in French Trenches with Rifle and Mitrailleuse.

18745

AWAITING ENEMY IN FRENCH TRENCHES

We see here French soldiers of the early days of the war. They have very different uniforms from those which they used later on. The dark blue tunics and blue or red trousers made much more conspicuous targets than the uniforms of "horizon blue" which the French army adopted as soon as possible after the war began, while the bright cloth caps such as these men wear afforded none of the protection against head wounds as did the steel helmets which later were always used in the battle areas.

The trench before us, well revetted with sandbags, is a type of the usual trench construction. Notice how it zigzags to our left. This arrangement in zigzag sections, each about 30 feet in length, saves the men in one section from being hurt by the explosion of a shell in another section. Similarly, if one section should be captured in an attack by enemy infantry, their fire cannot sweep a great length of adjoining trenches, while the latter can be more easily defended around the corners of the zigzags.

The gun which we see on the right is a French Hotchkiss machine gun. It fires about 600 shots per minute and is operated by a small amount of the powder gas which escapes from a hole near the muzzle after the passage of each bullet, while it is cooled by a radiator. Japan, as well as France, used the Hotchkiss. The British, the Russians and the Germans all used the Maxim type, which is operated by the recoil of the barrel and is cooled by a water jacket. Austria had the Schwarzlose, Italy the Permio, and the United States formerly used the Colt, but this was replaced after we entered the war by the Browning, a remarkably efficient weapon.

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18746 French Cavalry Ready to Follow an Infantry Attack.

18746

FRENCH CAVALRY READY TO FOLLOW INFANTRY ATTACK

Here we see French cavalry behind the lines, waiting the issue of an infantry attack. After the infantry has swarmed over hidden machine gun nests and thrown the enemy line into confusion, the cavalry follows up the attack and turns confusion into rout. Gone are the days of cavalry charges on infantry in formation—the modern repeating rifle and the machine gun throw a stream of fire into the charging squadron that piles men and horses, dead and dying, in one writhing mass of utter confusion. But once the infantry formations are broken, once the men scatter in retreat, the cavalry are among them cutting and slashing, hurrying them from place to place, giving them no time to re-form and by their mass of fire beat off the foe.

After Haig's great drive between St. Quentin and the Oise (wȧz) in October, 1918, the cavalry "came into its own" everywhere, for hundreds of miles, on the heels of the retreating Germans who, beaten disastrously on all fronts, were hurrying to escape from France. The cavalry swooped down upon these broken lines, beat them apart into still worse confusion, intercepted their retreat, capturing thousands and thousands.

French cavalrymen still use the heavy, straight sabre of the first Napoleon's Cuirassiers (kwē′rȧ-sēr′), and some of their officers still wear the casque and plume. The men before us are well mounted, on wiry, well-groomed horses that give evidence of care and attention. Cavalrymen become very much attached to their horses, often after a hard day's march attending to their wants before seeking food and rest for themselves. And the noble animals merit all that is done for them.

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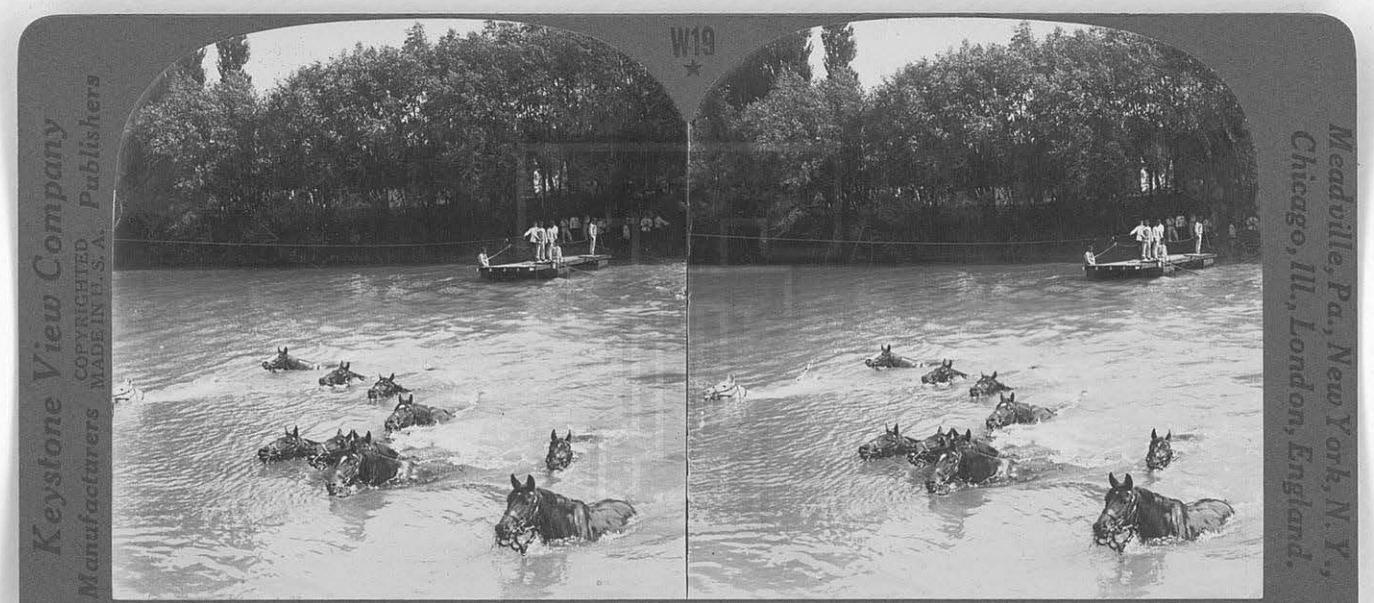

18744 French Cavalry Horses Swimming River in Northern France.

18744

FRENCH CAVALRY HORSES SWIMMING RIVER

To save time a detachment of men is sent across the river on the ferry drawn up near the opposite bank, while the horses are made to swim. This river, like so many in France, is narrow, but deep in the middle—the horses nearest us already have their feet on the bottom. The Meuse, the Marne, the Aisne, the Oise and the Somme are the principal rivers of northern France. None are great streams, like our Hudson or Mississippi. In America they would, for most of their length, be called creeks. All are narrow and deep. During the World War great battles were fought along the banks of all of them. All will be famous in history. Without a doubt French cavalry and German Uhlans have swum their horses across them time and again.

During four years of trench warfare, beginning when the Germans dug themselves in on the north bank of the Aisne after their disastrous defeat on the Marne, and continuing until the battle of Soissons, July, 1918, there was little that cavalry could do. They could be used neither for attack nor reconnoissance—modern artillery and the trenches extending across the whole width of France prevented either. In July and August, 1914, both armies used cavalry to "feel out" the enemy to discover where his line was strong and where weak. Thereafter, for four years, this service was performed by airplanes and observation balloons. But when, with sledgehammer blows, Marshal Foch in the last four months of the war broke the Germans loose from their trenches and brought the war into the open, cavalry came into its own again, harassing the retreating foe, preventing the concentration of fugitives, capturing whole companies at a time.

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V18825 Tangled Ruins of Marne Bridge Blown Up by Germans and Red Cross Train Wreck.

V18825

TANGLED RUINS OF MARNE BRIDGE BLOWN UP BY GERMANS AND RED CROSS TRAIN WRECK

After the Germans were defeated on the Marne in 1914 they did everything consistent with a hasty retreat, to hamper the pursuing French. In this case they have wrecked a railway bridge to cut what would otherwise be the route of the supply trains for the French army. The fact that a Red Cross train was on the bridge was not considered of any consequence.

The "Nord" one sees on the engine is the French word for "North," and alludes to the railway system to which it belongs, the Chemin de Fer du Nord. There are only six great railway companies in France and the systems of the Northern and Eastern companies are the ones whose lines cover the country which was devastated in the war.

But without them neither the Allies nor the Germans co: have carrie' on the war o1 supplied their vast armies as they did. After gaining possession of large portions of these systems, the Germans repaired them and kept them in a high state of efficiency. It was a combination of some of the double track main lines of the Chemin de Fer du Nord and the Chemin de Fer du l'est running from Metz to Lille which connected the whole central and northern sections of the German battle front and enabled them to shift their troops rapidly from one place to another as they might be needed. When the first American Army attacked in the Meuse-Argonne in 1918, it struck at the portion of this line lying between Metz and Sedan, and before the armistice came it had forced its way to Sedan and broken the line there, literally splitting the German armies in two

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V19274 National Road Bridge over the Marne, Blown up to Prevent German Advance.

V19274

NATIONAL ROAD BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE, BLOWN UP TO PREVENT GERMAN ADVANCE

The condition of this wide, substantial bridge on the National Highway, extending eastward from Paris along the valley of the Marne, indicates how closely the Germans threatened the French metropolis in the early days of September, 1914. Lagny (lȧn′ yē′), the town in which the bridge is located, is less than 14 miles from the city. The Germans did not actually reach Lagny, but the troops of the British Army under Sir John French, took no chances, destroying the Marne bridges behind them as they crossed the river and continued their long southward retreat from Mons, Belgium.

General Von Kluck, whose army was pursuing the British, made the mistake of assuming that the latter had already been so badly beaten that it was incapable of much more resistance. He, therefore, moved southeastward on the east side of the city, with the apparent intention of overtaking and routing the British. Thus would be created a gap in the Allied battle line, cutting off the French field armies from Paris.

But in Paris there was a field army upon which Von Kluck had not counted, the Army of Paris under General Maunoury. When Von Kluck moved southeastward he exposed his right flank to attack from the direction of Paris and Maunoury, supported by Gallieni, promptly fell upon it. At the same time the British faced about and attacked the Germans vigorously in front. The result was that Von Kluck found himself in a pocket and was obliged to retreat northward. Thus began the defeat of the whole array of German armies.

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V19275 Cannon Abandoned by Germans in Retreat at Acy, France.

V19275

CANNON ABANDONED BY GERMANS IN RETREAT AT ACY, FRANCE

No words could so eloquently describe the terrible effectiveness of the fire of the French 75-mm. field guns as this glimpse of the condition to which their shells have reduced this battery of German 77s on the broad, open plateau north of Meaux, in the early days of September, 1914, during the first battle of the Marne. The German 77-mm. gun, manufactured by the Krupp works at Essen, was to a great extent an imitation of the French 75. But it was never the equal of the latter in power and rapidity of fire, stability, adjustment or many other minor qualities. When batteries of the two types engaged each other on anything like equal terms, the French guns were usually victorious, for it was estimated that the 120 pieces of 75s which make up the normal equipment of a French army corps are more than equal in fighting value to the 144 pieces of 77s which were used by the normal German army corps.

The guns before us belonged to the army of General Von Kluck. When knocked out at Acy they were helping to defend the hard-pressed right flank of that army against the furious attacks of the 7th French Corps, which was trying to turn the German flank. It was the large measure of success achieved by this attack which forced Von Kluck to retreat from his positions south of the Marne and east of Paris. We see here, also, how little cover was considered necessary for artillery in the early battles of the war. The fighting was literally of the "open" kind which had obtained generally in all previous wars. But the deadly accuracy of modern weapons and the use of airplanes for observation purposes soon forced the artillery to take all the concealment possible.

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V18810—French Reserves from U. S. A.—Some of the Two Million Fighters in the Battle of the Marne.

V18810

FRENCH RESERVES FROM U. S. A.

No sooner had the war broken out than thousands of Frenchmen living in our country flocked homeward to defend the land of their birth. We see a company of these men, reserves, men approaching middle age; men who had no illusions as to the hardships of war; men who, like their brothers at home, had not sought war but fought because the fate of their country was at stake. And they fought well. The battle of the Marne was a turning point in the world's history. Had the Germans won it, nothing could have prevented them from taking Paris and in all probability imposing their will on mankind.

For two weeks the foe had been on French soil. The British had been beaten at Mons, the French at Charleroi; Namur, that strong fortress, had been smashed in a few days. Everywhere, in wide lines, along several great roads, the German army had been rolling on like an avalanche. It seemed that nothing could stop it. Men spoke with bated breath of that wonderful war machine, trained during a whole generation for this day.

At the Marne Joffre stopped this victorious army; not only stopped it, but sent it reeling back like a drunken man. For days beforehand French and British armies, overwhelmed by numbers, had been slowly falling back, fighting hard every foot of the way. On the Marne they turned at bay; on the Marne they struck like a thunderbolt, and Paris breathed freely again. For days the city had been in suspense. Thousands had fled; the public archives had been sent away. Any day the dreaded foe was expected to set his foot on its streets. After the battle of the Marne France and the world knew that Paris was saved, and with Paris, the world.

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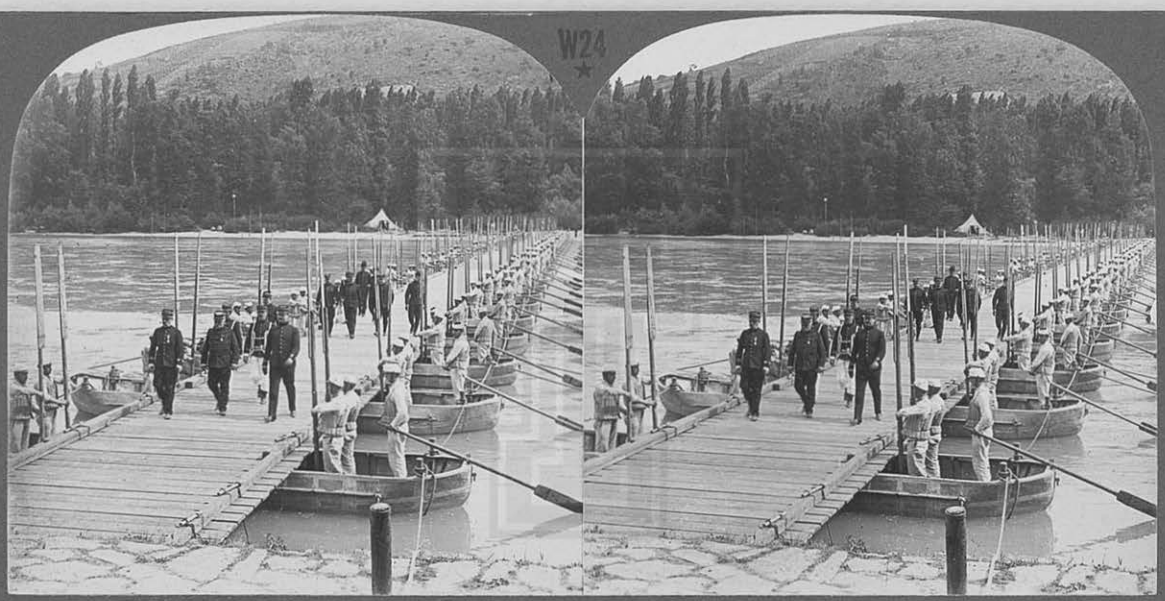

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18079 Inspecting a Nearly Completed Pontoon Bridge in the French Sector of the West Front.

18079

INSPECTING A PONTOON BRIDGE IN THE FRENCH SECTION NEARING COMPLETION

We are looking here upon a fine example of a very necessary device of warfare—the pontoon bridge. On rivers and streams where no permanent bridges exist or where they have been destroyed, pontoon bridges are usually the only means for crossing an army, and every well-equipped army carries with it a large train of pontoon boats, together with the planks and timbers for making the roadway. In the hands of men trained to the work a pontoon bridge can be laid in a surprisingly short time, even under fire, and such bridges of boats have been used since very ancient times.

Improved types of pontoon bridges, like the one before us, played a very important part in the World War. The Russians, the Germans and the Austrians all used them extensively in crossing the large rivers of Poland and Galicia during the many advances and retreats on the Eastern front. At the battle of Mons (Môns), Belgium, in August, 1914, the British artillery wrecked several pontoon bridges by which the Germans sought to cross the Mons-Conde Canal, inflicting heavy losses and greatly delaying their advance. Many such bridges were laid by both sides during the first battle of the Marne, aiding the armies to cross that difficult stream where the permanent bridges had been blown up. During October and November, 1918, American engineer troops showed the utmost gallantry in throwing pontoon bridges and foot bridges across the Meuse River under terrific German fire, thus enabling the American divisions to reach the east side of the stream in pursuit of the retiring Germans.

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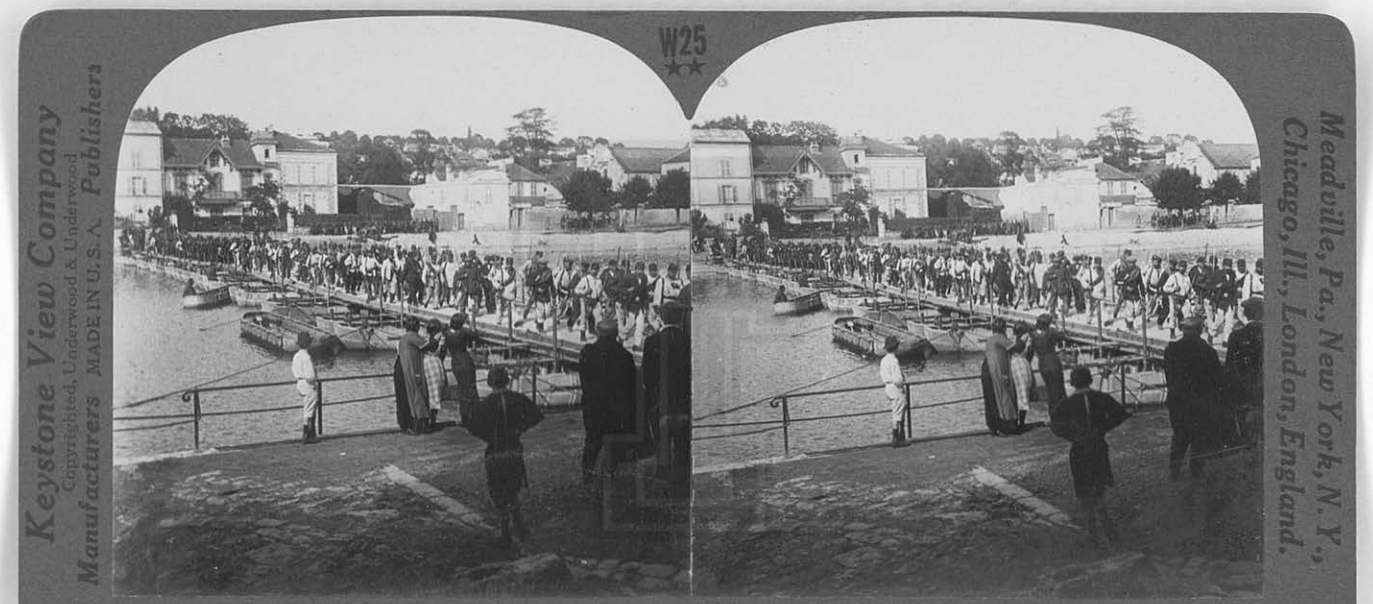

V18823 French Troops Crossing the Marne by Pontoon Bridge.

V18823

FRENCH TROOPS CROSSING THE MARNE BY PONTOON BRIDGE

The first battle of the Marne was not a single battle but a series of terrific combats extending from Verdun to the plateau of the Ourcq (ōōrk), 35 miles northeast of Paris. On Sept. 5, 1914, General Joffre (zhō′-fr′) halted his troops in their long retreat from the frontier of Belgium and the next day assumed the offensive on the whole 150 miles between the Ourcq and Verdun. Then for four days the battle raged indecisively, 2,000,000 combatants ranged in 5 German armies and 6 Allied armies (5 French and 1 British), striving to gain the mastery.

The German plan was to push their right flank army under General von Kluck, which was nearest to Paris, down to the east of the city, cutting it off from the Allied armies in the field, rolling the latter back against the eastern frontier, and then taking the French capital. But Joffre hurled a strong army under General Maunoury from Paris upon the flank and rear of von Kluck, forcing him to retreat across the Ourcq, while on September 9, General Foch's army, in the center, drove back the Germans in his front toward the Marne. This put the armies of von Kluck and von Bulow in grave danger of capture between the armies of Maunoury and Foch, which were pinching in their flanks, and the armies of d'Esperey and the British under Sir John French, which were pressing them in front. The whole German host of invasion was forced to retreat in haste and did not halt until it had crossed the Marne and the Ourcq and the Vesle, a distance of more than 30 miles.

Before us we see the French troops, weary but victorious, following the Germans across the Marne, using pontoon bridges because the permanent bridges had been destroyed.

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V19276 Battle of the Aisne, French Infantry, Transferring to Left Wing.

V19276

BATTLE OF THE AISNE, FRENCH INFANTRY TRANSFERRING TO LEFT WING

These troops, enjoying a halt of a few moments on their long march, are a small fragment of the French forces which late in September, 1914, began extending the French lines northward from the Aisne (ân) River, where the battle of the Marne had come to an end in a state of trench warfare. In making this extension the French were trying to turn the right flank of the Germans and get at their communications reaching back toward Germany. But the Germans extended their own flank to meet the threat and hard battles were fought for possession of such places as Lassigny, Roye, Peronne and Arras, and particularly for the plateau at Albert. The lines, constantly fighting, reached on northward to Lille (lēl) and Ypres, the Germans succeeding in holding on to the former place, a great manufacturing city of 206,000 people, while the Allies clung to Ypres. Finally the flanks came to the coast of the North Sea in the neighborhood of Nieuport and no further open warfare was possible, the fortified front being continuous from the frontier of Switzerland to the sea, a distance of nearly 475 miles.

The men standing before us are still wearing the pre-war uniform of the old French army. It was later replaced by a uniform much lighter in shade "horizon blue," which on the principle of concealment, or "camouflage," was very hard to see at a distance. The rifles stacked among the troops are the regulation weapons of the French infantry, the Lebel rifle. It is a trifle heavier and about 8 inches longer than the American Springfield and carries 8 cartridges in the magazine.

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W27

V18901 Battle of the Aisne—Ammunition Wagons Shifting to New Position.

V18901

AMMUNITION WAGONS SHIFTING TO NEW POSITIONS

These men had an extra hazardous duty to perform. Their wagons were loaded with the most powerful explosives. A single fragment of shell from long range guns, a bullet or a bomb from an enemy airplane might at any time explode one of these cargoes and strew the road with fragments of men and horses. This happened many times, especially after the battle of the Somme (sȯm) when Allied supremacy in the air allowed our planes to swoop down on German ammunition and supply trains and spread havoc among them.

The sturdy French poilu (pwä'lü') whom we see are shifting the position of an ammunition train during the battle of the Aisne (ân), which began on the 13th of September, 1914. This battle was brought about by the swift pursuit with which the Allies followed up their victory of the Marne. four days previous. At first many believed that the battle of the Marne would result in the retreat of the Germans from the whole of France, but the latter on crossing the Aisne fell back upon strongly fortified positions built by their rear guard, and a great battle followed, lasting three weeks. During the first two weeks of this battle rain fell in torrents; the soil was churned into seemingly bottomless pits of sticky mud; the only solid ground to be found was those splendid French roads. Sudden and rapid shifts of the battle line kept the drivers of supply and ammunition trains going day and night. When obliged to leave the main roads their wagons became mired to the hubs. Yet they had to get on. Somehow, some way ammunition had to be brought to the front.

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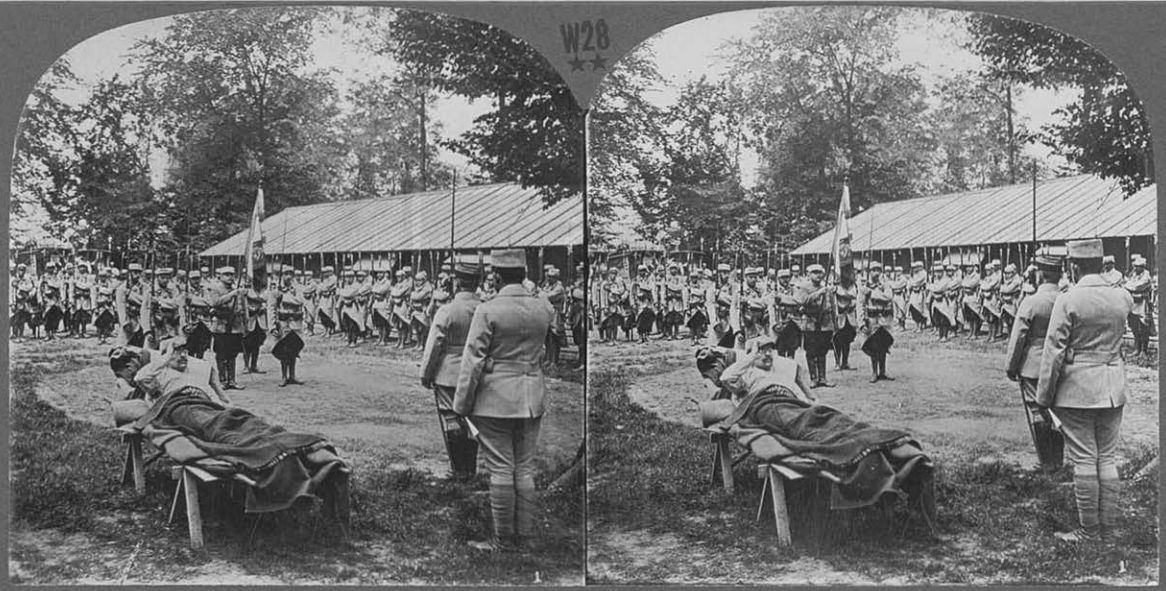

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18099 Decorating, Medaille Militaire, Adjt. Dambrine, Severely Wounded, at Ablain St. Nazaire, France.

18099

BESTOWING MEDAILLE MILITAIRE UPON ADJUTANT DAMBRINE, SEVERELY WOUNDED

The custom of using medals as decorations of honor for those who rendered some special service in time of war is quite modern. Among the French, who particularly esteem valor, this custom has developed perhaps more than in any other nation. The French soldiers have undoubtedly taken their share of decorations for conspicuous bravery. The gay and the thoughtless French soldier of tradition has given way, in the severe test of war, to the "poilu" we know today, brave, fearless, eager for the offensive, quickly roused to action by the ruthless destruction of the enemy, gladly sacrificing everything for his beloved France.

Among the decorations of honor the French government has bestowed for valor in this past war are the War Cross, the Cross of the Legion of Honor and, most famous of all, the Medaille Militaire or Military Medal. The giving of a decoration is, as you will note from this view, a matter of much ceremony. A large number of soldiers with glittering bayonets in attendance, French officers with flashing swords, and a band which frequently breaks into the "Marseillaise," make the event one long to be remembered. The decoration itself is pinned upon the recipient by some high officer who makes a little speech, kisses the one so honored upon the cheek—a French custom —while the soldiers "present arms" and each officer's sword is at his chin. It is interesting to know that a large number of American soldiers won French decorations for bravery. Also, that a new French "Medal of Gratitude" was issued in recognition of services rendered by foreigners.

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V18819 The Highland Regiment of the British Army Marching through Boulogne.

V 18819

HIGHLAND REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH BOULOGNE

August 13th, 1914, was a memorable day for this historic and picturesque old French city. On that day, for the first time in the memory of living men, British soldiers, traditional enemies of France, landed on its quays and marched through its streets as friends, as allies. The reception given to them was delirious in its joy. All Boulogne rushed to the quays and raised a mighty cheer as the transports hove into sight. A British army was actually there to fight side by side with their own poilus! As it marched through the city, 90,000 strong, horse, foot, and artillery; veterans from India, sturdy yeomen from their English shires, Highlanders in kilt and plaid, women showered them with flowers, young girls ran up to kiss their hands, men cheered until their throats were hoarse.

For two whole days the khaki columns wound their way through the narrow streets of the ancient city, bands playing, bagpipes screeching, whole companies whistling the Marseillaise or striding blithely along to the tune of Tipperary. Brawny, powerful men they were, hardened and browned by months of training, for this was a part of Britain's regular army, a martial host. No regiment appeared more warlike to the French than the Highlanders we see before us, for the Scots are big-boned men, tall and muscular; bonny soldiers in a fight, when their tempers become as hard as the granite rocks of their native hills.

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V18910 Canadian Artillery Proceeding to the Front.

V18910

CANADIAN ARTILLERY PROCEEDING TO THE FRONT

When the war broke out Canada responded with splendid patriotism to the call. Immense sums of money were raised and the Dominion threw itself with the utmost fervor into preparations for the conflict. An immense training camp was quickly established at Valcartier, near Quebec. There, on a great plateau as level as a table, long lines of tents sprang up like mushrooms, thousands of tents, with wide streets between. The camp covered an area of 17,000 acres and was provided with every hygienic safeguard that modern science could devise. To this camp the sons of Canada flocked in divisions thirty thousand strong, one division replacing another as waves wash in on the beach.

Miles of trenches were constructed, every type of trench the men were likely to come across in war. The soldiers were taught how to build these trenches, were trained in rushing them, were shown how to construct shelters for machine guns. Long lines of targets were put up for rifle practice, more than a thousand in a row. The whole camp hummed with activity. Everything had to be done and done quickly. Hundreds of thousands of men, strangers to war, had to be transformed into soldiers overnight as it were. And wonderful soldiers they proved to be. The world rang with tales of their valor. At Lens, Ypres, and a score of other places they won deathless fame. No situation was too deperate for them. The name "Canadian" became a synonym for dash and courage. They were bitter fighters and game to the last. This battery of light artillery on its way to the front was typical of the whole Canadian army, clean, alert, efficient, bonny soldiers all of them.

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V18847—Marshal Haig and General Antoine at Review of French First Division.

ARSHAL HAIG AND GENERAL ANTOINE

Of the two men standing on this plain, the one facing us, Sir Douglas Haig, Commander of the British armies in France during the last four years of the war, will be recorded in history as the greatest British commander since Wellington. A man of iron resolution, he was yet modest and kindly, and in his intercourse with his subordinates frank and sincere. He knew how to win their affection as well as their admiration and respect.

At times two million men were under his command. He faced some of the darkest days of the war, none worse than those of April, 1918, in the Ypres sector during Ludendorf's famous "victory" drive, when it seemed as though the entire British army would be annihilated. It was then that he issued that famous order which rang like a tocsin through the world, "Men, our backs are to the wall. We must fight it out. There must be no retreat, we must conquer or die."

It was Haig who organized the great battle of the Somme, which continued for weeks and which cost the British army half a million men and completely demoralized the German offensive for a long while. And it was Haig who, on October 8th, finally smashed the Hindenburg line and started the Germans on their retreat from France. Field Marshal Haig is sixty years of age, and in recognition of his distinguished services has been granted an earldom.

The man to whom he is speaking is General Antoine, commander of the 1st Division of the French army, an able soldier who distinguished himself as the leader of one of the finest fighting organizations of his nation's magnificent army.

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18786 Ypres Cathedral in Ruins, British Lory in Foreground.

18786

YPRES CATHEDRAL IN RUINS—BRITISH LORRY IN FOREGROUND

The once magnificent Cathedral of St. Martin's, imposing even in its ruins, was before the war a landmark visible for miles as it rose above the quaint Flemish roofs of Ypres. The main structure, built between 1221 and 1254, was surmounted about 1433 by the massive stone tower whose lower part, battered almost beyond recognition, still rises before us to a height of more than 100 feet, all that is left of its original 190 feet. The fact that it was so conspicuous made it a favorite target for the guns of the Germans, ranged for four years on the northeast, the east and the southeast sides of Ypres.

We are looking almost due east at the cathedral. Behind it in that direction the German front line trenches are only about 4,000 yards distant from where we stand. Zonebeke, Abraham Heights, Passchendaele Ridge and many other places celebrated in the many fierce struggles around Ypres, lie on beyond. The famous Cloth Hall, standing beside the cathedral, is just to our right.

In the shell-swept confines of the crumbling city during the war any refuge from projectiles was welcome. From time to time many British soldiers, ignorant or unmindful of the condition of the shattered cathedral walls, sheltered themselves in the ruins only to be buried beneath the avalanche of stones brought down by the next shell. In the spring of 1919, after the armistice, British burial parties estimated that 150 bodies still remained beneath the huge mass of stones which we see between the tower and the archway further back.

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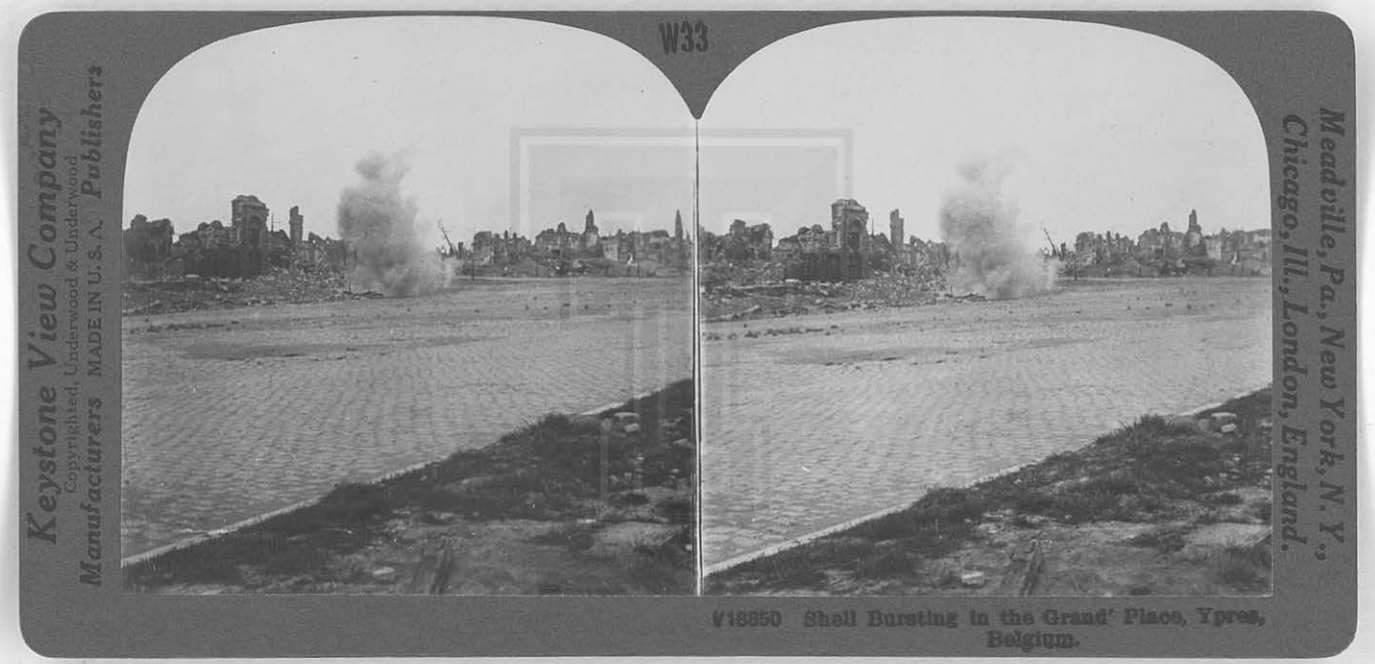

V18850 Shell Bursting in the Grand' Place, Ypres, Belgium.

V18850

SHELL BURSTING IN THE GRAND' PLACE, YPRES, BELGIUM

Looking southwest from the front of the ancient Cloth Hall across the Grand' Place of Ypres, we have here before us for all time to come a vivid glimpse of war as it actually was during four long years in that old Flemish city. Ypres was once a treasure house of the quaint and graceful architecture of the Middle Ages, sought by artists, architects, poets, lovers of the beautiful from the whole world. Now it lies shattered by German shells.

On this summer day the distant artillery of the enemy is "strafing" the ill-fated city, as it did at frequent intervals all through the long years of the war. Not a British soldier is in sight. Most of them are out in the trenches, north and east and south of the town; those who are within it are sheltering themselves from the bombardment in dugouts among the ruins. The photographer himself who caught for us this view of a shell bursting close to the corner of the Grand' Place and the Rue de Lille is doubtless hidden from its flying fragments behind some of the fallen masonry of that glorious Cloth Hall, completed in the year 1304, which was once one of the chief architectural glories of Belgium. To the left and some distance behind the smoke of the explosion rises a shattered bit of the walls of the Hospice Belle, which contained before the war some priceless paintings by old masters.

Ypres was full of such lovely monuments of the past. But now, all are gone and the shadowy outline of a little, two-wheeled cart, the horse hurrying madly, the driver leaning forward to urge him on as they flee from the wrath of war about them, seems a symbol of that old civilization which fled from Ypres on an autumn day in 1914 when, the hordes of invasion came rolling down upon it.

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V19271 Trenches Bitterly Contested in Battle in Once Peaceful Village near Ypres.

V19271

TRENCHES BITTERLY CONTESTED IN BATTLE NEAR YPRES

The ruined Belgian city of Ypres was always known as "Wipers" to the thousands of British "Tommies" who struggled in and around it during the long years of the war. They remember it as one of the worst of the many terrible places on the British front, for in the low, flat country round about it, criss-crossed with trenches, wire entanglements and drainage ditches, battle after battle was fought.

How close and bitter were these struggles is witnessed by this scene in one of the many villages near Ypres where British and German fought for possession until the place was reduced to a rubbish heap. Often trenches such as this one ran so close together that only a few yards separated them. The contest for villages was usually even more intense than in the open country because there were defensive advantages to be found among the ruins of the houses

The importance of Ypres itself lay much less in the fact that it was a city of some size than in the fact that the British made it the center of a huge bastion jutting out into the German front. In numerous furious attacks the Germans sought to crush in this bastion, which securely protected the British base ports on the Channel; Dunkirk, Calais and Boulogne; places that could not be taken until Ypres itself was captured. On the other hand, the British undertook formidable offensives for the capture of pieces of high ground in their front, such as Messines Ridge and Passchendaele Ridge, possession of which would strengthen their positions. The situation before Ypres did not change decisively until the general breakdown of the German defenses in the fall of 1918.

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V18818—Creeping on the Enemy Over the Sand Dumes, British Contingent in Belgium.

V18818

CREEPING UP ON THE ENEMY OVER THE SAND DUNES, BRITISH CONTINGENT IN BELGIUM

From Zee-Brugge to Nieuport for miles inland, the Belgian coast is level and but slightly higher than the sea. In fact there are areas of vast extent that are below sea level. In the fall of 1914 at a desperate stage of the battle of Flanders, Field Marshal Joffre took advantage of this to inundate the land and thus hold back the Germans. The whole country for miles is intersected with canals and ditches, the surface of the land for ten to fifteen miles inland but two or three yards above sea level. Owing to the constant rains at certain seasons of the year these canals would overflow but for the fact that at low tide their waters are draired into the sea. To flood the land the gates were opened at high tide and the sea forced the swollen waters of the canals back. The territory held by the Germans became a marsh, then a vast lake. They could dig no trenches, could find no solid support for their heavy artillery. In a final attempt to capture Nieuport and thus control the sluice gates they advanced carrying boards on which to cross the ditches. It was a hopeless last push, conducted with the greatest bravery, but shot and shell swept them away in droves and they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

During certain seasons high winds sweep over the land, whirling the sand into grotesque shapes, piling it into great dunes here, scooping deep hollows there. As these dunes become more or less permanent, coarse grass and scrubby bush take root and flourish. Our Allies were quick to take advantage of this screen in advancing to attack, whole companies creeping forward under its cover.

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18707 British Royal Engineers Constructing Second Line Trenches in Flanders.

18707

BRITISH ROYAL ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING SECOND LINE TRENCHES

You probably will not believe it, but this is what these men wear when they have on their full dress uniforms. They wear a scarlet tunic with garter, blue cuffs and collar, yellow shoulder cords and piping, blue trousers with a red stripe, a helmet with the royal arms on the plate, and a spike. The men wear a white waist belt, and the officers wear a gold laced leather belt with a pouch belt of russia leather with a wavy gold lion in the center. But now they are not marching down some city street lined with admiring throngs, keeping time to martial music, a part of some big celebration, they are playing the grim game of war. It is not a time for showy trappings but for the sturdy khaki (kä′kē).

In 1909 there were 5,021 men in the British Royal Engineers, but this number was greatly increased after the European war began. In peace times each army division included two field companies and one telegraph company of the Royal Engineers. In the army troops there are supposed to be four field troops of the Royal Engineers and one telegraph company. The Royal Engineers are organized into mounted field troops, field companies, fortress, telegraph, railway, searchlight, balloon, wireless companies and bridging train. The European war was a mobilization of material as well as a mobilization of men. The trained knowledge of the Royal Engineers helped them to do their part in the mobilization of material.

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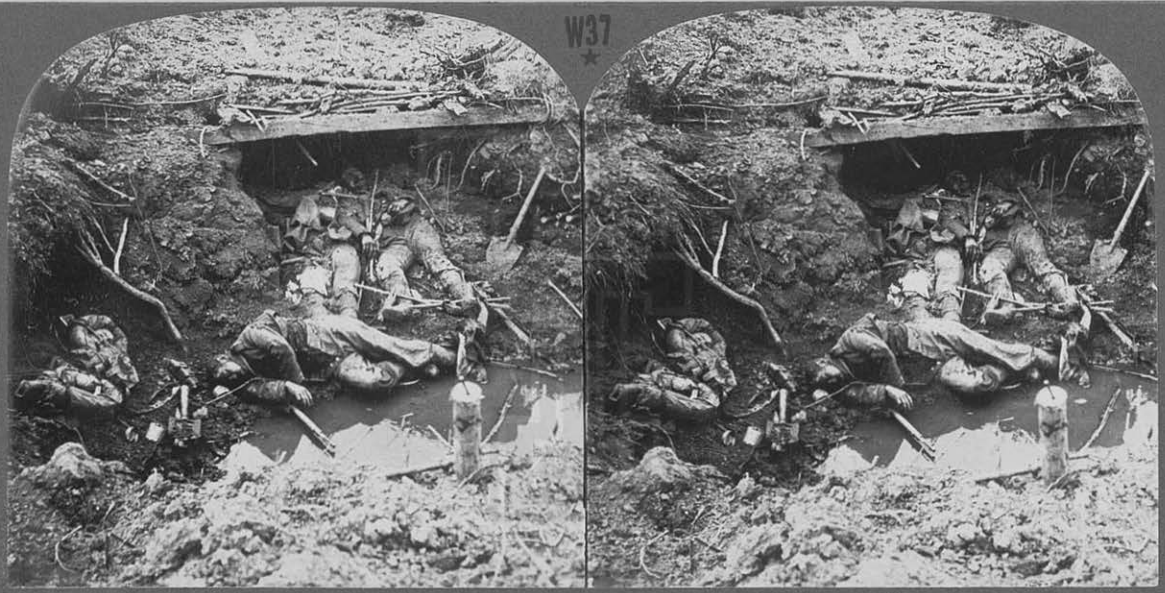

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V18858 "And the Trench Was a Reeking Shambles,"
German Dead in the La Bassee Area.

V 18858

GERMAN DEAD IN THE LA BASSE AREA

La Basse (là bà' sā') lies southwest of Lille (lēl) and about ten miles from the Belgian border. Here in the autumn of 1914 was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Great War. Strictly speaking the fight at La Basse was a prolongation of the terrific contest at Ypres, the battle line, shaped like a horseshoe, extending through Lille to that city.

Thrown back on the Marne in its initial drive on Paris, the German army, after a few weeks' rest to recuperate and to mass artillery, lunged westward towards the sea, hoping to capture the channel ports and thus prevent British troops and supplies from reaching France. A million Germans participated in this drive, which led to a succession of great battles known collectively as the Battle of Flanders. The struggle for the trenches of La Basse was a part of this battle, which from beginning to end lasted nearly two months with never a day unmarked by desperate struggles. It is estimated that at La Basse alone the Germans fired $500,000 worth of shells into the trenches within a few days. Life in these trenches became terrible beyond description. The dead lay thick, bodies without heads, without arms or legs, human flesh plastered by the explosion of shells against and actually into the walls. The dead lay for days, decomposing under the feet of the living.

Throughout these battles the Germans advanced in solid formation, often six or seven deep, and their losses were almost beyond belief. They carpeted the ground. Not a shell hole but had its quota.

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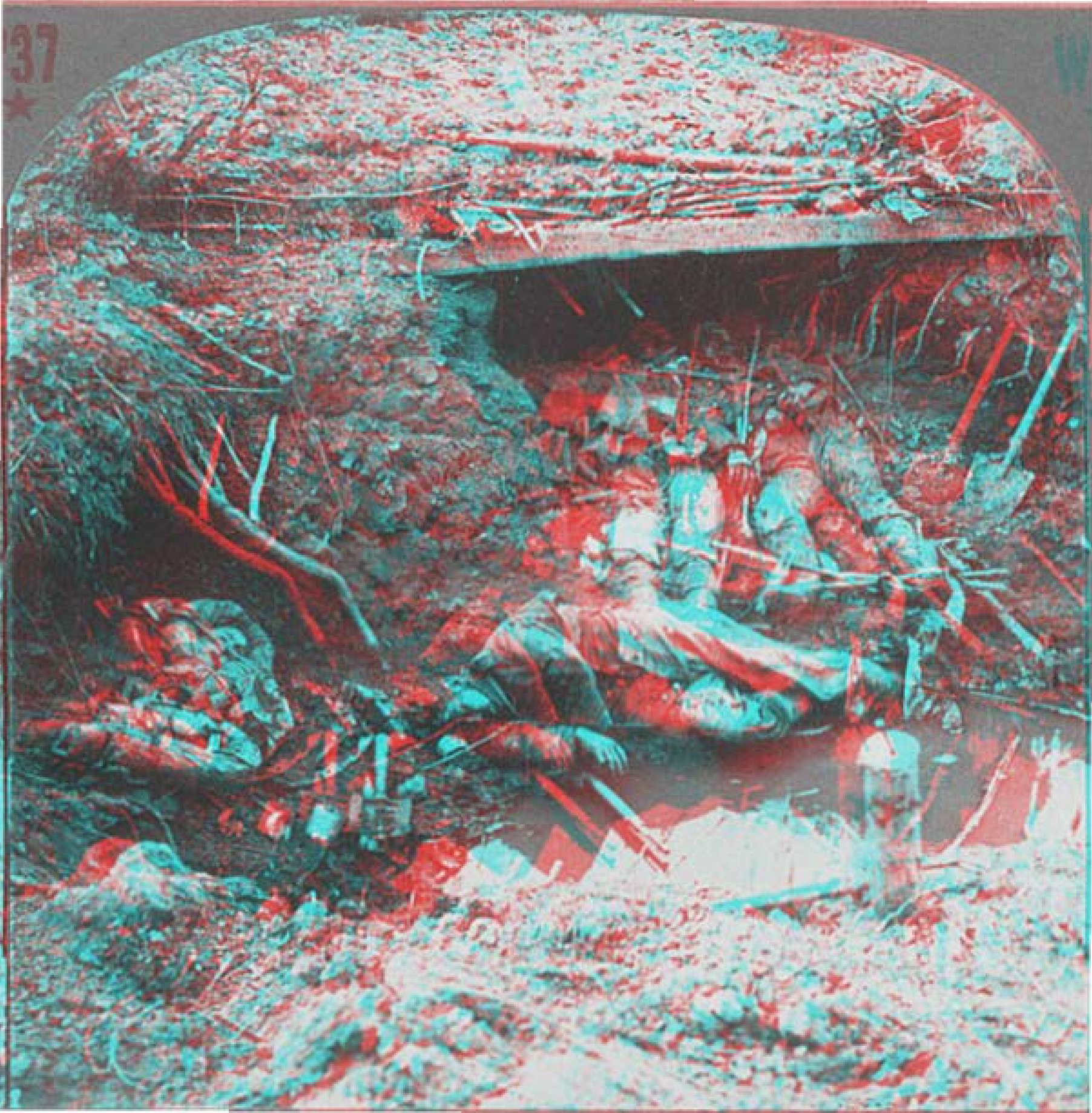
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V18851 Strong Concrete German Position and Victims after Battle of Menin Road.

Strong German Position and Victims after Battle of Menin Road.

Here you can see one of those fortified positions of concrete and steel that the Germans were continually constructing in the rear of their front lines. They fought desperately in this redoubt to stem the advancing tide of Allied troops but they failed as the mute evidence before you shows.

At the far corner of the wall of concrete you can see, protruding, a steel I-beam, the size of which will give you an idea of the strength which the Germans thought was necessary to withstand the bombardment of the Allied guns. Those square openings in the wall are the entrances to the bomb proof shelters where the troops hid during bombardments.

Everywhere you can see the wreckage and dead that the successful attack of the Allies caused. How sudden must have been the end of those Germans who defended the stronghold may be judged by the appearance of the one nearest to you. His helmet is still on his head and his hand is raised above his breast. Another one lies in a tangle of wire and rubbish behind a large pole, pinned to the ground by a huge block of stone that was dislodged from the wall by a shell. Above, one can see what effect the shells of the Allies had on the wall.

V18870 British Soldiers Gleaning in the Fields of War, Menin Road.

V18870

BRITISH SOLDIERS GLEANING IN THE FIELDS OF WAR

"Scrounging" was what the British "tommies" called such souvenir hunting as this soldier is doing, and they had almost as great a relish for gathering souvenirs as the Americans. On the first day's tramp to the Rhineland the men of the Army of Occupation were loaded down with all sorts of trophies, picked up on the field, helmets, Lugers, saw bayonets, belts, watches. As the days wore on and the miles were left behind these grew heavier and heavier, and one after another were thrown into the ditches by the wayside.

Picking up anything left behind by a German was a risky thing to do; a watch lying conspicuously in the open might be attached by wire to a bomb buried in the ground beneath it; a sword in the belt of a dead soldier might be connected with a fuse. They displayed devilish ingenuity in arranging such traps. Many a man lost an arm or was blown to bits before our soldiers and those of our allies grew wise to these tricks.

The "Tommy" before us evidently knew the risk he was running, for he is cautiously prying loose with a long board the object he is after. Even tramping over deserted battle fields was dangerous. Often a plank thrown with apparent carelessness over a pit, was arranged to tip or sag, exploding a bomb; often a strand of invisible wire stretched between two stumps was the gateway to death. Eventually, in following up the retreating enemy the Allied forces sent engineers ahead to clear the ground of these traps, for the Germans set thousands of them. The ground, with its shell holes, fallen tree trunks, bits of lumber and wreckage of all sorts afforded admirable facilities for placing them.

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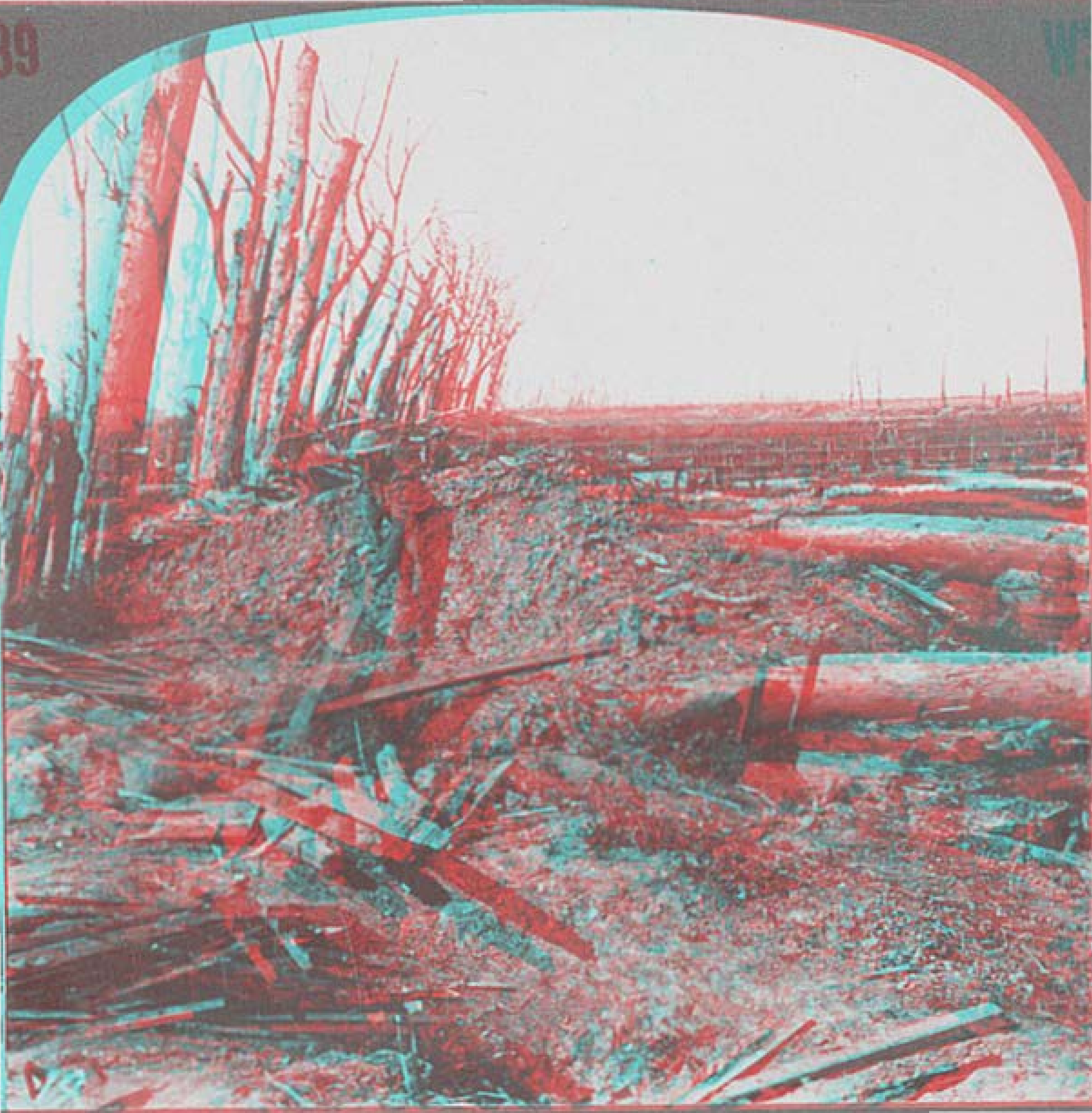

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V19283 Where Hell Was Loosed; War's Indescribable Desolation and Unburied Victims, I[illegible]

V19283

WHERE HELL WAS LOOSED—LENS

One who has not actually looked upon such a scene as this could not believe it possible that human beings, seeking to destroy one another, could wreak such ghastly havoc upon a once beautiful countryside. That this has been in past days a land of pleasant fields and orchards, winding, tree-shaded roads and neat farm buildings is evident from the skeletons of trees that we see scattered between the enormous shell craters full of filthy water, and the ruins of walls looming up there in the distance.

For miles on every side of Lens, that ancient city and former metropolis of the French coal fields which in 1914 was a prosperous place of nearly 30,000 people, the country was devastated in just this way. The bones of thousands of British, French and German soldiers were scattered beyond recovery in this soil which was churned over again and again by the shell fire of successive battles.

During the "race to the sea" in the fall of '14, the Germans seized Lens and managed to hold it just within their lines during the rest of the war. Loos, taken at the cost of bloody losses by the British in May, 1915, lies just north of Lens; Vimy Ridge, finally carried by the Canadians in their superb attack of April, 1917, is only about four miles south of it. The whole country between was fought over for years by the contending armies.

The "elephant iron" hut, riddled by shell fire, lying before us is a type of the vast number of military works built and then swept to ruin in this area; the unfortunate British soldier lying dead on the edge of a shell hole is but a symbol of the harvest reaped by death on these fields of unexampled slaughter.

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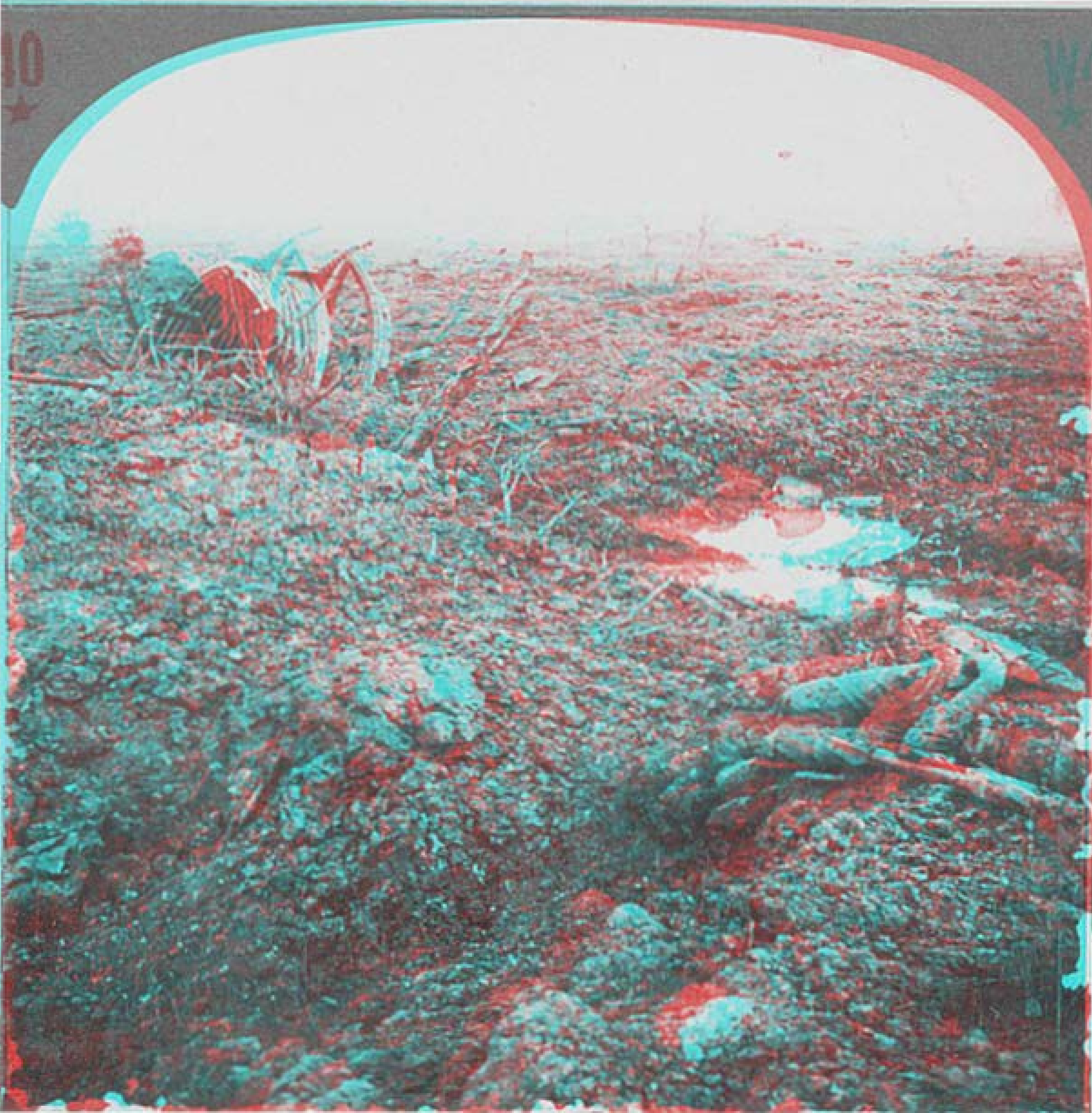

V18840 No Man's Land near Lens, France.

V18840

NO MAN'S LAND NEAR LENS, FRANCE

Look as carefully as you can over this field of desolation and carnage and you will find hardly an inch of ground that has not been blasted over and over again by explosive shells. Those stumps, the remains of a beautiful orchard, show what kind of ground this No Man's Land was before the Allies and their foe came to grips here in the tremendous battle that raged for the channel ports in Northern France and Belgium.

Shell holes without number as far as the eye can reach, filled with stagnant gas-filled water, as deadly as the wells that the Germans poisoned as they retreated. At the edge of the hole nearest to you is discernible a rifle and bayonet; at your feet is a helmet still covering the head of its owner.

Farther on toward the largest tree stump you can see the body of one of the dead. Hundreds like this soldier have lain between the lines of the armies, for days, weeks, months, when the fighting, fiercer than ever before, raged all about them. On the extreme right there are the remains of another of the men who strove in the dusk of some grey morning to make his way to the enemy's lines.

If you had gone the length of the line held by the British in France you would have seen miles and miles of terrible desolation like this, "where all is still and cold and dead."

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19252 A Family Living in Their Ruined House, Lens.

19252

A FAMILY LIVING IN THEIR RUINED HOUSE, LENS

It was not always the fighting men only who lived in dugouts and holes in the ground during the war. At Lens, as well as in other devastated cities of northern France, and Belgium, thousands of refugees, obliged to live on charity when driven from their homes, returned to them as soon as the Germans had been chased away and took up their lives again in their old haunts, even though no more than a cellar remained to shelter them.

Lens was formerly a city of 28,000 people, substantially built of brick, and the center of the coal mining district of the Department of Pas-de-Calais. After four years of occupancy by the Germans it was no more than a vast rubbish heap, its desolate monotony broken here and there by huge mounds of twisted steel beams and girders, like the skeletons of prehistoric monsters, marking the sites of demolished factories.

The ruin of the house before us is no more complete than that of the thousands of other houses of Lens. Its former owners have cleared away the debris from a bit of sidewalk and made an entrance into the basement rescued some of their battered household utensils, thrust a stovepipe up through the overlying heaps of brick and dirt, and thus found for themselves a place in which to exist until another dwelling can be erected above ground. Such a struggle calls for even greater courage and perseverance than was required of the early settlers on the prairies of the American West, where the pioneer was obliged to live in a "little old sod shanty on the claim" only until prosperity could be wrung from the prairie soil about him.

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18766 Temporary Homes in Devasted Lens, Long Occupied by the Germans, France.

18766

TEMPORARY HOMES IN DEVASTATED LENS

Who has not heard of Lens, "the heart of the great coal region in northern France?" Who has not read of the desperate battles there in 1915 and 1917, of the final evacuation by the Germans in October, 1918, when their whole line, from Germany to the sea, was splitting to pieces under continuous attack? They swept over Lens in August, 1914, held it for four years, worked its mines, turned them finally into a vast subterranean fortification, and when they retired left it a ruin—mines flooded, machinery destroyed, not a house, nay scarcely a wall left standing in the town.

Such were the conditions to which refugees returned as soon as the invader had been driven out. The French are attached to their home towns to a degree we can hardly conceive. For generations families live in the same house. If driven away, as so many thousands were in this war, they feel lost, wanderers on the face of the earth. So they return, to find—not a house, not even a roof, scarce a piece of wall. They return, and pick about among the ruins, hoping to find, here and there, something the savage foe may have left as useless. They clear away part of the débris and live in cellars. They have no window glass, no new material with which to build even huts. The government has put up a few huts, but lucky are the refugees before us who have found homes in deserted British barracks. These have roofs of corrugated iron which neither wind nor rain can penetrate. Here they live, many families in one barrack, without comforts, without conveniences, but at least warm and dry, while with infinite pains and under every discouragement they painfully rebuild their homes.

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V18874 Proud Men of the North Who Fought on Flander's Fields.

V18874

PROUD MEN OF THE NORTH WHO FOUGHT ON FLANDERS FIELDS

On this shell-torn waste, pitted and pimpled by high explosives, with the barbed wire curling dangerously around, and the blackened stumps of trees rising here and there, we see the fallen flower of Scotia's manhood.

The men of Scotland have through all history distinguished themselves by their love of a just cause and their readiness to sacrifice their lives for freedom. Their blood has mingled with the land of every continent. They have been leaders in the cause of liberty wherever it was endangered, whether the offender was a royal Edward or a Prussian William.

Here before us is the mute evidence that the blood of heroes still flows in Scotch veins, for these men died facing the machine guns of the enemy. Statistics show that the losses of those famous Scotch regiments were among the very heaviest. The Germans spoke of the Scotch as the "Ladies from Hell" because of their fierceness in attack and their bravery under fire, alluding also to their peculiar attire.

The strange dress they insist on wearing has been an inspiration to many a harassed people. The French loved them, and a story is told of a tribe of Afghans who, wishing to show unflinching valor under fire, dressed in kilts and marched to the tune of improvised bagpipes.

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V18865 "Down in a Shell Crater, We Fought Like Kilkenny Cats"—Battle of Cambrai.

V 18865

"DOWN IN A SHELL CRATER WE FOUGHT"—BATTLE OF CAMBRAI

This terrible war, started by Germany in her mad lust for empire, abounded in situations which tried men's souls to the limit and called for the exertion of every ounce of courage and resolution they possessed. This was one of those occasions. In the ebb and flow of battle, deafened by the explosion of great shells, blinded by fog and smoke, stifled by sulphurous fumes, men became separated from their commands, lost their sense of direction and often took refuge in shell craters such as this, from the hail of machine gun bullets whipping over the surface of the ground.

Sometimes isolated German soldiers blundered into craters held by our own men. Swift combat instantly flared up, bomb and bayonet did their deadly work, quarter was neither asked nor given.

The battle of Cambrai was in some respects the most dramatic of the war. There, for the first time in history, the dazed Germans saw whole squadrons of huge ironclad monsters like the one lying disabled in the background, come lurching and sprawling upon them, tearing into shreds their vaunted barb wire defenses, crashing over the trenches, flattening out concrete "pill boxes" and the machine guns inside. Through the gaps made by these juggernauts came British soldiery, horse and foot, shooting, cutting, and bombing. No surprise was ever more complete or more disastrous. German soldiers crawled out of their deep dugouts by the thousand, their eyes blinking with sleep in the early dawn, and by thousands were they shot down or captured.

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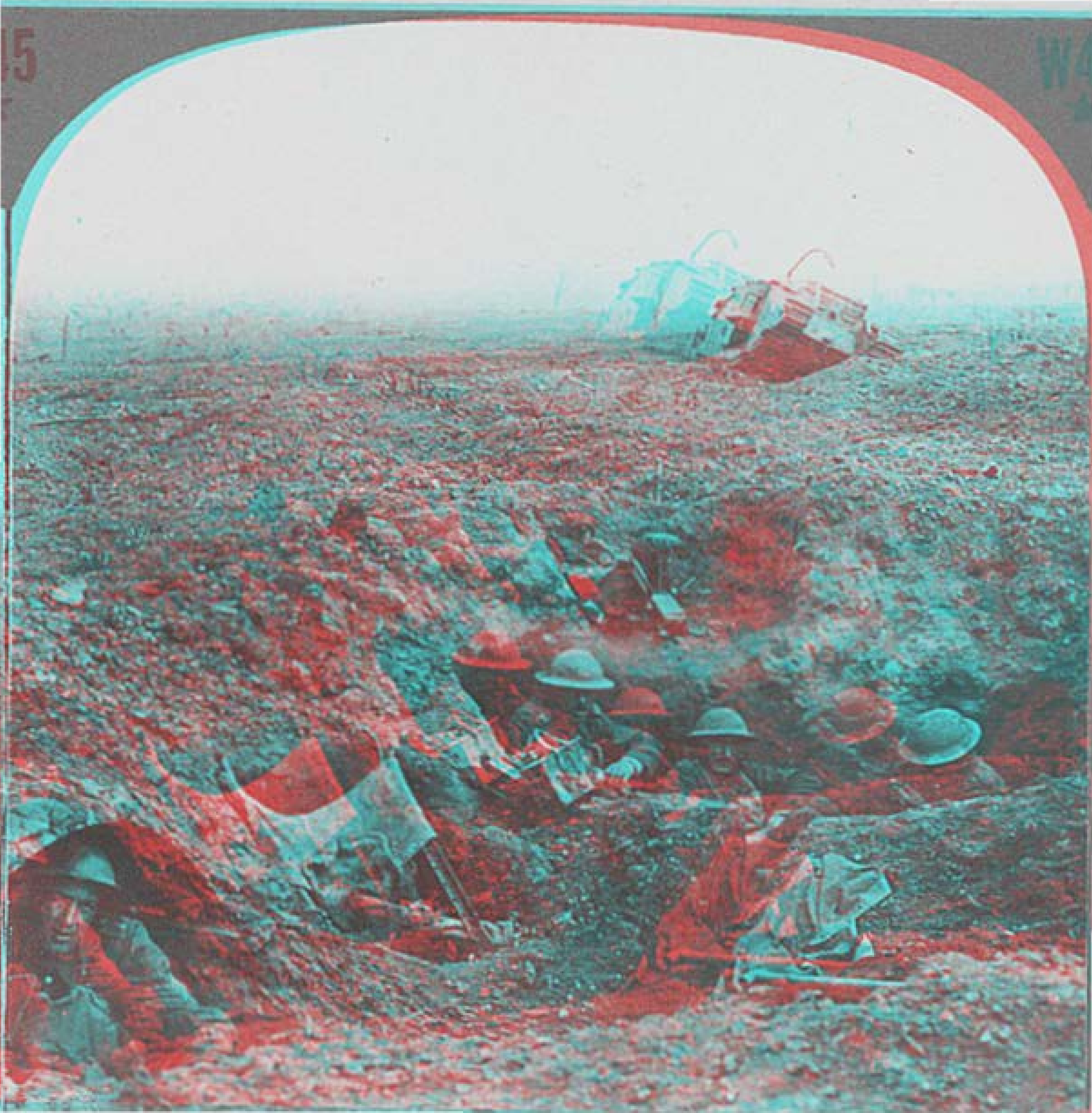

V18862 Steel-helmeted Scots Entrenched and Cheerily Awaiting a Counterattack.

V18862

SCOTS ENTRENCHED AND CHEERILY AWAITING A COUNTER-ATTACK

Somewhere in the distance the Germans are scanning the plain, trying to determine just where these sturdy Scotsmen are and how many of them there may be, but the scene that greets their eyes is just as monotonous, just as desolate and devoid of life as those tumbled fields of earth that stretch between you and the horizon beyond that row of stark trees, the mute evidence of the place where there once was a road.

One would hardly think that there was any system to war while looking at this jumble of men and material. But those things that have been cast aside are useless, those ammunition cases and hand grenade boxes are empty. The plank was in the way in the trench, so they threw it aside. You can see the handles of broken shovels and the tail stock handle of a trench artillery carriage. The trench was one of those built in the late months of the war. The war then was more nearly approaching a war of movement and consequently the trench was made less elaborate and without the expensive timber work.

But look at the men. They are far from useless and unserviceable with their rifles, bayonets fixed, close at hand. Their gas masks at the "alert", steel helmets strapped to their heads waiting. Passing the time with cigarettes and gossip, waiting for the Germans to attack, and then—those rifles will spit flame and steel. Some of these intrepid Scots will fall but others will live, brush the mud and grime from their kilts and calmly await another attack which the Germans are likely to launch.

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V19277 Turks Eager for War—Germany's Most Distant Ally Mobilizing Her Army.

V19277

TURKS EAGER FOR WAR — GERMANY'S MOST DISTANT ALLY MOBILIZING HER ARMY

Whatever we may think of the Turk, and certainly American opinion of him in general is not very high, it must be admitted that he is a courageous soldier. His record has shown that ever since he first appeared upon the stage of history as the chief champion of Mohammedanism and his vigorous support of that aggressive religion has given him plenty of opportunity down the ages to indulge his appetite for fighting. Fortunately for us the natural courage of the Turk, however, has seldom found itself equipped with the improved weapons and the organization and discipline necessary to carry it to decisive victories.

Germany for years made great efforts to increase the efficiency of the Turkish armies. Long before the World War they were completely reorganized under the direction of General Baron Von der Goltz, Imperial Ottoman Field Marshal and Adjutant General, and during the war one of their ablest leaders was the German, General Liman Von Sanders. The Turkish defense of the Gallipoli Peninsula and the Dardenelles in 1915 was a really magnificent military accomplishment, and they fought well against the British in Mesopotamia and Palestine. But when they began to go to pieces they went rapidly and before the whirlwind campaign of General Allenby in the Holy Land northward from Jerusalem to Damascus, and General Marshall's advance along the Tigris from Bagdad to Mosul, both in the autumn of 1918, their armies were scattered to the winds.

On October 31 the Turkish Government was glad to conclude an armistice which was virtually a surrender to the Allies.

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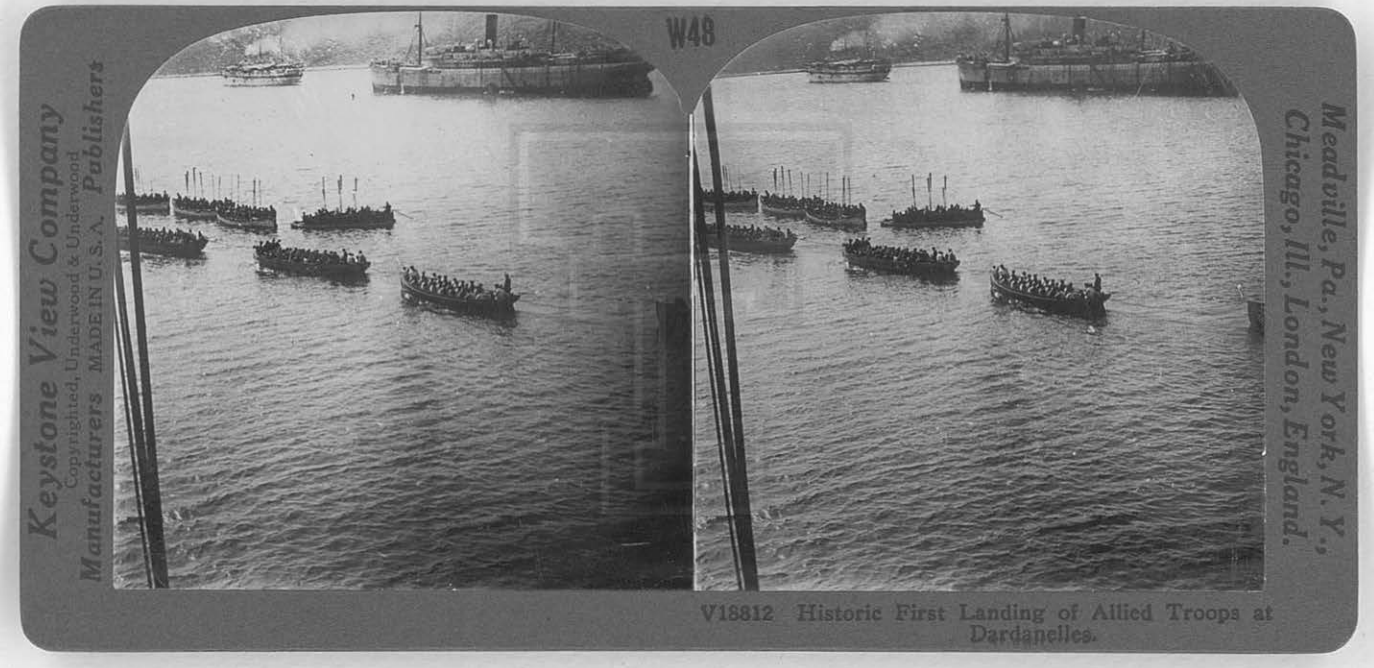

V18812 Historic First Landing of Allied Troops at Dardanelles.

V 18812

HISTORIC LANDING OF ALLIED TROOPS AT THE DARDANELLES

The Dardanelles is the gateway to Constantinople, the route by which millions of bushels of grain raised on the fertile plains of Russia finds its way into the markets of the world. Here Europe meets Asia, but before the Great War both shores of this narrow waterway belonged to Turkey and both bristled with powerful fortresses. No sooner had the Turk joined forces with the Central Powers than he closed this waterway, arming the forts with modern artillery and loosing countless mines in the Dardanelles. Our allies could no longer receive from Russia the grain they needed, nor ship to her the munitions of war without which she could not continue to fight.

Early in the spring of 1915 an immense Allied fleet assembled off the mouth of the Dardanelles, and in a few days a quarter of a million men were landed on the narrow beach, in some places only thirty yards wide. The heights above were held by masses of Turkish troops, strongly intrenched. Shrapnel swept every yard of the beach; shells and rifle fire took frightful toll of the Allied forces. No sooner were the troops landed than they formed in open order and charged up the sides of the cliffs, dislodging the Turks after a terrific battle. Supplies of every kind had to be brought from abroad, even drinking water. Day after day for seven months the struggle continued, the Allies attempting to take in the rear the forts which guarded the straits. After incredible losses, estimated at 1000 men a day, and after hardships beyond description the attempt was abandoned. Although failing in its immediate object, it detained here an army of 700,000 Turks, which, transported to France, might have won the war for Germany.

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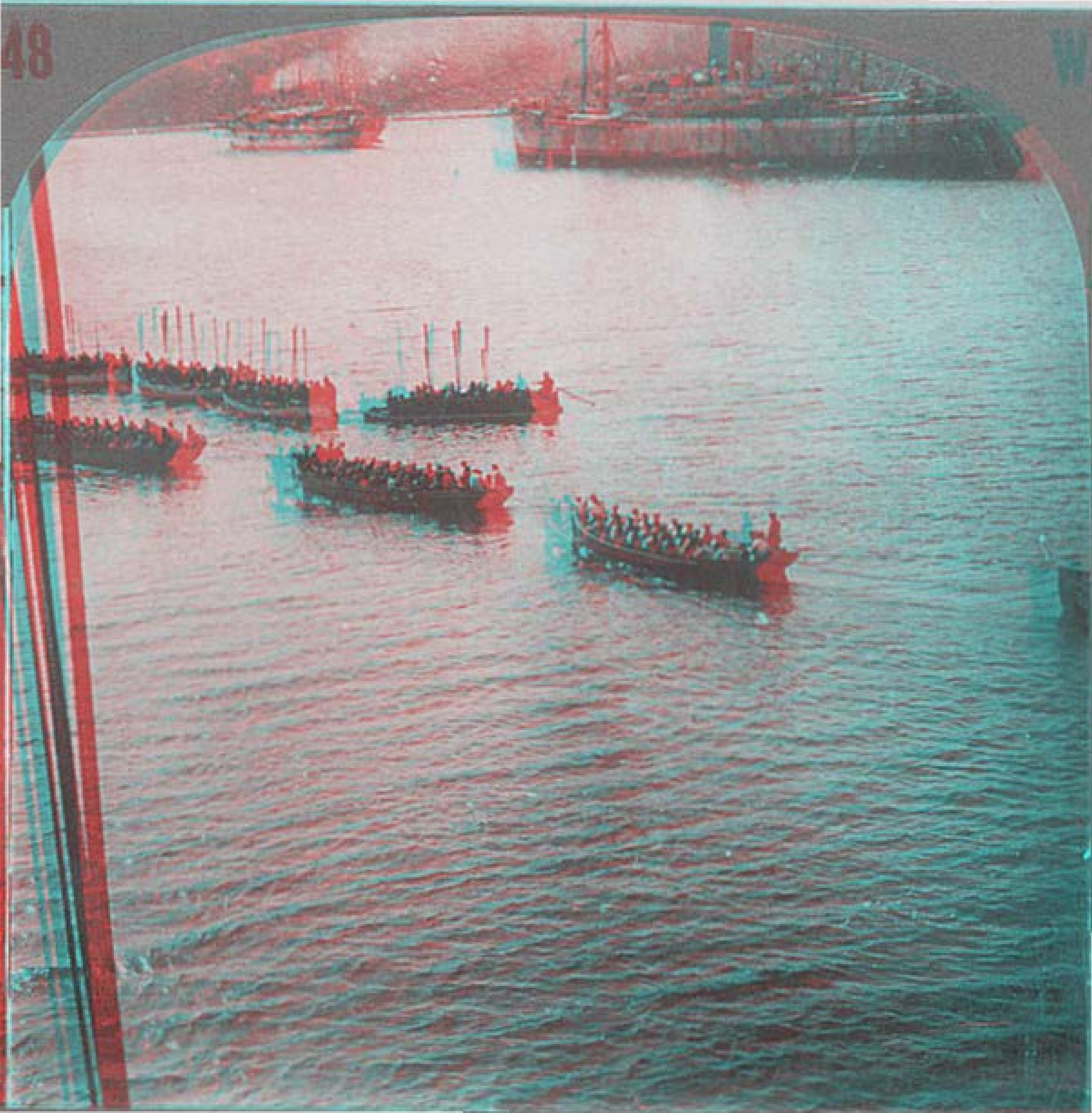
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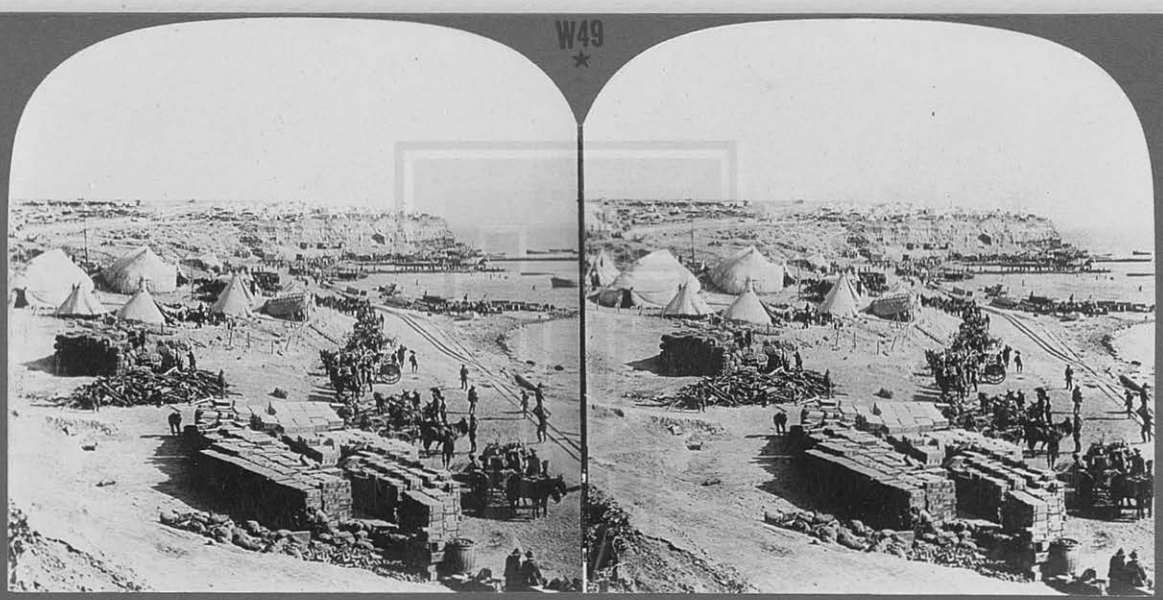

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V18813 West Beach, Gallipoli, Scene of British Landing and of Terrible Battles.

V18813

WEST BEACH, GALLIPOLI, SCENE OF BRITISH LANDING

A more desperate undertaking than the attempt to land troops on the spot before us could hardly be imagined. The heights were held by masses of Turkish troops armed with the latest implements of modern warfare and intrenched behind defenses which were designed by German engineers. A wall of uncut barbed wire many yards in depth held up the advancing troops once they had gained the summit of the cliffs. Snipers and machine guns occupied every hollow. The place was a perfect death trap. Yet the splendid ardor of the Australian and New Zealand troops who rushed to the assault could not be dampened. Men fell by dozens and by scores; whole companies were swept away. Yet the survivors rushed ever forward, clawed their way up the sides of these hills, fell upon the Turks with bomb, butt and bayonet, drove them out of their trenches and dug themselves solidly in by evening. The attack was launched at dawn on the 25th of April, 1915, and the boats had no sooner left the transports than shells began to burst among them.

Months of desperate fighting followed, the Turks, although superior in point of numbers and with every advantage of position, being slowly driven backward, bitterly contesting every yard of the way. Stores and supplies of all kinds were landed as soon as the hills in the background were cleared of the enemy. Tents were erected, temporary spurs of track laid and every provision made for a long struggle. The beach before us looks peaceful enough under the hot southern sun, but we see it after the enemy had been driven far inland.

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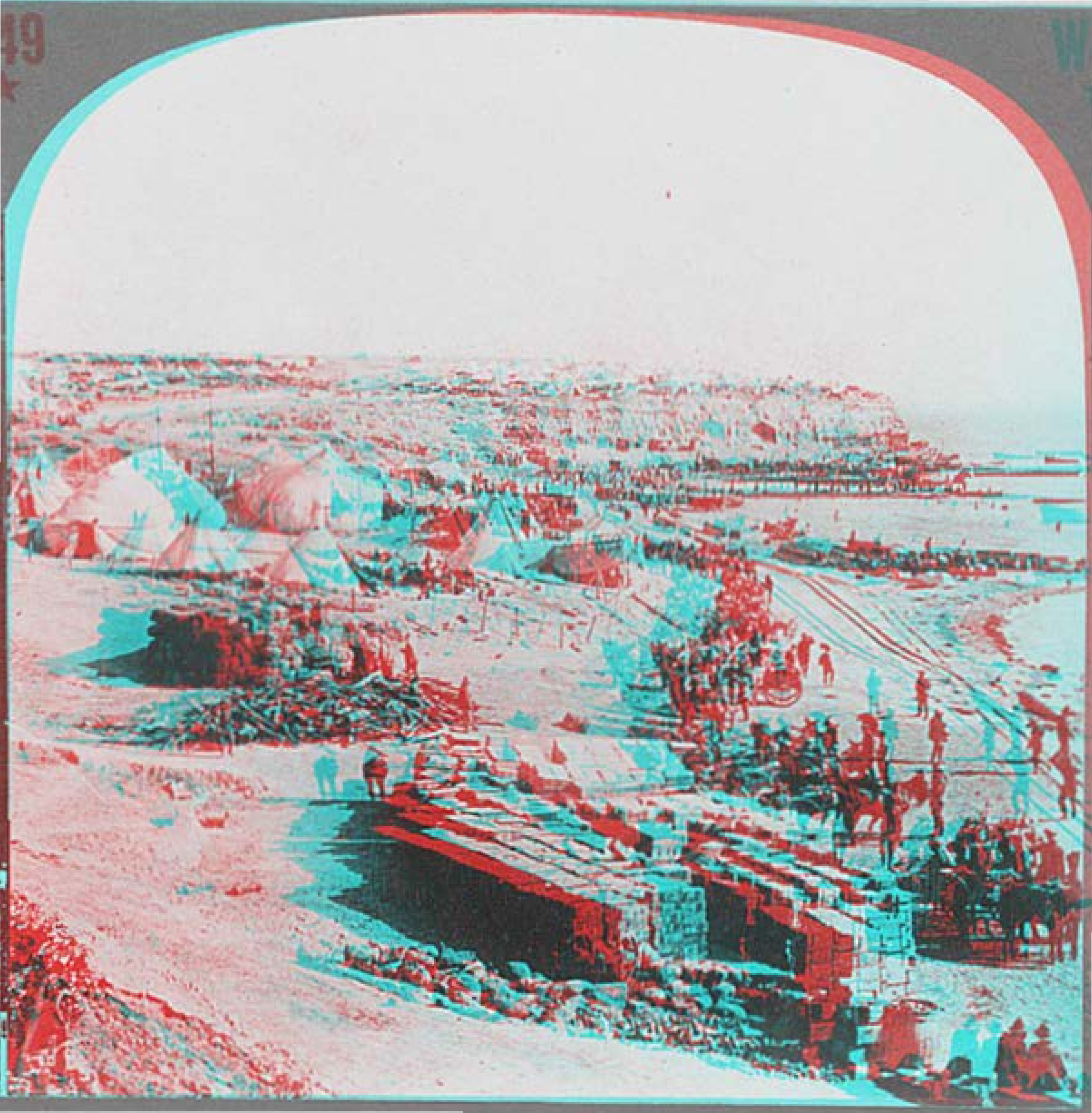

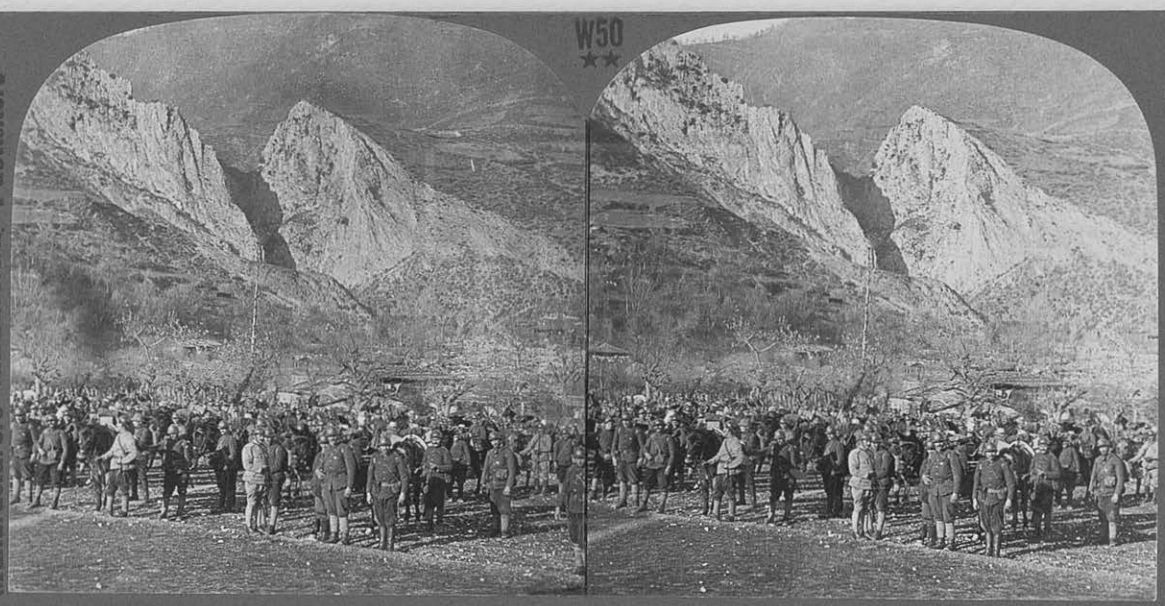

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V18815—Serbian Reserves in the Balkan Mountains
Awaiting Orders to Advance.

V 18815

SERBIAN RESERVES IN BALKAN MOUNTAINS WAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE

The Balkans have long been known as "the cockpit of Europe." For a thousand years this strip of territory, about as large as the state of Pennsylvania, lying between the Aegean and the Black Sea has been the scene of almost uninterrupted conflict. Bulgarians, Serbians, Roumanians, Montenegrins and Albanians have alternately fought the Turk and fought each other. Race animosities and religious prejudice have kept them at each others throats. For generations the Great Powers of Europe have been striving to bring about a lasting peace among them, fearing that an outbreak in the Balkans might inaugurate a general European war—as it did, finally.

Serbia, one of the Balkan states, has a population of about four million souls. It is a land of broad plains and fertile valleys, hemmed in and traversed by rugged mountains, an agricultural community, a land of small farms, tilled by a brave and spirited people. In 1912 they arose as one man against Turkish tyranny and beat the Moslem back to the gates of Constantinople. In 1913, attacked by Bulgaria, they turned savagely on the foe and routed him. In 1914 Austria, a mightier foe, a nation of forty million people, jealous of their growing power, swooped down upon them, using as a pretext the assasination of the Crown Prince, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Dismayed, impoverished by two wars, the Serbians nevertheless rallied gallantly to their colors and fought with desperation, only to succumb finally to overwhelming numbers. The men before us await the call to battle, ready to pour out their blood on the altar of their country.

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V18814 Serbian Cavalry Ready for Battle on the Balkan Plains.

V18814

SERBIAN CAVALRY ON BALKAN PLAINS

No country suffered so terribly during the war as did Serbia. The first blows fell upon her, the bombardment of Belgrade, her capital, beginning on the 29th of July, 1914, and continuing with intermissions until the city was a mass of ruins. The Austrians immediately crossed the Danube and invaded the country but after a year of desperate fighting were driven out, with enormous losses. For a while Serbia had a respite from the horrors of war, but disease fell upon the land, typhus in its most virulent form raging everywhere. The land was one vast cemetery: nearly a quarter of a million people died. Then came famine, and later the combined German and Bulgarian attack, the former in front, the latter in the rear. Caught between the upper and nether millstone, Serbia was crushed although fighting with desperation against overwhelming odds, sometimes as much as ten to one. As a nation Serbia ceased to exist. The country lay prostrate under the heel of the conqueror. Then came D'Esperey with his Allied host, sweeping up from Saloniki. The Bulgarians were attacked, defeated, their armies divided and forced to surrender. The Austro-German forces were driven out, and Serbia once again raised its head, a free land.

The hardy troops before us had their share in this bath of blood. Many among them fell that their country might live. They asked no quarter and they gave none: their hatred of the Austrians was too deep; the terrible retreat earlier in the war, when 250,000 men, women and children fought their way for weeks through mountain passes in snow to their knees, without food, without shelter, that retreat in which half of them perished, was too fresh in their minds.

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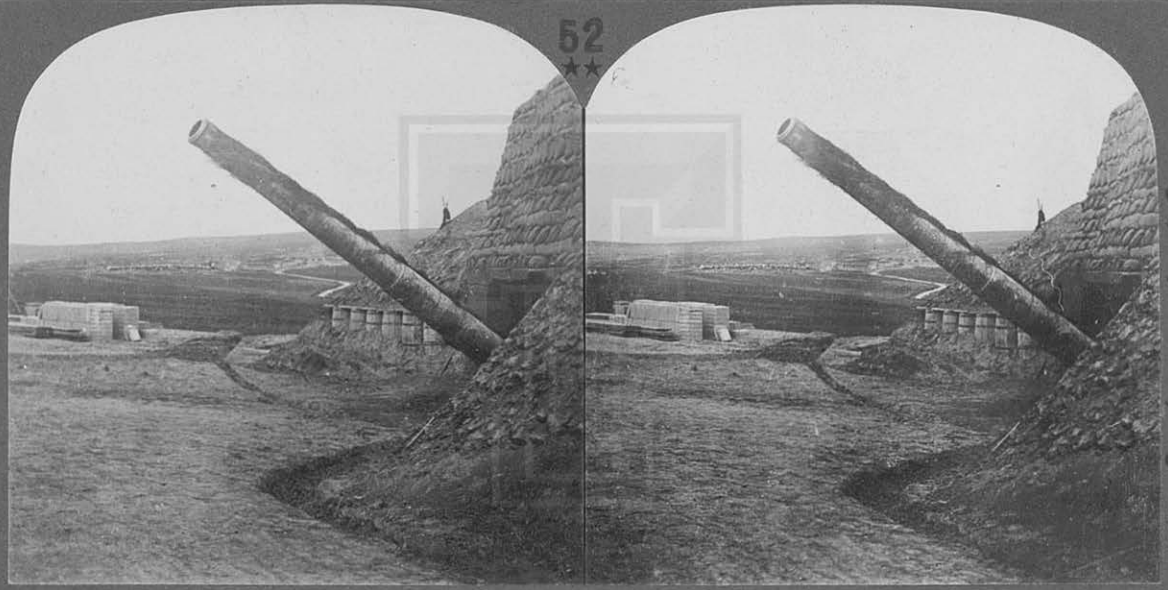

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V18904—Great Naval Gun and its Protecting Fort of Sand Bags on the Saloniki Front

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			36	52

On the Salonica Front, One of the Big Guns.

The British who occupied Salonica brought with them a number of naval guns which they placed behind their front lines with which they could do long distance bombarding.

Here we see one of those long slender "Naval Beauties" poking its threatening nose out of its fortified position on the hillside. The gunners have covered the barrel with grass so that from above it will blend into the landscape and also prevent the sun's rays reflecting from it.

A great deal of labor has been necessary to build the huge sand bagged fortification in which the gun is housed. An excavation was necessary in the first place. At the rim of the excavations were placed barrels full of concrete, on top of this an elaborate sand bag and earth protection, so that nothing but a direct hit from a very heavy gun would destroy this position.

We have here a typical piece of Balkan scenery which is well outside of Salonica itself. A Balkan village is plainly visible and it can be reached by the winding road yonder. Judging from the dust rising from the road in the distance a military transport column is moving toward us.

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V18903 British Anti-Aircraft Gun in Action on Balkan Front, Camouflaged and Mounted on Auto.

V18903

A CAMOUFLAGED BRITISH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN ACTION ON BALKAN FRONT

This British gun crew have maneuvered their heavy truck into the screen of camouflage on the side of a steep Balkan hill to fire at an enemy 'plane that has ventured over the lines. One of the prime requisites of an anti-aircraft gun such as this is mobility. It must be able to go anywhere at any time for it must be continually changing places.

They have covered the barrel of the gun with cloth so that it won't reflect the rays of the sun, and over the truck there has been spread a protective covering of brush. If you notice carefully you will see a heavy iron projection underneath the truck. One of the soldiers has his foot on it. That steel arm is swung out when the gun is being made ready for action and placed on a square steel plate on the ground. Then the handle attached to the screw presses the arm firmly against the ground plate, making the truck more secure and steady while the gun is being fired.

Some of the "Tommies" seem to be at leisure but others are interested in the work at hand. One of them is sighting the gun, another is giving his attention to the breech mechanism while the soldier under the barrel of the gun is intently watching the target, a birdlike 'plane soaring through the sky.

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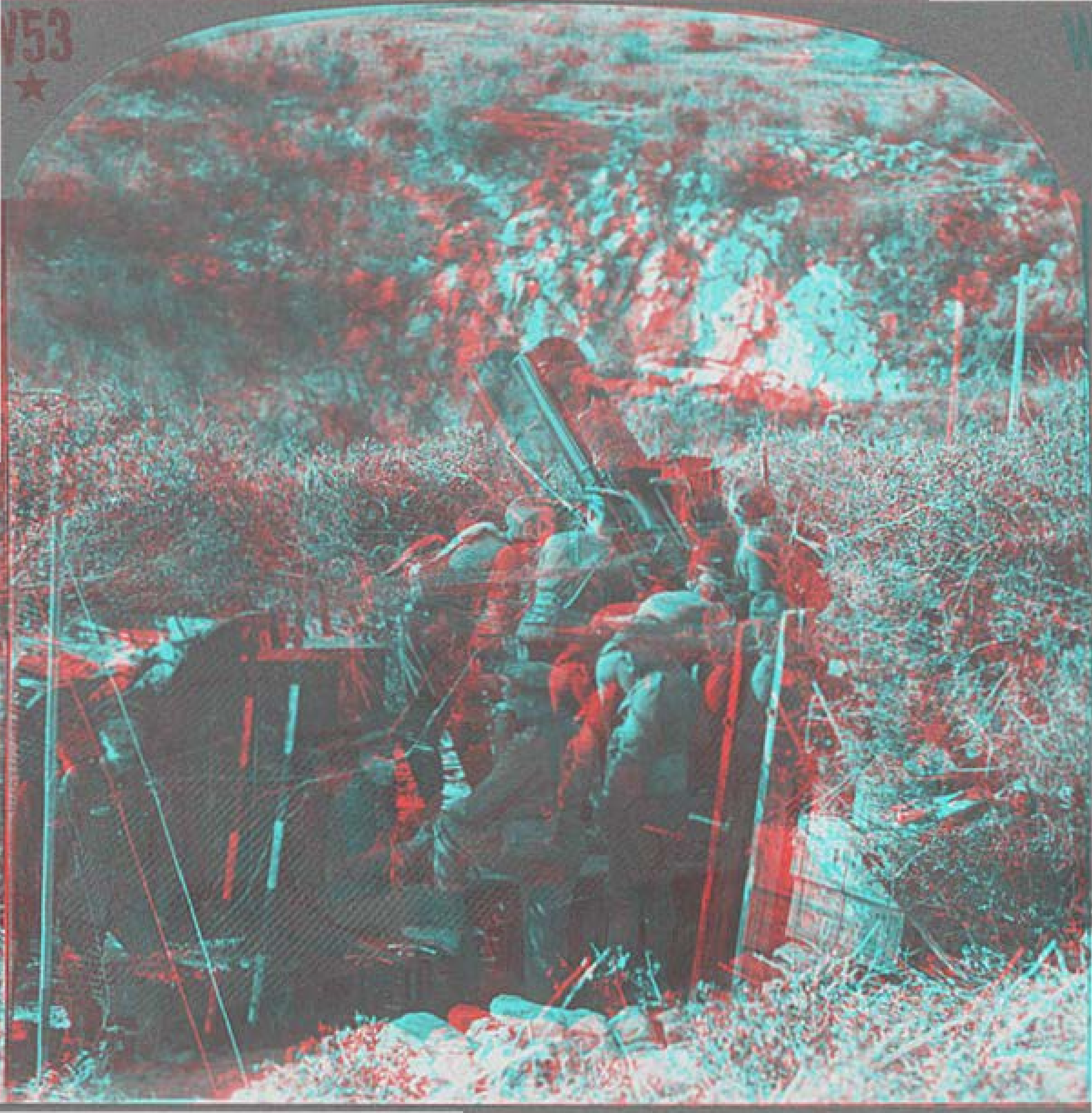
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V18882 In a British First Line Trench in the Balkans.

V18882

BRITISH FIRST LINE TRENCH IN BALKANS

The sturdy soldiers of the British Empire have been accustomed for generations to fighting in every quarter of the world, for Britain with her vast dependencies has always a little war somewhere. These men were serving in a big war, in the greatest war the world has ever seen, the Great War, which ended with the signing of the armistice on November 11th, 1918.

They are typical British "Tommies", first class fighting men, and destiny called them to the Balkans, that strip of country in perpetual conflict, lying between the Carpathian Mountains and the Aegean and Black Seas. There they had dug their trenches and there they faced the Austrian and the German in the last year of the war. Under General Franchet d'Esperey, Commander in Chief of the Allied forces in that section, with French, Italians, Greeks and Serbians as companions in arms, they nad swept up from Saloniki to meet the common foe.

They not only met him, they beat him. The Bulgarian army was first cut in two and then forced to surrender. Then came the turn of the Austro-German forces, who were driven headlong from the country and freedom restored to Serbia. We see these men while the conflict was still raging. One keenly observes the enemy's lines through a periscope, the other stands by his weapon, ready for instant action. Theirs is a well-built trench, dug in firm ground which does not cave in, and protected with sandbags. The heavy clothing of the men attest the rigor of the climate. Their boots show signs of rough service. The men look the good soldiers they proved themselves to be, fully equipped, alert and vigorous.

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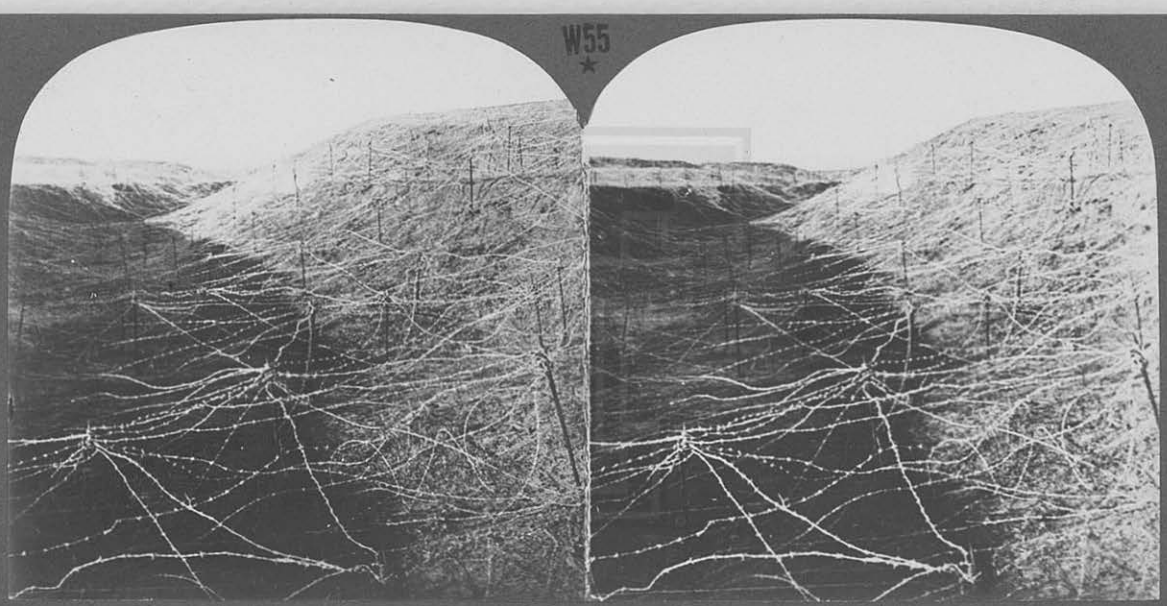

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V18880 No Man's Land, Sea of Barbed Wire in Front of Bulgarian Lines, Saloniki Front.

V18880

SEA OF BARBED WIRE IN FRONT OF BULGARIAN LINES, SALONIKI

Those iron stakes laboriously driven into the ground in the black of night and as laboriously strung with barbed wire are a part of the defenses that the Bulgarian soldiers erected to hold back the Allies along the fighting front, north of Saloniki.

The upper ends of those stakes which you see have a loop in them to hold the wire and the ends are sharpened in order that they may prove dangerous to the advancing soldiers, even when partly leveled by artillery fire. The function of barbed wire defense is to delay the advancing soldiers by catching their clothing or tearing their flesh. The other ends of these iron stakes, the ends that are driven into the ground, are shaped like a corkscrew in order that they may be firmly imbedded in the soil.

You can estimate the depth of this barbed wire defense and understand how impossible it would be for soldiers to advance through it in the face of hostile fire. For that reason an attack on trenches defended in this manner was seldom attempted without a fierce preliminary bombardment with high explosive shells to level the wire or to open lanes through it in order that the infantry could advance with a degree of speed great enough to reach the trenches before being shot down

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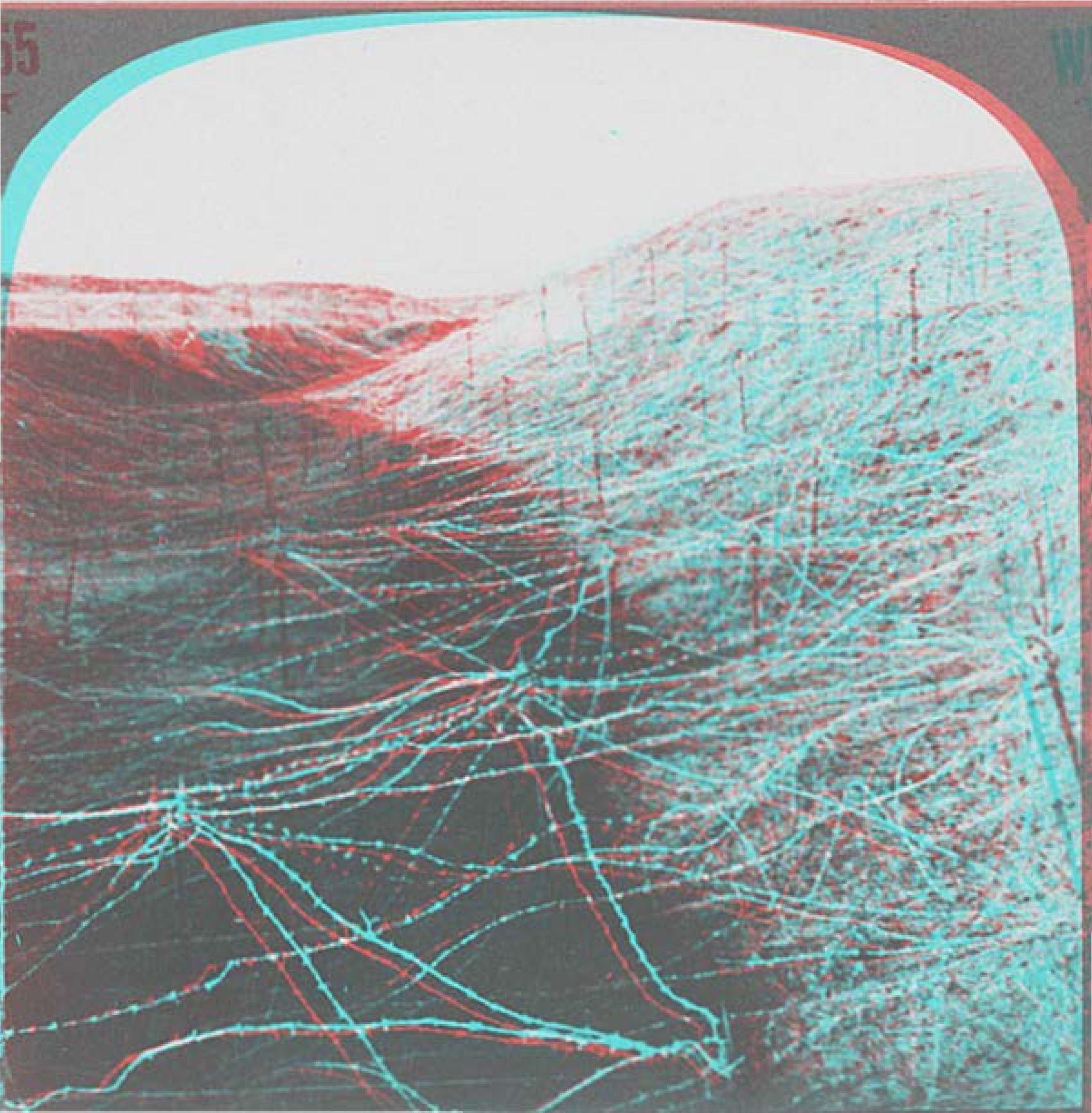

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V18881 Rifle Grenade in a British First Line Trench in the Balkans.

V18881

RIFLE GRENADE IN BRITISH TRENCH IN BALKANS

Grenades were usually thrown by hand and did fearful execution at close range. At first they were crude affairs, often as dangerous to those who carried them as to the enemy. But clever minds soon found a way to remedy their defects, and towards the close of the war they were lozenge-shaped shells about as large as a big lemon, filled with high explosive. Some of the shells exploded by percussion, the impact igniting a cap within the bomb. Others exploded by means of a time fuse, the soldier withdrawing a surface pin and quickly throwing the bomb which usually burst about five seconds later.

The British conceived the idea of fitting shells of this type upon a steel rod which could be inserted into the barrel of a rifle. These were called rifle grenades and proved to be a valuable addition to the offensive equipment of an army. They were used to a large extent in the battles in Flanders, whole platoons firing them off at a time. These grenades contained four ounces of explosive and burst into twenty four pieces. They could be thrown with accuracy from 150 to 200 yards, according to the powder charge. The grenade which this soldier has, extending as we see beyond the barrel of the weapon, is of another though similar type. Here a specially constructed gun barrel, devised solely to fire grenades, is used.

Secure from all but a plunging fire, assured of his range, the soldier could bombard enemy trenches with impunity.

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V18889 Serbian Trench—Awaiting Phone Call from Listening Post to Fire Rocket for Illuminating "No Man's Land."

V18889

AWAITING PHONE CALL TO FIRE ILLUMINATING ROCKET

These men were in a Serbian dugout on the side of a mountain, cleverly screened as well as protected by heavy stones upon the roof. An observer in an enemy plane would not be apt to suspect the existence of this shelter. A telephone wire ran from this shelter to a listening post nearer the front, on the edge of "No Man's Land" in fact. At the listening post a sentinel was keenly alert. Ofttimes the movements of the enemy were concealed by fog. Often he attacked at night. At such times, when nothing could be seen, an alert soldier at the listening post could often determine when an attack was coming by the scuffle of advancing feet, the rolling of a displaced stone, the tinkling of empty cans hung on the barb wire which always stretched in front of the trenches as a screen. The moment suspicious sounds broke upon his ear, he phoned. Instantly these men, lolling at ease before us, sprang to action. The rocket was fired, spreading over "No Man's Land" as it slowly settled down, a brilliant glare sometimes lasting three or four minutes, and bringing into bold relief not only the attacking party but every stick and stone as well. The defenders of the position then opened on the attacking force with machine guns, grenades and rifle fire.

Soldiers were trained to "freeze" as soon as a glare lighted up the field, that is, to remain perfectly still in whatever position they happened to be, on the theory, demonstrated by experience, that a motionless body was more likely to escape detection than one in action.

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V18890 Loading a Trench Mortar in a Hillside Dug-out on the Serbian Front.

V18890

LOADING A TRENCH MORTAR IN A HILLSIDE DUGOUT ON THE SERBIAN FRONT

These highly destructive weapons, of which a great variety of models and sizes were in use by the different armies during the World War, were evolved from the crude mortars which have been used since the earliest days of gunpowder for lobbing projectiles into an enemy's lines at high angles and short ranges. The wooden "Coehorn" mortars used by Grant's army at Vicksburg and Petersburg, in the Ciivl War, were weapons of the primitive but quite effective earlier type. They depended for their range entirely upon the amount of powder used in the firing charge.

Between such crude mortars and the accurate little rifled piece which we see before us there is a wide difference. A trench mortar of this size has a range of between 170 and 1200 yards and its projectile, filled with high explosive, is very deadly. The Germans, especially, made great use of trench mortars, or "minenwerfers," as they called them, and these were fitted not only with elevating and traversing mechanism but with oil and spring recoil buffers. Some of the larger German mortars fired a shell containing 220 pounds of high explosive, which would make a crater 20 feet deep and more than 30 feet across; large enough to engulf a good sized house.

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V18883 View in a Trench Kitchen Underground on the Salonika Front.

View in a Trench Kitchen Underground on the Salonica Front.

You have stepped into the place that is very dear to any soldier's heart,—the kitchen. This one is maintained by a group of swarthy Frenchmen who are fighting on the Salonica front. You can tell that there is a screen of some kind over the kitchen because you can see one of the poles behind the forks.

Those huge iron kettles that are steaming over the open fire are the chief reliance of the French cook. In those he prepares the soups that form a large part of the soldier's fare. Next to the kettle is a sheet of iron over another fire that serves as a grill and stove top and in the far corner you can see a tiny stove that they have found somewhere, perhaps in the abandoned home of some peasant family. Two forks, a few ladles, a dipper and a frying pan and a few kettles are all the equipment that they need.

Sweaters that are very loose at the neck, such as the man with the ladle is wearing, are favorites with the French, being warmer and more comfortable than the white cotton shirts such as the man at your left is wearing.

This kitchen has been located in a trench and screened over. In that way it cannot be easily observed by the enemy and is immune from everything but a direct hit.

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V18880—A Serbian Rest Camp Back of Front Line Trenches in the Balkans.

V18886

SERBIAN REST CAMP IN THE BALKANS

From the dawn of history until the World War, soldiers fought more or less continuously throughout a campaign, but in the World War rest camps became a necessity. In no previous war have men ever been subjected to such terrific nerve strain as in this one; the ceaseless concussion of high explosives, the whine of approaching shells, the constant tension in time broke down the hardiest. In no previous war have men had to exist in the midst of such horrors as this war produced. The smell of rotting human flesh ever tainting the air. Fragments of human bodies were ever before their eyes and under their feet. Standing, often for hours, in filthy water up to their knees, gasping in poison gas, shriveled in the hot blast from flame throwers, these things broke the morale of the troops, shattered the health of the men and impaired their courage.

So rest camps were established, camps miles behind the front, beyond the range of big guns; camps in which men could for a while escape the din, the smells and the sights of the battle field; camps which afforded quiet, and leisure, and some form of placid amusement. To these camps men were sent once every few weeks, as frequently as they could be spared from the front. In these camps their frayed nerves recovered composure, their health improved and their spirits were freshened.

The camp at which we are looking was located in Serbia. It is a very plain camp in comparison with those which the great powers had for their soldiers, it lacks many of the comforts which the others had, nevertheless these men before us enjoyed their respite from war. From this camp they returned to the front to fight with renewed vigor and determination.

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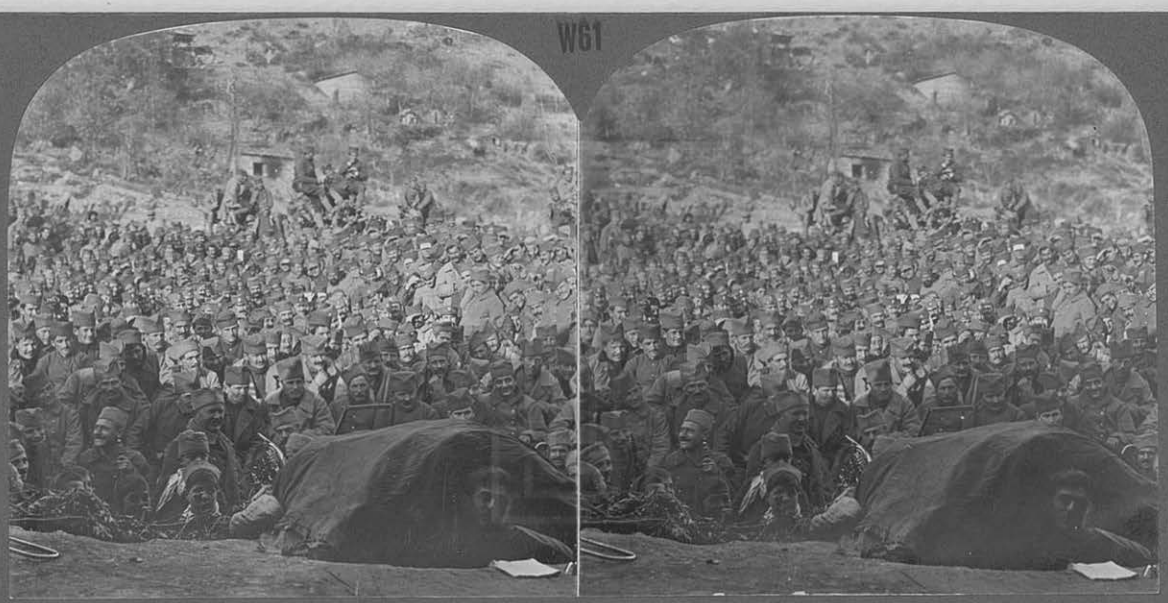

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V18885 View from Stage of a Serbian Army Audience in an Outdoor Theater at the Front—Prompter in Foreground.

V18885

SERBIANS AT OUTDOOR THEATRE

The Serbian army had little in the way of recreation; it was too far away and too closely surrounded by enemies to be reached in force by the American welfare agencies such as the Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, and Salvation Army. It had to depend upon its own resources for such meager entertainment as could be afforded. Closely beset as it was by an enemy vastly superior in numbers, with a relatively poor commissariat compared with the other Allied armies, it had to be foraging or fighting almost continuously. There were, however, occasional periods of inaction when the men staged impromptu plays in the open air, the stage a natural theatre formed by hill and valley. The soldiers themselves impersonated the characters in the play, thus deriving double pleasure from its presentation. As there was not much time for practice the actors frequently completely forgot their lines and a prompter was always necessary. In the scene before us he sat with his book in a shelter which concealed him from the spectators. The band was stationed in front of the stage, clarionets and a French horn plainly visible. Further back, mingled with the soldiers in the audience, were a few officers, distinguishable by the white rosettes on their visored hats.

The hilly background of this open air theatre gives a splendid idea of the native hills of these hardy soldiers. They lived by thousands in modest little cottages like those which dot the side of the hill, leading hard and laborious lives with little but the necessities of life as reward for their labor.

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V18888 Modern Cliff Dwellers—A Regimental Headquarters Back of Serbian Front

V18888

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS BACK OF SERBIAN FRONT

This is a rugged strip of country, typical of Serbia, which is a land of mountains and valleys, and broad treeless plains covered with a growth of scrub. It was no hardship for the hardy Serbians, accustomed to life in the open, to live in rough houses such as these. In fact those who occupied them were infinitely better off than our allies in the trenches in France. These quarters, though crude, were at least dry, and could be made warm and comfortable.

Men who fought in Serbia learned to surmount the obstacles which nature placed in their way. Mountain passes had to be threaded. Countless rivers and streams flowing through narrow valleys had to be crossed and recrossed. The German High Command, aware of the topography of the country, made the most thorough provision for its conquest. It sent hundreds of knock-down "Compackt" bridges, made of steel parts, each part punched and stamped, ready to be fitted to the other and fastened with bolts and nuts. It sent miles of narrow gauge railroad track, in sections four feet long, each section fitted with a hook to attach it to the next. This railroad could be laid down over rough country at the rate of two miles an hour, and readily taken up and relaid when needed elsewhere. Small cars carrying about 800 pounds of freight ran on the narrow gauge rails. They were pulled along by horses or donkeys, and sometimes by the soldiers themselves. Near the front they were used only at night, sometimes to carry wounded to the rear, usually to bring up food and supplies. Against this mighty army, equipped with every appliance of modern war, the Serbians fought heroically, succumbing finally only to overwhelming numbers and heavier artillery.

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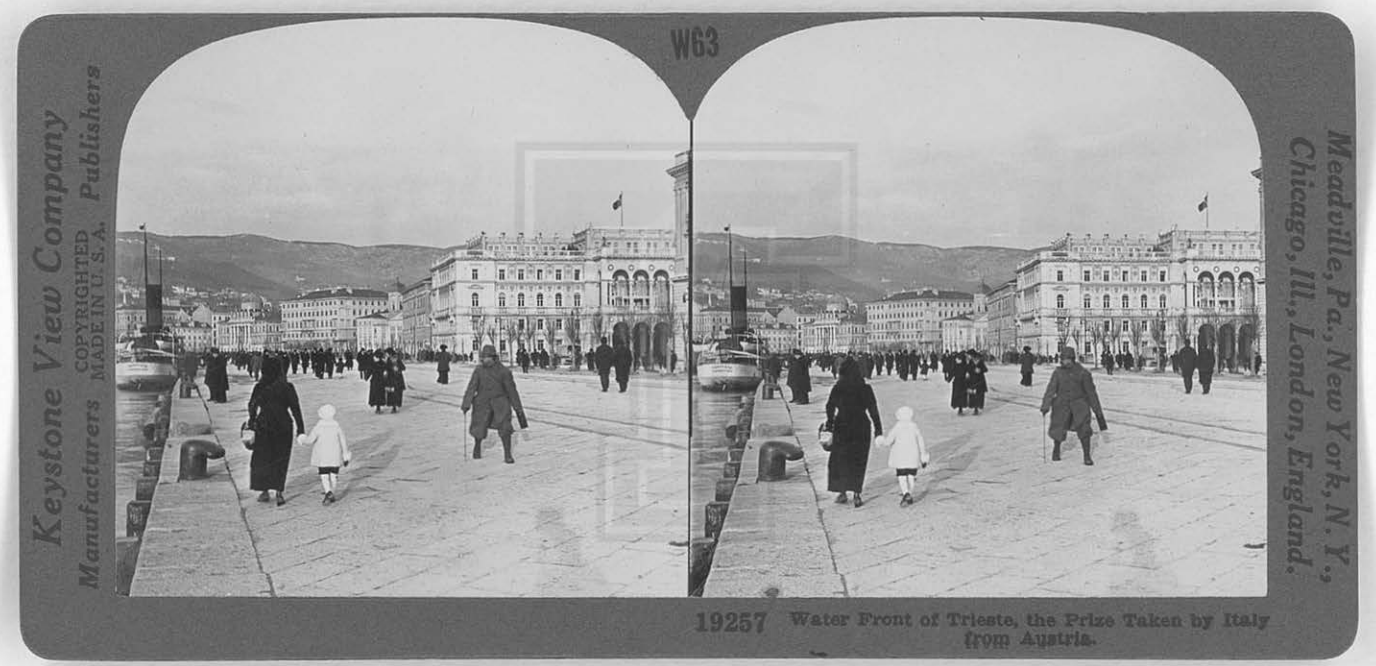

19257 Water Front of Trieste, the Prize Taken by Italy from Austria.

19257

WATER FRONT OF TRIESTE, THE PRIZE TAKEN BY ITALY FROM AUSTRIA

The beautiful city of Trieste (trē-ĕst′), at the head of the Adriatic Sea, goes back for its origin to the days of Rome, when it was known as Tergeste. It became an Austrian possession so long ago as 1382. Yet racially of its 229,000 inhabitants in 1911, 170,000 were Italians, 43,000 Slovenes and only 11,000 Germans. So, because it was thus practically an Italian city, Italy had long greatly coveted it and when she entered the World War on the side of the Allies on May 23, 1915, she immediately launched a campaign against Trieste. The Austrians, however, fought stubbornly in its defense and for two and a half years held the Italians practically to the line of the Isonzo River about 20 miles from the city.

Then, in October, 1917, the Austrians broke through the Italian armies in the battle of Caporetto and drove them back in confusion more than 50 miles to the line of the Piave River. But the Italians, with admirable spirit, recovered from the blow, General Cadorno was replaced by General Diaz (dē′äs), and in the following June a second great Austrian attack was repulsed all along the front. On October 24, 1918, the first anniversary of the Caporetto battle, the Italians opened an offensive which in ten days not only drove the enemy's armies out of Italy but reduced them to a panic-stricken rabble. The Austrian armies and the Austrian government surrendered unconditionally on November 4, after having lost 300,000 men in prisoners alone. Italian forces triumphantly entered Trieste on the same day and a few months later Italy's possession of the city was confirmed by the Peace Conference at Versailles.

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19253 Mount Grappa and Ruins of Quero, on the
Italian Battle Front.

19253

MOUNT GRAPPA AND RUINS OF QUERO, ITALIAN BATTLE FRONT

The magnificent panorama of Alpine scenery spread before us gives an impressive idea of the grandeur of the greater part of the long battle front between Italy and Austria at the same time that it makes clear the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of carrying on warfare in such a country. That the fighting was of similar intensity to that in France is plain enough from the condition of the town of Quero, in the edge of which we are standing, which has been reduced to ruins by shell fire.

The mighty bulk of Mount Grappa was throughout the war one of the chief strongholds of the Italian armies defending the rich plains of northern Italy lying directly south of them. It was the hinge between their left wing, extending west and then northwest through the mountains to the border of Switzerland, and their right wing, reaching down to the plain and thence southeastward to the shore of the Adriatic Sea. In order to get supplies and reinforcements to the troops defending these mountain heights the Italian military engineers built many miles of roads fit for use by auto trucks where it seemed impossible that any road could penetrate. In other places; "Where not even the genius of the Italian engineer could carry roads, the *teleferica*, or aerial tram, raised men and provisions, guns and munitions, to battlegrounds among the clouds and lowered the wounded to hospitals in the valleys far below. On the lofty Adamello 6 successive hoists by as many teleferica lines raised the Italian soldier between 3,000 and 4,000 feet to the reserve positions behind the main front line; and when Monte Grappa became the mountain buttress of the Piave (pyä′ vā) front, great numbers of these aerial cables were used to aid the roads in supplying troops on this important height.

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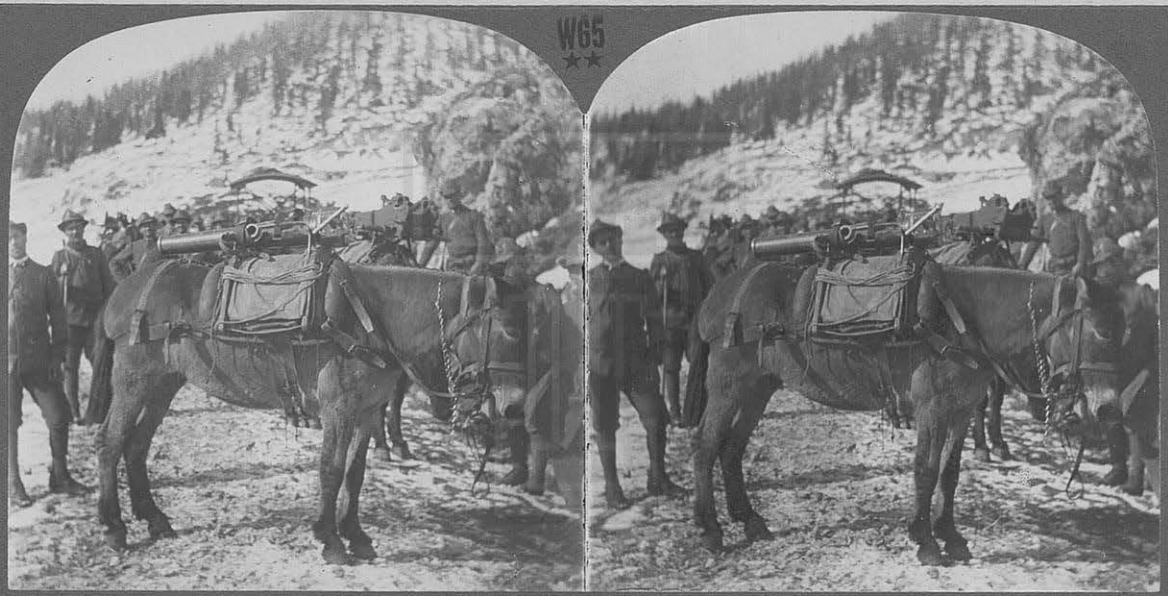

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V18842 How Italian Guns are Carried Up the Steep, Narrow Paths of the Alpine Front.

V18842

HOW ITALIAN GUNS WERE CARRIED UP STEEP NARROW PATHS OF ALPINE FRONT

These Italian soldiers with mules or mountain ponies had one of the most difficult and hazardous tasks in the war. These mountains in which they did practically all of their fighting during the Great War made necessary great changes in methods for transporting artillery.

Those peculiar saddles with which the mules are harnessed were made especially for carrying this light cannon up the steep slopes to some spot where it could be effectively used against the Austrians.

On the mule nearest to you has been packed the barrel of the gun. You can see the trunnions which support the barrel in the frame when it is set up for use. That breech block is different from those that you ordinarily see on cannons, being square and apparently operating from the side.

On the back of the other mule is the carriage for the gun and you will notice that beneath the two holes which receive the trunnions there is an axle to which may be fitted wheels should these troops encounter good stretches of road or desire to set up the piece in the open instead of in a trench. These troops who campaigned in snow and cold carried very light packs compared with other soldiers due to the fact that much had to be discarded in order to do the hard work which mountain fighting entailed.

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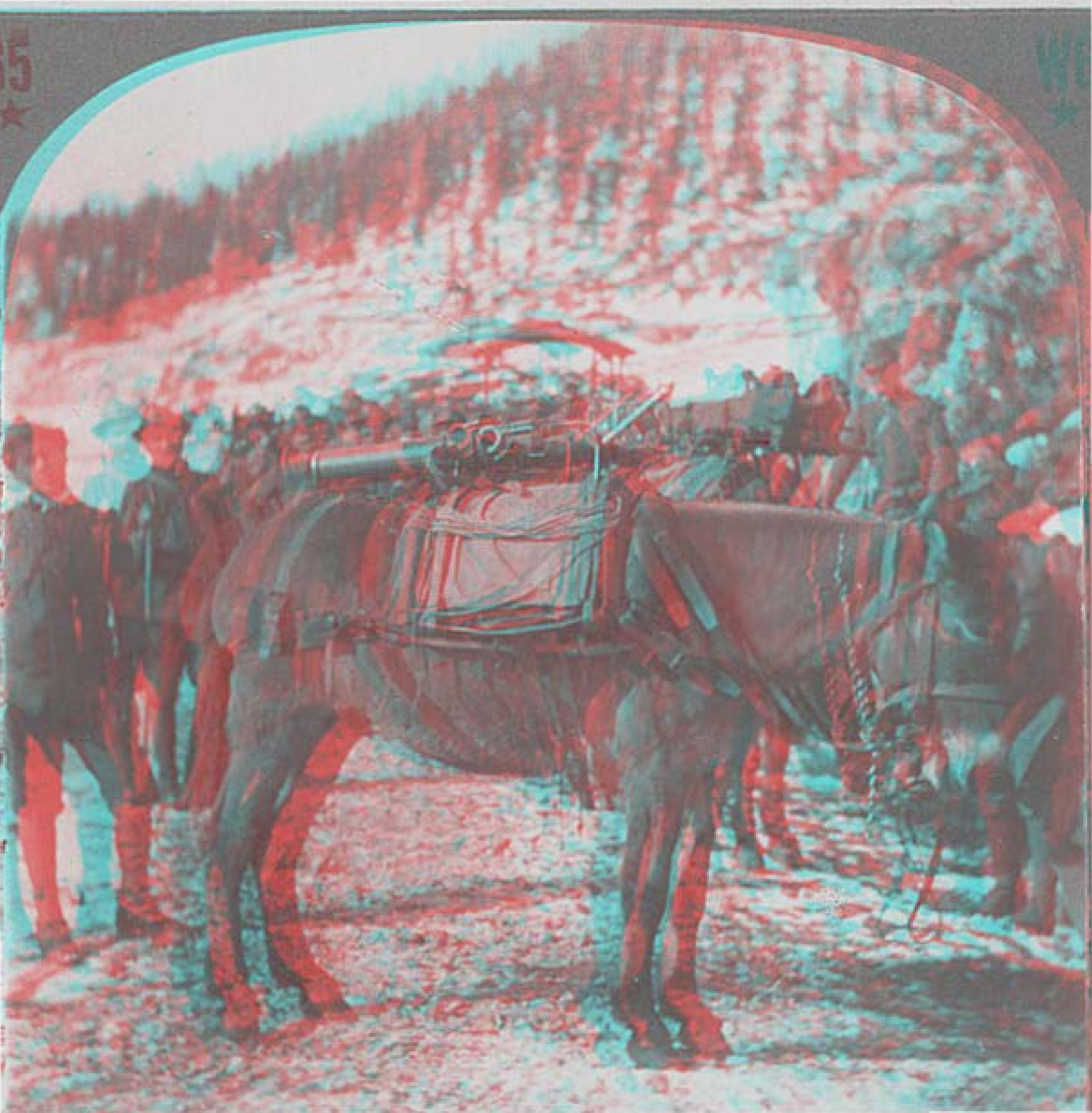

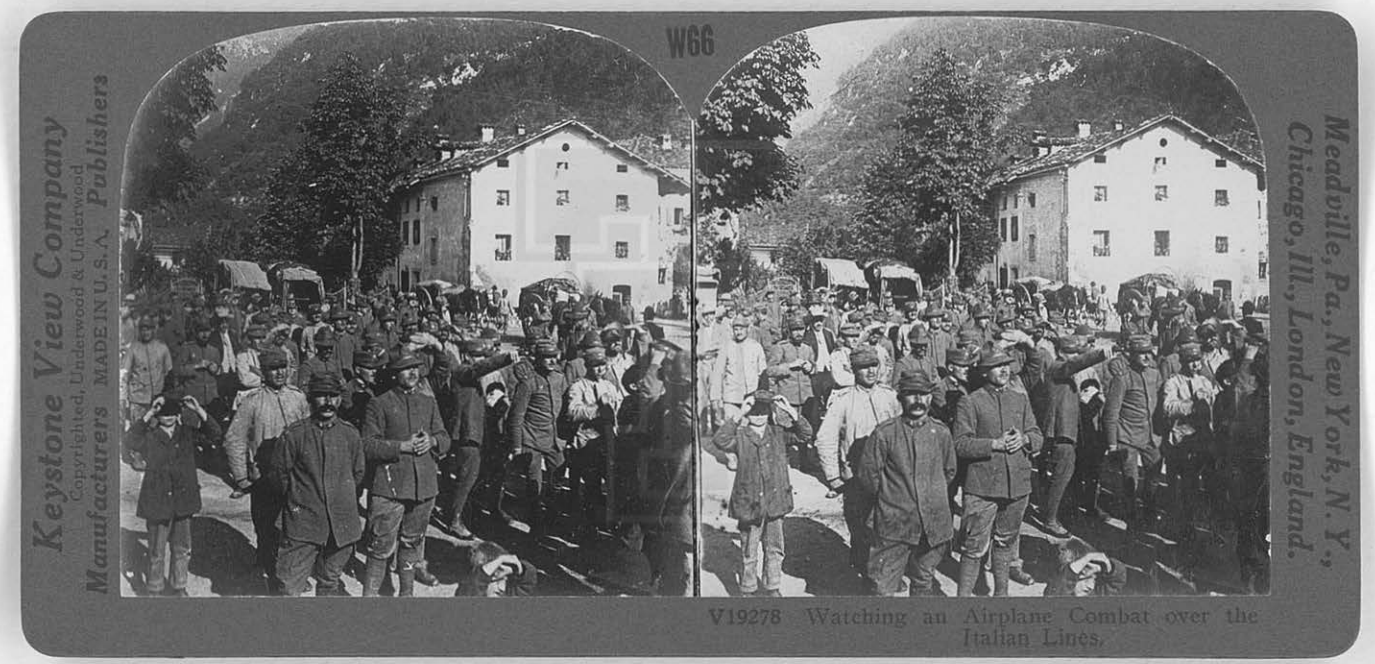

V19278 Watching an Airplane Combat over the Italian Lines.

V19278

WATCHING AN AIRPLANE COMBAT OVER THE ITALIAN LINES

One might easily imagine that we are looking here at a peacetime crowd of spectators at an exhibition of "stunt flying", so intent are the faces of these Italian soldiers as they gaze into the sky. But the spectacle upon which they are looking is far more thrilling than any ordinary exhibition, for here two aviators, skilled in all the tricks of their perilous profession, are measuring their courage and wits against one another in a battle which will almost certainly end in the death of either the Italian or the Austrian flyer. On every one of the far-flung battle fronts of the World War, such combats were of daily occurrence, and it was one of the grim diversions of the soldiers in the trenches below to watch the maneuvers of the air fighters high overhead and speculate upon the outcome.

Sometimes in single planes, sometimes in squadrons, the aviators of one side or the other were continually attempting to cross the opposing lines for various purposes; to drop bombs on troops or trains or supply and ammunition dumps, to observe the effect of artillery fire, to take photographs of enemy trench systems, roads, billeting areas, etc., or to shoot down observation balloons. As soon as they appeared in the sky on such missions, the planes of the opposing army would take the air to combat and drive them back and then battles royal would take place, thousands of feet above the earth.

The Italian airmen were famous for their skill and daring and they gained many brilliant victories over the Austrian and German aviators, so it is probably no tame affair upon which these Italian soldiers are looking as they stand absorbed in the street of this little town behind the lines.

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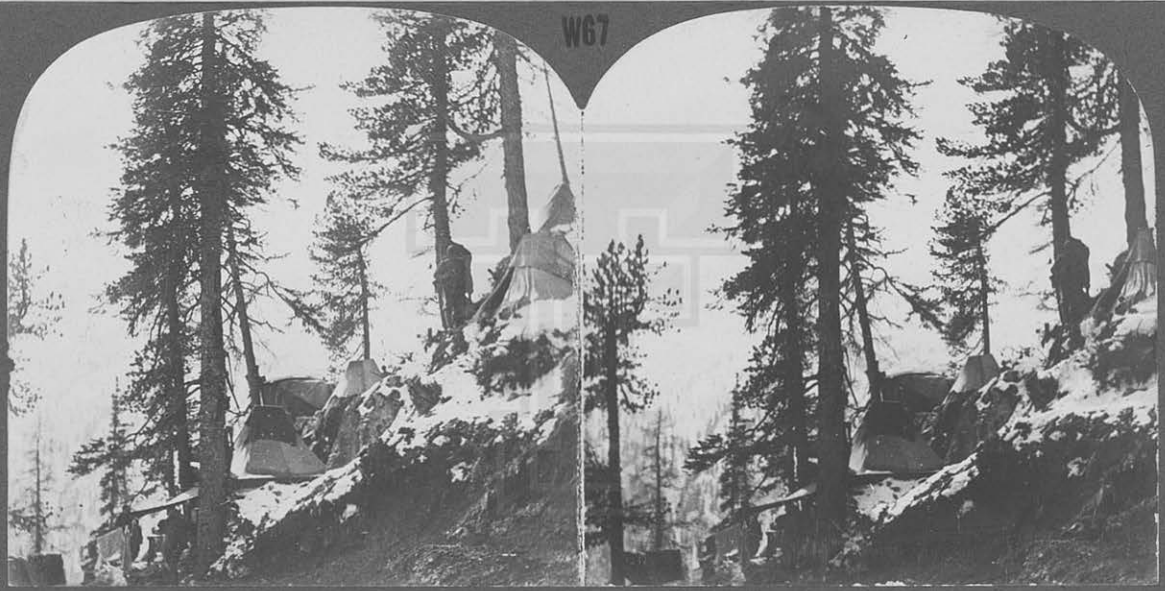

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V18843 Camp of Italian Outpost on Steep Alpine Slope.

Camp of Italian Outpost on Steep Alpine Slope.

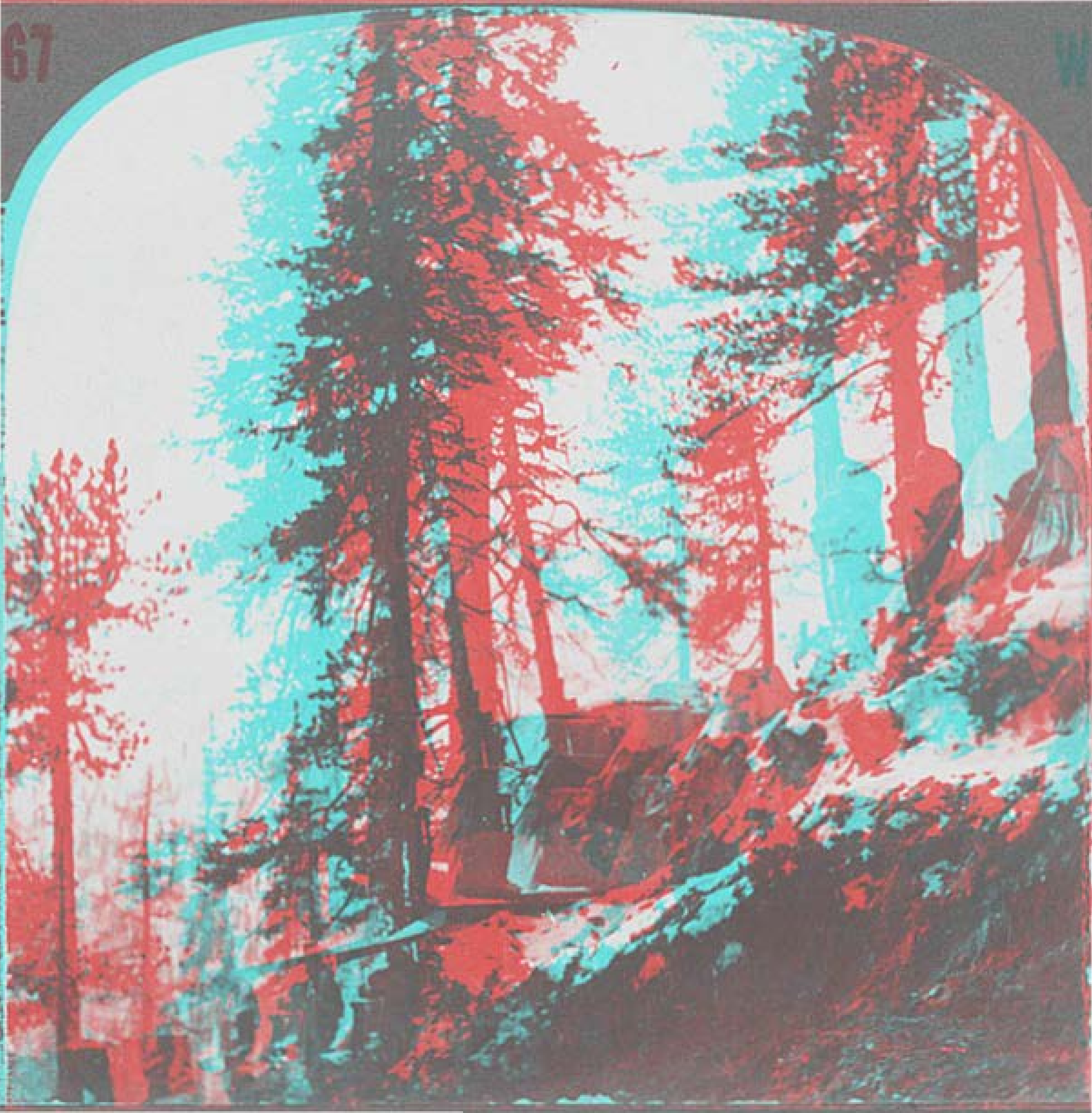
While the deeds of the Allied armies on the western front in France were filling the world with admiration these soldiers of the Italian government were doing their part in the war against the enemy with a fortitude and daring that merited as much praise as the more spectacular fighting in France.

Perched high in the Alps, these men weathered the winter with nothing more than those little tents for protection from the extreme cold. You can see the snow everywhere, in the midst of which these men were compelled to find a mere ledge on which to pitch their tents.

The day is filled with sunshine and most of them have thrown their blankets over the tops of the tents to air them. The soldiers who selected the lowest ledge that you can see elaborated their tent and have a sort of veranda from which they have run that piece of clothes line.

That soldier walking to his tent apparently has just been relieved from duty for he has his rifle and his pack with him. The life of these little detachments that were scattered through the Alps was far from easy or pleasant.

Mountain pine is practically the only vegetation that flourishes on these cold and rocky mountain sides.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18669 Fire Spray Captured from the Austrians in the District of Capitello in Italy.

18669

FIRE SPRAY CAPTURED FROM THE AUSTRIANS

When Germany began the great struggle that was to plunge the whole world into war, she had in reserve destructive inventions which chemists and other scientists had given to the German General Staff. One of the most barbaric of these was an engine to throw liquid fire into the face of the enemy's troops. This was planned and perfected several years before the war and its history can be traced to the German patent office. It was upon engines such as this, together with her poison gas, Zeppelins and submarines, as auxiliaries as well as to her supposedly unconquerable army, that Germany based her confidence of victory. It was the use of such agencies as these that roused the whole world against Germany and led to her ultimate defeat.

In the first flame engines which they used during the war the combustible fluid was propelled from a portable or fixed reservoir and was lighted as it escaped from the nozzle. This engine was not effective at a distance of over 45 or 50 yards, and gave off too much heat at the mouth of the apparatus for the comfort of the operator. Later, a double-barreled liquid gun was devised in which the upper barrel is smaller, and pivoted so as to turn independently. The fluid is shot from both barrels but only the upper one ignites automatically. Its stream can be directed upon the one from the lower barrel at any desired point for the purpose of igniting it, and can then be shut off. By this arrangement combustion takes place where it is desired, and the field may be covered by a rain of fire in any direction. The liquid is forced from the gun by a pump or a series of pumps, and the combustible most used i. a compound of gasoline and pitch.

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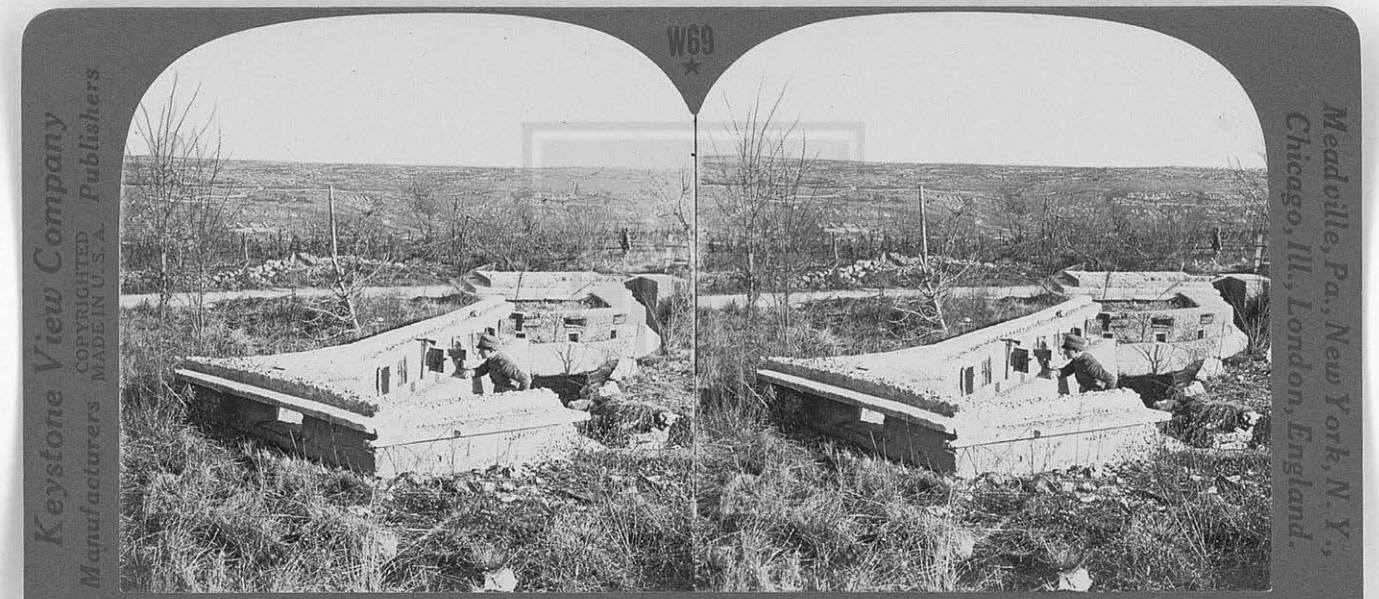

18711 Looking E. on Italian Front. Foreground, Italian Trenches of Resistance Built after Territory Was Won from Enemy.

18711

ITALIAN TRENCHES ON THE AUSTRO-ITALIAN FRONT

In the 1916 campaign of the Italians against the Austrian forces, the most importaant operations were the capture of the city of Gorizia and the ensuing fighting on the Carso, the rocky ridge which bars the way from Gorizia to Trieste. An ancient legend relates that "God, after He had created the world, was getting ready to throw into the sea all the stones which remained after His work was ended. He had gathered them all into a large bag, and was passing along the Isonzo, when the devil decided to play a trick on Him. Creeping up behind Him, the devil slit the bag. The stones fell upon the earth and formed the desolate plateau of the Carso." This is how tradition accounts for the vast rocky expanse of the Carso.

After the capture of Gorizia early in August, 1916, by the army of the Duke of Aosta, the Austrians retired under heavy pressure beyond Vallone to the edge of the Carso. Our view shows one of the machine gun trenches constructed by the Italians in the Vallone ridge, after it had been taken from the Austrians. Concrete is used in its construction and the portholes are protected by hinged iron doors. The square-shaped constructions like that at the end of the trench in the foreground were built for machine gun supports. It was by constructing such trenches and manning them with machine guns that the Italians held this territory in the advance against the great Southern city of Trieste.

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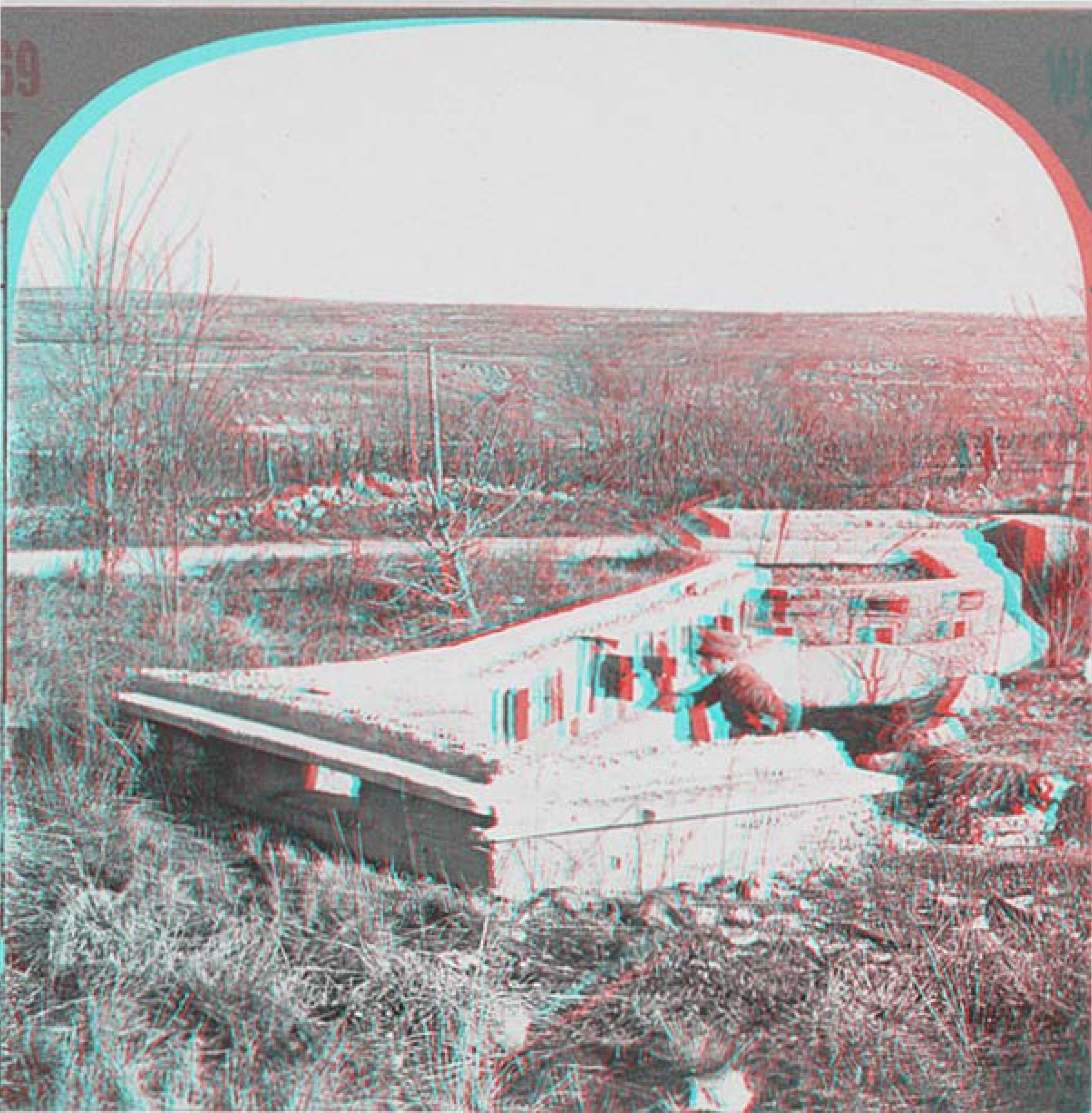

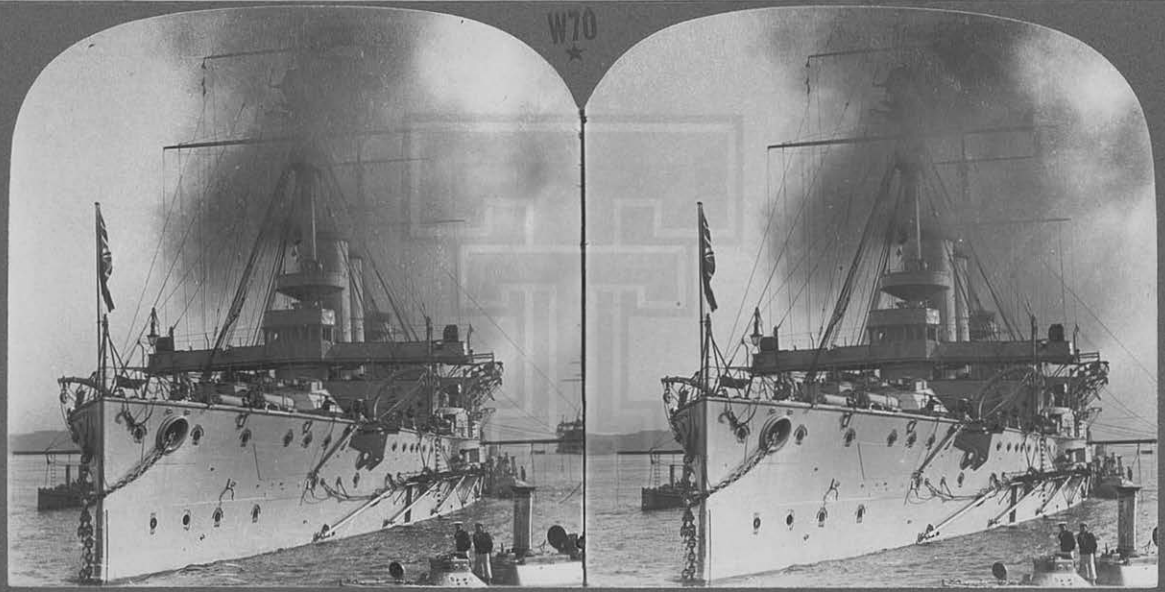

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W70

16259 British Battle Cruiser *Indomitable*, Which Sunk the German Battle Cruiser *Bluecher*.

16259

BRITISH CRUISER "INDOMITABLE," WHICH SUNK THE GERMAN "BLUCHER"

Most of the important naval battles of the war occurred in the North Sea, which washes the coasts of both England and Germany. The storms which often sweep the North Sea, its frequent fogs and rains, make it a disagreeable and dangerous body of water even in ordinary times. But during the World War its natural dangers were many times multiplied by the vast mine fields laid by both the British and the Germans, by the submarines prowling beneath its waves, the patrol boats on the surface and the airplanes scanning its wastes of waters from the sky.

The three greatest naval engagements of the war in the North Sea were; the battle of the Bight of Heligoland, Aug. 28th, 1914, the battle of the Dogger Bank, Jan. 24th, 1915, and the battle of Jutland, May 31st, 1916.

The Dreadnought battle cruiser "Indomitable" is a vessel of 17,250 tons, carrying eight 12-inch guns and capable of steaming at 27 knots, more than 31 miles, per hour. On Jan. 24th, 1915, she, with other British ships, was cruising in the North Sea when they fell in with a squadron of German battle cruisers which had slipped out under cover of thick weather to raid and shell towns on the English coast. Discovered while still 30 miles from their goal, the Germans turned and fled for home, the British on their heels.

The German battle cruiser "Blücher", capable of 25 knots and carrying 12 8.2-inch and 8 6-inch guns, was injured in the running fight, fell behind and was sunk by the "Indomitable." In the battle of Jutland, during the following year, the British fleet won a decisive victory.

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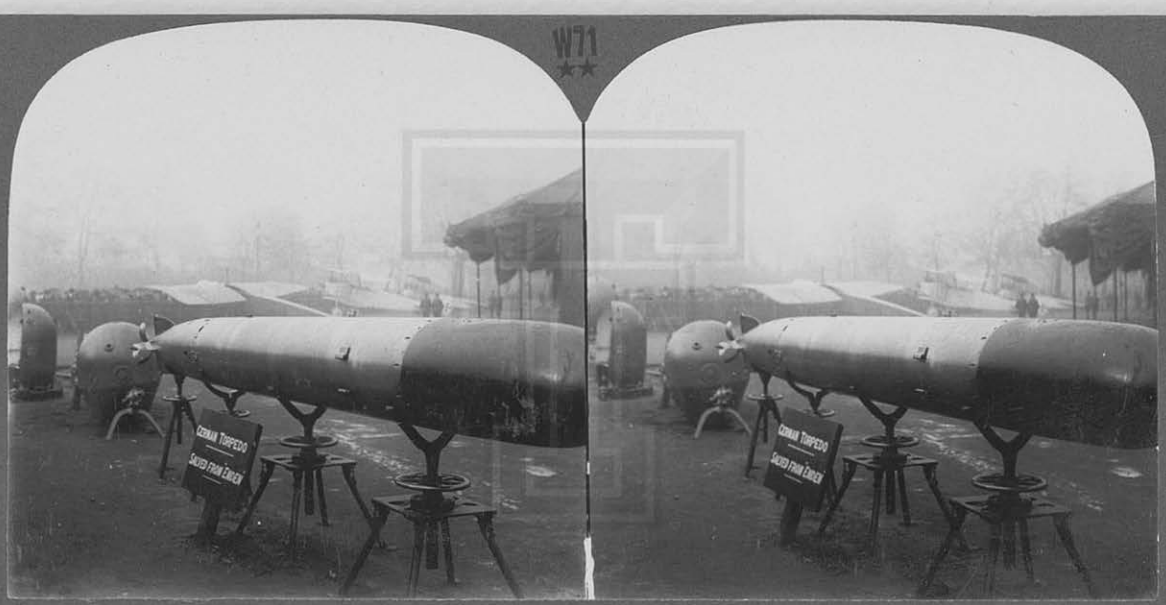

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V19272 Trophies of War—German Torpedo from S. S. "Emden" and Floating Mines, London.

V19272

GERMAN TORPEDO FROM S. S. "EMDEN" AND FLOATING MINES

To the crowds at the great war exposition this huge torpedo with its charge of high explosive sufficient to blow in the side of the biggest liner was undoubtedly of the greatest interest because it was a relic of the famous German cruiser, "Emden". This speedy little vessel of only 3,600 tons burden, armed with 10 4-inch guns and commanded by Captain Karl von Mueller, in the autumn of 1914 ran a career as commerce destroyer perhaps more amazing than that of any other ship in history. The opening of the war found her lying in the harbor of Tsing-tau, China, from which she steamed out and on Aug. 6th fought an action with the much heavier Russian cruiser, "Askold." The "Emden" escaped and several weeks later suddenly appeared in the Bay of Bengal and in 4 days captured 6 British merchant ships, valued with cargoes at over 4½ million dollars. The news stunned the British Admiralty and within a few days some 50 British and other Allied warships were hunting for the "Emden".

Wonderfully successful in her raids during September and October, she was tracked down by the Australian protected cruiser "Sydney", and after a gallant fight was destroyed on November 10th in a harbor of Cocos Islands.

Through all the thrilling months during which he destroyed British shipping worth about 10 million dollars and took hundreds of prisoners, Capt. Von Mueller never wantonly sacrificed a single life, but treated his captives with old-fashioned chivalry and sent them safely ashore. The British people, with their great sea-faring traditions, know how to admire a gallant sailor, be he friend or foe. When Capt. Von Mueller arrived in England as a prisoner of war he was accorded almost a triumphal reception.

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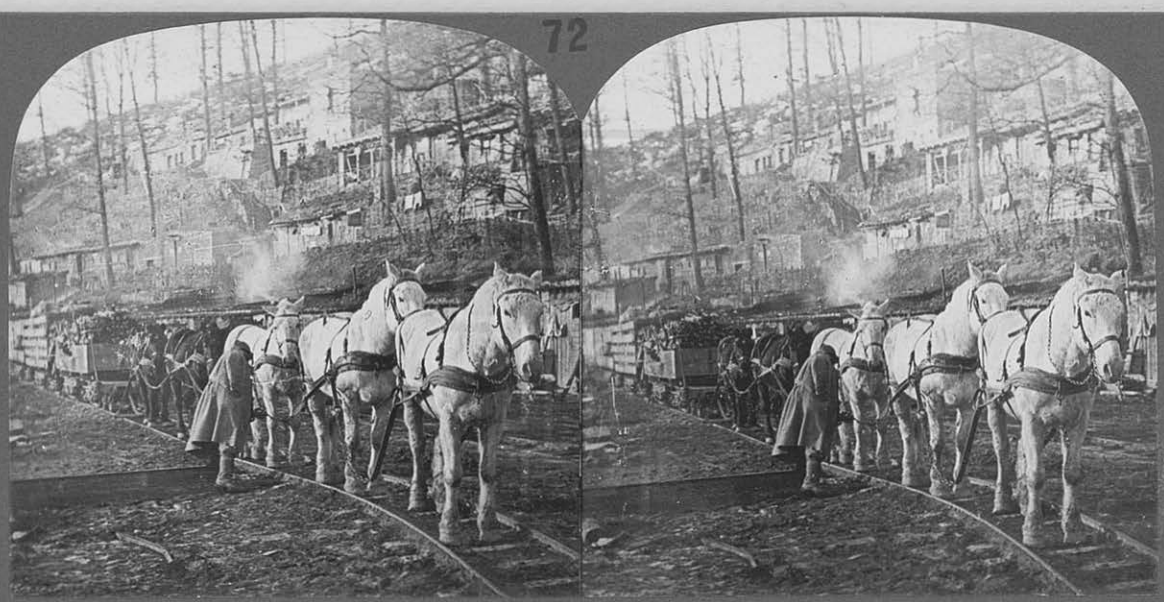
CANNON TORPEDO
SALES FOR CHECK



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18681 Light Railway and Hillside Dugouts near
La Harazee, Argonne, Forest.

18681

LIGHT RAILWAY AND HILLSIDE DUGOUTS NEAR LA HARAZEE, ARGONNE FOREST

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				72

Though nothing more than a tiny hamlet in the western edge of the Argonne Forest, the name of La Harazee will always have a place in American History because it marked the extreme left flank of the 1st American Army at the beginning of the battle of the Meuse-Argonne. Here it was that the 308th Infantry, of the 77th Division, attacked the terrible maze of German trenches lying north of the village in the precipitous ravines and dense woodlands of the Forest. To this regiment belonged the noted "Lost Battalion", under Lieut. Col. Chas. W. Whittlesey and Capt. Geo. G. McMurtry which on October 2 got ahead of the main American battle line and was surrounded by the enemy in a deep ravine. The small American force defended itself successfully and was rescued after having been besieged for six days.

The dugouts in the hillside and the light railway on which horses drew little cars loaded with supplies were the work of the French, who had been fighting around La Harazee for four years before the Americans came into the sector. In the spring and summer of 1915 desperate fighting occurred north and east of La Harazee. The contending forces sought possession of the deep cut valley of the little Biesme River and the ravine of La Chalade extending eastward from it across the Argonne Plateau. The French retained possession of the valley and the ravine, but they suffered great losses in unsuccessful efforts to improve their positions northward. It was not until the fall of 1918, when the Americans broke through the Forest, that the enemy was finally pried loose from his strongholds in this region.

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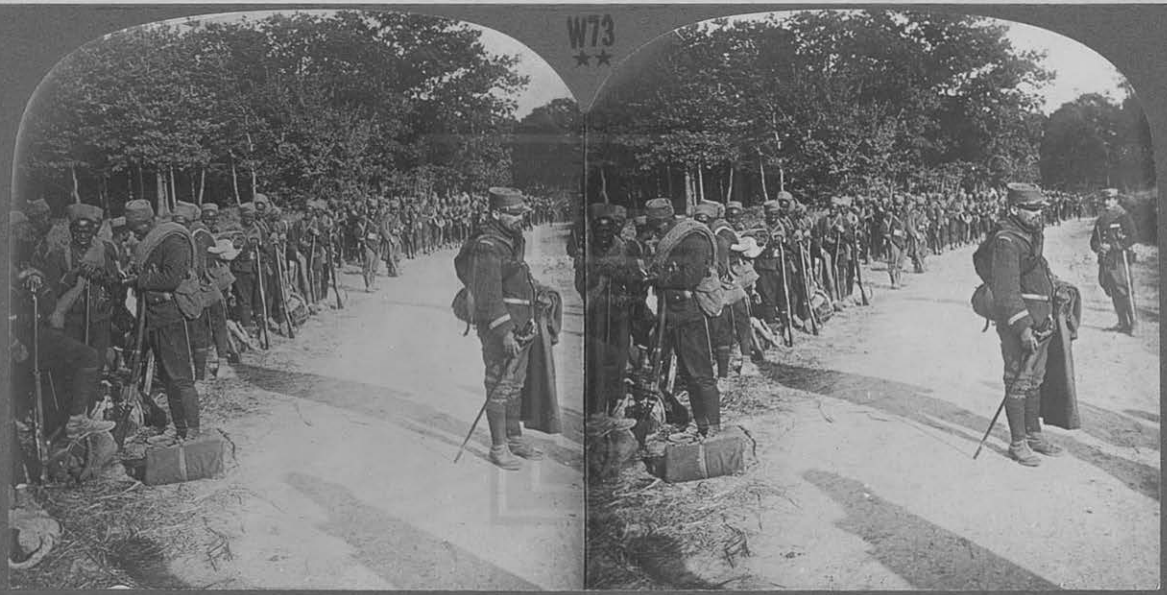

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V18832 A French Relief Column of Algerian Zouaves in Forest of Argonne.

V18832

ALGERIAN ZOUAVES IN ARGONNE FOREST

The black troops from the French colonies in North Africa, especially Morocco and Algeria, were among the best that France possessed. They were often used as "shock troops" to attack particularly formidable German positions and on many a hard fought field their desperate courage and unwavering loyalty to France shone forth brilliantly. After the Americans came into the war in force, American divisions several times fought side by side with the French Colonials and always found them keen rivals for honors in making the deepest penetration into the enemy's lines. Thus the Moroccan Division fought between our 1st and 2nd Divisions at Soissons.

The Algerian Zouaves upon whom we are looking are halted upon a road in the Argonne Forest at some time long before the Americans came into that sector. The forest does not look particularly forbidding at this point, but the greater part of it consisted of much rougher country than this. How powerful were the German defenses in the Argonne Forest, how dense and impenetrable were its thickets and tangles of woodland, and how steep its hillsides and ravines will never be forgotten by the Pennsylvanians of the 28th Division and the Georgians, Alabamians and Tennesseans of the 82nd Division, who captured large sections of it by a flank attack from the valley of the Aire River, early in October, 1918. But more vividly still will they ever be remembered by the New Yorkers of the 77th, "Metropolitan", Division, who tore their way foot by foot through the length of the Argonne in three weeks of desperate fighting beginning on September 26th and ending only when they had reached Grandpre, on the further side of the Aire River, on October 16th.

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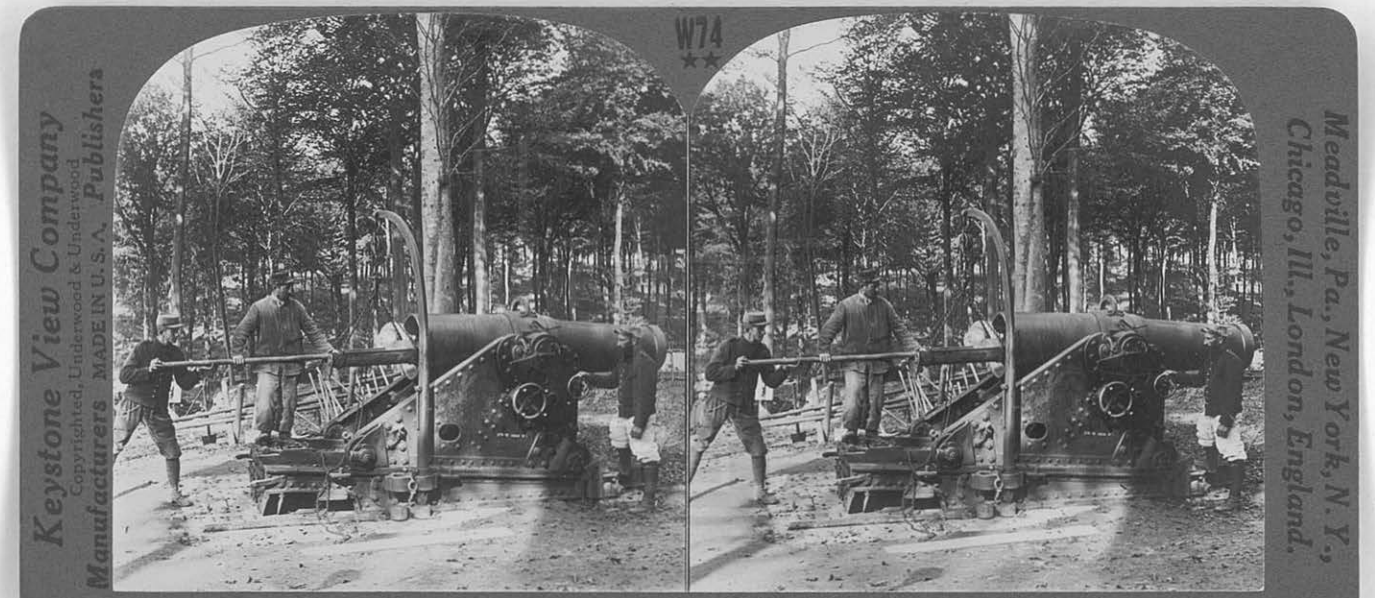

V18908 French Gunners Charging Huge 270 mm. (Howitzer) in Forest of Argonne.

V18908

CHARGING HUGE 270 mm. HOWITZER

Howitzers are guns ranging from five to sixteen inches in diameter at the muzzle and firing shells which drop almost vertically upon their target. They were used to demolish trenches and smash concrete shelters. The 270 mm. gun was a great favorite with the French who became wonderfully expert in its use. Owing to the tremendous recoil it was necessary to mount the gun upon a solid foundation, usually built of concrete.

In loading, the gun was raised to a horizontal position, the shell raised by block and tackle to the open breach and thrust into place by the gunner. The breach block was then closed, the muzzle of the gun tilted upward to the angle desired, and the piece was ready to be fired.

The target was usually miles away and beyond the range of vision of the gunner, who determined the direction in which the gun was to be pointed and the angle at which the muzzle was to be raised, by mathematical calculations based upon data furnished by airplane observers or sent from headquarters. In the scene before us the shell has just been thrust into position, the breach block is ready to be closed, and a member of the gun crew stands ready to turn the wheel which will elevate the muzzle.

We are looking at a section of the Argonne Forest which, contrary to that section our boys stormed so gallantly, is free from underbrush. No American can ever forget the Argonne, that "bloody angle" of the German line, bristling with death traps of every type which human ingenuity could device, for the Argonne took heavy toll of our young manhood, and in the Argonne the American army acquired imperishable renown.

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18730 "And They Did Not Pass"—Main Entrance and Gate Into City of Verdun, France.

18730

"AND THEY DID NOT PASS"—MAIN ENTRANCE AND GATE INTO CITY OF VERDUN, FRANCE

For generations Verdun (vĕr′dŭn′) will be to the French nation a synonym for the most heroic courage, the most devoted patriotism. For five months French soldiers held at bay and finally defeated the élite of the German army under the personal command of the Crown Prince. The great battle began on February 21, 1916. Germany began her preparations months beforehand. Unheard of masses of heavy artillery were assembled; macadam roads were built; strategic railway spurs were constructed between the hills; 300,000 of Germany's choicest troops rehearsed for weeks the method of attack. When the storm broke on this February day, the first line trenches of the French army were wiped out of existence, the very tops of the hills were blown off. But the French "poilu" held fast. Buried under crumbling trenches, choked by poisonous gases, burned to cinders by liquid fire, he still held fast. "They shall not pass", he said—and they did not.

The modern fortifications of Verdun consisted of 18 principal forts and as many redoubts and batteries crowning every important hill around the city on a circumference of 30 miles. The northern half of this circle of forts, with the many pretty villages around them, was completely demolished in the German attack of 1916 and the subsequent months of continuous fighting.

At the very end of the war, during the battle of the Meuse-Argonne, the troops of the 1st American Army had the honor of fighting before Verdun, and it was American bayonets which finally forced the Germans back and away from their powerful defenses north and east of the heroic fortress city.

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19258 The Cathedral and Notre Dame, Verdun, and Ruins Extending Down to the Banks of the Meuse.

19258

VERDUN AND RUINS

We are looking nearly west across the Meuse River at the closely built, medieval quarter of the fortress city of Verdun, dominated by the bulk of the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Verdun. The ancient church, consecrated in 1147, underwent many changes through the centuries, but it had originally two transepts, giving it the figure from which is said to have originated the double cross of Lorraine, which was adopted as a divisional insignia by our 79th ("Lorraine") Division.

The cathedral, as may be seen even at this distance, was considerably damaged by the German bombardments. The Bishop's Palace which appears just to the left of the Cathedral contained a spacious and handsomely decorated state banquet hall and it is grimly amusing to recall that in the early part of 1916, just before he began his tremendous attack upon Verdun, the Crown Prince of Germany announced to his staff and accompanying newspaper correspondents, including some Americans, that after he had taken the city he would entertain them at dinner in this banquet hall. Like the dinner which his imperial father proposed to give in Paris at the conclusion of the German advance in 1914, this repast still remains to be served.

Some of the old houses which we can see on the steep slope of the hill below the cathedral were so completely swept away by the German shell fire coming from this side of the Meuse, several miles behind us, that the walls of parts of the ancient fortifications which surrounded Verdun in the Middle Ages and which had been made to serve as the back walls of these houses, were exposed to view after having been hidden and forgotten for centuries.

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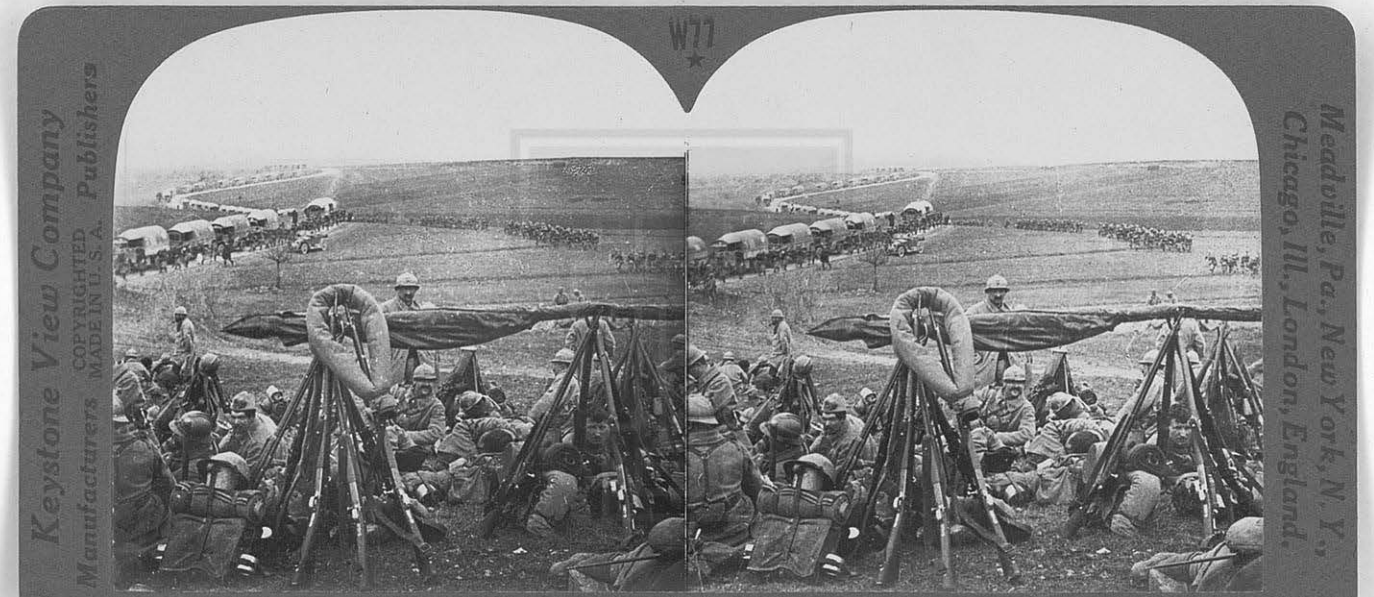

18678 French Troops and Transport on "The Sacred Road," During the Battle of Verdun, 1916.

18678

FRENCH TROOPS RESTING AFTER A COMBAT WITH "FRITZ"

It is not too much to say that the white road winding away before us, solidly packed with motor trucks, or as the French call them "camions", saved Verdun for France in the terrible battle summer of 1916, and so perhaps saved the Allies from then losing the war. For Verdun, with its circle of great forts on the hills around, was the most vital point on the French battle front, and if the Crown Prince of Germany had been able to capture it when he fell upon it with 7 army corps and 3,000 guns in February, 1916, he would have broken through the center of the Allied armies and anything might have happened.

The German artillery cut the railroad lines by which Verdun was supplied with troops, ammunition and food. Even the sublime courage of the French soldiers, voiced in their immortal battle-cry, "Ils ne Passeront pas!" ("They shall not pass!") would have availed nothing if a new supply line could not have been found. Then this splendid highway was utilized, winding out southwest from Verdun through the little valley, sheltered from shell fire, which we see in the distance. So precious it was that the French soldiers gave it the name, "La Voie Sacree" (The Sacred Road). By it the 250,000 defenders of the great fortress were supplied through all the months of the awful struggle; the thousands of wounded were taken to the rear, fresh troops marched in and those weary from battle came out to rest and refit.

Before us we see the Sacred Road in the very height of the battle, trembling beneath the wheels of trucks going back for more supplies, fresh troops in the distance marching toward the sound to the guns, and tired poilus on their way out resting for a moment with stacked rifles.

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V18872 Poilus Peparing Barbed Wire for Front Line—Lempire, Meuse, France.

V18872

BARBED WIRE FOR FRONT LINE, LEMPIRE

These soldiers are merely a little detachment of workmen in one of those factories of battle which existed everywhere behind the fighting lines. This countryside around Lempire seems peaceful enough in the sunshine but it is, in fact, on the very threshold of one of the pits of hell of the Western front—Verdun. Working hardly more than four miles southwest of the heart of the beleaguered city and the same distance north of Souilly, which during the battle of the Meuse-Argonne was the headquarters of the 1st American Army, these soldiers are weaving the strands of steel which later, under cover of darkness, will be carried up the Sacred Road and out through the trenches to guard the shell-torn approaches from No Man's Land.

No trench was complete without its barricade of wire. Lashed to stout wooden stakes or iron rods two or three feet high, twisted and tangled in every direction, it held the attacking enemy, until the soldiers could rush to the defense. Its sharp barbs tore flesh and clothing, and in thousands of instances while soldiers were hurriedly forcing their way through bullets hung them lifeless or writhing in agony upon the wire.

Coils of barbed wire, ready for use, are to be seen in the foreground. At the tables men are coiling smooth wire that was used to reinforce the posts on which barbed wire was strung. Beyond the workers a small engine is to be seen, one of thousands which squeaked and rumbled along narrow gauge tracks up to the very front lines, dragging trucks filled with supplies, with repair materials, with sheets of corrugated iron for huts or trenches.

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V18929 A Village Reduced to Debris near Verdun, France.

V18929

A VILLAGE REDUCED TO DEBRIS NEAR VERDUN

This is one of the hundreds of villages caught in the storm of war that swept over Northern France but a few years ago. The villagers returning to their homes after the deluge was over, found but the mass of ruins we see. What had once been home, with all its sacred memories, they found smashed and broken, a pile of débris. Fallen roofs, crumbling walls and charred beams, unspeakably desolate and forlorn, were all that was left of the once cosy home.

Yet to these ruins they returned, for to the French peasant no other spot is home. Here he played as a lad. Here his parents and grandparents lived their simple lives. Every foot of the village street had its memories. To the ruins of their villages the French returned in thousands. They sorted out every serviceable stick or beam. They pried apart the tottering walls and built them up again. Some way, somehow, they found a roof to cover them, and forthwith set to work to cultivate the ground.

A labor of infinite and painstaking toil it has been to rebuild these wrecked villages, but a labor of love as well. For the past three years or more it has been proceeding day by day. During these years homes have been rebuilt, in such fashion as they might. Shell craters have been filled, trenches obliterated. Seed has been sown and crops are growing. For the men and women of France have an indomitable spirit and a vast fund of common sense. They do not idly mourn over the inevitable. They realize facts and adapt themselves to them. It is to this characteristic that the greatness of France is largely due.

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V18915 A Battery of the Famous 270 Mortars (Howitzers), Mt. St. Eloi.

V18915

A BATTERY OF "270" MORTARS, MT. ST. ELOI

The great gun here concealed was one of thousands used to smash trenches and concrete gun cupolas. The Germans used even larger ones of similar type in the siege of Namur and Maubeuge and astonished the world by the ease of speed with which they reached those supposedly impregnable fortresses. The shells from those great guns penetrated concrete cupolas ten feet thick, then on through as many feet of brick and heavy timber, to explode with devastating effect in the gun chambers below.

There is little erosion of the barrel in howitzers of this type and consequently they last a long time, while rifled cannon which fire projectiles of lighter weight at high velocity are soon worn out.

The gun before us was, as we note, fired from a stationary emplacement, but many howitzers as large as this were fired from gun carriages. In that case large plates of thick galvanized iron were often placed beneath the wheels to prevent the latter from being gradually driven in to the earth by the force of the recoil.

The monster howitzers which the Germans dragged into France in the early days of the war, were the most powerful engines of destruction then known, but as the conflict wore on our allies began to build even larger ones. In the largest of those great guns the barrel weighed over four tons.

Movable artillery of this type was always masked or in some way concealed from the view of enemy aviators. Thickets or piles of débris were used as cover; gun chambers were blasted out of a low ridge of ground, so as to preserve an apparent continuity of surface; screens of matting or canvas were erected and painted as grass and earth.

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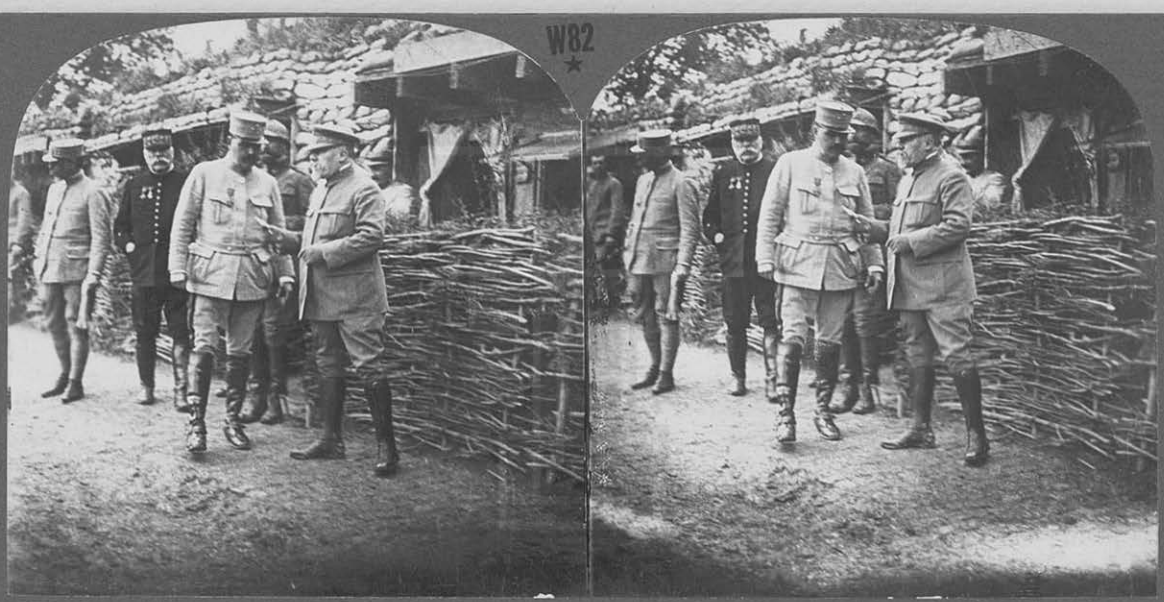
V18861—Entrenched Highlanders on the Lookout Using Mirror Periscope.

Entrenched Highlanders on the Lookout Using Mirror Periscope.

Observing the enemy through a mirror as you see these Scotsmen doing is preferable to peering over the top of the trench, because there would be little safety if one should raise head and shoulders over the wall of sandbags. This improvised periscope made of two mirrors and a bit of iron serves their purpose admirably for, by adjusting the angle between the faces of the mirror, they can stand safely beneath the shelter of sand bags and the wall of earth on the other side of the trench and observe everything that goes on out in No Man's Land.

You may be sure that they are ready to act should the reflection in the mirror warn them that the Germans were to attack, for close by you can see their rifles with bayonets fixed standing beside the entrance to the bombproof shelter that is their security in times of bombardment because of its depth and the layers of sand bags above it. Over the door is a blanket. During gas attacks the blanket is moistened with water or some prepared liquid and drawn tightly over the door, for the soldiers have discovered that a wet blanket offers the greatest protection against the clouds of deadly gas with which the Germans deluge their trenches. The horn that you see near the door is to warn the soldiers along the trenches the moment that gas fumes are detected, allowing them time to slip on their masks before the fumes become strong enough to injure them.



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V18826 President Poincare and Marshall Joffre Visiting Officers' Quarters on the Somme Front.

V 18826

PRESIDENT POINCARE AND MARSHALL JOFFRE ON THE SOMME FRONT

Raymond Poincare (pwăn'kȧ'rā'), President of the French Republic, and Joseph Joffre (zhŏ'fr'), Marshall of France and Commander-in-Chief of its armies, are here on a visit to the front during the great battle of the Somme, which began on July 1st, 1916, and lasted for weeks. These men were two of the greatest among the many great men who earned world-wide fame in the Great War. Alike in physical build, there were many points of similarity in their character. Both were clearsighted, direct and fearless, strong men who saw the object to be obtained and hewed their way to it through all obstacles. To the right stands Poincare, in a characteristic attitude, in animated discussion with one of his aides. Marshall Joffre, in blue uniform, with his hands in his coat pockets, stands somewhat to the rear. For twenty-one months, in the most perilous times in the history of France, this man directed the destinies of his country. During those days of agony and suspense he traveled seventy thousand miles in motor cars in his flying visits to the fighting line, and was on duty an average of seventeen hours a day. These tours of inspection were made daily, regardless of the condition of the roads or of the weather, and each visit wore out two chauffeurs. From his quiet office, many miles in the rear, he directed the activities of two million men and decided questions relating to supplies, ammunition, sanitation, promotion and retirement. He had but one end in view—the winning of the war, and to this he devoted all his energies, regardless alike of criticism or commendation.

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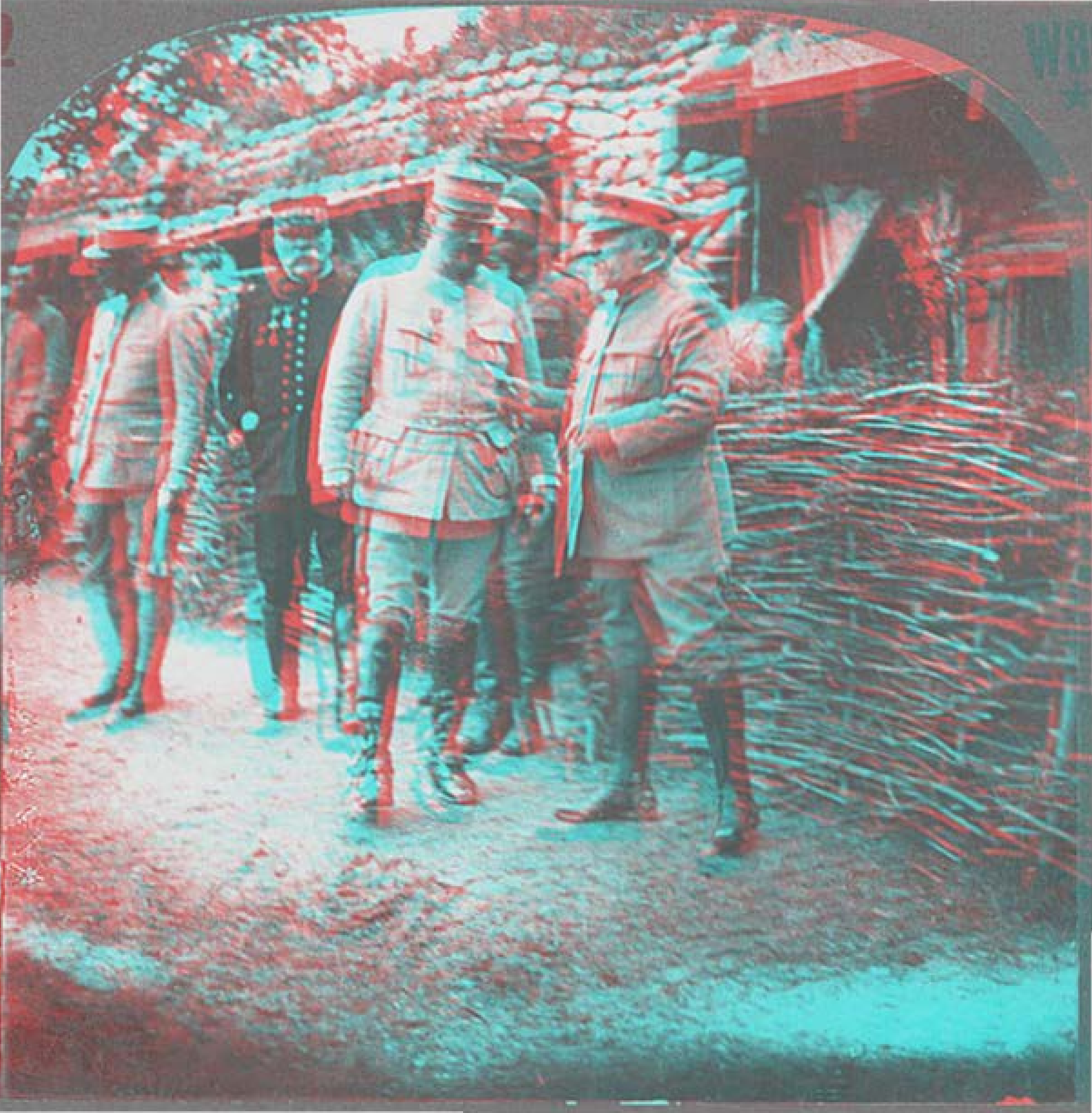

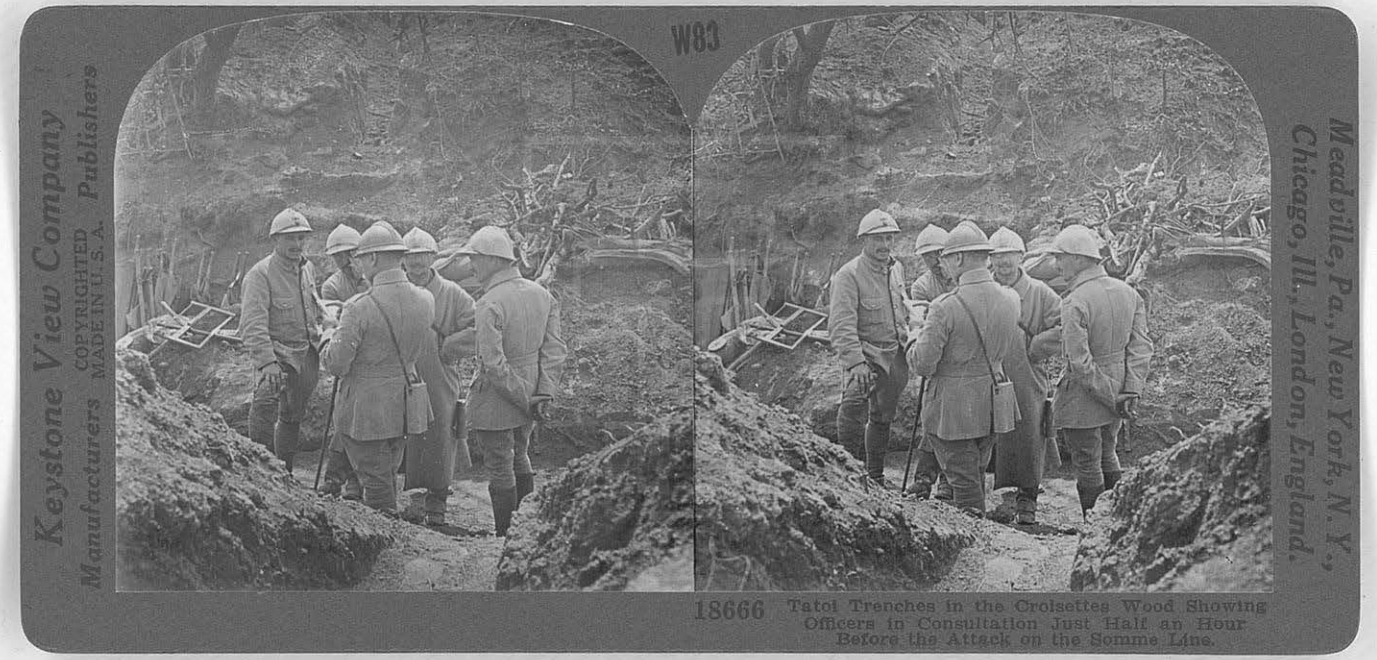
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Meadville, Pa., New York, N. Y.,
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18666 Tatoi Trenches in the Croisettes Wood Showing
Officers in Consultation Just Half an Hour
Before the Attack on the Somme Line.

18666

OFFICERS IN CONSULTATION IN TATOI TRENCHES HALF HOUR BEFORE ATTACK

This appears to be a very peaceful scene. In reality this group has come together but a few moments before the beginning of one of the greatest and most bloody battles of the World War and these officers are about to help translate into action the plans which have been long in preparation at the headquarters of Marshall Joffre, of the French armies, and General Haig, of the British armies, far behind the battle front.

The battle of the Somme began on July 1, 1916, with an attack by 350,000 British and French troops, following a tremendous artillery preparation, on a front nearly 30 miles long, extending north and south on both sides of the Somme River. It lasted more than 4½ months, until the middle of November, and during that time the Allied armies, a majority of them British, drove the Germans back a distance of from three to seven miles in some of the most stubborn fighting of the war. Both sides came to regard the struggle as a test of the relative fighting power of their troops, and threw every ounce of their strength into the battle. So severely were the Germans tried that they were obliged to give up their attack on Verdun in order to reinforce their Somme front, where they used up 113 divisions before the battle ended. The British had the best of it, capturning 80,000 prisoners and recovering 40 French villages and 200 square miles of French territory, though the latter was utterly devastated by the Germans as they retired, and by the fierce fighting which occurred on every foot of its surface.

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V18829 Serving Food from a Movable Kitchen in Ruined Curlu on the Somme.

V18829

SERVING FOOD FROM A MOVABLE KITCHEN

To the soldier in active service no call is so welcome as the mess call. Life in the open gives him a hearty appetite. He is not finicky about his food. It is only in the barracks that he grumbles at it. In the battle lines hot food of any kind is a treat. Too often must the soldier fall back upon his emergency ration. Too often must he wait long hours for any food at all.

The French poilu (pwá' lü') was content with a much more simple diet than our boys enjoyed. He seldom received more than a plain soup in which a few pieces of vegetable lay, a bit of meat and a piece of hard bread. With this he was well satisfied. On this he marched countless miles and fought as heroically as any soldiers have ever fought.

Field kitchens like this followed by thousands in the wake of the French army. Many times they could not get near to the firing line so heavy was the rear barrage thrown out by the enemy. Then men had to sling a can of soup between them and set out for the front, dodging the shells as best they could. Ofttimes stricken on the way, they never reached their destination. Often the smoke of the kitchen fire betrayed its whereabouts and a long range shell strewed men, wagon and horses over the fields. The movable kitchen was indispensable in the Great War.

The scene before us is typical. The men are French poilus in the prime of life, active and vigorous. The landscape is French, even to the shape of the farmhouse dimly seen beyond the kitchen, and the low barn away to the left. It is on the Somme (sȯm), yes, but the guns were silent in that sector when those men had this simple meal.

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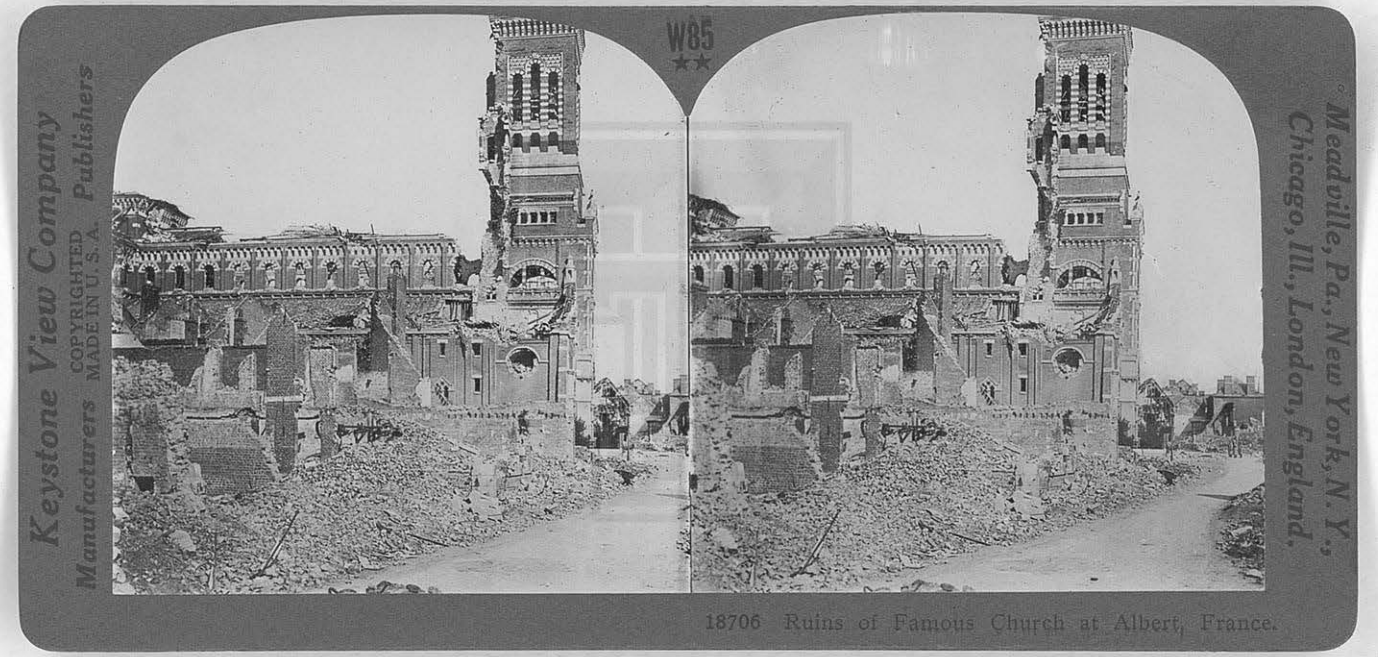

18706 Ruins of Famous Church at Albert, France.

18706

RUINS OF FAMOUS CHURCH AT ALBERT, FRANCE

The Church of Notre Dame de Brebières at Albert was built of brick and thus differed from most of the churches of France, which are usually built of stone. But it was a handsome structure and before the war attracted many visitors. Albert lies a few miles north of the Somme River and during the desperate battles of the Somme it was laid in ruins. The church survived for a long time but a large figure of the Virgin and Child, which decorated the summit of the tower, was knocked partly over by a German shell and for many months hung suspended horizontally from some of its supports.

To tens of thousands of British soldiers, stationed in or passing through the town, "the Hanging Virgin of Albert" became a familiar sight. So the statue remained hanging until the last battle of the Somme in the spring of 1918. Then it was finally thrown down, either by a German shell or, according to one account, by being struck by a German airplane which was plunging to earth, out of control. At all events, the noted statue fell and was buried beneath the ruins of the massive tower and the church walls.

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18602 Ruined Village of Eclusiers, France. M'lle Semmer Decorated for Heroic Actions under Fire.

18602

M'LLE. SEMMER DECORATED FOR HEROIC ACTIONS UNDER FIRE

In the great hall of the Sorbonne at Paris, where France honors the great poets, scientists and philosophers of the world, there was recently acclaimed the name of Mlle. Marcelle Semmer, a young heroine of the war, who had already won the Cross of the Legion of Honor and the War Cross, before receiving the greatest honor in the power of France to give.

At the outbreak of the war, Mlle. Semmer was an orphan girl living in the little village of Eclusiers, near Frise on the Somme. After the Allies were defeated at Charleroi, the French tried to make a stand at the Somme, but were obliged to retreat across a canal near Mlle. Semmer's home. When the French had passed over the canal, the young girl raised the drawbridge, and for fear the pursuing Germans would compel her to give up the key, without which it could not be lowered again, she threw it into the canal. This held up the Germans for 24 hours. During the occupation of the village by the Germans, Mlle. Semmer concealed a number of French soldiers and aided them to escape, in which act she was finally caught by the Germans and sentenced to be shot. Just as she was placed before the firing squad, the French began to cannonade the village and in the confusion she escaped.

For more than a year she remained in her native village, helping the French soldiers wherever possible. As she knew the locality so well, she sometimes acted as a guide through the marshes, and much of the time she was caring for the wounded. At last, her health broke down and she was persuaded to go to Paris where she entered a school for nurses in order that she might better aid the wounded soldiers.

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18731 The World Renowned Cathedral at Reims, France, Ruined by the Germans.

18731

THE WORLD RENOWNED CATHEDRAL OF REIMS, FRANCE, RUINED BY THE GERMANS

Before us, marvellous in symmetry and beauty, even though shamefully defaced, towers the Cathedral of Reims, one of the architectural glories and historic shrines of France.

This magnificent sanctuary of religion was bombarded and cruelly shattered by the Germans after they were driven out of Reims in September, 1914. They tried to justify their action by the false claim that the towers were being used for purposes of observation by the French, though as a matter of fact the great building was in use as a hospital. Nevertheless the enemy shelled it until the roof fell in, filling the interior with ruins, while some of the delicate stone columns of the towers were demolished and the priceless stained glass windows and countless pieces of exquisite stone carving were shattered.

It was concerning the wanton mutilation of the Reims Cathedral that a distinguished German officer, Major General von Ditfurth, made his arrogant and infamous declaration in a leading German newspaper, the "Hamburger Nachrichten", in November, 1914, saying:—"It is of no consequence if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, and all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world were destroyed, if by their destruction we promote Germany's victory over her enemies. Let neutral peoples and our enemies cease their empty chatter, which is no better than the twittering of birds. Let them cease their talk about the Cathedral at Reims and about all the churches and castles of France which have shared its fate. These things do not interest us."

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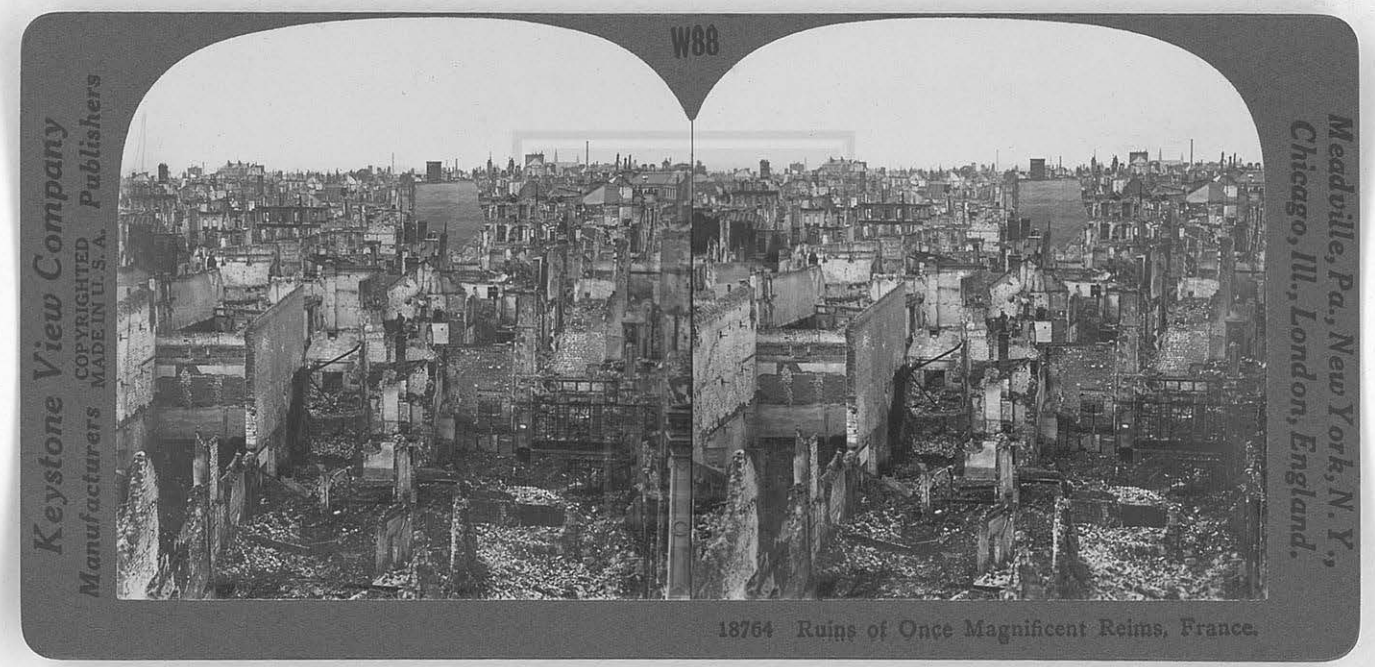

18764 Ruins of Once Magnificent Reims, France.

18764

RUINS OF REIMS

Before us lies Reims (rēmz), torn, smashed, blown to fragments, but unconquerable. For two years a storm of shot and shell rained upon the devoted city. High explosives blew out roofs, caved in walls, dug caverns in the streets, but still the city held out. Before the war 120,000 people lived here—today but 2,000 can find a place to lay their heads. Like so many other French cities and villages, Reims is a monument to German vandalism. They could not capture it, so they smashed it. In 1914, when they held the city for eleven days and expected to make it their headquarters, no damage was done. Driven out, they turned their fury upon it, sparing not even the glorious cathedral.

No tongue can describe the destruction that has been wrought. The section of the city that is before us is bad enough—bare walls, rooms gaping open to the sky, twisted iron stanchions and piles of débris. But there are a few houses standing, here and there, a few roofs left. In other sections, for block after block, there is not a roof, not a fragment of wall ten feet high. Piles of crumbled stone half the height of a man litter the sidewalks for thousands of yards—for in Reims there were no frame houses, all were of stone. These piles of débris, these jagged walls, these chambers open to the sky are covered in a pall of white dust—plaster blown into powder—a scene of utter desolation. One who has not seen cannot believe such destruction possible. But we have it before us. We see the empty rooms, the tottering walls, the charred and broken fragments. This is what the war has left of Reims, one of the finest cities of France.

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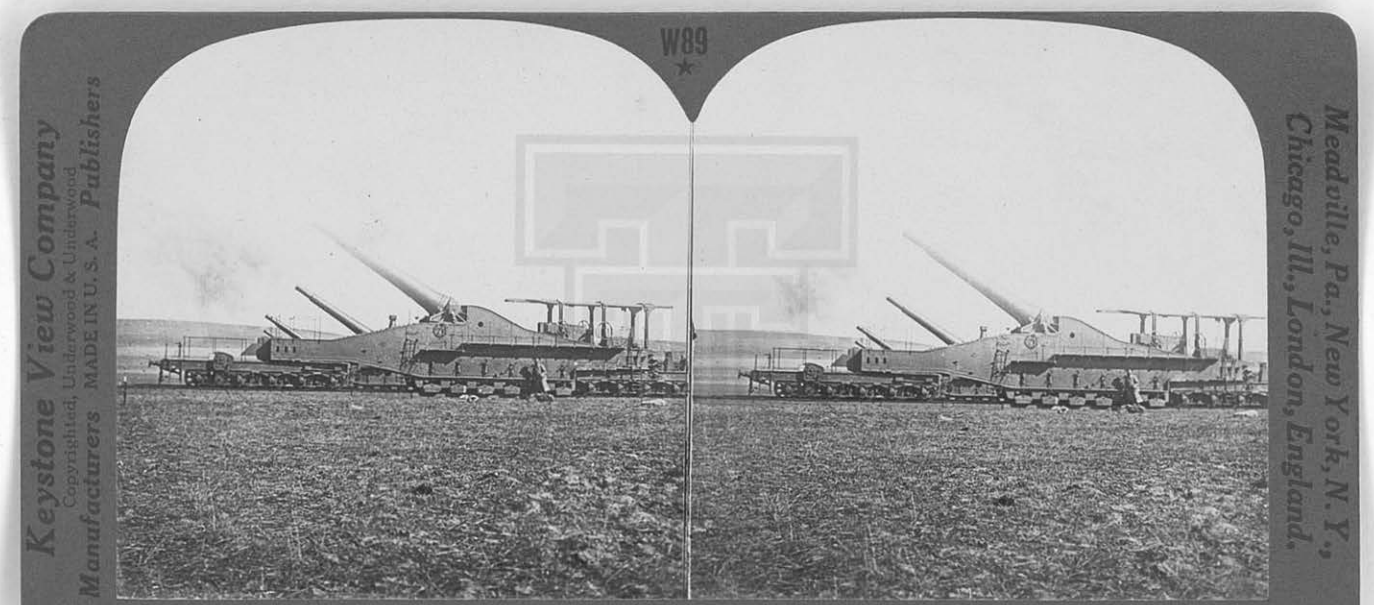

V19267 "The Dogs of War Let Loose Are Howling"
—French 320's in Action, near Reims.

V19267

FRENCH 320'S DEFENDING REIMS

This is a battery of four of the huge railroad guns used by the French in the defense of Reims. Hurling projectiles nearly 13 inches in diameter to distances of more than 12 miles, these guns are so heavy and exert such a tremendous recoil when fired that their steel railway platforms have to be extremely strong and rigidly reinforced, as may be seen in the battery before us. Such weapons were used so far behind the lines and were so easily and quickly moved from place to place on the railway tracks that camouflage was hardly needed to conceal them. It is an interesting fact that the shells from guns like these travel so far and take so long in making the flight to their targets that one of the elements that has to be taken into account in figuring firing data for them is the rotation of the earth, which turns a considerable distance on its axis while the projectile is in the air.

The Americans had only one fully equipped brigade of Railroad Artillery; the 30th, under General William Chamberlaine. But it was very powerful, consisting of 32 guns of 194-mm. (7.6-inches) calibre; 16 guns of 240-mm. (9.4-inches); 12 guns of 320-mm. (12.6-inches); 2 guns of 340-mm. (13.4-inches); and 4 guns of 400-mm. (16-inches). In addition there was a detachment of naval gunners under Rear Admiral Plunkett with 5 American made 14-inch naval guns. These huge pieces accomplished great damage to the enemy while they were in use. Their last service was early in November, 1918, when advancing behind the 1st American Army they were able to break up the traffic on the main railroad line supplying the German armies by firing on the junctions at Montmédy, Conflans and Longuyon, distant 12 miles or more.

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18763 Fort Pompelle near Reims, France.

18763

FORT POMPELLE NEAR REIMS

Lat. 49° N.; Long. 4° E.

When, on September 9, 1914, General Foch launched his thunderbolt attack at the center of the German line and smashed it, the foe retreated hastily for about 30 miles and took up strong positions on the north bank of the Aisne, from Compiègne to Soissons and extending eastward about 10 miles north of Reims, then bending southeast to Verdun.

The French pursued vigorously, hoping to turn this retreat into a rout. Firmly established in reserve positions of great natural strength the Germans counterattacked with the utmost determination. One great battle followed another. Wave after wave of Germans surged up to the French line, broke under the terrific fire, re-formed, and came on again. Fort Pompelle, about five miles southeast of Reims, in desolate territory broken by ravines, was in the midst of it, taken and retaken until finally battered out of all semblance of usefulness. Pompelle was but one of a chain of forts east of Reims, all enveloped for days in an inferno of shot and shell.

Neither army could make definite gains and both settled down into four years of trench warfare. In July, 1918, after Ludendorff's final great drive on Paris, after Château-Thierry and but three days before the great battle of Soissons, this region again flared up into desperate battle. Again, in October, while our troops were going through the Argonne the French under Gouraud swept over this territory, and Fort Pompelle, a mass of ruins, passed permanently into their hands.

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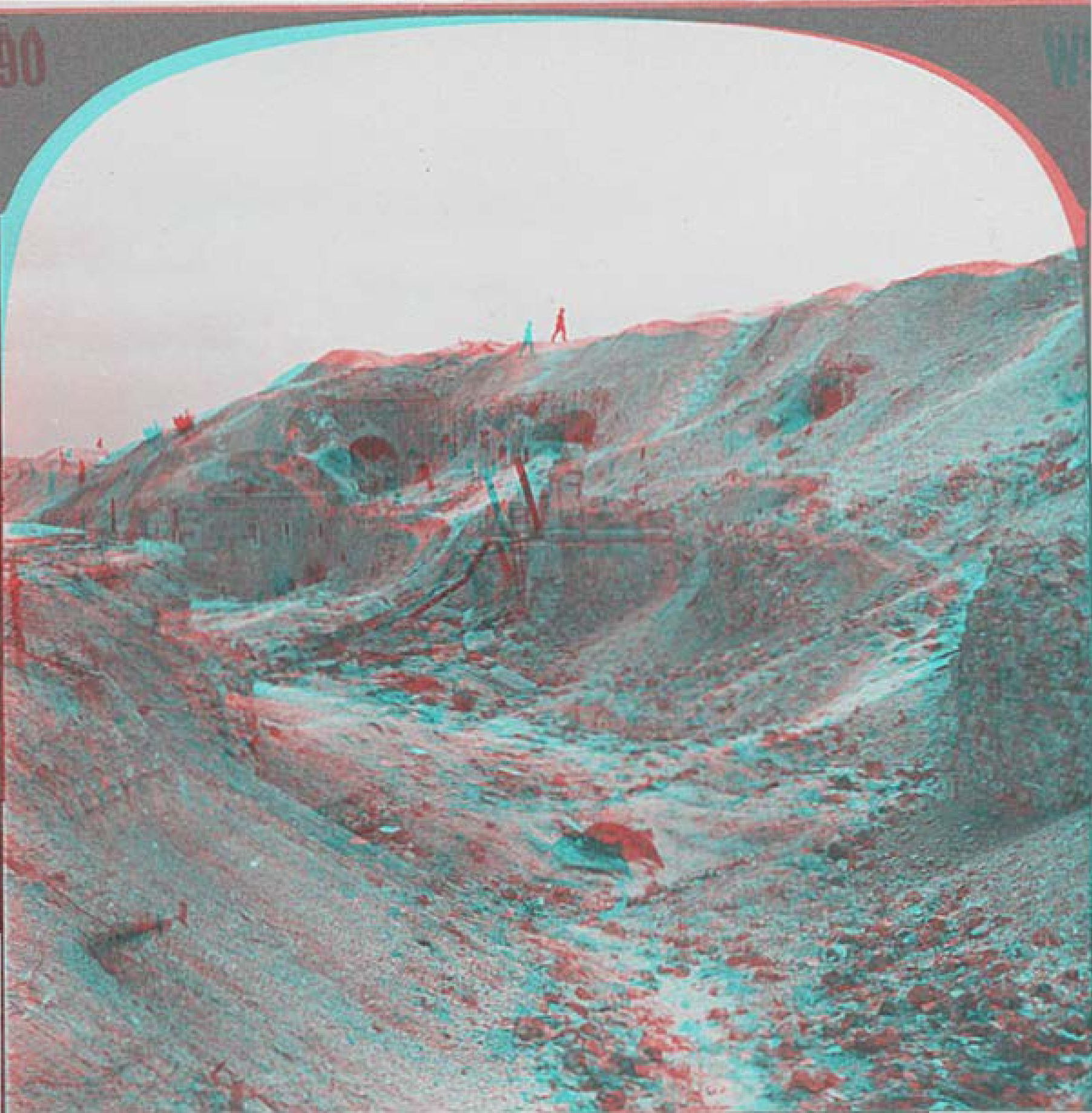

V18933 Once Fair Village of Coucy, near Reims, France.

V18933

VILLAGE OF COUCY, NEAR REIMS

It seems like a city of the dead, this once fair French village, a city of days gone by, a replica of the ruins of Pompeii or the time-worn temples of Greece, exposed to modern eyes by the pick of the explorer. Not a living soul is visible, not a sign of animal life is to be seen! There is nothing but ruins and rubbish which the shells of heavy guns have churned over and over.

The ground is pitted with shell holes, broken and lined with trenches. The inhabitants have fled, driven from their homes by a war that spared neither man, woman nor child. Desolation has settled upon the place. Even the trees seem lifeless, scorched by the hot breath of war. What a scene for the villagers when those who survive return!

The inhabitants of many French towns and villages experienced the same fate as those of this village. Caught between the contending armies, they were forced to flee for life while their homes were ground to fragments. At most they could carry with them but a small part of their possessions. Often they were forced to depart with almost nothing, to live upon charity among strangers. After the war was over, returning with hope in their hearts—for a Frenchman always returns to his home—they found ruins. That is what this war brought to a large part of France, this war entirely unprovoked on her part.

No town in the neighborhood of Reims escaped unscathed. Reims, held for a few days by the Germans early in the war, became the object of their resentment. Since they could not retake it, they smashed it; it and the villages in the neighborhood. Coucy but shared the fate of others.

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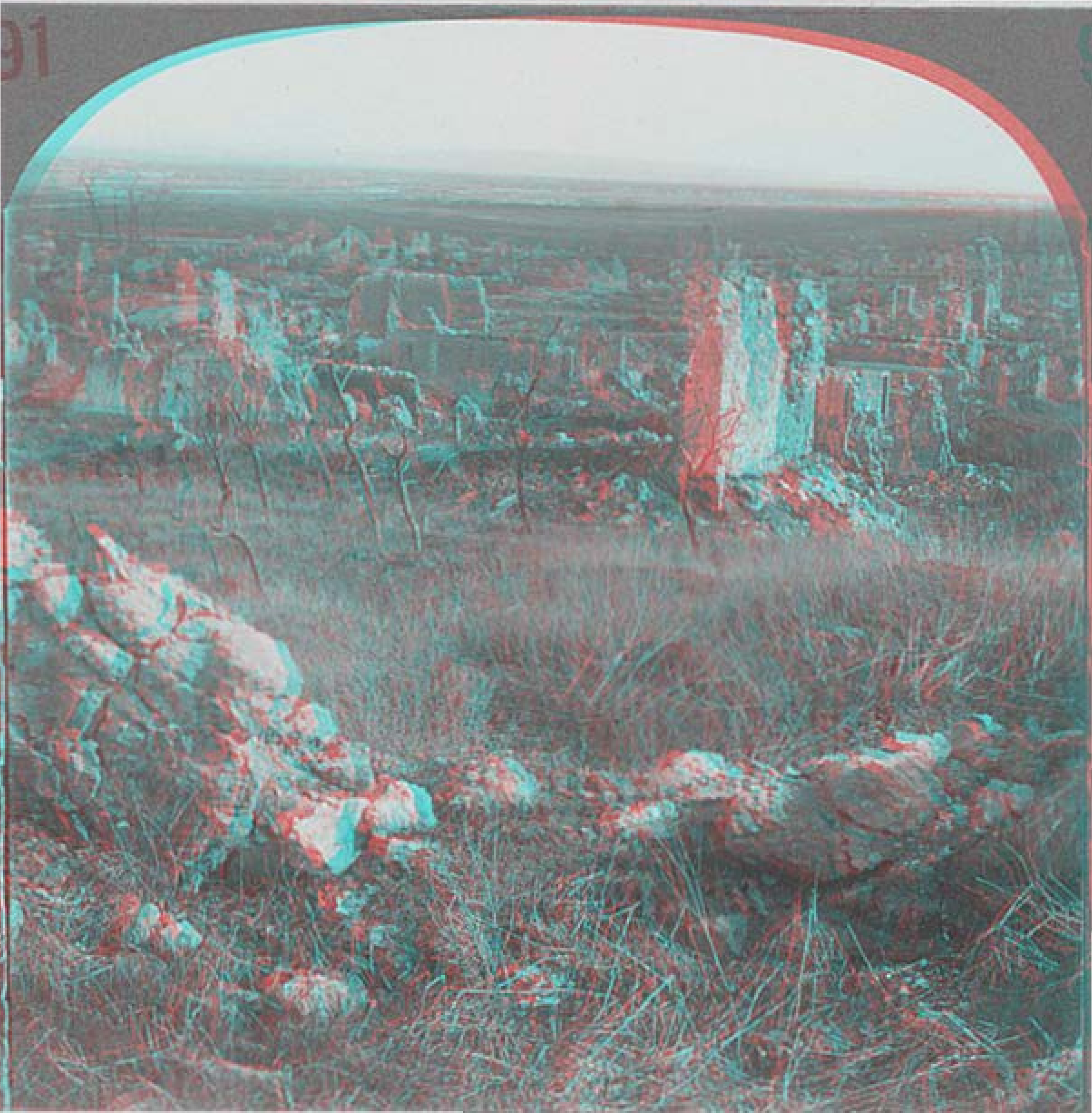


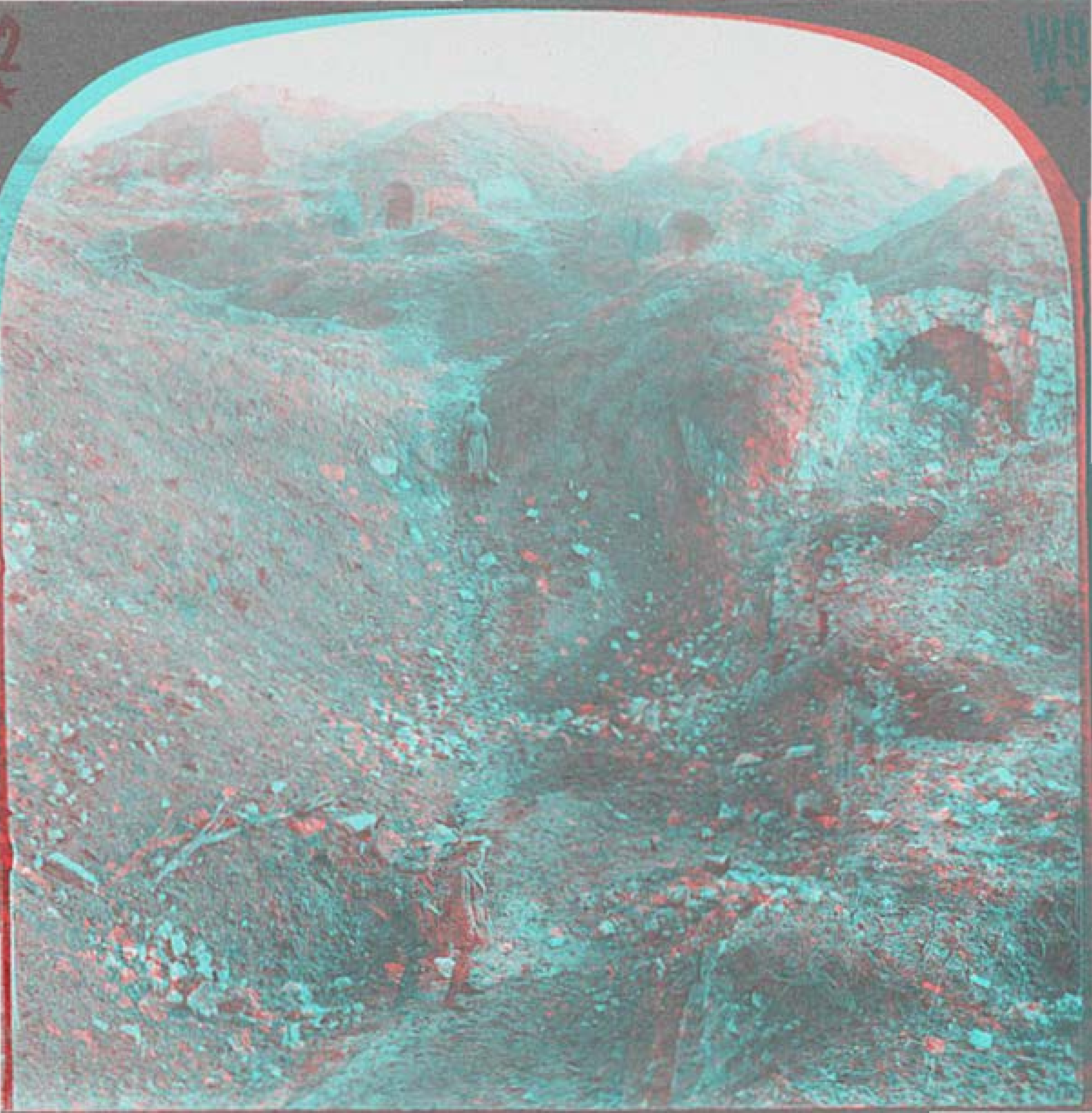
V18836 The Ruined Stronghold of Fort de la Malmaison, Chemin des Dames, France.

Ruined Stronghold of Fort de la Malmaison, Chemin des Dames.

Fort de la Malmaison, a part of the defenses of the Chemin des Dames, lies to the north of the city of Soissons. This utterly demolished stronghold, of which all that you can see is a few arched entrances and huge piles of stone, mortar and dirt, was the pivot defense of the Germans in October, 1917, when the French, by a series of powerful attacks, regained possession of the Chemin des Dames ridge.

Tumbled and mixed like the waves in a gale, the Germans found it untenable and retracted northward behind the Aisne canal where they remained until the spring of 1918. They then swept over this very ground in their fifth great offensive that enveloped Soissons and Chateau-Thierry. When the French had driven the Germans back from the River Aisne, that flows through Soissons, to this point, the greatest artillery bombardment that the war had brought forth was undertaken by the French to reduce this fortress.

During the four days that preceded the attack millions of shells of all calibres were hurled upon the Germans. When the attack was delivered there was not a square yard of the fortress or the elaborate trench system that had not been thoroughly demolished. The capture of the fort lives in the annals of the French army as one of the greatest achievements of the war



18788 Chemin de Dames—Barbed Wire Entanglement.

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18788

CHEMIN DES DAMES—BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS

We are looking at this vast expanse of rolled and twisted barbed wire about a year after it actually separated the contending armies on the battle-blasted fields of the Chemin des Dames. Grass and thistles, poppies, bluets and other wild flowers have grown up between the cruel strands and partly hidden the gaping shell holes and the earth littered with shell fragments and poisoned by noxious gases. The wire itself is red with rust and has not been "kept up", as the soldiers say. Yet, even so, it seems almost impossible that human beings could find their way through such a maze, bristling with flesh-tearing barbs, even if, while doing so, they were not assailed by storms of shells and machine gun and rifle bullets.

Such wire as this, in loose coils and loops lightly held in place by steel rods twisted into spirals, was much more difficult to break through or to tear apart by shell fire, than the close mats of wire fastened to numerous wooden or metal posts which were used in the earlier years of the war. Yet in one way or another men got through even such wire as this, though it was in the best of condition. The very field before us was crossed by the Germans in their drive of May 27, 1918, and later the French troops of General Mangin's army crossed it in the opposite direction.

The removal from the ground of such terrible obstructions has cost and is still costing an infinite amount of labor to the French, in their efforts to bring the lands covered by the entrenched Western Front back to a state of productivity.

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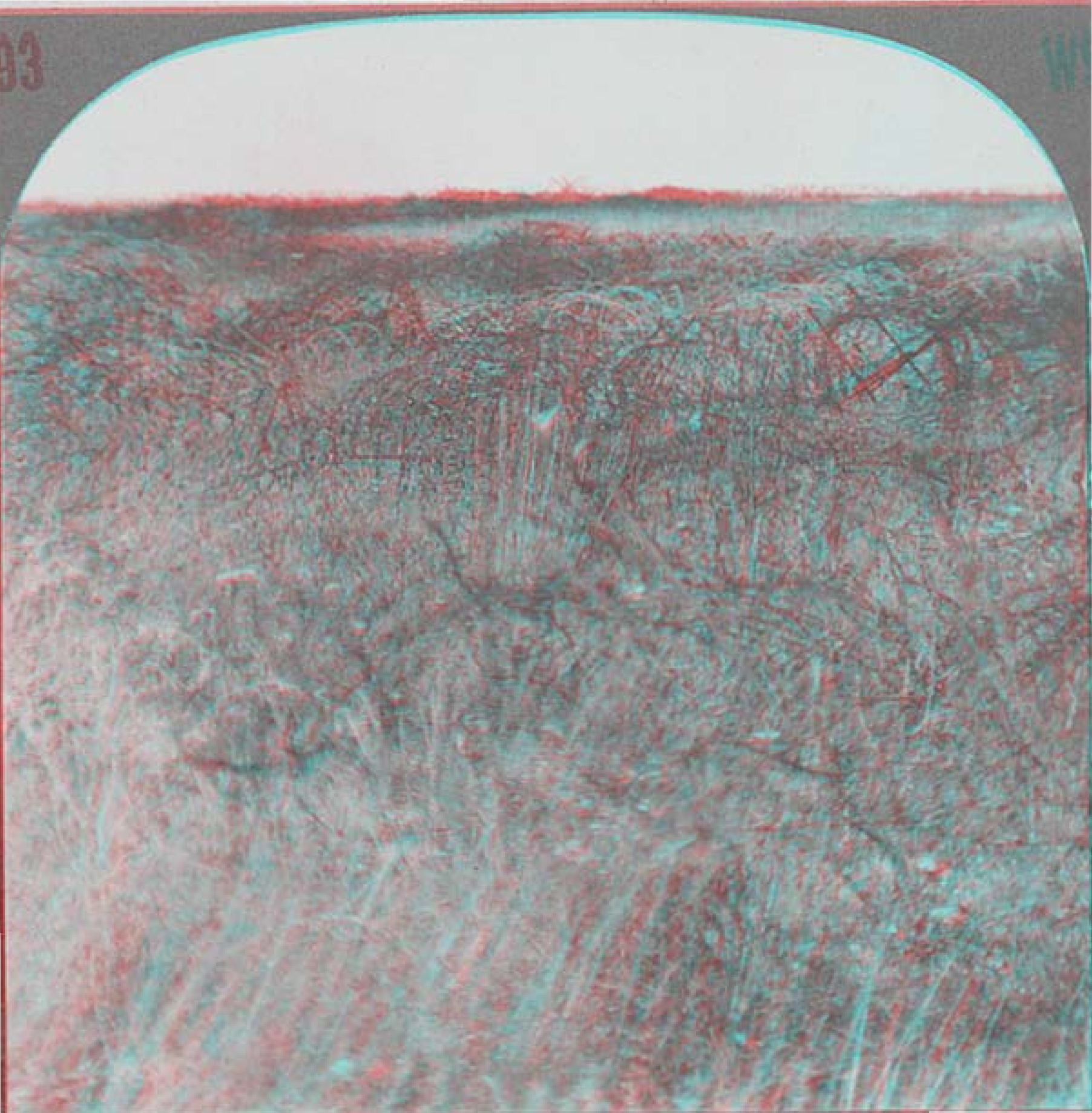

V18834 Desolate Waste on Chemin des Dames Battlefield, France.

V18834

DESOLATE WASTE ON CHEMIN DES DAMES BATTLEFIELD, FRANCE

Nowhere on the Western front was there more terrible fighting or more utter desolation of a once lovely countryside than on the plateau lying northeast of Soissons, which has come to be known in history as the Chemin de Dames. "Scarred beyond recognition, the earth churned over a thousand times by the bursting shells, this rolling country-side will not regain its beauty for generations."

Because its southern crests, rising above the Aisne dominated the country for a long distance southward, the British fought hard to conquer the plateau in the latter half of September, 1914, after the first battle of the Marne. They succeeded in getting up on the hills at some points but not in gaining the main ridge. Then in January, 1915, after the British army had removed to the left flank of the battle line near the sea coast, the French attempted again to conquer the plateau, but were forced back further than ever by a powerful German counter-attack.

The plateau was now covered by the Germans with a vast network of trenches, gun emplacements and underground shelters, upon which the French made no further serious attempts until April, 1917, when two great armies attacked them. In this attack and another, made in the autumn, the French, at awful sacrifice of life, drove the Germans clear north of the Ailette. The following winter among the divisions which at different times held the famous ridge was the 26th American, the "Yankee Division." But the Germans came back and were not driven out until October, 1918, a few weeks before the close of the war.

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V18835—Camauflaged Trenches inCenter of Hardest Fighting, Chemin des Dames Sector.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	22	27	60	95

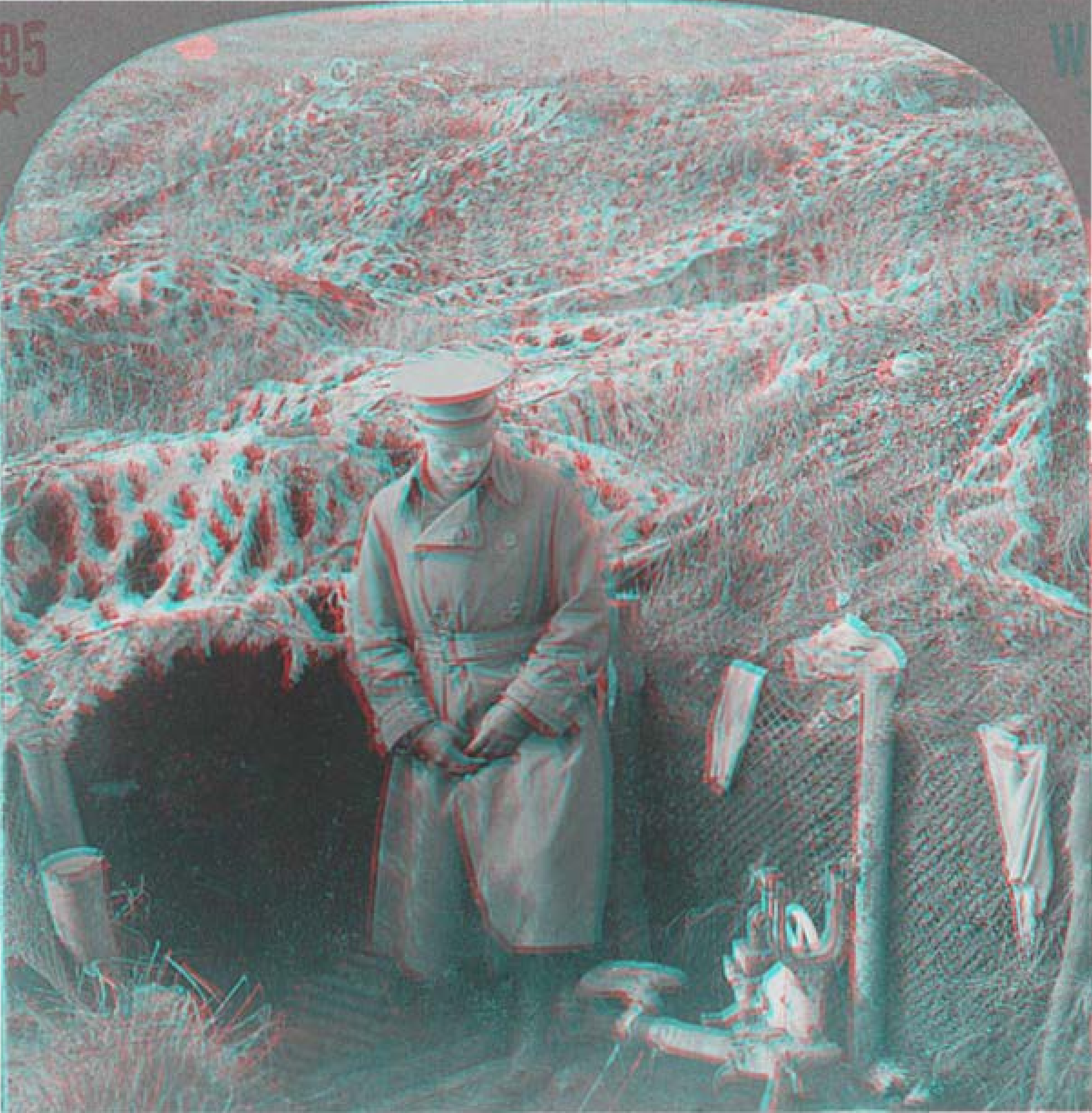
Camouflaged Trenches in Chemin des Dames Sector.

Here is a chance for you to see some of the devices and means that the Allies employed to make their positions lasting and to keep them from being detected by the enemy. The French cleverly devised a way of attaching sprigs of pine and hemlock to wire netting, known in America as "chicken wire," then they spread it all over their gun positions and trench systems so that from an enemy trench or from an aeroplane it was exceedingly hard to determine just where the positions of the French forces were.

A heavier kind of wire netting can be seen along the side of the trench, used to prevent the banks from caving in. The flooring is of "duck boards" which allow the waters from heavy rains to pass through and under.

The lieutenant in the trench coat and Red Cross muffler is looking at the tripod of a Hotchkiss machine-gun, which was the standard heavy type machine-gun of the French army and was largely used by the machine-gun battalions of the American forces. You can see the seat for the gunner, the locking device that permits the hind leg of the tripod to be lengthened or shortened.

The large handle nearest to you is used to lock the piece when the horizontal angle has been determined and the large wheel on the other side of the base elevates and lowers the screw which you can see.



V18837 Human Wreckage in No Man's Land, Chemin des Dames, France.

V18837

HUMAN WRECKAGE IN NO MAN'S LAND, CHEMIN DES DAMES, FRANCE.

This secluded spot on the side of a hill might well be a pleasant place to rest in the course of a day's tramping if it were some place other than the Chemin des Dames, that famed ridge of hills that lies to the north of Soissons. A year has passed by since the mind that once tenanted this gruesome wreckage weighed the chances of advance and retreat, of life and death.

He was a British soldier, you can tell by looking at his helmet and the remnants of the canvas case that held his gas mask. He fell in this isolated spot during the heat of battle and afterwards the searchers failed to find him, perhaps because the shelling continued for weeks and months.

Beside him you can see his rifle with the bayonet still attached, just as it was when his grip on it was relaxed by death. Decay has left his bones nearly bare except for his face where the skin, drawn tight as parchment and a deep brown in color, gives a clue to what his appearance might have been in life.

It is one of the terrible things of a war, that men should die like this yet the soul that was in him, that led him on to this terrible death, cannot be defiled or contaminated by this sordid wreckage.

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V18936 Weird Desolation of Berry au Bac, after Four Years of Fighting, France.

V18936

BERRY-AU-BAC AFTER FOUR YEARS OF FIGHTING, FRANCE

If you had no conception of the power of modern weapons you might think that the surface of these once peaceful hills had been tossed about by the titanic forces of an earthquake. But all this desolation is the work of man and his engines of war. Berry-au-Bac, in the vortex of the fighting throughout the war, suffered particularly during the battles along the Chemin des Dames, which lies a few miles west of it. The most sanguinary of these battles were fought in January, 1915, in April and May, 1917, and finally in May, 1918, when British troops holding Berry-au-Bac were forced back by the Germans when the latter broke through the Chemin des Dames defenses and poured southward to the Marne.

From where we stand we are looking westward into the valley of the Aisne, with the village in the distance. At first glance it appears to be dotted with houses, but they are only empty shells, swept by fierce fires and habitable only by the rats which swarm everywhere over the battlefields. The hill crest in the middle distance shows the enormous crater blasted out by the explosion of one of the mines which would toss even whole villages, high in air; and immediately before us the earth is churned like the waves of the sea. Observe the muzzle of a demolished gun protruding from its deep emplacement there at the right, the tangle of broken and twisted barbed wire littering the ground, the shattered trench with bits of rag tied to the strands of wire stretching across it to warn the defenders against tearing their flesh upon it. Fighting in such a place was nothing less than hell on earth.

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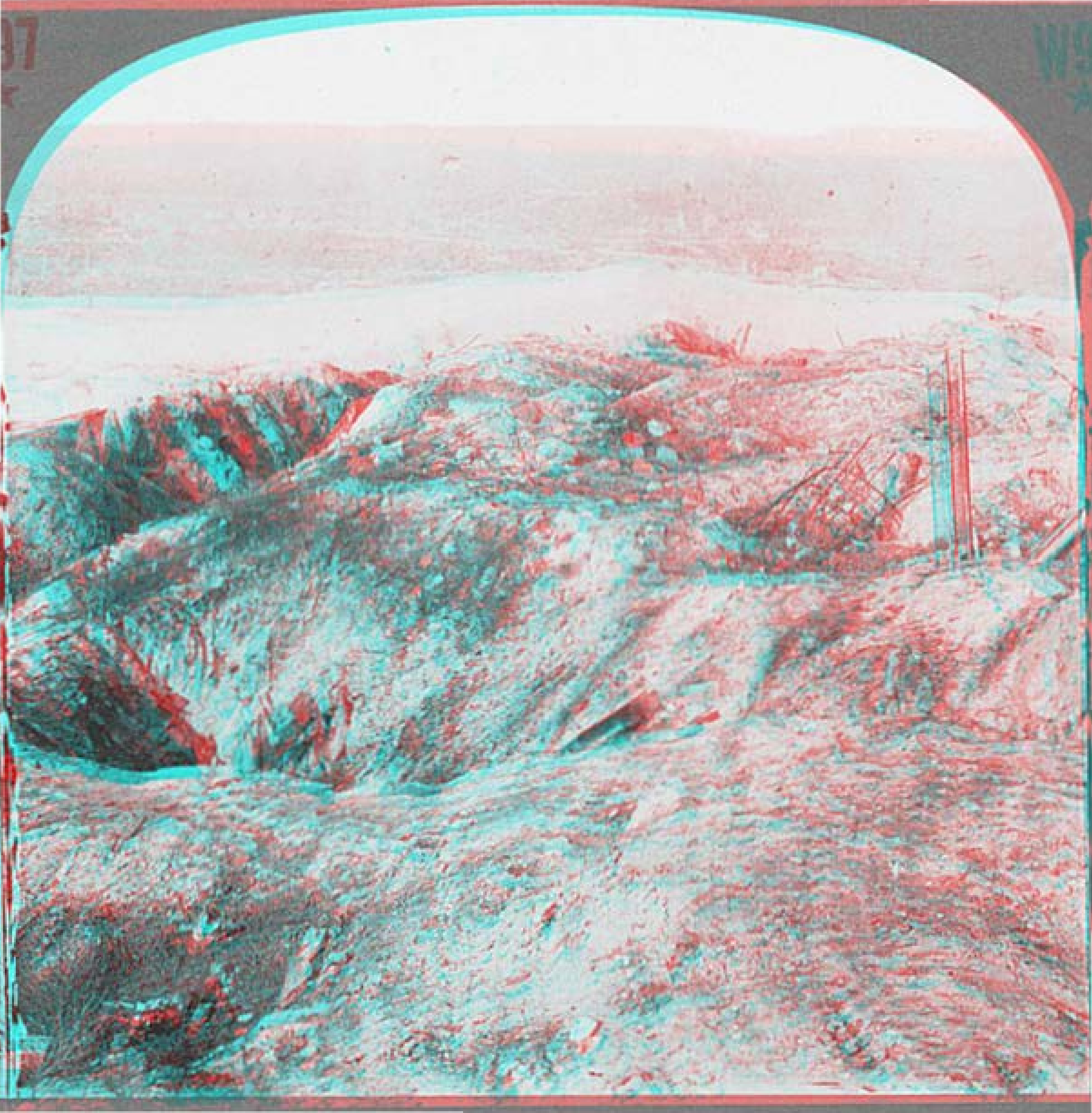


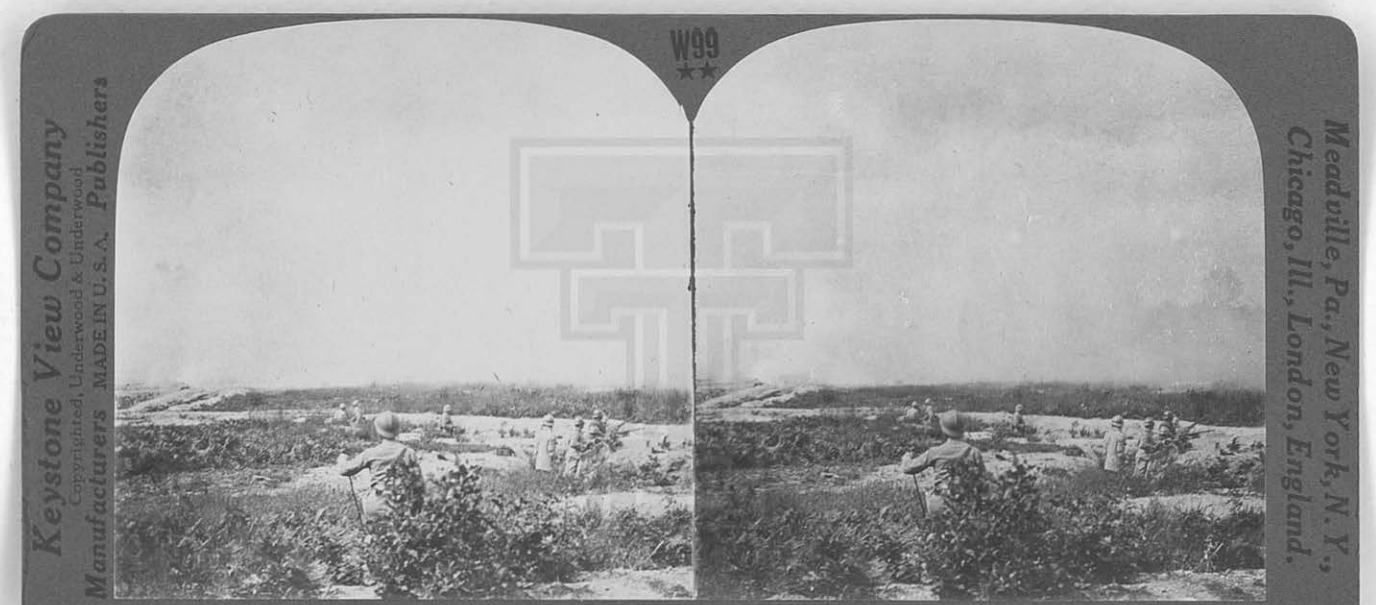
V18863 "Through it all like horror runs the red resentment of the guns," Oise, France.

Enormous French Field Guns on the Oise, France.

Under the shelter of the embankment that runs alongside the plowed field you can see a battery of those monster field guns which by their incessant hammering on the German lines struck terror into the heart of the enemy and opened up the lanes that led to victory and peace.

As you look at the muzzles poked over the edge of the ditch you can see the groups of attentive French soldiers who fed them, cared for them and loved them because of the tremendous part that they had in the battle that raged for years along the western front. These guns are along the Oise, a river in northern France more famous because of the blood of the soldiers that has been spilled along its banks than anything else.

Night and day these thick throated fellows hurled their tons of metal and high explosive over and into the German lines. The shells weigh over two hundred pounds and are filled with high explosive that sends a hurricane of splintered steel over the ground when they strike. They are the largest type of field gun that the French army used and were very difficult to move on account of their weight. In muddy soil and in a war of movement they would be practically useless.



V18932 "Out Where the Bombs are Bursting and the Cannons Like Hell-doors Slam."

V 18932

OUT WHERE BOMBS ARE BURSTING AND THE CANNONS LIKE HELL-DOORS SLAM

The foreground looks peaceful enough in the bright sunshine of this July day, but in the woods beyond an inferno is roaring. Shells are tearing great craters in the brown earth, flinging showers of dirt and rock to every side; trees are crashing to the ground, splintered at the butt by direct hits; huge boughs, riven from their trunks, are tumbling on the heads of men beneath; sulphurous fumes and the stench of dead bodies choke the breath of living men. The ground is littered with bits of bombs, unexploded shells, rifles, grenades, pieces of torn uniforms; arms, legs, headless trunks, protude from excavations in which exploding shells have buried them; fragments of what were once living men hang gruesomely from the shattered trees overhead; crash after crash the bombs explode, uniting in one continuous, deafening roar. And through it all creep living men, forcing their way forward, ever forward, threading and tearing their way through acres of twisted barbed wire, falling in agony here, dropping without a sound there, dashing from tree to tree beyond.

A haze hangs over these woods, broken here and there by a cloudburst of heavy black smoke: it is the haze of death. Men are dying there, by companies, by battalions, by regiments. Living men are suffering the torments of hell. And this is war. This is what our men faced — and facing, conquered — when they crossed the seas in answer to our country's call and fought its battles in a foreign land.

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V18935 The Terrible Desolation of Once Fertile Hills and Valleys, France.

V18935

TERRIBLE DESOLATION OF FERTILE FRANCE

Far as the eye can see, nought but desolation, a wilderness, shattered rock, soil upheaved by giant shells. Not only every shred of green, but even the tops of mountains were blown off during the war. Living rock was shattered, disintegrated, strewn far and wide by high explosives. Great holes were blown into the ground, the top soil beaten into atoms and carried away by the wind. Clay and rock were ground into dust. On the ruins of desolated villages it lies like a covering of snow.

That is what the war did to thousands of acres of the fertile soil of sunny France. Stretches of country that once blossomed as a rose were swept as bare as the Desert of Sahara. Hills and mountains that once bore millions of grape vines, each on its own stake, the leaves glinting in the autumn sun, were left as bare as a village street. Fields that bloomed with poppies side by side with acres of blue flax, fields that offered the pleasing contrast of golden wheat and green herbs, were left gray and dead. Pastures carpeted with grass were left mud holes.

All that is part of the price France had to pay to retain her honor and her liberties for she could have had an easy peace. She could have abandoned her ally Russia, when attacked by the German colossus. The offer was made to her, but French statesmen saw clearly that the hour of decision had come. They saw clearly that, Russia once beaten, some pretext would be found to attack her. France held honor dearer than life.

The desolation of her fields and valleys, the rape of her cities, the destruction of her villages, dreadful though it was, was the smallest part of the price she had to pay. The flower of her youth were sacrificed to the Moloch of war,

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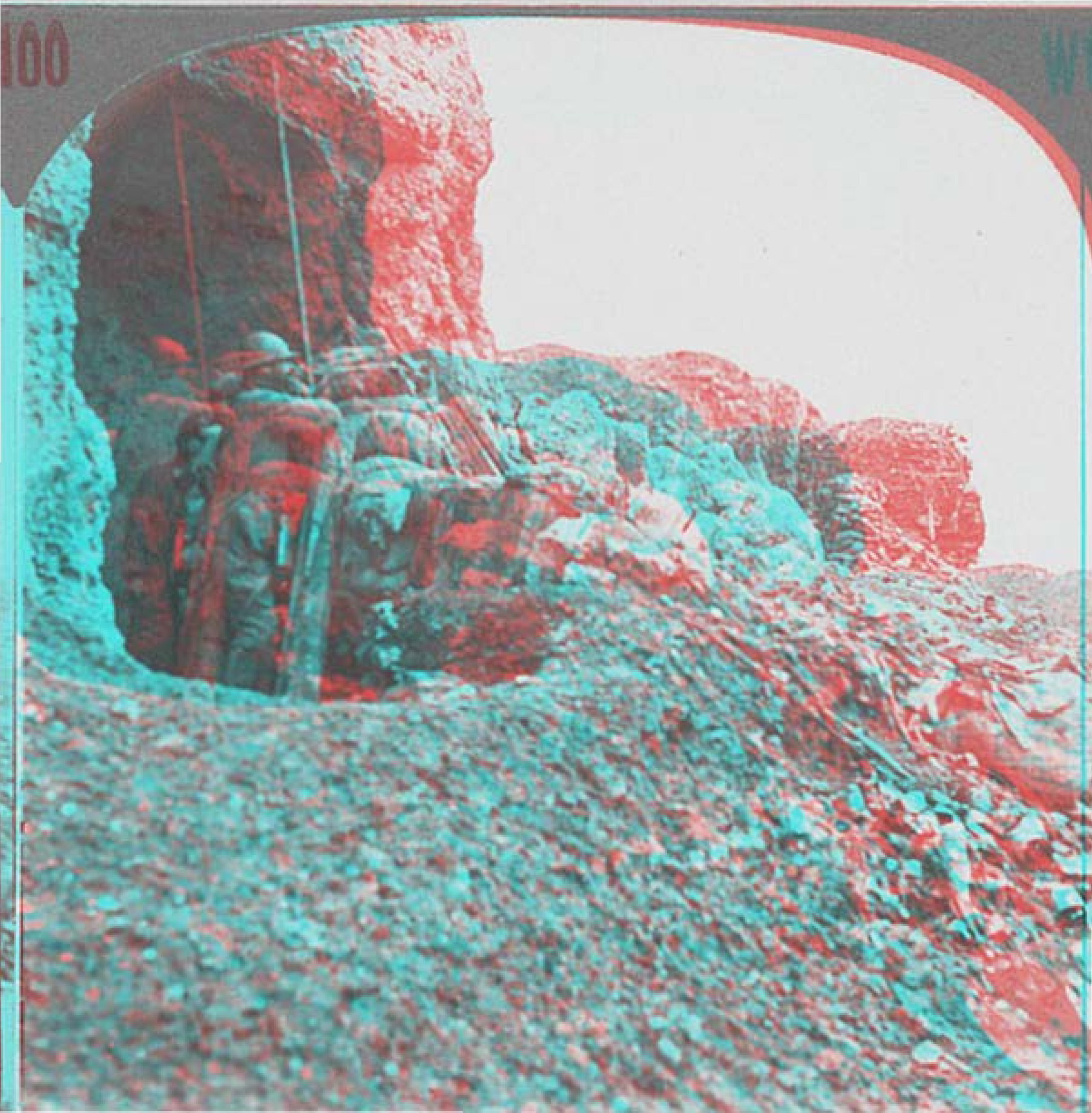
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18629 Searching the Ruins, "Somewhere in France."

18629

SEARCHING THE RUINS "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Before us lie all that shot and shell have left of a peaceful village. The Germans have passed by and left their unmistakable mark. Church and dwelling are involved in common ruin. Even the trees are shattered and shell-torn.

French soldiers are searching the ruins to inter the dead and to recover what they can of value.

In their retreat before the British in 1917, the Germans laid waste thousands of acres of fair and smiling farmland. Houses were burned, fruit trees cut down, and stately shade trees lining the roads were sawed off. The very roads were torn up and destroyed. As far as the eye could see, all was desolation. Cattle, household effects, furniture; even the spoons for the table, the knives and forks, and the cooking utensils, were carried off. What the Germans could not take away they destroyed, so that the villagers returning in sadness to what had once been home and seeking to construct from fallen bricks and beams some semblance of a shelter, found not the first necessary household article.

With open heart, America sent men to reconstruct these devastated villages. For the first time in history frame houses sprang up on the soil of France. Plain they were, and humble, but they were a shelter; they were warm and comfortable. The work was not completed before the German tide of invasion again rolled over the same countryside—the Hindenburg drive in the spring of 1918. The American workmen had to retreat before it, abandoning their work, but lingering to the last hour to help the distressed people pack, for the second time, their small possessions and tramp sadly away.

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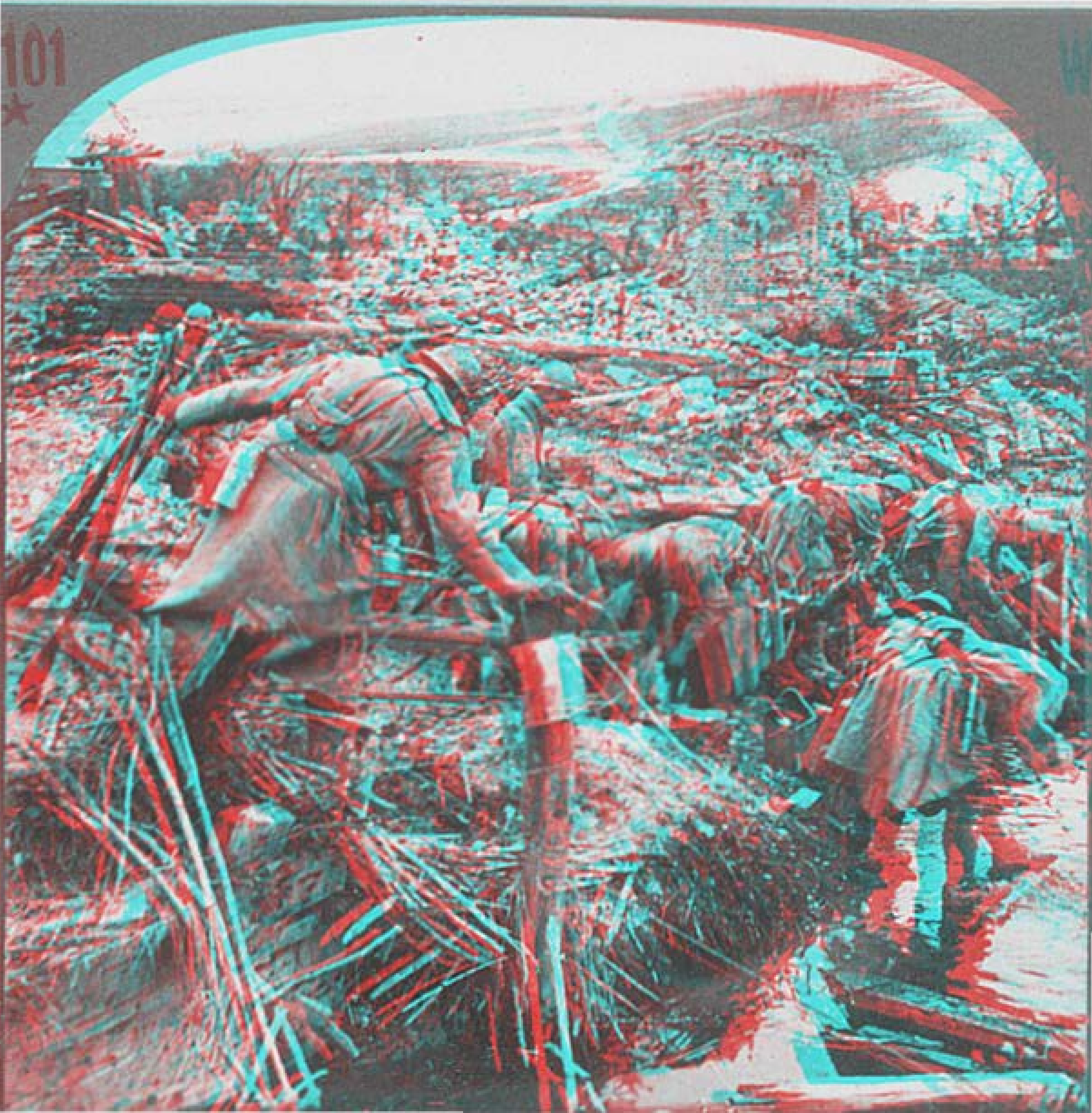

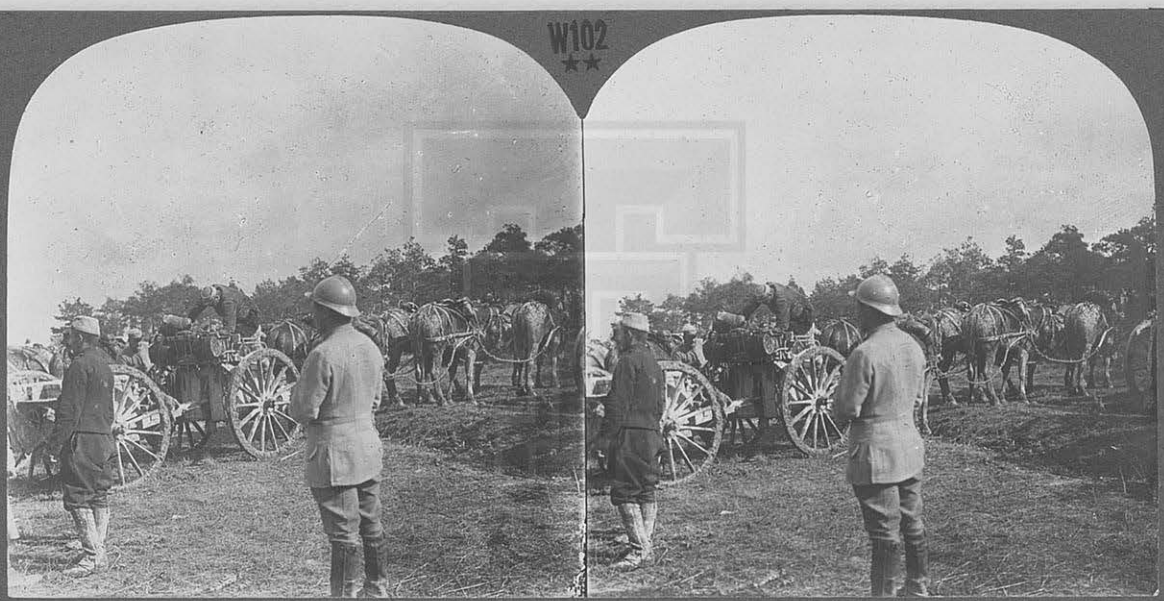

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18750 French Artillery in the Village of Perthes les Hurlus.

18750

FRENCH ARTILLERY IN THE VILLAGE OF PERTHES-LES-HURLUS

Perthes was a small village about 15 miles almost due east of Reims. For four years it was in German hands, the Hindenburg line of 1917 lying just south of it. On July 15th, 1918, Ludendorf launched the final German drive and Perthes echoed to the tread of his legions hurrying to the attack. This attack was on a front of 50 miles. Twenty-five German divisions extending from the Argonne Forest past Perthes to Reims, and 20 divisions west of Reims, engaged in it.

General Gouraud was in command of the 4th French Army, and among his troops was our own 42nd (Rainbow) Division. Gouraud had also the 369th Infantry, colored troops of our 93rd Division.

The attack failed. Germany had delivered her last offensive, sacrificed thousands of lives in one last vain effort to break through the wall of steel in front of her. The French line did not even bend. Inside of 5 hours the 42nd U. S. and the 13th and 170th French Divisions, fighting together in one sector, smashed 7 desperate attacks with rifle and machine gun fire.

Three months later the only Germans left in Perthes were the dead buried there, for the counter-attacks were under way, Foch raining a hail of blows upon the foe. With the Americans as his right fist he drove the Germans out of the Argonne; using the British as his left, he crumpled up the German right flank and sent it reeling back toward the Rhine, while the French broke through the center, releasing Perthes and dozens of other towns and sweeping on beyond.

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V18922—Dugouts and Shelters—Cantonment in the Race Course at Fliry, France.

V18822

DUG-OUTS AND SHELTERS—CANTONMENT IN THE RACE COURSE AT FLIREY, FRANCE

The very name of Flirey brings grim recollections to many thousands of Americans, for this sadly wrecked village lying on the south side of the Saint Mihiel (săn′-mē′ yĕl′) Salient, 13 miles north of Toul, was in the sector which was successively occupied through the first 9 months of 1918 by several different American divisions while they were getting their hard schooling in trench warfare. It was in this region that the 1st Division lay intrenched from January to April, the 26th from April to the end of June, and the 82nd from June to August. Then the 89th Division went into the sector and held it until September 12th, when it went over the top in the great attack of the 1st American Army which finally and completely blotted out the salient. Flirey was precisely in the center of the jumping-off trenches of the "Midwest Division", but by nightfall they had left it more than 5 miles in the rear in their headlong advance into the salient.

Before the coming of the Americans, Flirey had lain for four years practically in No Man's Land, though most of the time actually in the hands of the French. The dugouts upon which we are looking are in the reverse slope of the hillside south of the village, which lies just beyond the wooded crest, and they were built by the French. The men were fortunate who could live in such well-made dugouts as these, for the hill slope assured good drainage so that they were dry, which was seldom the case with dugouts on level ground among the trenches themselves.

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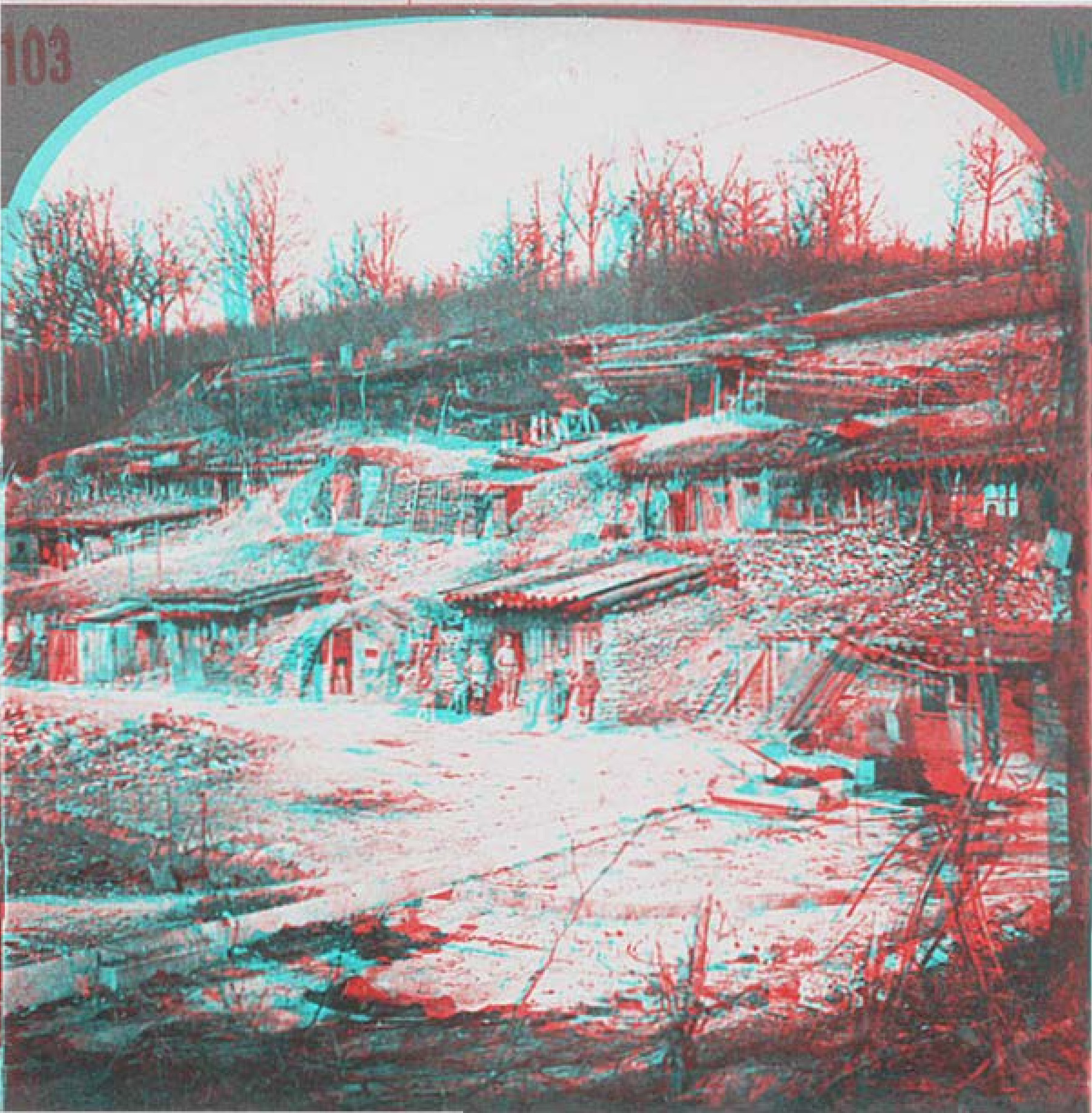
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V18849 At Mass in the Allied Trenches on the Western Front.

V 18849

MASS IN THE ALLIED TRENCHES ON THE WESTERN FRONT

"Moritūri tē salūtant", (those who are about to die salute thee). One can almost imagine these men using that expression. Even though the words pass not their lips the thought must have been in their hearts, for death was always very near those men. They were familiar with his presence. He had snatched comrades from their side. His shadow had hovered over them often and often. One feels the nearness of this dread specter as he notes the serious and reverent expression of their countenances. With bowed heads they stood before the symbol of their faith, their thoughts communing with God, their church, the wide out-of-doors; its roof, the vault of Heaven; its music, the tremendous diapason of heavy guns.

Face to face with the bared realities of life and death as those men were, religion became real. It took vital hold of their hearts, sustained them in suffering, comforted them in death. Face to face with the Eternal, their souls vibrated to His touch. Amid the storm of battle, the whistling of bullets, the crashing of shells, they saw the portals of Heaven open, and seeing, felt renewed strength.

Heroic priests of the Catholic Church, heroic pastors of the Protestant faith, risked and often gave their lives to bring these men the comforts of religion. They held their services even in the front line trenches. They held them in the dugouts, sometimes so near the enemy that prayers were scarce above a whisper. No service could be more solemn—they were held in the face of Death.

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V18897 Alincourt, France; German Ammunition Camp Destroyed by Allied Airmen.

V18897

DESTROYED GERMAN AMMUNITION CAMP, ALINCOURT

Alincourt is a tiny village of 250 inhabitants in the department of Ardennes, and lies but a short distance from Reims. The Germans swept through it during their drive on Paris in 1914, and later, when beaten on the Marne, established there a great ammunition camp. The obscure little village became a beehive of industry, day and night. Freight cars brought huge stores of shells for waiting wagons which took them to the battle line.

After the battle of the Somme conditions changed. The Allies became masters of the air and this little village behind the German lines became unsafe as an ammunition camp. Yet the invaders still clung to it as a base, sending to the front many hundreds of the shells which battered Reims so terribly.

The day of disaster finally came, Haig striking on the German right, Petain in the center, and Pershing through the Argonne. Their advancing armies were preceded by flocks of airplanes dropping bombs. The camp at Alincourt was discovered. Allied planes swooped over it, bombs crashed, cars were smashed and overturned, horses and men were killed and hurled aside by the force of the explosions, cargoes of shells went up in smoke, the place was littered with débris. The Germans fled, abandoning everything that could not readily and quickly be carried off. Note that not a scrap of harness remains upon any of the dead horses, the Germans carrying it off in preference to things that in ordinary times were of greater value. At this stage of the war leather was very scarce in Germany, their entire stock having been used up and no more being available.

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05

V18873 German Ammunition Depot, after Visit of French Airmen, Allincourt, Ardennes, France

German Ammunition Depot Destroyed by French Airmen, Alincourt, France.

Every detail of the terrible destruction that the bombs of the Allied aviators wrought on the strategic points in the rear of the German lines is here before you. In your imagination you can picture the scene of the day before this raid. There were railway sidings filled with freight cars, every car loaded with ammunition which the guns of the enemy sorely needed. The ammunition trains of wagons drawn by horses came to the cars, loaded, and departed for the lines.

And now what do we see? An acre of wreckage that is as useless to the Germans as an empty field. Worse than useless, for those dead horses must be disposed of and the debris cleared away,—work for hundreds of men.

Close to you is a cart overturned by the force of the explosions. You can see how the Germans packed their shells for transport by observing what is left of one of the crates in the foreground.

Farther back is a whole row of shattered cars and to the left you can see one that apparently was directly in the path of a falling bomb.

The French aviators did a very satisfactory job but not quite complete for you can see some of the stock of shells still untouched, piled neatly in their wicker cases.

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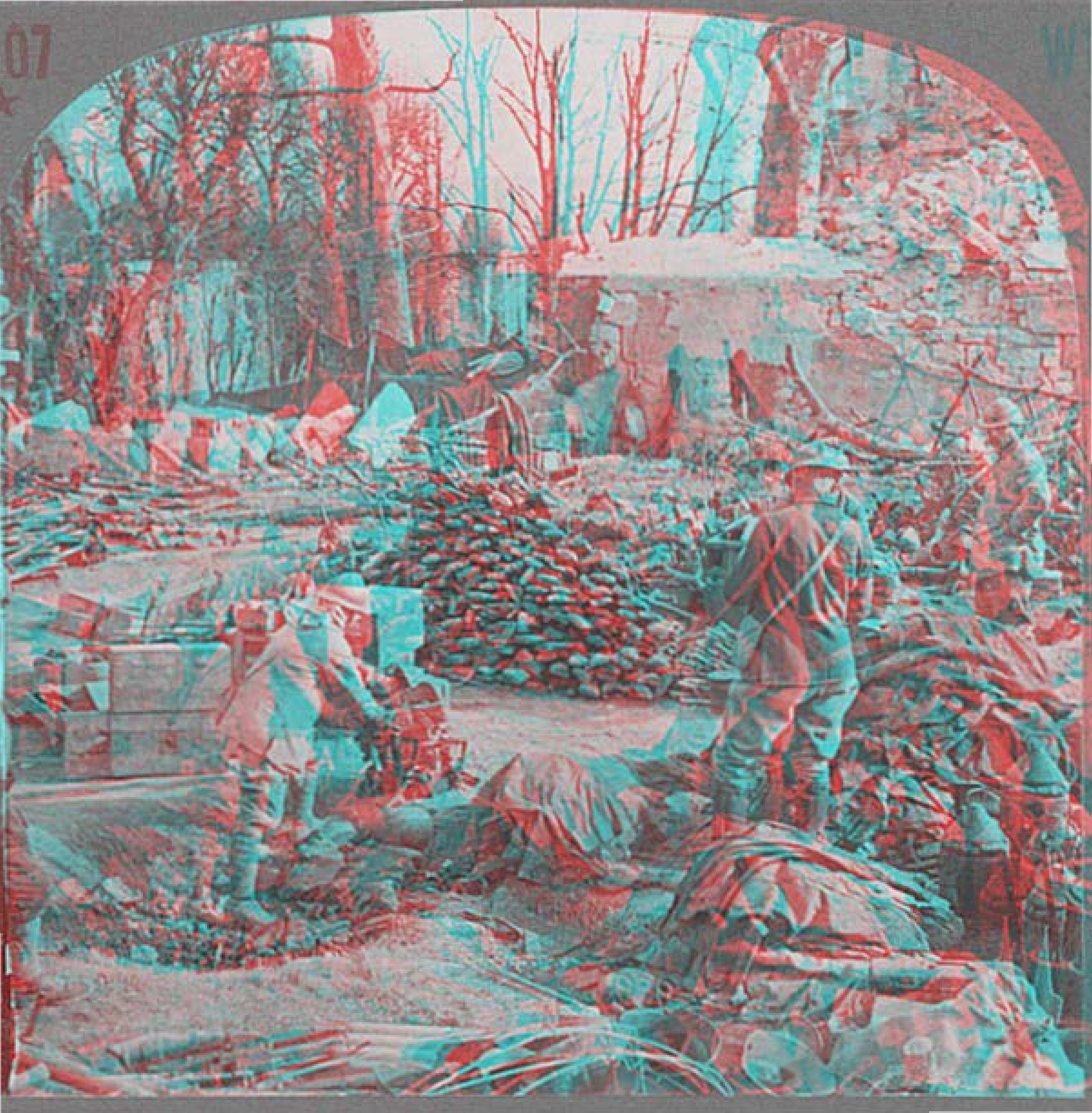
V18894 Supplies Left by the Germans in Their Retreat from Soupier, Aisne, France.

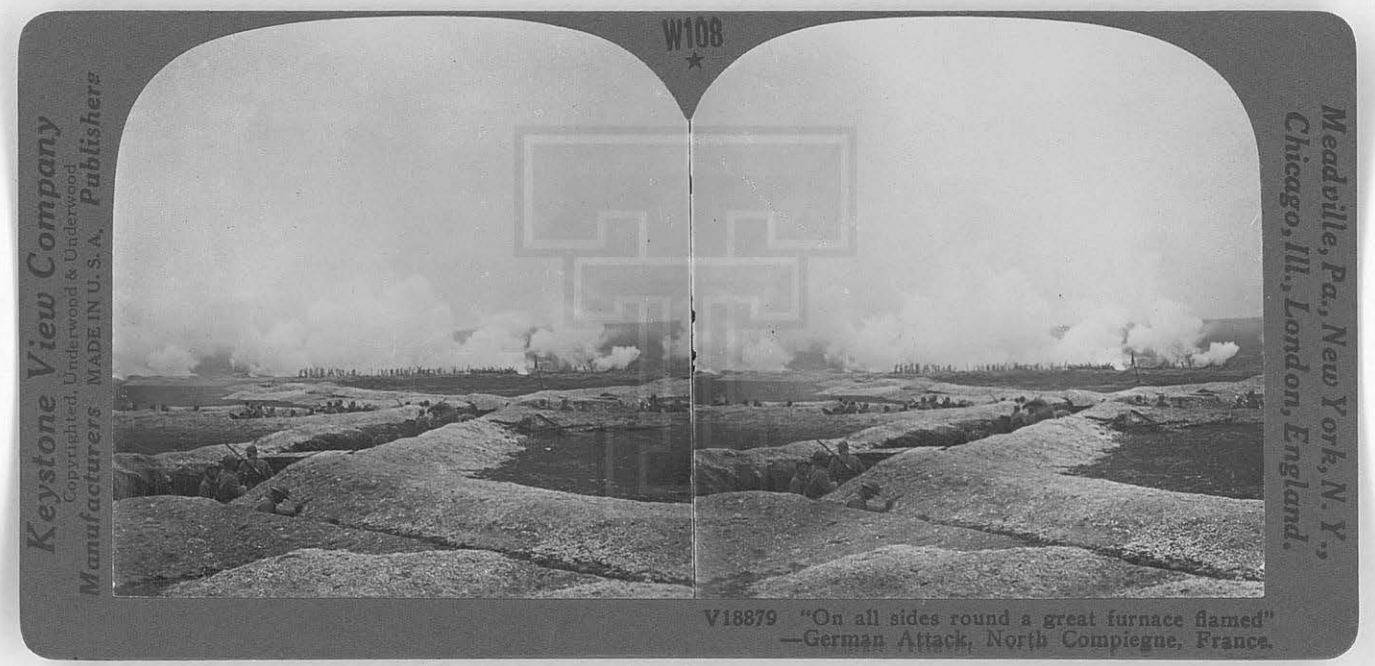
German Supplies Deserted on Their Hurried Departure from Soupier, France.

In the closing months of the war the German retreat was often so sudden that they were obliged to leave behind great quantities of materials. Here at Soupier, where a hasty evacuation was made necessary by the Allies, are great stocks of equipment. There is a large pile of rifles yonder; nearer us to the right a pile of clothing, nearer still are helmets and barbed wire, etc., and cases of small ammunition abound. Imagine this scene on a hundred times greater scale and you would have a more accurate picture of what the German retreat revealed in such towns as Soupier.

That a struggle has taken place over this ground is easily observed by the buildings and débris and shell holes which are everywhere about.

These French soldiers are making an inventory of these materials, which are part of their spoils. Besides the enormous quantities of material which the Germans had to leave behind in their retreat, the Armistice provided that additional supplies were to be turned over to the victors. Huge quantities of rifles, trench helmets, artillery pieces, etc., were brought by the Germans to certain designated points. The Allies, of course, took these precautions to provide against another outbreak.





V18879 "On all sides round a great furnace flamed"
—German Attack, North Compiegne, France.

V18879

FRENCH TRENCHES, NORTH COMPIEGNE, FRANCE

The men in the trenches before us are waiting the signal to go "over the top" in attack. The barrage which precedes the attack has already reduced the trees in the distance to mere splintered trunks. It moves onward yard by yard very much as a fire sweeps the plain, covering every foot of the ground with a rain of death. Bursting shells drive the enemy from his trenches into the dugouts, huge shells sometimes demolishing the latter and smothering the men who sought refuge in them.

The signal for these men to attack will be given when the barrage has passed over the enemy trench and before its defenders can swarm out from their dugouts to defend them. It is of the utmost importance to get proper co-ordination between the infantry attack and the barrage: if the men attack too soon they will be killed by the bursting shells of their own barrage if they wait too long, the enemy will have had time to come out from their dugouts, line the trenches, and mow down the attackers with bomb and bullet.

Hundreds and hundreds of miles of trenches like these were dug acorss Northern France Parallel lines of them extended from Switzerland to the North Sea. And back of them in many places lay other parallel lines of supporting trenches. From the fall of 1914 to the fall of 1918 millions of men occupied these trenches, relieving each other in relays, repulsing raiding parties, going "over the top" at zero hour in the morning, or ceaselessly alert, guarding the lines from capture.

The trenches were zigzagged in order to minimize the loss when under bombardment: if dug in a straight line a bursting shell would fly a long distance, killing or wounding many men, whereas in these its range of action was restricted.

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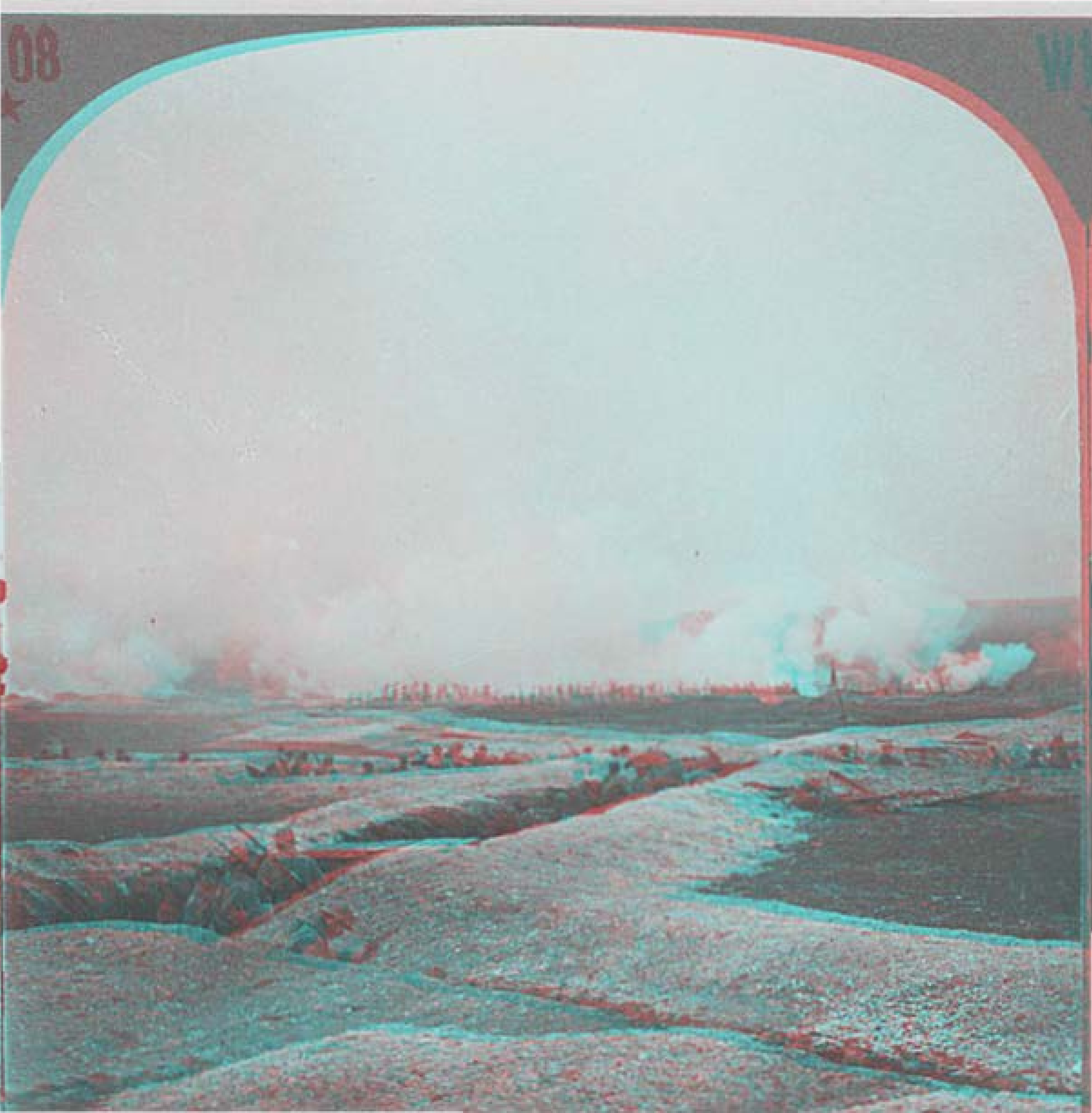

V18838 Setting Up Large Searchlight in Advance Lines, Vosges Sector.

V18838

SETTING UP SEARCHLIGHT IN VOSGES SECTOR

For many miles the Vosges (vōzh) Mountains mark the boundary line between France and Germany. Along their wooded slopes many desperate encounters occurred early in the war, and throughout the entire period of hostilities their ravines and water courses were alive with alert guards, here French, there German.

In this constant watch the searchlight was an invaluable aid. It revealed what was going on in the thickets, for when its rays were concentrated upon a single spot they showed individual men a mile away. It prevented surprise attacks under cover of the night. Sunk in a pit or in a trench such as we see, its beam of light projected into a sloping mirror, it could not be reached by direct fire and its location was difficult to discover. These men are erecting a portable searchlight on the slope of the mountain. We see its base, the rod upon which it is to be fixed, the insulating wire to connect it with the motor, and the light itself in its metal box.

Searchlights were used in all sections of the field of war. Large ones were loaded upon wagons which carried a dynamo driven by a gasoline engine and were quickly carried to wherever they were needed. Some of these wagons had collapsible towers which could be run up in a few minutes. A searchlight upon the top of one of those towers gave a much clearer picture than one placed on the ground because it shortened the shadows cast by trees and rocks.

In London, during the war, great searchlights projected their beams into the sky every night, carefully and thoroughly combing the edges of the clouds for any indications of the dreaded Zeppelins.

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V18846 Sharpshooters in Protected Position near Enemy Lines.

V18846

SHARPSHOOTERS IN PROTECTED POSITION NEAR ENEMY LINES

Almost from the beginning of the World War sharpshooters took their toll of careless or inexperienced soldiers. Many valuable lives were lost before the men learned to take proper precautions. New recruits fell victims in large numbers. The temptation to take a peep above the trench was often irresistible to men in the trenches for the first time, and death followed swiftly when they yielded to it.

Cunningly devised shelters of every type were constructed to shelter the sharpshooters. A bush on the lee of a hill, the forked branches of a tree, clumps of rocks, shell craters, were all used in turn. As men became more experienced, and as each army in turn became more expert in locating sharpshooters, scientifically constructed shelters like the one before us were built. Their rifles equipped with telescopic sights, the men peered through box-like apertures in the side of the pit and shot the enemy whenever he came within range of their vision.

In sniping the Germans were at most stages of the war more proficient than our allies. They were not better shots, but they gave more consideration to this phase of warfare. Their shelters were more scientifically constructed. Secure behind his parapet, his weapon trained by a mechanical device upon a square marked on a piece of paper, the sniper glued his eye to a periscope and pulled the trigger when a soldier stepped in range. In this and in all of the mechanical devices of war except the French "75" rapid fire gun, the Germans were better equipped in the earlier stages of the conflict than our allies.

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V18833 In a French Trench, Sandbag Protected, Showing Dart Bombs.

V18833

IN A FRENCH TRENCH, SANDBAG PROTECTED

This is an exceptionally well made trench, and the men in it are typical French poilus (pwä'lü'), or common soldiers, the backbone of an army. The pointed contrivances on sticks, standing against the wall or held by the soldier in the background, are signal rockets, and the articles which the kneeling soldier is removing from the case are crude hand grenades used for close fighting when the trench was attacked, or thrown under barbed wire entanglements to blow them up during an advance. Curiously enough, the hole in the entanglements was made, not by the flying fragments of iron, but by the wind of the explosion.

The rockets were used for signaling to the artillery supports when, as often happened, the enemy laid down a barrage which destroyed all communication by telephone. These rockets were made of a composition of charcoal, saltpetre and sulphur as a rule, and when ignited they burst into stars of various colors and designs some of which called for one type of counterbattery work, some for another. When fired, these could always be seen by the artillery observation post in the rear and from them the observor learned the kind and intensity of counterbattery work desired. The rocket head, usually of stout paper or cardboard composition, was affixed to the stick in order to direct and steady its flight.

The simple French poilus performed miracles of valor during the war. The Marne, the Aisne, the Meuse, and especially Verdun will be forever recorded in history as occasions on which they displayed the highest virtues of a soldier, and a courage and devotion which has seldom been equalled and never excelled.

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18633 French Soldiers Resting in the Trenches.

18633

FRENCH SOLDIERS RESTING IN THE TRENCHES

Never have trenches been used so extensively in war as during the years 1914 to 1918, in the progress of the World War, precipitated by Germany in her attempt to secure the domination of the world.

Foiled by Marshal Joffre in their attempt to seize Paris in the summer of 1914, the Germans fell back upon lines of intrenchments which had been prepared beforehand, the men living in dugouts which communicated with deep trenches. Sometimes these dugouts were 20 to 30 feet underground, bomb-proof, and fitted with crude comforts, but more frequently they were simply underground shelters with earthen floors, shelters which afforded the soldiers some protection from the elements, from shells and from bullets.

These dugouts communicated by narrow passages with the front line trenches. When the trench was not being attacked, or when men were not about to leap from them to go "over the top," these front line trenches were garrisoned by sentries only, the majority of the defenders being in the dugouts, comparatively safe from bombardment.

Back of the front line trenches there were usually two, and sometimes three lines of supporting trenches. Communicating trenches were dug to connect these support trenches with each other and with the front line trench, in order that the soldiers could pass from one to the other in comparative safety.

The men before us are resting on the bottom of one of these communicating trenches, waiting for the hour when they are to relieve those who are holding the front lines. All trenches were connected with headquarters by telephone, the wires plainly visible on the wall to the left in the trench before us.

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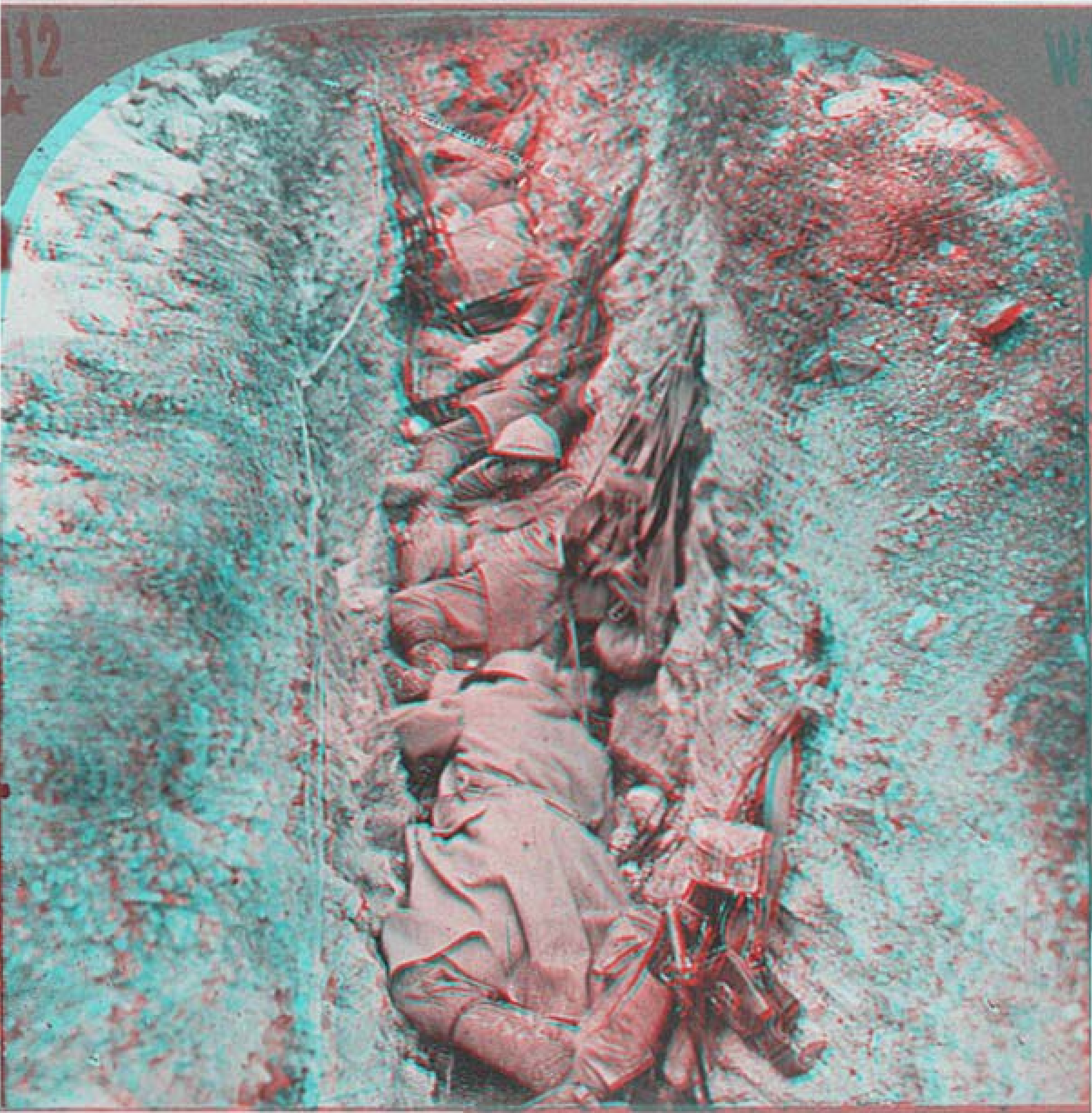

V18924 Red Cross "Dog Encampment" Behind the Lines in the French Sector.

Red Cross "Dog Encampment" Behind the Lines in the French Sector.

Seeing such an encampment as this helps us to realize the extensive service rendered by dogs in the World War. Their aid was invaluable in numerous capacities. Being both intelligent and courageous they could be trained and depended upon to act as sentries, messengers, scouts and ambulance workers. After a battle the dogs would assist in locating the dead, wounded and missing. They were speedy and thorough and at night had the great advantage over their human brother workers in being able to work without light, being guided merely by scent.

By following the tinkle of the bells on the dogs' necks, stretcher bearers knew where to go and a low whine from the dog announced that a man had been found. By the same faculty which enabled them to discover the wounded they were able to safely guide the stretcher bearers back to the first aid station when darkness and unfamiliar surroundings would otherwise have made this extremely difficult or impossible.

These dogs also carried flasks of brandy or soup and a roll of bandages about their necks for the relief of wounded men and often assisted in dispensing food in the front line trenches.

See the dog-drawn cart in the foreground! This is a familiar sight in many parts of Continental Europe, especially Belgium, even in peace time.

These dog barracks received no less care than those for the soldiers. Cleanliness and freedom from draughts are as necessary to the dog as to man; these guard against the disease known as distemper, to which the animals are otherwise easily liable.

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V18855 Red Cross Dog and Soldier for Whom He Got Help.

V 18855

RED CROSS DOG AND SOLDIER HE AIDED

Few people realize to what an extent dogs were used in the Great War. At one time more than two thousand of them were in commission, so to speak, on the western front. In song and story the dog has often been referred to as man's most faithful friend, and at no time has this noble animal ever more truly deserved the title than during those frightful days in France. Many a stricken soldier lying in some desolate and lonely spot, the sands of life's hour-glass slowly ebbing away, has been aroused to consciousness by the cold muzzle of a Red Cross dog thrust into his face. A moment before, forsaken and forgotten, he waited for death: now hope revives, for he knows that this faithful canine friend will bring help.

The Red Cross dogs possessed almost human intelligence; some of their achievements were simply marvelous. No matter how desperately a man was wounded, whether he was conscious or not, if the spark of life remained, be it ever so faint, they knew it and were off for help. Thousands who otherwise would have perished, were saved by them. One dog alone is known to have led rescue parties to more than a hundred wounded soldiers, who had fallen in out-of-the-way places concealed by tangled underbrush or hidden behind rocks. Hundreds, too badly wounded to survive, have been comforted in their last moments by the presence of this faithful friend.

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V18856 The Dog in War—Reporting to First Aid Squad with Helmet of Wounded Soldier.

V 18856

DOG REPORTING TO FIRST AID SQUAD WITH HELMET OF WOUNDED SOLDIER

This was a common scene during the World War: thousands of wounded would have died on the battlefield but for the trained intelligence of dogs such as the one before us. The battles were on such a vast scale, covered such a wide extent of territory, so many wounded men fell in obscure spots, in dense brush, in shell craters, that they would never have been found but for these faithful animals. First Aid squads used large numbers of them in their search for the wounded. Even while the battle was on, the stretcher bearers, themselves in some depression of the ground which afforded comparative security from flying bullets, sent the dogs out to discover the whereabouts of the wounded. When the intelligent animal returned, bringing some article of clothing belonging to the fallen soldier to indicate that it had found him, they followed and brought the soldier in.

These dogs were carefully selected and were put through a long course of careful training, sometimes lasting for two months or more. Often a dog proved unfit for the work after weeks of effort had been spent upon it, and had to be discarded. They were trained to come and go in silence; not a single bark must carry to the enemy knowledge of their whereabouts. Their intelligence was marvelous, enabling them to find the wounded in almost impossible places.

Most of the dogs had fastened upon their backs blankets, in which buttoned pockets contained first aid appliances, bandages, flasks of cordial and medicines. With these many a soldier was able to stanch the flow of blood and maintain life until help arrived.

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V18864 Picking up the Severely Wounded from among the Dead; Battlefield Scene, France.

V18864

RESCUING THE WOUNDED FROM AMONG THE DEAD; BATTLE-FIELD SCENE, FRANCE

With the same thoughtfulness and precision with which an army goes over the plans for attack and defense, the injured are searched for and sent on their way to hospitals where their lives may be saved and their usefulness as citizens may be restored. The scene you are looking upon is one of the details in that vast work to which the medical corps of the French army attended through all the terrible battles that raged on their hills and plains.

These French soldiers have improvised a stretcher out of a number of sticks and are carrying a fearfully mangled French soldier to the dressing station. He is one of those who just escaped the death that struck down the others you can see scattered over the plain. The rescuers have heaped all his equipment on the stretcher with him, his gas mask in its metal container, his knapsack and pack.

In the distance more searchers can be seen doing the same work, sorting out the living and the dead and salvaging the human wreckage, that some of it might be made whole again. This is a typical "after the battle" scene. The smoke has cleared and a friendly fog with a slight drizzle of rain is making the horizon indistinct

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18753 Rendering First Aid to the Wounded in the French Trenches.

18753

FIRST AID FOR WOUNDED IN FRENCH TRENCHES

This poor fellow is desperately wounded, struck in the head and in the chest. He is suffering from shock, that alarming condition that usually attends gunshot wounds, especially wounds in the chest or abdomen. "Brancardiers", as the French call the stretcher-bearers, have found him on the field and brought him to this quiet sector for first aid treatment. They wash the wound with iodine or some antiseptic solution, bind it up with sterilized gauze and carry the patient to an ambulance, which in turn transports him to the hospital.

After great battles, in which men fall by the thousand, first aid work is of the simplest type. Red Cross workers hurry from patient to patient doing what they can for each, but forced to think continually of those hundreds of others who all need them at once. Hundreds must lie for hours without any attention, and often all the worker has time to do is flush the wound with iodine and bind it up. The men before us are not hurried. There are no other patients requiring immediate attention. See with what careful touch the man on the right bares the wound for the compress the other is preparing. The open, and now almost empty emergency case, lies on the ground, convenient to the operator's hand.

Statistics show that in the World War about 7 men were wounded to each one killed. France alone lost 1,385,000 of her sons by death in battle. When we realize, therefore, that the poor fellow lying before us is but one out of practically 9,700,000 cases of wounds which were treated in the French army, we gain a keener appreciation of the terrible sacrifices made by our sister Republic in defense of her honor and liberties.

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18754 Bringing in Wounded on French Front after Battle Ablain St. Nazaire.

18754

BRINGING IN WOUNDED FROM FRENCH FRONT

Pathetic scenes like this, poor fellows maimed, crippled, suffering, were multiplied hundreds of thousands of times, during this great war. France alone had two million wounded, a vast host, one in every ten maimed for life, fated to live the balance of their lives a charge to friends and relatives. A sacred charge, for these men gave their vigor and young manhood to their country. After a great battle, "blessés," as the French call the wounded, lay by thousands on the stricken field, sometimes solitary and alone, again in groups, one fallen upon the other. Stretcher bearers sought them out and bore them to the first aid stations. There, after hasty cleansing of their wounds, they lay in rows waiting transfer to the ambulances. Even while the battle raged stretcher bearers brought in wounded. Often they themselves were stricken and the wounded man suffered fresh agony as he was dropped to the ground. Even in the ambulance his sufferings were not over, for the roads were torn by shells and though driven as carefully as possible the car jolted over the rough surface, each jolt bringing fresh suffering to the wounded men.

The work of the stretcher bearers was hazardous in the extreme. It was never safe for them to go on the field without masks, for at any time they might walk into a fog of low-hanging gas. Many paid with life for their devotion to duty. Surrounded with suffering and horrors, it was a task to try the nerves of strong men. None but strong men could endure it. Something of this shows in the faces of the men who are carrying the patient before us. All that can be done for him has been done, and he is now on the way to the ambulance, a silent, tortured figure.

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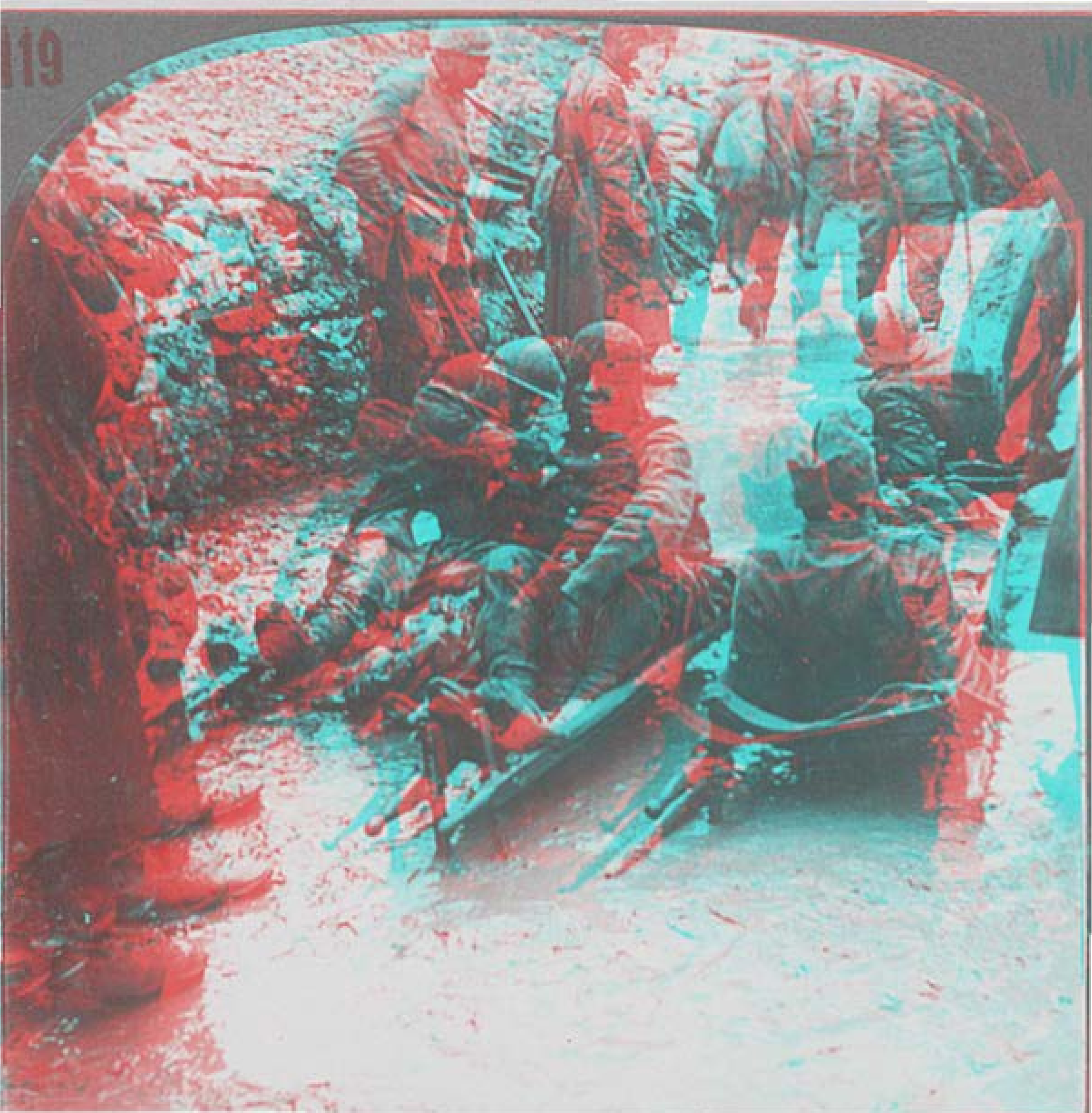
V18869 Bringing in the Wounded "On Stretchers Stiff and Bleared with Blood."

Bringing in the Wounded "on Stretchers Stiff and Bleared with Blood."

One of the outstanding facts of the World War was the very small mortality through disease among the forces engaged and the very small mortality among the wounded who were not immediately hurt fatally, as compared to the losses from like causes in the great wars of the past. This was due to several causes including preventive inoculation, improved sanitary measures, new medical inventions and greater surgical skill.

But of greater importance than any and all these advances in medical science was the increased efficiency of the relief and hospital organization near the battle lines. In this war they were pushed up to the very front. A wounded man was treated sometimes where he fell; the first aid stations were only a few paces back of the lines. Only a short distance behind these were the casualty clearing stations and advanced hospitals where the major operative work was carried out by surgical specialists. Many cases were closed completely and immediately and as a consequence the men arrived at the base hospitals already healed or healing.

In the American Expeditionary Forces five of every six men sent to hospitals on account of wounds were cured and returned to duty. For every man killed in battle seven were wounded and the battle losses were twice as large as deaths from disease.



18703 British Red Cross Ambulance in French Service, Northern France.

18703

BRITISH RED CROSS AMBULANCE IN FRENCH SERVICE

Our picture gives us some idea of the careful attention that is given to those who are wounded in battle. The ambulance organization which every civilized nation now has as part of its fighting force is a comparatively new thing. It dates from the last part of the 18th century, and is therefore much younger than some other parts of military organization. Before this date wounded soldiers were carried to the rear by their comrades or left on the battlefield unattended until the fighting was over. In 1792 the French introduced a system of flying field hospitals which could move quickly from place to place. They were intended to give the necessary surgical aid and remove the wounded from the place of fighting quickly. About the same time the French also organized a corps of stretcher bearers. Through the terms of the Geneva Convention, the staff of ambulances and their equipment were to be neutral in warfare. That is, in all wars the men who were in the ambulance service could not be taken prisoners and the ambulances were not to be captured by the enemy.

Each country now has its own ambulance system. In England the Red Cross works with the military ambulance organization. A wounded British soldier is cared for on the battlefield by the regimental surgeon and stretcher bearers. They dress the wounds with the field dressing. From the field he goes to the collecting station, is put in an ambulance and is taken to the dressing station. Here he is given any necessary attention, and sent by ambulance to the field hospital.

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18657 Taking Away the Wounded in Motor Ambulance (Somme).

18657

TAKING AWAY THE WOUNDED IN MOTOR AMBULANCES

The wounded soldiers being so carefully put in the motor ambulance are more fortunate than the soldiers who fought in many of the previous wars. 'It was almost the nineteenth century before any special provision was made for removing the wounded quickly from the battlefield. The modern ambulance system was first used in the Civil War. Today every nation of any size has its ambulance system. The French and German Ambulance organizations follow the same lines. They consist of sanitary detachments, field hospitals, flying hospitals, hospital reserve depots, committees for the transportation of the sick, and railway hospitals. The British system is slightly different. Each British regiment has a doctor and every company has two stretcher bearers, who wear the Red Cross armband. The wounded are sent to collecting stations, dressing stations, field hospitals, base hospitals, and if necessary are sent back to England in hospital ships.

Civilized nations are supposed to follow the agreements of the Geneva Convention as regards the wounded. In 1862 a book was published describing the sufferings of the wounded on the battlefield. So much public interest was aroused that two conventions were held in Geneva, one in 1863, one in 1864. As a result of these conventions we have the Red Cross Society. A later convention was held in 1906 and the terms decided on then governed the treatment of the wounded in the European war. According to these terms the field medical units and the fixed hospitals should be respected by the belligerents of both sides. When Germany bombed hospitals she was violating this agreement.

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18608 French Field Hospital—Locating Bullet With X-Ray Machine.

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18608—French Field Hospital—Locating Bullet with X-Ray Machine.

We are looking at one of the most common scenes of the great war. Day and night streams of wounded trickle back from the front, and after a big battle the streams become torrents, thousands of men, with wounds of every description—faces shot away, ribs caved in, legs torn off, lungs inflamed by poison gas, bodies burnt with fire—a sad and terrible procession.

Before us surgeons are using the X-Ray to locate the bullet in a wounded soldier. His life depends upon finding it promptly and with little probing. For this the X-Ray is invaluable—it projects a shadow of the bullet in the wound. As a further aid in locating the bullet, a mechanism working on the plan of the telephone is used. One end of the circuit is attached to a bell and the other end is fastened to a silver thread attached to the probe. When the probe touches the bullet the bell rings. Many lives have been saved by this invention, which enables the surgeon to locate the bullet quickly and to extract it through a small orifice.

Notice the tube at the surgeon's ear, leading to the bell on the X-Ray apparatus, so that he can hear instantly the first faint vibration. Observe the wire bringing the current from the ambulance. We have before us no crude emergency outfit, but the latest and most complete scientific device for saving life.

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V18817 Ghastly Glimpse of Wounded Belgians in Hospital, Antwerp, Belgium.

V18817

THE HORROR OF WAR—GHASTLY GLIMPSE OF WOUNDED

His head and hands swathed in bandages and more of them encircling his shoulders, this wounded Belgian is patiently waiting for his terrible wounds to heal, though he knows that his features will be disfigured and ghastly. Look at his head closely and you will see hardly an inch that is not covered with bandages. His nose, eyes and cheeks have been slashed to ribbons by shell splinters, and even the nurse sitting at his bedside looks as though she were doubtful of his recovery.

Such men are those who best know the splendid work that this woman and thousands of others accomplished in the hospitals. Her face looks worn with an over amount of work and there is a look in her eyes that makes you believe that the suffering which is on every side of her also weighs her down.

Beyond are two other men not as badly wounded, both of whom appear as though they had a good chance of recovery, aided by the fine care of the nurses and doctors and the sunlight that slips in through the windows of this Antwerp hospital. Think of this scene multiplied 10,000 times and you will have a more adequate conception of the human suffering brought about by the war.

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V18896 French Convalescents, Nicknamed "The Cripples," About to Return to the Front.

V 18896

FRENCH CONVALESCENTS ABOUT TO RETURN TO THE FRONT

These men have received their baptism of fire; have known what it is to go "over the top", to hold their posts in trench or dugout under a deluge of shells, to lie for days and weeks in the hospital, thinking of home and of comrades, thankful to be away from that terrible place "the front", that abomination of mud and slime, of noise and flame, that theater of suffering and death. Their wounds have healed, the pain which they caused is past. The men are about ready to return to the fighting line. Some measure of their former strength has returned. But strong or weak they must take their places in the battle line, for throughout the war France was in dire need of men. Germany indeed "bled her white", as she boasted that she would.

Traces of the sufferings these men have experienced linger in their faces. Their attitudes are those of men who are weary, of men whose physical vigor has been sapped. It is not only upon their bodies that those long years of war have set their mark, their souls also have felt the strain. A settled melancholy has marked them for its own; the old, terrible round of danger and duty must be taken up again, and there are few among them who appear insensible to that thought.

But nevertheless they will go, and go without a murmur. They will endure the terrible loathsomeness of the trenches, they will face the assaults of the enemy with that exalted patriotism which has made France glorious during the Great War now happily over.

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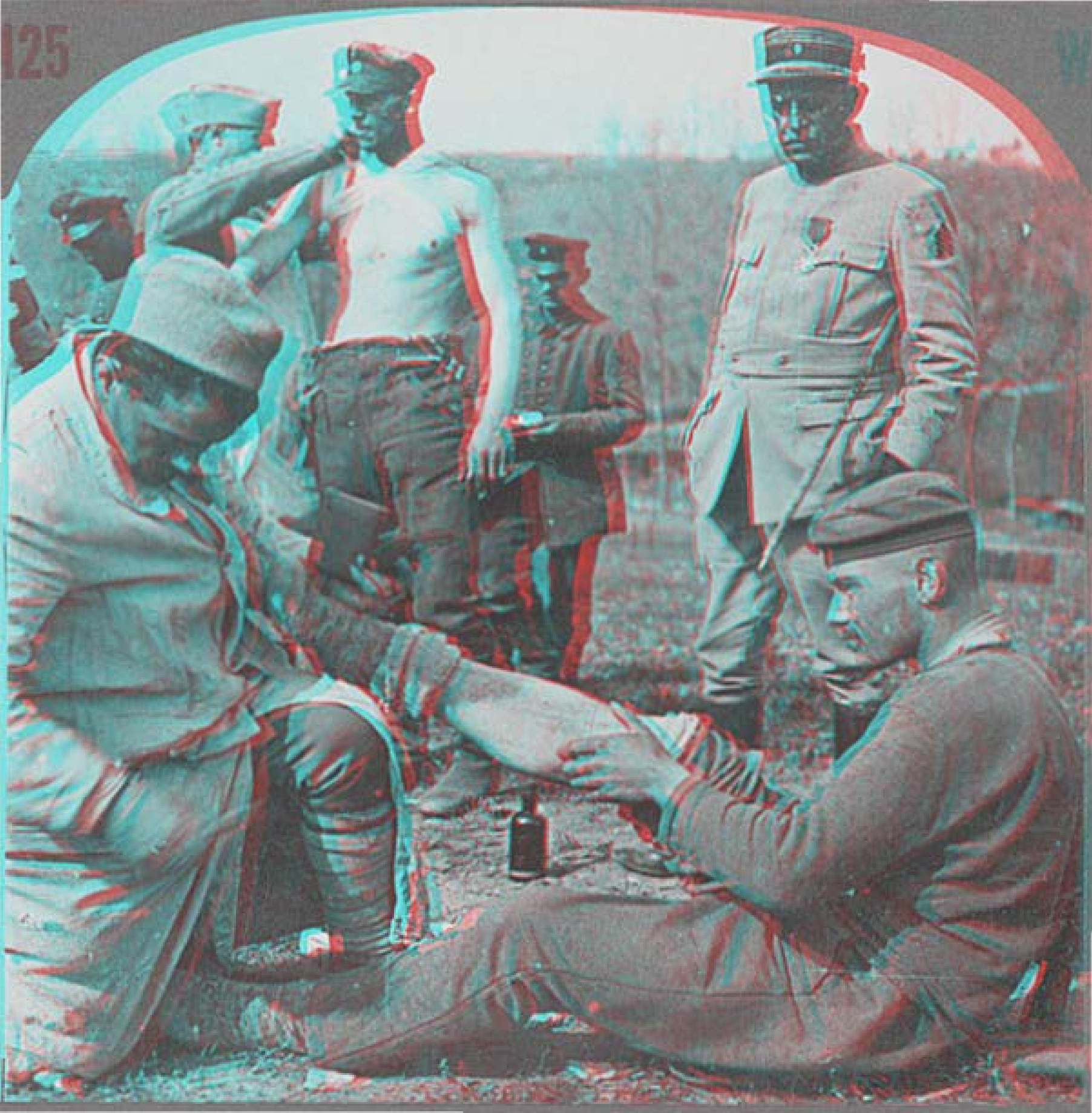
V18892 Allied Soldiers Binding up the Wounds of Their Prisoners after the Battle.

Allied Soldiers Binding Up the Wounds of Their Prisoners after the Battle.

Human suffering breaks down many barriers. Here we see the French "fraternizing with the enemy." Fritz and Hans are receiving the same free and impartial treatment that would be given to the wounded of their own ranks. No prisoners of war were ever more considerately and humanely treated than were the German prisoners in France and England. They were well housed, clothed and fed; and were given such medical attention as their wounds or diseases required.

Operative surgery made great advance during the World War. Opportunity for experimentation was unlimited! The treatment of wounds of the knee-joint is a conspicuous example. Infection of this joint, the largest and most complex in the body, has been one of the most dreaded in surgery. It resulted at the best, in a stiff and useless joint, often amputation and not rarely death. Not so any more. In this war most cases were healed and from half to two-thirds of the cases recovered with full or partial use of the joint movement.

Perhaps the greatest permanent advance in surgery was made in the repair of shattered faces. Almost unbelievable miracles were performed. Gaps in the jaws were filled by bone transplanted from other parts, skin was borrowed from parts that could spare it and used to cover up scars; cheeks were filled in, noses built up and lips replaced, and all fitted and moulded with the nicety of a cabinet maker or a potter.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18613 Sacrificed on Altar of German Militarism—Arrival of Dead at Military Cemetery, Villers au Bois, France.

18613

ARRIVAL OF THE DEAD AT MILITARY CEMETERY, VILLERS AU BOIS, FRANCE

When we contemplate the hundreds of thousands of men in Europe who gave their lives that innocent nations might not be despoiled and womanhood and childhood might be respected, it would appear that the rivers of Europe must have been red with blood and the land one vast burial ground. German militarism will always have to answer for this crime of all the ages. History will point the accusing finger in shame and remind the world of the four years of barbarism during which time German brutishness ravished the homes and sacrificed human life by wholesale slaughter.

No triumphs of war, nor the scorn of accusing generations, can quite cure the heartache of mothers, wives, and children who lost loved ones on the battlefields. As one of our journalists in telling of the conditions in France has aptly put it—while the widow may feel a pride because her husband has died for his country, while there is a certain impressive honor attached to the list of dead or the missive sent by special messenger from the government; to the little child at the mother's knee, the bit of paper bearing the sad news has only one meaning, "Daddy's dead." The thousands of fatherless children is one of the most saddening phases of the war.

France sent private information of the death of a soldier to his family but did not tell where he was buried. Neither France nor Russia published lists of the dead and wounded. Both England and the United States published such lists.

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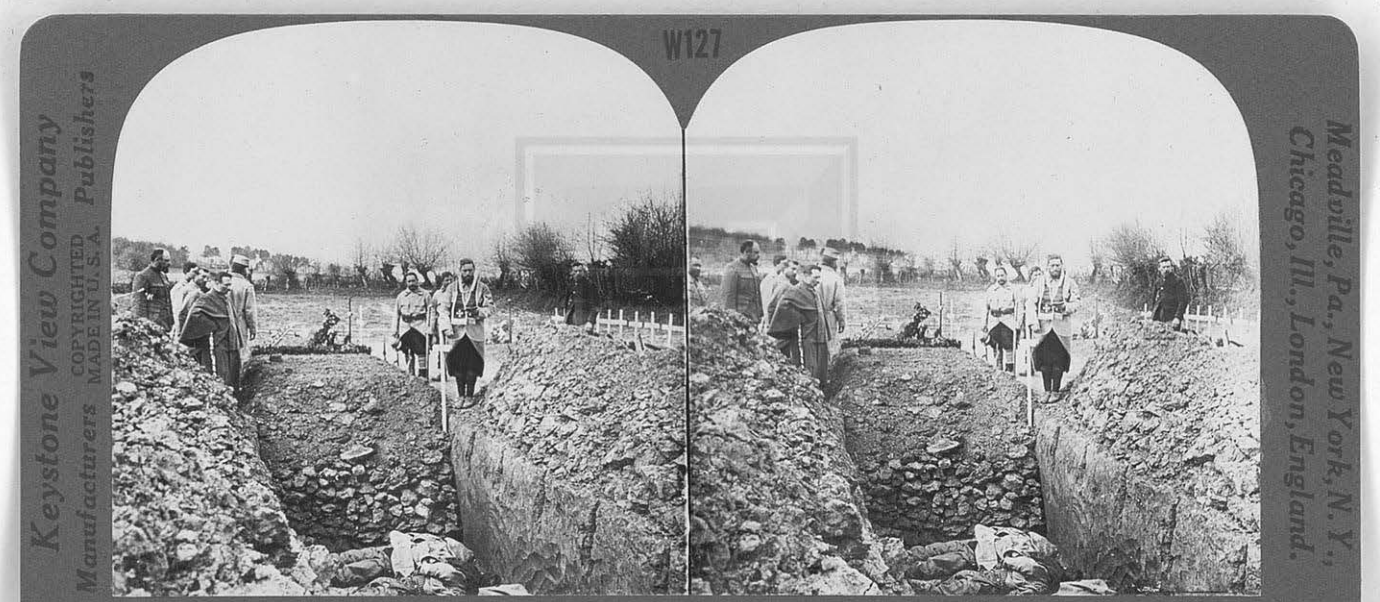

18087 Interment of the Fallen Brave in the Cemetery at Villers au Bois, France.

18087

INTERMENT OF THE FALLEN BRAVE IN THE CEMETERY AT VILLERS AU BOIS, FRANCE

Villers-au-Bois, which means Town of the Woods, is appropriately named, as we can see by the woods in the background. It is a tiny village a few miles northwest of Arras and close to other villages, now of melancholy fame, such as Ablain-Saint-Nazaire, Souchez, Mont-Saint-Eloi, Neuville-Saint-Vaast, and Vimy. All this region was the scene of terrible fighting on the part of the French in the early months of the war. By heroic persistence in attack they gradually pushed the Germans back and brought the entire area, excepting Vimy Ridge, within the Allied lines.

It is during this period of early fighting, as we may gather from the old regulation uniforms of the soldiers, that we are looking into the open trench wherein a daily quota of unfortunate poilus is interred, each one receiving, before a handful of his comrades in arms, the final tribute of a brief burial service by the chaplains as he is laid to rest. In hundreds of places behind the lines throughout northern France lay such burial trenches during the war, partly filled and partly open to receive the unceasing flow of dead, while thousands of other soldiers who made the supreme sacrifice, less favored, found unknown graves in shell holes or shattered trenches.

The region of Villers-au-Bois was finally freed entirely of the German invaders by the heroism of the Canadian troops when, in April, 1917, they swept up over Vimy Ridge, nine miles northeast of the point where we are standing, and swept the enemy eastward into the plain beyond.

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V18899 Sanitary Work of the Battle Line—Disinfecting the Ruins With Patent Spray.

V 18899

SANITARY WORK—DISINFECTING RUINS WITH SPRAY

The decaying flesh of animals and human beings, rotted vegetable matter, poisonous gases and sulphurous fumes from high explosives, contribute to make the ruins of the battlefield a breeding place for millions of germs which cause ill health or death to those who may be exposed to them. Hence disease and pestilence, until modern times, have always followed in the wake of great battles. Even in the World War, notwithstanding the medical and surgical appliances at the command of all the contesting armies, a scratch from a bit of broken shell often resulted in tetanus and death.

During the Great War every effort was made to protect the living from infection by the dead. Soldiers of the Sanitary branch of the service were detailed to disinfect the battle fields and ruins as soon as possible after an engagement. Weeks and months however, often intervened before this could be done. The ground and wreckage was sprayed with a powerful disinfectant, a fluid, contained in a tank strapped to the soldier's back. Each tank was equipped with a pump and a long piece of hose that terminated in a nozzle. The pump forced the disinfectant out of the nozzle in the form of spray. It is owing to these precautions, and to other advances in sanitary science in the last generation that no great pestilence has followed this terrible war, even though the soil of northern France is one vast graveyard, even though for months after the last shot was fired the air was tainted with the effluvia from unburied dead.

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18747 Section of Many Miles of French Field Kitchens.

18747

FRENCH FIELD KITCHENS

This long line of field kitchens, their cooks and drivers eating a simple meal on this wintry day, gives us some idea of the hardy life of French soldiers near the front. They were content with very simple fare—France had not the means to feed her army as we did ours. Everything had to be systematized to the highest degree to make ends meet. Four million men on a line 500 miles long and 20 miles deep had to be fed in the early years of the war. Twenty-five thousand tons of rations were sent to the front every day. With these went a river of wine, 1,000,000 quarts, for the Frenchman simply cannot get along without his wine. One railroad alone sent 3,500 cars a day. A hundred thousand auto trucks and 600,000 wagons distributed this food at the front.

To facilitate assembling and distributing these rations, 20 main stations, each a city in itself, occupying about 30 acres, with 30 to 40 substantial stone buildings with tile roofs, were established at railway junctions well back of the front. Solid macadam or similar highways were built, radiating from these centers. Immense herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, droves of hogs, were kept in the surrounding country. Each station had its modern, up to date abbatoir for butchering these animals. Each had its bakeries turning out thousands of loaves of crisp bread every day, the base of the French soldiers ration. These loaves were packed in straw-lined cars and sent to the front, or rather, to sub-stations five to fifteen miles back of the front, whence they were forwarded to the army. Wine was sent in tank cars like those which carry oil in our country.

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V18828 Making Bread for British Troops; Camp Scene, France.

V18828

MAKING BREAD FOR BRITISH TROOPS, FRANCE

Making bread "wholesale" is the business in which these "Tommies" are engaged, a task as important as any in the army. The armies of the Allies had to have their "butchers, bakers and candle-stick makers" to provide for the great hordes of men at the front. Although a man might not enjoy baking instead of going into action, he must help his country in that way if that was what he could do best.

The long sticks with shovel-like ends which some of these men hold are the tools that they use to draw the pans of bread from the cave-like Aldershot ovens used by the British army for baking. This oven is built on the plan of an ordinary bean-hole. It resembles a small tunnel, blocked at one end. A roaring fire is built inside, the coals raked aside, and the bread put in and the oven sealed up.

While working in a permanent camp of this sort, the British soldiers are allowed to dispense with their regulation leggings and wear their trousers after the fashion of the civilian. The Tommy calls this style "slacks."

This "somewhere in France" must be very near a big city, as you can see the spire of some large building in the distance.

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V18827 Provisioning an Immense Army—British Transport Wagons in France.

V18827

BRITISH TRANSPORT WAGONS IN FRANCE

One of the marvels of the Great War was the manner in which huge armies numbering millions of men were provided day by day not only with food and ammunition, but with all of the necessities of life. This involved not alone an immense amount of routine work, performed by a small army of clerks, but the most careful foresight. The staff of the supply departments was as thoroughly organized as that of the combat branch of the army. Through maps which showed every foot of the front and every method of transport, by an arrangement of differently colored wooden pins which could be stuck into this map at any point, and a telegraph and telephone system of daily reports, the officer in charge of each section of the supply department knew at the close of every day exactly where his supplies were located.

The British supply system in particular was a model of efficiency. Transporting supplies in huge trucks like those on this splendid road was one of its functions. Every day long lines of such trucks loaded with food, clothing, and articles of repair for every conceivable purpose, left a common center and sped along diverging lines to the front. Seen from an airplane they looked like ants crawling along the road. The cry was always, "Hurry, Hurry". By day and by night they thundered along, through mud, dust, rain or snow. Nothing must be allowed to interfere with them. The roads might become blocked, often a scene of indescribable confusion; yet, swearing and cursing, the drivers must somehow untangle the disarray. And somehow they did it, although it often meant doing the impossible. In this war the impossible was done time after time.

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18755 Modern Artillery Transport by Auto in France.

18755

AUTO ARTILLERY TRANSPORT

The army mule is still with us but the day when horses dashed up to position with light artillery, unlimbered, and stood near by while the shells flew, has been relegated to the forgotten limbo of the past; likewise the day when long strings of horses struggled with enormous pieces of heavy ordnance along the country roads. The auto truck and the caterpillar tractor have taken their place.

During the World War, scenes like the one before us could have been witnessed in France any time, day and night. Autotrucks hauled artillery from the base to the front. Long strings of them could be seen streaming along these wonderful French highways, smooth, clean, well drained, bordered by trees. And single caterpillar tractors, little fellows, rambled along six miles an hour, with a dozen 3-inch cannon tied behind—the famous 75's. A single truck could do the work of four 4-horse teams, and but one driver was needed, instead of four. And they could go almost anywhere—off the highways, up the hillsides, along narrow by-paths, through sticky mud, through deep sand, dragging their ponderous loads with them. The trucks were of all sizes —2½ tons, 5, 10 and 20 tons. Thousands were in use. After the armistice they could be seen at selected depots in long, straight rows, covering acre upon acre. The truck before us is French, the soldier leaning on his elbow is French—one can tell it from his cap and by the cast of his countenance. French trucks were excellent, as were all French mechanical implements.

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18631—Off for Berlin! High Power Autotruck Delivering Large Cannon to the Firing Line in France.

18631

AUTO TRUCK DELIVERING LARGE CANNON TO FIRING LINE

This is only one of the uses to which motor trucks were put in the great war. They carried provisions to the troops, towed ammmunition wagons to the firing line, transported wounded soldiers, carried reinforcements from post to post, and performed many other duties. Five hundred trucks can supply 75,000 men with meat daily. Thousands of the trucks were collected in the suburbs of the city, loaded with troops, and rushed to the front at a speed of thirty miles an hour on splendid roads like the one before us. At Verdun (vĕr'dŭn') after German artillery had smashed the railroads, auto trucks were the sole source for bringing supplies to the soldiers. France had over 100,000 in the war, Germany, 80,000; among them trucks of eight to ten tons with guns, men, and the vital parts protected by heavy sheet steel. England and the United States together had about half as many as France.

The gun at which we are looking is a 220 millimeter cannon (about 10-inch bore), used for high explosives. Notice the solidly built, broad, tread wheels of the truck.

Before the war fine roads like these were to be found everywhere in France usually with a row of trees on each side, sometimes a double row, placed at equal distances apart and always kept neatly trimmed. In time of peace the roads are never allowed to get in bad condition. Piles of crushed stone are placed by the roadside, at intervals, ready for instant use, and the roads are inspected every few days by the villagers, each of whom is responsible for a section. As soon as a hole appears the fine stone is pounded into it and rolled smooth.

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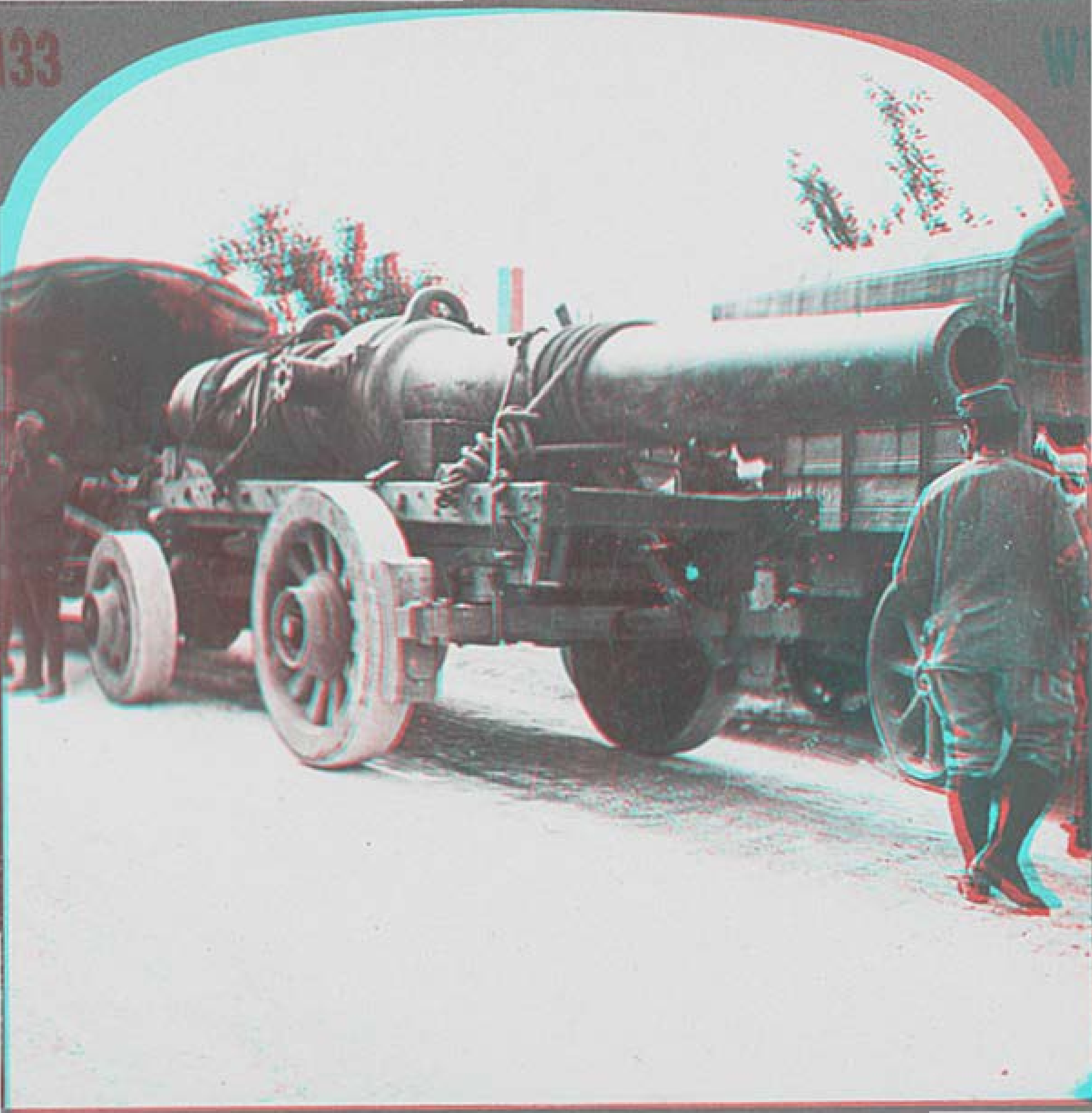
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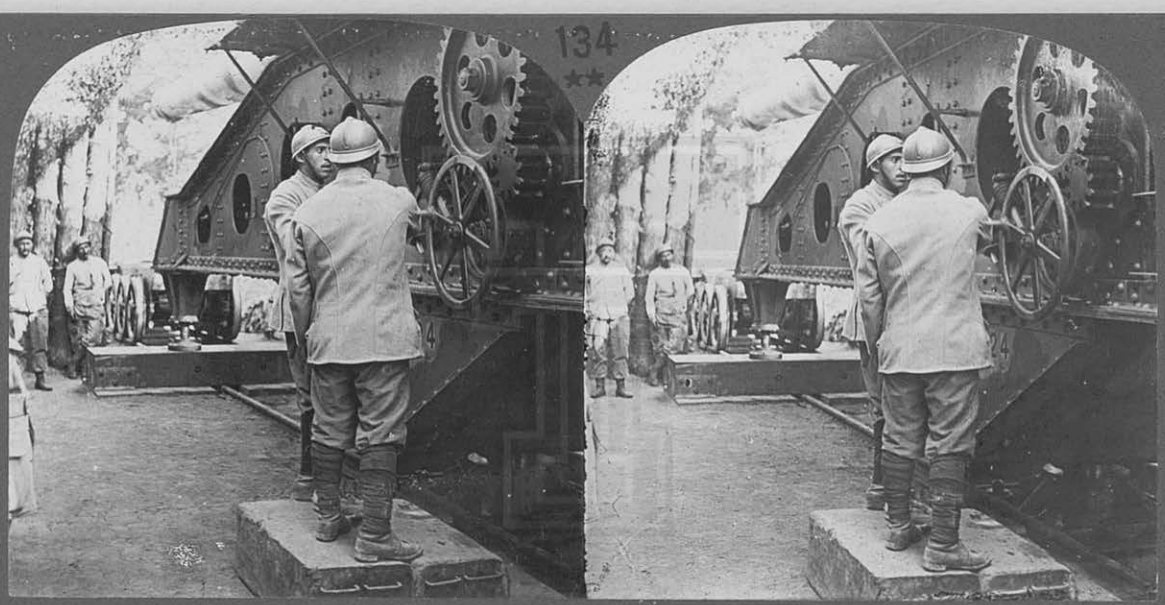

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18640 French Gunners Adjusting Large Cannon Mounted on Railway Track—France.

18640

FRENCH GUNNERS ADJUSTING LARGE CANNON, MOUNTED ON RAILWAY TRACK

The soldier with his back to us is regulating the point of aim of this gun by turning the wheel at his side. By a series of cogs this raises or lowers the muzzle. This is one of the largest of the French cannon. Guns of this size must have a very solid platform owing to the terrific recoil. When possible, the platforms are built of concrete. It is seldom fired point blank at an object because should it strike a glancing blow a great part of the initial velocity and force of the shell would be lost when the target is reached. The muzzle is tilted up and the shell describes an arc, striking with the added impact of its weight as it falls through space. This is known as indirect or plunging fire and is a development of trench warfare.

The trajectory (trȧ-jĕk′ tō-rĕ) is the path or imaginary line a shell or bullet follows from the point of discharge to the target. Direct fire, or flat trajectory, is shown in rifle and machine gun fire where the bullets fly in a nearly straight or horizontal line. Men in the trenches are not harmed by this type of fire, as it simply passes over their heads. This fact led to a greater use of plunging fire delivered by mortars or howitzers, which drop the shells into the trenches.

Such monster guns as the one looming above us, which could deliver their shells accurately at a range of many miles, made every form of steel and concrete fortifications useless. Trenches and deep dugouts excavated in the ground were the only effective protection, and even these were, of course, demolished by a direct hit.

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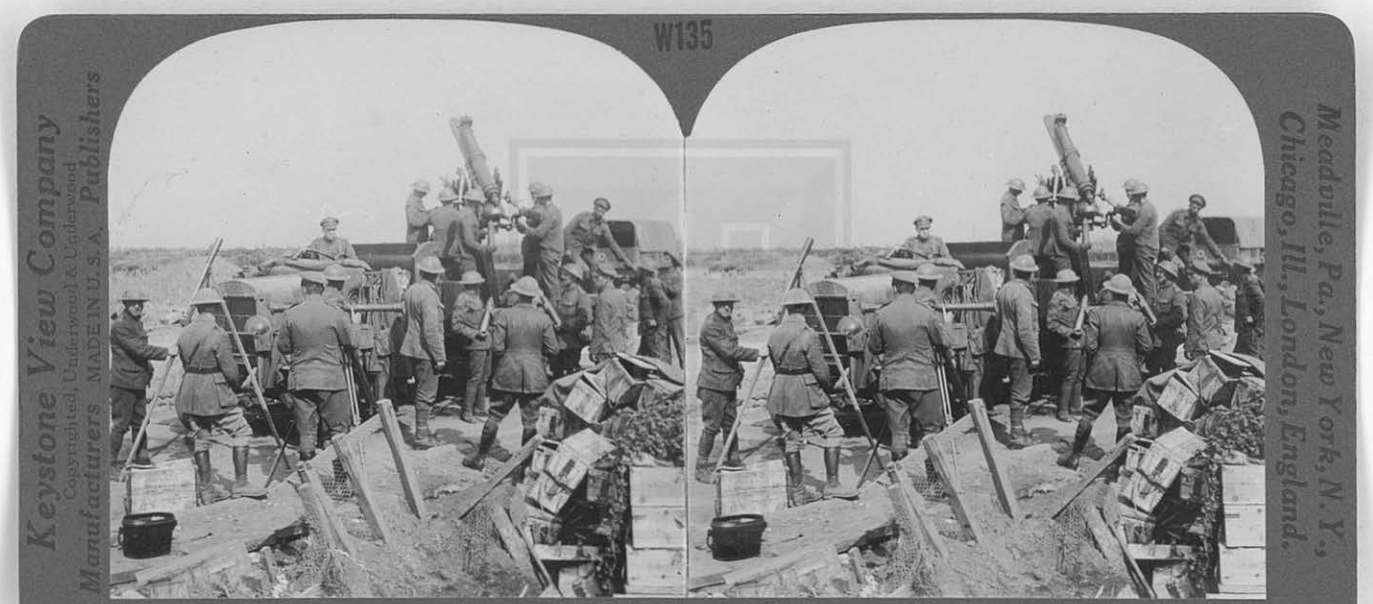

V18914 A British "Archie" in Action—Note Range Finders.

V18914

A BRITISH "ARCHIE" IN ACTION

The World War developed numberless new features in the art of mutual slaughter and one of the most effective and terrifying of them all was the airplane. The aviator could fly over the opposing lines and observe what was going on behind them, take photographs of trenches and rear areas, direct the fire of friendly artillery, or drop bombs upon the enemy's works or upon his railroads and supply depots behind the front.

But as soon as a new and formidable offensive weapon, such as the airplane, comes into use, some novel defensive method is developed to combat it. Such defensive weapons were the anti-aircraft guns, one of which is before us. They were called "archies" by the British and, later on, by the Americans also. Many different types of gun were used but most of them were the ordinary light field guns of about 3-inch calibre, mounted on special carriages which permitted the guns to be pointed high into the sky and to be swung rapidly in any direction. Telescopes and special sighting apparatus aided in quick finding of the swiftly moving target.

Some anti-aircraft guns were mounted on trucks which could carry them from point to point in pursuit of the overhead enemy. Others stood on stationary mounts to protect places of permanent importance. Of the latter kind were the numerous batteries of anti-aircraft guns which threw up nightly barrages of shell fire around London and Paris, when fleets of night raiding German Gothas came to bomb those great cities.

Though the "archies" were cleverly devised weapons, their targets were fleeting and usually a long way off, so that they did not often bring down an enemy plane. But they were very effective in forcing the hostile airmen to fly high.

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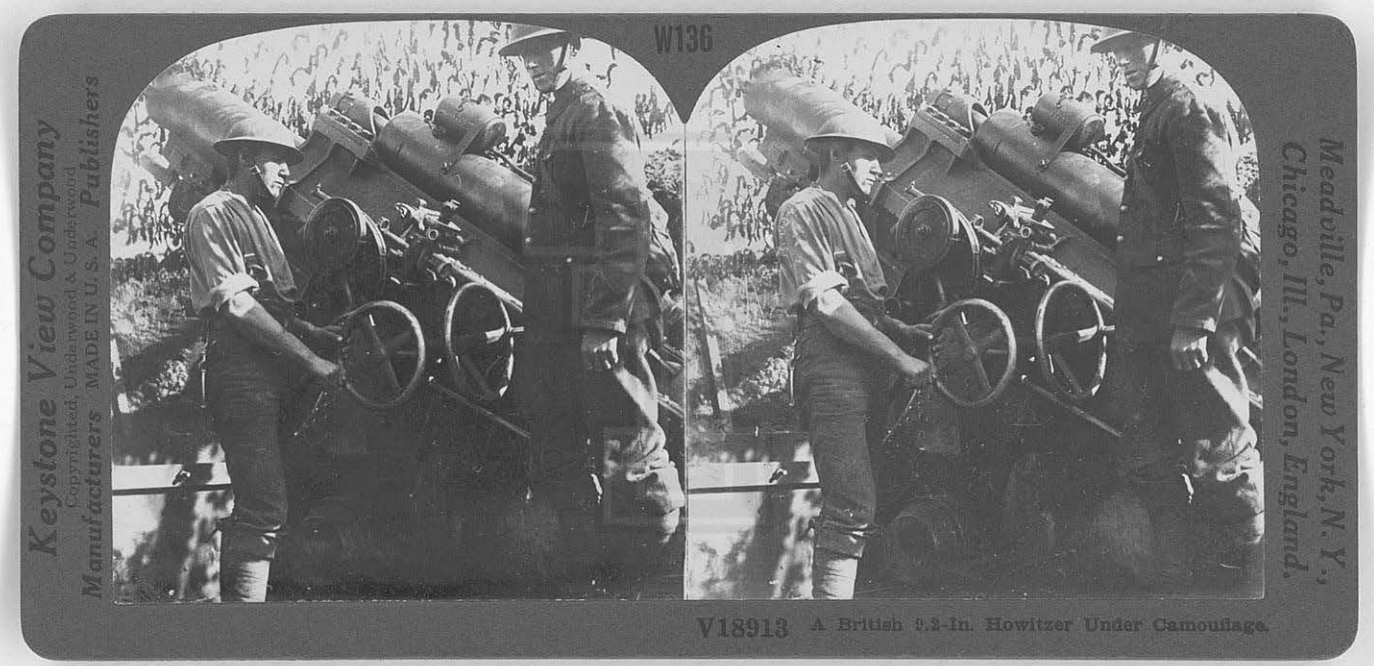
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V18913 A British 9.2-In. Howitzer Under Camouflage.

V18913

A BRITISH 9.2-INCH HOWITZER UNDER CAMOUFLAGE

These British Tommies are a part of the crew that serve this heavy howitzer that fires a shell weighing about 300 pounds. The barrel of this gun is short and its range is comparatively short when contrasted with the miles that the large rifles can throw a shell.

However, this is an exceptionally effective piece of artillery, for it can be moved from one place to another with ease and can be used quite close to the lines.

The wheels on which the soldiers are resting their hands control the elevation and direction of the gun and just above the wheels is the delicate sighting mechanism. On the top of the barrel of the gun is the machinery that controls the recoil of the howitzer.

Even closely as we are viewing the camouflage it has a curiously deceptive appearance, like dense, hanging tree leaves. Such a thing as camouflage was unheard of before the World War, but the observation of airplanes and the long range and accurate shooting of artillery made it necessary. Its development became very extensive and took many forms. Battery positions, roads, observation posts, trenches, supply dumps, even ships at sea, were covered with skilfully wrought camouflage of different kinds which rendered them exceedingly hard for the enemy to discover. In the latter part of the war, guns and every kind of moving vehicle were painted with splotches of vari-colored paint which broke the light rays and caused the solid objects to become indistinct or even invisible at a distance, while guns in position, like this one, were almost invariably concealed beneath camouflage nets, if they were not already hidden by some existing natural cover, such as trees or brush.

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V18911 Feeding "Grannie"—Shell Hoisted into Position.

V18911

FEEDING "GRANNIE"—SHELL HOISTED INTO POSITION

This is one of the largest cannon used by our army during the Great War, a wonderful piece of mechanism composed of many parts made and adjusted with the utmost care. The recoil, although absorbed by mechanical means, is so tremendous that the gun must be mounted upon a solid concrete floor covered with heavy planks. The shell weighs a thousand pounds, is hoisted by pulleys, and swung into the breech by a moving crane.

America was unable to turn out guns of this type until the war was well under way, but the French and British provided them in large numbers, although until the great battle of the Somme, in 1916, the Germans held the mastery in heavy artillery. For this battle, however, the British had been preparing for months, realizing that they would have to blast their way by sledge hammer blows through the supposedly impregnable defenses before them. Nothing built by man could withstand these tremendous shells; caverns were even blown in the living rock; dugouts disappeared in showers of earth and splintered timber.

The crews of these great guns became very much attached to their ponderous pieces of artillery; gave them pet names and lavished every care upon them; took great pride in their capacity for destruction, and vied with each other in the number of "hits" that were made. The targets were miles away, usually hidden by hills or mountains. The guns were aimed in accordance with mathematical calculations, the great shell describing an arc in the sky and dropping upon its target like a bolt from the blue.

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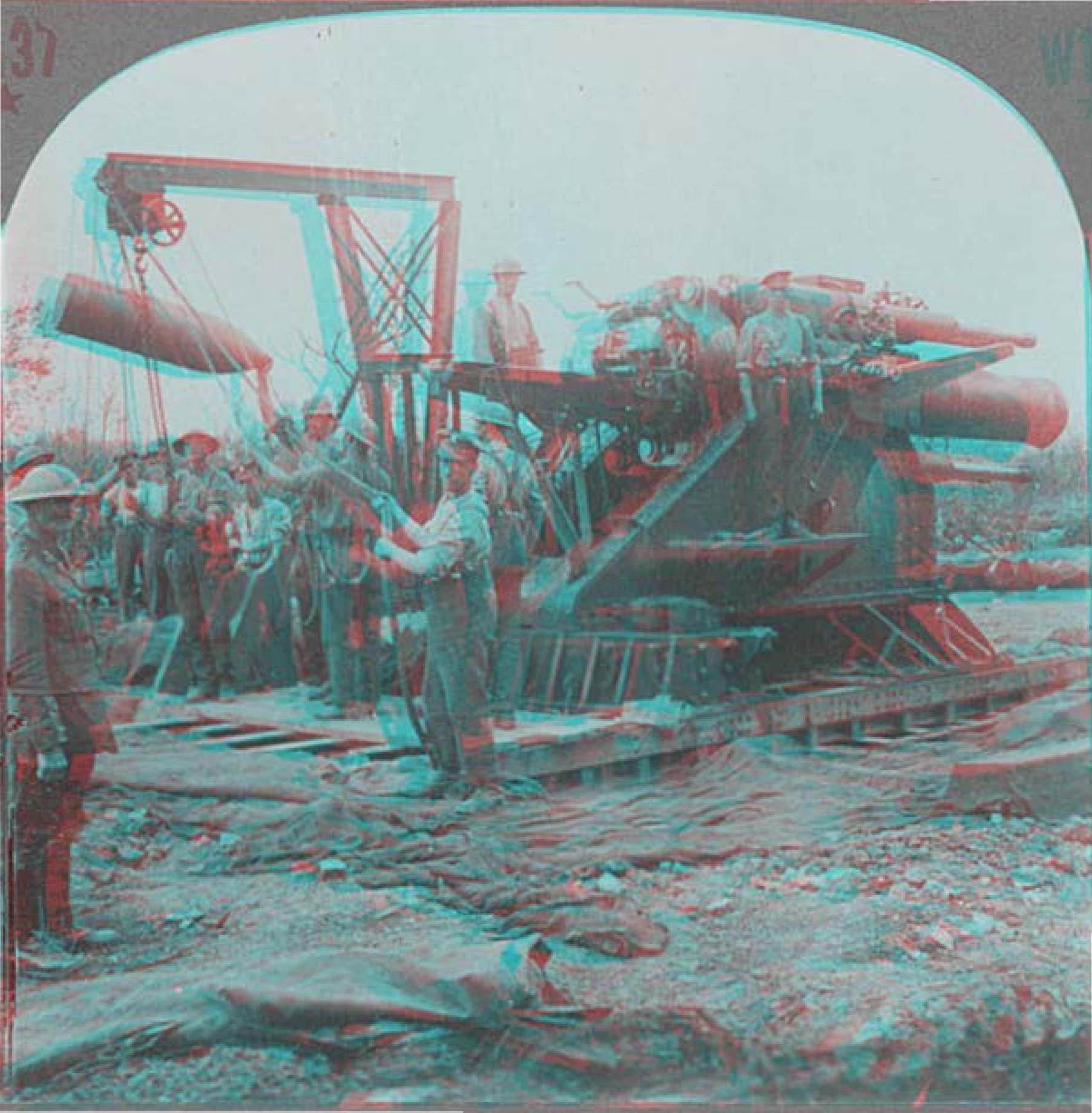

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V18912 Feeding "Grannie"—Twelve Men Lowering Shell Into Breach.

V18912

FEEDING "GRANNIE"—TWELVE MEN LOWERING SHELL INTO BREECH

"Grannie" is being fed by her attentive friends, the "Tommies." You can see the huge shell at the breech of the gun but when the men pull on the cables the little projection which can be seen at the base of the shell will move up the trough and shove the projectile far into the bore of the howitzer. Just above the shell at the breech of the gun you can see the pulleys and chains on the crane that are used to raise the shells from the ground to the wooden rack and then into the trough. After the shell has been placed there the soldiers give a tremendous tug on the cables and the shell slips far into the gun. Then follows a sack of powder. The breech block is closed, the muzzle tilted to the proper elevation and the missile sent on its way, the charge being set off by an electric battery.

In the row of shells on the ground you can see two that show plainly the copper bands that fit the rifling of the barrel and help to give the shell a rotary motion as it emerges, thus tending to keep its flight straight and true. Others still have a protective covering of rags wrapped about them.

This was the twelve-inch howitzer which was considered one of the most effective weapons that the Great War produced and was used for bombarding enemy trench systems and so-called "Strong Points."

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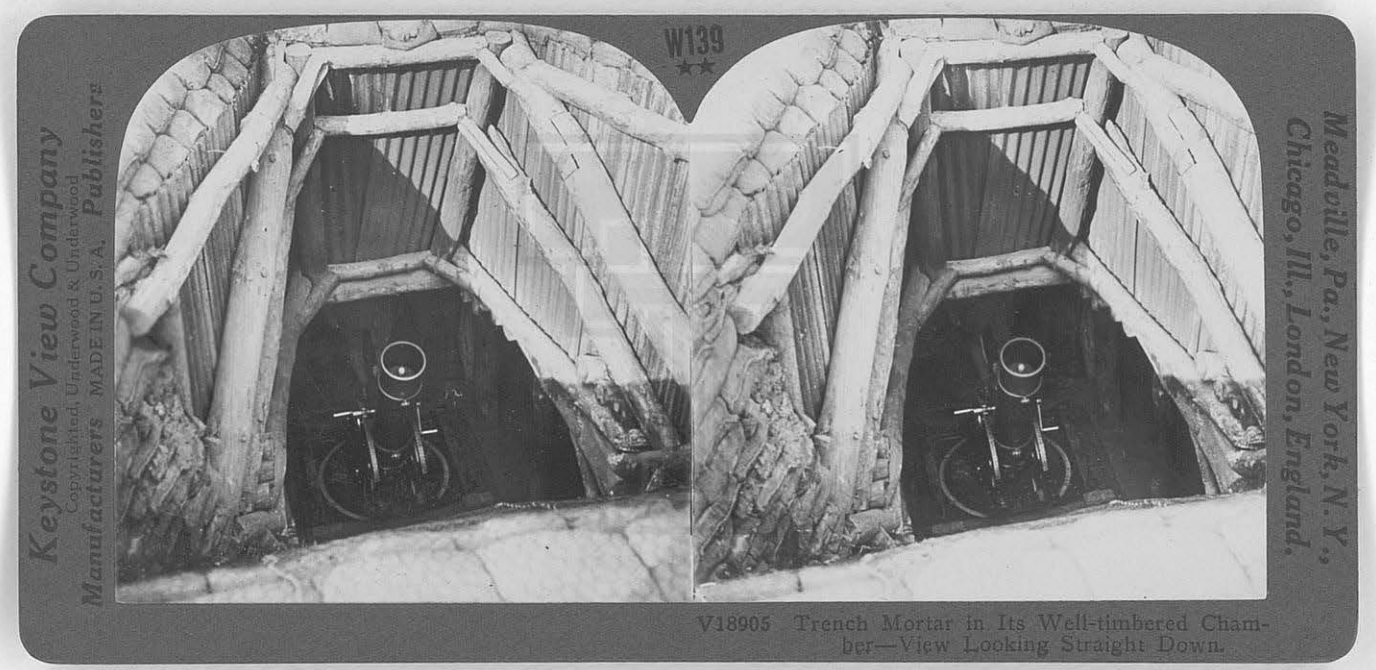

V18905 Trench Mortar in Its Well-timbered Chamber—View Looking Straight Down.

V18905

TRENCH MORTAR IN CHAMBER—VIEW LOOKING DOWN

Huge mortars like the one in this heavily timbered pit were used to demolish enemy trenches. Located miles behind the front, carefully screened from prying eyes, they sent great shells high in the air to fall like some meteorite from outer space, exploding with a terrific concussion that loosed tons of earth upon the unfortunate men in the trenches. The men who fired these mortars could not see the trenches at which their shells were directed. They aimed their guns by mathematical calculations. Observers in stations sometimes as far as a mile away reported through field telephone the result of their shots; or airplanes directed them by radio, and sometimes by a preconcerted system of evolutions.

The enemy was always eager to locate the observation stations, for if located they could be destroyed and without its observation stations a great gun was like a man striking in the dark.

Guns like the one whose gleaming muzzle we glimpse here had to be effectively concealed, for they could not be readily moved and if the enemy learned where they were mounted, a shell from another such monster speedily smashed the gun and annihilated its crew. Aviators with high power lenses often flew directly overhead, scanning every yard of the ground. The slightest abnormality in its surface aroused their suspicions and brought a shower of shells directed by their signals. Should one of those shells fall into this pit the heavy timbers we see would be smashed like match stems, the sandbags which flank them would be scattered like chaff, and the men below snuffed out as a bubble bursts.

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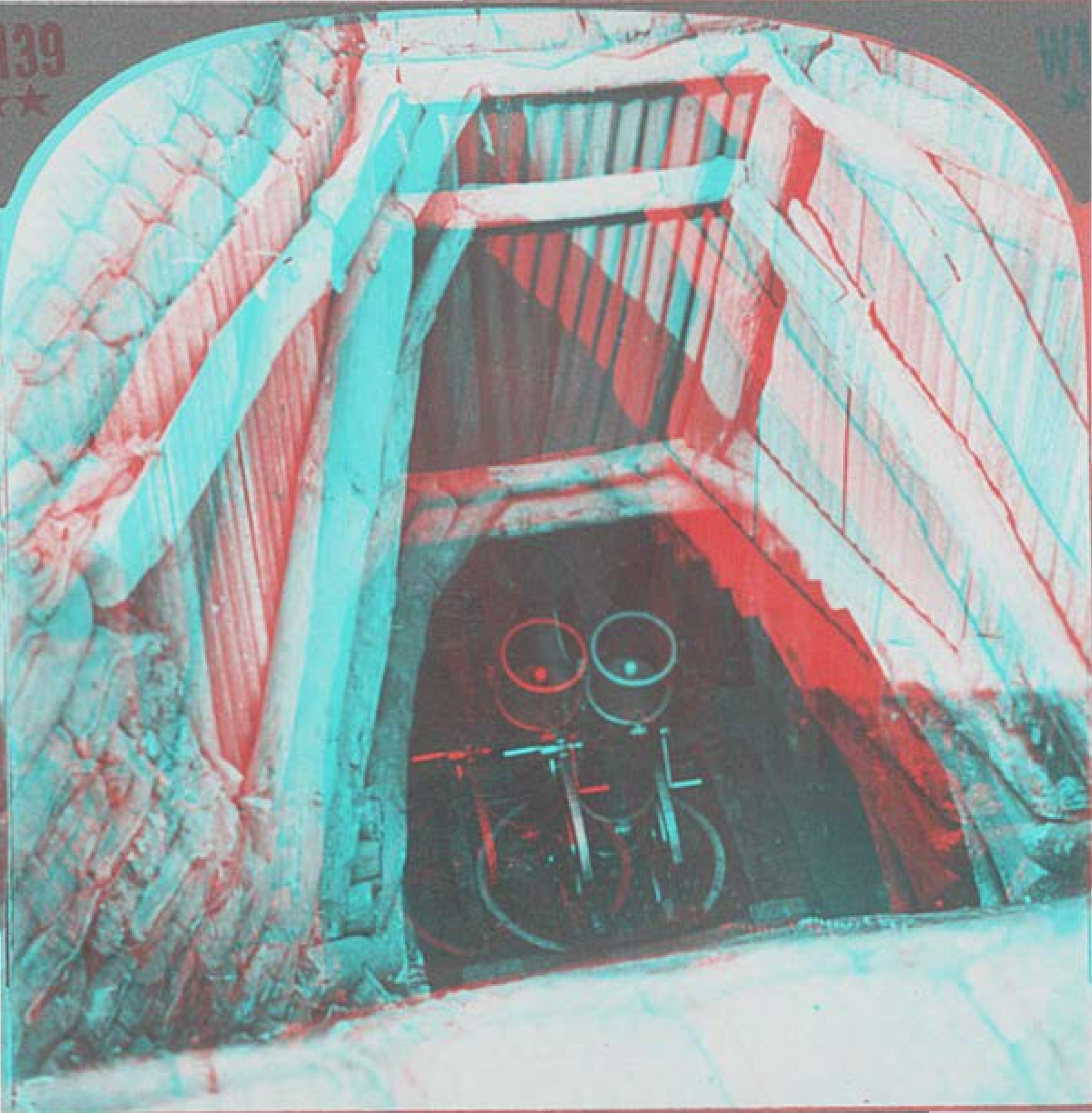
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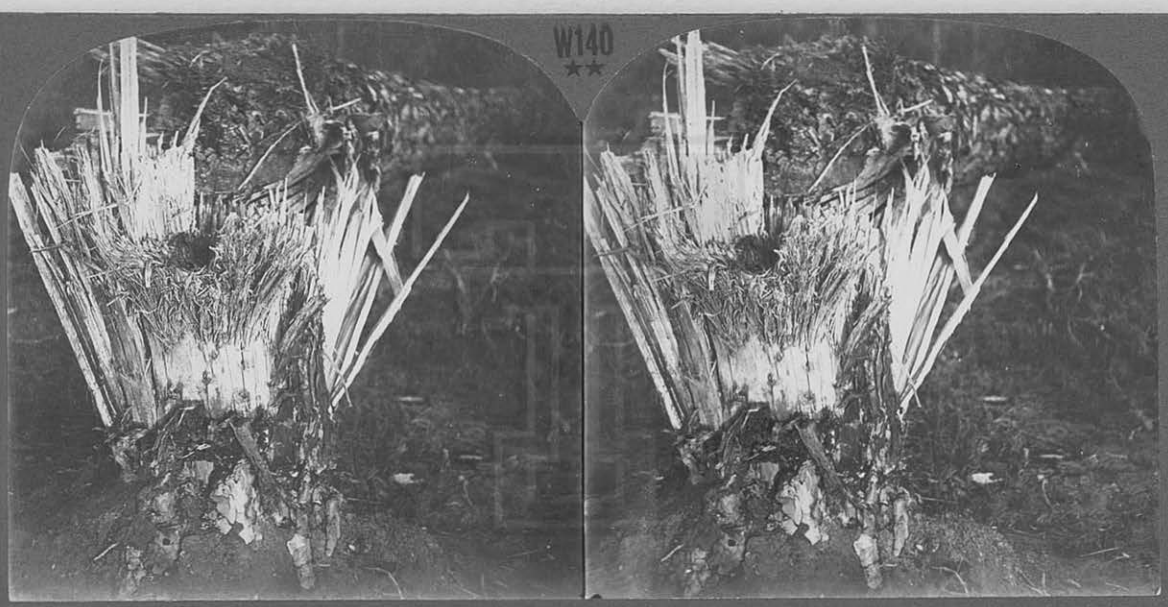

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18065 A Pioneer of the Kaiser's Forests Shattered into Toothpicks by a Shell from the Russian Lines.

18065

A PIONEER OF THE KAISER'S FOREST SHATTERED INTO TOOTHPICKS BY A SHELL

The ocular demonstration that this view affords bears convincing testimony to the terrible impact of the cannon ball. It would seem that nothing could stay its progress, once it is started on its flight. It is comparable to the lightning's bolt so swiftly does it fly and so terrible is its destruction. Steel, stone and timber fall at its mighty stroke. To see here the ruin wrought at one fell blow is significant of the phrase that characterizes the soldier as "cannon fodder."

The shell that wrought this havoc is comparatively small. It appears to be scarcely larger than a hand-grasp, and yet the standing tree was shattered into tooth-picks. What destruction followed this missile and what lives were blotted out before it reached this spot is unknown. It is enough to witness its havoc here.

It is clear in the light of demonstration of force displayed at this point that stone and cement forts must fall under such tempestuous assault. Liege, Namur and Verdun fell, and also the whole circle of forts guarding the Russian frontier. Only one kind of fortress has stood. Strangely enough it was built of sand. Sand is penetrable but it does not transmit the destroying force to other parts remote from the point of impact. Cement as it is shattered transmits the shock from which it suffers to remote parts. Had this tree, for example, been a sack of sand, it would have been pierced but not shattered. Its unyielding quality made its destruction the more nearly complete.

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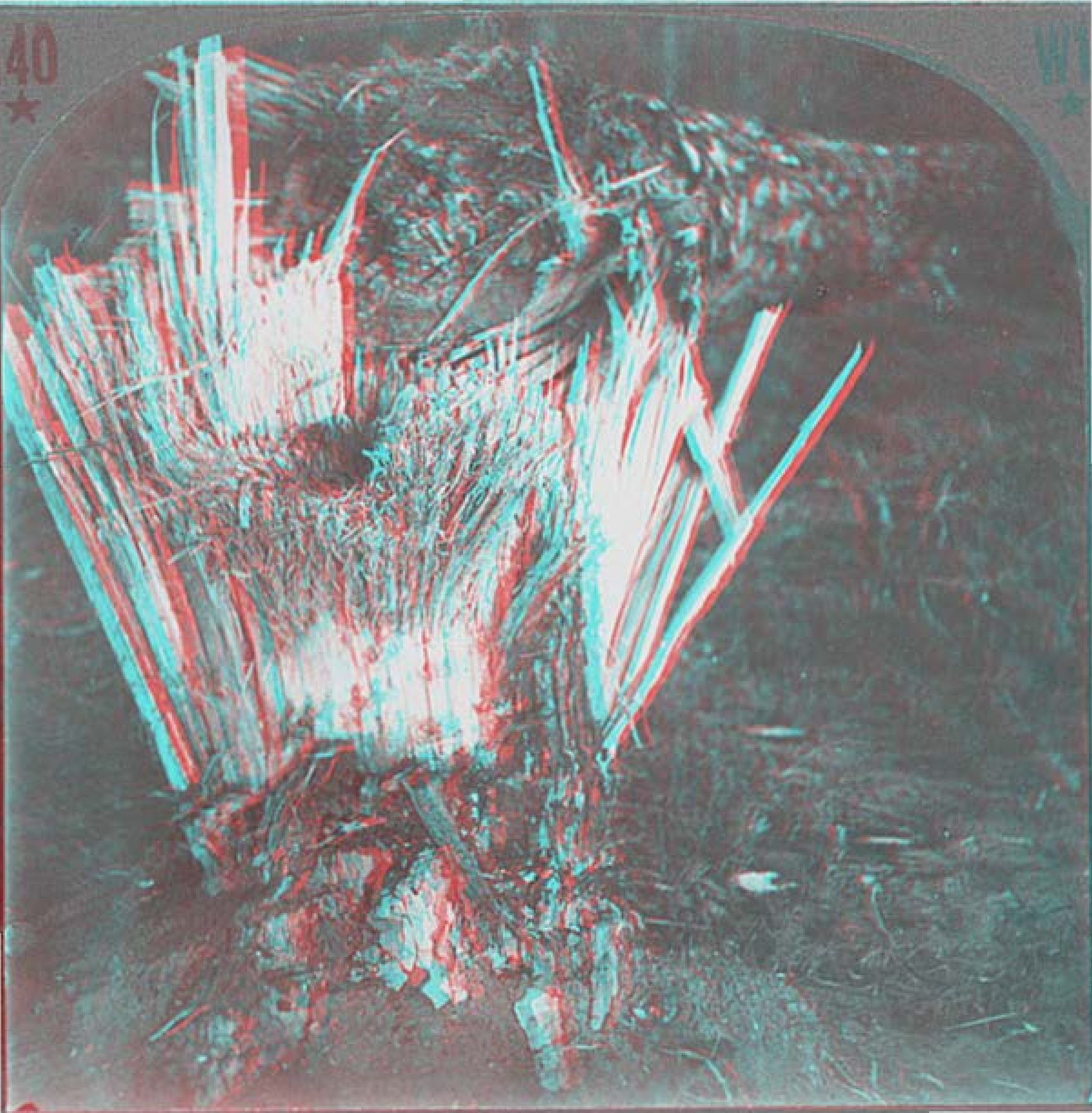
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18651 A French 155-mm. Gun Trained on the German Trenches.

18651

A FRENCH 155-MM. GUN TRAINED ON THE GERMAN TRENCHES

This particular gun is not of the most modern type, for it has no mechanism for taking up the recoil of the barrel but must recoil on the whole carriage which rolls back and then forward again on the big wedges made of plank which we see, so as not to be carried clear back into the mud by force of each discharge. The French had many 155-mm. guns of improved pattern and these, though of great power and range, were mobile enough to be classed as field artillery and were drawn about by tractors or horses almost as freely as the handy "75s."

To those who know but little about guns, the extremely short life comes as a matter of surprise. Guns are sometimes useless after 3 day's hard work. A three-inch gun is worn out by the firing of 3,000 rounds and a gun of larger caliber is useless after a fewer number of rounds have been fired. The guns are worn by the erosion of gases and by the copper bands on the shells. In the early part of the war when the opposing forces had reached the Marne, both sides had practically worn out their heavy caliber guns and used up their ammunition. They, therefore, dug in to await repairs and supplies.

The allies at the close of the war were turning out heavy artillery three times as fast as the Germans. The United States alone expected to furnish at least 30,000 guns of all calibers, and in addition a reserve supply of an equal number of gun tubes.

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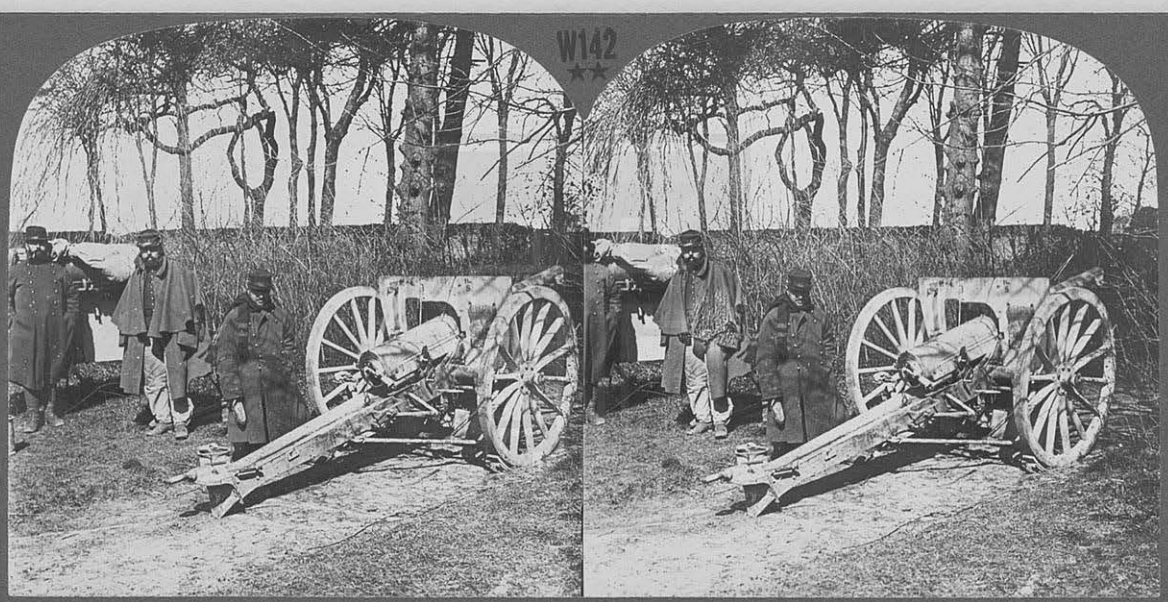

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18705 French 75 Millimeter Guns in Ambush Near German Trenches.

18705

FRENCH 75-MM. FIELD GUN IN FIRING POSITION

We are looking here upon a fine example of the famous French "75," about which volumes could be written and countless thrilling stories told, for it is the most wonderful piece of artillery that has ever existed. The French themselves give much of the credit for their final success in the war to their beloved 75s, or the "soixante-quinze", as it is in French.

American artillerymen soon became as much attached to the 75 as the French themselves, for early in the war we discarded our own 3-inch field gun and adopted the French weapon, with which all our battles in Europe were fought. Since the close of the war the 75 has become the regular equipment of the American artillery.

Some lines from a war time poem called, "Mlle. Soixante-Quinze" (Miss Seventy-Five) express something of the feeling which their hardshooting weapon inspired in our field artillerymen:—

Oh, a mistress fit for a soldier's love
Is the graceful 75;
As neat and slim and as strong and trim
As ever a girl alive.

Where the steel-blue sheen of her mail is seen
And the light of her flashing glance,
In the broken spray of the roaring fray
Is the soul of embattled France.

Her love is true as the heaven's blue—
She will fight for her love 'till death;
Her hate is a flame no fear can tame,
That slays with the lightning's breath.

For the sun of day turns fogged and gray
And night is a reeling hell
When she swings the flail of the shrapnel's hail
Or looses the bursting shell.

Oh, a mistress fit for our soldier love
Is the soixante-quinze, our boast,
Our hope and pride, like a new-won bride,
But the dread of the Kaiser's host!

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V18902 Artillerymen Who, between the Germans and the Mud, Are Emplacing Their Guns with Difficulty.

V18902

ARTILLERYMEN PLACING GUNS

Here we see a corps of French engineers placing their heavy guns on a new line of battle, The army Engineers assumed an importance in the World War vastly greater than ever before in the history of war. Instead of a small and comparatively unimportant corps in the great army machine they now became one of the strongest and most vitally necessary parts of it. No operations of any magnitude were undertaken without including the necessary Engineering forces. Besides the work of constructing all points and emplacements, machine-gun posts, trench mortar posts, artillery gun-pits, snipers' posts, artillery observation posts, and so on, they had charge of all demolition work, the construction and destruction of all bridges; construction and operation of light and heavy railroads: the building of mined dug-outs and shelters; the construction, repair and general maintenance of trenches and roads and numerous other duties.

Save for the production of the heavy semi-mobile howitzer and the long-range gun, the allies led in gunnery. The allies were the first to use the light portable machine-gun and also the heavy, long-range guns mounted on railroad cars. They improved upon the German trench mortar, constructing a machine that could be carried on a man's back. The French and British also produced a variety of hand and rifle grenades that were used with effective results. The great war enlisted inventive genius and the trained scientists no less than plodding workers and brawny warriors.

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V18900 Famous 8-in. Howitzer in Its Camouflaged Position on the British Front.

V-18900

FAMOUS 8-IN. HOWITZER ON BRITISH FRONT

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				144

Intricate problems in applied mechanics had to be worked out in the construction of guns like the one before us. Their great weight made transportation also a problem. As a rule motor trucks drew them along the splendid highways of France until near the place where they were to go into action. If this happened to be in the open, as in the case of the gun before us, the piece had to be screened from the prying eyes of enemy aviators. Poles were erected and wire netting stretched over their tops and guyed to the ground. On the net bits of tissue resembling leaves were sprinkled so that to an aviator the spot would not differ in appearance from the adjacent ground. In sandy places lengths of canvas, painted the exact color of the ground, were stretched overhead. Screening a gun in this way was called camouflage, and camouflage of every kind was extensively employed by all armies during the war.

Portable guns like this one could not be built on a high trunnion; there would be too much lateral deviation and consequent unsteadiness. Without a high trunnion there could be no great angle of vertical adjustment unless an excavation was made in the ground below the gun. This the French often did.

The British used hundreds of these great guns on the Somme. They battered the German trenches to pieces, their huge shells loosing tons of earth which often buried alive the defenders of the trench.

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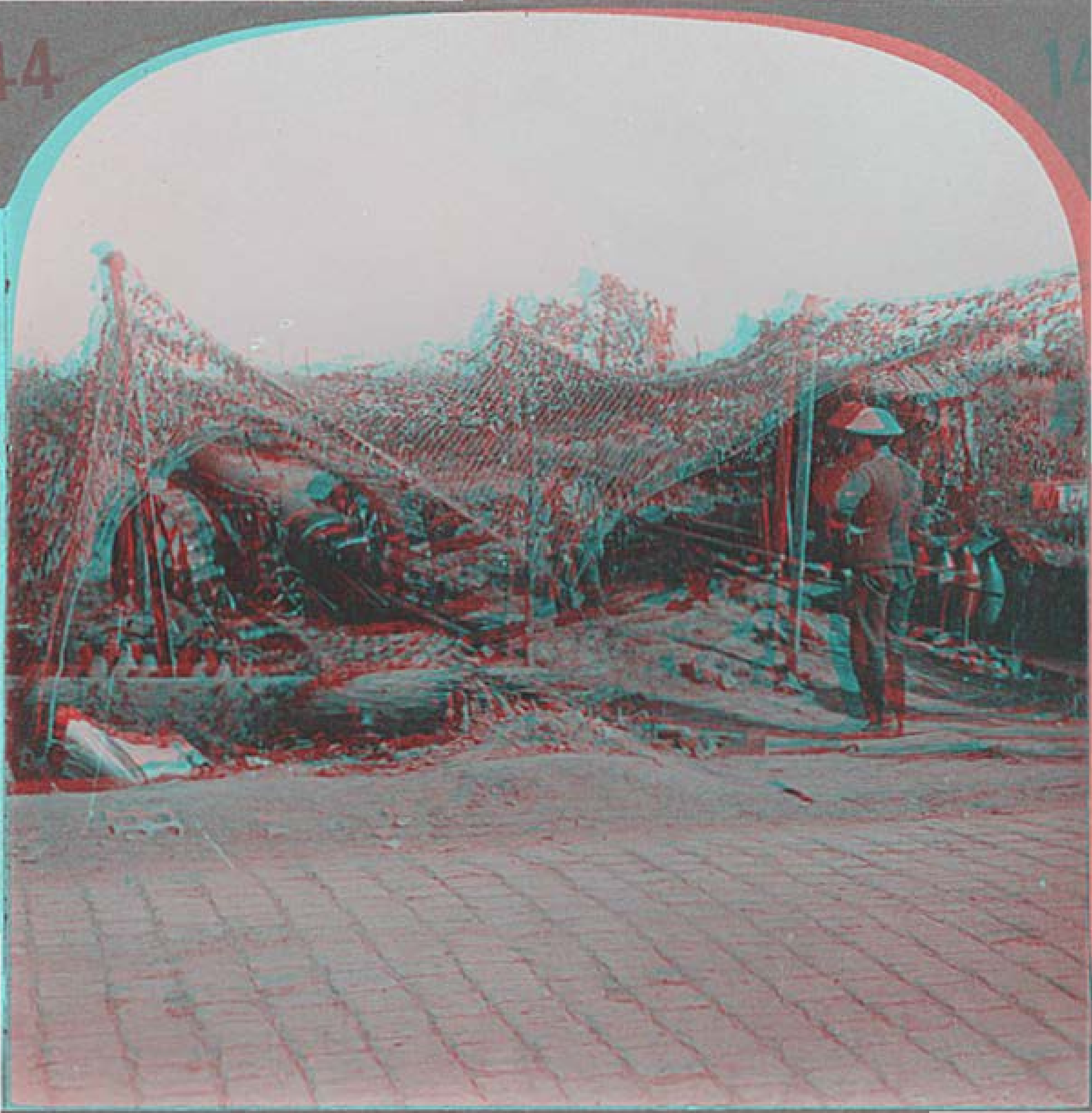

V18857 German "Pill Boxes" and "Strong Points" Which Cost Many Lives to Conquer.

V18857

GERMAN "PILL BOXES"

The section of white cylinder in the foreground is what is left of a German machine gun shelter. The top has been knocked off by a direct hit. Our soldiers called these shelters "Pill Boxes", and had a wholesome respect for them. They were made of concrete usually two inches thick, and the tops were rounded so that shells striking at an angle would glance off. Rifle bullets made no impression upon them. Unless attacked by artillery fire, or rushed by numbers, the gun crew within was safe from harm. The Germans constructed thousands of these pill boxes, hiding them in hollows or behind rocks or under brush whenever possible. They formed one of the strongest features of their system of defense, impregnable except to a direct hit, and so cunningly hidden that it was difficult for the gunners to locate them.

The crews which manned the guns in these "pill boxes" were picked men, who in thousands of instances stuck by their weapons unto the end, fighting until our men burst in and bayoneted them at their posts. They were men stationed their to delay the attack, to break it up if possible, but in any event to stick to the last so that the balance of their army could get away. It was shelters such as this, and tactics of this type that made the Argonne battle the bloodiest of the war.

This particular sector has been under terrific fire. Even the trees stand gaunt and bare, like stripped poles, the ground is pitted with shell holes and strewn with debris.

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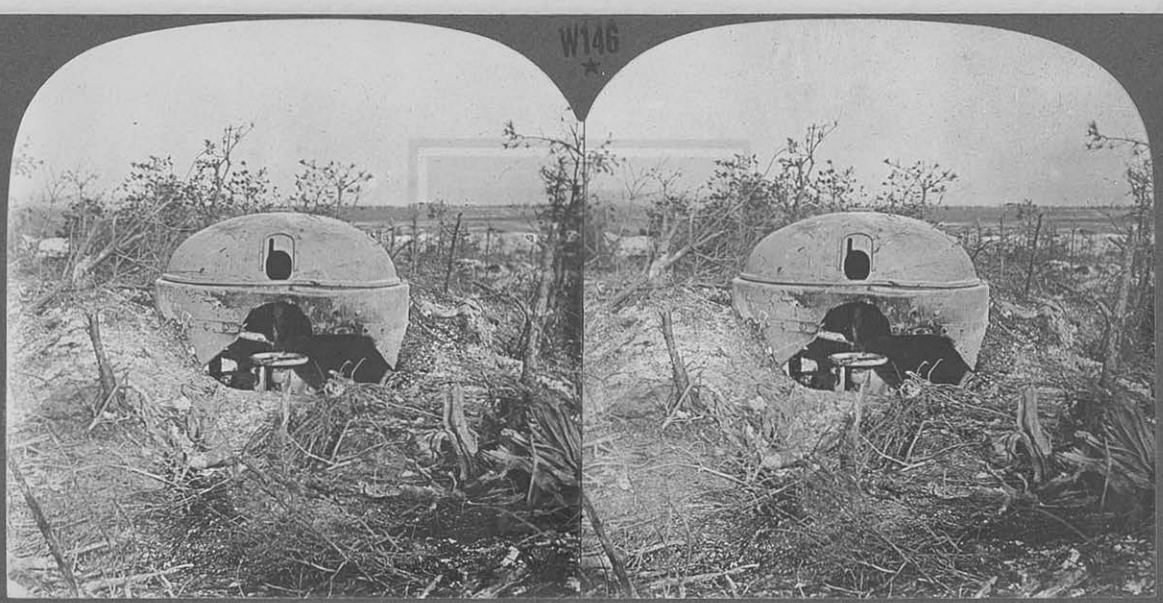

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18749 German Steel Cupola for Machine Guns, Demolished by the Allies.

18749

DEMOLISHED GERMAN MACHINE GUN CUPOLA

Hundreds of cupolas like this one dot the fields of northern France. The Germans were past masters in the use of the machine gun. They foresaw its value in defensive warfare before our allies did. Infantry battalions in the German army were equipped with many more machine guns than were similar battalions in our own armies. Thousands of these deadly weapons were planted in the Argonne forest, hidden behind bushes, among rocks, in the treetops, everywhere, in ambush, waiting for our soldiers. That was why this battle among the trees was one of the most murderous battles of the war. In response to Pershing's demand, Foch gave to the Americans the task of driving the Germans out. "Your men have the devil's own punch," he said, "go to it."

In cupolas like the one before us a machine gun crew was safe from anything but artillery. Rifle bullets and grenades had no effect upon its heavy walls. Thrusting the muzzle of their gun through the round hole above, the crew swept a rain of bullets over the ground in front of them. But their turn came at last. The cupola was discovered, artillery trained upon it and a direct hit smashed the wall and killed the crew.

Many devices were used to protect machine gun crews. We used solid, rectangular, concrete boxes pierced with a single slit, termed "pill boxes." In the night barbed wire was stretched along the line of fire and attacking troops, in their charge, were held up when they reached this wire and mown down as wheat under the scythe. A position defended by several of these "pill boxes" at different angles could seldom be taken until the "pill boxes" were discovered and smashed by artillery.

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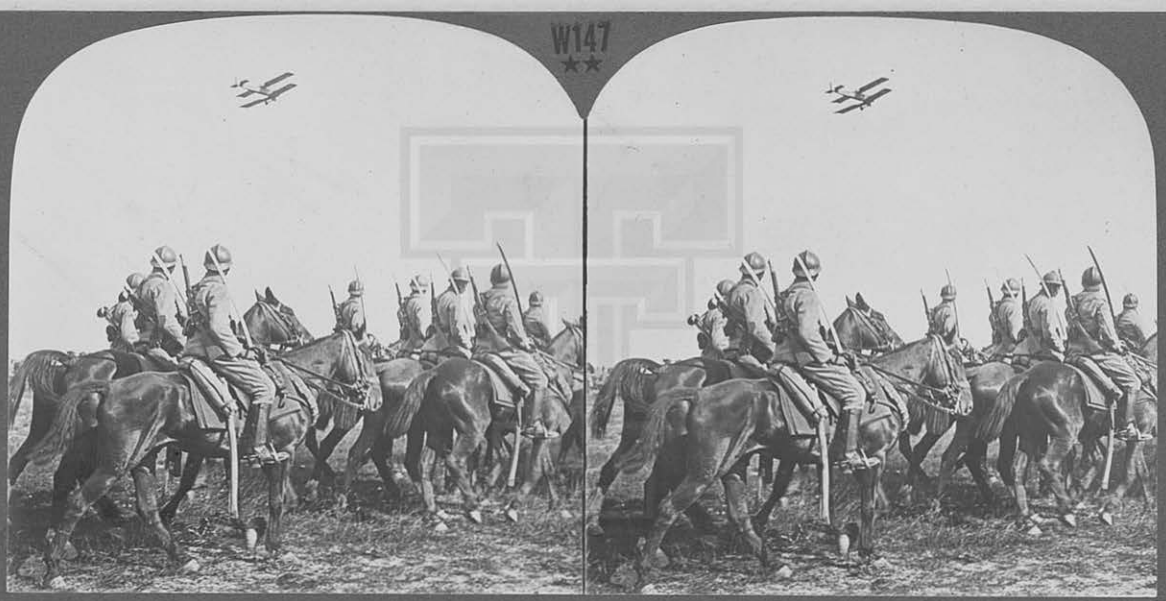

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Meadville, Pa., New York, N. Y.,
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V18853 Scouts, Old and New, French Cavalry and Army Airplane.

V18853

SCOUTS, OLD AND NEW, FRENCH CAVALRY AND ARMY AIRPLANE

Perhaps nothing more clearly illustrates the difference between war as it was conducted a generation ago and war as it is conducted in these days than the scene before us. Gone are the days when a screen of cavalry could be thown before an army to conceal its dispositions and movements. The airplane has changed all that. It flies above the hostile army, notes the disposition of the troops, the emplacements for artillery, the position of supplies and ammunition dumps, the strength of the different arms of the service. It is quick to note the direction in which troops are marching or are being transported and to guess at their destination. Any change of position in masses of troops is noted on maps and carried to Headquarters. Daily observations are taken. Nothing can escape its prying eye.

Cavalry was used in the early days of the Great War for scouting but its usefulness was soon limited. Sixty thousand Uhlans (mounted lancers) screened the advance of the Germans into France, but these soon fell before the storm of shot and shell that greeted them. Thereafter cavalry fell into disuse, save on rare occasions, as for instance when the Germans were thrown back at the battle of the Marne, and at Cambrai, where General Byng's huge tanks opened lanes through the barbed wire for them. The airplane became the eyes of the army; the airplane scouted the movements of the enemy. From scouting it passed to attack, dropping bombs upon ammunition dumps and convoys, flying low and turning its machine guns upon columns of marching troops.

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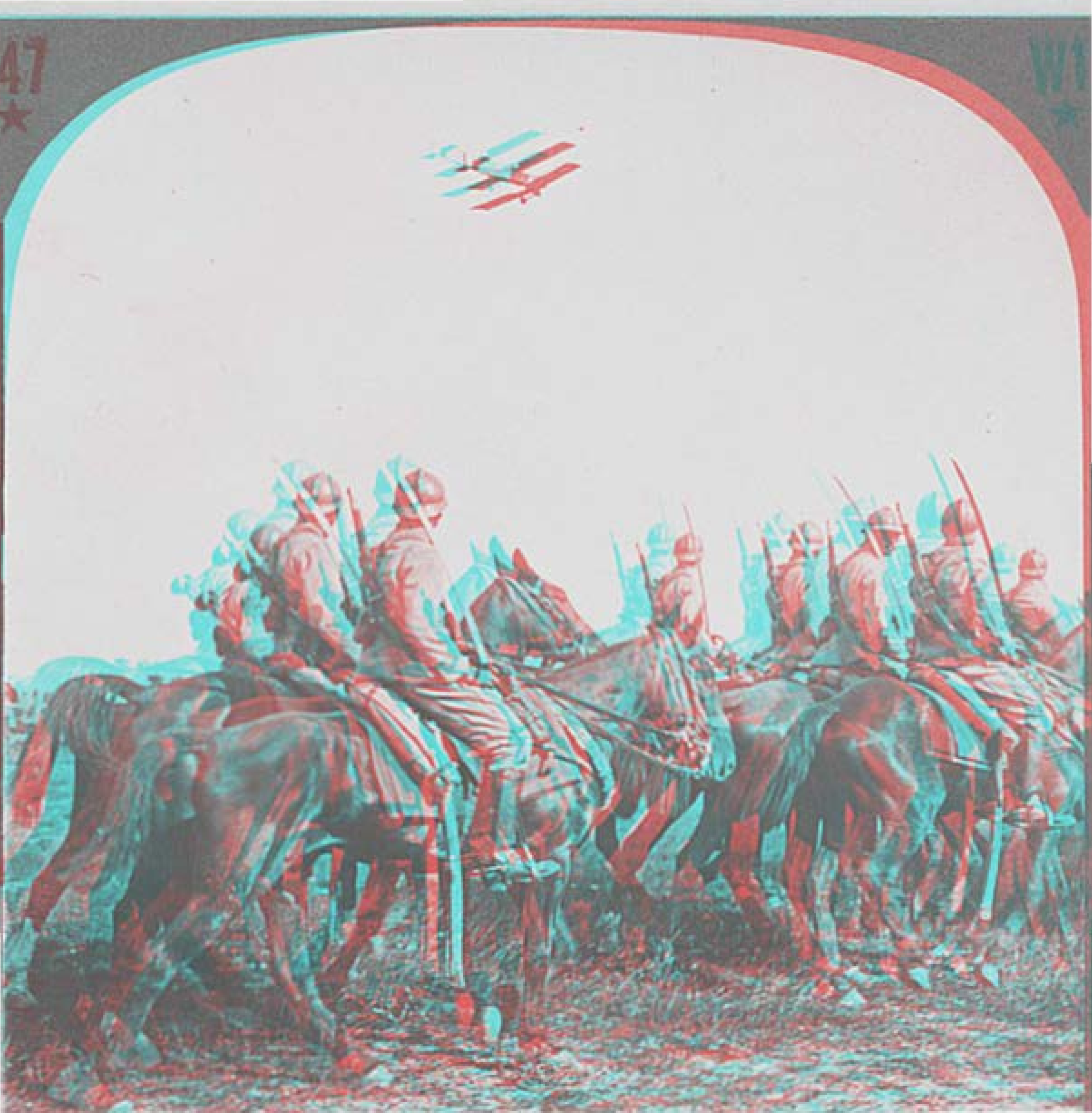

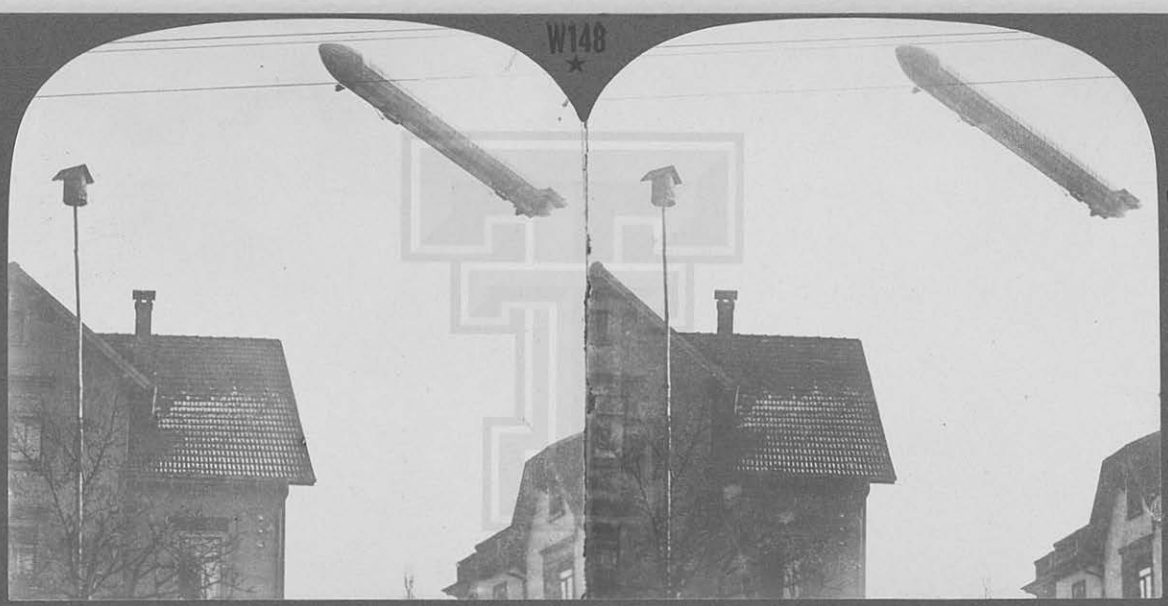

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Meadville, Pa., New York, N. Y.,
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18000 Zeppelin Flying Over a German Town—
Lower Valley of the Rhine.

(18000)

ZEPPELIN FLYING OVER A GERMAN TOWN

The only lighter-than-air machines that have been made that can be directed and controlled are the dirigibles (dĭr'ĭ-jĭ-b'ls). Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin (zĕp'ē-lĭn), a German, spent much of his life trying to make the dirigible a success. Largely due to his work, Germany stood first in the development of dirigibles for many years. In fact, his name was commonly given to these German machines. For a number of years Germany had regular carrying routes for the Zeppelin. Passengers and mails were carried from point to point. Some of these huge machines were 600 feet long and 50 feet in diameter. They are long, cigar-shaped, rigid balloons. The large gas bags, made into compartments, support cars swung beneath. These cars carry passengers, merchandise, or guns, and also the large motors which propel the machine.

During the Great European War, the Germans used the Zeppelins to terrorize the people of England and France. They frequently crossed the English Channel to bombard British cities. From thousands of feet in the air, bombs were dropped on peaceful towns, killing men, women and children. The British and French used airplanes and anti-aircraft guns as a means of defense. Many Zeppelins were thus brought down. In a running battle the large airplanes were too speedy for the cumbrous dirigible.

The French and British have also perfected large dirigibles. These were used in the Great War for observation purposes largely. Our own army is similarly supplied. But the Allied armies depended largely on airplanes to report enemy movements. Airplanes are far more important as engines of war than are dirigibles.

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V19279—House in Southend, England, Wrecked by Bombs from Raiding Zeppelins.

V 19279

THE DEED OF A ZEPPELIN

Southend is an open port on the coast of Essex, near the mouth of the Thames and 42 miles from London. It was chiefly a seaside resort and its military value was nothing, but that fact did not render it safe from the raids of German Zeppelins, airplanes or warships. Under the terrorizing policy of the German Government, any human being, man, woman or child, in enemy territory was regarded as a proper object for attack, and any town, whether fortified or not, as a legitimate target for bombs or shells. So Southend came in for its share of "straffing".

There is no detail of the scene before us which might not be as well in an American as in an English city. Such a scene brings home to us vividly what might have happened in many of our own cities had the United States faced Germany alone, and unprepared as we were at the beginning of the war, or had Germany triumphed and been in a position later to carry the war to our shores. Such hideous possibilities of yesterday, which were averted by our making common cause with France and England, Italy and Belgium for democracy and international decency, made the bond between us and them seem so strong and our mutual obligations one to another so great, that any differences which have arisen between us in the years since the war appear petty and insignificant by comparison.

This wrecked dwelling house in the city of Southend, England, is a symbol of our basic relationship to the other great nations of the world. Americans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians; they do not deliberately commit deeds like this. Their moral code simply does not acknowledge such practices. Therein is a foundation of mutual understanding more substantial than many treaties.

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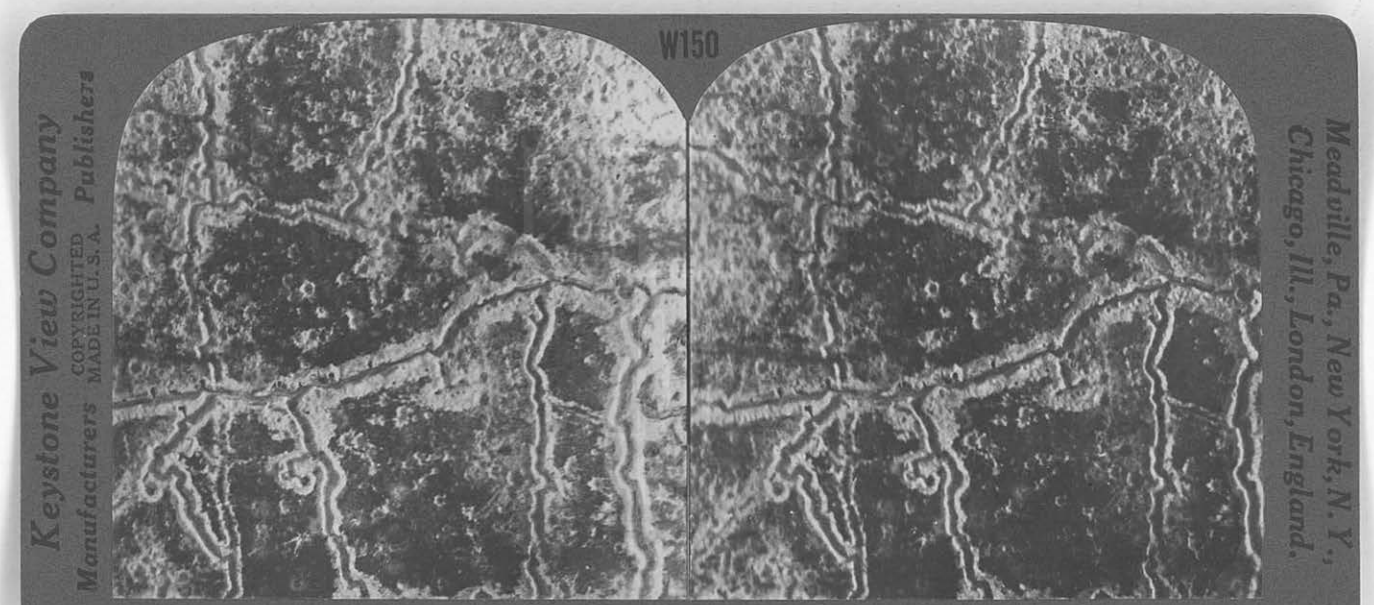

19284 Airplane View of Trenches and Shell Holes.

19284

AIRPLANE VIEW OF TRENCHES AND SHELL HOLES

We are looking down from a speeding airplane, at no great height, as airplanes fly, upon a small portion of the endless network of trenches and countless acres of shell-torn fields which made up the Western front. Here at a glance we can comprehend one of the most valuable services performed by the aerial scout, for this photograph which he has taken is a more exact and detailed map of the ground it covers than could possibly be made by scouts walking over it, or even by surveyors with the best of instruments. Moreover, they could never approach it because the enemy holding these trenches would drive them back. But here by the click of a camera shutter, the airman secures the map of the whole area and can carry it back to be examined at leisure behind his own lines by men skilled in deciphering the meaning of every detail which the photograph shows. During the war photographs such as this of the hostile areas were taken in untold thousands by the daring aviators on both sides, often in "mosaics", which could be fitted together so as to show a whole extensive territory. To be sure the men who took them were in constant peril of death from the attacks of enemy planes or the shells of the anti-aircraft guns on the ground, but such dangers were "all in the day's work".

Here below us even unpracticed eyes can see the serpentine twists of the trenches, outlined by the white clay thrown up from them, the entrances to dugouts and shelters in the sides of the trench extending from left to right across the view, and the shadowy outline of a belt of wire stretching along in front of it. Craters made by countless shells all over the ground show how vigorously this region has been pounded by artillery fire.

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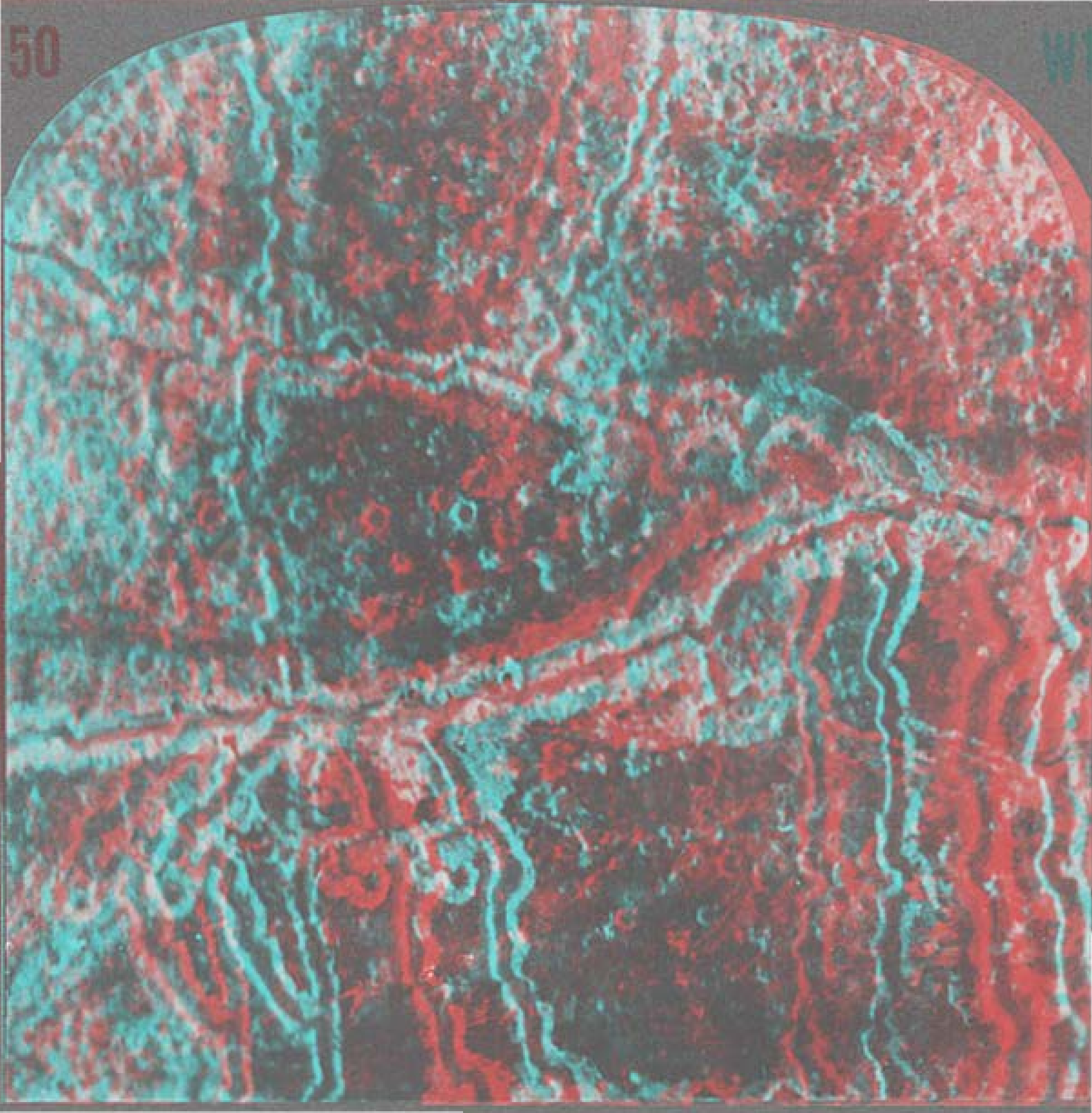

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18632 Zeppelin Wrecked and Burned—Ruins Being Inspected by French Troops.

18632

FRENCH TROOPS INSPECTING A WRECKED ZEPPELIN

Zeppelins are rigid frame, dirigible balloons, invented by Count Zeppelin of Germany. The frame is of aluminum, the gas cells are made of goldbeater's skin, while the outside cover is made of gummed waterproof cotton cloth. The newest ones are 540 feet long, carry a crew of 18 men, two tons of explosives and 8 tons of fuel and ballast. The gondolas are of plated steel and are armed with machine guns, bombs and aerial torpedoes. Zeppelins are lifted by hydrogen gas, fly ordinarily about 7,000 feet high and can cruise 1,000 miles. To Germany they have been one of the supreme disappointments of the war. Covered with invisible paint, fitted with wireless equipment, these great airships were to hover above the British fleet, signal its position to the German ships and aid in its destruction by a rain of bombs. They were to lay London in ashes and bring Great Britain a suppliant to the feet of Germany.

Zeppelins did fly over London, in a score of attacks, killing 169 and wounding 388 men, women and children. But means of defense were rapidly devised. Anti-aircraft guns bombarded them from below. Inflammatory bullets from airplanes sent them to earth in a burst of flame. So many were destroyed that by 1918 the Zeppelin was practically abandoned as an engine of war. Its greatest service will be performed in time of peace. Before many years Kipling's "Night Mail" will become a reality. The air will be marked out in lines of travel as the ocean is today. From New York, London, Paris and other metropolises huge liners of the air will fly to all points of the compass, ships 200 yards long, traveling 100 miles an hour and carrying tons of mail and scores of passengers.

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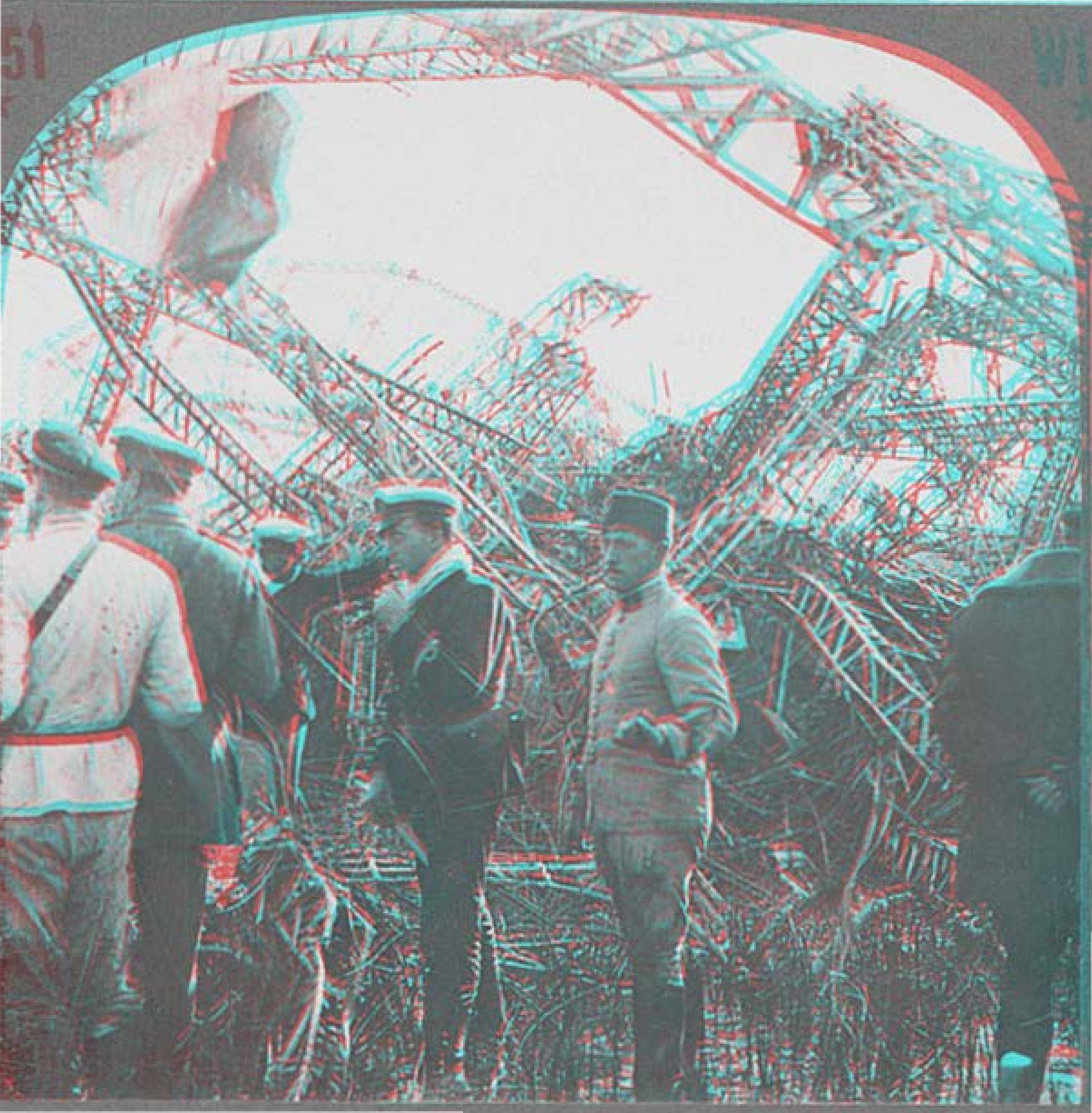

V18927 "Enemy Airmen Successfully Bombed One of Our Supply Trains," Official Report.

V18927

"ENEMY AIRMEN SUCCESSFULLY BOMBED ONE OF OUR SUPPLY TRAINS," OFFICIAL REPORT

A scene such as this helps us to realize how disease and pestilence would naturally follow in the wake of an army unless the sanitary corps is sufficiently strong to clear the ground from day to day. Where this could not be done whole regions would become foul with putrefying flesh, both human and animal, poisoning air and water. Even when every possible precaution is taken a great number of deaths from disease in the army and among the civilian population in the regions affected can be traced to infections coming from such cases as this view indicates.

The aeroplane played an increasingly important part during the war. While it was most valuable for making observations it also accomplished much by striking at the source of supply behind the lines. The aeroplane was able to detect and destroy ammunition depots, provision stores and supply trains enroute to the front line.

American air squadrons played important roles in the battles of Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne. They brought down in combat 755 enemy planes, while their own losses of planes numbered only 357.

At the close of the war there were 4,307 trained American flying officers in France, and 2,698 planes had been sent to the front for the use of American squadrons. So rapid was the destruction of aircraft at the front, however, not only in battle but from accidental and other causes, that the date of the armistice found only 1,100 planes in the zone of the advance. divided into 45 squadrons.

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19191 U. S. Observation Airplane on West Front—France.

19191

U. S. OBSERVATION AIRPLANE ON WEST FRONT

Here, waiting the call to action, are two of our observation airplanes. Airplanes of this type perform services of the utmost importance. The development of modern firearms has made cavalry reconnoissance impossible: the daring raids which this branch of the service made in former wars to discover the enemy alignment, disposition of reserves, supply depots, and to secure other needed information, are no longer attempted. Today the observation airplane is the eye of an army.

Observation planes carry two men, a pilot and an observer. The pilot runs the machine; the observer, telescope in hand, scans the enemy trenches and the terrain for miles in their rear. The observer is ever on the lookout for enemy troops on the move, or for any indication of reserves strategically hidden in forest or trench. Sometimes he will see, far off in the distance, long columns of soldiers moving along the winding roads, sometimes he will see batteries changing position under his eyes; and sometimes long trains of troops pulling in on the enemy's interior railways. This information he must carry at once to headquarters for there, after comparing with reports from other observers, the information received often gives a clue to the foe's intentions.

The observation plane supplements the work of the observation balloon. The latter, from its stationary position, obtains a general idea of the disposition of the foe's forces. With this as a basis, the airplane is sent to make a detailed reconnoissance, in the course of which it will secure information which the balloon could by no means obtain.

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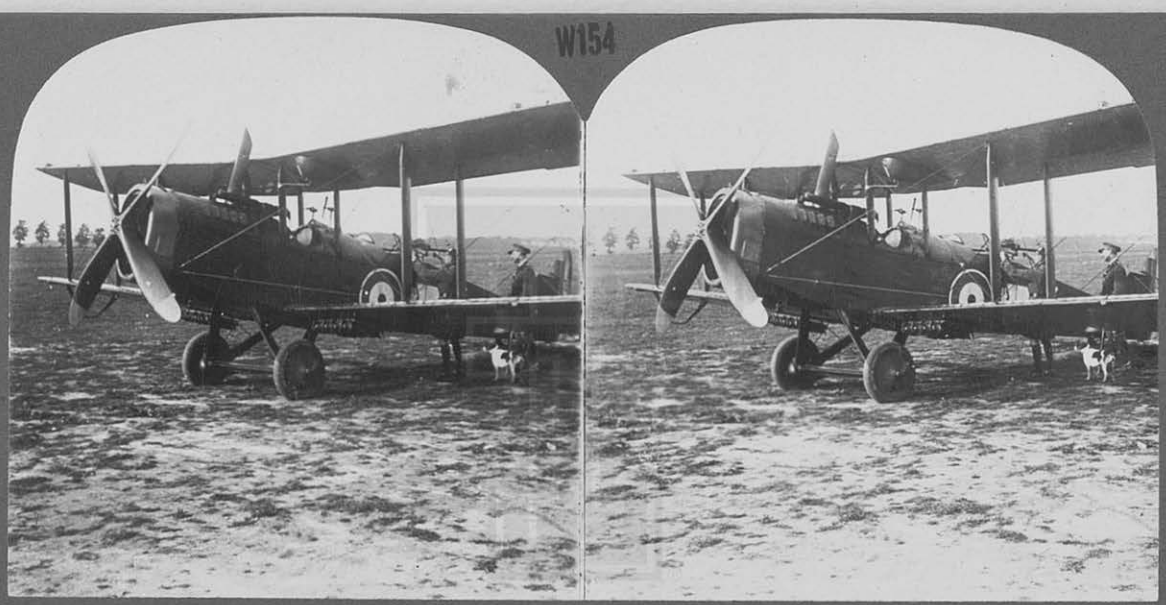

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V18921—A Double-seated "Fighter" Equipped with Bomb-dropping Device, Ready to Go Aloft.

V 18921

DOUBLE-SEATED "FIGHTER" READY TO GO ALOFT

Early in the war the French favored the monoplane as a fighting machine but airplanes underwent the inevitable development which experience brings, and as battles in the air became more numerous, each with its costly lesson, they were gradually superseded by the biplane. At first the latter were built with but a single seat and were small in spread of wing. Guynemer, the great French "ace", used a monoplane in his earlier exploits, but later a huge biplane in which he could fly ninety miles an hour, making his flights alone. On one occasion he brought down a German Fokkar carrying two men, but narrowly escaped destruction himself, saved only by his miraculous skill. The Fokkar machine had a speed of one hundred miles an hour, but France built the "spad" which attained the incredible speed of 125 miles an hour and because of this great speed could be handled only by the most expert flyers.

Eventually it became apparent that the single seated plane could not contend on equal terms with the double seater: the former could fire only straight ahead while the latter had a second gun in the rear which fired in any direction except forward.

The next development was that of equipping the double-seater with a bomb-dropping device, for as larger machines were built, with greater fuel capacity and consequent larger range of action it became possible to bomb enemy plants and supply depots many miles away. In some of these machines the bombs were dropped by hand, in others by pressing a spring with the foot. The plane before us is of the best type, a machine that inflicted immense damage upon the Germans.

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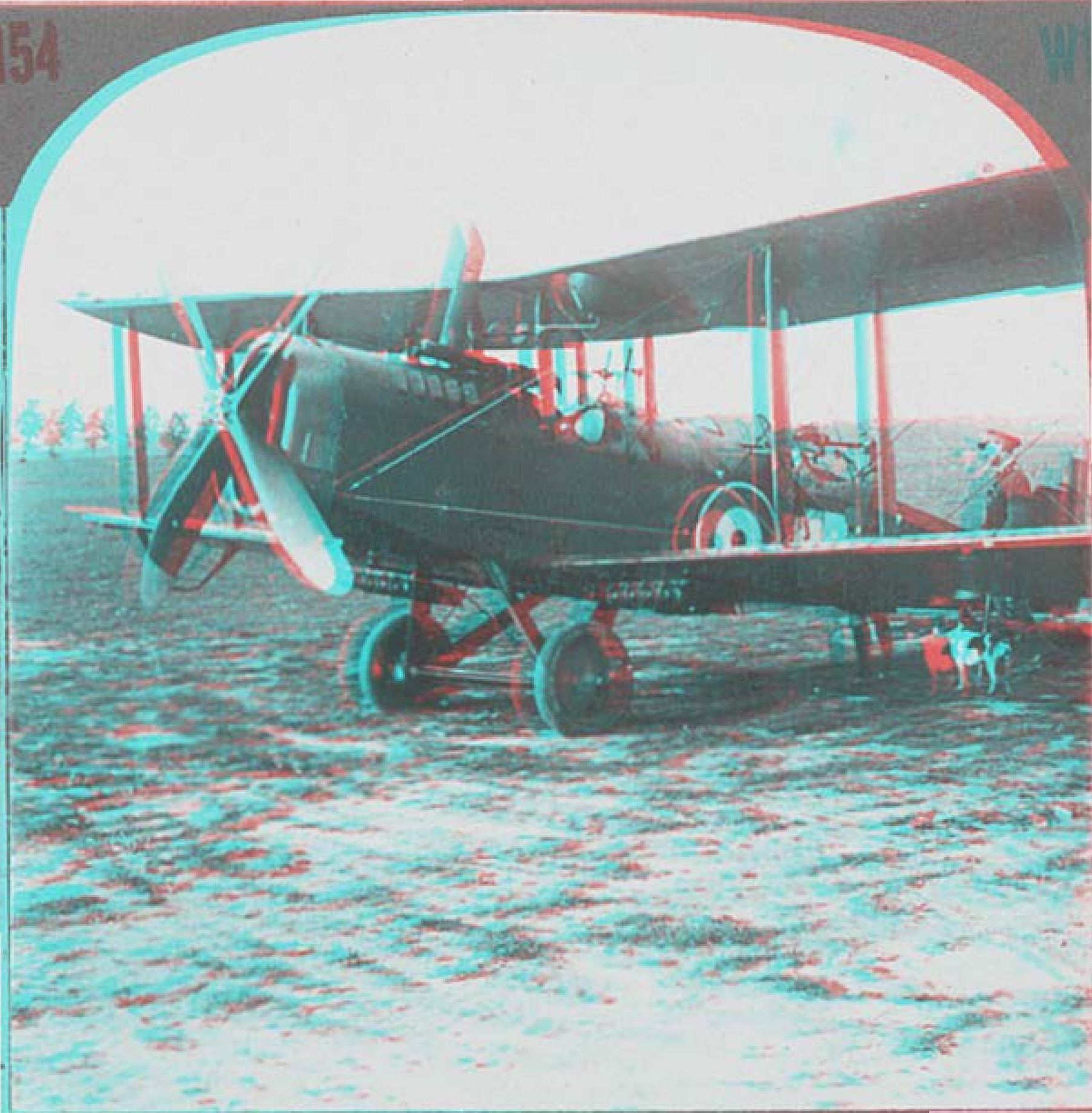

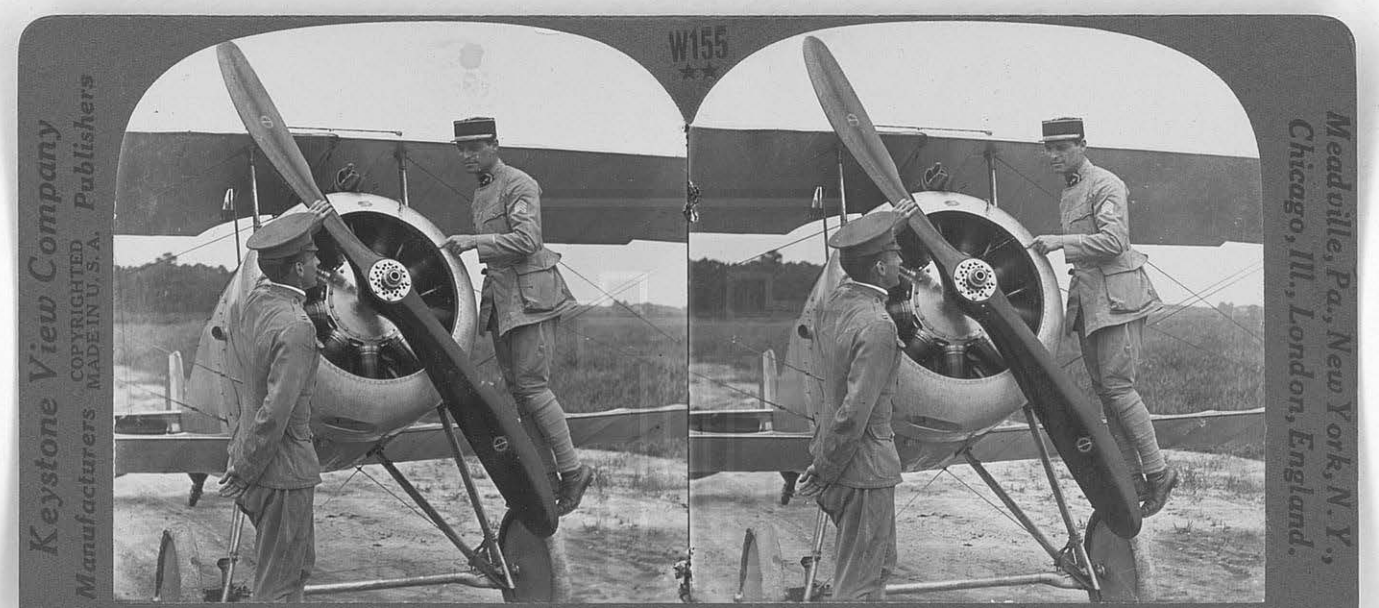

19049 Lieut. LeMaitre, French Aviation Forces, Explaining "Nieuport" Airplane, Fortress Monroe, Va.

19049

LIEUT. LeMAITRE EXPLAINING MECHANISM OF "NIEUPORT" AIRPLANE

Brig. Gen. George O. Squires, the chief Signal Service officer of the army said: "Airplanes will put the Yankee punch in the war. The way to beat Germany is to flood the air with airplanes. Take the war out of the trenches and put it into the air."

The Allies looked to the aerial contribution of the United States as the most important that could be made. Both England and France sent some of their aviation specialists to the United States for the purpose of instructing American officers. Famous French aviators arrived here to help in the training of the 10,000 men needed to conduct aerial operations against the German fleet and U-boat bases. Many of these men wore decorations received for exploits in naval battles and some bore scars from encounters with German airplanes.

LeMaitre is here seen explaining the mechanism of a Nieuport airplane. The Nieuport is the smallest, fastest rising, fastest moving biplane in the French service. It is a one-passenger machine, equipped with one 110 horsepower LeRhone motor, and can travel 150 kilometers per hour. It is equipped with a Vickers or Lewis machine gun, which is fired by the pilot with one hand while he controls his machine with the other hand and feet. The French call the Nieuport pilots the "aces" of the air.

Tests of the first standardized United States airplane motor were very satisfactory. These motors were designed and built under direction of the Aircraft Production Board.

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V18922 The Eyes of the Army—View of German Town from American Airplane.

V18922

VIEW OF GERMAN TOWN FROM BRITISH AIRPLANE

During the Great War, for the first time in the history of the world the airplane was in truth the eyes of the army. Without it a Commander-in-chief could have obtained no idea of the numbers of the enemy, the disposition of his forces, the location of his base of supplies, the placement of heavy artillery. With it, all these things were at his disposal, for the airplanes could go anywhere and everywhere. There were no impassable trenches in the skies, no charted lanes beyond which lay destruction. The airplane roamed the sky at will, sometimes over enemy trenches, sometimes scouting miles to the rear, sometimes hovering over rail heads or dropping bombs on supply stations. The only thing that could bar its progress was an enemy plane. Hence the battles for supremacy in the air. The army whose planes could chase those of the enemy from the sky had an enormous advantage.

Daily the planes soared aloft, separated, and shot away to spy out the land beneath, each having its appointed section to cover. The observer took numerous photographs of the country and at night these were compared with photographs of the same positions taken the day before. Any change in the disposition of masses of troops was discovered at once, and by comparison of the photos of one section with those of the others the destination of the troops could be discovered or surmised. No surprise attack could be made against an army which held the mastery of the air unless troops were concentrated under the shelter of night. The scene before us shows with what clearness these photographs brought out details. Large buildings are readily differentiated from small ones and their location easily determined.

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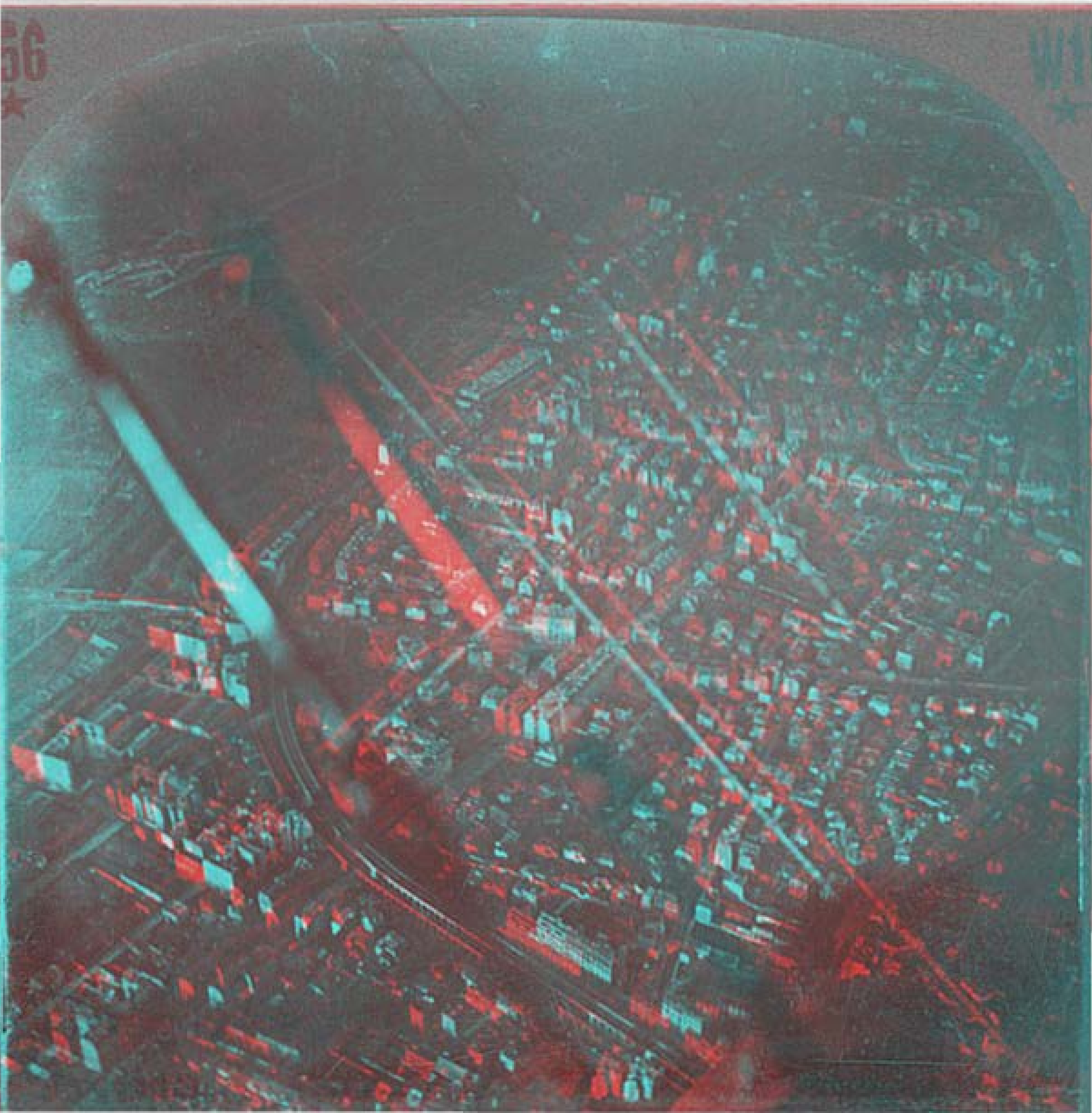

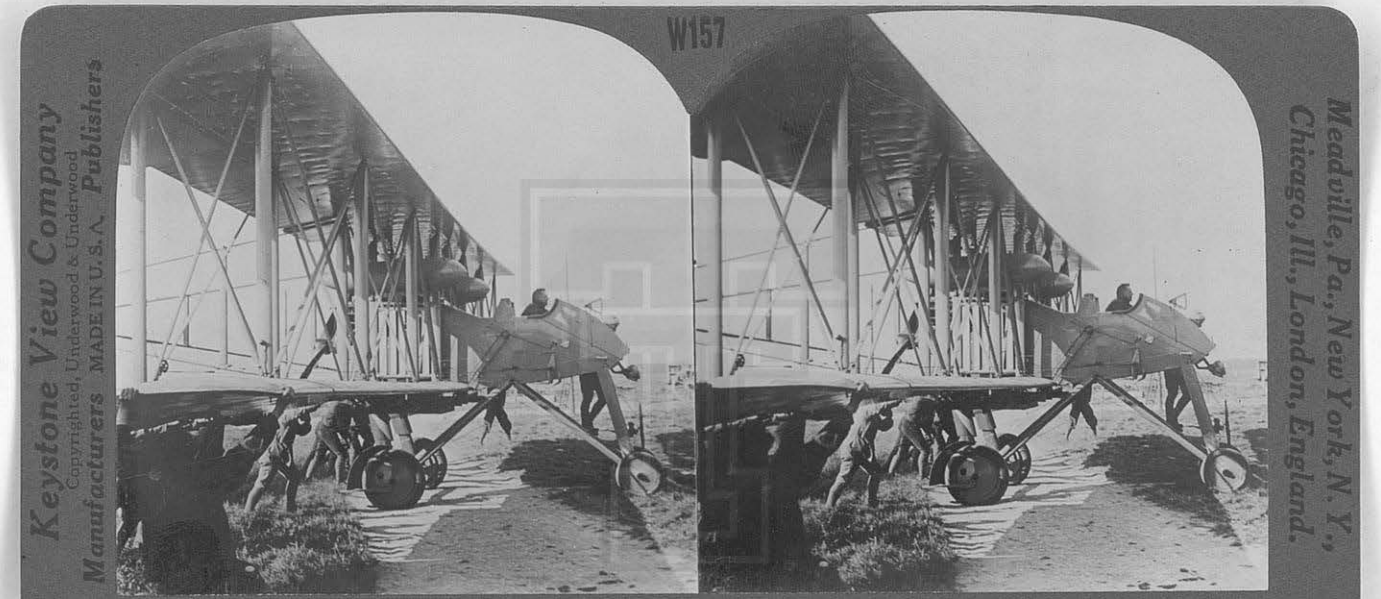

V18920 Bridgnet Michelin Bombarding Airplane
Ready to Ascend, France.

V 18920

BOMBING AIRPLANE READY TO ASCEND

As the science of aerial warfare developed planes were built larger and larger, with more power, speed and carrying capacity, and finally they were armorplated. The plane before us was one of the best products of French factories, thoroughly up-to-date in every particular. France turned them out in great numbers and they performed notable service in the later battles of the war, not only bombing rail heads, ammunition dumps and supply depots, but attacking troops on the march, derailing railroad trains, and putting artillery out of commission.

Not only France, but Britain and Germany also were engaged in a feverish race for supremacy in the air. Airplanes, those hornets of the blue, had to be reckoned with in every major engagement. The army which had the better service in this branch of warfare was secure from surprise, and usually well informed as to the disposition of the enemy's forces. Consequently, during the latter years of the war thousands of planes took the air. Battles in the blue were of daily occurrence, not only between single opponents but between whole fleets of planes. Germany, her Zeppelins and Super-Zeppelins a failure, built the Fokkar and later the Aviatik, one of the most powerful and destructive of planes. It had two engines of 150 Horse Power in separate frames, with a propeller in front of each. Its cabin, placed between the engines, was armored and contained two machine guns. Wherever possible it was encased in steel armor, and its fuel capacity was enormous, sufficient to carry the machine 1000 miles. Great Britain built an even larger machine, the Canada, with a wing span of 100 feet, a machine which could carry a ton of bombs.

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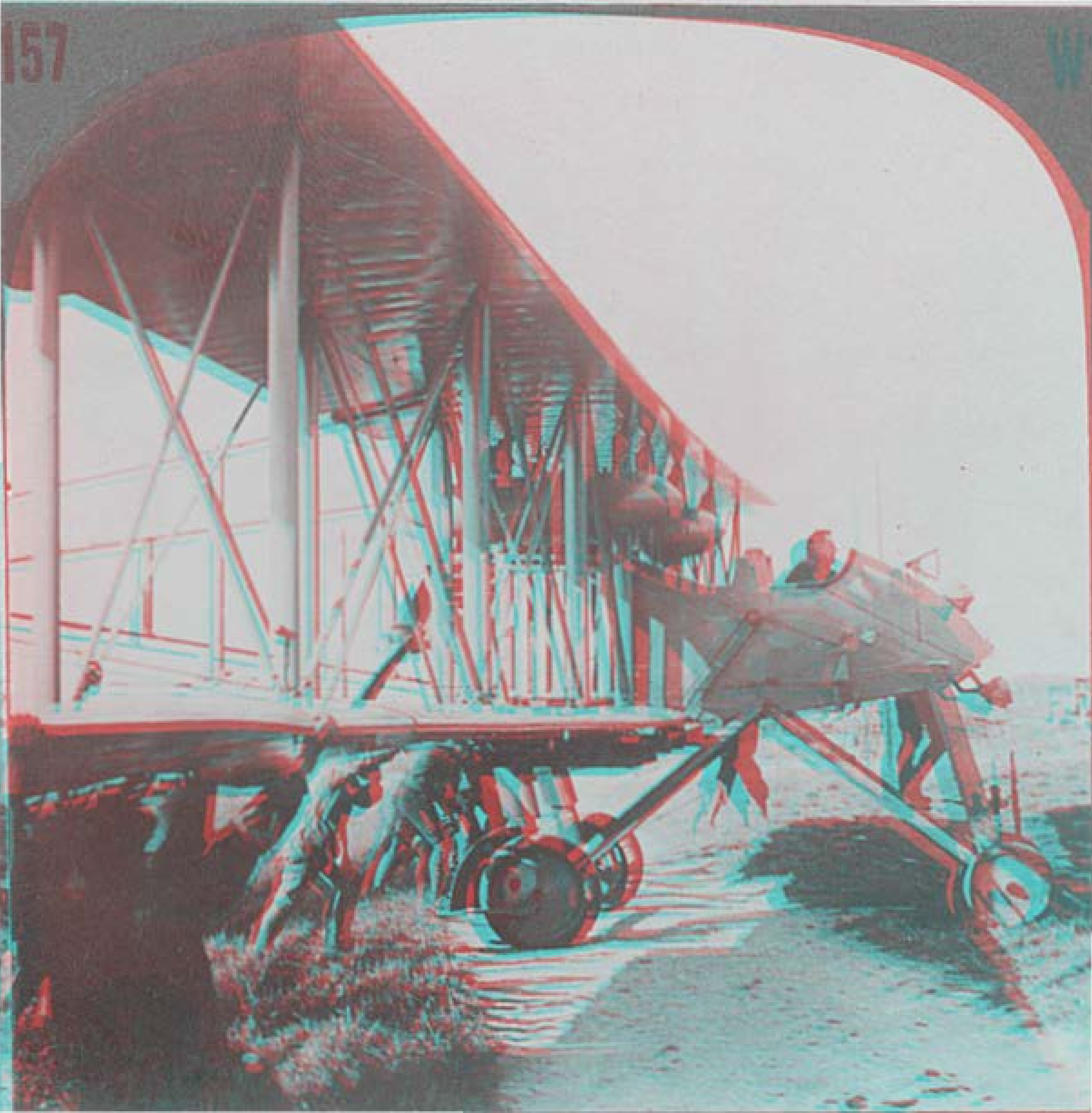
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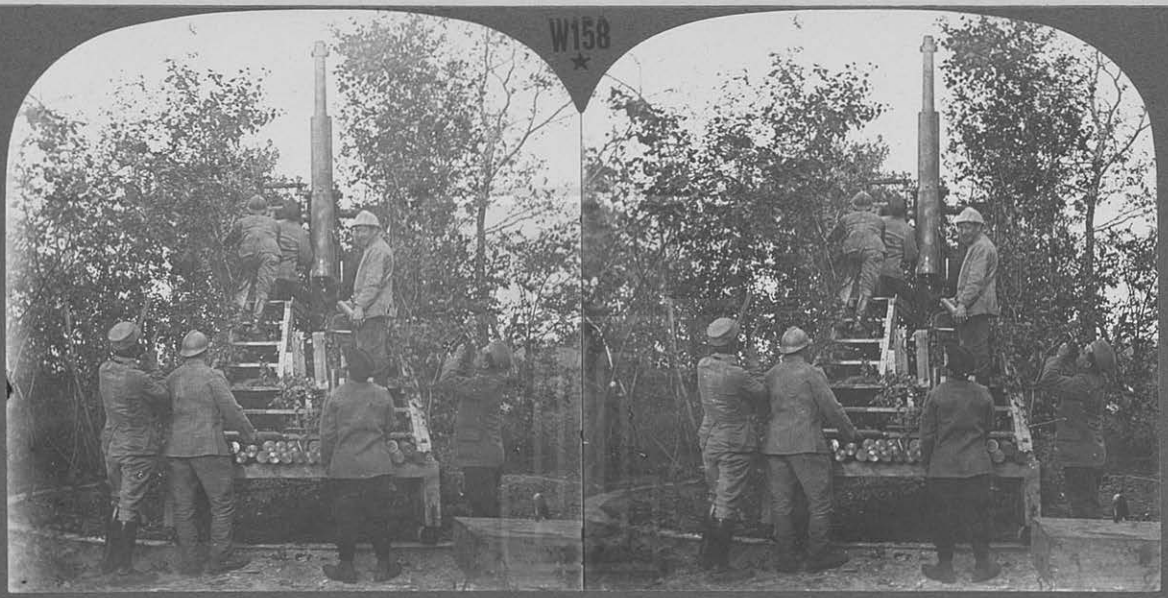

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18756 French "75" Gun in Action against Battle Planes.

18756

A FRENCH "75" IN ACTION

The French "75" was the most remarkable weapon in use during the war. In durability, rapidity and precision of fire, no other piece of artillery even approached it. American soldiers who used this weapon are enthusiastic in their appreciation of it. It is a marvelous piece of mechanism, perfected after years of effort. Germany knew of this weapon before the war, but even Germany, efficiency incarnate, failed to appreciate how efficient it would prove to be. Nor with all her spies and secret emissaries was she able to discover the secret of its mechanism.

This secret lies in one small piece of the many that enter into the construction of this weapon, and was jealously guarded from all the world. Not until the war was well under way was this secret revealed, and then to a large plant in our country which, within a year, was turning out these guns by the thousand. Germany modeled a gun after its pattern, but it proved to be a much less effective piece of apparatus — somehow the German missed the "soul" of the "75," although he got the form.

The gun before us is mounted on a circular platform so that it can command any point of the compass, and is camouflaged among the trees. See the row of shells lying ready to hand on the baseboard of the gun carriage; and the soldier further up, shell in hand, ready to pass it to the gunner, then follow it with others as fast as they can be fed into the gun. At the base of the gun carriage you will see the wheels which run on the concrete rail, enabling the gun to point in any direction.

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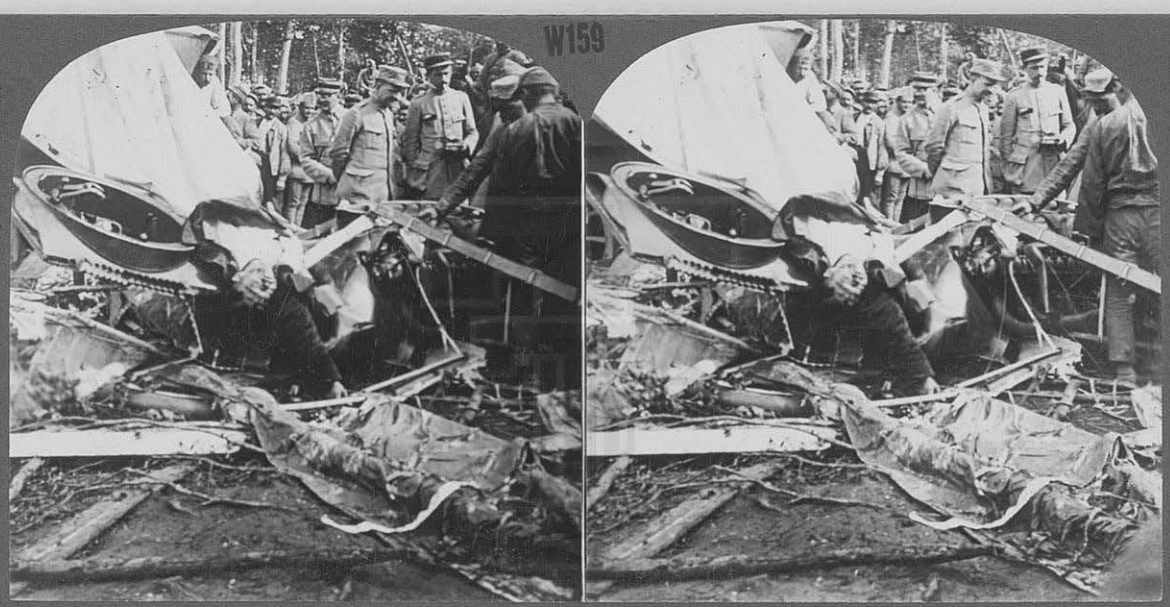

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V18891—Body of a German Aviator in His Wrecked Machine Back of the French Lines.

V-18891

BODY OF GERMAN AVIATOR IN WRECKED MACHINE

This man had been scouting over the French lines when a shot disabled his machine and brought it crashing to the earth. Once this happens there is not the slightest chance in the world for the aviator. The fall alone breaks every bone, and frequently the man is crushed under the heavy engine. Notwithstanding this certainty of instant death if a machine becomes disabled, the air service had an irresistible attraction for daring and gallant men. The thought of flying at will above the clouds, high up in the blue sky, stirred their imagination. The vision of titanic combats above the emptiness of space, combats which must end with victory or death, daunted them not. Thousands of men took to the air during the World War and thousands hurtled down to their death. Soaring a mile high, colums of troops below looked like huge crawling snakes. Oftimes, flying above the battle, the cannonade would be so heavy, the smoke so dense, that the earth could not be perceived at all. Sometimes, when flying low a salvo of shells would burst around them, blossoming for a moment like balls of cotton in the air, while the plane rocked with the concussion. Sometimes, when in fancied loneliness, a burst of bullets in the rear was the first announcement of the stealthy foe's approach. Every moment aloft was a moment of danger, eye, ear and brain constantly on the alert. Consequently the air service was a tremendous strain on the nervous system. To have them "fit" when they did ascend, to allow their nerves to relax from the strain to which they had been subjected, aviators were given rest periods at frequent intervals; were forced to take them whether they wished or not, for steady nerves are fundamental in this branch of the service.

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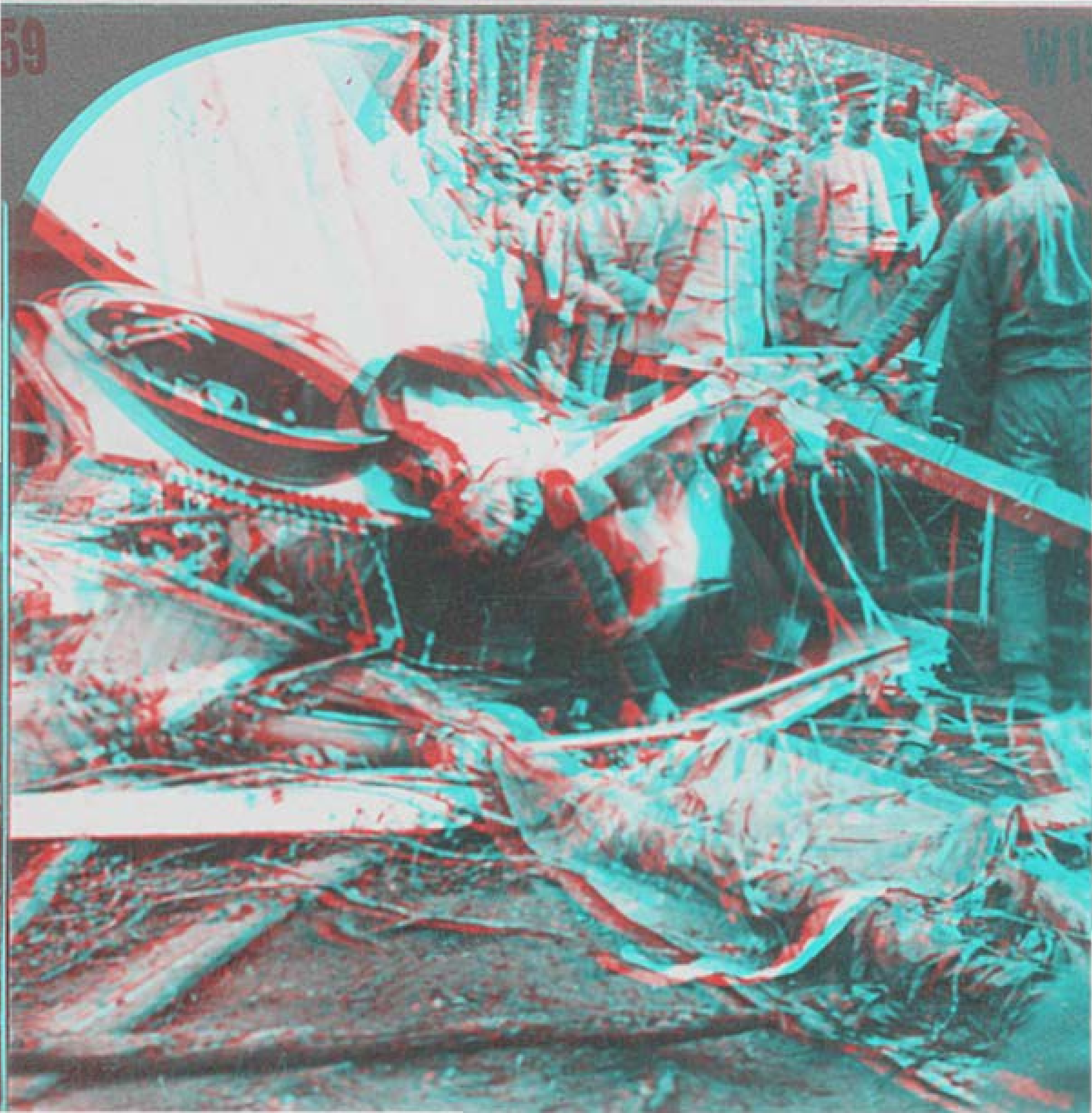

V18923 Observation Balloon Fatally Pierced by Incendiary Bullets from American Plane.

V18923

OBSERVATION BALLOON FATALLY PIERCED BY INCENDIARY BULLETS FROM AMERICAN PLANE

Far above the surface of the earth you can see one of the battles of the air, with the American aviator in his 'plane victorious over the German observation balloon. Swinging in the tiny wicker basket which to you seems just a dot beneath the balloon, a German officer has been watching the least little movement behind the lines of the American troops.

It was to defeat his purpose that the American in his 'plane ventured over the lines and gave battle. Swooping swiftly, curving and diving to avoid the hail of machine gun bullets and high explosive shells with which the Germans sought to bar his path, he reached his goal and with incendiary bullets struck at the hugh gas bag.

One of his bullets has penetrated it, less than a minute ago, for within a few seconds the balloon will be entirely consumed with the flames, and the observer will have attempted to save his life by jumping with his parachute. In the length of time that it takes you to look at the balloon with its finlike projections at the stern to add to its stability, the highly inflammable gas will have burned and the few bits of charred wreckage dropped to the earth.

His work done, the aviator is turning to journey back toward his own lines, three or four miles over enemy territory, to report: "One 'blimp' shot down."

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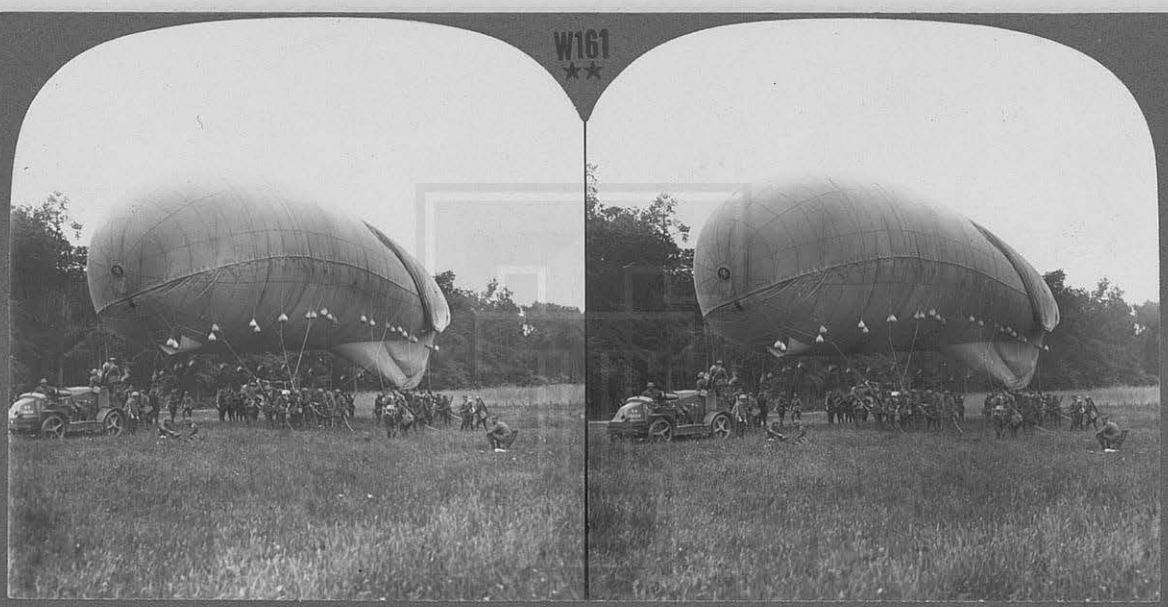

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18736 Attaching Observation Balloon to Winch for Towing into Position, Army of Occupation, Weissenburg, Germany.

18736

ATTACHING OBSERVATION BALLOON TO WINCH

This huge, whale-like balloon has been filled with gas and is ready to ascend. The time has come to fasten it to the winch, tow it to position and allow it to rise. A few minutes ago this swelling monster was a flat, empty bag, lying in folds on the ground. The auto car brought steel tubes containing hydrogen gas at a pressure of 150 degrees. Pipes were attached to valves in these tubes and the hydrogen was passed into a cloth sleeve leading to valves in the balloon. As it swelled out and began to rise, soldiers grasped the ropes we see hanging from it to prevent the balloon from escaping.

Under the middle of the huge bag the observer is attaching his wicker basket. He will then take his seat in it, see that his ground telephone is properly adjusted, and that his map and telescope are at hand. Then the thousand yard steel cable will be attached and the word given to "cast off". Half a mile above the earth the balloon will come to a halt, tethered to the car below, and the observer will use his telescope, surveying for miles the ground behind the enemy's line. His map shows the location of railroad lines, roads, ammunition dumps, supply camps, battery positions, trenches, as they were the day before. It is his business to note on this map any changes that have been made and to promptly phone the news to the ground station whence it will be relayed to headquarters.

Surveillance by captive balloons must be continuous. One hangs at all times, during daylight, over the American headquarters of our army of occupation at Coblenz. When a tempest blows they must be hauled down or they will be torn loose and blown away.

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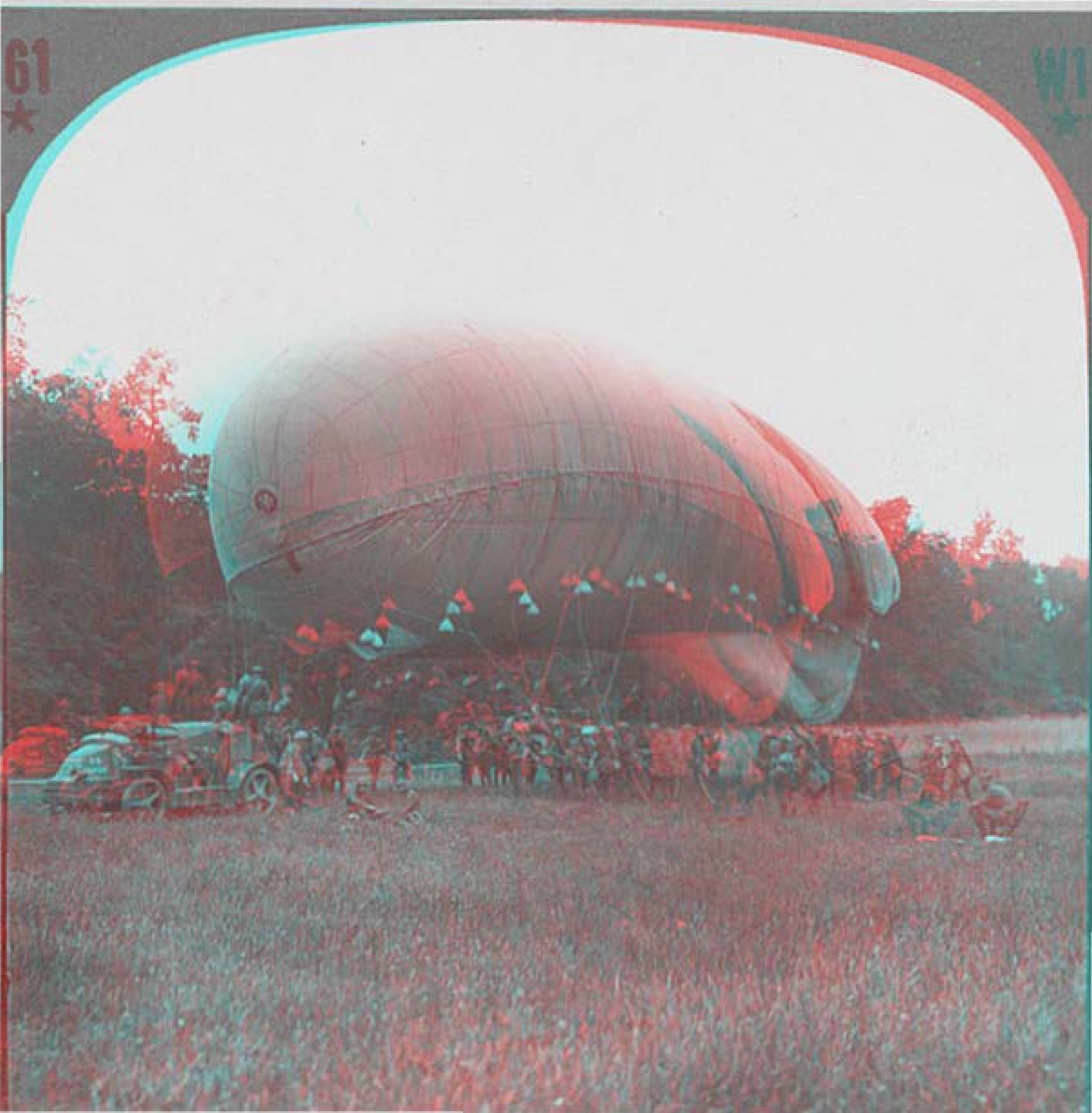
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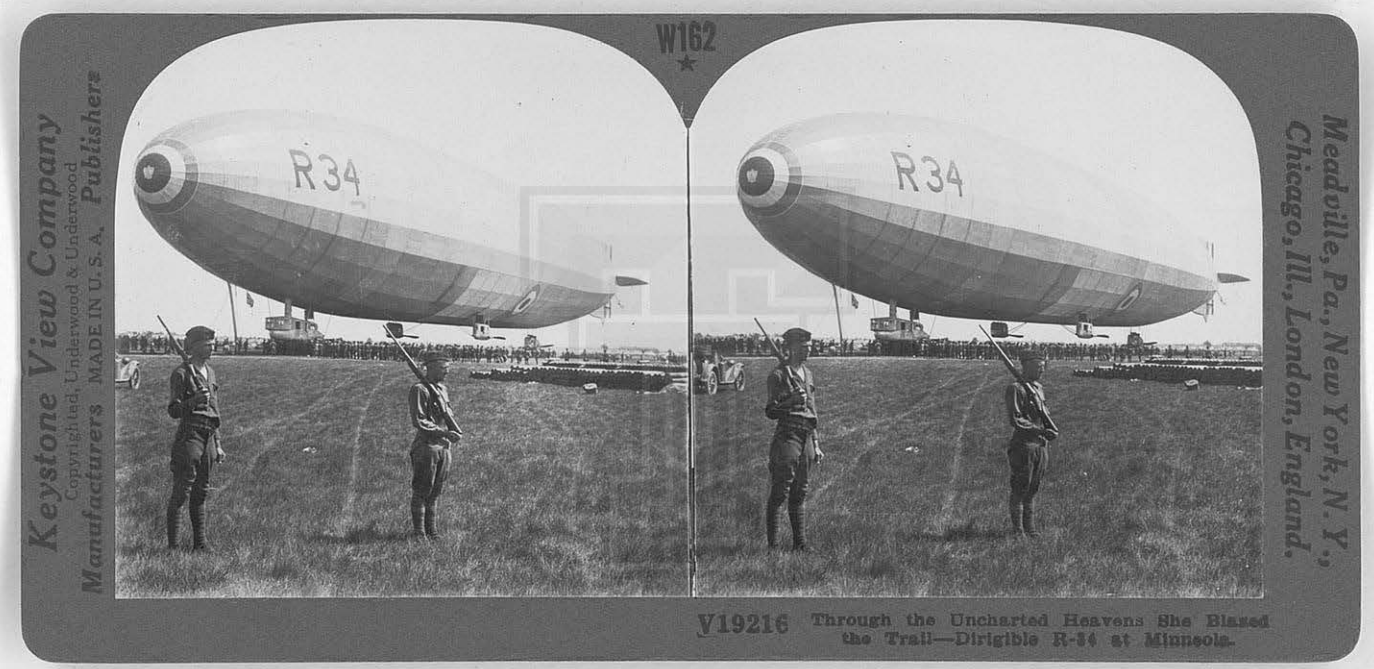

V19216 Through the Uncharted Heavens She Blazed the Trail—Dirigible R-34 at Minneola.

V19216

DIRIGIBLE R-34 AT MINEOLA

During the war great airships like this were sent long distances into enemy territory, sometimes to discover and report the location of supply depots and manufacturing plants, sometimes to hover in the enemy's rear, miles behind the firing line, and observe the number and disposition of his troops. Sometimes they carried a cargo of high explosives, to blow up rail heads and other bases of military activity. Painted a light gray, and with muffled engines, they sped silently, like ghosts, through the heavens. Often the first indication of their presence was a deafening explosion, followed by falling roofs and collapsing walls.

Their journey through the uncharted heavens was attended by constant peril. The currents of the air were often as unstable as those of the sea and these airships, huge though they were, were tossed about and buffeted as the waves of the ocean batter vessels during a storm. Eddies, squalls and swirling currents of air carried them out of their course. At any time they might spring a leak and the escaping hydrogen gas, mixing with the air, cause an explosion that would send them flaming to earth. Searchlights might pick them up and shells destroy them.

We can plainly see the outlines of the ribs of the ship—the structural frame which stiffens the gas bag. The "lines" of an airship are just as important as those of a vessel which sails the ocean. If correctly designed the ship will glide through the air without friction; but if the design is faulty, currents of air will cling to the vessel and impede its progress, as weeds and grass do to a boat forcing its way through the water.

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RR34

V18895 "Through sickly shrapnel-sown meadows reaped by death alone."

V18895

THROUGH SICKLY SHRAPNEL SOWN MEADOWS REAPED BY DEATH ALONE

In this deserted trench, with the dead sprawled above it as shell or bullet left them, we see summed up much of the grisly horror, the unspeakable filth of the intrenched battlefields of the Western front. No one can faintly imagine the hideous squalor of it all who has not actually existed in such ditches as this one, afloat after weeks of rain and snow with vile water tainted with dead flesh, or plunged and slipped across those fields of slimy mud beneath the lash of bullets and bursting shells.

Conceive, if you can, what it would be to stand and sit, to eat and sleep, to fight at times with rifle and bayonet, for day after day and night after night in such a place as this, with no possible escape from it save by death or wounds until the relieving division came in. Imagine crawling past that clammy, water-soaked blanket and down dripping steps into the depths of the dugout below to "rest"; into a place slimy with mud and swarming with vermin, where big gray trench rats prowl and the air is dank and steaming with the body odors of the poor fellows who cannot help being filthy in such surroundings. Imagine standing in that trench, against whose wall you could not put your hand without having it smeared with mud or polluted by a piece of decaying flesh plastered into the parapet.

Yet for four interminable years millions of Frenchmen and Englishmen, and Germans, too, for that matter, lived and fought and suffered in such infernos. The wonder is that any of them retained either health or reason for future days and peace.

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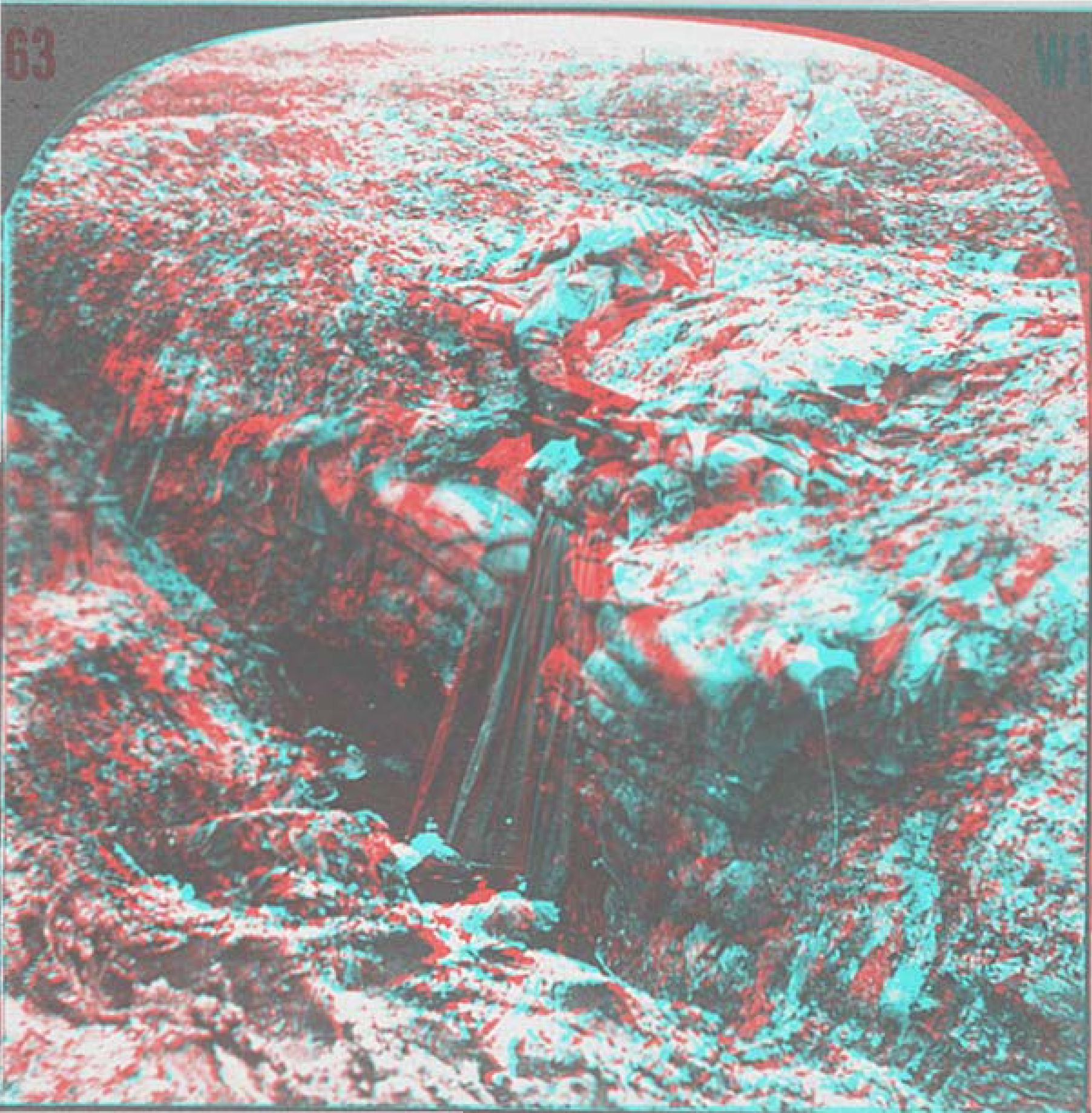
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V18917 Watching "the Crimson Chorus of the Guns" Playing to the Enemy.

V18917

WATCHING "THE CRIMSON CHORUS OF THE GUNS"

Artillery played a most important part in all the major operations on the western front. As the war continued, this branch of the army grew steadily in strength, efficiency and importance. Both sides possessed terrific weapons but on the whole the allies could claim to be superior in their gunnery. The Germans had an advantage in their semi-mobile howitzers and the long-range guns, of which "Big Bertha" was their super-giant. But the allies scored in other pieces. The British introduced drumfire at Neuve Chapelle; the French developed first the stationary and then the creeping barrage at Verdun. The French also discovered a means of locating the guns by sound, and the allies were the first to make use of long-range guns mounted on railroad cars.

Out of every 82 days that the American combat divisions were in line in active sectors in France they were supported by their own divisional artillery for 75 days, by British artillery for 5 days, and by French artillery for 1½ days, and for one-half of one day they were without artillery support. This does not mean, however, that our Allies were not furnishing an immense amount of support in corps and army artillery. For example, the French supported the attack of the 1st American Army at St. Mihiel with 580 75-mm. guns and 793 heavy cannons and mortars, and at the opening of the Meuse-Argonne offensive on Sept. 26th, 1918, 456 French 75s, 1,002 heavy guns and 254 trench mortars were placed at the disposal of the American forces.

The American army in France had 3,500 pieces of artillery, of which nearly 500 were made in America. American troops used on the firing line 2,250 guns. These pieces were all made to conform to the French and British standard calibres.

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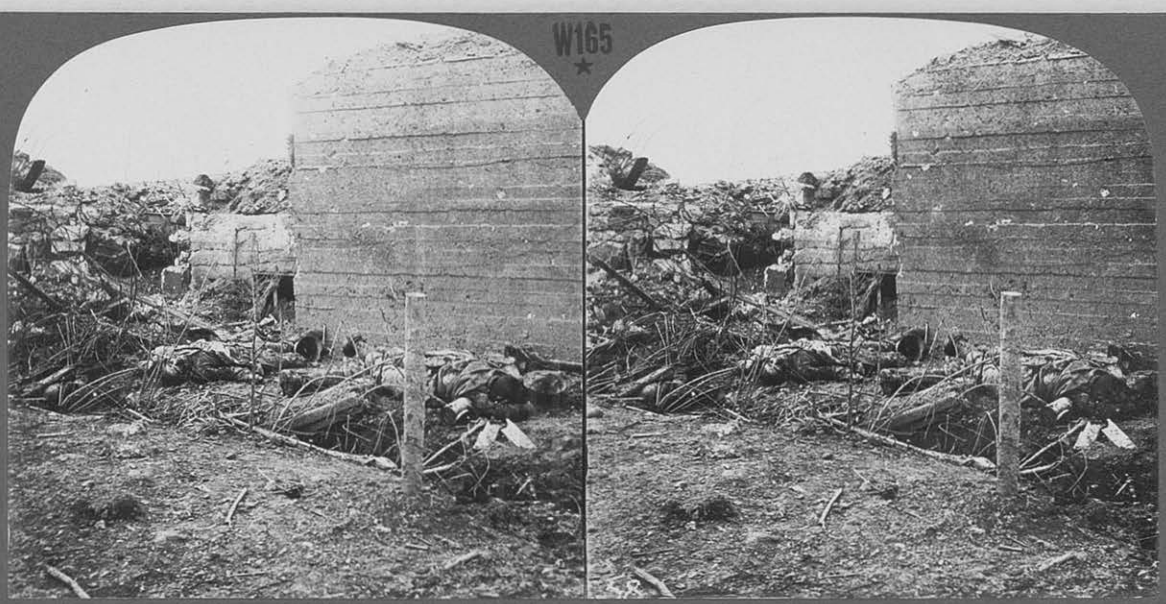

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V18906 "'Twas messy, that bit of a fight"—Dead Germans amidst Wire Entanglements.

Dead Germans amidst Wire Entanglements.

The painstaking care of the Germans is evidenced in this stone and steel defense which they erected to ward off the attacks of the Allies. Those horizontal lines on the sides of the wall are the marks of the boards with which the Germans built the mould before pouring in the concrete around the girders and I-beams of steel which were added to give the redoubt extra strength.

Farther along where a huge shell has broken away the wall you can see the ends of the beams projecting. These fortified places were sometimes defended with machine guns, the muzzles sticking out through tiny openings on the side where the Allies would be forced to attack. At other times they were used as a trench defense, offering much greater difficulties to the attackers than an ordinary trench.

Just behind that post you can see one of the defenders, fallen forward on his face with his arm over his head as though he tried to ward off the missile that killed him. Near him is another tangled in the strands of barbed wire that literally covered every foot of ground near the defense positions of both the Allies and the Germans.

Silhouetted against the sky you can see what at first glance would seem like tall reeds. It is more of the steel reinforcements that the Germans put into the walls and arches of this position in order that it might better withstand the bombardment which they knew would come.

V18398 Shells Bursting in Ruined French Village.

V18898

SHELLS BURSTING IN RUINED FRENCH VILLAGE

This was a scene of almost daily occurrence during the Great War. France suffered terribly. Hundreds of villages were completely blotted out. Literally scarce one stone left standing upon another. None can comprehend how complete the destruction save those who have seen it with their own eyes. Even the village streets have in many instances disappeared, buried under a mass of ruins. Fragments of stone wall lie everywhere in confusion. Stucco has been ground to powder and covers everything like finely sifted snow. Tile roofs have been scattered to bits. Not even a cat is to be seen in these deserted villages which dot the fields of northern France.

Early in the war the inhabitants of these villages, unaware of the atrocities they were to endure, and attached to their homes as none but the French are, remained in their houses as the German host overflowed the land. But later, as tales of the unbelieveable cruelty to which they were subjected filtered out, the French government itself drove them out before the German advance. Nothing could be more pathetic than these forced migrations; old men and women, torn from the firesides beside which their whole life had been spent, sat mournfully upon carts piled hastily with their poor articles of furniture, or dragged their weary limbs along the dusty roads; women with children hanging at their skirts lugged household belongings upon their shoulders; half grown boys drove cattle, sheep or goats. Sad, bedraggled, tired and hungry, helpless and hopeless, hundreds of such processions dragged their weary way along the highways of France, leaving behind them all they had known of comfort or happiness.

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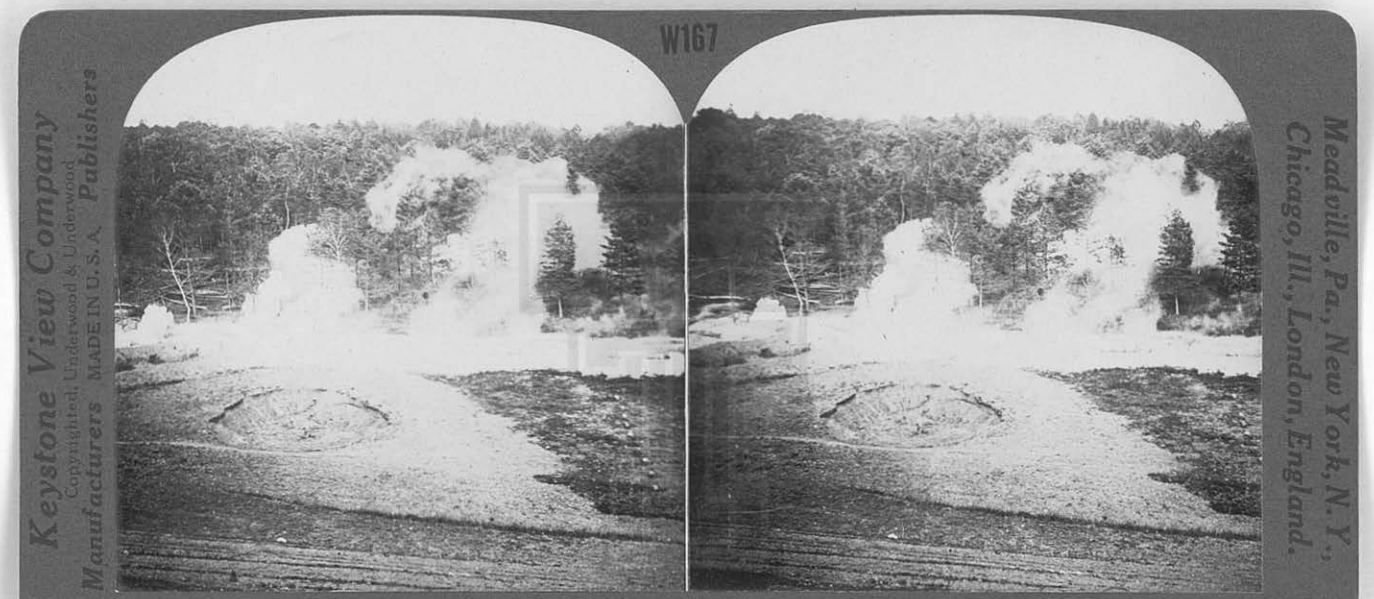

V19280 Huge Shell Hole beside a Highway, France.

V19280

HUGE SHELL HOLE BESIDE A HIGHWAY, FRANCE

Long range artillery fire was a factor of tremendous importance in the World War. Huge high explosive shells, bursting miles behind the lines and wrecking roads and railway junctions, villages, great buildings or supply dumps, introduced an element of uncertainty which added much to the difficulty of supplying an army.

If every heavy shell sent over could have been counted upon to fall accurately on its target, the army suffering under such a bombardment would have been speedily defeated. But the element called by artillerymen "the probable error,"—that is, the slight error to which every shot is subject, due to defects in material and to atmospheric conditions,—prevented this, and by far the greater number of shots fired failed to hit the center of their targets. We see before us the result of such a slight error in the shell hole into which we are looking. This gigantic projectile was aimed at the road running a few yards this side of the crater. Had it struck there, the road would have been made impassable until a large detachment of labor troops could come and repair it. But the shell burst a little to one side and the hole it has made, as large as the cellar of a good-sized house, has done no damage in a military sense.

But when such a shell did find its target, the effect were terrible. Only one of countless instances was the burial of 19 members of Company E, 165 Infantry, 42d U. S. Division, in a dugout which suffered the direct hit of a great German shell in the woods of Rouge Bouquet, east of Luneville, on March 7th, 1918. It was one of the first striking instances of battle fatalities in our forces and all America was shocked by it at the time

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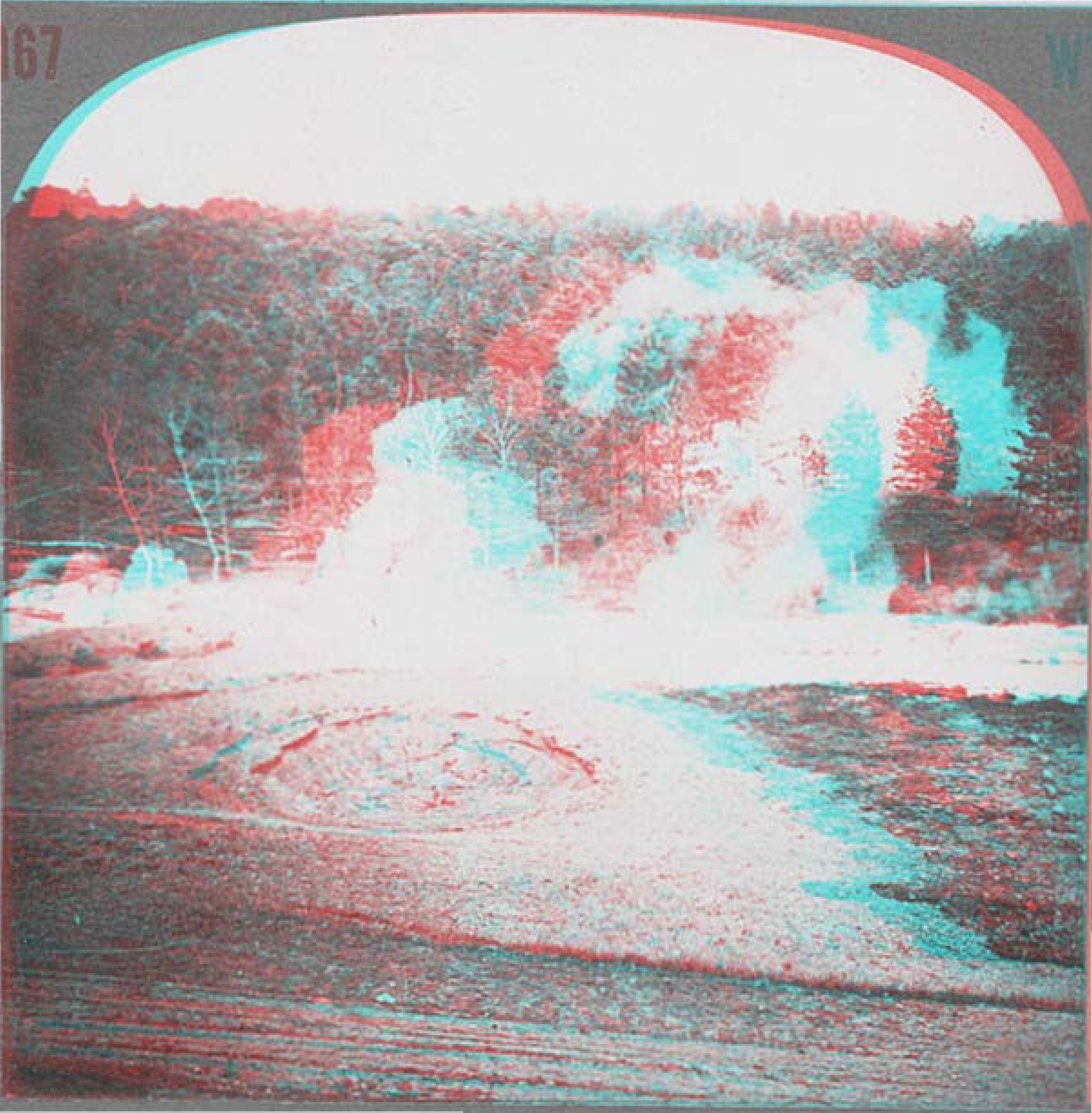
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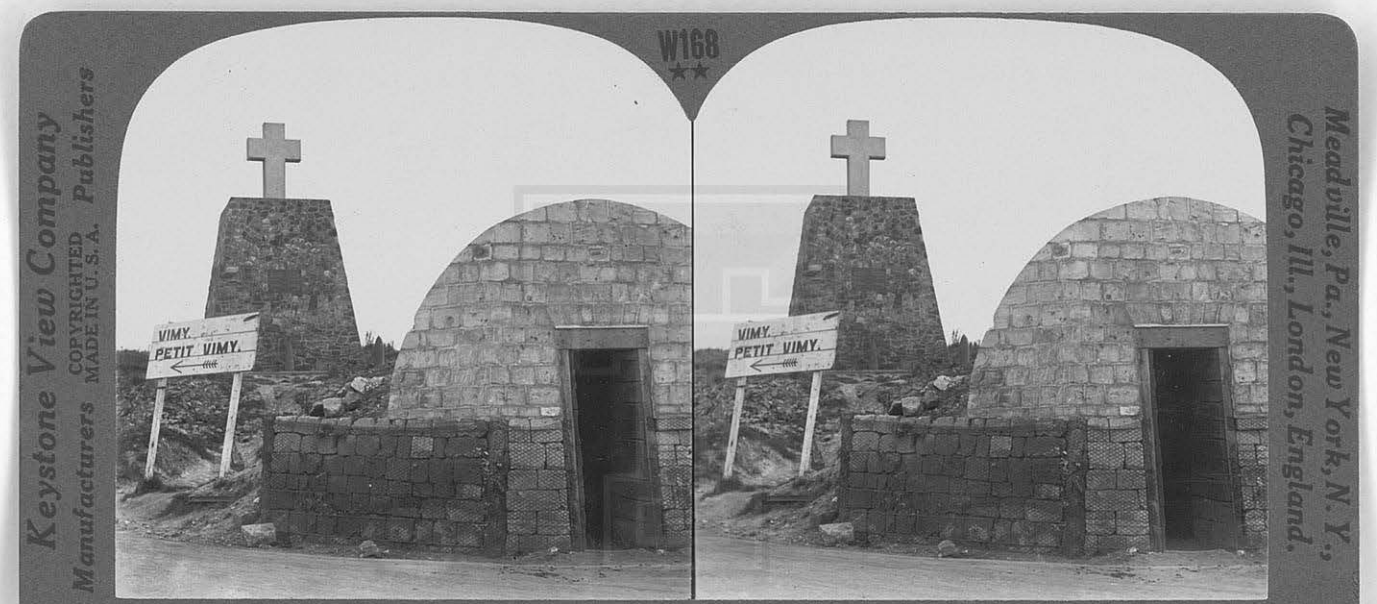

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18793—Monument in Memory of Canadians Who Fell at Vimy in April, 1917.

18793

MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF CANADIANS WHO FELL AT VIMY IN APRIL, 1917

Among all the battles fought by Canadian troops during the war there was none more gallantly carried out than the attack on Vimy Ridge, north of Arras (ä′-räs′), on April 9-11, 1917. Held by the Germans for nearly two and a half years, they had enjoyed from the crest of Vimy Ridge a widespread view over the British trenches and communications far to the westward. It was necessary for the British to capture it, not alone for the sake of denying this observation to the enemy but in order themselves to secure the even more extensive views over the German rear areas which were available from its summit.

After most elaborate preparations and an intense artillery bombardment lasting for over three weeks, the Canadian Corps, preceded by a number of tanks, attacked and utterly overwhelmed the defenders, capturing the entire ridge together with 11,000 prisoners and 100 guns. The blow to the Germans was a severe one, as General Von Ludendorf himself admits in his "Own Story", where he says:—

". . . . . Several of our advanced divisions were overcome. The neighboring divisions which stood firm suffered heavy losses. The enemy succeeded before noon (Apr. 9) in reaching our battery positions and seizing heights which dominated the country far to the east. . . . . I had looked forward to the expected offensive with confidence, and was now deeply depressed. Was this destined to be the result of all our care and trouble during the past half-year? Had our principles of defensive tactics proved false, and if so what was to be done? . . . . . The battle of Arras (Vimy Ridge) on April 9 was a bad beginning for the decisive struggle of this year . . . . ."

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VIMY.
PETIT VIMY.

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V18877 Boyish German Prisoners at a Dressing Station, Longpont

V-18877

BOYISH GERMAN PRISONER AT DRESSING STATION

This lad was not captured early in the war for Germany sent no boys to the front then. It was the flower of German manhood that marched so lightly across the Belgian border, that swept with thunderous tread along the highways to France singing *Deutschland über alles,* blithely posting on the walls the words *nach Paris* (to Paris), that Paris they expected to conquer in six short weeks. How different the sequel! Few of those lusty men who marched in the van of that mighty army ever returned to their homes beyond the Rhine. The bones of thousands lie mingled with the bones of gallant Frenchmen, of heroic British, Scotch, Irish and Americans in the bogs of Flanders, on the banks of the Marne, the Oise (wàz), the Aisne. Thousands of others languished for years in prison camps. Thousands were put to work repairing roads, building bridges. Other thousands were kept for months after the armistice to repair as they might the damage they had done.

Towards the close of the war the loss of manpower was sorely felt by the German High Command. It called out the latest classes in the army, youths of eighteen, and sent them to the front to bolster up their weakening lines, shaking under the terrific and continuous assaults of the Allies. They fought at Reims, on the Vesle, in the Argonne; they surrendered in crowds from the Meuse to the North Sea, at Lille, Cambrai, St. Quentin, at Mauberge and Mons and in the Argonne. Glad to escape the storm of projectiles hurled upon them by our overwhelming superiority in artillery, their spirit was broken, their vigor gone.

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18650 German Prisoners, Under Guard of French Soldiers, Were Humanely Treated by the Allies.

18650

GERMAN PRISONERS UNDER GUARD OF FRENCH SOLDIERS

From the beginning of the war humane treatment of German prisoners by the French and British contrasted sharply with authentic reports of the cruel inhuman treatment accorded our men taken prisoners by Germany. The conditions surrounding the German prisoners were as sanitary as possible. The men were given opportunities for shower baths and to have their clothing disinfected. Those with contagious diseases were segregated. The meals of the prisoners consisted of substantial, well prepared food, and special food was given to those who were ill in the hospitals. At first German prisoners seemed surprised at the treatment given them by the Allies, but later seemed to expect the kind treatment.

The Y. M. C. A. did a great work among the German and Austrian prisoners in the way of educating them. In one camp of 70,000 prisoners one young American organized nearly 2,000 of these Austrians and Germans into classes studying about twenty different subjects and using thirty-five teachers. The equipment consisted of three rooms, three blackboards, paper, pencils, fifteen text books, forty wooden benches and twenty long tables. It may be needless to state that much of this instruction was along those lines which would help to make the men better citizens. In relating the story of the work that is being done to rebuild war stricken Europe, this great work of the Y. M. C. A. among the prisoners should be given prominent mention. German prisoners were also made to work in the fields and to rebuild homes. In a measure, they thus help to repair the damage they brought to pass.

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V18875 "And Now We Lie in Flanders' Fields."
Vallee Foulon, France.

V18875

CEMETERY, VALLEE FOULON, FRANCE

Northern France is dotted with cemeteries like the one in this sad and desolate country before us, graves of heroes who died in a noble cause. One sees them everywhere, as he travels over the battlefields. Sometimes there are but few graves, marked by simple pieces of board, perhaps bearing a few wild flowers, the simple tribute of the peasantry. Sometimes a line of wooden crosses, a score or so; sometimes, hundreds and hundreds of them.

One wishes that more honor might be done those noble dead who at their country's call, in the hour of its peril, rushed forth to defend it. One would have their last resting place near great cities, in beautiful surroundings, under soft skies, so that thousands might go out to do them honor, to decorate their graves, and thus keep in memory their great sacrifice. But it is not to be so. Grim war has decreed that they shall lie where they fell, in solitary places, unknown, forgotten.

The cemeteries in France mark not the graves of all who fell in that terrible war. Unknown thousands lie in common graves unmarked by so much as a simple board. They lie buried under tons of earth upheaved by high explosives. They lie scattered where they fell in copse and thicket. The rivers of France flow over the remains of thousands who fell in their waters during those bloody days. Great shell craters filled with rain and mud still hold in their slimy embrace the bones of hundreds who fell into them. Northern France is one vast graveyard, entombing millions of men, friend and foe. Men of all nations lie buried in its soil, the swarthy son of Africa side by side with the fair-haired Saxon, French, British, Americans, Italians, Germans.

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13603 Camp of French Artillerymen Enjoying Well-earned Rest from Trench Warfare.

18603

FRENCH ARTILLERYMEN ENJOYING REST FROM TRENCH WARFARE

The World War was largely a war of artillery and every type of gun was in use in great numbers, from the little trench cannon of 37-mm. (about 1.5-inch) calibre to the long range monsters of 16-inch calibre throwing a shell to distances approaching 30 miles. At the close of the war the French had 11,500 field guns and large calibres on the Western front, the British nearly 7,000, the Americans 3,000 and the Germans about 10,000.

The life of an artilleryman at the front was neither so dangerous nor so hard as that of the infantry soldier. The battery positions were ordinarily several thousand yards behind the front line trenches, where the men could make more comfortable quarters for themselves and move about more freely, since they were under the fire of the enemy's artillery only and were not subject to trench raids. But for that very reason batteries were apt to be kept in line for much longer periods than infantry organizations. Often they were there for months at a time, supporting in turn the infantry of division after division. So when an artillery organization was finally withdrawn to the rear for rest and recuperation, the men were pretty sure to be very thankful for the respite.

During the recreation period the life of the soldier was far from unpleasant. He might then enjoy his letters and papers from home, "swap yarns" with his comrades, go, if he was a Frenchman, to the "Foyers des Soldats", similar to our Y. M. C. A. huts, or take short excursions to nearby places of interest. Because the war, with its severe strain on mind and body, was so long, the French high command also saw to it that, except in times of great battle activity, the men got their 10 days every four months to go on "permission", that is, leave of absence, to visit their families.

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18665 French Lines Captured from the Enemy by the Marine Fusileers.

18665

FRENCH LINES CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY BY THE MARINE FUSILEERS

A more gallant defense could hardly be imagined than that which was made by the French Marines in October and November, 1914, when they held the town of Nieuport, on the North Sea coast of Belgium, against the furious attacks of the German army which was trying to force its way down the coast to Dunkirk and other French ports on the English Channel. These troops were rushed to Nieuport to hold the line at a time when there were no other French or Belgian forces to be spared for the task and before the British Army had completed its transfer to the left of the Allied line from the positions near Soissons.

With a heroism not less marked than that of our own American Marines in the Belleau Wood sector a few years later, these French Marines, a few thousand strong, dug themselves in along the banks of the sluggish Yser River, across the sand dunes of the coast and among the houses of Nieuport, crumbling beneath the German shells, and held on for many days against the intense bombardment of the Enemy and repeated furious assaults. The guns of British warships off the coast gave welcome aid, but the pressure along the Yser was so great that finally, to save the line from Nieuport to Dixmude, the sluice gates at Nieuport were opened at high tide and waters poured over the land until the whole country became a shallow sea through which the Germans could not advance. Then the heavy fighting on this part of the front died down for a while, but not until the Marines had filled the cemeteries of Nieuport with their dead.

The sandbagged defenses before us, are characteristic of the region. They are built above ground, for the reason that in the low lying soil ordinary trenches would be immediately filled with water.

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V18867 French Reserves Watching Their Comrades Going Into "The Valley of the Shadow."

V18867

FRENCH RESERVES WATCHING THEIR COMRADES GOING INTO "THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW."

Over the war-wasted fields we see the long line of men in single file moving forward into the front lines. They have left their all behind—careers, homes, families—many of them never to return.

France was compelled to put into the field the entire able-bodied manhood of the country. She mobilized 7,500,000 out of a population of 38,000,000. Had America brought her forces up to proportionately the same level she would have mobilized over 22,000,000 men, or more than four times the number called out.

Eleven Allied nations including the United States, the British Empire, France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Japan, Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro, Greece, and Portugal mobilized altogether nearly 40,000,000 men. The Central Powers raised 19,500,000 making a grand total of nearly sixty million men. More than 50% of this number were casualties—their number being about 33,500,000. The material losses to civilization as a result of the war were staggering, the human losses incalculable.

We are looking over a part of the 6,000 square miles of devastated France, a territory which before the war was occupied by 2,000,000 people. The rehabilitation of this area will require decades and parts of it will probably not be reclaimed at all but left to nature for an indefinite period. The losses suffered by the people in these regions were assumed by the country as a whole, the individual sufferers receiving an allowance from the government sufficient to enable them to reestablish themselves either where they formerly resided or elsewhere.

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V18830 "Red fields of slaughter sloping down to ruin's black abyss."

V18830

"RED FIELDS OF SLAUGHTER"

This is what France looked like after the battle had passed. From Switzerland to the sea a broad band of torn and pitted land, sometimes miles in width, lay across northern France. Here men died in thousands and hundreds of thousands, some at the behest of a military caste eager for power and plunder, others giving their all that their country might live. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die". Here they raged against each other, breast locked to breast. Here bayonet, bomb, explosive shell and poison gas strewed them in crumpled, broken heaps over the ground stained red with their blood. How many souls writhed in anguish on this field, who can tell! How many lives, bright with promise for the world, were here snuffed out, who shall say! Here died the German, his last fading thought of home; here fell the sons of France, visions of the dear ones left to mourn and suffer the last to linger in their dimming eyes. The somberness of death hangs over the field. It is one vast cemetery with thousands of unknown dead, yet not a stone to mark their memory. The trees, shorn of limbs and foliage, stand like monoliths, sad and dreary memorials of that dreadful day. The very ground, disemboweled by huge shells, bears witness to the tragedy enacted on its surface. Here shell craters, each the grave of heroes, crowd against each other. Here tree trunks shattered by a hail of iron, thrust their naked roots like the antennae of some great polyp, into the black abyss below. Here solid ground has been torn and twisted until it looks like the waves of a troubled sea. Here no vegetation grows. Here death reigns.

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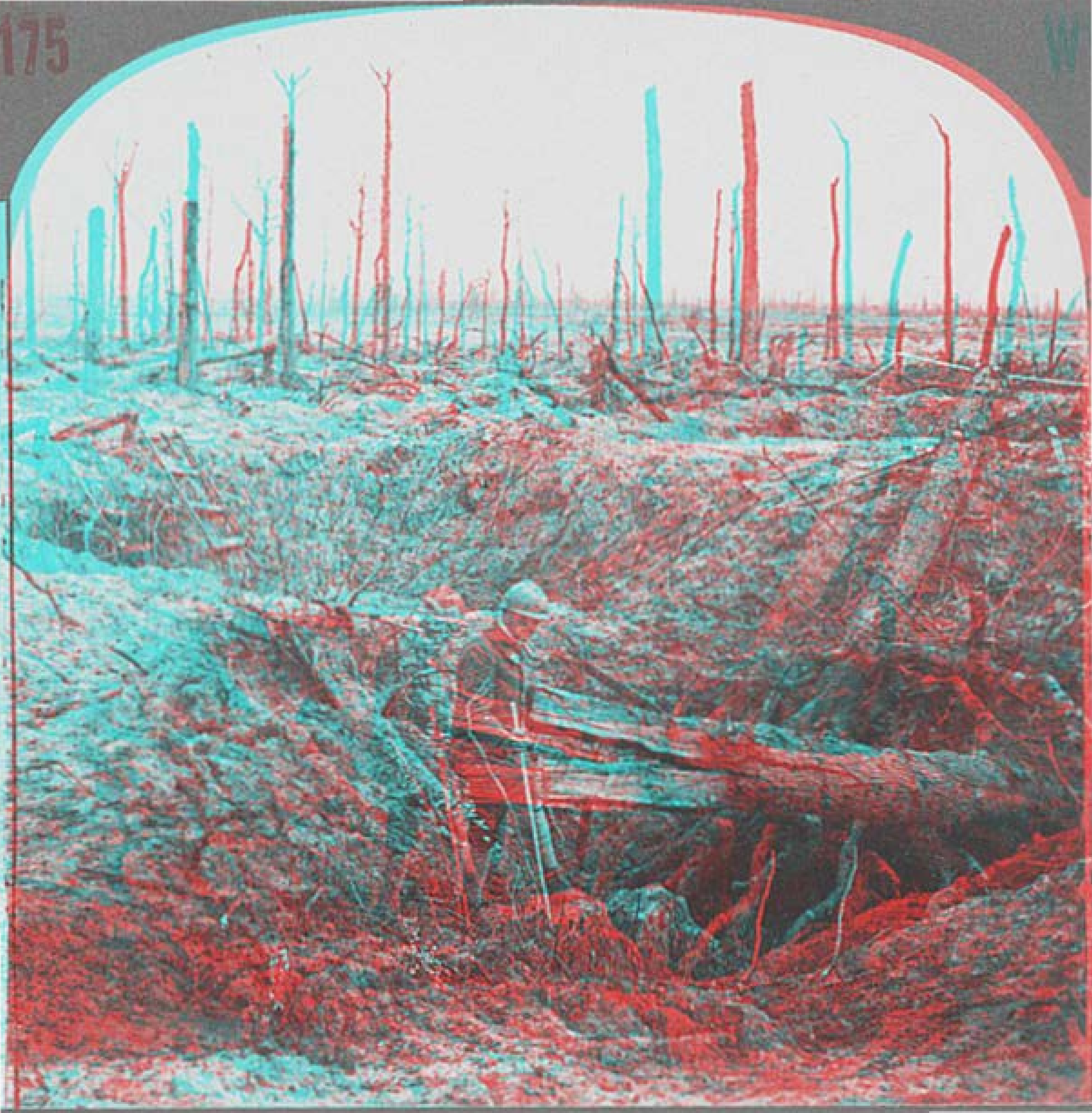
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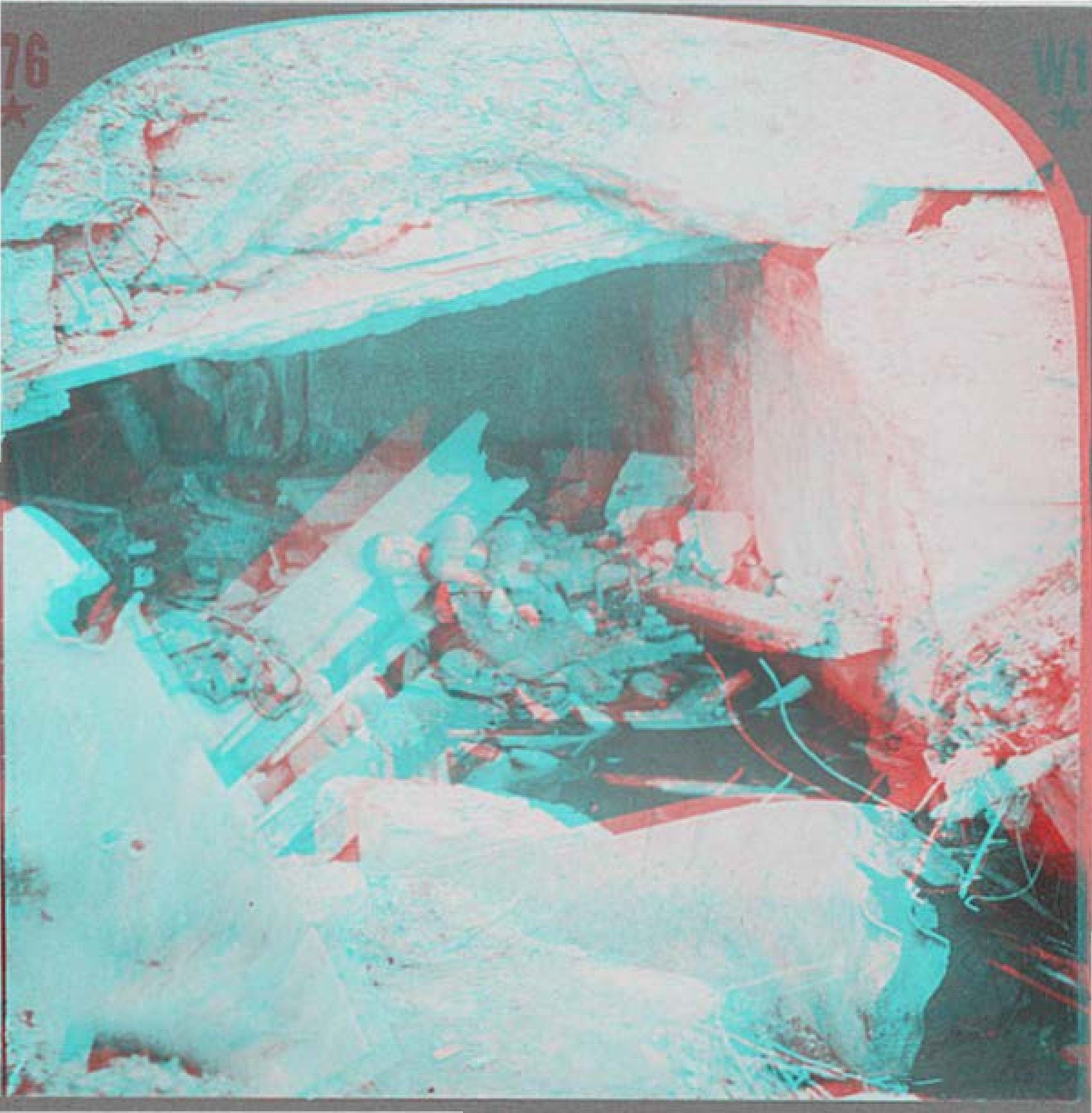
V18854 His Last Fight—"See he lies, death staring from his eyes"—Somewhere in France.

His Last Fight — "See He Lies, Death Staring from His Eyes"— Somewhere in France.

Whether he is British, French or German cannot be told for his helmet has been lost in the battle and there are no identifying marks on his uniform, but you can see that when death came he was not fighting the enemy. Instead he waged a battle for life against an avalanche of concrete and beams that huge shells had dislodged and shattered. His legs were caught in the debris of timbers and stone in the pool of water beneath the doorway. In his last desperate attempts to free himself, he had thrown aside his pack and equipment so that he might use his arms better, but the odds were against him.

Here we have one of those pathetic and touching scenes of which there were so many in war times. While there were beautiful examples of heroism on every hand and abundant evidence of devotion and self-sacrifice, things to gladden the patriot's heart, there were always these scenes—mothers' sons, dead or dying, on the field of battle—cold and limp, having done their bit. The terrible anguish felt in human hearts during those awful war years is best understood when we gaze upon such scenes as this and they make us feel that war never, never can be right.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18748 French Mine Explosion under Enemy Trenches.

18748

FRENCH MINE EXPLOSION

The vast cloud of white smoke in the distance marks the destruction of a section of German trench. Days, weeks, and sometimes months of dangerous and difficult work had to be done before a mine was ready to fire. The position and contour of the trenches had to be ascertained, then the minehead selected, i. e., the place from which the tunnel would start. Next, the exact point of attack had to be determined. These things done, they were ready to dig, and on some dark night with silent sentinels ahead to prevent a surprise attack by some enemy patrol, the first dirt was raised.

Sometimes the digging was easy, often it was hard. Sometimes they could dig through tough clay that left a clean tunnel and firm walls; sometimes they struck a section of porous soil with soft walls which had to be braced; sometimes the roof would cave in because of some unexpected dip in the surface; sometimes water seeped in and choked the tunnel and undermined its walls. Then pipes had to be laid and the water pumped out at the minehead. As the digging approached the trenches the men faced death every moment—a cave-in then or a countermine meant annihilation, for it brought discovery. Finally comes the welcome day when, the digging completed, the charge is ready, the wiring is laid, and headquarters notified. At headquarters, wires running in every direction carry commands. Then comes the word. A cloud of smoke rises, the earth rocks and shakes, and the air is darkened with flying clods, stones and fragments of men.

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V18852 "Setting the Stage for the Devil's Play"—
French Front.

V18852

FRENCH FRONT

If all the barbed wire that was used during the war could be placed end to end and extended in one line it would go around the earth many times. Not only at the battle line in France was it used, but in Russia, Turkey, Palestine, Africa—wherever men fought, and they fought all over the world. It was stretched, not in single strands, but strand behind strand until the fence was twenty feet wide, and it was woven and interwoven from post to post, an inextricable tangle of sharp points which tore flesh and clothing. It was stretched not only in the open, but in forests, from tree to tree, hidden by underbrush. Cowbells were hung upon it to give warning of the enemy's approach at night. Machine guns were trained upon it. It seemed an impassible barrier, yet men found a way through it. Stealthily, in the night, they crept up and cut the wires or pushed dart bombs under them. Before an assault, artillery opened upon it, firing shells and flat metal discs shaped somewhat like a Maltese Cross, which revolved and cut the wire.

The Dumezil shell was the most effective instrument in removing barbed wire entanglements. It was fired from small howitzers and a single shell would clear a space 100 feet across. Thereupon, instead of planting the wire as these men did, the Brun network was devised. In this, two coils of approximately four feet in diameter, wound in opposite directions, were stretched out and the resulting loops tied together. Two or three rows of this before a trench became an obstacle that could not be disposed of by artillery. The more it was bombarded the more it tangled.

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W179

V18918 Ripped and Battered to Death by the Enemy—a Derelict Tank, Cambrai.

V18918

A DERELICT TANK NEAR CAMBRAI

In such land battleships as this the British drove through the German lines time and again. This tank, however, has made its last trip. Shells have caught and smashed it, torn holes in its side, broken its sprocket wheels and tread. It is now no more than scrap iron.

When this tank started to attack on that fatal morning at Cambrai, the wide caterpillar tread which we see trailing through the mud, ran over the broken sprocket wheel above it, an endless chain which laid itself down as an ever-renewing road for the monster above. A shell broke it in two, and when that happened the car came to a stop, a stationary target for the enemy's guns. From that moment its destruction was certain. There was nothing for the crew to do but to escape before the next shell penetrated its side, and the next shell was not long in coming. It blew the right tread completely away. Even the heavy iron rods of the superstructure have been bent and twisted by the force of the concussion.

On the side of the tank can be seen one of the turrets from which a deadly fire was directed upon the enemy while the tank was advancing. When the tank straddled a trench, these turrets commanded it from either side and soon cleared it of the enemy.

The pitted field before us, torn with shell holes, was no obstruction to tanks like this. They waddled serenely across it, dipping into shell craters and climbing out on the far side. The only sort of ground on which a tank could not maneuver was swampy ground. On this they were helpless, their great weight sinking them deeply into the soil. Scores of them lie stranded in the bogs of Flanders today.

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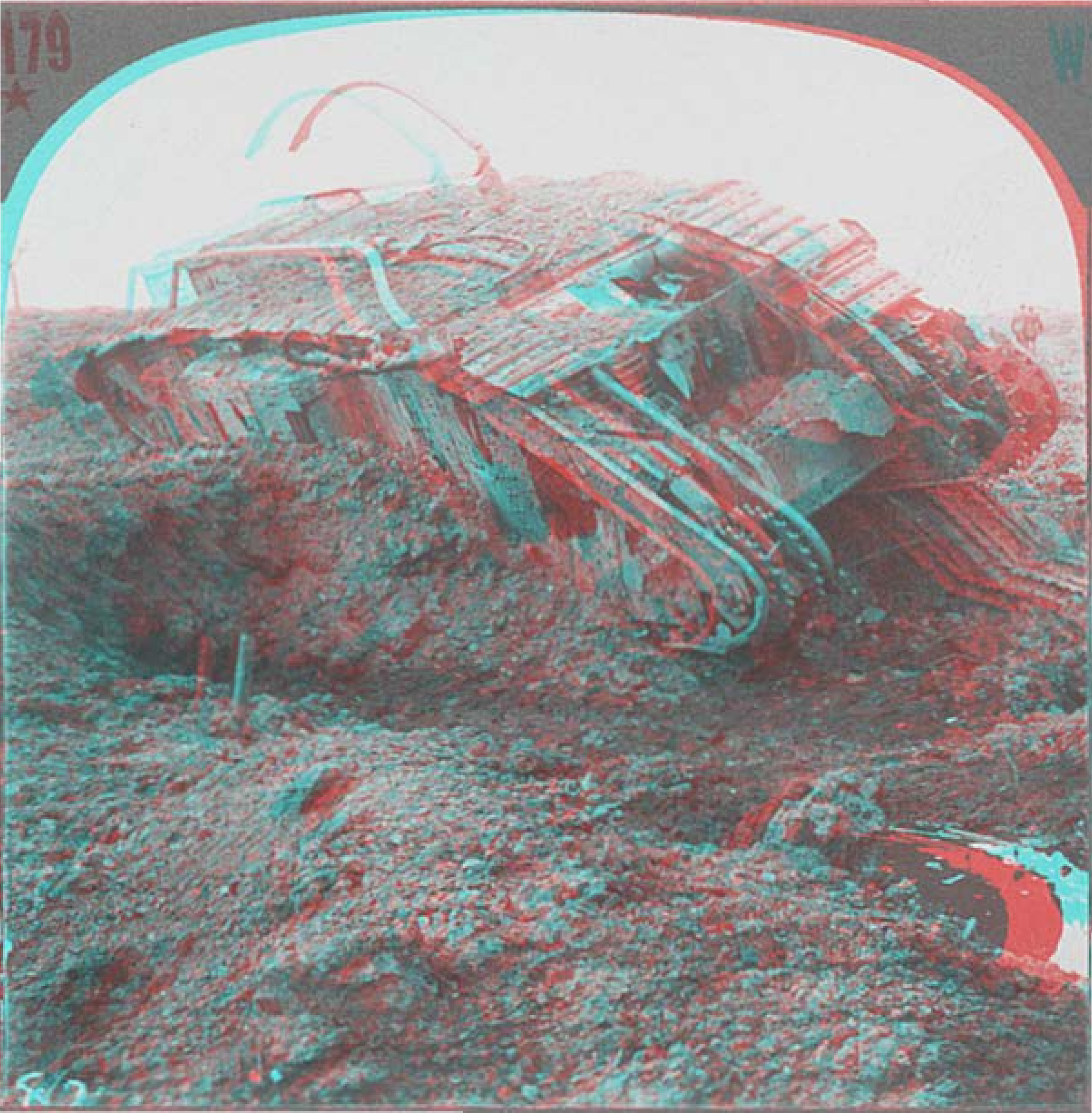
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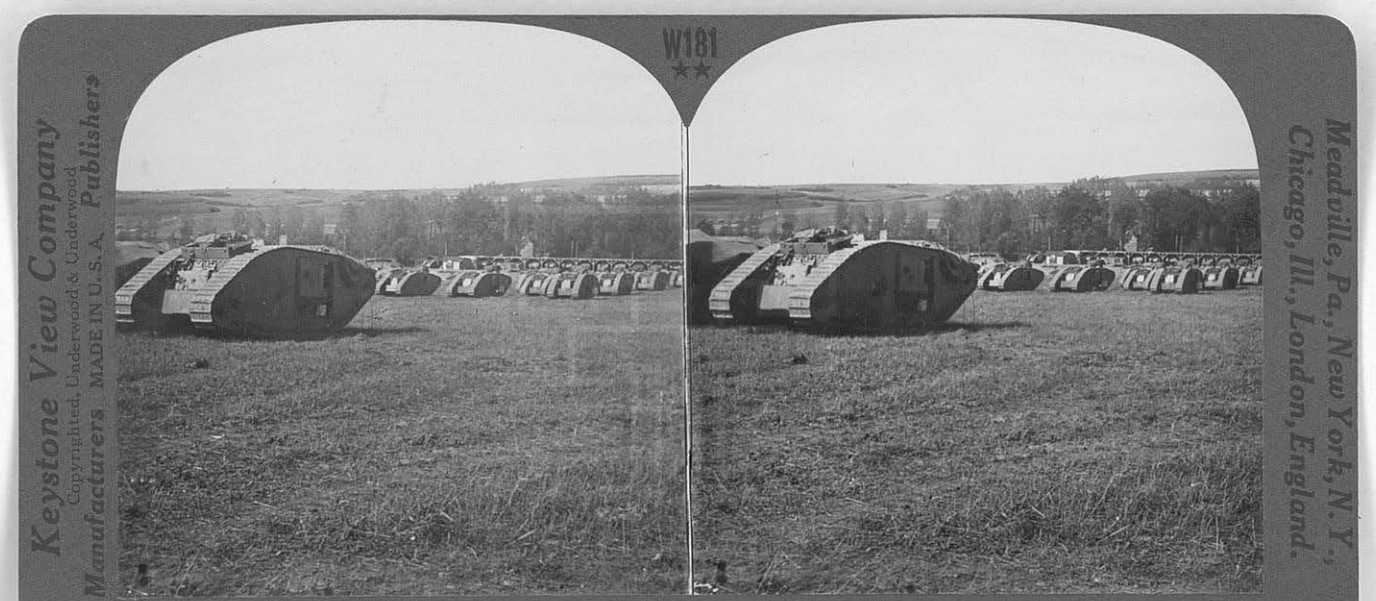
V18831 Huge Tanks Crossing the Somme.

V18831

HUGE TANKS CROSSING THE SOMME

Probably no single implement of war contributed so largely to weaken the morale of the German soldier as these huge moving fortresses. He was familiar with high explosives, with shells great and small, with grenades, machine guns, rifles and revolvers. He even became accustomed to poison gas and flame throwers. These were the customary weapons of war. These he used himself and these he learned how to meet; but he never became accustomed to the tank and never learned how to meet it successfully. From that first day when, in the mists and fogs of Flanders it burst upon his astonished gaze, waddling clumsily across the fields, ploughing its way contemptuously through his strong barbed wire defenses, straddling his trenches and belching fire and death from either side, he shrank from it in terror. Machine guns, his main reliance in defense, had no effect upon it. The iron monster crashed over concrete pill boxes which sheltered his machine guns, flattening out men and metal. It could be damaged only by a direct hit from shells, and since it was constantly in motion direct hits were few. Finally, he took to digging pits for it as natives in India do for the huge mammals. He made a special rifle of large bore, which rested on a sort of a tripod when fired, much as our forefathers did when guns first came into use and were too heavy to hold and aim. But he never found a way to meet the tank and never overcame his terror of it. With her Zeppelins, submarines, gas and flame throwers, her monster cannon, Germany thought she had a virtual command of all warlike weapons, but here was one, a British invention, which burst upon her as a complete surprise and worked havoc with her armies



V18919 A Field of Forty Tanks—"Like a Flock of Sheep Browsing"—Bethune.

A Field of Forty Tanks — "Like a Flock of Sheep Browsing" — Bethune.

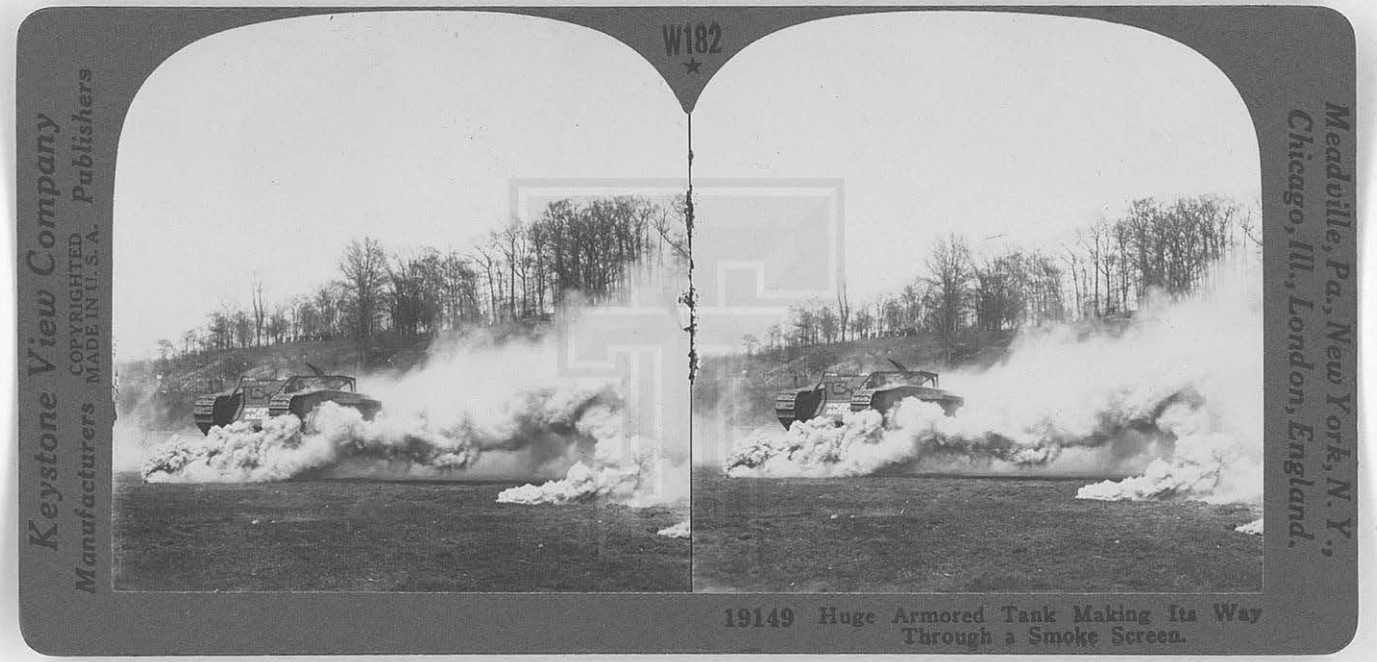
Should one of our ancestors come back to life and see this scene it is unlikely he would ever think of these machines as engines of war, so totally different are they from anything used in the past.

The "Tank" so called, was first employed in 1916 by the British. Its manufacture had been kept secret, not even the workmen knowing what they were making. The inquisitive ones were told they were building water-carriers, hence the name "Tanks."

The principle of the Holt Caterpillar Tractor was used permitting the tank to cross over trenches and shell holes, and climb over ordinary obstacles. The armor was thick enough to stop bullets and shrapnel; nothing but a direct hit from artillery or high explosive shell could destroy it.

It was equipped with light field cannon and machine guns, thus with its mobility and invulnerability it proved the very thing for destroying machine gun nests and making attacks on strongly fortified points.

The British tank is generally conceded the most practical built although the French made quite a satisfactory one. But the German machine compared unfavorably with the others.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19149 Huge Armored Tank Making Its Way
Through a Smoke Screen.

19149

HUGE ARMORED TANK MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH A SMOKE SCREEN

The great steel tank, of the heavy British model, weighing about 30 tons and armed with powerful guns, is evidently not operating on the battlefield but is giving a demonstration, near some American city, as realistic as any on the fields of war.

After America entered the war she began building tanks for the expected 1919 campaign, and had finished 799 of the French model, light Renault tanks, by Mar. 31, 1919. At the same time, 1,500 of the heavy British type machines had been about half finished. Though none of these tanks arrived in Europe for action a large number of American officers and soldiers were trained in France for the Tank Corps, which consisted on Nov. 11, 1918, of about 10,000 men. These troops were supplied with machines by the British and French.

Only one battalion of American manned heavy tanks took part in battle. This was the 301st Heavy Tank Battalion, under Maj. R. I. Sasse, which was attached to the 27th Division. The battalion had 40 tanks in action when with this division of New York National Guard troops it attacked the Hindenburg Line between Cambrai and St. Quentin on Sept. 29, 1918. Seventy-five per cent of these tanks were knocked out or seriously injured, but they went clear through the German defenses.

Two battalions of American manned Renault tanks, together with a still larger number operated by French crews, performed heroic service with the 1st American Army, both in the St. Mihiel Salient and in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne. They were the 344th and 345th Battalions of the 1st American Tank Brigade, commanded by Col. G. S. Patton and, after he was wounded, by Maj. Sereno E. Brett. At the beginning they numbered 144 tanks and made a particularly brilliant record.

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18676 How France Aided Her Fighters—Renault Tanks Going to the Front.

18676

RENAULT TANKS GOING TO THE FRONT

On the quiet French road before us Renault (rē-nō′) tanks are speeding to the front, eager to strike a blow at the foe. Little fellows they are, but wonderfully efficient, turning at right angles, climbing almost any hill, and speeding along at a rate that would soon tire a strong man. It is fascinating to watch them maneuver—they seem almost to be endowed with human intelligence, getting around obstacles in a way that is marvelous.

The turtleback armored front covers the engine and vital parts, while the boxlike tank in the rear shelters guns and gunners. Note the shallow turret, pierced for the muzzles of rapid-fire guns which spit a stream of bullets on the foe, enfilading his trenches and mowing down his battle lines.

Tank service is hard and dangerous—the swaying of the machine like the deck of a small boat at sea; the heat; the fumes from the constant exploding of cartridges in a confined space; the showers of iron splinters which fly from the inside of the armor when struck by a heavy bullet; pits and deadfalls set by the crafty foe; fogs and morasses—all must be endured. The bogs of Flanders hold hundreds of "dead" tanks in their tenacious grip today.

But no device was more efficient than the tank. The German never knew how to cope with them. They struck terror to his hosts. The big ones smashed through his barbed wire defenses and sprawled over his trenches, pouring fire and flame to either side. In their wake came the little fellows, flooding the country side, charging machine gun nests, cleaning out cunningly contrived pits and carrying consternation into the ranks.

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18757 French "Tanks" Which Saw Service, Parading Paris Streets.

18757

FRENCH TANKS PARADING IN PARIS

The tank, which contributed so largely to the winning of the war, and in the use of which our allies were so superior to the Germans, owes its being to English adaptability of an American idea. Benjamin Holt invented the caterpillar tractor to transport heavy loads over marshy ground. Instead of the broad tired wheel used on many of our farm wagons, he devised the broad tread continuous chain which we see on the tanks before us and which is a characteristic feature of all tanks. It is well named the caterpillar, for in motion it is exactly like a caterpillar, following the contour of the ground on hill or in hollow, undulating as the ground undulates. The tread is made of rectangular blocks of wood joined in a continuous chain by iron links. These blocks of wood may be from eight inches to a foot or more square, depending upon the size of the tank. In the Florida everglades they are three feet in length.

The development of machine gun fire, before which whole companies of men were swept away like chaff, suggested to the British the necessity for an armored moving fortress and Benjamin Holt's caterpillar tractor solved the problem of how to drive this heavy weight over most any kind of ground. Built in impenetrable secrecy, these tanks terrified the Germans when first used in attack; they seemed to be "huge toads from primeval slime" spewing death.

Before us, speeding smoothly along over the splendid boulevards of Paris, we see a later variety, devised by French ingenuity—small tanks which require but two men, which can maneuver quickly and can hustle over the ground at a rapid rate.

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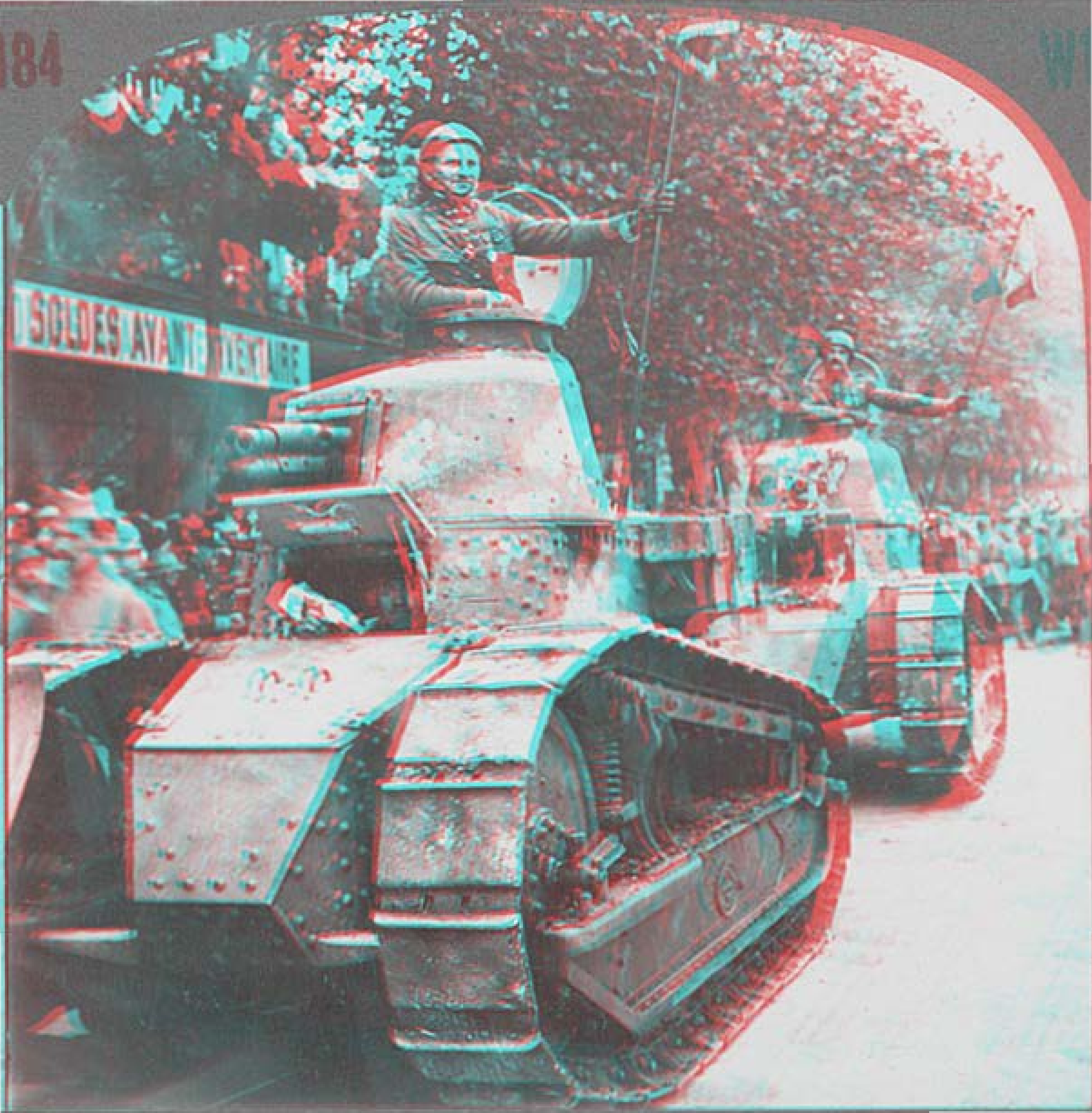
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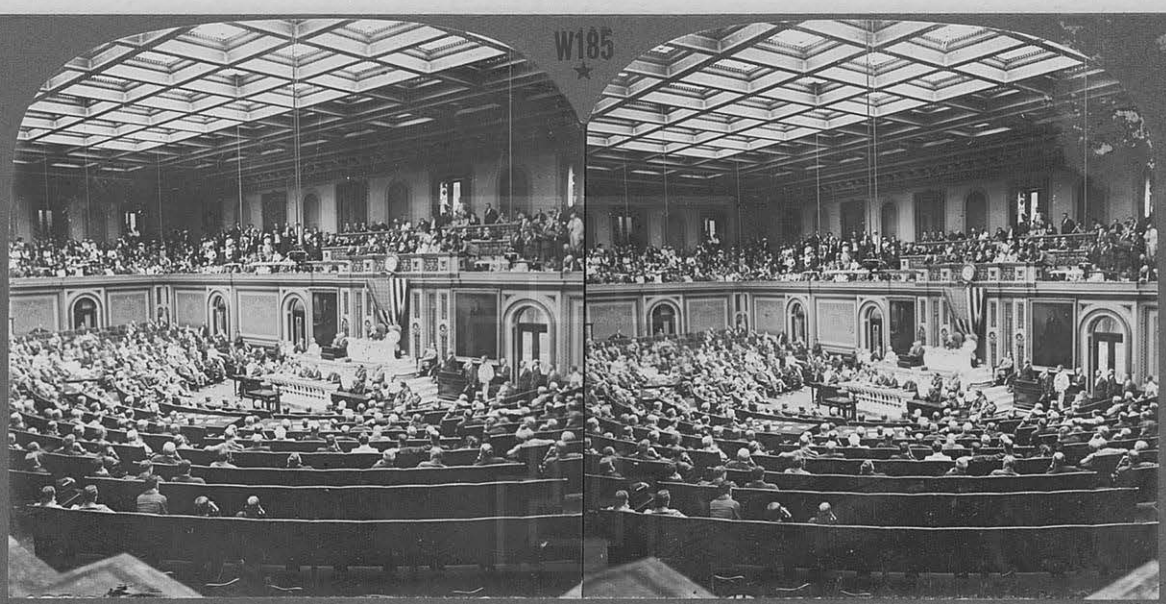

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16770 President Wilson Addressing Congress on Question of International Peace and Imminent Danger of War with Germany.

16770

PRESIDENT WILSON ADDRESSING CONGRESS

Early in his first term of office President Wilson revived the old custom, long since abandoned, of addressing an occasional joint session of the Senate and House of Representatives. The Senators assemble in the lower House with its members.

The most momentous occasion of this kind occurred on February 3, 1917. At this joint session President Wilson announced that at that very hour Count Von Bernstorff was being given his passports to leave the United States. This meant that all diplomatic relations with the German government had been severed. Congress and the country at large had expected this move on the part of the President. Just a few days before Germany announced its intention of sinking neutral ships on the high seas, contrary to its promise not to do so made to the American government in May, 1916.

The President is seen reading at the desk right in front of Speaker Champ Clark's stand. The galleries are filled with interested spectators. The foreign Ambassadors and Ministers have a reserved gallery, as do the newspaper representatives. In addition to the Senators and Congressmen, there were also present the Chief Justice and other members of the United States Supreme Court. That joint session of Congress addressed by President Wilson will go down in history. He found in response to his speech a united Congress and a united people.

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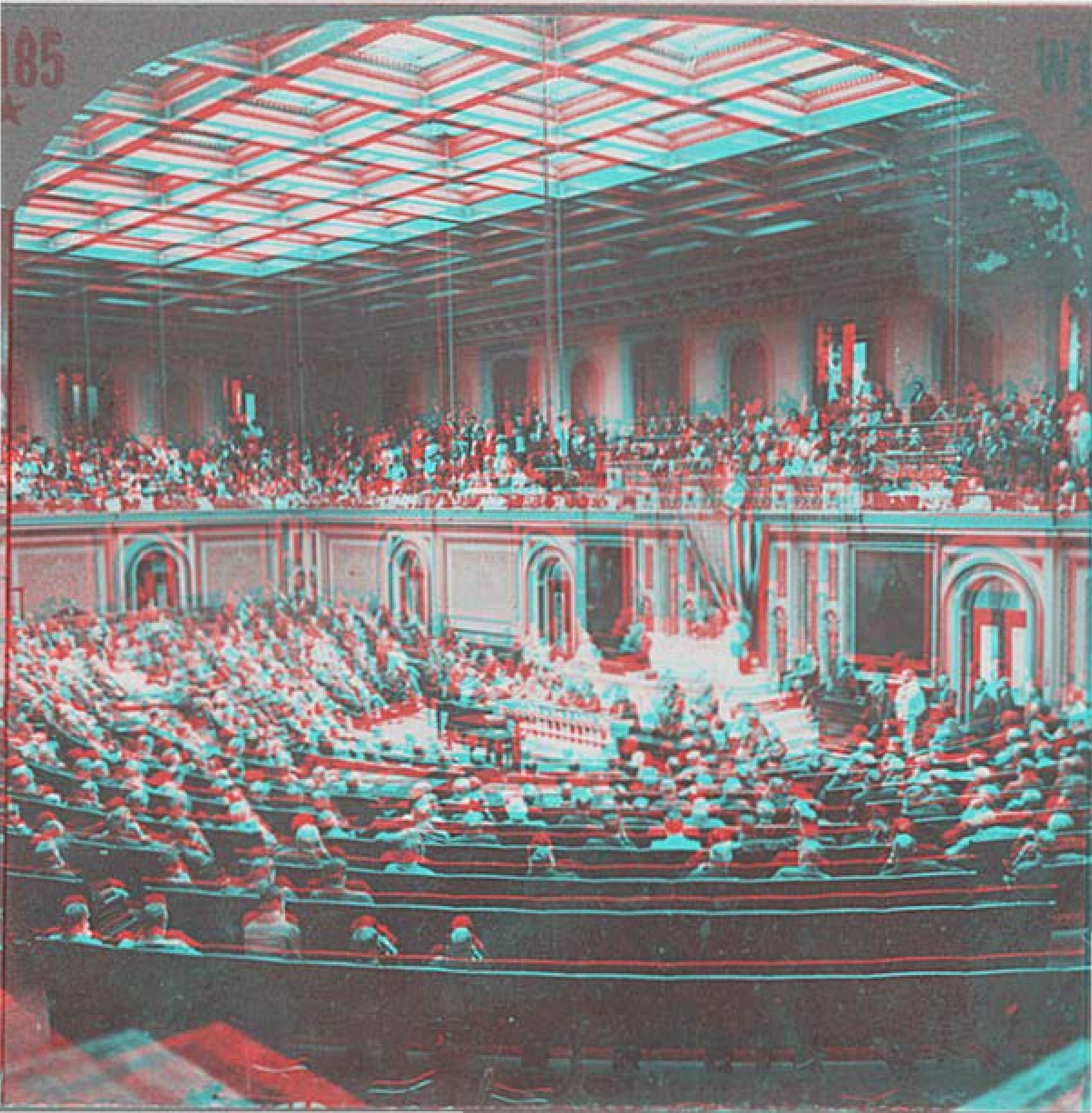

18335—Marshall Joffre, Viviani, Chocheprat and Febry—French War Commission—With Gov. Lowden and State Officials at Tomb of Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.

(18335)

FRENCH WAR COMMISSION AT LINCOLN'S TOMB, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

On April 6, 1917, Congress declared that war existed between the United States and Germany. We were thus made the allies of England, France, and the other countries at war with the Central Powers of Europe. At once England and France each chose a group of men to send to the United States. These war commissions were made up of wise political leaders and experienced officers of the army and navy of each country. Foreign Secretary Balfour headed the British group. Ex-Premier Viviani (vē-vyä' nē) was the chief of the French commission, and Marshal Joffre (zhöff) represented the French army. These men came to tell our Government how we could be of most help in the conflict.

The commissions arrived the latter part of April. They went first to Washington, and later visited Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, and other centers.

On May 7, the French Commission visited Oak Ridge Cemetery, at Springfield, Ill., where Lincoln is buried. You see them here beside the monument. From left to right they are: Lieut. Col. Jean Fabri (zhän fá'brē), Admiral Chocheprat (shŏsh'prà), Viviani, and Joffre. Lieut. Gov. Oglesby, Gov. Lowden, and Adjt. Gen. Dickson, of Illinois, complete the first row. Joffre looks the staunch soldier that he is. Viviani is the orator of the group. Chocheprat represents the French navy. Fabri, the fighting "Blue Devil of France," stands airily on his wooden leg. Somewhat behind Marshal Joffre and to his left is the Marquis de Chambrun (shàm'brŭn), a descendant of Lafayette.

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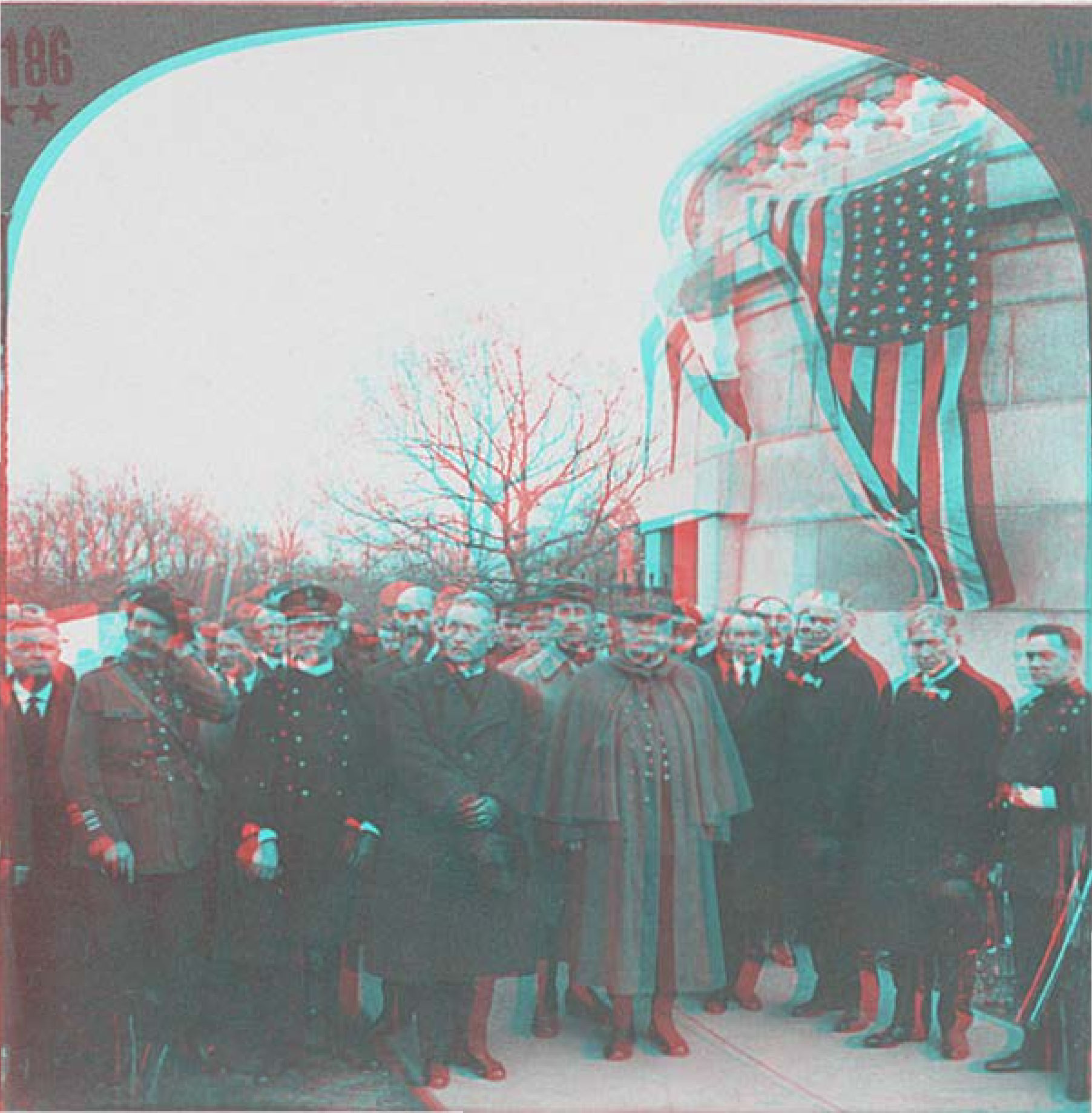
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19064 For Five Hours New York's Citizen Army Poured by Reviewing Stand, Twenty Men Abreast.

19064—For Five Hours New York's Citizen Army Poured by This Reviewing Stand, Twenty Men Abreast.

Parades of men drafted for the new National Army, which were held in many large cities of the United States, Sept. 4, 1917, drew tremendous crowds and showed to the world the splendid material we have for our new army. The quota for New York City was 38,621 men. These men formed three large parades, one on Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, one in Brooklyn and one in the Bronx. The Manhattan parade, which included the Queens and Richmond quotas, was the largest.

At the head of the Manhattan parade marched a fine body of mounted police. Then came Mayor Mitchel with Capt. Boyce of the United States Reserves, the Grand Marshal, followed by the conscripted men from the Fire Department and Police Force, who requested that they be allowed to serve as the Mayor's body guard. Next came the Spanish-American war veterans, then the drafted men who marched twenty abreast. The units of the National Army were headed by Reserve officers from Plattsburg, of whom there were about 200 present. A large number of bands added much to the occasion, with their patriotic music. The city was splendidly decorated with the national colors.

After the parade disbanded, the men went to the Polo Grounds in Manhattan and to Ebbetts Field in Brooklyn where, as honor guests of the Committee of National Defense, they witnessed games. In the evening, they were guests of honor at numerous banquets and entertainments.

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V19221 Looking Over Soldiers' Quarters—General Hospital in Distance, Camp Upton, N. Y.

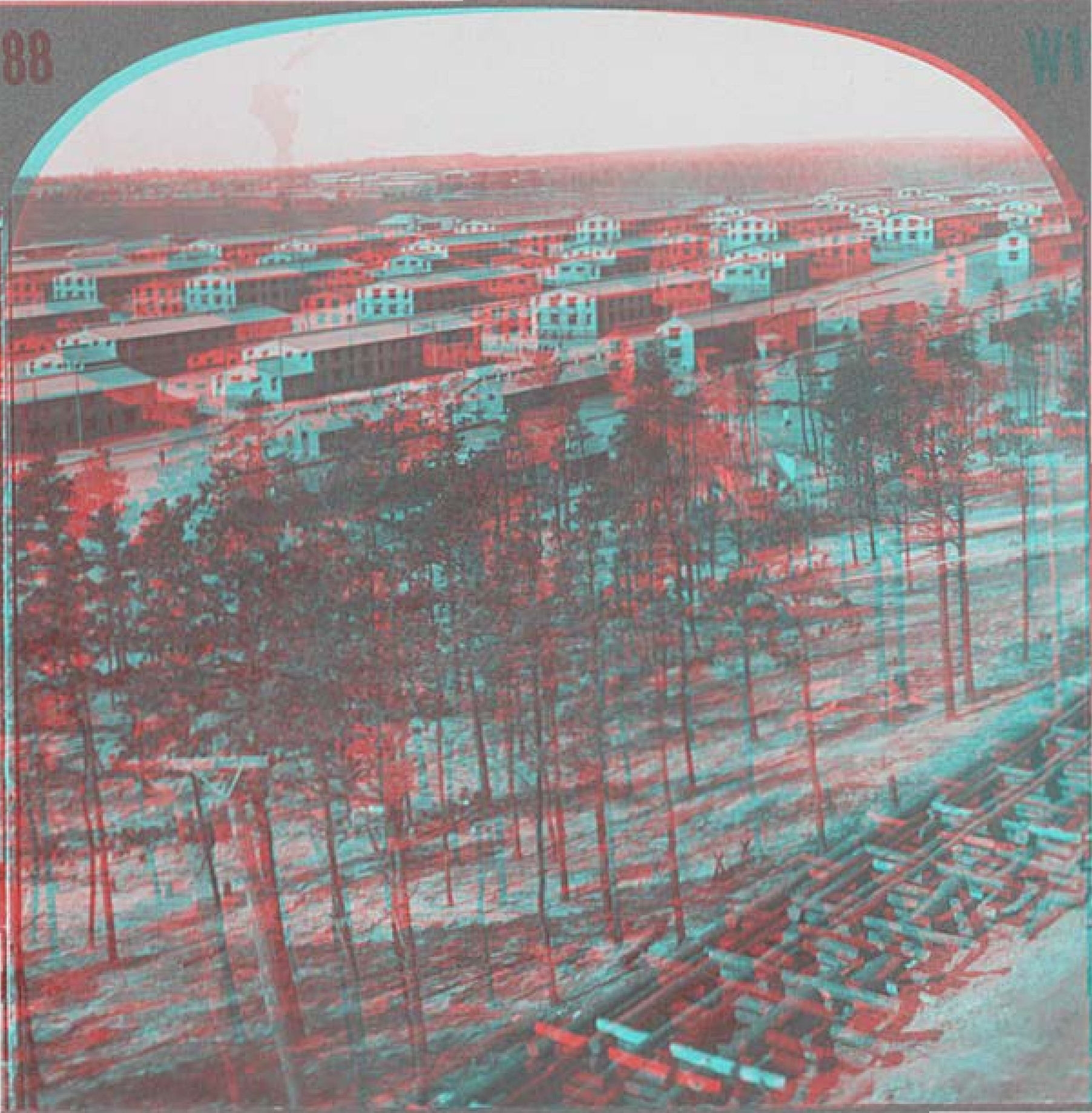
Looking N. W. from Tower Hill over Soldiers' Quarters, General Hospital in Distance, Camp Upton, N. Y.

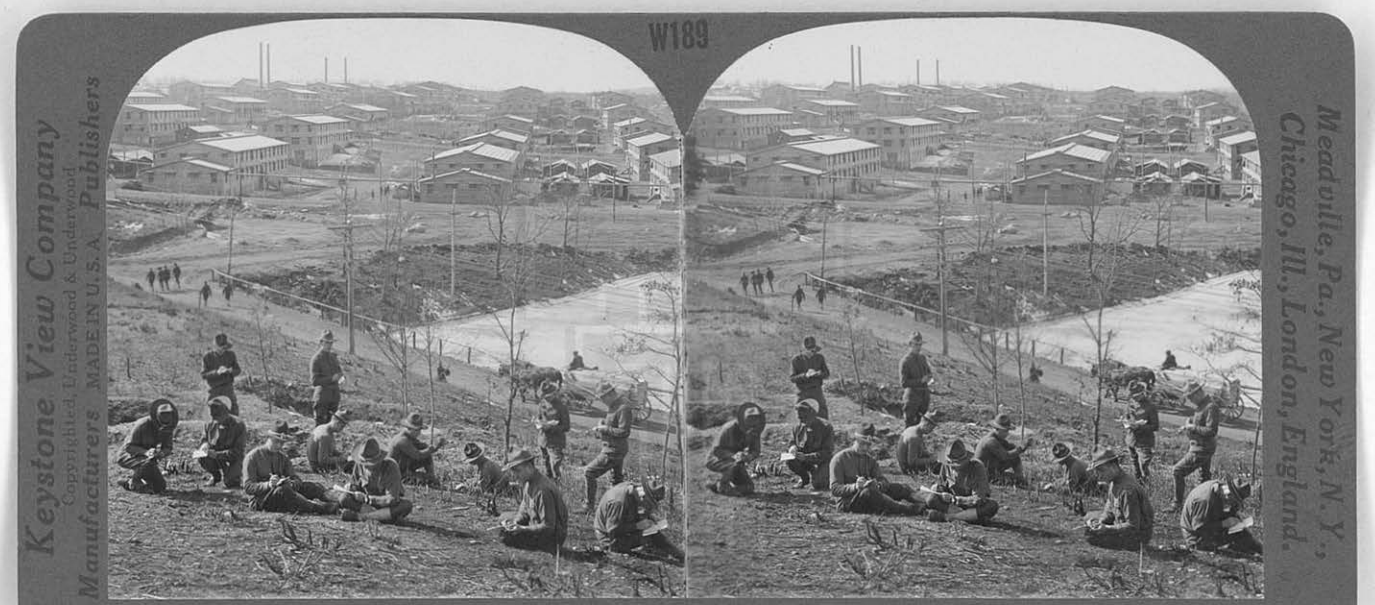
Looking from the summit of this hill, you can see almost all of Camp Upton on Long Island, where thousands of men, chiefly from New York City, received their training before leaving for France.

The two story buildings are the barracks in which the men lived. About two hundred were normally quartered in each building, but room could be made for more when crowding became necessary. The total capacity of Camp Upton is 42,158. The buildings toward the front of the picture, with the iron chimneys sticking up, are the mess-halls and in the distance beyond the barracks is the general hospital. The unfinished structure in the foreground is a sort of retaining wall, which was filled in with ballast when completed.

During the winter of 1918-19 Camp Upton was used as a debarkation camp, and after the close of hostilities the government decided to make it a permanent camp.

All of the National Army camps were built with an idea of permanency in contrast to the National Guard camps. The result is that the former are being retained wherever possible to be used by the National Guard.





V19223 Barracks at Camp Devens, Boys on Hillside Writing Letters, Ayer, Mass.

V19223

BARRACKS AT CAMP DEVENS, AYER, MASS.

Camp Devens, near Ayer, Massachusetts, was one of those national army camps that had a miraculous and mushroom growth during the summer of 1917, when everything had to be done with a rush to train our boys for the great combat overseas. In ten weeks time, 5000 men, on a weekly payroll of $100,000, built 1,400 buildings, laid 20 miles of road, 400 miles of electric wiring, 60 miles of heating pipes, and installed 2200 shower baths.

All of this work was accomplished in time for the cantonement to receive 40,000 men early in September, 1917, when the first selective draft men were impressed into service, a service which the patriotism of most led them to embrace willingly and without a murmur. The camp was a veritable city, and a well built one for its purposes. It had a post office, telegraph and telephone service, police station, guard house, fire department and hospital, all directed and manned by service men. The auditorium seated 3,000 men, and the base hospital treated at times as many as 800 men in a single day.

Bare and uninviting as the camp was to men accustomed to the comforts, and in many instances to the luxuries of home, it provided an unusual degree of comfort to men in training for military service. The laundries and central power plant with its great furnaces are installed in the buildings with high chimneys which we see in the distance.

The soldiers in the foreground were using a leisure hour to write home, for in the intervals of training it was to home that their thought turned, and at home parents and sweethearts always eagerly awaited letters.

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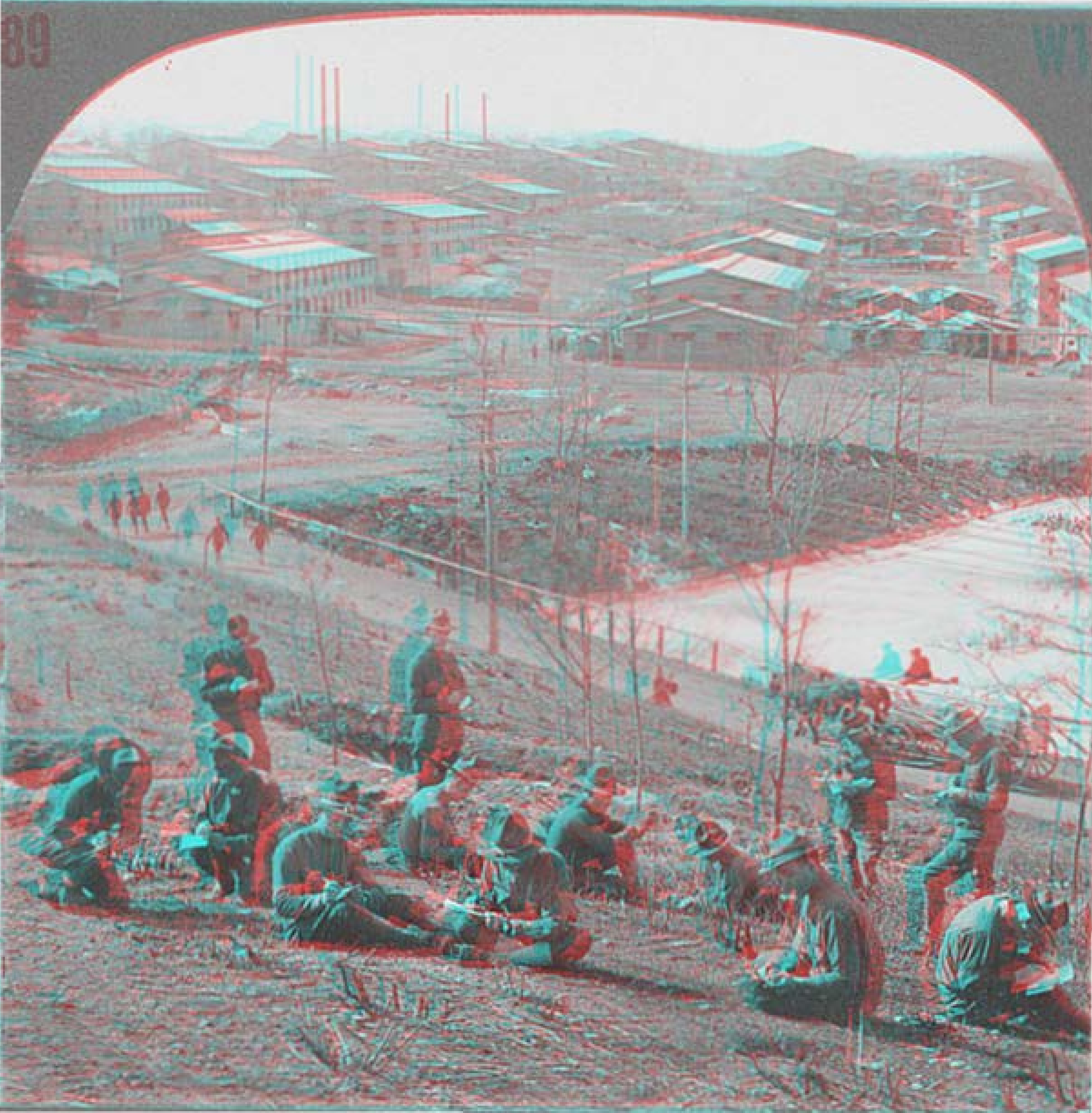

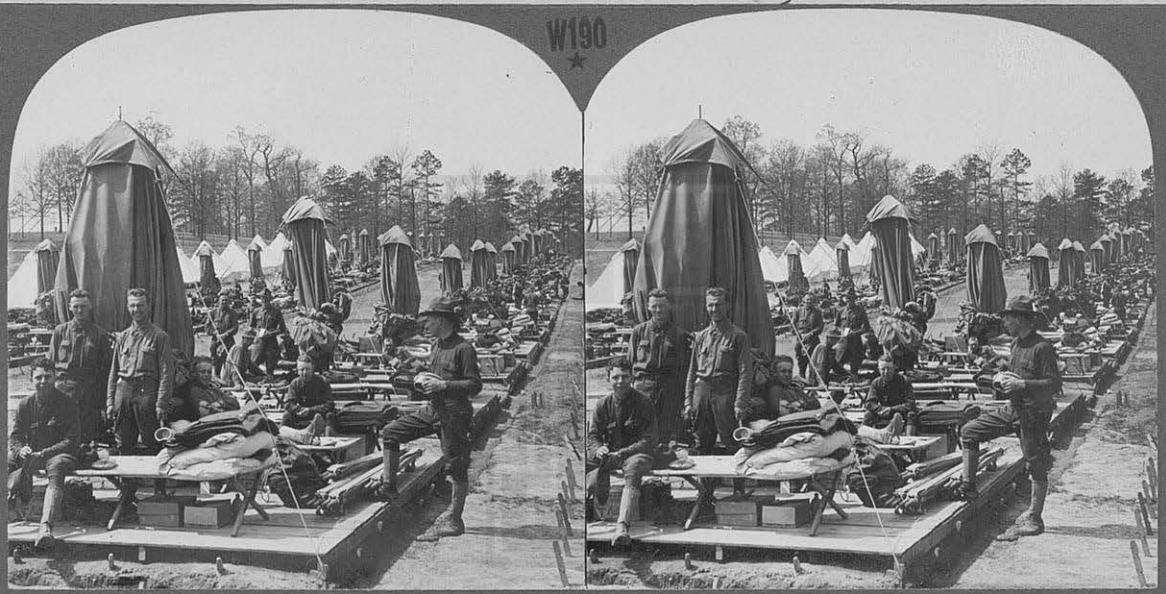

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19096 Sunshine Keeps Our Soldiers Healthy. Daily Sunning of Equipment.

19096

SUNSHINE KEEPS OUR BOY HEALTHY. DAILY SUNNING OF EQUIPMENT

Every precaution is taken in the army to keep the soldiers in the best of health. Personal cleanliness and cleanliness of all belongings and equipment is insisted upon. Because sunshine is a great destroyer of disease germs, the equipment is frequently given a sun bath.

In a soldier's equipment are a large number of things to be looked after. When he enters the army, each man is given two pairs of breeches, two olive drab flannel shirts, one blouse, one hat, two pairs of shoes, one pair of leggins, three suits of underwear and four pairs of socks, and later an overcoat. For his bunk, each receives two or three olive drab blankets and a canvas bed sack, to be filled with hay or straw, 30 pounds to a sack. The recruit kit issued each man contains two face towels, soap, hair brush and comb. All civilian equipment, clothing and toilet articles are returned to their homes. The government wants all the men to be outfitted alike.

The men are taught to make up their bunks army style. The blankets are doubled, folded three times and placed at the head of the bed, folded edges to the left. Shoes are put at the edge of the bed below the blankets. A locker and suitcase are at the foot. Every article has its place. Bunks must be kept in this order except between taps and reveille (rĕv′ ĕ-lē′) and during the hour in the morning for sweeping, scrubbing and airing.

The men are required to take two baths a week, to wash their hands before each meal and to clean their finger nails. No disease germs are allowed to lurk around the doughboy or his equipment. The company streets which we see before us are in Camp Oglethorpe.

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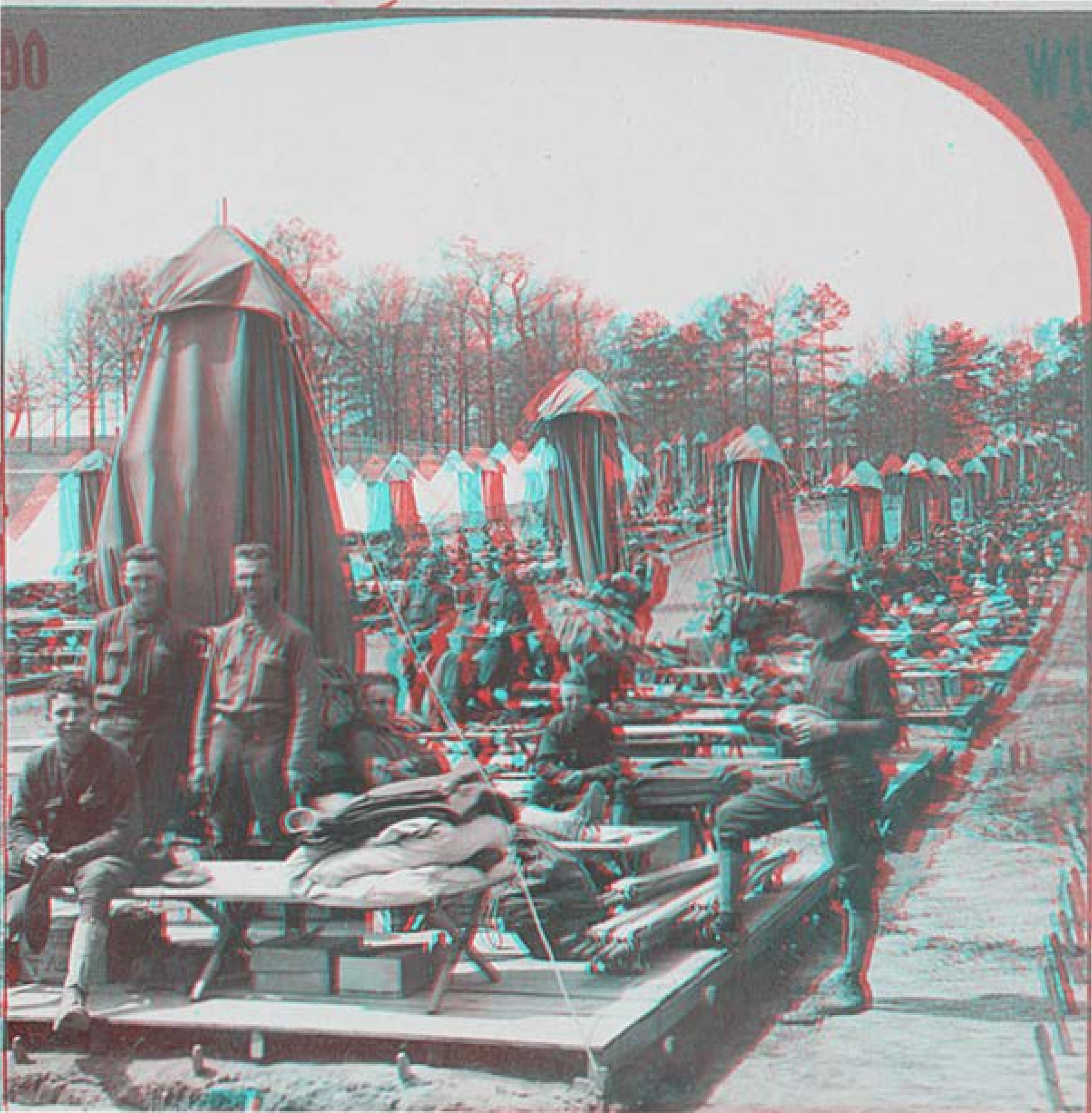

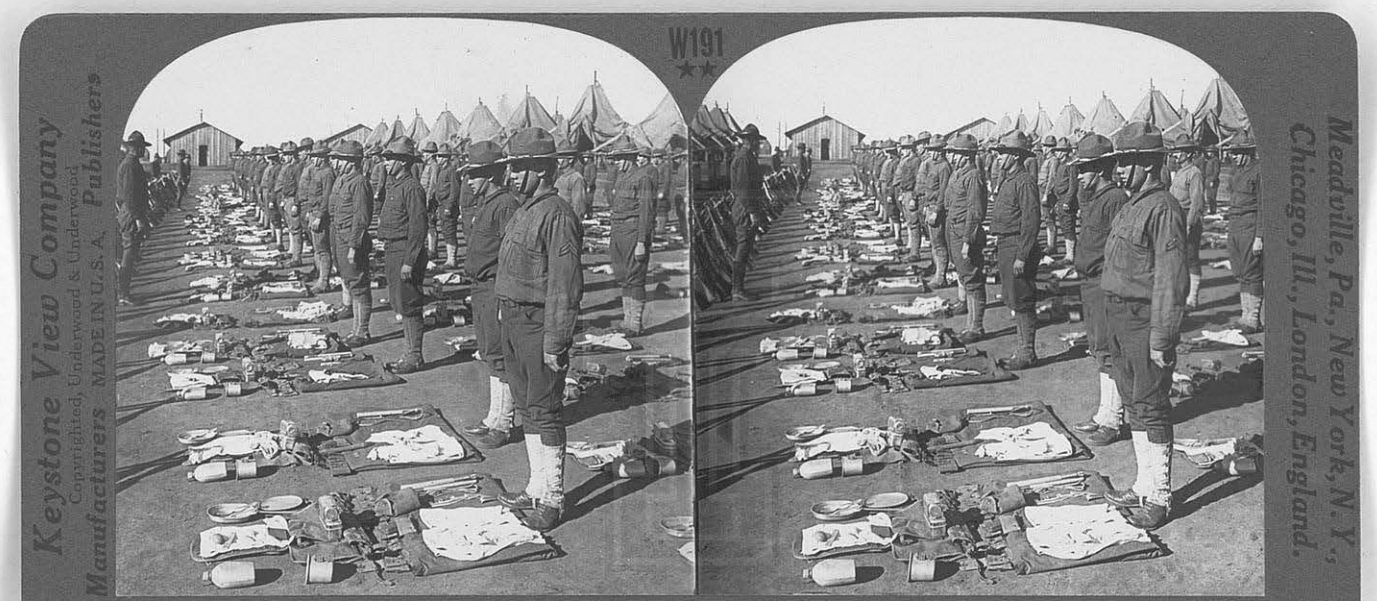

V19220 Pack Inspection of 139th Regiment Infantry, American Army Camp, U. S. A.

V19220

PACK INSPECTION, AMERICAN ARMY CAMP

The kit of an American soldier was very comprehensive, including every article that he could really need in active service. There was a place in his pack for each article and everything was required to be in its place. This requirement was included in the military training of our soldiers not only to inculcate habits of neatness, but for the sake of efficiency.

Frequent inspections were held to prevent the men from growing careless, and these inspections were rigid. A single misplaced article brought sharp reprimand and often punishment. We are looking at one of these inspections, the men standing at attention with their open packs before them, while the sergeants pass up and down the lines critically inspecting each pack. No careless habits were tolerated in the army. The men were not even allowed to stand at ease during these inspections. To many this appeared unnecessary, but slouchiness leads to carelessness and carelessness in one thing leads to carelessness in others. In the army it might come to affect matters of life and death, hence the thorough discipline required in even the smallest matter.

These packs contain mess kits, flask, toilet articles, emergency ration and other articles. In addition to these, the soldier on active service was likely to be loaded down with a shelter half, trench tool, grenades, gas mask, signal flares, cartridges, together with his rifle and bayonet. The 139th Infantry belonged to the 35th Division, composed of Missouri and Kansas National Guard troops, which suffered very heavy losses in its gallant fight northward from Vauquois Hill nearly to Exermont, in the opening phase of the battle of the Meuse-Argonne.

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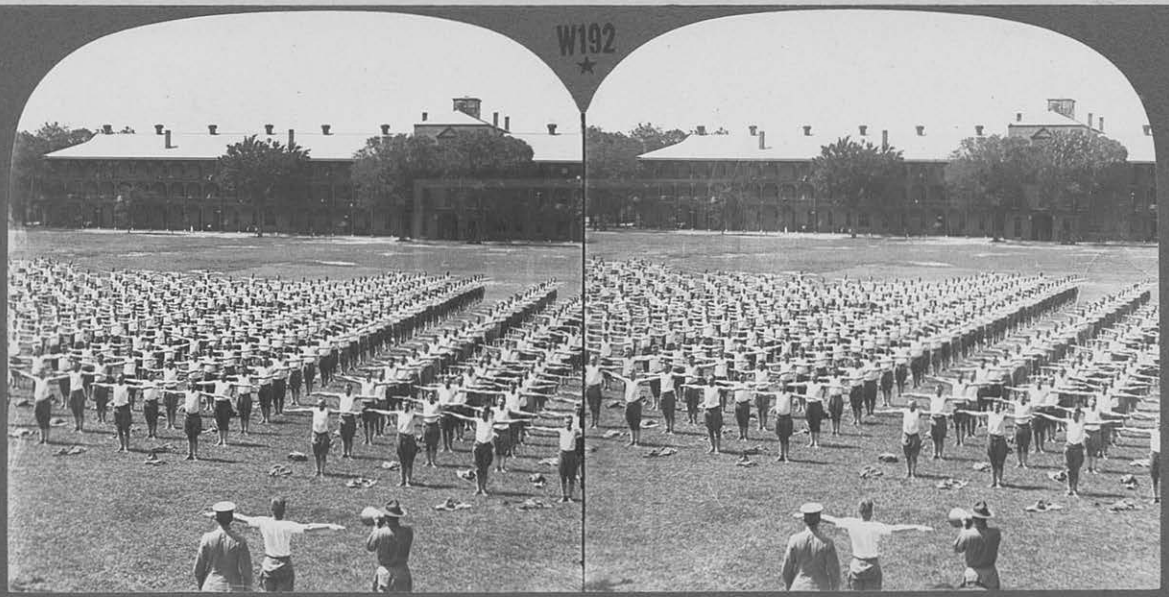

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Meadville, Pa., New York, N.Y.,
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19063 The Heart of the Nation—Every Mother's Son Ready to Do His Duty, Calisthenics in the Army.

19063

CALLISTHENICS IN THE ARMY

At no time in the history of our nation has the general health of the men in the army been so good as it was during our participation in the World War. Reports constantly came from the cantonments of the marked improvement in the personal appearance of the men after a few weeks of army life.

Never before had so much attention been paid to the physical development of the men in the army. Uncle Sam realized that the healthy soldier would be a contented one, and contented soldiers seldom if ever desert.

One reason for the excellent physical condition of the men was the athletics and physical exercises which form part of the army routine. The raw recruit was given plenty of work to do. Physical culture was not given him because he was idle with time hanging heavy on his hands. His day from 5:30 in the morning until 9:45 at night was a full one with but little time to himself. But, no matter how much work he did, or how hard his labor, there was need for some systematic physical training.

Ex-President Roosevelt was so impressed with the physical, mental and moral development of the men in our national cantonments that he advocated the continuation of such camps after the war as permanent features of the life of all young men. The means for accomplishing this purpose has been provided for all young men who will avail of it by the National Defense Act of June 4th, 1920. Three courses of training, the Red, White and Blue Courses, are provided for young men between the ages of 17 and 27 years, each course requiring 15 days. If in three successive years a young man takes all three, he will be entitled upon graduation from the Blue course to appointment as 2nd Lieutenant in the Officers Reserve Corps.

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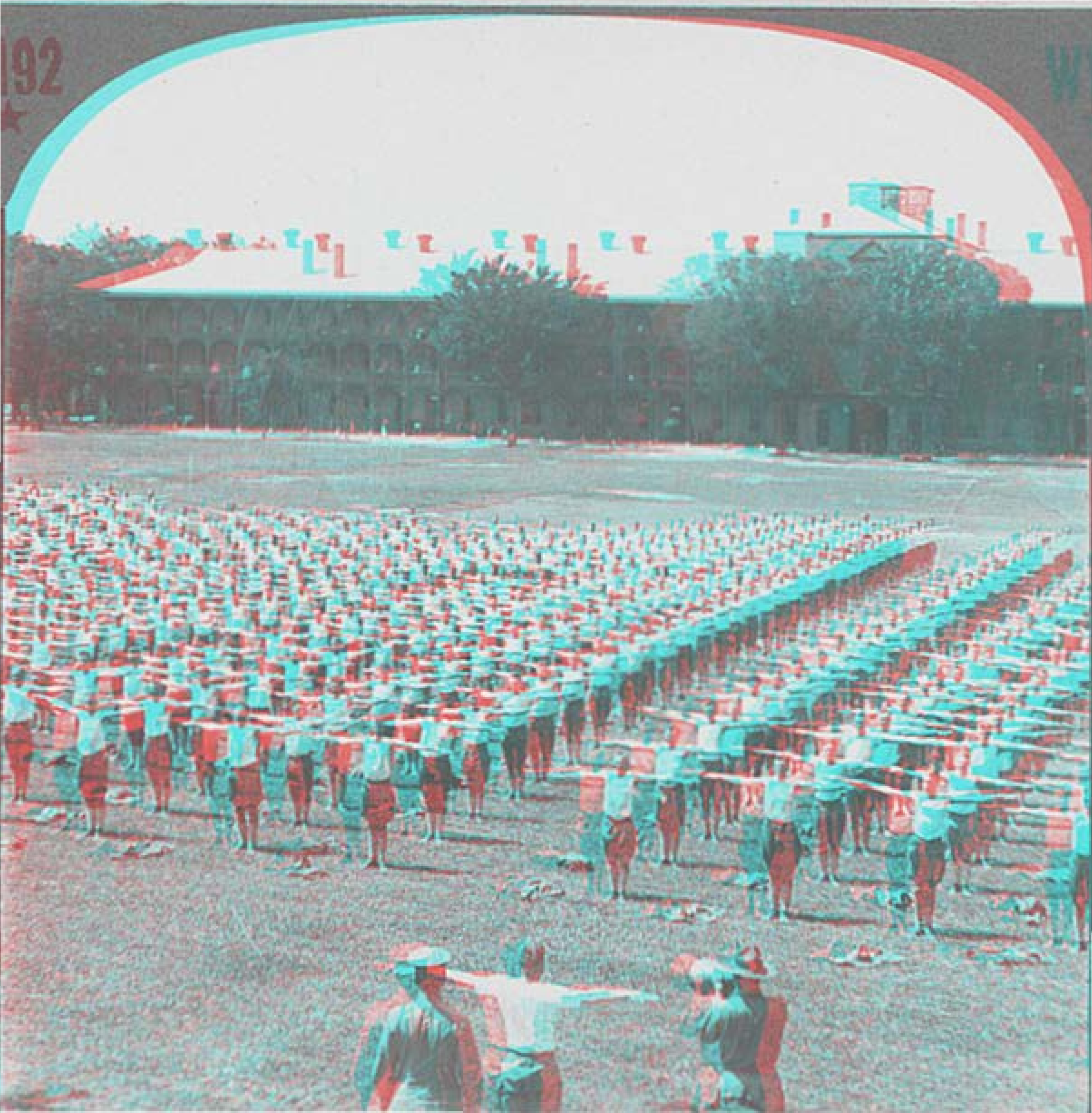

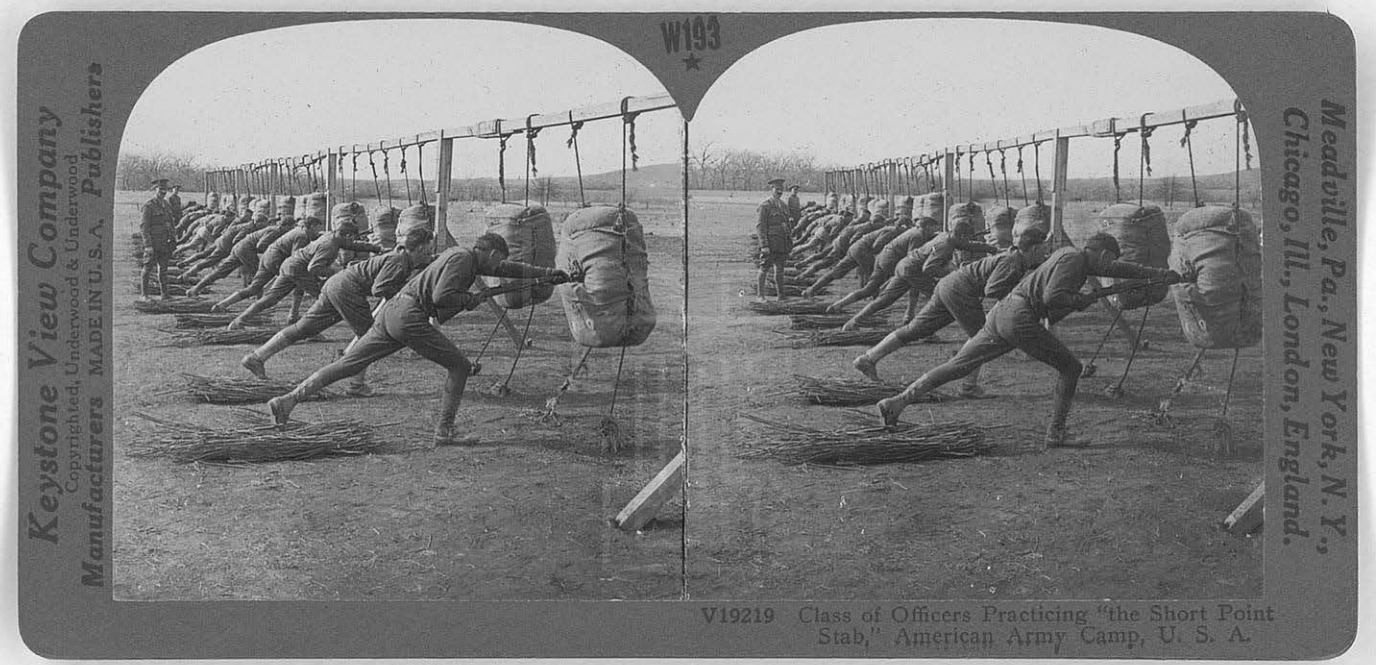

V19219 Class of Officers Practicing "the Short Point Stab," American Army Camp, U. S. A.

V19219

BAYONET CLASS PRACTICING THE SHORT POINT STAB

To take a raw civilian straight from the office, shop or farm and make him into a thorough-going fighting man in the period of three months was a task that required aid of the best kind. Our country, therefore, called on Great Britain to send us hundreds of instructors who knew how the "game was played" on the western front and who could instruct our men how best to defeat the Germans and how best to protect themselves in battle.

Great Britain sent us the kind of help that we needed, men like that captain that you see standing behind the line of men. He is experienced in all the tricks of hand to hand fighting as is his assistant, a non-commissioned officer, that is farther down the line. The captain is recognized by the three rosettes on his sleeve, while the other Britisher is known for a soldier by the shiny ornament on his cap.

To give the men training as realistic as possible, dummies such as those that you see were strung along in rows, one for each man. With those and his rifle with its bayonet, the soldier learned the technique of killing; how to thrust, parry and club, and how to keep his footing on the treacherous ground, made as real as possible with bundles of brush.

It is skill in bayonet fighting that counts as much as strength, but strong backs and strong arms are essential to make this vicious "short point stab" count.

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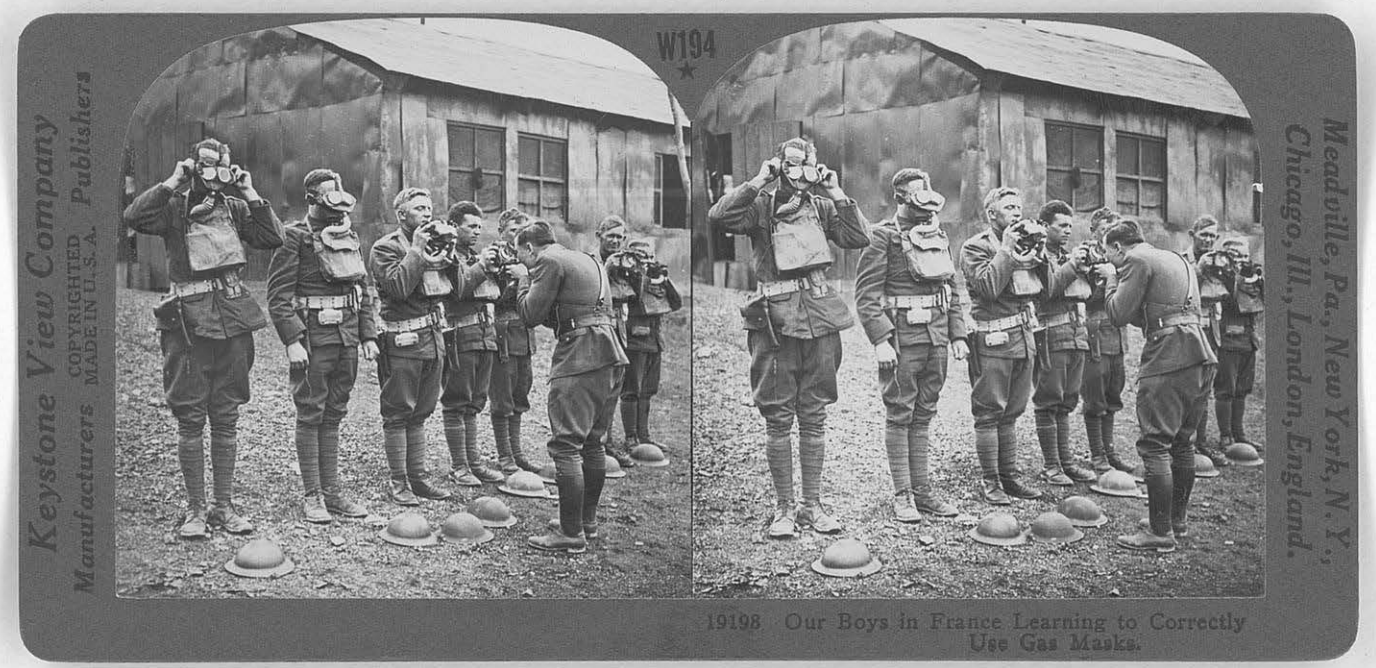

19198 Our Boys in France Learning to Correctly Use Gas Masks.

19198

LEARNING TO USE GAS MASKS

The officer before us is instructing his squad in the use of gas masks. Thorough drill in this is of the utmost importance, for a few seconds delay in adjusting his mask in a gas attack may incapacitate a soldier for service and subject him to weeks of agony, if not death.

The Germans were the first to use poison gas in the war, expelling it from metal tubes and trusting to the wind to carry it down upon our allies. This method was soon discarded in favor of gas shells, which they used extensively, sometimes one shell in every three being filled with gas. It became necessary to equip every man in our army with a mask and drill him in the use of it. These masks fit so closely that air cannot enter the nostrils except through the breathing tube. The general principle on which they are constructed is this—that the inhaled air is drawn through certain substances which absorb the gas before it can get into the mask, while the breath which a soldier exhales escapes from the mask through a rubber valve opening only on pressure from the inside. The mask is carried in a canvas case, ready for instant use. A soldier, expert in the use of his mask, can put it on in about ten seconds.

Soldiers do not like to wear the mask and will often take great risks rather than be annoyed with them, for even the best of them add somewhat to the difficulty of breathing. Then too, moisture which accumulates inside the mask dims the eye glasses and it becomes difficult to see. Throughout the war there was constant effort to produce a gas against which no mask would be effective. The Germans used phosgene, mustard gas, lachrymal gas and others, but our chemists devised masks effective against each

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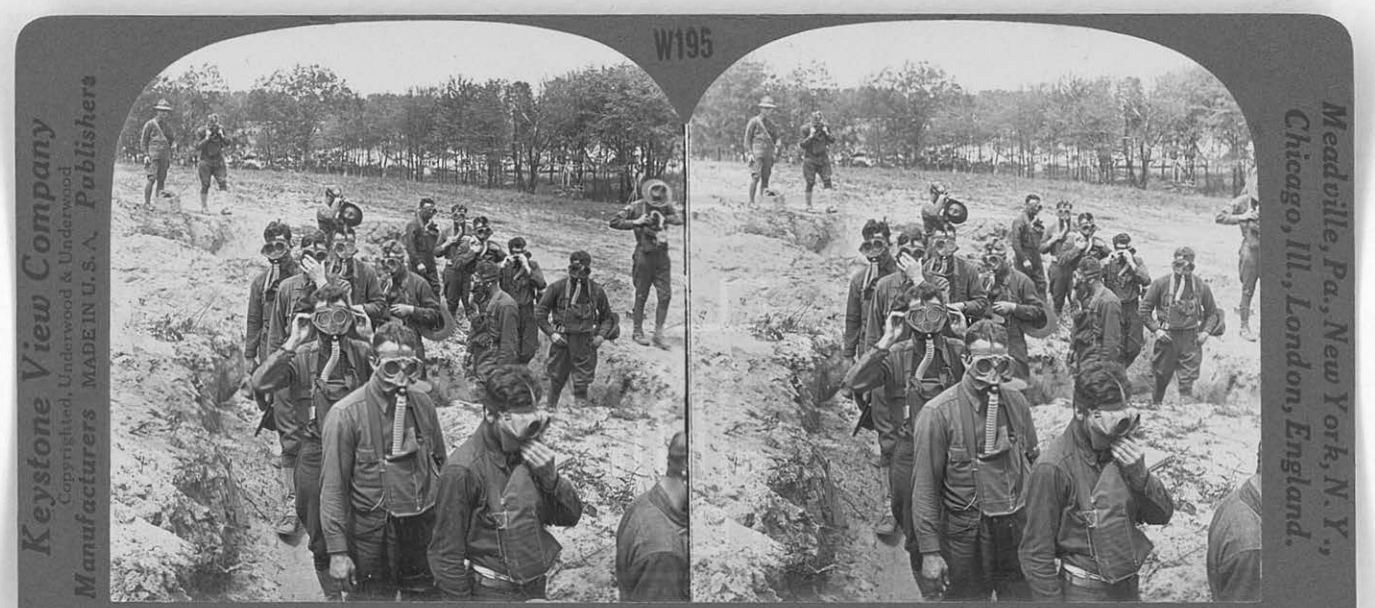

V19222 Soldiers About to Enter Tear-Gas Trench, Camp Dix, N. J.

V19222

SOLDIERS ABOUT TO ENTER TEAR GAS TRENCH, CAMP DIX, N. J.

In order that these soldiers might be properly taught the necessity of having their masks adjusted, the army officers made use of this tear-gas trench where fumes that would irritate but not permanently injure the eyes, were used.

The soldier nearest to you is testing his mask to see if it is tight all about his face. With his hand he has removed the piece of rubber from his mouth and is exhaling his breath inside the mask. The mask, you can see, is inflated, proof that the edges are tight. On the mask of the third soldier you can plainly see the circular spring just below the eye piece that is used to adjust and hold the nose grip in place to prevent breath entering the lungs except through the mouth.

All of these men have their masks at the "alert," that is, strapped high on their chests with the lower part firmly tied around their backs. You will notice too that the flaps of the case fold in toward the body, to lessen the possibility of water, dampness and dirt getting into the mask.

When these masks are adjusted the chin is inserted first and then the rest of the mask drawn over the face, being held in position by that rubber band which you can see passed over the top of the head and two rubber bands that pass around the head.

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18360 Building Barbed Wire Entanglements—Reserve Officers in Training Camp, Ft. Sheridan, Ill.

18360

BUILDING BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS, TRAINING CAMP, FORT SHERIDAN, ILL.

On May 14, 1917, the United States set in motion a plan for swiftly enlarging the size of the military forces of the nation; namely, the opening of training camps for officers for the new National Army. Three months of intensive training were required.

Among the hundreds of necessary things to be learned in practical fashion was the item of trench warfare which plays so important a part in modern fighting. You see here a section of barbed wire entanglement set up in front of a system of trenches built at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. These trenches were constructed entirely by the candidates in training there, and are exact duplicates of a section of trenches which were the scenes of the hardest battles of the war on the Somme front. Just beyond the entanglements, where some of the candidates are still working, can be seen the edge of a deep narrow ravine. On the other side of this ravine are the trenches which have been so skillfully built that, even at such a short distance as this, it would be hard to imagine that the open field in front of us was honeycombed with zig-zagging six-foot furrows and underground dugouts.

During the last month of the training course the men saw active service in night attacks on these trenches, as well as in night work in defending the trenches. The work done at Fort Sheridan attracted state-wide attention, and during the three months more than one hundred thousand visitors came to the Fort. The most interesting experience to these visitors was the close inspection of the trenches and barbed wire entanglements because they were copies of the original trenches in France.

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19050 Preparing for the Firing Line—Loading a 3-Inch Field Gun.

19050

PREPARING FOR THE FIRING LINE—LOADING A 3-INCH FIELD GUN

In modern armies the artillery has become the most important element with the exception of the infantry, and its influence upon the course of events in the World War could hardly be over-stated. When the United States entered the conflict our artillery was equipped with a field gun of 3-inch calibre, firing a projectile weighing about 15 pounds. This is the gun which we have before us, and it was conceded to be a very fine weapon.

But in the spring of 1917 we possessed only about 700 of these guns and the facilities were lacking for making more of them at the rate they would be required for equipping an American army of millions of men, such as we intended to send to Europe. The number of guns needed on European battlefields was shown at Verdun in 1916, when the Germans alone had about 3,000 guns on a front of some 20 miles. So our government was obliged to adopt the French field guns, which were being produced in sufficient quantities to equip the American army as well as the French.

It was fortunate that we had to make the change because the French "75" (75 millimetres, equal to 2.95 inches) is the best light field gun in the world; better even than our 3-inch and far superior to the 77-millimetre Krupp gun, with which the Germans were armed. Our artillerymen soon learned to have the greatest confidence in and admiration for the "75", for it served them as splendidly as it had the French themselves and helped to win many a victory for the men in olive drab.

After the close of the war the French "75" was permanently adopted as the American field gun and the National Guard as well as the Regular Army was equipped with it.

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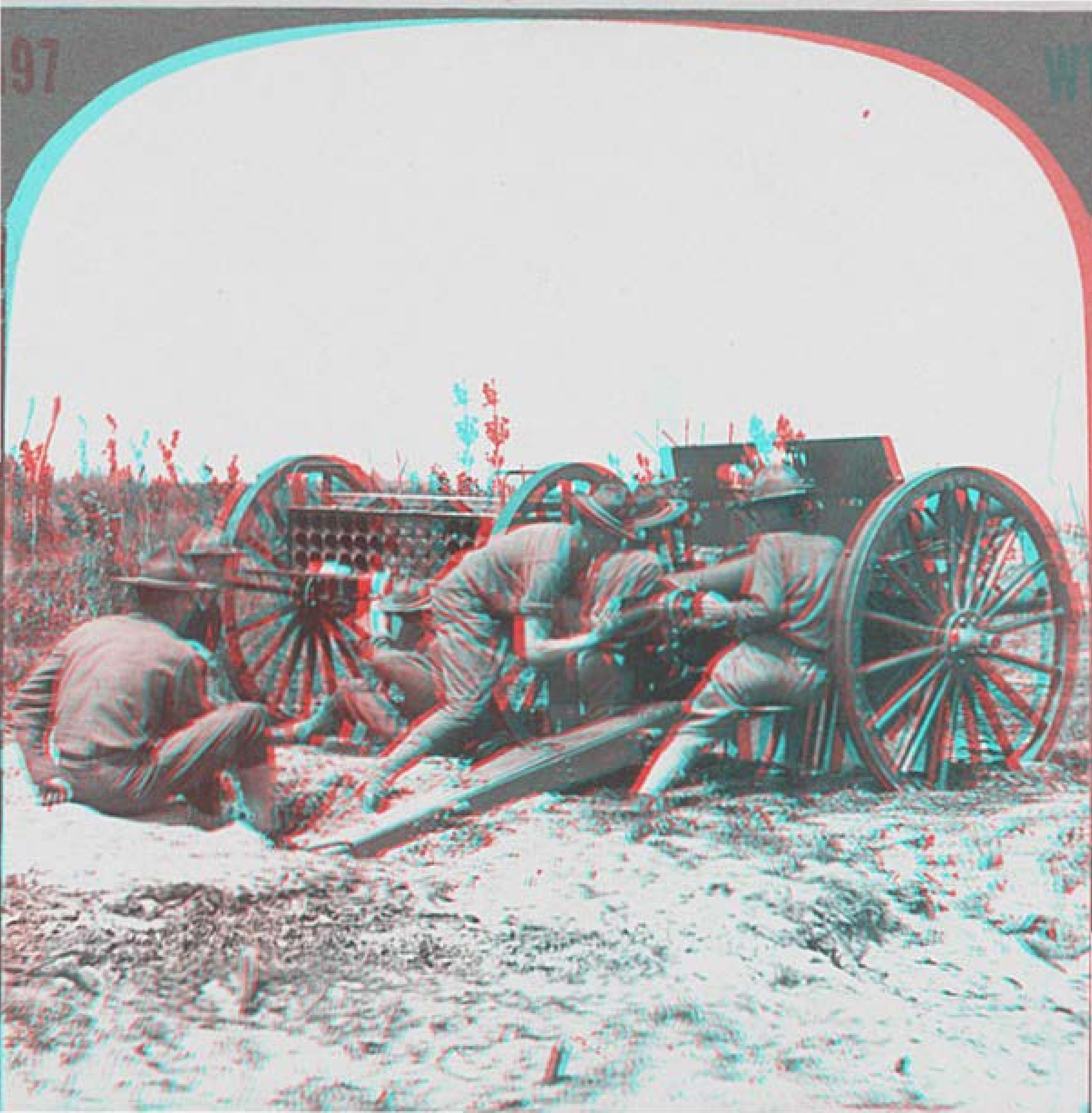
97

19100 Our Answer to the Kaiser—3,000 of America's Millions Eager to Fight for Democracy.

19100

OUR ANSWER TO THE KAISER

When on April 6, 1917, war with Germany was declared, the total strength of the regular army and National Guard was 307,000. Yet in nineteen months an army of nearly two million men were drafted and mobilized in great camps which were prepared for them. They were clothed and fully equipped with arms and ammunition. They were given a military training and transported across the sea where they opposed, successfully, the soldiers of the most warlike nations of Europe. This was a most marvelous achievement, possible only when fine men are inspired by the highest patriotism.

The commanders of the training camps asserted that the men in training were the finest material in the world. In these camps all that could be done for the welfare of the men was done on a scale never before equaled by any nation in its preparation for war. Men from the north, the south, the east and the west met and learned to know each other. The mountaineers were brought out from their isolation, and the unity of the great American nation was shown as had never been done before. These men were trained for war and learned the military life faster than had been thought possible. The Germans had underrated the American soldier. Our men entered the line on the Marne where the Germans were successfully driving toward Paris. On June 13, 1918, at Belleau Wood they stopped the German advance. At Château Thierry and St. Mihiel, everywhere, they proved themselves fighting men of the first class. All this is especially remarkable because previous to the opening of this war the United States was the most unwarlike nation in the world.

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19192 Thousands Marching, Thousands Watching!
Our National Army, Chicago, Aug. 4, 1917.

19192

THOUSANDS MARCHING—OUR NATIONAL ARMY

This is a sight to bring pride to the heart of every American—our National army, thousands and thousands of stalwart men, from every rank of life, enlisted in the service of their country, sworn to defend its honor and its rights. These are the men who afterwards went to France and on many a bloody field, in many a desperate battle, rushed like a cyclone upon the German ranks, smashed through their supposedly impregnable defenses, sent their troops reeling backward in defeat. Here our men are marching through the streets of one of our great cities.

In these ranks were poor and rich, educated and uneducated, native and foreign born, undergoing the same training, eating the same food, united in a common cause. For months they drilled and marched and countermarched until their muscles became like steel bands; learned to use rifle, grenade and bayonet; were welded into a fighting machine fit to cope with Germany's proud battalions.

These men went to war in grim and serious mood. They knew what hardships and horrors would be their lot. They knew that many of their number would fall on the soil of France; that many would return crippled for life; that many would suffer agony from grievous wounds. Yet knowing all this they went, willingly, because their country was menaced; because the liberties of mankind were at stake; because all they held most dear was in danger. They went because they were patriots.

America had for these "boys" a sacred place in the inner shrine of her heart. They were bone of her bone, blood of her blood, Sons of Freedom, offering up their lives on the altar of their country.

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Meadville, Pa., New York, N. Y.,
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19070 One of New York's Greatest Military Spectacles
The "Rainbow" Division Parading in Honor
of Citizen Soldiers.

19070

"RAINBOW" DIV. PARADING IN HONOR OF NEW YORK'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS

This parade was given in New York in honor of the city's citizen soldiers. The quota of the metropolis in the first draft was 38,621 men. The uniformed troops parading before us are from the 42nd ("Rainbow") Division, which was in training at that time at Camp Mills, Long Island, near New York.

The Rainbow Division, so named because it was made up of picked regiments or companies from 26 States of the Union and the District of Columbia, was the second National Guard division to be sent across, the 26th ("Yankee") Division, of New England, preceding it by a few days. The men of the Rainbow gave a splendid account of themselves in the Champagne defensive, the Marne counter-offensive, at St. Mihiel, in the Meuse-Argonne, and on other battlefields.

At the time the men of the Rainbow Division were in training, very few of our American soldiers had been tried on the fields of war-stricken Europe. Their success in war was a matter of conjecture and hope. That hope was quickly realized and the American boys made splendid soldiers. The Yankee ingenuity, the fearless fighting, and the splendid spirit shown by the American soldiers were large factors in driving the enemy back and winning the war.

When thousands of young men were drafted into the service of their country, it was felt to be a very solemn occasion. Every one felt that these young men were a sacrifice offered up for the safety of the nation, and while such a parade as this was cheered and cheered, deep in the hearts of the people lay a feeling of reverence and of high resolve that these should not "suffer in vain."

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19080 Sousa's Famous Marine Band Playing on South Steps of Treasury Bldg., Washington, D. C.

19089

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			129	201

SOUSA'S MARINE BAND, WASHINGTON, D. C.

John Philip Sousa (sōō′zȧ), popular band leader and composer, endeared himself more than ever to the American people when, at the outbreak of war with Germany, he offered his services to his country and set about training a superb naval band of 250 pieces on the Great Lakes. Just how this big band was to help win the war was soon evident when they began to take active part in Red Cross drives, war chest campaigns, and Liberty Bond activities all over the country. They are playing at the National Capital on the south steps of the Treasury Building.

The man whose musical brain is responsible for this wonderful band is known all over the world. Sousa was born in Washington, D. C., in 1854, taught music at fifteen and was musical conductor at seventeen. From 1880 to 1892 he was band leader of the United States Marine Corps, and has been director of the famous Sousa's Military Band since then. This band has traveled all over the world and Sousa has been decorated by many foreign nations. His musical compositions including several operas have been very successful. His collection of "National, Patriotic and Typical Airs of All Countries" has been officially adopted by the U. S. Navy Department and forms part of the musical collection of service bands all over the world.

Sousa always included the "Star Spangled Banner" in his repertoire abroad and it is due to him that foreign nations know our national hymn so well. He likes to tell how he has "played the 'Star Spangled Banner' around the world." Of course this is always a favorite with Americans and when played by Sousa's famous band instills in every hearer true loyalty and patriotism.

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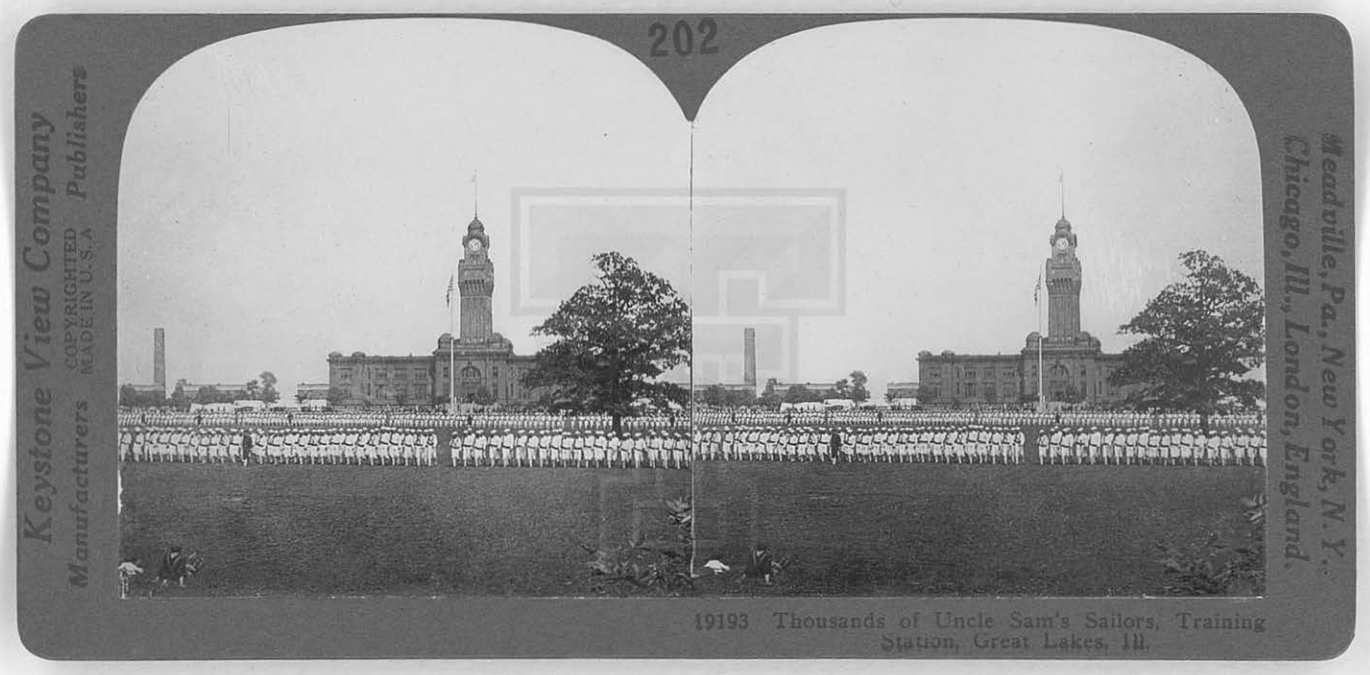

19193 Thousands of Uncle Sam's Sailors, Training Station, Great Lakes, Ill.

19193

THOUSANDS OF UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	47	66	130	202

Here is the Great Lakes Training Station, a school which turned out thousands of sailors during the war. It is situated about 40 miles north of Chicago on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan. The grounds are immense, more than 300 acres of level Illinois prairie land, extending for nearly a mile along the shore of the lake and as far back into the country. At times more than 20,000 men were in training. On the parade ground, dressed in white, they make a fine appearance.

The immense area was divided into separate camps each containing several thousand men, each with its own central drill grounds, its own central steam heating plant, hospital and mess halls. All buildings were lighted by electricity and their appointments complete in every essential particular. The most careful attention was given to hygiene, and absolute personal cleanliness was required of every man.

The men came from all over the country. Not a state in the Union but was represented —a splendid lot of vigorous young Americans. They lived in barracks 120 feet long and about 30 feet wide, comfortable barracks heated by steam and warm even in the severe winters of northern Illinois. The men slept in canvas hammocks slung from iron piping. Their days were busy ones, filled with drill and work and study. In the evenings the boys wrote letters or read or prepared lessons for the coming day. The food that was served was exceptionally good—plain, simple, nourishing. It was cooked at a central plant, placed in aluminum kettles and served piping hot; at 6:30 breakfast, 11:30 dinner, 4:30 supper.

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19074 "Parade Rest"—Naval Training Station.

19074

"PARADE REST"—NAVAL TRAINING STATION

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION		67	131	203

Early in the war the United States government opened a large number of naval training schools along the coast and Great Lakes. There were three kinds of these naval training schools. The Navigational schools were for training officers in navigation and for men who had had some sea experience. There were forty-one of these schools, the largest being the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. It required six weeks to complete the course and if the student passed he was entitled, after two months of sea experience, to a license of second or third class mate. From the beginning of the war until April 1, 1918, over 1500 men had been graduated from this school.

The schools for engineers were opened to men who had had six months' sea service, or who were firemen or engineers. These schools graduated 1200 men within ten months after war was declared. Soon there were over 5000 licensed engineers in the service. The principal schools were located at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, John Hopkins Institute at Baltimore, Md., University of Washington, Seattle, and Seaman's Church Institute, New York. The third class of schools were those training sailors and men to man the vessels. Here the men were put through a vigorous course of training and were taught everything that would be useful to them from shooting to swimming. Gun drill formed an important part of their training.

The navy was manned entirely by volunteers In early June, 1918, all navy recruiting records were broken because of the activity of German submarines off the Atlantic coast and also on account of the wonderful work of the marines in France.

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19053 Projectile Weighing 1070 lbs.—Powder 525 lbs.
One Load for the 12-inch Disappearing Gun,
Fortress Monroe, Va.

19053

ONE LOAD FOR A 12-INCH GUN

Artillery and ammunition are the most important things used in the modern battle. The late war showed wonderful developments in heavy artillery with its large projectiles and heavy powder charges. In Europe, shells weighing as much as 2,000, or 2,400 pounds were used. In our own 12-in. guns, which, together with the 12-in. mortars, were used extensively in our coast defenses, the weight of the shell was 1,070 lbs., the powder charge 325 lbs.

Armour-piercing shells are made of tough, dense steel, specially hardened. The walls are thick to enable them to penetrate armor without breaking up. They are usually fitted with delayed action fuses which will not fire the powder charge until the shell has passed through armor or struck some resisting object.

The manufacture of explosives is one of the most important industries of the United States and developed rapidly after the beginning of the war. During the war, the United States furnished the armies of Europe with large quantities of ammunition and supplied its own army with an adequate amount of this necessity of war. It is estimated that on October 1st, 1917, the United States had prepared for the army about 50,000,000 shells, costing about $1,000,000,000. This required nearly 2,000,000 tons of bars and steel forgings worth about $166,000,000. These figures show that the cost of ammunition alone was no small part of the expense of the war. When we consider that in firing one shell from a 12-inch gun, the projectile used is nearly as large as a man and 7 or 8 times as heavy, and the powder charge larger than a man and 3 times as heavy, we are appalled at the destruction that can be accomplished by one of these coast defense guns.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION		68	132	204

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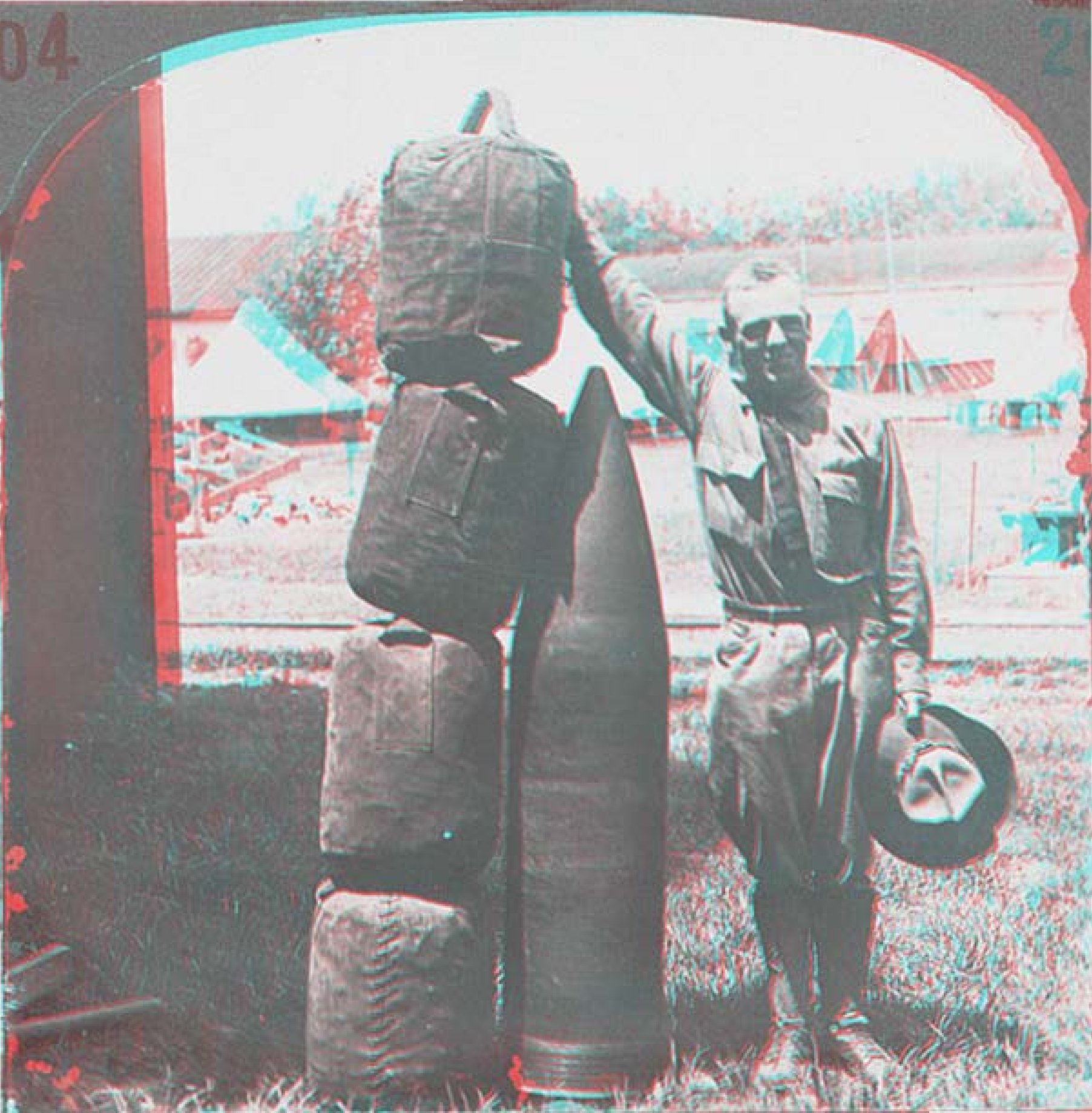

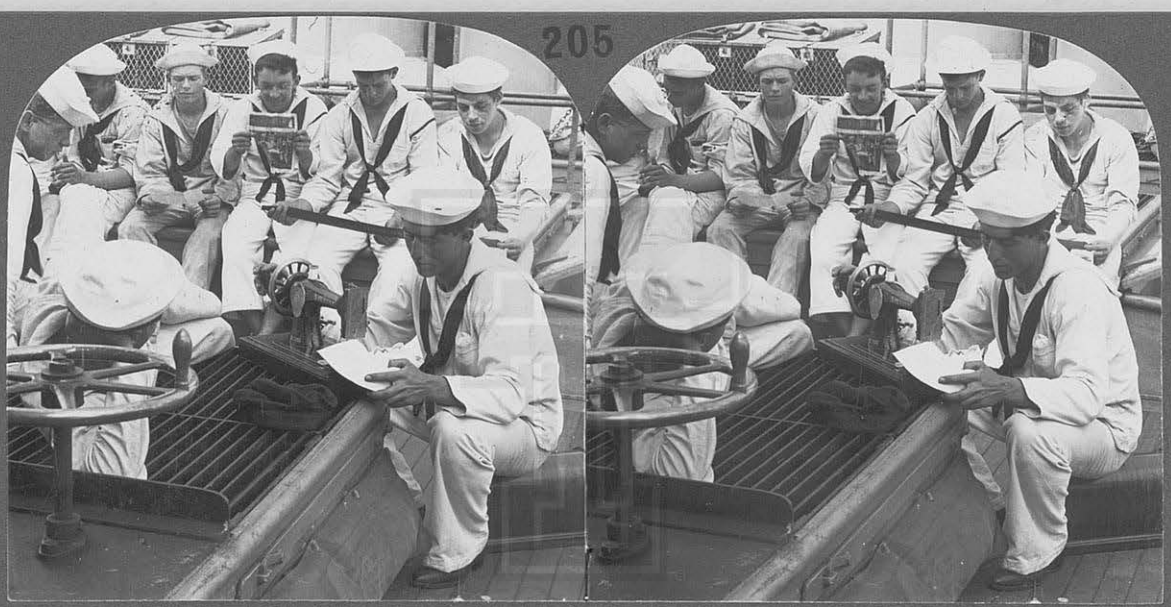

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14253 A Sailor's Sewing Day Reminds Him Keenly of Home and Mother—Life on Board a Battleship.

14253

A SAILOR'S SEWING DAY

Each sailor is expected to keep his clothing in good repair. Perhaps when he is sewing up a rent in his trousers or darning his socks he appreciates more than ever before the nimble fingers and loving heart of mother at home. It is needless to say that mother would be more than glad to be able to perform these little services for her boy at sea.

Very likely she has provided him with a "comfort bag" for his use at sea. These "comfort bags" were made for our soldiers and marines under the supervision of the Red Cross Society and other organizations.

The bags were made of washable material, measuring 10 to 13 inches with a draw string at the top. They contained as many as possible of the following articles: Khaki colored sewing cotton No. 30; white sewing cotton No. 30; gray darning cotton; package of needles No. 5; darning needle; needle case; buttons, black and white, medium size, in bag

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SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			133	205

3 by 5 inches; large thimble; blunt pointed scissors; soap; safety pins, medium size; common pins; small comb; tooth brush; small, round mirror; handkerchief; lead pencil; writing pad; envelopes; post cards; pocket knife; shoe laces.

The Navy League supervised the making of other articles for the comfort of the sea men. These were sweaters, helmets, mufflers and wristlets knitted of gray yarn. Units of this league were formed all over the United States. These units gave out the knitting material to all women who would knit for the soldiers at sea.

If women could not go to war, they could at least do their bit at home as long as the Navy League, Red Cross and other organizations were in need of articles which would add to the comfort of the soldiers.

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14250 Marines and Sailors Despersing after an Assembly Aft for Instructions—Life on Board a Battleship.

14250

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				206

MARINES AND SAILORS DISPERSING AFTER AN ASSEMBLY AFT FOR INSTRUCTIONS

At nine o'clock every morning, the men assemble for inspection. As at this time everyone must appear in clean whites, and may be called out at any other time of the day to appear in like manner, each sailor usually has one suit in process of drying on a line.

Some time is spent every morning in cleaning the ship and scrubbing clothes. The men lay their suits out on the deck floor and scrub them with brush and soap and water. After being rinsed, they are tied with strings to a clothes line stretched on the deck. The men are quite apt to spend any spare time they have in scrubbing their clothes.

Every part of the ship is thoroughly cleaned, even to the funnel to clean which the men sit on chairs suspended by ropes and are raised or lowered by the men on deck by ropes working through pulleys.

The men are required to be neat as well as clean. Every article of clothing must be folded and stowed uniformly. Even in stowing away the hammock for the day, the sailor is taught to roll it up into a big sausage and to lash it with just seven turns of rope, no more, no less.

The sailor's hammock in which all the seamen but the officers sleep, is a sheet of canvas caught at the ends into a metal ring and slung from hooks in the beams of the supporting deck. It has a mattress and blanket and a pillow if desired. The hammocks are hung so close together that they sometimes touch.

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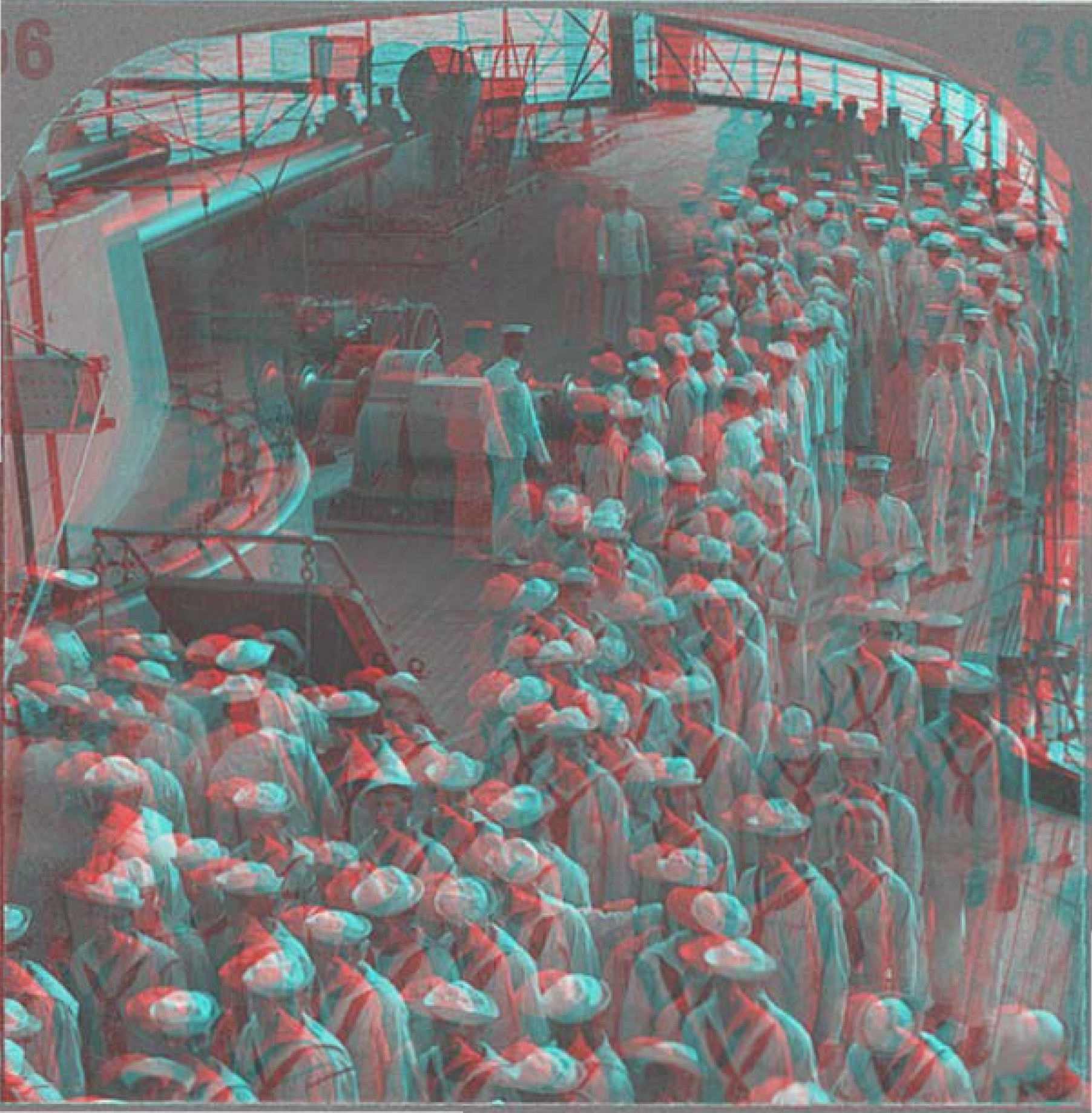

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14249 Bugler Calling Marines and Sailors to Assemble for Instruction—Life on Board a Battleship.

14249

THE BUGLER CALLING THE MARINES AND SAILORS TO ASSEMBLE FOR INSTRUCTIONS

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				207

The bugler on a battleship is a very busy man. He opens the day with the "first call of reveille" at 5:45, followed by the "reveille" at 5:50 after which comes "turn to." Then comes the "recall." After any call which brings the men into action comes the "recall" which excuses them. At 7 o'clock is the "mess call." At 7:55 is the "first call to the colors", which is the same thing as "guard mount" in the army. This stations the men for their watch duty. At 8 o'clock the "colors" is sounded. The flag is raised while the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner" and all the officers and men stand at attention.

At 9:15 comes the "call to inspection" and the "call to quarters" when the men are inspected, a division at a time, on the quarter deck by a captain.

At 12 o'clock comes "mess call" again. After mess there is a "band call" and usually call for regular drill, though the time for regular drill varies on different ships. At supper time is "mess call" again, followed by the "call to the colors" and the "band call". After the flag is lowered, the band gives a concert.

The "first call tattoo", "tattoo" and the beautiful call of "taps", when all the lights must be out, end the day.

Besides the regular calls there are many extra ones coming unexpectedly at any time. These are "fire alarm call", "collision drill", "abandoned ship drill", and "torpedo defense."

The bugler we see here is calling "attention" at the approach of a ship. If it is a foreign boat, our band will play their national air, while their band plays ours.

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9367 Gunners on Board U. S. Battleship New York
Loading 5-Inch Gun.

9367

GUNNERS ON BOARD U. S. BATTLESHIP NEW YORK, LOADING 5-INCH GUN

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			134	208

The New York at the opening of the late war was one of the battleships of the Atlantic Fleet under command of Admiral Henry T. Mayo, and was in the outer line of defense. This battleship was built in 1911 at a cost of $6,400,080. It has a displacement of 27,000 tons, a speed of 21 knots, and an armament of 10 14-inch and 21 5-inch guns, and 4 torpedo tubes. It carries 55 officers and 970 men.

The 14-inch guns are, of course, more powerful than the 5-inch ones. The barrel of one of these large guns weighs 64 tons. If a wagon could be built strong enough to hold the gun, it would take 60 horses to haul it. The gun is 4 feet across its big end and 2 feet across the little end. The barrel is 52½ feet long and its walls are 17 inches thick. It can shoot a shell weighing 1,400 pounds a distance almost equal to that across the English Channel. The cost of each firing is $780.00. It requires 370 pounds of smokeless powder for each shell.

The gun crew before us are firing one of the 5-inch guns of the New York. This gun takes a 60-pound shell and a powder charge of about 20 pounds. The crew works with regularity and precision, each men having his own particular work to do. The trainer stands with his eye at the telescope sight. The plugman opens and closes the breech. The loaders swing in the shell and powder charge. The sight-setter wears a telephone headpiece and gets orders as to range and direction from the spotter aloft. Every few seconds the crack of the gun can be heard as it discharges its shell.

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19147 Deck of the U. S. Battleship *Pennsylvania.*

19147

DECK OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP PENNSYLVANIA

Our picture shows the deck of one of the giants of the United States Navy, the battleship Pennsylvania, one of the largest and most powerful battleships afloat. The Pennsylvania is modern in every particular and its armament and equipment are so powerful as to make her a very effective fighting machine.

The Pennsylvania is one of the advanced types of sea-going battleships. At the beginning of the late war the United States Navy had 361 vessels ready for service, including twelve first-line battleships, twenty-five second-line battleships, nine armored cruisers, twenty-four other cruisers, seven monitors, fifty destroyers, sixteen coast torpedo vessels, seventeen torpedo boats, forty-four submarines, eight tenders to torpedo boats, twenty-eight gunboats, four transports, four supply ships, one hospital ship, twenty-one fuel ships, fourteen converted yachts, forty-nine tugs, and

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	48	69	135	209

twenty-eight minor vessels. The growth of the Navy in one year from our entrance into the war may give some idea of the efficiency of our Navy Department. In April, 1917, the regular Navy contained 4,366 officers and 64,680 men. In April, 1918, it contained 7,798 officers and 192,385 men. In the Marine Corps in 1917 there were 426 officers and 13,266 men, and in one year its figures had increased to 1,389 officers and 38,629 men. In the Naval Reserves, Naval Volunteers, and Coast Guards there were in 1917, 24,569 men; in 1918, 98,319 men, and 11,477 officers.

During the time we were at war 123 new naval vessels were completed and about 800 craft were taken over and converted into transports, patrol service boats, submarine chasers, mine sweepers and mine layers.

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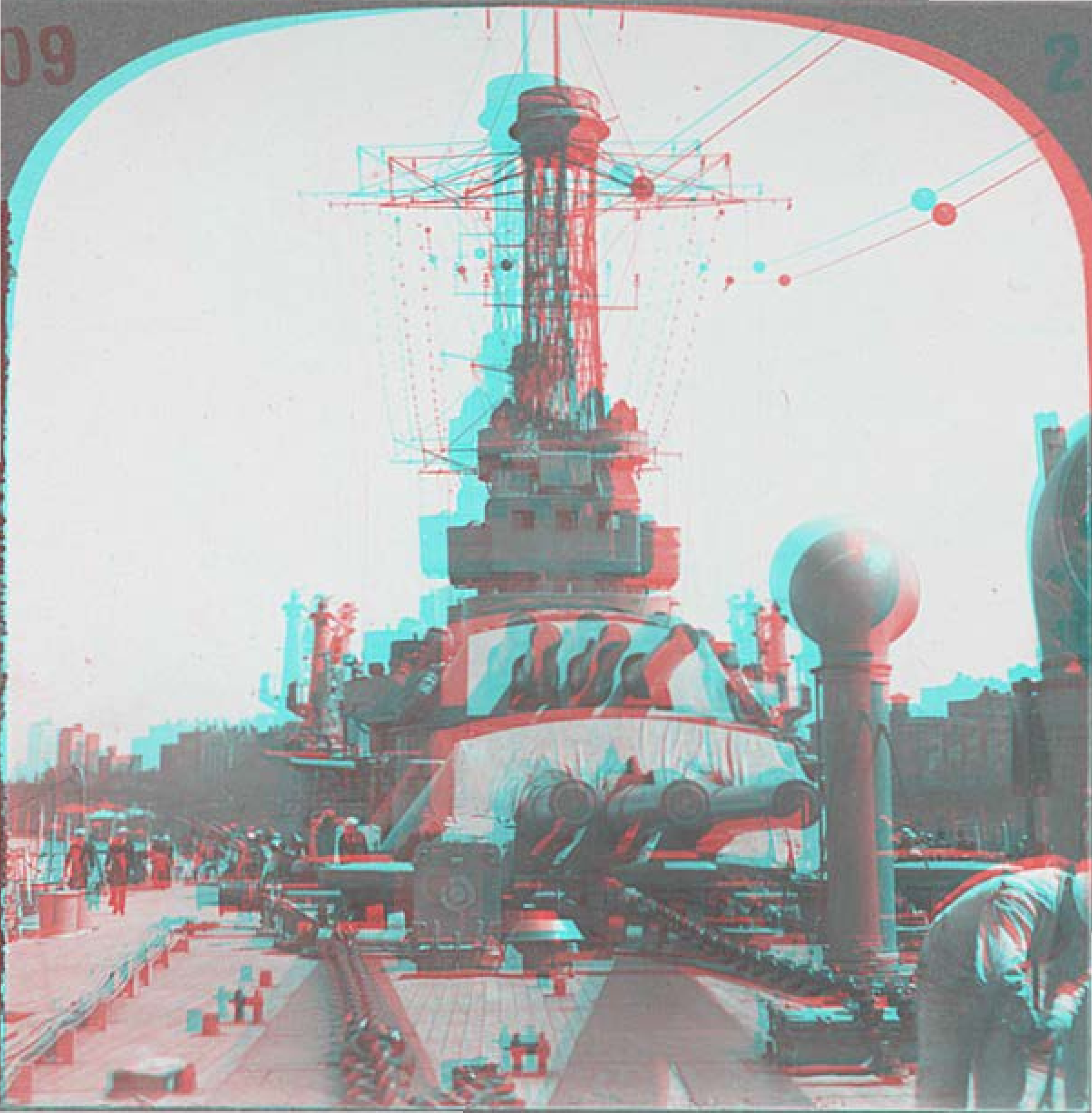

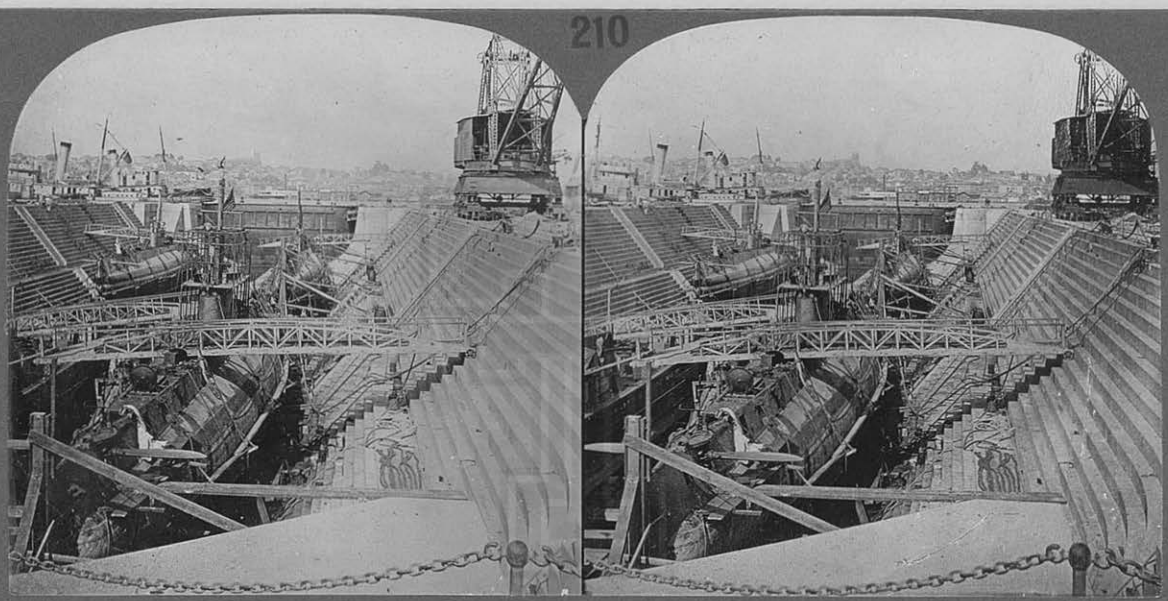

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19004 Four of Our Submarines in Dry Dock in Government Navy Yard.

19004

SUBMARINES IN DRY DOCK IN GOVERNMENT NAVY YARD

John P. Holland, a resident of Paterson, New Jersey, an Irishman by birth, built the first practical submarine. The submarines of all navies now follow the Holland idea but of course on much improved lines. The United States, after entering the late war, had 75 submarines, with more in process of construction. One of the finest of these was the "Schley", 263 ft. 9 in. long, with a surface displacement of 1250 tons, a submerged speed of 11½ knots, a surface speed of 20 knots, a cruising radius of 3,000 miles and a powerful armament of 8 torpedo tubes.

A submarine has two sets of engines. Oil engines propel it on the surface and run dynamos which generate electricity for large storage batteries. Electric engines propel the boat under water. It is submerged by letting the ocean water flow into tanks and rises to the surface by emptying the tanks by forcing in compressed air. The submarine, when submerged runs along under the surface of the water at a depth of from a few feet to 100 or even more. If it runs too close to the surface it may be easily detected by an airplane.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	49	70	136	210

The periscope (pĕr′ĭ-skōp) the "eye of the submarine," is a bronze tube about 4 inches in diameter and 15 or 20 feet long, fitted with reflecting prisms and magnifying lenses so that the observer in the submarine can see on the surface of the water. Some of the last and most improved submarines built by Germany had 3 or 4 periscopes. The submarine maintains its equilibrium by the use of a gyroscope (jī-rŏ-skōp), by horizontal rudders and by quickly shifting the water ballast. Two of the horizontal rudders or stabilizers may be seen on the submarine in the immediate foreground.

When submerged the crew breathe air from oxygen tanks. A supply sufficient for 36 hours can be carried.

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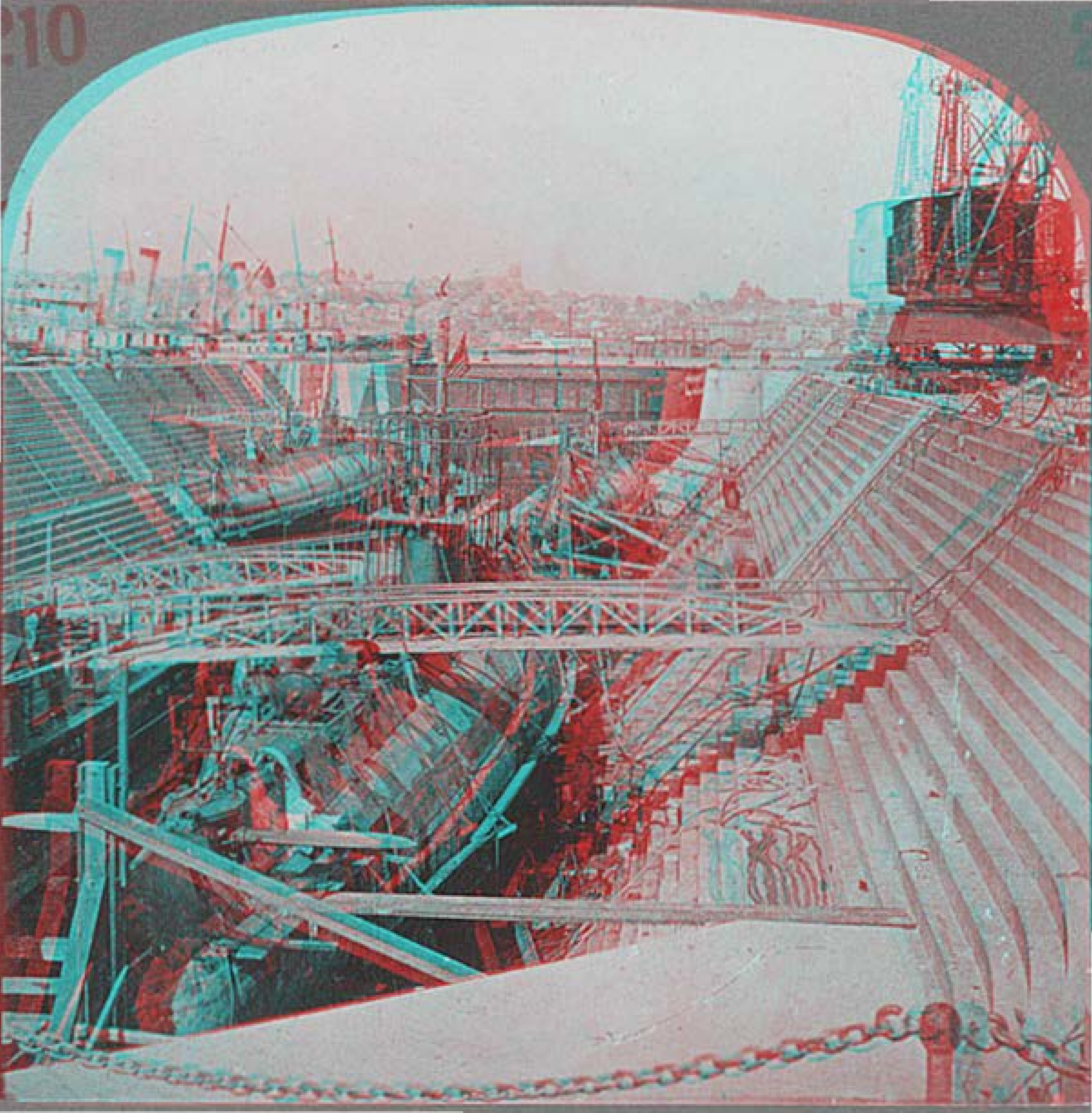

16667 Submarines, Battleships and Torpedo Boats in Background, San Diego Bay, California.

16667

SUBMARINES, BATTLESHIPS AND TORPEDO BOATS IN SAN DIEGO BAY

Among the many terrible things used for the first time in the great World War, the airplanes and submarines attracted the most notice. On February 4, 1915, the German government proclaimed a war zone about the British Isles and declared its intention of sinking without warning any enemy merchant ships found within this zone. On May 1, 1915, the Lusitania was sunk. On February 1, 1917, Germany began her "ruthless submarine warfare". Immediately, friendly relations were broken off and on April 6, 1917, the United States declared war. At first it seemed as if the Germans would win. Then it was found that the submarines could be seen from airplanes directly above; also very swift tropedo boats, destroyers, were able to drive them away. As a matter of fact, not one U. S. transport was lost on its way to Europe, and but three on the way home.

The submarine is the weakest, most helpless of fighting craft. It cannot fight under the rules of warfare laid down by international law. Its only safety lies in swiftness and surprise. All the great nations now have submarines. They are here to stay.

A submarine may travel on the surface or under the water. It has a system of engines for surface running and for charging storage batteries. These storage batteries are the motive power when submerged. Notice the tall periscopes. In each one is a vertical system of lenses and prisms by which the observer down below is able to see on every side. There is also a sound detector which indicates the approach and motion of a ship.

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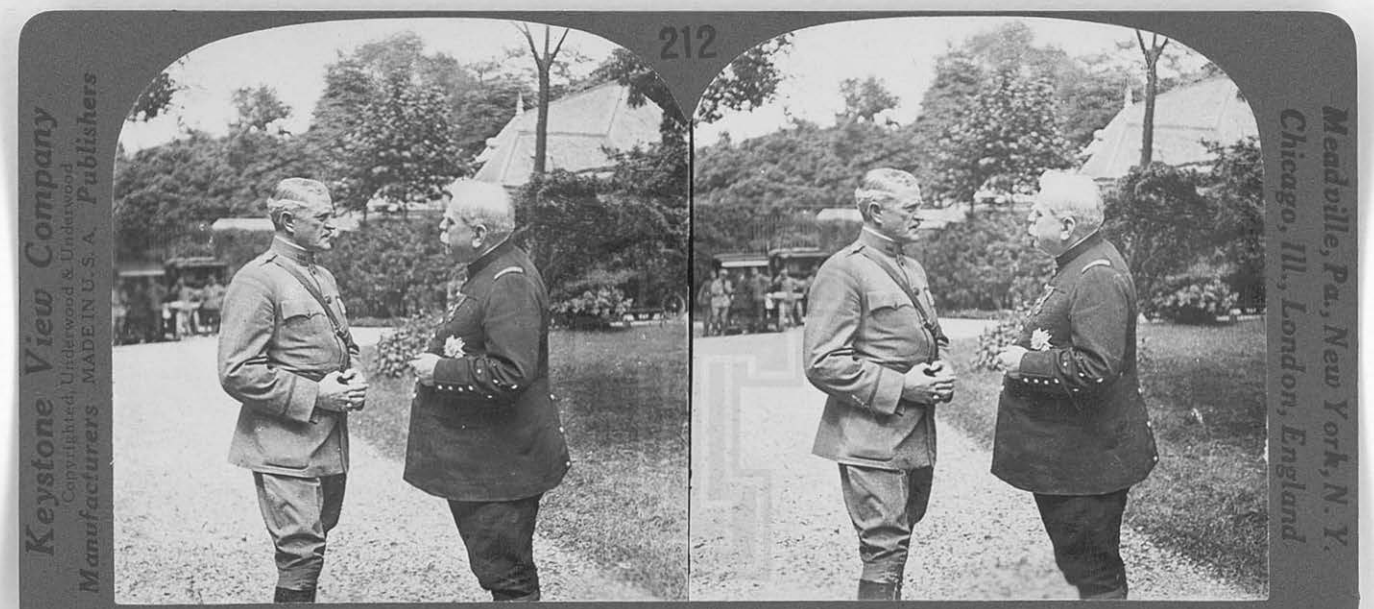

V18848 Joffre and Pershing in Governor's Gardens, Paris, France.

V18848

JOFFRE AND PERSHING IN GOVERNOR'S GARDENS, PARIS

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	51	72	138	212

Joffre and Pershing! Here are two men who accepted responsibilities and made decisions which affected the lives of millions, which influenced the destinies of nations: "Papa" Joffre, as the French affectionately called him, Marshal of France and Commander-in-chief of her armies in those fateful early days of the war when everything hung upon the right decision; and General Pershing, "Black Jack", as the American soldiers dubbed him in appreciation of his stern soldierly qualities, Commander-in-chief of our armies overseas.

By winning the battle of the Marne, Marshal Joffre saved Paris and in saving Paris saved France and in all probability the world; by driving the Germans from St. Mihiel, that arrowhead thrust threateningly towards the heart of France, by his co-operation with Marshal Foch at Soissons, Chateau-Thierry and many other places, and by the terrific force of his drive in the Argonne, General Pershing arrested the march of the victorious German host and dealt the final blow which led to its defeat.

The fame of these men will live secure in the hearts of their countrymen. Joffre was chosen a member of the French Academy, one of the greatest honors that France can bestow. Pershing, aside from the decorations given him by his own country, has received honorary degrees from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in England, and the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from France, the Grand Cross of the Bath from Great Britain, and from a number of other Allied nations the highest military decorations within their power to bestow.

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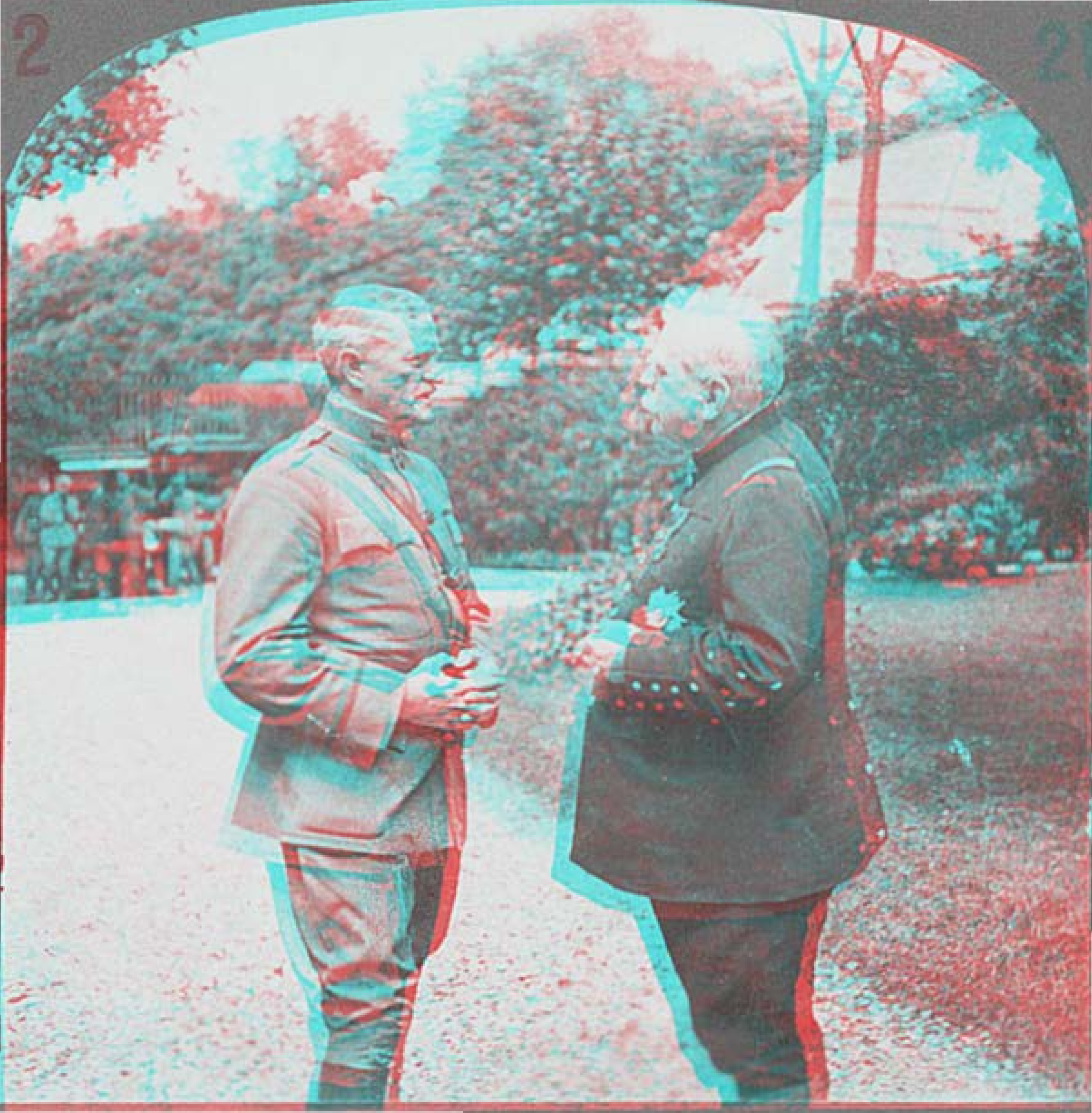

19133 Marshall Foch, General Pershing, Madame Joffre, Marshall Joffre and General Dubail, at Paris.

19133

GENERAL PERSHING AT PARIS

In the front row of this picture we see Marshal Foch, General Pershing, Madame Joffre and her distinguished husband, Marshal Joffre, and General Dubail. It has been said that France and civilization were saved by the first battle of the Marne and that autocracy was destroyed in the second battle of the Marne. The first battle of the Marne was won in September, 1914, by the military genius and coöperation of Foch and Joffre and by the bravery of the French soldiers. The second battle of the Marne was won in July, 1918, by the strategy of Foch and the hearty coöperation of the Allied and American forces under his command.

It was the strategy of Foch and Joffre that stopped the advance of the Germans almost at the gates of Paris in 1914. It was the strategy of Foch and the hearty coöperation of the Americans under Pershing and the British under Haig that made possible the driving back

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			139	213

of the enemy in the summer and autumn of 1918.

It was coöperation of the Allied armies and bravery of the Allied soldiers that overthrew autocracy and won the fight to "make the world safe for democracy."

To Marshal Joffre, then commander of the French forces, is due the credit for the plan of battle in the first conflict of the Marne; but it was the military genius of Foch that helped to make the carrying out of Joffre's plan so successful and prevented the junction of the armies of Von Kluck and the German Crown Prince. Indeed, it was his handling of the French Army of the Center in the first Marne battle that caused Foch to be chosen as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies on the West Front. Foch is the greatest strategist that the war has produced.

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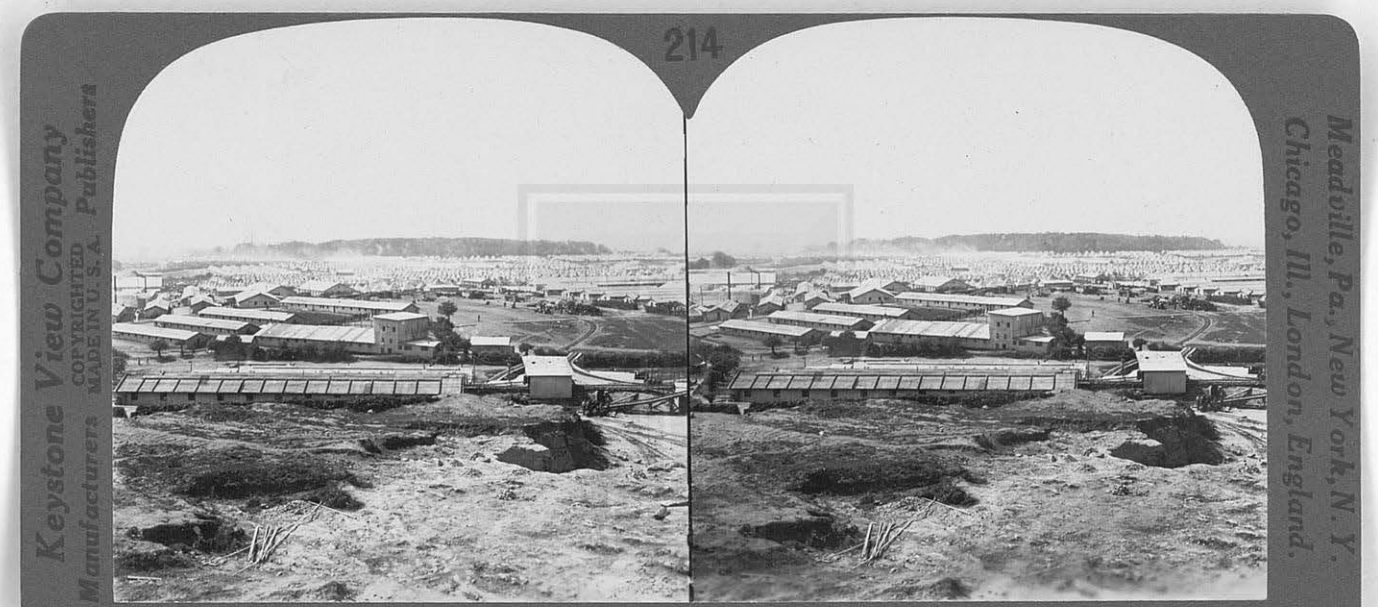

18754—Camp Pontanezen, at Brest, France, from Which American Soldiers Were Returned to the United States.

18734

CAMP AT BREST

Here we have a great port of embarkation for American soldiers. At times 80,000 men were camped there, the harbor crowded with shipping. In the early months after we entered the war, when everything had to be done with a rush and we were new to the job, conditions were very bad at Brest. As we see, it is a dismal, unattractive spot, cluttered with buildings, railway spurs, and raw, stark barracks. It rains most of the year at Brest, and the roads, firm underneath, are coated with slippery, semi-fluid mud which endless lines of motor trucks whirl viciously to every side. There is nothing to see but dismal wet barracks or soaked and bedraggled tents. At first thousands of our boys had to camp in these tents, sleep on the damp ground, wade interminably through thick, sticky mud. One who had the misfortune to be at Brest in those days will never forget the place.

But American energy and enterprise transformed Brest before the war ended. Enough barracks were built to accommodate everybody, board walks were laid everywhere. The camp was made as comfortable as a camp could be in such a moist climate.

Brest is at the head of a magnificent landlocked bay on the northwest coast of France. For centuries it has been a great port, Richelieu, in 1631, constructing the first wharves that were built there. It is the capital of one of the five naval arrondissements of France. There are gun factories, great workshops, magazines, docks and yards, employing thousands of men.

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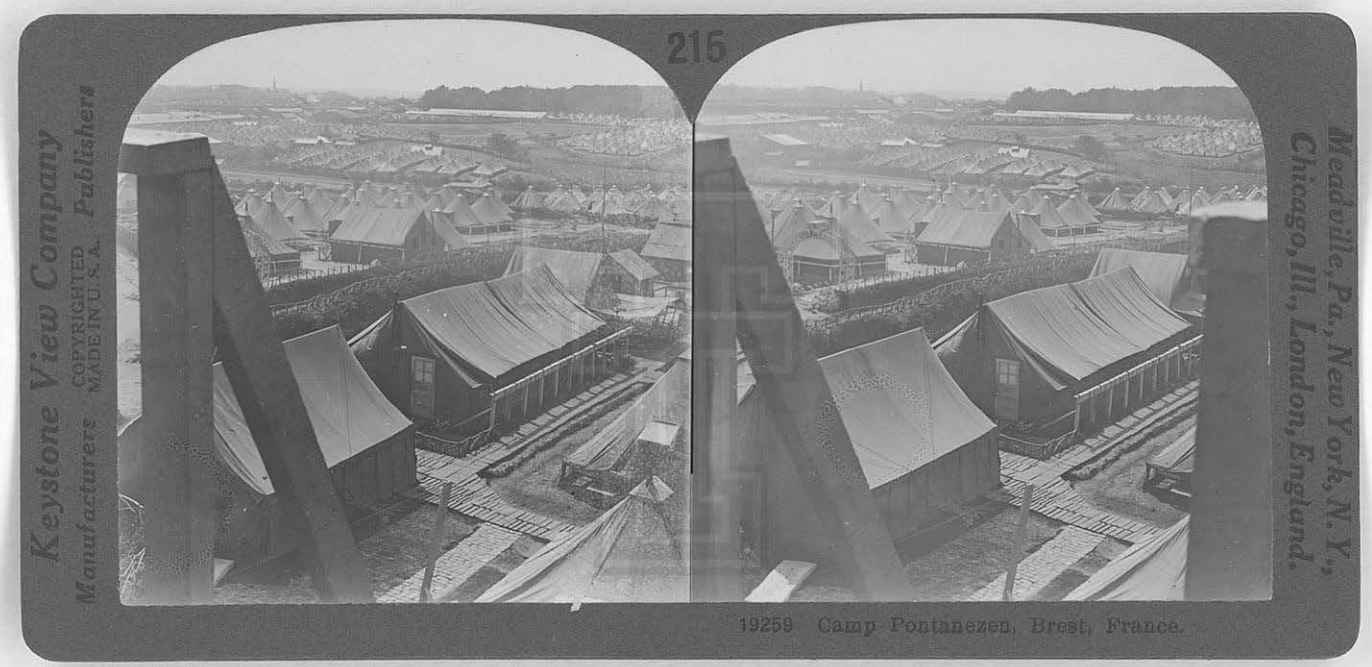

19259 Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France.

19259

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				215

CAMP PONTANEZEN, BREST, FRANCE

The immense American debarkation center at Camp Pontanezen, of which we here see a part, was built up around the six stone barracks buildings erected by Napoleon I, about 2 miles north of Brest. When our troops began crossing in great numbers, after the beginning of the German offensive in the spring of 1918, the depth and excellence of the Brest harbor caused it to be utilized far more extensively than any other French port for the debarkation of troops. In all, 791,000 American troops were landed at Brest and it was here that the Leviathan was able to land each month troops equal in number to those of a German infantry division.

Brest stands at almost the extreme point of the peninsula of Finisterre, with the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean on three sides of it, so that rain or fog with raw, damp winds, prevail there generally. Our troops suffered great discomforts, wallowing in the mud and sleeping in tents or poorly heated barracks, and much sickness resulted. Eventually, however, the camp was drained and otherwise made more comfortable and the vast number of troops who embarked there for return to the United States after the armistice did not suffer as they had on landing in France.

Probably the most important of the improvements consisted in the laying of many miles of "duck boards" for sidewalks, connecting all parts of the camp and leading to every barrack and tent. Some of these duck board walks we see before us. They lifted the soldiers out of the mud and so vital a feature of the camp were they that the permanent Camp Pontanezen detachment adopted as their shoulder insignia the figure of a section of duck board, white on a disc of red cloth.

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19195—Troop Kitchen—21 Ranges Each Burning Cord of Wood Daily—Brest, France.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			141	216

19195

U. S. TROOP KITCHEN AT BREST

This is a real kitchen; under a roof, first class cooking ranges of the best type, complete equipment of utensils, tables with white, clean oilcloth covers, electric lights, ample space—an instance of the way Uncle Sam took care of his army, the best fed army on earth. And a fighting man deserves to be well fed. Our boys in France were kept on the jump, what with drilling, maneuvering and fighting. They used up a lot of energy and needed plenty of good food to build up more. They were always ready for mess call—often one saw them lined up half an hour in advance, mess kit in hand.

This kitchen is at Brest, the great embarkation port on the northwest coast of France. It was only at permanent camps like this, and like those in the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies), and at permanent training quarters that completely equipped and commodious kitchens like this could be established. At such places food was abundant, well cooked, appetizing, and of excellent quality. At the front the commissary department was operated under every handicap. It was lucky to have tents, supplies often failed to arrive and the men had to subsist on canned beef, salmon and hardtack. Within the range of fire even coffee often could not be made, the smoke from the fires drawing shells from the enemy batteries. Often the field kitchens were up and in the midst of their preparations when a shell would snuff one out and compel the hasty abandonment of others.

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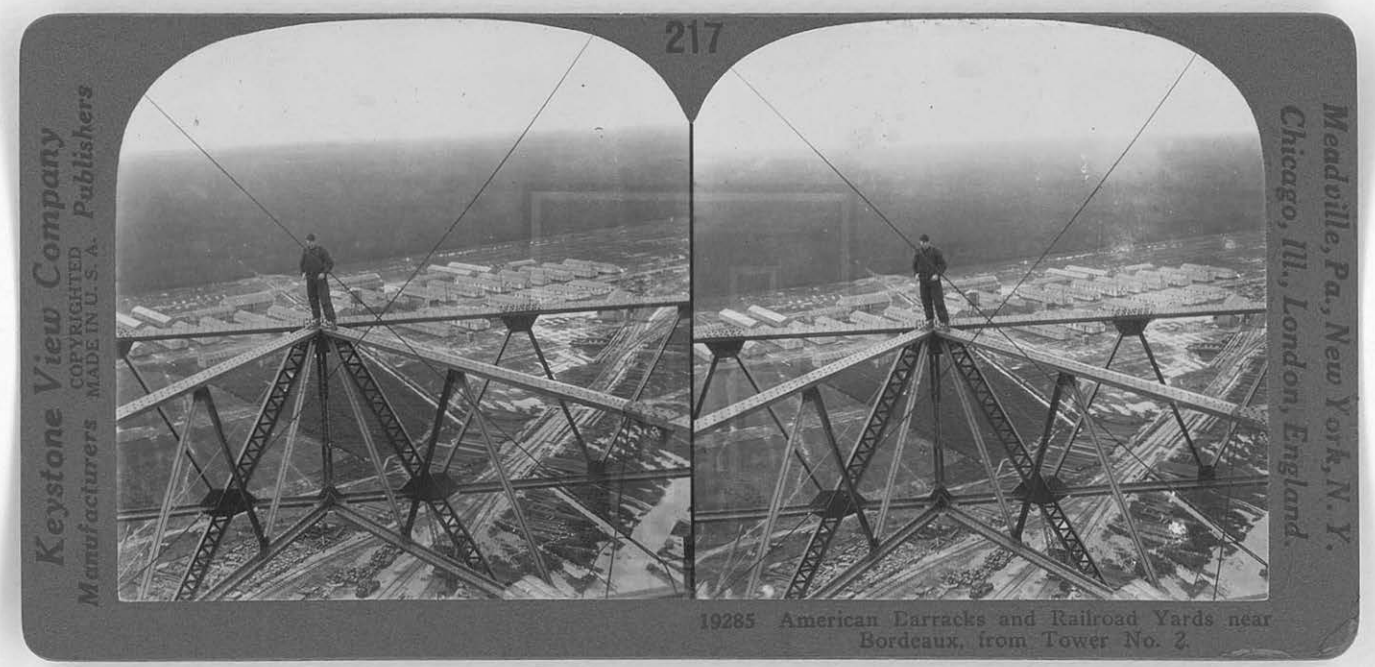

19285 American Barracks and Railroad Yards near Bordeaux, from Tower No. 2.

19285

AMERICAN BARRACKS AND RAILROAD YARDS NEAR BORDEAUX, FROM TOWER NO. 2

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				217

From the top of this immense tower, 250 feet high and built of American steel, we command a wide view over a part of the constructions which were made by the American Expeditionary Forces in and around Bordeaux during our occupation of this region, beginning on June 20, 1917. What we see is but a fragment of the immense work performed here by our soldiers, and which other forces duplicated on almost as great a scale at the General Storage Depot at St. Sulpice, 15 miles east of Bordeaux.

At St. Sulpice were actually erected 108 warehouses with a total floor surface of 2,500,000 square feet. These, together with 6,000,000 square feet of open storage, provided space for the supplies required by 1,000,000 men for 30 days. One hundred and ten miles of standard gauge railroad track served the depot and at the close of the war about 800 cars were being loaded and unloaded each day and 5,500 tons of freight were daily shipped toward the Advance Section.

At Bassens, near Bordeaux, where 25 per cent of the supplies for the A. E. F. from America were unloaded, our engineers built new docks, one of them 1,340 feet long and 100 feet wide, which doubled the unloading capacity of the port, so that 20 ships could be unloaded at the same time. Near Bassens, also was the great Refrigerating Plant No. 1, completed exactly five months after construction was begun. Up to April 5, 1919, 65,000,000 pounds of refrigerated packing house products had been received here and 55,000,000 pounds have been shipped out to American troops in France and occupied Germany.

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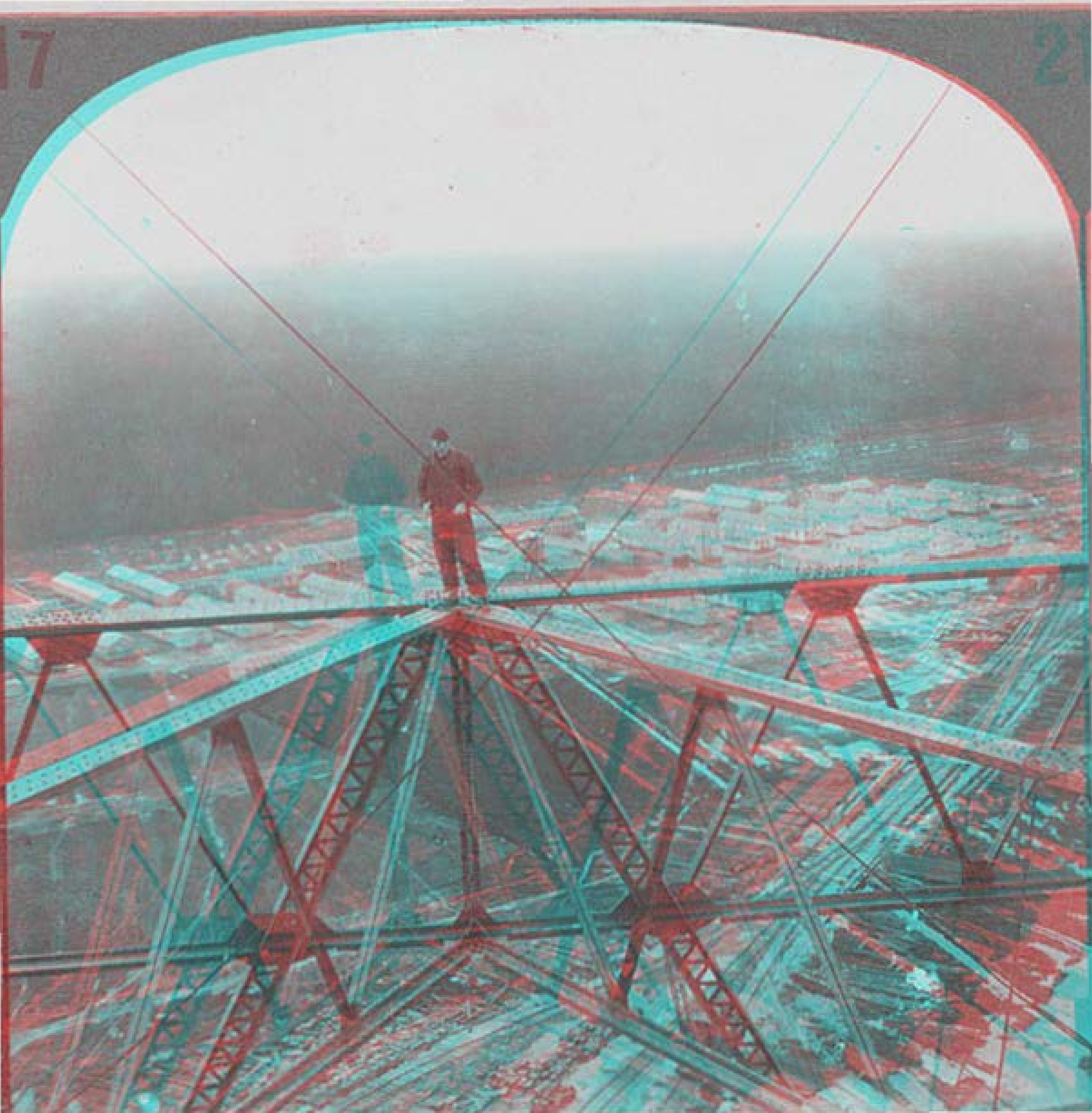

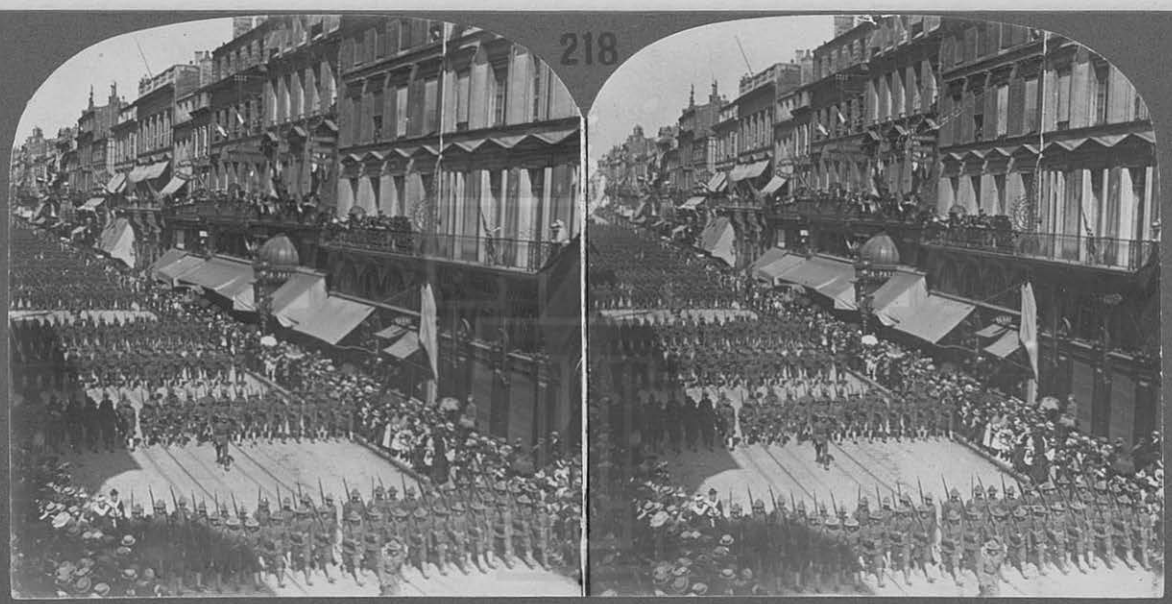

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V19218 Lafayette, We Are Here! First American Soldiers that Marched in Paris.

V19218

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				218

"LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE"

In the latter days of June, 1917, the 1st United States Division, amounting to about 25,000 men, arrived in France. The coming of these splendid troops of the Regular Army, who later fought so magnificently and victoriously on many fields, was the first visible evidence to the French people of the aid which America was to send. On the 4th of July a battalion of the 16th Infantry, 1st Division, marched through the streets of Paris, as part of a parade by which the French were celebrating our Independence Day. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Here at last, before the very eyes of the Parisians, were American fighting men. General Pershing and his staff had been in Paris for some days. At least one American hospital unit had been there. At last the fighting men, so long hoped for, had come, and the joy of the people knew no bounds.

These men were regulars, trained soldiers, bronzed by the sun, strong and hardy. As they swung through the streets with the assured stride of veterans, men, women and children cheered until they were hoarse. French soldiers on leave fell into step and marched beside them; young girls threw flowers at their feet; women ran along and pinned bouquets on their coats in a delirium of enthusiasm; thousands waved American flags. The streets were choked with people, the pavements packed, windows and balconies full—a welcome beyond words to describe.

Paris had witnessed the march of many types of soldiers through her streets: English, Scotch Highlanders, Australians, Canadians, Algerian, Zouaves, Hindus, Senegalese, Arabs, a varied and picturesque panorama, but to none were accorded the spontaneous enthusiasm that greeted the men from the young giant over the seas, America. We came in the darkest hour of the war, and our help changed defeat and despair into victory and triumph.

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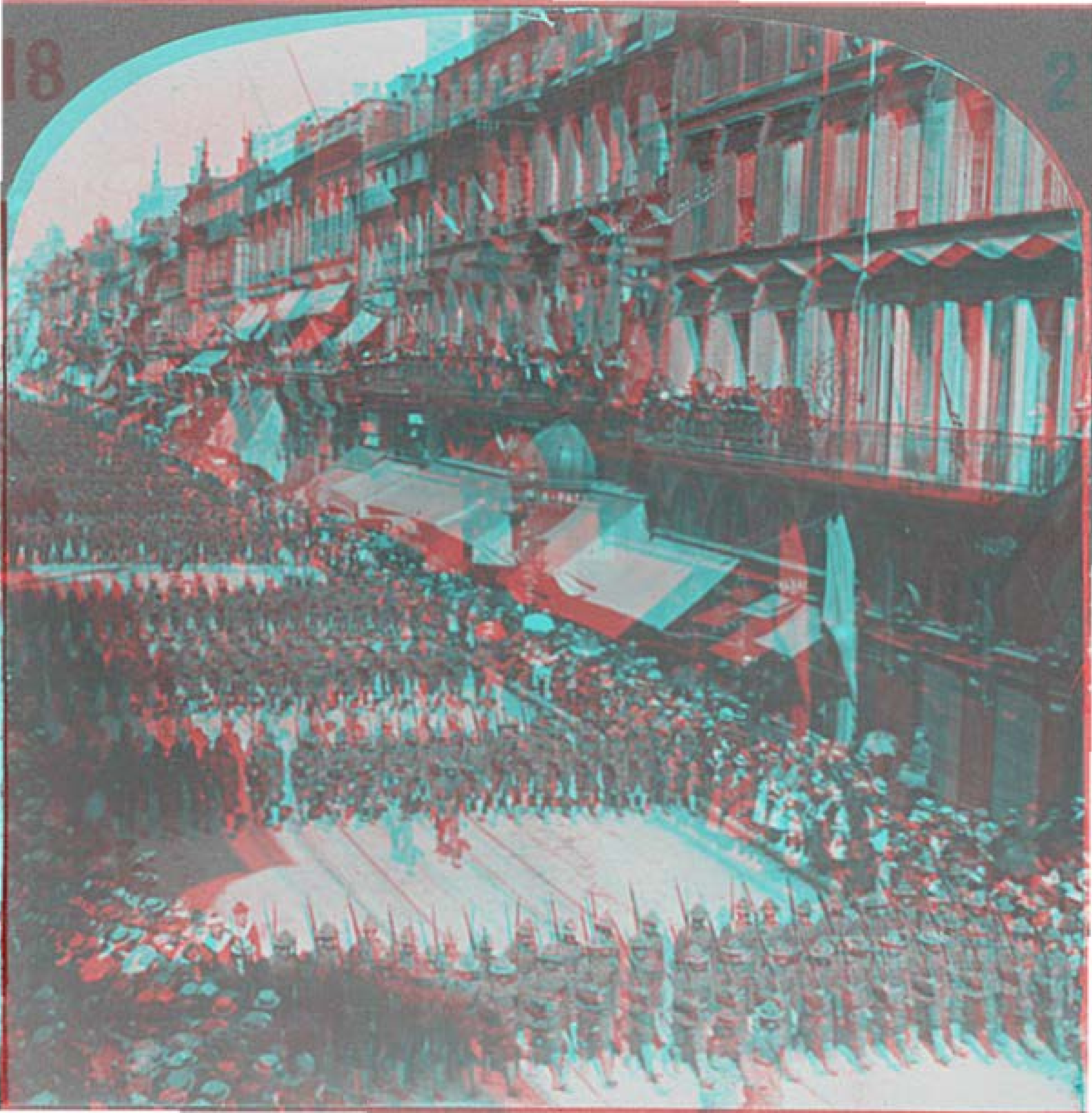
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V18925 Entrance to Dugout, Y. M. C. A. Station at Badonviller.

V18925

Y. M. C. A. STATION AT BADONVILLER

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				219

Badonviller is a town of 1700 people about 15 miles southeast of Lunéville. After the French had been driven back from Alsace, in the early weeks of the war, it remained for the next four years just within the entrenched lines of our Allies. The fighting on this stabilized part of the front never flared up into any great battles, but there were many trench raids and constant slow artillery fire.

When the Americans came to France, the Badonviller sector was occupied successively by the 42nd, the 77th and the 37th Divisions when they first entered the line to learn the lessons of trench-warfare. The "Rainbows" were there through April, May and most of June, 1918, the "Metropolitan" Division from June 21st to Aug. 3rd, and the "Buckeyes" from Aug. 3rd to Sept. 15th.

The Y. M. C. A. hut before us, arranged in a deep dugout, is an example of the sort of structures that had to be used by this great welfare society when carrying on its work near to the front. But much more familiar to the doughboys were the Adrian barracks, used in the billet villages and rest areas further to the rear. The Y. M. C. A. operated no less than 1252 recreation huts for American soldiers in France during the war, in addition to its many other lines of activity for the troops. It also continued to conduct until the end of the war many "Foyers de Soldat" for the French soldiers, which were practically the same as the Americans recreation huts. There was scarcely a soldier, especially among the Americans, whose lot was not made easier at times by the wide-spread activities of the "Y", whose secretaries provided them with books, magazines, games and writing materials, dispensed hot chocolate and were helpful in many other ways.

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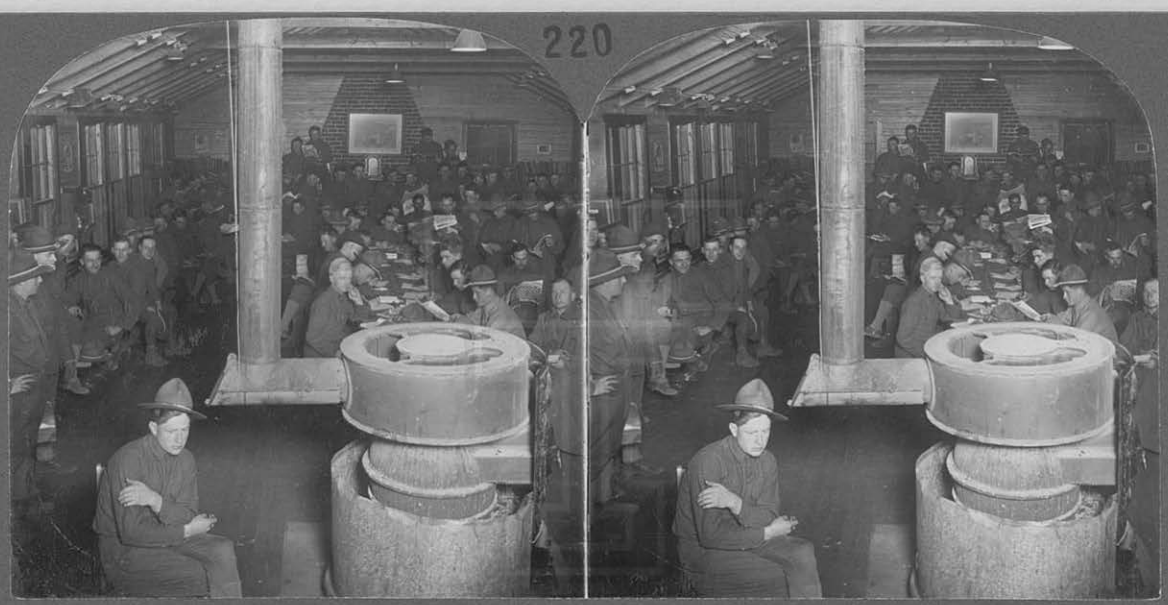

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V18926—An Interesting Scene in the Social Room of a Y. M. C. A. Army Camp Hut.

V 18926

SOCIAL ROOM OF A Y. M. C. A. ARMY CAMP HUT

Many of our boys who crossed the sea during the World War will recall hours spent in a hut like the one before us. Hundreds of them were scattered over France, in the back areas, where men were being trained for the front. As a rule these huts were open at all hours of the day and until taps at night. The "Y" furnished writing paper and envelopes free of charge, writing shelves were affixed to the walls and at all hours of the day men could be seen writing letters home.

There was usually to be found an abundant stock of magazines, somewhat out of date it is true, but none the less interesting to men who had not read them before. Ordinarily there was so little of interest for the boys to do in their leisure hours that even old magazines were a boon. On certain nights of every week concerts and entertainments of various kinds were given by traveling "Y" troupes, and before very long our boys developed a keen perception of what was good and what poor "stuff". After the armistice the men were encouraged to give their own shows and some of the performances they staged were as good as those given by professionals.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			142	220

The canteen was usually in one corner of the room, and there the "Y" secretary sold tobacco, cigarettes, candy, (whenever it could be had), chewing gum and other articles. The men were always eager for candy. Although their "mess" was excellent, better than that of any of the armies, it seemed to lack something in sweets and the men craved them.

The scene before us is thoroughly characteristic, even to the man sitting near the stove, a half-smoked cigar between his fingers, his thoughts 3000 miles away, across the sea, with the old folks at home.

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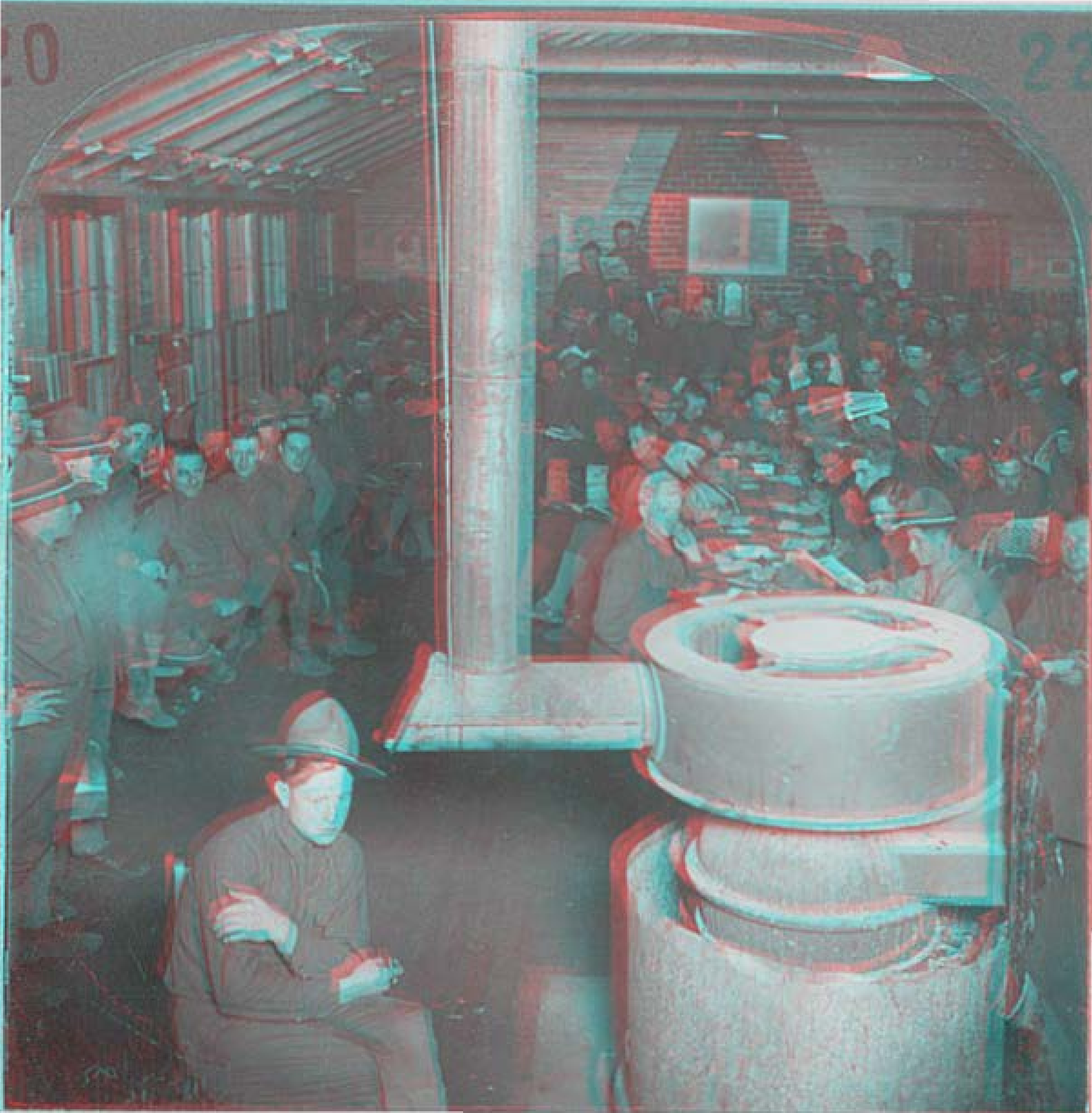

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18667 General De Puydraguen Coming Out of a Trench near Lac Blanc in the Vosges Section.

18667

GEN. DE PUYDRAGUEN COMING OUT OF A TRENCH NEAR LE BLANC IN THE VOSGES SECTION

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			143	221

We are looking at a typical war-time scene in the picturesque mountain region of the Vosges, which stretching north and south through the western part of Alsace, formed the boundary line between France and this "lost province" from 1870 until the end of the World War. Then Alsace, and German Lorraine, as well, were regained by France under the Treaty of Versailles. The recovery of these two provinces was one of the chief objects of the war for France, not alone for sentimental reasons but because Alsace is very rich in agricultural and timber products, potash and oil wells, while Lorraine contains the richest beds of iron ore in Europe.

So in August, 1914, at the very beginning of the war, strong French forces crossed the Vosges (vōzh) Mountains and invaded both provinces, nearly reaching the Rhine at several points and coming close to Strasbourg. But the Germans met them with vigorous resistence and drove them back. The need for reinforcements for the armies along the Marne prevented the French from resuming this offensive and the intrenched lines of battle through the steep mountains and dense forests of the Vosges became stabilized and generally quiet.

On both sides this "quiet" region, from Metz southward to the Swiss border, was a favorite place for resting battle-worn divisions and for training new ones. It was in this exact sector upon which we are looking, with Lac Blanc lying just south of the point where the battle line crossed the boundary between Alsace and France, that the 5th and 35th U. S. Divisions experienced their first periods of trench warfare during the early summer of 1918.

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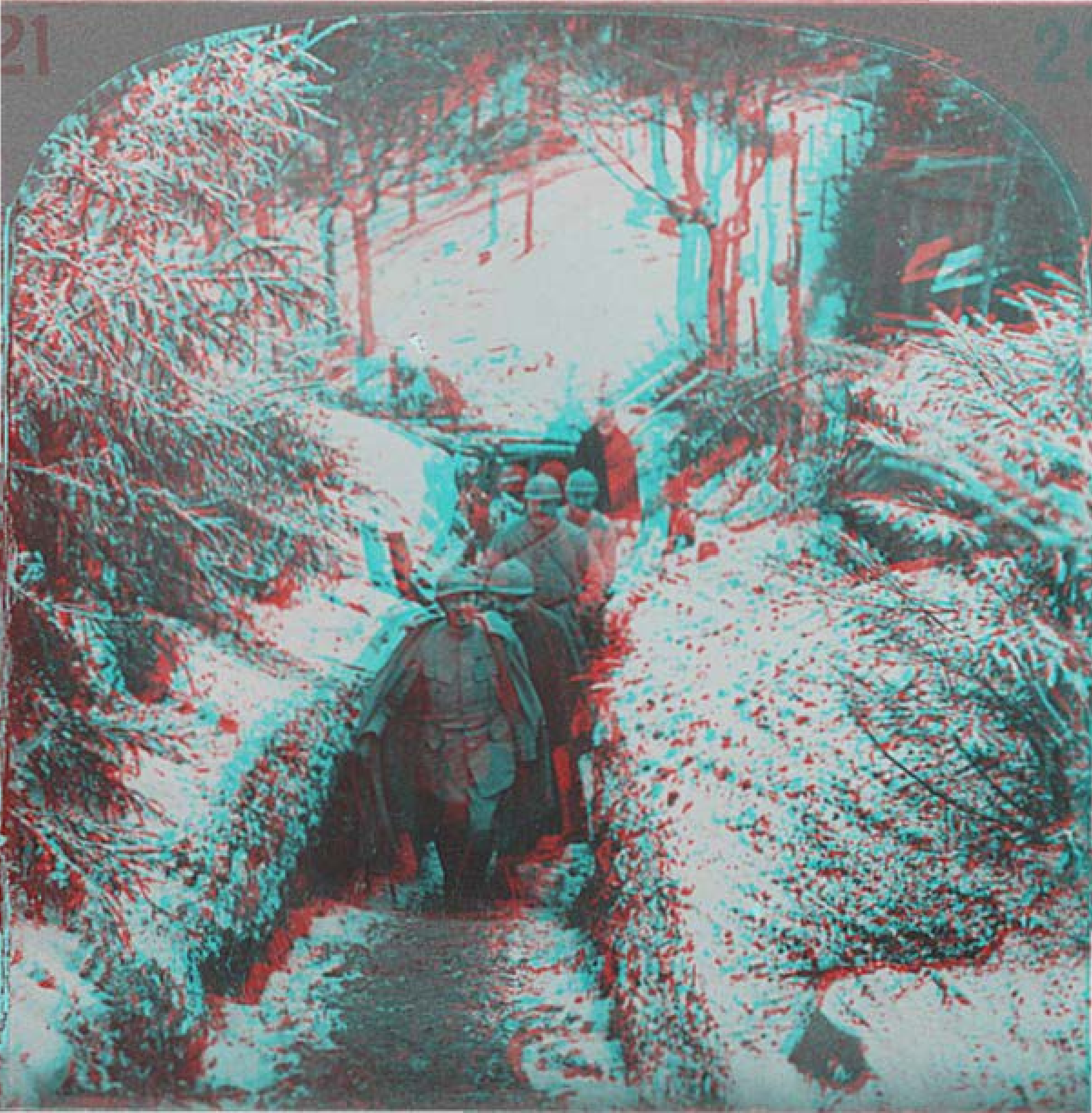

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19260 Wrecked Building in Amiens, France.

19260

WRECKED BUILDING IN AMIENS, FRANCE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				222

The effects of aerial bombs and high power shells upon steel structure buildings may be vividly realized in the scene before us. Steel structures seem to withstand modern projectiles less well than stone or brick buildings. Imagination shrinks from the thought of what would have happened to the towering steel skyscrapers of New York had German Gothas or Zeppelins been able to bomb them.

Amiens (a'myăn') was one of the principal objectives of the German drive of March, 1918. It was the chief railway and supply center behind the right flank of the British armies. Its fall would have badly crippled those armies and probably have broken the connection between the British and the French, south of them. The attempt would have succeeded, too, but for the efforts of General Hubert Gough, commander of the defeated British 5th Army, and the men whom he called to the rescue to fill the widening gap between the flanks of the British and French armies and check the victoriously advancing Germans.

On March 25th, Gough, according to John Buchan "had begun to collect a motley force, made up of stragglers, details returning to units, the personnel of the machine gun school, army troops, tunnelling companies, and Canadian and American engineers; and on the 26th, under the command of Major General Grant, the Chief Engineer of the 5th Army, they prepared the old line of the Amiens defenses.

Among those who fought gallantly in this thin line of defense were detachments of the 6th U. S. Engineers, who successfully held a position near Villers-Bretonneux, directly east of Amiens, and were thus the first American troops to be thrown into battle against any of the German offensives of 1918.

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18790 German Gun Guarding the Mole, Zeebrugge.

18790

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				223

GERMAN GUN GUARDING THE MOLE, ZEE-BRUGGE, BELGIUM

The latter part of April, 1918, was probably the darkest period suffered by the Allied cause during the war. The first great German drive of March had been very successful. Then had come the attack south of Ypres on April 9. Everywhere along the Western front a sense of suspense and depression prevailed.

Then there came a deed of heroism on the part of the British Navy which electrified and cheered the Allies like a tonic, even though it had no direct bearing on the land fighting then in progress. Between midnight and dawn of April 23, a little British squadron of 5 vessels under Sir Roger Keyes made a dash into the harbor of Zee-Brugge, which had been since the early days of the war the most important base of German submarine operations along the North Sea coast. It was defended by numerous troops with machine and field guns, together with many batteries of heavy guns all along the shore.

The Zee-Brugge Canal entrance, from which the submarines operated, lies within the curving mole which we see before us. Under an intense fire from the Germans, British blue jackets and marines landed on the mole from two Liverpool ferryboats, the "Daffodil" and the "Iris." Though suffering terrible losses, they cleared the mole, blowing up the buildings on it and by their activity distracting the enemy's attention while three old cruisers, the "Intreped", the "Iphigenia" and the "Thetis," packed with concrete, were run into the canal entrance. Here the two first mentioned were neatly sunk across its mouth so that no submarine could possibly pass them. This brilliant exploit greatly crippled German submarine operations and showed that the British Navy was still master of the sea.

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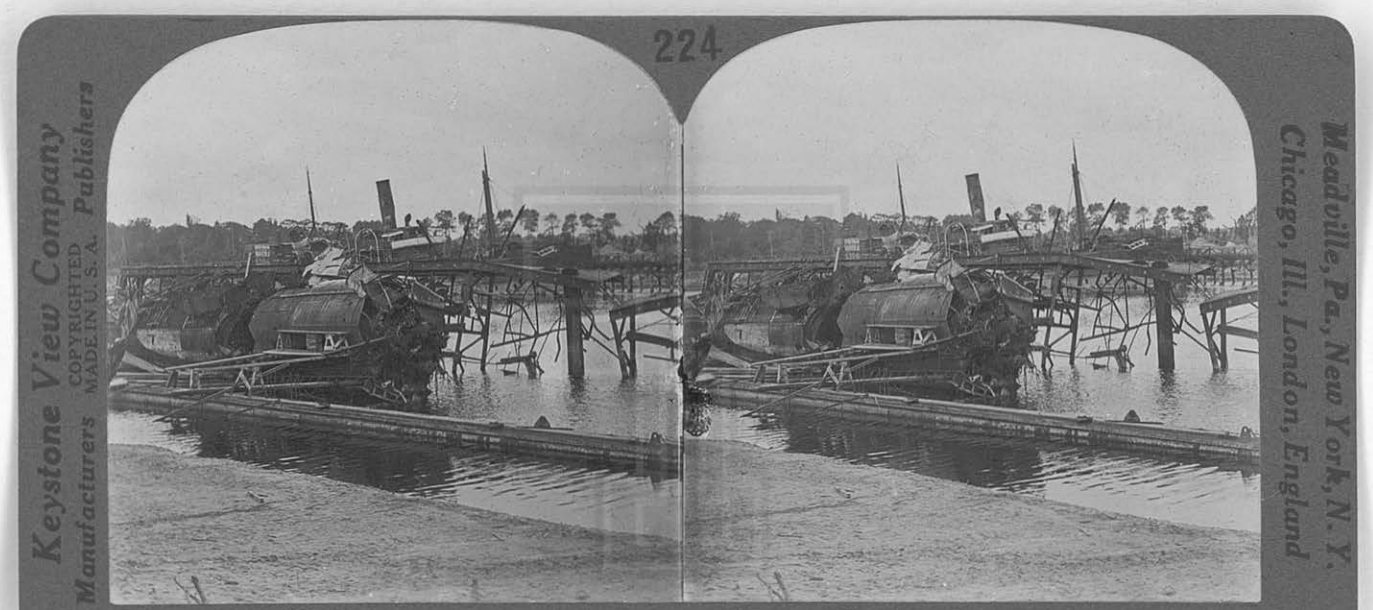

18771 Wrecked Submarine at Bruges, Belgium, a German Submarine Base.

18771

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	52	73	144	224

WRECKED SUBMARINE AT ZEEBRUGGE

Here, reduced to scrap iron, lies what is left of one of the Kaiser's sea pirates. Who shall tell how many ships she sunk; how many human beings she sent to the bottom of the sea! The bones of 50,000 men, women and children lie bleaching on the ocean's bed through the inhuman use of these vessels.

By April, 1917, when our country entered the war, the submarine menace dwarfed all others. Unless some way could be found to defeat the U-boat, Germany would surely win the war. The keenest scientific minds of four great nations attacked the problem. Steel nets were hung in the sea to trap them; drag nets with bombs attached were hauled through infested waters; seaplanes hovered overhead; patrol boats skimmed the seas. Finally Uncle Sam's navy closed the exit from the North Sea between Norway and Scotland by a barrage of mines. At that point the sea is 450 miles wide. Sixty-seven thousand mines were suspended in the water at three different depths. This mine field was fifty miles broad and extended from coast to coast. The doom of the U-boat was sealed. German crews refused to serve in them, for several submarines were destroyed and others, terribly damaged, returned to port with the news of this new peril.

In removing these mines after the war, occasional submarine wrecks like the one before us were hauled up by the grappling irons. Swift was the fate of their crews; in the silence of the deep a sudden, terrific explosion—and death. Once in the mine field there was no escape, turn which way they would, a mine was before them, a mine so sensitive that the slightest contact with its trailing wires wrought destruction.

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19287 One of the Notorious U-boats Stranded on the South Coast of England after Surrender.

19287

ONE OF THE NOTORIOUS U-BOATS STRANDED ON THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND AFTER SURRENDER

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				225

Before us, stranded, helpless and already partly demolished, we see one of those furtive "assassins of the sea" with which Germany vainly hoped to sweep the commerce of the Allies from the oceans and to starve England into surrender. The German naval authorities came perilously near to accomplishing their purpose, but the British Navy, aided by the French Navy and later by that of the United States foiled them. The effort to accomplish such an object as Germany's was perfectly justified in war, but the means which she employed were not justified, for nations have never before resorted to the code of pirates in shelling unarmed ships, sinking them with torpedoes without warning, setting their crews adrift in small boats or murdering them in cold blood.

Probably the most notorious single feat of German U-boats. was the sinking of the Cunard liner "Lusitania" off the coast of Ireland on May 7th, 1915. The ship was bound from New York, to Liverpool and carried over 2,000 passengers of whom 1,150 were drowned, including 124 Americans. This "victory" was also probably the most costly that Germany ever won, for it brought down upon her the wrath and loathing of the people of the United States and did more than anything else to set the popular mind toward entering the war against her two years later.

In front of the conning tower may be seen one of the big guns, lowered within the hull when the boat was under water but raised when she was on the surface and used for shelling her victims. Under the forward end of the boat are two of the torpedo tubes from which those great cylinders filled with high explosive were launched against the side of a ship.

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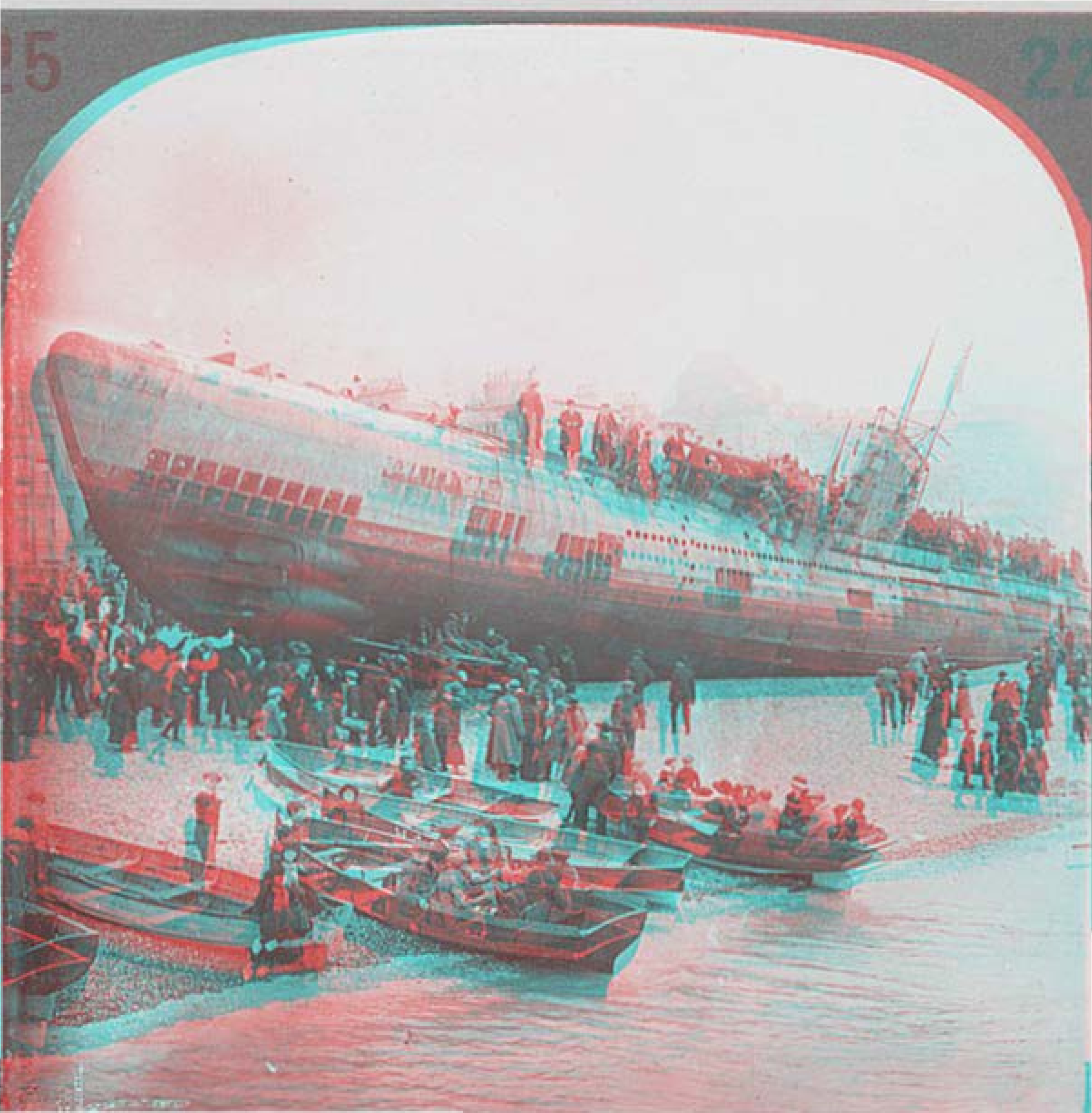

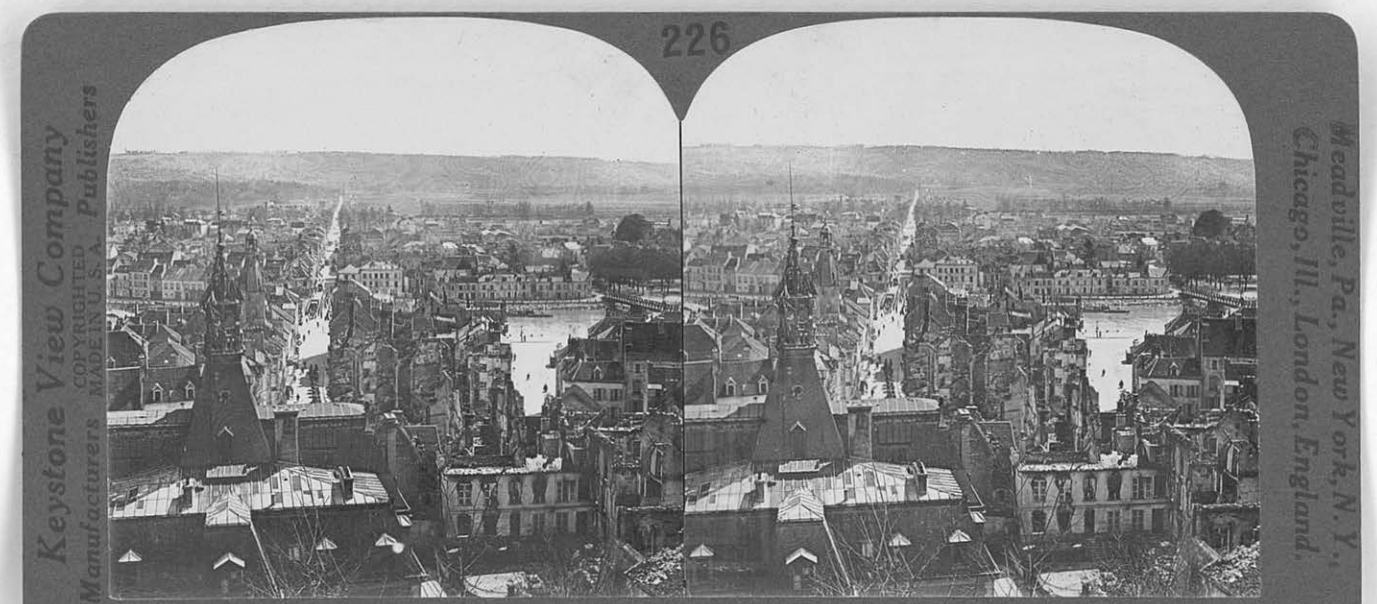

18716 Looking South over Chateau-Thierry from the Ramparts of the Old Chateau.

18716

LOOKING SOUTH OVER CHATEAU-THIERRY FROM THE RAMPARTS OF THE OLD CHATEAU

In Chateau-Thierry, a city which will be famed henceforth forevermore in American as well as in French history, the glories of ancient days and of days most recent are now closely interwoven. The ruined walls of the massive old castle (in French, "chateau,") from which we are looking down over the quaint old city, were built in the year 720 for the incompetent "sluggard king," Thierry IV, by his great Mayor of the Palace, Charles Martel, or Charles the Hammer. Twelve years after that, in 732, Charles Martel saved France to Christian civilization by defeating the Saracens at Tours.

Twelve centuries later the ancient chateau looked down upon Americans and French, side by side, stopping the German rush toward Paris in that street and along those banks of the Marne which we see stretching far below us.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				226

Since those unforgettable days of May and June, 1918, the main street of the city, along which we are looking, has been renamed the Rue du Marechal Petain, in honor of the commanding general of the French armies. You can see the temporary bridge across the Marne built by the Americans to replace the one blown up by our 7th Machine Gun Battalion, of the 3rd Division, on the night of June 1st, to prevent the Germans from crossing to the south bank. In those houses facing us on the opposite shore of the river the American machine guns were hidden, spitting a deadly fire at every German who showed himself on the other shore. Every foot of Chateau-Thierry is sacred ground to Americans, and the place will be visited by pilgrims from the New World of generations yet unborn.

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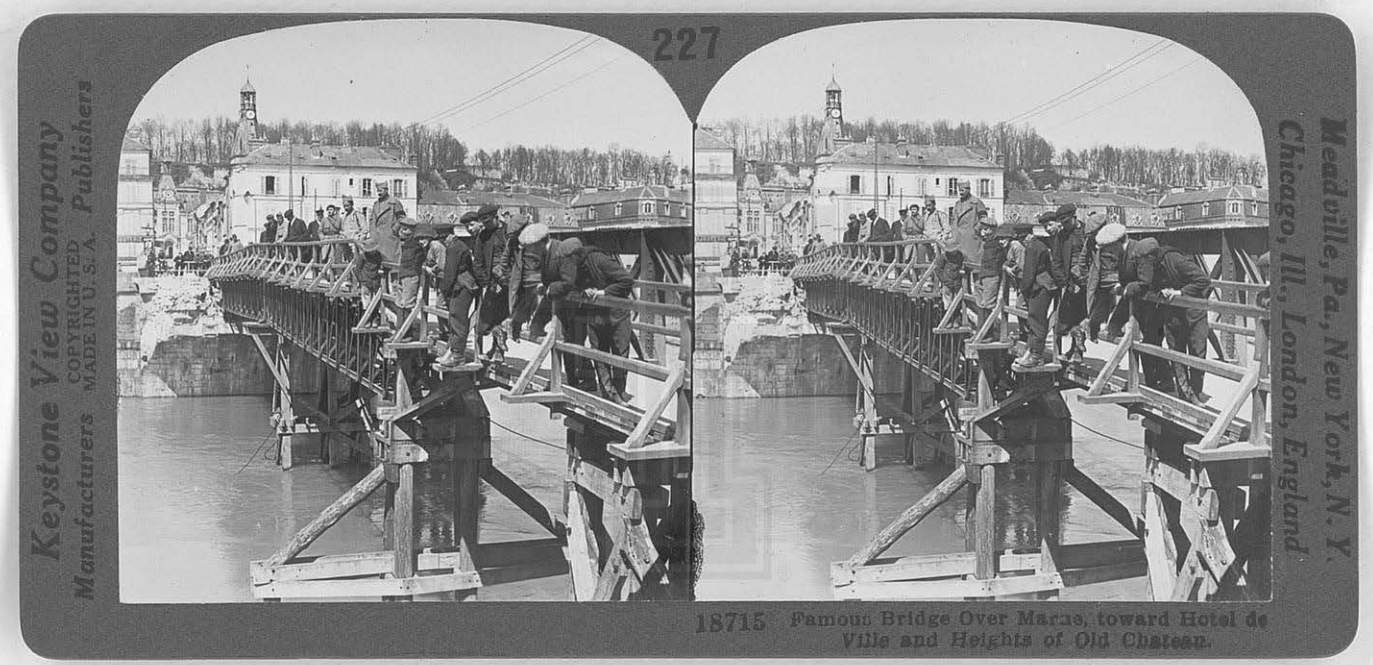

18715 Famous Bridge Over Marne, toward Hotel de Ville and Heights of Old Chateau.

18715

VIEW OF THE FAMOUS BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	53	74	145	227

The town of Château-Thierry lies on both banks of the Marne. This view, taken from the south side of the river, looks toward the city hall and the heights beyond. The bridge is in part a temporary structure with ruins of masonry at one end. The temporary structure replaces part of the bridge blown out to hinder the advance of the Germans. This was the famous iron bridge, where the American troops first met the enemy at Château-Thierry. Many of the American soldiers engaged here had been called from quiet sectors, and although this was their first experience at real fighting, they proved superior to the veteran Germans who opposed them.

On May 30, 1918, the Germans reached the Marne, east of Château-Thierry, and advanced along its north bank on the city. Pouring through a gap in the Allied lines to the left of the town, they advanced down its streets intending to establish themselves on the south side of the Marne. The American machine gunners, who were 100 kilometers to the rear, were ordered into motor-trucks and after travelling all night reached the south bank of the Marne at Château-Thierry early in the morning of June 1, in time to place their guns and to prevent the Germans from crossing. When the Germans under the protection of smoke from smoke-bombs, did attempt to cross this bridge, the Americans were equal to the emergency, part of the bridge was blown out and the enemy was held to the north bank of the Marne until the great American and French drive in July, 1918, swept them far back in rapid retreat.

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V18948 In Belleau Wood where Americans Gave Germany Her Fatal Check.

V18948

IN BELLEAU WOOD WHERE AMERICANS GAVE GERMANY HER FATAL CHECK

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	54	75	146	228

It was in this dense tangle of trees and underbrush, slashed by storms of machine gun and rifle bullets and uprooted by shells, that the gallant Marine Brigade, of the 2nd Division, fought for a month and earned immortal glory for its name. Here these redoubtable fighters forced backward foot by foot some of Germany's best troops and finally ousted them altogether from the wooded hill and hurled them back northward across the valley which we can see down yonder beyond the splintered tree branches.

Throughout the 30-mile front from Chateau-Thierry (shä'tō'-tyĕ'rē') to the Aisne River west of Soissons (swä'sôn'), the enemy was struggling desperately to approach nearer to Paris. Everywhere the veteran French troops eventually stopped them, but it seemed that their most sensational check was administered by the hitherto untried Americans of the 2nd and 3rd Divisions at Belleau Wood and Chateau-Thierry, where the invaders had most closely approached the French metropolis. Here, in a very real sense, the fortunes of Germany reached their high tide. When they reeled back from Belleau Wood on July 18th before the furious attack of the 26th ("Yankee") Division, which had relieved the 2nd in this sector, that tide of German fortune was beginning to ebb, and it continued to do so, more and more rapidly, until the final cataclysm which extinguished the hopes of German militarism on Nov. 11th, 1918.

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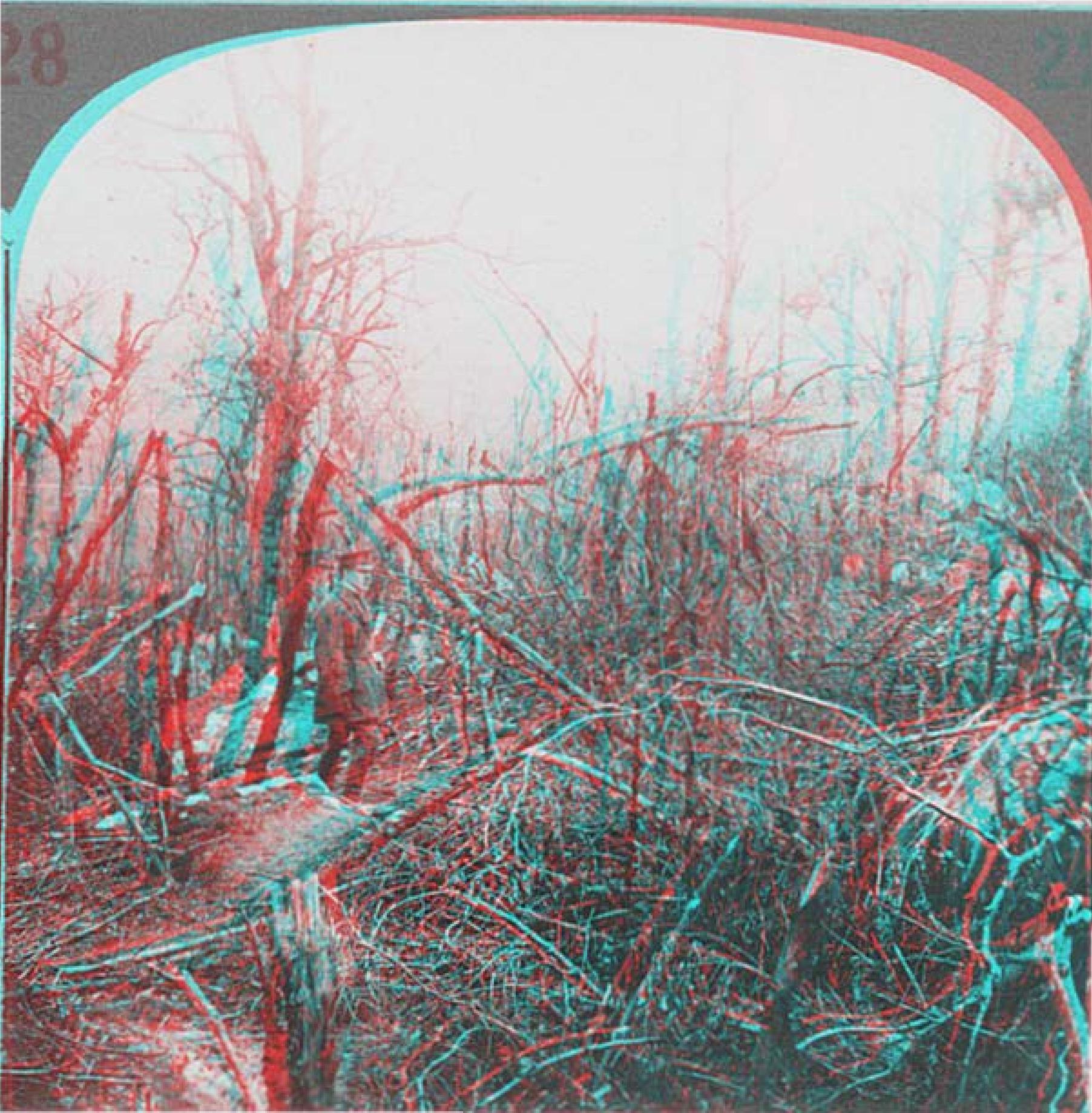
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18725 Strong Dugouts in Holes Under Huge Rocks, in Belleau Woods, France.

18725

STRONG DUGOUTS IN HOLES UNDER HUGE ROCKS, BELLEAU WOOD, FRANCE

Belleau Wood was thought to be a very strong position both on account of the heavy timber and the rough nature of the country. The Germans had neglected nothing to turn a place naturally strong for defensive fighting into a position as nearly attack-proof as possible. The wood was strongly defended by machine guns, which had been well placed behind trees and in rocky caves. So strong was the German position in the Bois de Belleau, that when Bouresches was stormed and captured by the Americans, many machine gun nests were still left in Belleau Wood as our troops swept by. Several raids were made against the wood in the work of cleaning out the Germans, but each time they would reappear with a harassing fire. Despite the strong artillery work on our part the German machine gunners were not yet dislodged, and determining to clear the wood at all costs, the American artillery on Sunday, June 9 1918, began a heavy artillery fire on that part of the wood still occupied by the Germans. This fire lasted all Sunday night and up until the attack of our Marines at 3 o'clock Monday morning. These Marines did a clean job, driving the gunners from their machine guns, capturing many of them, and turning their own machine guns on the retreating Germans. Two German field guns (77's), thirty machine guns and some small mortars were captured. Of the 1,200 Germans who were in Belleau Wood at the time of the Marines' charge, 300 were taken prisoners, while most of the remaining 900 were slain. So furious was the charge of the Marines that the Germans said the American artillery was crazy and the infantry drunk.

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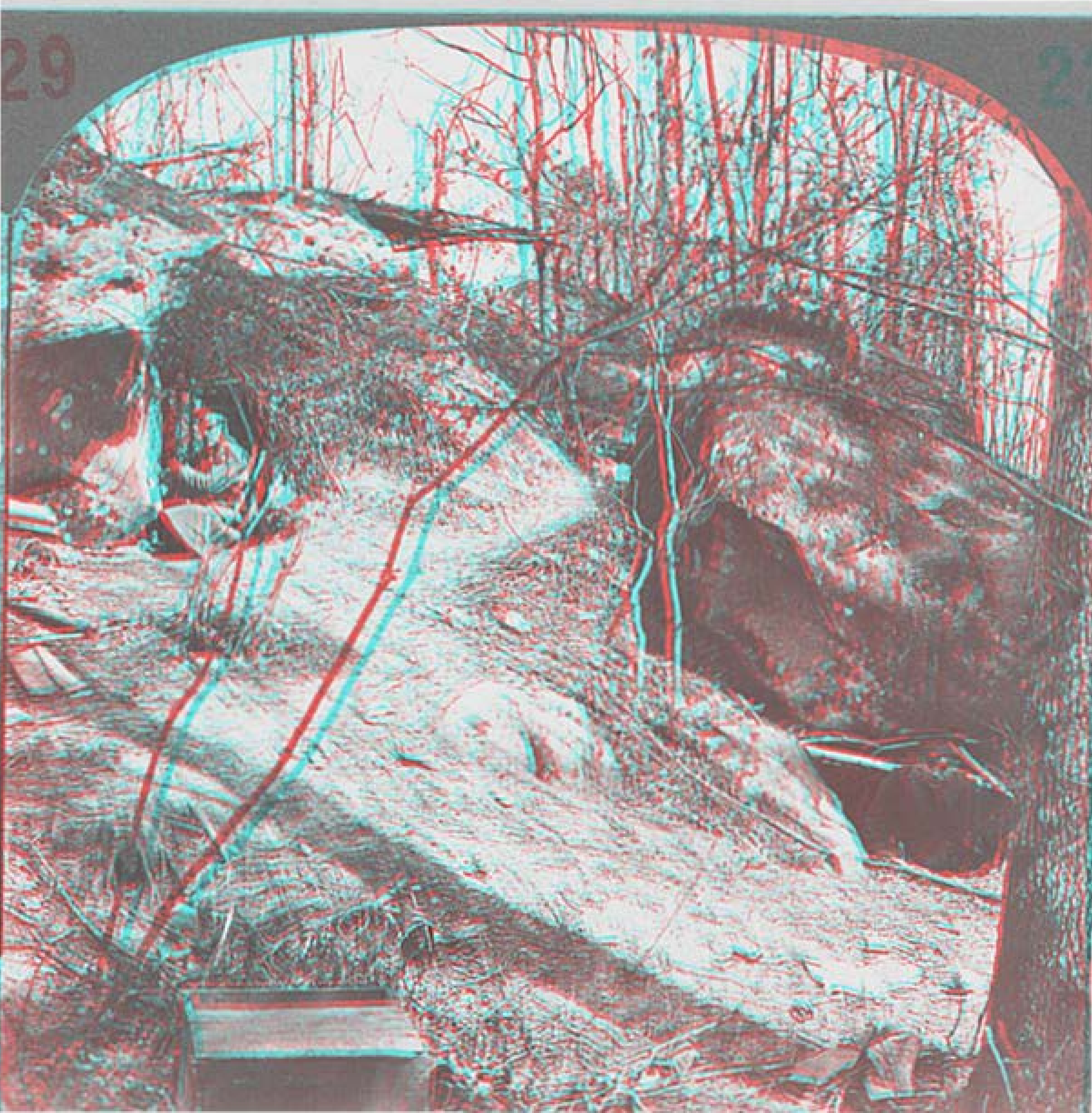
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19207 Maison Blanc, Headquarters of the Marine Brigade, Near Belleau Wood.

19207

MAISON BLANC, HEADQUARTERS OF THE MARINE BRIGADE, NEAR BELLEAU WOOD

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				230

This shattered farmstead, stands at the edge of Belleau Wood. On the night of May 31st-June 1st, 1918, the infantry and Marine brigades of the 2nd Division, advanced with all speed past this house on their way to Belleau Wood. The weary French troops fighting in front fell back through this solid line of resistence established by these new allies from across the sea, and then Americans and Germans stood, at last, face to face.

The Germans were fully resolved to push on toward Paris, distant only about 45 miles. But several violent attacks which they made, each preceded by a devastating artillery bombardment, were all repulsed with heavy losses. On June 6th and again on the 10th, the Marines smashed through the most bitter resistence the Germans could offer and took large sections of the dense and rocky Bois de Belleau (Belleau Wood). Further to the right the 9th and 23rd Infantry had like success around Monneaux and Hill 204. No efforts of the enemy availed to recover lost ground once it had passed into the hands of the Americans, though fresh divisions rapidly succeeded one another as each was worn out by the vigor of the 2nd Division attacks. In the Belleau Wood sector and around Chateau-Thierry, where the 3rd American Division was, at the same time, acquitting itself with equal gallantry, the Germans found themselves mastered, and a foreboding of final and complete defeat began to make itself felt in the rank and file of their armies as realization dawned upon them of the fighting quality of the American hosts which were rapidly reinforcing the ranks of their enemies.

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V18943 "Miracle of Lucy," France—Unharmed Crucifix Amidst Total Ruin.

V18943

UNHARMED CRUCIFIX AMID TOTAL RUINS, LUCY-LE-BOCAGE, FRANCE

The ruined church of Lucy-le-Bocage is an object which will always dwell vividly in the minds of the thousands of American soldiers of the 2nd and 26th Divisions who were accustomed to pass by it on their way to or from the front lines in Belleau Wood or around Bouresches during the never to be forgotten days of June and July, 1918. Lucy was the nearest village behind the American battle front.

Before the Germans broke through to the Marne in May it had lain in a peaceful region, far behind the fighting line. So it was altogether during the American occupation of little more than six weeks that its destruction was accomplished by the German artillery, which sought to destroy in its streets and houses the American convoys of food and ammunition, posts of command and billets and columns of marching troops.

In the venerable little parish church of Lucy hung unscathed through all the bombardments the touching symbol of the crucified Christ which we see. Many a doughboy, weary and soiled from battle, has paused to gaze as the two before us are gazing, with awe and reverence upon this "miracle of Lucy."

In the open space before the church of Lucy there was erected after the armistice by the men of the 2nd Division a great boulder bearing upon a metal shield the famous "Indian Head" insignia of the division. This stone stands today and will stand for many years to come, an enduring memorial to the brave men who fought and many of whom died in the woods and over the fields just beyond the confines of the village.

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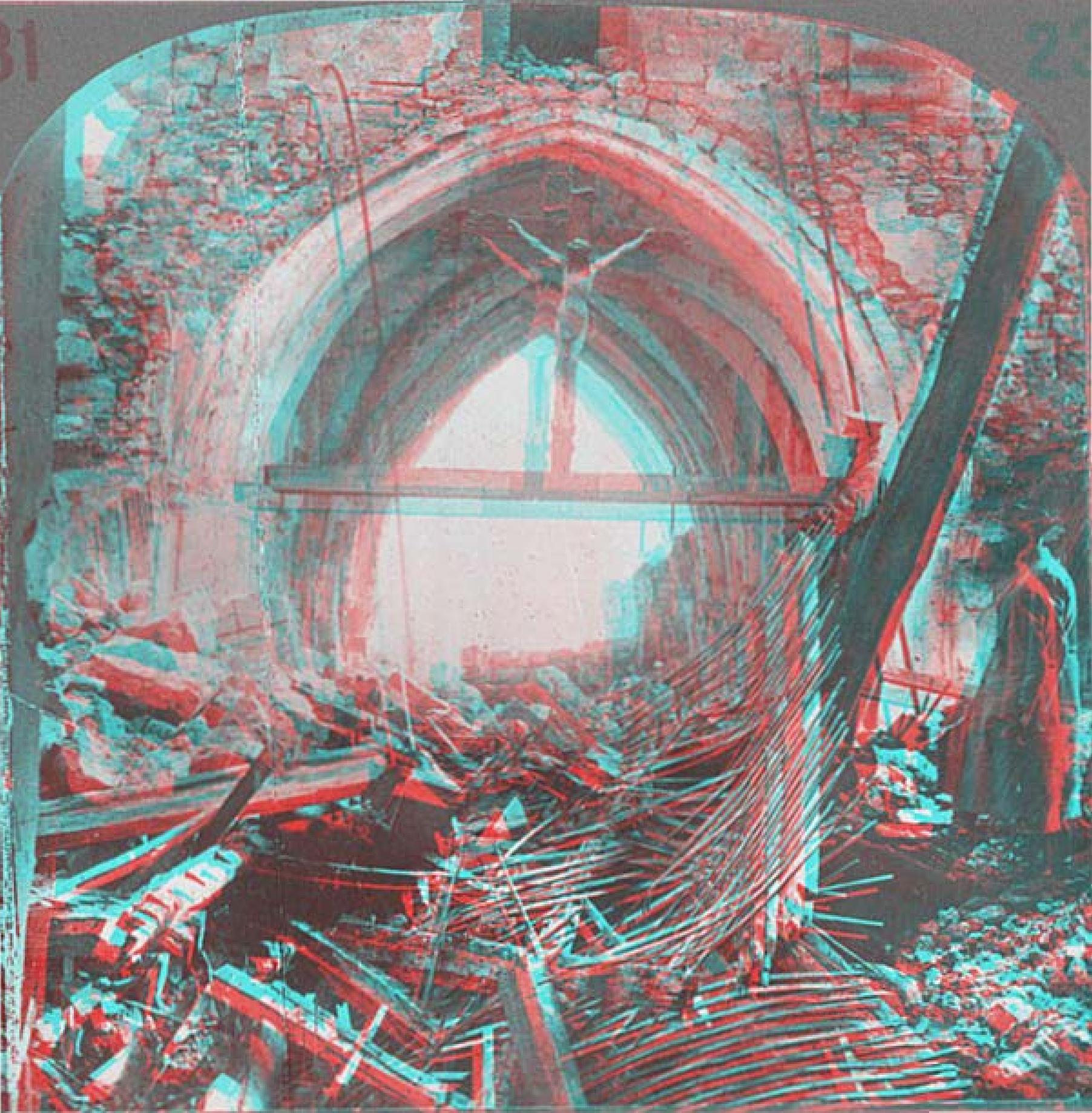

19254 Looking from Belleau Village South across the Valley to Belleau Wood.

19254

LOOKING FROM BELLEAU VILLAGE SOUTH ACROSS THE VALLEY TO BELLEAU WOOD

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			148	232

We are standing near the southern edge of the village of Belleau and against the horizon rises the abrupt hillside clothed with the shattered timber of the famous Bois de Belleau. Among the trees at the crest of the hill lay the front lines of the American marines after they had captured the woods in June, while just to the left of the road ascending the slope we can see the round tower which was one of the most important German observatories while they were still in possession.

Close at hand, just over the edge of the ruined wall on which the American doughboy is steadying himself, are the headboards of the little American cemetery which formerly lay in the edge of Belleau village. The bodies were removed from here, however, during the summer of 1919 and re-buried, with those of all other Americans killed in this region, in the Belleau Wood Cemetery, beautifully located just east of the woods, to the left of the direction in which we are looking.

It was over the open ground before us, stretching from the village to the woods, where on that July morning the poppies reddened the ripening wheat, that the 3rd Battalion of the 104th Infantry, under Major Evan E. Lewis, swept forward, heedless of the rifle, machine gun and artillery fire poured into them, and in one hour cleaned up Belleau village, the village of Givry beyond that and then swarmed up the slopes of Hill 193, which dominated this whole region from the north. The brave men buried in the little cemetery are those sons of Massachusetts who died in that early morning rush.

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V19225 Grave, of Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, Buried by Germans where He Fell.

V19225

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	56	77	149	233

GRAVE OF LIEUT. QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

This lonely grave on a broad plain hard by the little village of Chamery, near the city of Reims, in France, will ever be sacred to American young manhood because it contains the remains of one who embodied in his own person to an eminent degree those qualities of heart and soul which led so many thousands of them to cross the seas, and to face for their country's sake death and mutilation in a foreign land.

Quentin Roosevelt, the youngest of Theodore Roosevelt's children, a lieutenant in the 95th American Aero Squadron, First Pursuit Group, fell in single combat with a more experienced adversary, at Chamery, near Reims, on July 14th, 1917. Although new to the flying game he had but three days before won the Croix de Guerre by a daring exploit typical of the man. While scouting over the German lines he became separated from his companions and, on dropping through a patch of cloud, found himself in the rear of six German machines. Prudence dictated an about face and retreat, but it was never Roosevelt's way, to retreat, and he resolved to attack. When within shooting distance he opened on them with his machine gun and had the satisfaction of seeing one of the enemy lurch to a side and fall. Instantly veering in a wide arc he flew for the Allied lines, pursued by the five remaining German planes. Bullets flew overhead and on every side, but fortune was with him that day and he escaped without a wound.

One of our own doughboys, in the cap and ulster we so well remember, stands by Lieutenant Roosevelt's grave in silent tribute to the dead, as many Americans will stand in the years to come.

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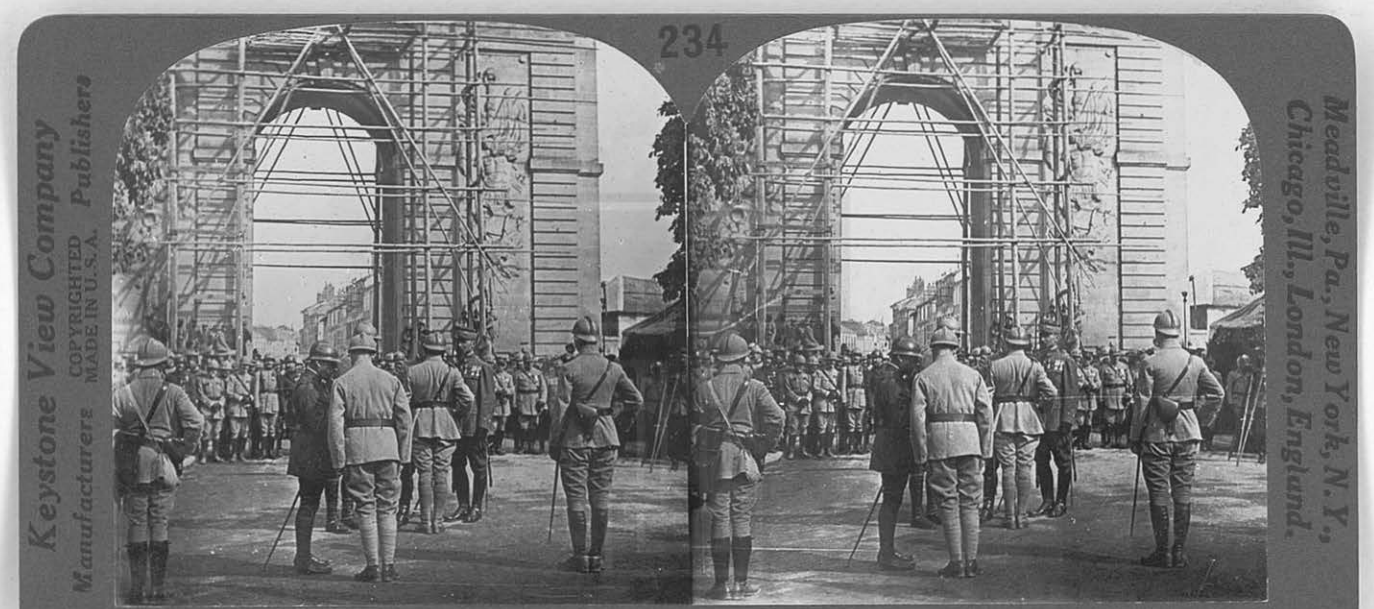

18677—General Gouraud Bestowing Medals Upon French Heroes, Chalons-sur-Marne, France.

18677

GENERAL GOURAUD BESTOWING MEDALS UPON FRENCH HEROES

For a moment in the more grim business of warfare in which she was engaged for four years, Chalons (shä'-lôn') has paused for an episode of martial pomp and ceremony. Beneath the great archway of the Fort Sainte-Croix (sänt'-krwä'), erected in 1770 to honor the Archduchess Marie Antoinette of Austria, on her way to Paris to become the bride of the French Dauphin, afterward the ill-fated King Louis XVI, a group of the hard fighting French soldiers of 1918 is assembled to receive at the hands of their army commander their well-earned decorations for valor in action. The occasion is only a few weeks after the battle of July 15th-16th, 1918, when the army of General Gouraud repulsed the last desperate attack of the Germans on the Champagne front in their attempt to break through to the Marne at Chalons.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				234

The men whom we here see receiving their medals are all French. But at about the same time a large number of Americans were given decorations of the same kind by General Gouraud for bravery in the same battle, for our 42nd Division and some colored troops of the 93rd Division, fighting side by side with French comrades, gave splendid assistance in winning that decisive victory. The medals given by the French for gallant conduct in battle are the Croix de Guerre (War Cross), the Medaille Militaire (Military Medal), and the Legion d' Honneur (Legion of Honor). The Medaille Militaire is perhaps the most difficult to win, being awarded only for acts of most extraordinary courage, and it corresponds in this respect to the American Distinguished Service Cross, and to the British Victoria Cross.

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18664 Partners of Americans in Marne Counter-Offensive —French Moroccan Troops on Villers-Cotterets Road.

18664

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				235

FRENCH MOROCCAN TROOPS ON THE VILLERS-COTTERETS ROAD

We are standing beside the broad National Highway that leads up northeastward from Paris to Soissons, through Villers-Cotterets, and it is one of those momentous days of mid-July, 1918, when Marshal Foch was setting the stage for the mighty counter-offensive which crushed in the front of the German armies between Soissons and Chateau-Thierry and sent them reeling back from the Marne salient.

In the roadway, with his back to us, stands one of our American military police, controlling the traffic at the cross roads. His stalwart figure rises head and shoulders above those of of the little brown men marching in straggling column behind him. But though small in stature these soldiers of the 1st Moroccan Division have made for themselves through years of warfare a record as terrible fighters excelled by no troops in the world. Now they are marching up to the front to take their places in the assault between the 1st and 2nd American Divisions.

In that epoch-marking attack these three divisions were to be the spearhead of the Allied thrust, and well they did their part. In the forward rush through the German trenches and wire against storms of machine gun and artillery fire and desperate resistence by the hostile infantry, it seemed that there was a generous rivalry between the two American units and the Moroccans as to which should go fastest and furthest. The race ended virtually in a tie, for though the 2nd Division reached its final objectives first, all three were there at the end of four days having penetrated the enemy positions to a depth of 7 miles, captured scores of guns and thousands of prisoners and dealt the Germans a blow which was fatal to their further hold on the Marne salient.

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19261 Ruins of Longpont Village and Abbey, France.

19261

RUINS OF LONGPONT VILLAGE AND ABBEY

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				236

The graceful, ivy-clad ruin of Longpont Abbey Church was an object of pilgrimage to admirers of mediaeval architecture for many decades before the World War. We see it here more severely damaged by shell fire than by the ravages of time, but still erect, towering above the debris of Longpont village and with the trees of the Villers-Cotterets (ve'lar'-ko'te-re) Forest in the background.

The Abbey Church of Longpont was founded by a Count of Crespy in 1131. For centuries until the time of the French Revolution, it was the center of a powerful religious house of the Cistercian Order. After the Revolution it fell into disuse and decay, remaining, however, a lovely relic of the past. But, like so many of the beautiful old churches and castles of northern France, it suffered terribly during the German invasion. Longpont was captured on May 28, 1918, by the 28th Reserve Division of General Von Boehn's army. But the French fought fiercely and recaptured it two days later. On June 3, the Germans made a determined effort to gain the Villers-Cotterets Forest and succeeded in retaking Longpont and other villages at its edge, but gained no foothold in the forest. They were finally driven from Longpont on July 13th. Five days afterward, before the great counter-offensive they fell back rapidly from this whole region, the dashing attack of the second American Division being delivered only about a mile north of Longpont. A storm center in such terrible backward and forward fighting, the almost total destruction of the once charming village may be readily understood.

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V18824 Artillery Observers Telephoning Headquarters from the Front, on the Marne.

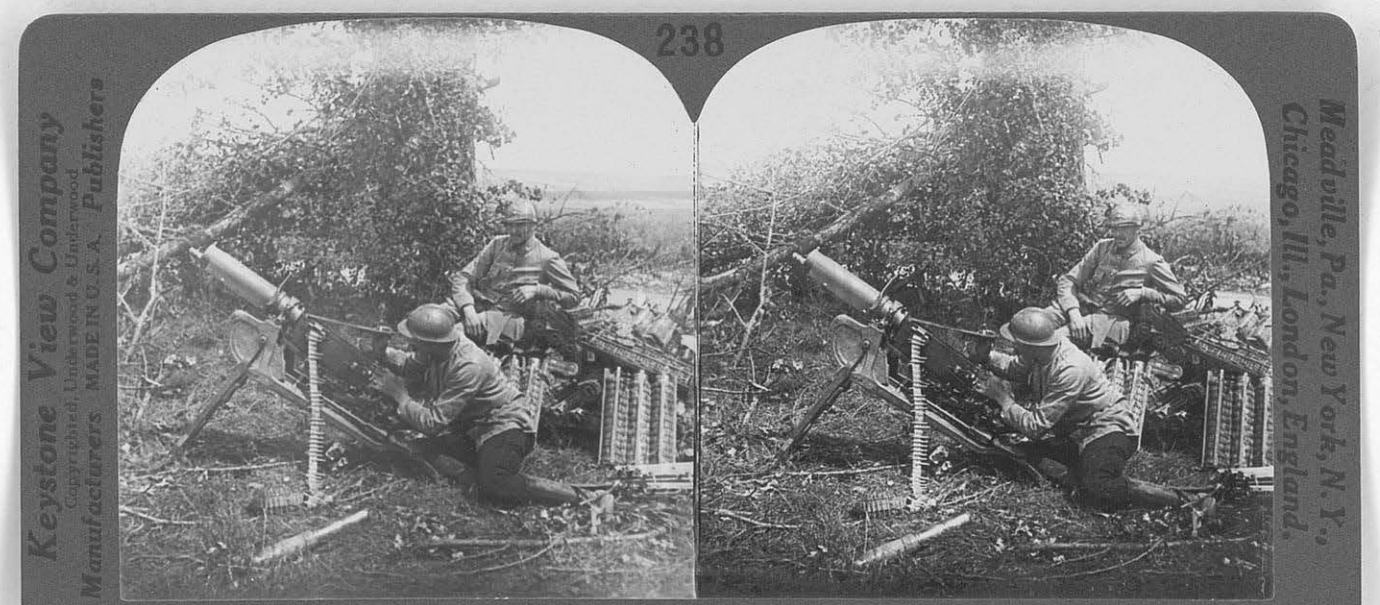
SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			150	237

Artillery Observers Telephoning Headquarters from the Front, on the Marne.

These men are in what is apparently an observation post. They are using a range finding instrument which in this case is a combination of periscope and field glass permitting one to see far out into the enemy territory without exposing oneself to view and the accurate aim of snipers.

The Frenchman in the foreground has a portable field telephone, and behind him is one of the reels of wire used to carry the connection far up into the trench. Often the work of the artillery observers takes them in advance of the infantry. This man has been interrupted in his lunch by having to take a message over the telephone. Another signalman is crouched in the back reporting to headquarters the findings of the observer. As soon as headquarters has this information, orders are sent to the batteries of guns and the range is corrected.

The Frenchman standing with his back toward you with his hands in his pockets has a metal can strapped to him that contains the very precious gas mask. This is a new type which the French army adopted after trying several kinds. It is much like the German mask, but better made in that it has separate passages for the inlet and outlet of air.



V19268 Captured German Machine Guns on Road from Villers-Cotterets to Soissons.

V19268

CAPTURED GERMAN MACHINE GUNS ON ROAD FROM VILLERS-COTTERETS TO SOISSONS

This water-jacketed German Maxim gun, standing, with a hillock of reserve ammunition beside it, in a concealed position along the Villers-Cotterets (vē′ lâr′-kȯ′ tē-rē′) and Soissons (swȧ′ sôn′) road, must have been taken in battle sometime between July 18th and 22nd, 1918.

In every battle of the World War machine guns played a leading part, but it became a more and more important part as the struggle continued. The Germans especially steadily increased the number of their machine guns as their man power diminished, seeking to make up with them for the decreasing number of rifles. In all the great battles of 1918 in which American troops took part, one of their hardest tasks was to overcome German machine gun resistence. Great numbers of brave men were killed or maimed in such fighting.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	57	78	151	238

In the attack south of Soissons one regiment captured more than 100 machine guns. One instance alone out of many will give an idea of the quality of courage displayed in the capture of nearly every one of these venomous weapons. Edward F. Phelan, a corporal of Co. E, 23rd Infantry, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for "extraordinary heroism in action near Vierzy, France, July 18, 1918. Corp. Phelan voluntarily left the assaulting wave of his company and, single handed, captured or killed the entire crew of a concealed machine gun position, which was delivering a terrific and accurate fire upon his comrades from the right flank. His timely and gallant act drew the fire of the machine gun from his comrades until they were able to find shelter and saved the lives of many of the assaulting wave."

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V18942 Ruins of Soissons and Its Two Great Cathedrals.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			152	239

Ruins of Soissons and Its Two Great Cathedrals.

Soissons, spread out along the sloping banks of the Aisne, peaceful, and beautiful with its magnificent cathedrals, its parks, schools and busy industrial life is before you, in ruins. Early in 1915 the first German shell came hurtling through the air and crashed through the roof of this splendid old cathedral. In spite of the fact that the heads of the church had given their word of honor that the tower was not being used for military purposes the Germans made it the target of their guns. Since then it was shelled intermittently until the Spring of 1918 when the deluge of enemy steel thoroughly completed the dastardly work.

Look well and you will see that the terrific bombardment has destroyed almost every vestige of the delicate stone work that framed the windows and covered the tower.

Beyond you can see one of the towers of an old, old abbey, highly revered by the French people because of its association with the religious history of the nation. Both of its towers, there are two of them, are splintered and broken by the shelling which the Germans considered necessary. Opposite the cathedral is the wreckage of a dwelling. And near it stands one of those French soldiers who did his share toward punishing the enemy for his monstrous treatment of these once beautiful edifices.

V18878 Bringing in 1900 German Prisoners Captured by American Forces, France

V18878

A HAUL OF 1900 GERMAN PRISONERS, FRANCE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	58	79	153	240

A column of fours, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but Germans, muddy, sullen, and harmless, for they are prisoners, the result of a day's fighting. Some of them still wear their heavy steel trench helmets, others have the round gray caps with a red band, the headgear of the German private; while others are wearing visored hats; those men are non-comissioned officers.

On many of the hats you can see the small fluted button, a part of the German army insignia, made of concentric circles, red, white and black. Many of them are wearing spectacles and practically all of them have a sack under the arm, filled with the few necessities that they considered worth keeping when they threw up their hands and cried "Kamerad."

A good idea of the German uniforms can be obtained by looking at those men who are wearing overcoats and then at those who are wearing the ordinary tunics. The feet of one of the men are visible, showing the clumsy field boots with which the soldiers of the Kaiser were equipped. Two of the men, those with the Red Cross arm bands, were a part of a medical detachment.

Far to the rear of the group you can see the stockade of wire and stakes erected to make the German think twice before attempting to pass the armed guards, who patrol the edge of the camp day and night. American troops during the war lost only 4,480 men taken prisoners by the enemy. On the other hand, they captured 63,000 German prisoners, 16,000 of them in the battle of St. Mihiel and 23,000 in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne.

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18752 German Prisoners Well Housed, near Belleau Woods, France.

18752

GERMAN PRISONERS

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			154	241

German prisoners were invariably well treated by our troops. Not only were they well treated but they were well fed and comfortably housed. Even here, at Château-Thierry, in the rush and swirl of a 30 days' battle we found time to build good barracks for them.

Far different was the treatment of allied prisoners in Germany. This was so well known that our doughboys have been heard to declare that they would die before allowing themselves to be taken prisoners. On the contrary Germans surrendered in groups during our drives of October and November, 1918, glad to exchange the horrors of the field of battle for the humane treatment which they had come to know would be accorded them in our camps. Often in the heat of battle a whole drove would be escorted to the rear by only a few men. Sometimes, eager to be in the fight, our men would go forward ordering the prisoners to find the way to the rear. Here hundreds of prisoners would be confined in a barbed wire enclosure until they could be transferred to the regular prison camps. In such camps ground was often enclosed for gardens, the prisoners given tools and allowed to divert themselves by growing vegetables for their own use. They were given carpenters' tools also, and wood, from which they made furniture of every conceivable type. In our own country in the alien detention camps, they built kitchens, chimneys, mess halls, put in hot water pipes and did much other useful work.

Prison camps were always of course constantly patroled, for men long for freedom no matter how well treated and attempts to escape were always being made.

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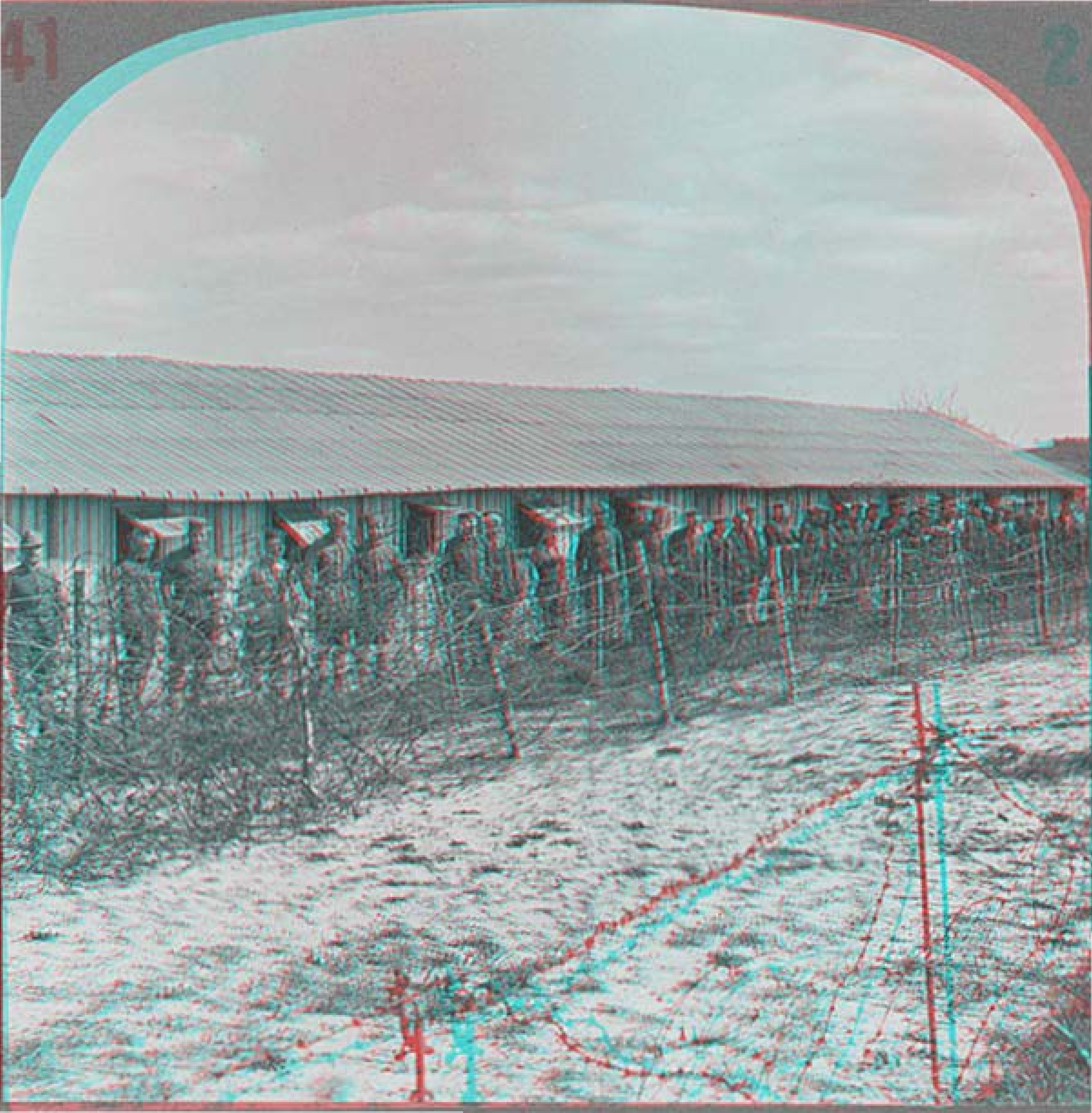

19248 The Place des Halles, St. Mihiel.

19248

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	59	80	155	242

THE PLACE DES HALLES, ST. MIHIEL

Before the war St. Mihiel (săn′-mē′ yĕl′) was a place of nearly 10,000 people. After having been occupied by the Germans for a few days less than four years it was retaken by the 1st American Army under General Pershing on Sept. 13, 1918, being the largest city actually captured by American arms during the war. When retaken, parts of the city were almost wholly demolished by shells which had fallen upon it from the French batteries while it was in the hands of the enemy. Other parts were little injured, having been sheltered from fire by some of the numerous high hills that surround the place in almost every direction.

The Place des Halles, or "Market Square," across which we are looking from its western end, is in the center of St. Mihiel and is plainly in the part of the city which suffered under the shells. In this square, on Sept. 13, just after the Germans had left General Pétain, commander-in-chief of the French armies, General Pershing, commanding the 1st American Army, and Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, were greeted with wild enthusiasm by the few hundreds of inhabitants of St. Mihiel who had remained there throughout the German occupation. Despite the pitiable condition of the town and the pillaging to which it had been subjected, the people had contrived to collect red, white and blue bunting and to find or make French and American flags with which they decorated the streets and even the ruined houses. Their joy at the arrival of their deliverers was pathetic. The principal street of the city, formerly called the "Rue Grande," is now the "Rue du Général Pershing," and the name and memory of America will ever be gratefully honored in St. Mihiel.

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19255 Repairing Field Telephone Lines During a Gas Attack at the Front.

19255

REPAIRING FIELD TELEPHONE LINES DURING A GAS ATTACK AT THE FRONT

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			156	243

To look upon men actually carrying on their duties at the front in the midst of clouds of gas so deadly that they would be killed or writhing in agony within a few seconds were it not for the protection afforded by their gas masks, makes us realize how numerous were the lives saved by these devices. A weapon so obnoxious as gas to all ideas of civilized peoples, and one which had been so strictly forbidden by the Hague Convention, would probably never have been utilized during the World War had the Germans not introduced it in their attack on the Canadians at Ypres, April 22, 1915. In that case the poor fellows subjected to the gas cloud were entirely ignorant of its nature or of any means of protection against it. In consequence the casualties were appalling, amounting to 25 per cent of those subjected to it.

Thus forced by the enemy to adopt the same methods, the Allies eventually excelled the Germans in the amounts and deadly quality of the gases used. They were employed in many forms. To produce gas clouds, the vapor was generated by setting fire to materials placed in "stinkpots" or by releasing compressed gas held in containers. Later, more accurate and intense local effects came to be produced by throwing into the enemy's lines bombs, hand grenades, rifle grenades or artillery shells, loaded with gas. The artillery projectiles had all the range and accuracy of ordinary shells and were most effective for neutralizing batteries far behind the lines and for producing confusion among marching troops or trains.

The American soldiers working before us, safe from the gas hanging thickly around them because they are wearing the very effective American gas masks, are performing a task frequently demanded of military linemen.

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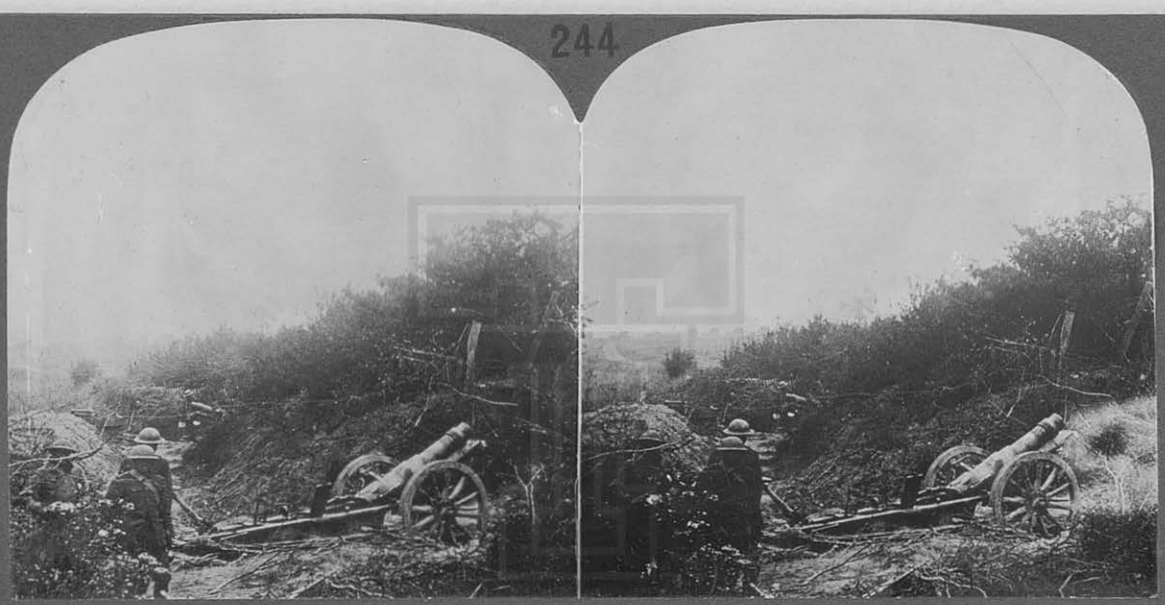

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19288 German Battery of 150 mm. Guns, Captured by American Troops Near Montfaucon.

19288

GERMAN BATTERY OF 150MM. GUNS, CAPTURED BY AMERICAN TROOPS NEAR MONTFAUCON

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				244

The guns before us belonged to one of the huge array of German batteries which protected their 20-mile front between the Meuse River and the western edge of the Argonne Forest. These formidable howitzers, throwing a shell nearly six inches in diameter, lay in their snugly concealed emplacements in front of Montfaucon, a great hill with a village on its summit, rising abruptly above the surrounding country to a height of 175 or 200 feet. Montfaucon was a perfect natural observatory midway between the Meuse River and the Argonne Forest, and from its summit the whole surrounding country for miles in every direction lay outspread like a map. One building in the town, made by the Germans out of steel and concrete but cleverly disguished to appear as merely one of the ruined houses, contained an observatory with a great periscope extending down to the basement, and from this safe spot the German Crown Prince watched the bloody and unsuccessful attacks of his troops on the hill of Mort-Homme and other defences of Verdun, in 1916. The periscope was captured by the American troops of the 79th ("Lorraine") Division when they took Montfaucon in a dashing early morning attack on Sept. 27th, 1918, and it is now at the United States Military Academy at West Point.

It was probably from artillery observation posts in Montfaucon that the fire of these German 150mm. guns was directed on Sept. 26th, 1918, when the 1st American Army jumped off in the great attack which opened the 7 weeks battle of the Meuse-Argonne. The 79th Division was charged with the capture of the supremely important height of Montfaucon and they did it in spite of the tornadoes of fire poured upon them from rifles, machine guns and dozens of batteries of artillery.

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19264 An American Division Headquarters at the Front.

19264

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				245

AN AMERICAN DIVISION HEADQUARTERS AT THE FRONT

Sometimes in an old building, partly wrecked by shell fire, sometimes in a dugout among the trenches, sometimes in an ancient chateau surrounded by all the luxuries of an aristocratic French home; such were among the widely different surroundings in which the headquarters of American divisions were likely to find themselves during war time. More often than not the office arrangements were of the crudest kind as may be seen in this headquarters of the 3rd Division.

But such primitive accomodations never reduced the efficiency of our fighting divisions, of which the 3rd was one of the most illustrious. The 3rd Division was severely tested in all kinds of warfare. It won its well known nickname, "The Rock of the Marne," in the fighting from the end of May to the middle of July, 1918. It was the 7th (Divisional) Machine Gun Battalion of this organization which held the famous bridge in Chateau-Thierry and stopped every effort of the Germans to cross the River and advance toward Paris. Afterward for six weeks the entire division was in line along the Marne from Chateau-Thierry eastward to Varennes, a distance of 7 miles.

Some hours before daylight on July 15 the Germans, following an intense bombardment, came across the river in their last great offensive. Everywhere on its front the 3rd Division met the enemy and threw them back across the river with heavy losses, writing into history the names of such scenes of heroic struggle as the Jaulgonne Bend, the valley of the Surmelin, Mézy, Fossoy and Ru Chailly Farm. A few days later the division joined in the pursuit of the Germans and drove them across the Ourcq at Cierges. The division crowned its record by nearly a month's fighting in the Meuse-Argonne.

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MANDING GENERAL
THIRD DIVISION
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18739 An American Field Radio Outfit at the Front in France.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			157	246

18739

AMERICAN FIELD RADIO OUTFIT

Here we have an American field radio outfit in operation; science, the handmaiden of war. Cars of every type have been used, even as small as a three-quarter ton truck. And over ground which a car cannot cover, motorcycle outfits are run. The two and one-half ton chassis has however proved to be one of the most satisfactory types. All types have a special body in which is built the apparatus for wireless transmission and receiving.

The current for the wireless is supplied by a generator connected with the gasoline motor which propels the car.

In the two and one-half ton chassis truck the antennae are usually of the umbrella type mounted at the top of a sectional mast which can be erected in six minutes. The sections are ten feet long and made of artificial bamboo—hollow, semi-circular gutters of spruce, glued together, and wrapped with wire at the joints. These outfits have a sending radius of about 200 miles and can receive from almost any distance—2,500 miles has been registered. As a rule there are ten men to an outfit of this type—one chief, a driver and mechanician, at least two skilled operators, and the others drilled in erecting the mast. This latter service is of great importance, for on the battlefield seconds mean lives. Squads are trained so that they can dash up to a given spot, erect the mast, and get into communication with headquarters in six minutes.

Before us a motorcycle outfit using short, slender, readily portable masts is at work. Messages are being sent while an observer watches the sky for hostile planes.

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19263 German Pill Box in the Blanc Mont Sector, Champagne.

19263

GERMAN PILL BOX IN THE BLANC MONT SECTOR, CHAMPAGNE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				247

Although one section of the ancient province of Champagne, bordering the valley of the Marne River between Châlons and Épernay, is so fertile that it is clothed with the vast vineyards which produce the most famous wine in the world, "champagne;" by far the greater part of the country is almost as sterile as a desert.

During the World War thousands of acres of this land were ruined for generations to come by having the underlying chalk thrown to the surface by the digging of trenches and the explosion of shells.

This German machine gun emplacement, or "pill-box," built of steel and concrete, is one of many which helped to make the deeply organized German front between Somme-Py and St. Etienne-à-Arnes, 22 miles east of Reims, the strongest section between that city and the Argonne Forest. Early in October, General Gouraud requested the aid of American troops in capturing Blanc Mont.

General Pershing sent the 2nd and the 36th Divisions. In four days of terrific fighting, Oct. 3 to 6, the 2nd Division forced its way through all the prepared German positions, penetrating to a depth of 4½ miles, cleaning up Blanc Mont and capturing St. Etienne. The enemy was thus forced to fall back from Reims, yielding ground which he had held since September, 1914. On Oct. 7 the 2nd was relieved by the 36th, composed of Oklahoma and Texas troops. The division had never been in action before but it gave a splendid account of itself, participating vigorously in the pursuit of the enemy to and beyond the Aisne River, a distance of 13 miles.

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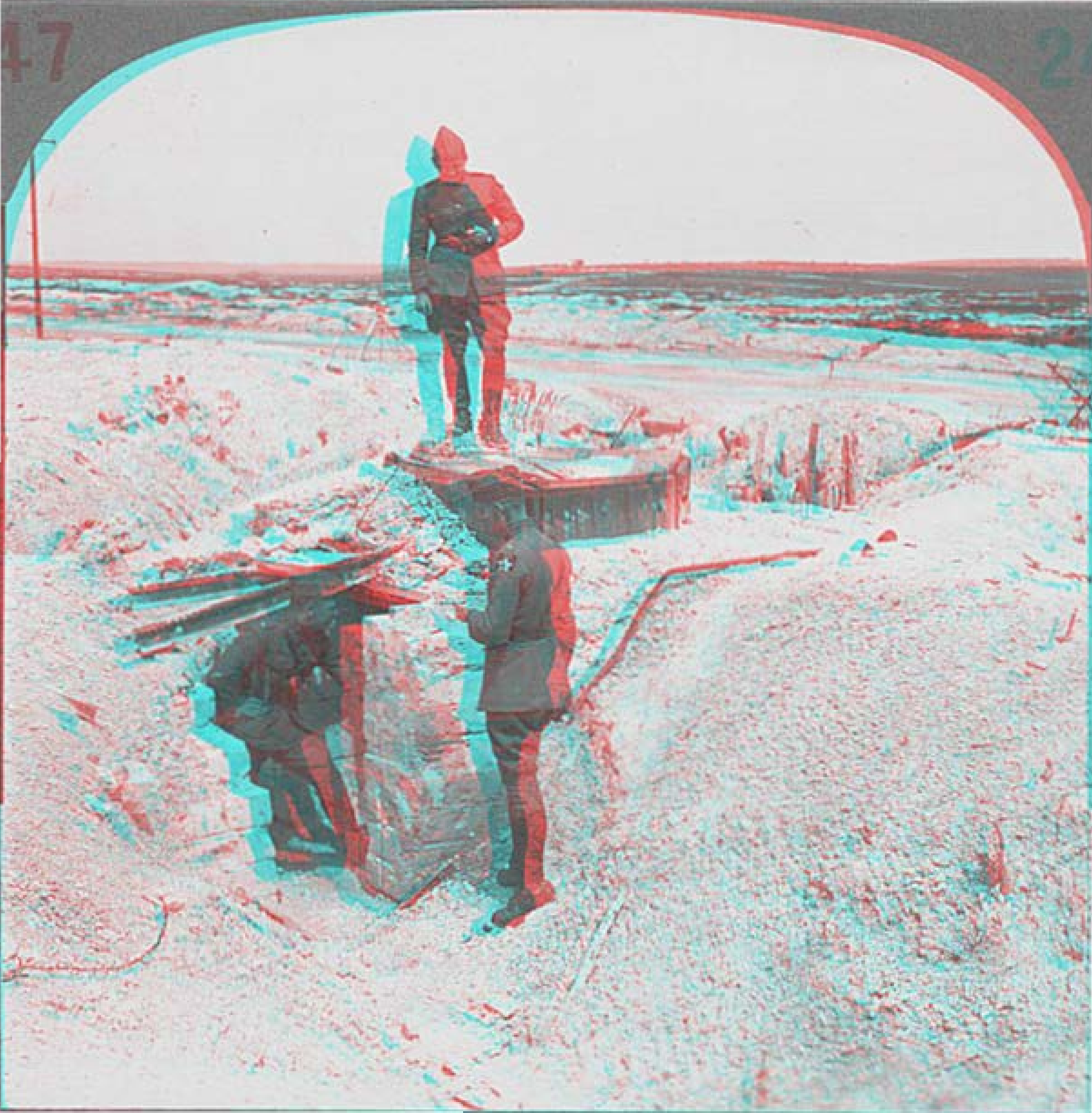

V19281—General Pershing Awarding Congressional Medals to Brave American Boys, Chaumont, France.

V19281

GENERAL PERSHING AWARDING CONGRESSIONAL MEDALS TO BRAVE AMERICAN BOYS, CHAUMONT, FRANCE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				248

We are standing in the snow-covered quadrangle of American General Headquarters at Chaumont. In the background rises the front of "C" Building, one of the three main structures of Damremont Barracks, in which our G. H. Q. was housed. The windows are crowded with spectators and a still greater throng surrounds all four sides of the parade ground, for though many impressive ceremonies have occurred in this place, the one we are now witnessing is probably the most impressive, the most stirring of all. For the 9 men visible in the line before us, the one highest in rank, at the right of the line, no more than a lieutenant colonel or major, and the three nearest to us enlisted men, alone constitute one-sixth of all the living soldiers, out of the two millions belonging to the A. E. F., who received the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award for valor in action within the gift of the United States Government.

Only 78 medals of Honor were awarded during the World War. Twenty-four of the men who won them were killed in the performance of the act which gained them the distinction and their medals were presented to their next of kin. Fifty-four survived, and 9 of these are standing before us, receiving from the hands of General Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, the coveted bits of metal, each attached to a piece of light blue ribbon studded with small white stars.

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19199 Our Doughboys at Work—Ordnance Repair Shop, Mehun-sur-Yevre, France.

19199

ORDNANCE REPAIR SHOP

For every doughboy that was sent to the firing line seven or eight had to work in the rear. Everything that a fighting man needed had to be assembled back of the lines and sent to the front. Doughboys worked in cold storage plants; freighted all kinds of food and clothing; shoveled coal; shifted heavy boxes; made roads, dug ditches, built bridges; repaired transport wagons and damaged airplanes; drove auto trucks; rebuilt worn firearms; and performed many other duties.

The boys before us are working in the Ordnance Repair Shops at Mehun (mē-ŭn′) where the United States had an enormous plant costing millions. All firearms, small and large, wear out with usage. The life of a gun depends upon the number of rounds fired beyond which erosion affects the accuracy of the weapon. In small arms this is from 5000 to 7000 shots, in small naval guns 1000 shots. The 50 feet, 12 and 14-inch guns can fire from

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			158	249

150 to 200 shots before the lining is seriously damaged. Low velocity guns such as mortars and howitzers have a longer life. The tubes of modern cannons have an inside metal lining. This is gradually eroded by the action at high temperature of gases produced by the discharge. This erosion first shows in the form of small pits, which enlarge and develop into ruts or channels. In time this destroys the rifling, and bulges the barrel, which eventually bursts unless the gun is relined. The expense of relining a gun tube is about 30 percent of the original cost of the weapon, and since there is no limit to the number of times a tube may be relined it pays to do it.

Cannons worn by use at the front were sent in large numbers to Mehun for this purpose. The shops were equipped to handle guns of any calibre. The electric appliances of this huge establishment cost $3,000,000.

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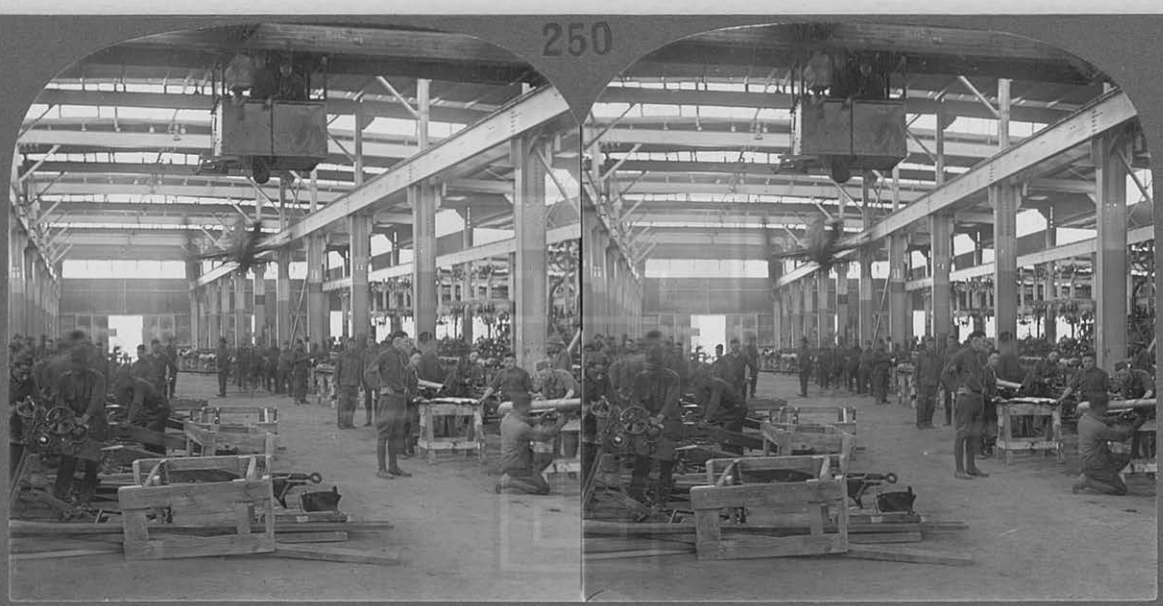

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19262—One of the Buildings of the American Ordnance Repair Shops at Mehun-sur-Yevre, France.

19262

ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ORDNANCE REPAIR SHOPS AT MEHUN-SUR-YEVRE, FRANCE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				250

The Ordnance Repair Shops at Mehun were a good example of the immensity of the preparations made in France for the support of the American armies in the field. The plant was originally designed to be the Base Shop, supplemented by a large Advance Shop at Is-sur-Tille, for the overhaul and repair of the small arms and artillery of an army of 2,000,000 men. The complete plant at Mehun would have cost 25 million dollars. The greater part, though not all, of the project was finished and an immense volume of work was done there before the American forces had all left France.

A set of main buildings was in use, each one from 200 to 250 feet wide and from 500 to 600 feet long, built of steel and equipped with electrically driven lathes, planers, boring mills, grinders and gear cutters and other machines of the latest type. In the Artillery Repair Shops, hundreds of pieces of artillery ranging in size from the little 37-mm. trench cannon to great British guns of 10-inch calibre, were repaired and made fit for use again. The Small Arms and Machine Gun Repair Shop had repaired up to Apr. 10, 1919, 175,000 rifles, 130,000 bayonets, and 2,600 machine guns, in addition to many thousands of individual parts.

In the Small Arms Shops, besides 325 American soldiers and 400 Chinese labor troops, about 200 French women were employed very satisfactorily in cleaning, oiling and inspecting rifles and spare parts. In the Optical Repair Division about 75 highly skilled men, picked from the personnel of the army, were engaged in repairing and overhauling the many delicate and costly fire control and optical instruments used by the artillery.

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V18944 "Kamarad" and German Trophies in a French Chateau.

V18944

"KAMERAD" AND GERMAN TROPHIES IN A FRENCH CHATEAU

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				251

Many beautiful chateaux in Northern France were occupied by German officers during the drive on Paris, and without exception they were left in sad condition when the invaders were compelled to retreat. It seemed as though they wished to wreck on splendid hardwood floors and beautiful furniture the spite they could not visit upon those who owned them.

The chamber before us has evidently been transformed into a small war museum, even including a derisive effigy of a German soldier raising his arms in surrender and crying "Kamerad." In a frame against the mirror are numerous regimental badges, picked up on the battlefield. At either side, standing upon the mantel, are wicker shell cases, used to protect shells in transport. On the lower shelf to the right, lie two Mills' bombs, a type of hand grenade in general use during the war, a disk shell, or cartridge case for a Lewis automatic rifle, and a German hand grenade which looks like, and was called, a potato masher, and a French helmet.

On the shelf above there are two small shells, complete with the time fuse mechanism in their noses and the brass containers for the propelling powder charge; and three larger shells, one of them with the fuse cap removed. On the top shelf stand a couple "big boys", fodder for heavy guns.

The carved frame of the mirror, the decorations of the fireplace, the handsome cabinet at its left, the polished hardwood floor, and what little we can see of chair and table to the left of the room, afford some suggestion of the charm and luxury of these French chateaux.

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51
2
Kamerad!!

19249 The Stars and Stripes Flying over Ehrenbreitstein Fortress, on the Rhine, Germany.

19249

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	60	81	159	252

THE STARS AND STRIPES FLYING OVER EHRENBREITSTEIN ON THE RHINE

Between its crag-ribbed summits
And ruined castles gray,
Between its clambering vineyards
And orchards white with May,
The rushing Rhine roils seaward
And, hard by Coblenz town,
A flag on Ehrenbreitstein
Upon that tide looks down.

Its stripes of white and crimson
Are blazoned forth on high:
Its starry field of azure
Seems part of God's own sky;
By winds that touched his eagles
When Caesar's legions came
The flag on Ehrenbreitstein
Is fanned to rippling flame.

* * * * * * *

What make ye of that banner
Ye folk of Coblenz town?
What think ye of the field guns
That from the ramparts frown?
And know ye all the meaning
Of the blue and red and white
That waves from Ehrenbreitstein
And read ye it aright?

Saint George's cross is floating
O'er the spires of Cologne,
Above the roofs of Mayence
The Tricolor is flown,
But now between them flutters
Fair freedom's final sign—
The New World's starry banner
Above the German Rhine.

Because ye dreamed that terror
Could stay the arm of right;
That steel was more than honor
And justice less than might,
Our strong-limbed Western legions
Have put your hosts to rout
And set on Ehrenbreitstein
The flag ye dared to flout.

We take no meed of vengance;
Nor gold nor gear nor crust;
Ye dared us to the combat
And we stretched ye in the dust.
But touch no more our sister
Whose lord ye hoped to be,
And goad no more our brother
Of the islands of the sea.

Of you creed of blood and iron
The world has had surcease;
Mankind is over-weary,
To walk its ways in peace.
Lift up your eyes, ye people;
Mark well that high-flung sign;
The flag on Ehrenbreitstein
Above the German Rhine.

* * * * * * *

Selected verses from a poem by Major Joseph Mills Hanson of the Historical Branch of the Headquarters Division of the A. E. F., inspired by the sight of the "Stars and Stripes" floating over the German Fortress, during his first visit to the American Bridgehead.

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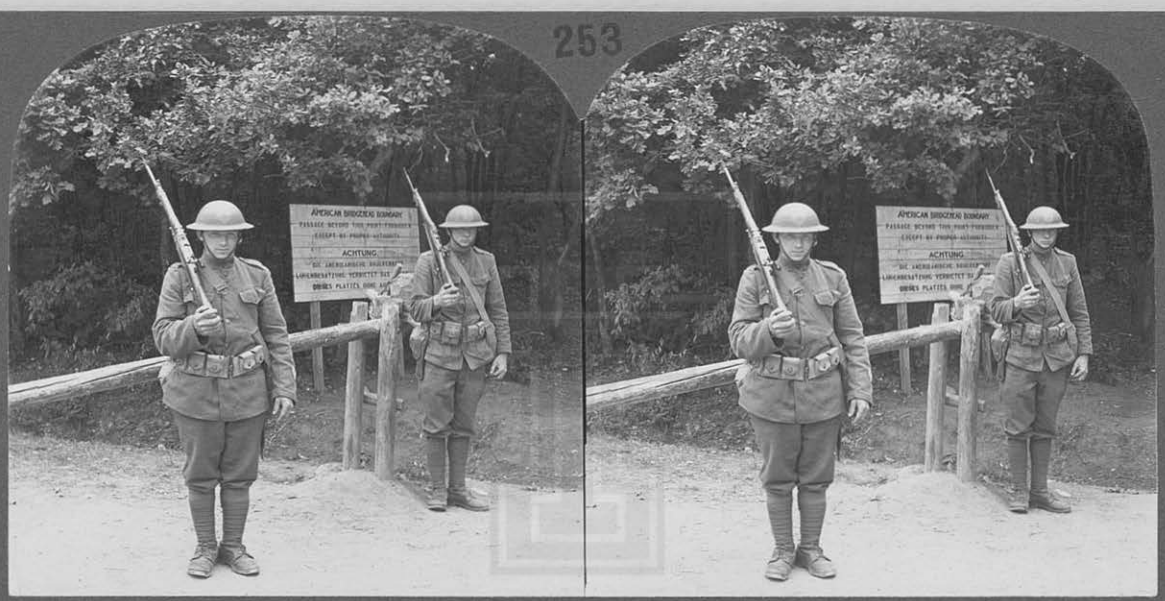

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19212—Guards at American Bridgehead Boundary, Montabaur on the Rhine.

19212

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				253

GUARDING AMERICAN BRIDGEHEAD BOUNDARY AT MONTABAUR

These men are symbols of the power of the United States and its Allies. When, by the terms of the armistice, bridgeheads at Mayence, Coblenz and Cologne fell into our hands and those of our allies, troops were sent to occupy them, the French going to Mayence, Americans to Coblenz, and British to Cologne. At each of these cities great bridges cross the Rhine. At the beginning of the war German armies streamed across these bridges for the invasion of France and Belgium. The bridgeheads were established to prevent a repetition of this and to give our forces entrance to Germany if it became necessary to continue the war. By the terms of the armistice these bridgeheads were defined as all the territory enclosed within a radius of thirty kilometers of each of the above mentioned cities. A kilometer is five-eighths of a mile. No armed German was permitted within this territory, and guards were placed on all roads leading into it. Two of these guards are before us. It is their duty to prevent anyone from passing this point unless granted written permission by our military authorities. The signboard under the trees states this clearly, in both English and German. These men are sturdy American soldiers who will perform their duty. The precaution is taken to keep out spies and undesirable characters. The guard is maintained day and night. Anyone attempting to pass without permission will be arrested, or if they resist, summarily shot.

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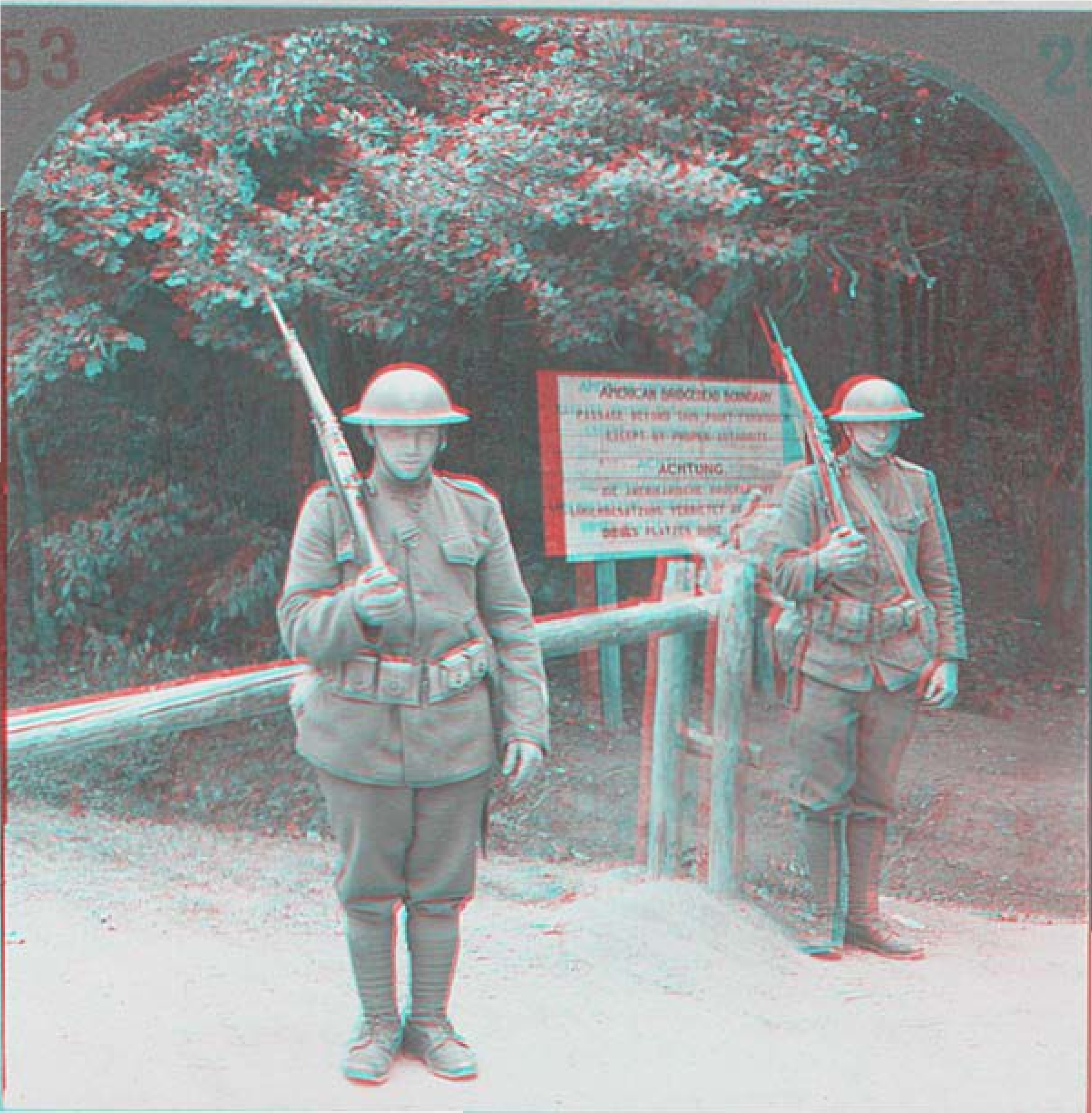
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2
AMERICAN SERVICEMEN BOUNDARY
ACHTUNG

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19197 A Mile of Autos Used by our "Third Army," Germany.

19197

MILE OF AUTOS USED BY THIRD ARMY

Auto trucks! Who can forget them? Day and night, but mainly by night, they filled the highways of France. The feeling of the average American soldier toward "the trucks" is vividly expressed in the following poem, by an American "doughboy poet", Lieut. L. W. Suckert.

"There's a rumble an' a jumble an' a bumpin' an' a thud,
As I wakens from my restless sleep here in my bed o' mud,
'N' I pull my blankets tighter underneath my shelter fly
An' I listen to the thunder o' the trucks a-rollin' by.

"They're jumpin' an' they're humpin' through the inky gloom o' night,
'N' I wonder how them drivers see without a glim o' light;
I c'n hear the clutches roarin' as they throw the gears in high
An' the radiators boilin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

"There's some a-draggin' cannons, you c'n spot the sound all right—
The rumblin' ones is heavies, an' the rattly ones is light;
The clinkin' shells is pointin' up their noses at the sky—
Oh, you c'n tell what's passin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

"But most of 'em is packin' loads o' human Yankee freight
That'll slam the ol' soft pedal ontuh Heinie's hymn o' hate;
You c'n hear 'em singin' 'Dixie' an' 'The Sweet bye 'N' Bye',
'N' 'Where Do We Go from Here, Boys?' as the trucks go rollin' by.

"So although my bed is puddles an' I'm soaked through to the hide
My heart's out with them doughboys on their bouncin', singin' ride.
They're bound for paths o' glory, or, perhaps, to fight an' die;—
God bless that Yankee cargo in the trucks a-rollin' by!"

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			160	254

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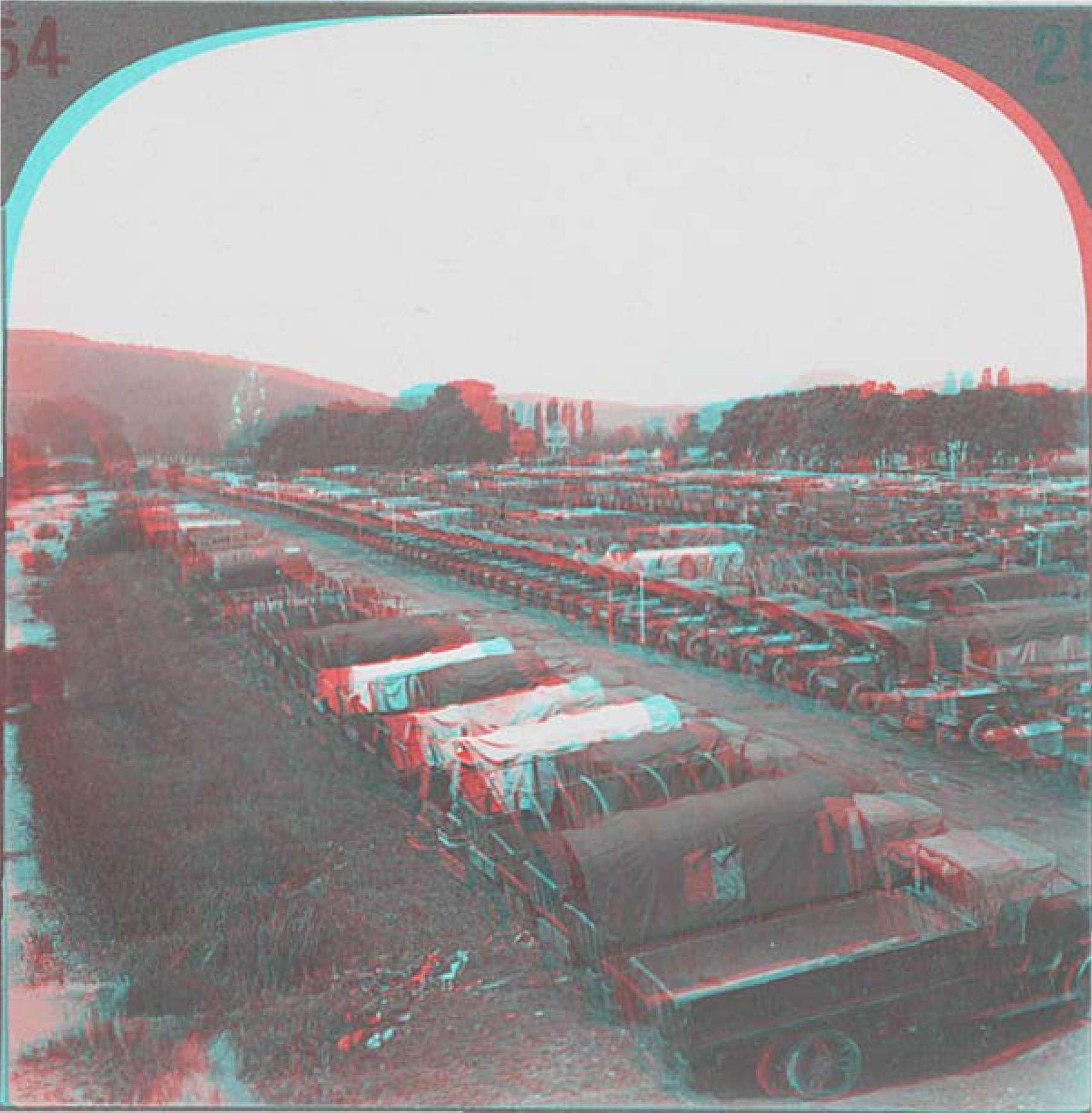

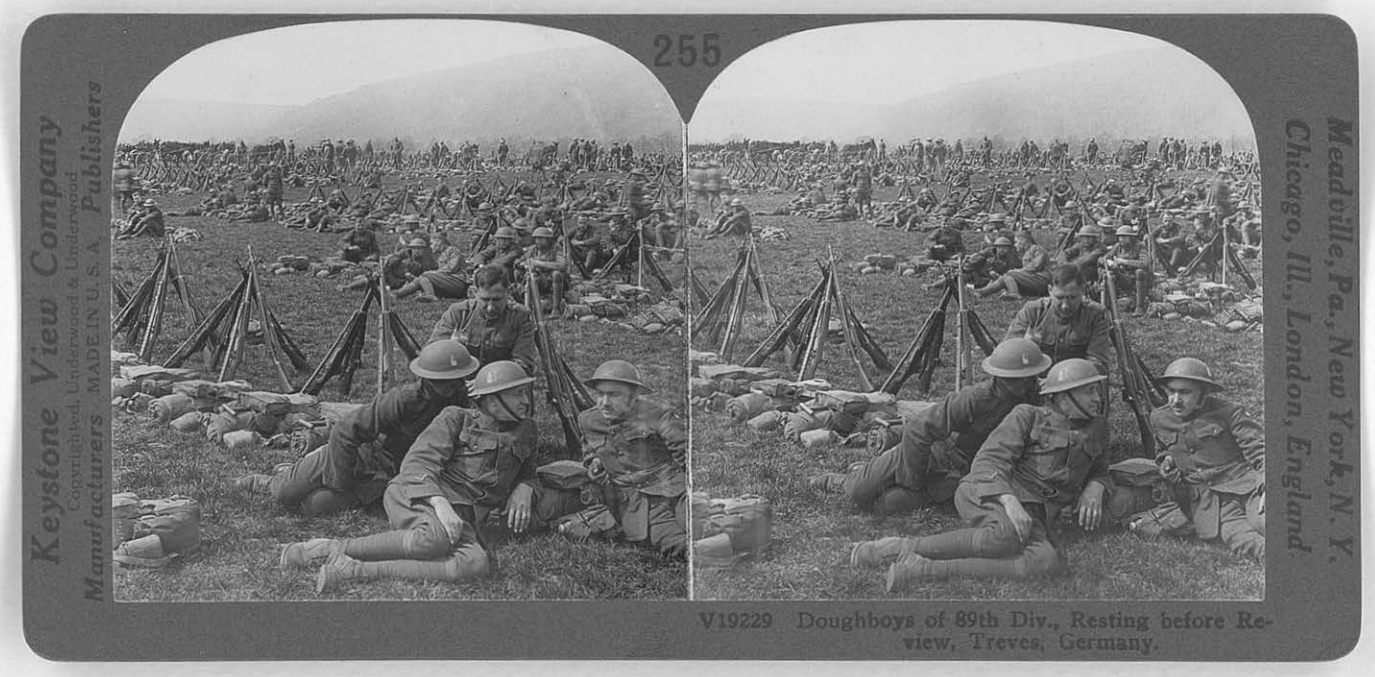

V19229 Doughboys of 89th Div., Resting before Review, Treves, Germany.

V19229

ON THE MOSELLE—89th DIVISION DOUGHBOYS RESTING BEFORE REVIEW, TREVES

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	61	82	161	255

It is an inspiring reflection that these sturdy, well-groomed soldiers of the "Mid-West" Division, trained by Major General Leonard Wood and seasoned in victorious battle under the leadership of General William M. Wright in the St. Mihiel operation and the gruelling grind of the Meuse-Argonne, are here awaiting a military ceremony on the very ground where perhaps the legions of Julius Caesar stood for review before their great commander 2,000 years ago.

We have here a good opportunity to study at short range some of the fighting equipment of our American soldiers. Their rifles are stacked, held together in the form of a tripod by the steel stacking swivels near the muzzles. The leather slings are drawn tight as they should be for a review. In action they are frequently loose, especially during sniping operations. It is then that those slings are used on the left arm, to steady the aim.

Near the second stack of rifles you can see one of their packs with a gas mask strapped on its top. On either side, you can see one of them. are the steel shod shoes that the government designed to make easier the bumps and ruts of field and road. And there is a canteen in its wadded canvas jacket, filled with water that will be needed and appreciated on the hike. The handle of an entrenching shovel peeps from beneath the gas mask, but these men will have little real use for that implement from now on, for they are occupying this territory peacefully; but, if that "doughboy" nearest to you could talk he would tell you how valuable a shovel is in war.

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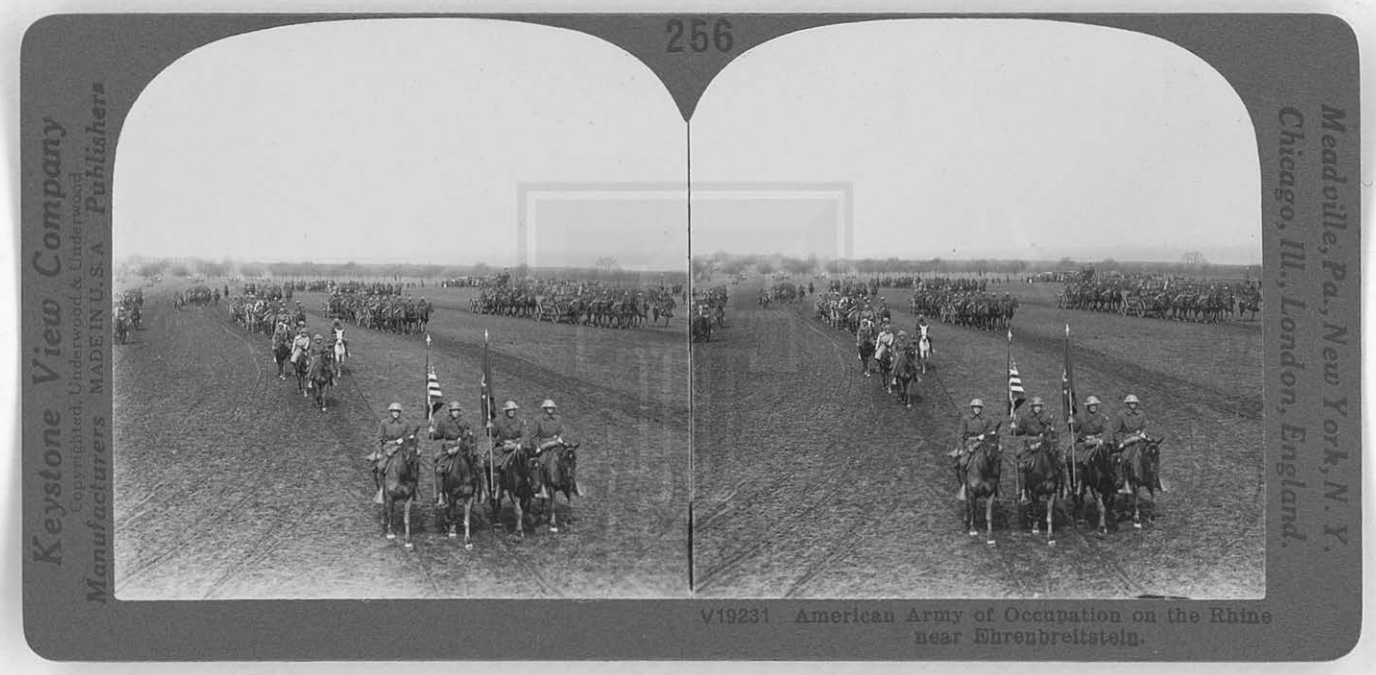

V19231 American Army of Occupation on the Rhine near Ehrenbreitstein.

V19231

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				256

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION NEAR EHRENBREITSTEIN

These American officers and soldiers of the field artillery brigade of the 2nd Division, whom we see in the valley of the Rhine near the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, are a part of the American Army of Occupation. This army, also known as the 3rd American Army, which began advancing on November 17, 1918, from the battle line occupied at the date of the armistice across the Duchy of Luxembourg toward the German frontier, was commanded by Major General Joseph T. Dickman. It consisted at first of two army corps advancing side by side; the 4th Corps, on the right, and the 3rd Corps on the left.

This formidable American army, following the retiring forces of the late enemy and ready at any moment to resume offensive operations if the Germans should pause or show fight, reached the frontier of the German Rhineland on Nov. 23. There it halted until Dec. 1, when the march into Germany began. The entire front of the army reached the western bank of the Rhine on Dec. 10, and three days later the 3rd Corps crossed the river at Coblenz and occupied the bridgehead, 30 kilometers in circumference, on the eastern shore. To the north, or lower down the Rhine, the British Army of Occupation simultaneously took possession of its bridgehead opposite Cologne, and to the right, or up the river, the French Army of Occupation took a similar bridgehead at Mayence.

Thus at last was the German military colossus, disarmed and rendered helpless for further mischief, forced to await peaceably the judgment and the just penalties to be imposed upon it by the Peace Conference of the Allied and Associated Nations, assembled at Versailles.

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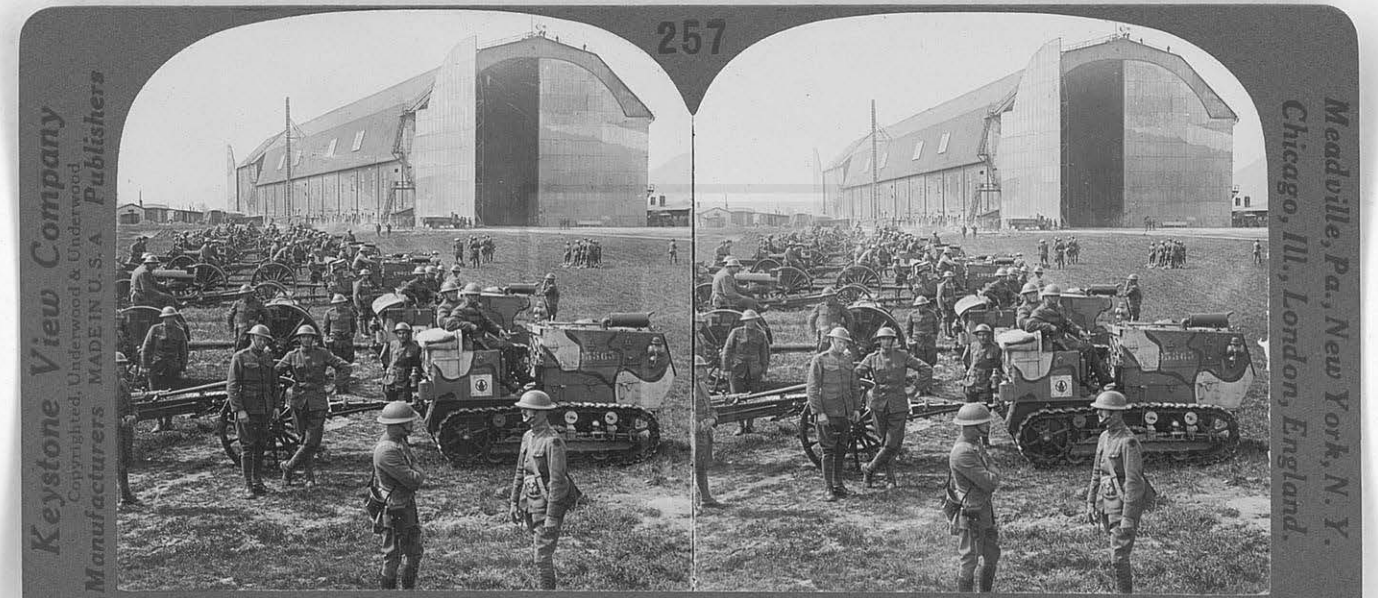

V19235 Tractor-drawn Artillery of 89th Div. before Largest Hangar in Germany.

V19235

TRACTOR-DRAWN ARTILLERY AND LARGEST HANGAR IN GERMANY

The 89th Division fought in the Argonne in the closing weeks of the war and after the armistice, was sent into the Rhineland as part of the American Army of Occupation. Throughout this long march lasting several weeks, the tractors we see drew heavy guns along the roads of France and Germany, as they had drawn them on the battle field. One tractor like those before us could do the work of an enormous team of horses, and moreover could go almost anywhere. It could ford streams, cross ditches or wade through mud and mire.

They carried their own track with them. It is that belt of steel we see around the wheels. The power that urges the machine forward is delivered through the sprocket wheels within each end of the track. As it is delivered, the track is laid down before the small wheels which bear the weight of the machine, laid down and picked up behind in an endless chain. The mufflers for the exhaust of the engine are mounted on top of the hood of the tractor. The steering apparatus is different from that of an ordinary automobile, consisting of two handles instead of a wheel.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			162	257

In the distance is the largest hangar in Germany, big enough to house one of the giant Zeppelins which bombed London. Some of the men have gone up on the roof to look at the apparatus which the Germans had for measuring the velocity of the wind. This hangar is located near Bitung. Germany had many others, some built of brick, and intended to be permanent structures. Ordinarily, however, the covering for a hangar is of light material, but the framework is strongly braced to resist wind pressure.

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V19234 U. S. Army Tractor Negotiating the Steep Declivities of Rhine at Coblenz.

V19234

SERIES	75	100	200	3[illegible]
POSITION	62	83	[illegible]	[illegible]

U. S. ARMY TRACTOR ASCENDING RHINE BANK NEAR COBLENZ

Army tractors such as this were used to haul heavy artillery and long trains of supply wagons over the roads of France and Germany. They could jog along at a lively rate, and no load seemed too heavy for them. It was no unusual sight to see one coming along with a string of vicious-looking French 75's (75 mm. rapid fire guns), or a long line of transport wagons attached to it. Apparently these tractors could go anywhere, no matter what the nature of the ground. It seems incredible that one could climb a steep bank like the one before us, yet they could, and did.

As the large sprocket wheels at the ends of the machine turn, the tractor goes forward, laying down its own track as it moves. The "track" is composed of flat pieces of steel attached to the endless chain tread with which the running gear of the machine is equipped. The small roller wheels beneath the channel bar section of the frame carry the load of the tractor.

In the distance can be seen the city of Coblenz, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. It is a beautiful city, with wide, clean streets and substantial stone buildings. Charming pleasure gardens, the Rhein-Anlagen, lie along the river front, which is further embellished by princely homes.

The river sweeping off in a wide curve to the right is the Moselle. In midstream one can see one of the tows so common on the Rhine. The current of both rivers is very swift, yet most of the traffic is done by barges, which must be towed up the rivers by powerful tugs.

Of the Rhine itself a mere strip can be seen over the front of the tractor, and beyond this strip, barely discernible, the colossal statue to William 1st, the first Emperor of Germany.

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18761 French Auto Mitrailleuse Attached to U. S. Army, Montabaur, Germany.

18761

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			164	259

FRENCH AUTO MITRAILLEUSE WITH U. S. ARMY

"Mitrailleuse" is the French word for machine gun. The type used in the French army is the Hotchkiss. This weapon is operated by the powder gas of the successive explosions, each shot opening the breech, ejecting the empty cartridge and feeding in another at any rate desired up to 600 shots per minute. As the barrel is cooled by an air radiator and not by a water jacket, it becomes terrifically hot when the rate of fire is high. But this does not affect the gun in the least, as the barrel is made of special manganese steel and does not lose its shape.

There is probably no weapon as effective as the machine gun in proportion to its cost and weight, the ease with which it can be transported from place to place, and the small crew necessary to handle it. It is particularly adapted to defensive tactics—a few men, armed with these guns, cleverly hidden in brush or rocks, can hold off a regiment.

France had thousands of these guns mounted on light armored automobiles like the one before us in the narrow street of this German village. The armored roof is so arranged that it can be swung up in sections to form a shield when in action. The gun is mounted on an adjustable base so that it can be trained in any direction. These guns did great execution in the last months of the war when, driven from their Hindenburg and Kriemhilde lines, the Germans were streaming eastward on every road, hurrying to get out of France. The auto mitrailleuse, flying along every byroad and highway, enfiladed and ambushed them, shot them down and captured them by the thousand.

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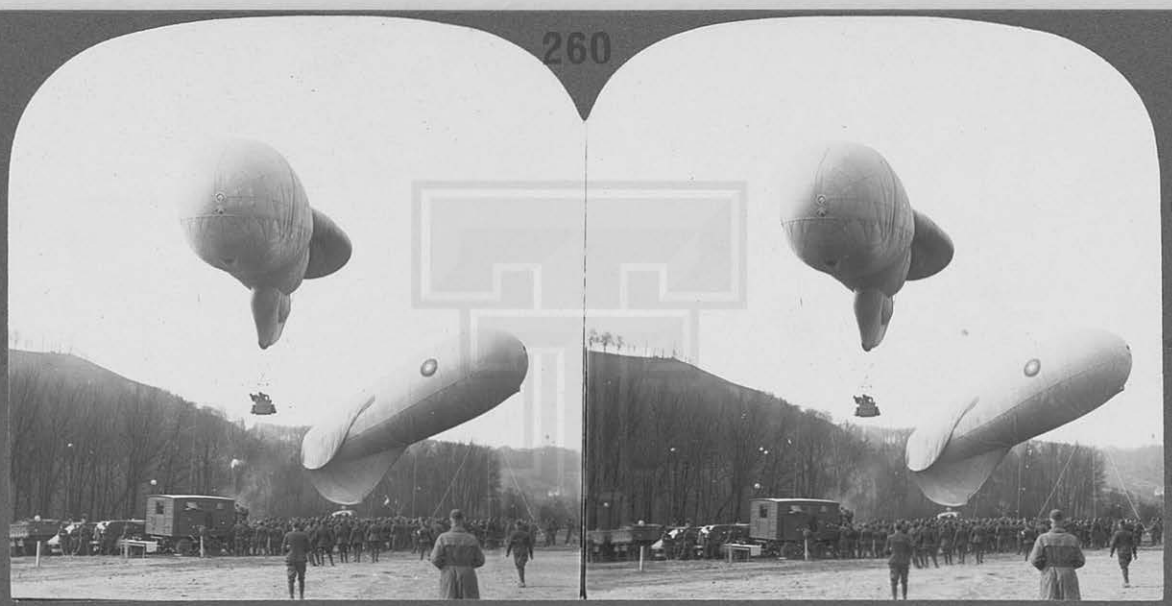

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V18945 Observation Balloons near Coblenz, Germany.

V18945

OBSERVATION BALLOONS NEAR COBLENZ, GERMANY

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				260

These observation balloons that look something like great marine animals with funny little mouths and clumsy flippers are called "blimps," a name that was perhaps coined by some one who thought of the word "limp" and the letter "b" of "balloon."

The number of thin cables to be seen under each of the balloons is two, one under each of them, that are taut and straight. These are connected to a large drum on the rear of a heavy automobile truck. They allow the balloon to rise to a certain height and, when its day's work is finished, or when a German tries to attack, the motor of the engine turns the drum, drawing the huge gas bag down to earth.

The observers in the balloon nearest to you are leaning over the edge of the basket giving the final instructions. The other balloon has not yet been completely inflated for its upward voyage. Soon the observers will open the valves that will allow a part of the gas in the main bag to flow into the fin-like projections that act as rudders in the wind, keeping the balloon steady.

On either side of the wicker basket in which the officers are standing you can see two bucket-like contrivances. Those are the parachutes. There is a hook that is attached to the harness worn by the observers so in case of emergency the parachute automatically disengages itself, allowing the observers to drop gently to earth.

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19208 Salvation Army Hut, Always at the Front with Our Doughboys, Rhine Frontier.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			165	261

19208

SALVATION ARMY HUT

Ask any doughboy who was at the front what he thinks of the Salvation Army and he grows enthusiastic. Nothing but praise is to be heard from all. Other welfare organizations have their supporters and their critics, but everybody has a good word for the work of the Salvation Army during the war. Quietly and unobtrusively they went into service—one scarcely knew they had started until he felt them at his side. There were no high-sounding claims; no photos in the public prints; no great campaigns for money; no riding around in expensive automobiles; no chartering of palatial hotels; no parade; no display. There was no cumbersome machinery. They simply crossed the ocean and got to work, confining their efforts principally to the front, where they were most needed.

The Salvation Army's creed was "simple helpfulness." They had no other—all creeds, all races, any color, looked the same to them. Unselfish devotion marked their service. They shared the hardships of the men they served. Whatever was good enough for the doughboy was good enough for them. Without pretense, with simple, unaffected, good fellowship they gave what they had to offer. And the doughboy understood them, and liked them. We can see all this in the little group before us. Good fellowship is in the very air. Everybody smiles. The Salvation Army was the soldier's friend and for it our boys have a warm place in their hearts.

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61
THE SALVATION ARMY

19200—Doughnuts for Doughboys—Montabaur on the Rhine.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			166	262

19200

DOUGHNUTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Fresh doughnuts hot from the oven! A real treat for our boys. Not even chocolate pleased them more. See the gratified expression on their faces. Some chow! Even the Y girls seem to be enjoying the occasion. And why should they not? Anything and everything for our doughboys, that was their motto.

This was but one of the many activities of the Y in France and Germany. Athletics, theatricals, education, distributing cigarettes and candy, all this entered into their job. No sooner did the Y girl arrive than she began to think of doughnuts, and of hot cocoa and cakes for the boys. And the boys began to lick their lips in anticipation. They fetched and carried wood, the girls got flour and sugar somewhere, somehow, cocoa was cooked in washboilers, cans, anything that was new or clean; pans were scoured, doughnuts cut out and soon sizzling over the fire. In the towns on the Rhine, German women could often be hired to cook the doughnuts, and they fried them by thousands. It was no unusual thing to see Y men lugging a washbasket full of doughnuts from the bakers to their hut, and the savory smell of them made a man's mouth water.

The girls making doughnuts never had to ask twice for assistants. Our "boys" liked to hang around when that job was going on. Cutting out the doughnuts was fun, splitting wood for the fire a joke, and when the doughnuts came hot and fragrant from the pan—Oh Boy!

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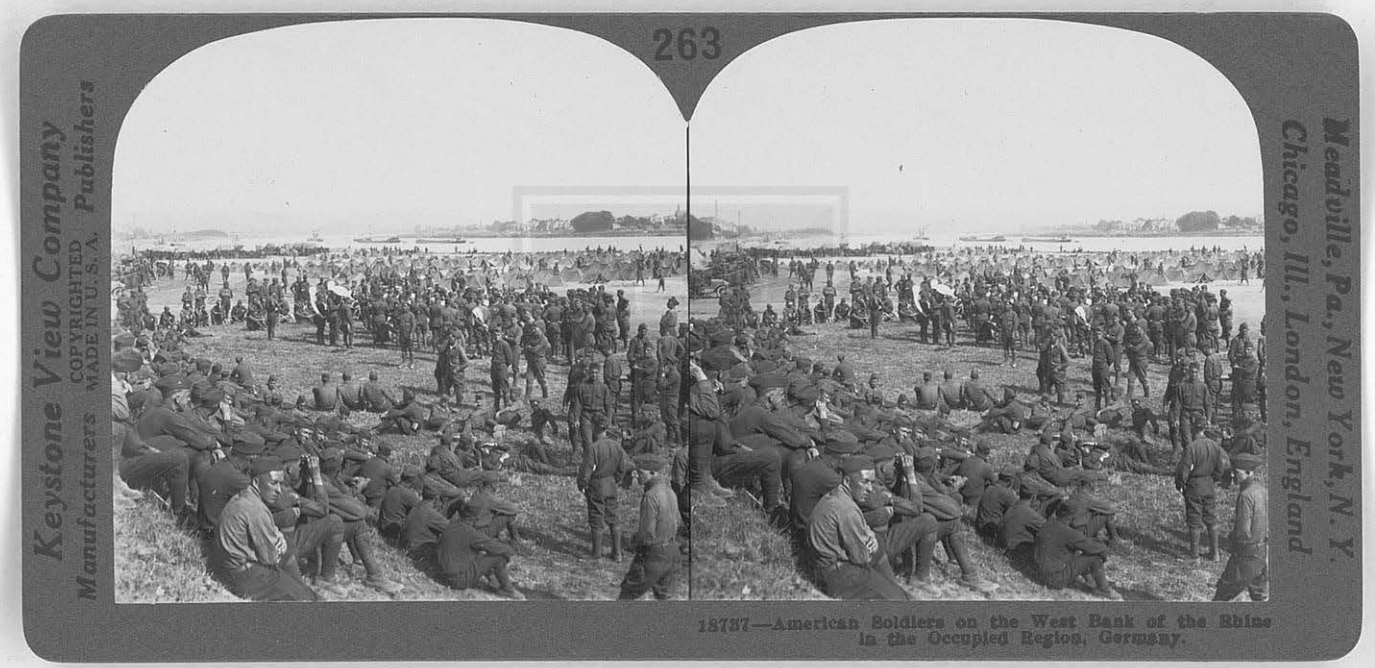

18737—American Soldiers on the West Bank of the Rhine in the Occupied Region, Germany.

18737

AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON BANK OF RHINE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			167	263

American soldiers on the Rhine! Half a century from now Germans will still talk of those irrepressible, incomprehensible American doughboys, who flooded into the Rhineland during the great war; of these men who, though victorious, were not overbearing, molesting no one who interfered not with them; of these men who fought like devils during the war, yet like children played strange games with sticks and balls after the armistice; of these men who paid for what they bought instead of seizing it as spoils of victory.

And some of these men are here before us, in an hour of leisure, pup tents up, band playing, nothing to do but enjoy the sunshine and fresh air and view the noble river whose banks have been for ages the battleground of Europe. This is the storied Rhine, with its legends and folklore. Oft have Uncle Sam's boys heard of it, long have they wished to see it. And now they are here, a part of that army which watches with suspicion the Prussian Eagle while his talons are being drawn.

In the distance powerful steamboats are towing barges up the river. This is a characteristic Rhine scene, for the traffic on the river is enormous. It is not unusual to see a steamer towing five barges laden to the rails. Villages like the one across the river are scattered at intervals of four or five miles throughout the entire course of the river, from Mainz (mints) to Cologne. They are picturesque at a distance, but often dirty and unattractive close at hand.

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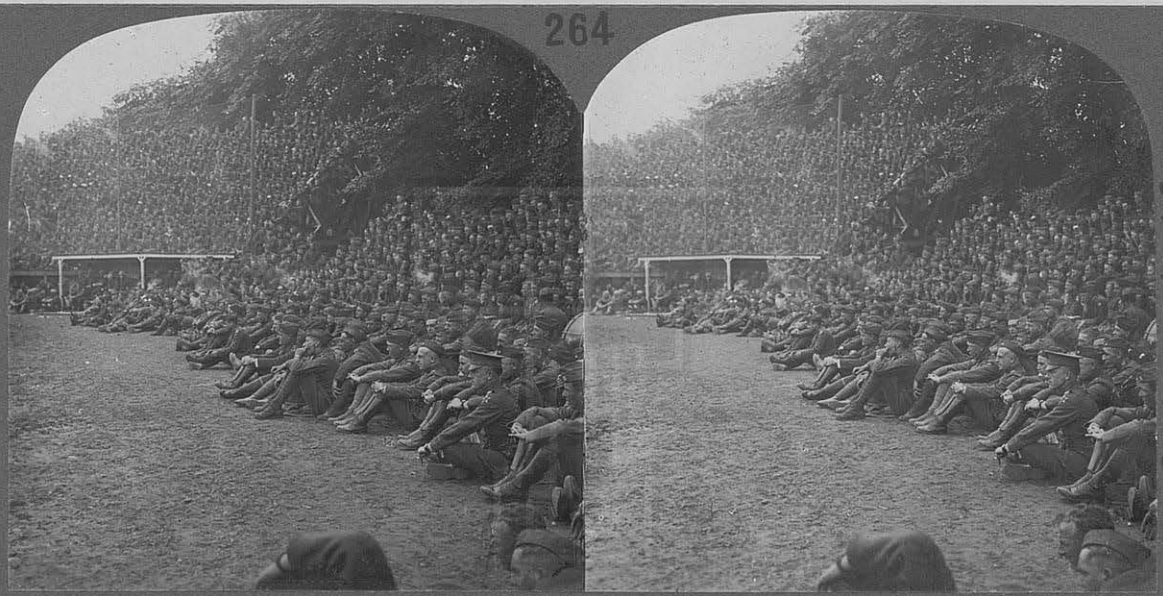

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19215—Introducing Baseball in Germany, U. S. Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

19215

U. S. ARMY INTRODUCING BASE-BALL IN GERMANY

Before us officers and men of the famous Second Division are watching a ball game at Neuwied (noi'vēt), Germany, headquarters of the Third Brigade, Army of Occupation. These games, held in May, 1919, were for the army championship, division pitted against division. They were as cleverly played and hard fought as national and league games in the States, for nearly all of the players were professional ball players enlisted in the army, each team the pick of 30,000 men. Officers and men swarmed to the games with the enthusiasm of real fans, traveling many kilometers in huge army motor trucks. Hundreds of these trucks were parked near the diamond, and after the game, in wild confusion, from 5,000 to 8,000 doughboys streamed over the level fields, each seeking the one particular truck that would carry him back to his barracks.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			168	264

In the foreground, on the right, sits a group of officers, captains, first lieutenants and "shavetails" (slang for second lieutenants). Behind them, on the bank, are grouped privates. Note how intent they are on the game—there must be men on bases. In the rear we see the players' shed, and back of it the grandstand. True democracy is in force on this grandstand—officers and men sit side by side, first come first served.

There was always a fringe of German civilians at these games—middle-aged men, youths and maidens, observing with stolid amazement the actions of those "mad" Americans, those husky men chasing a little white pill over the ground, running around a circle and going at the whole inexplicable business with the same "pep" they went "over the top."

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V19236—After the Strenuous War Days—American Boys Enjoying a Rhine Excursion.

V19236

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				265

AMERICAN BOYS ENJOYING A RHINE EXCURSION

Shortly after the armistice a portion of the American army moved up into the Rhineland, to keep a watchful eye over the Germans and to insure the performance of the obligations the latter had accepted. The headquarters of these troops were established at Coblenz, on the Rhine, about midway between Cologne and Mayence. The Y. M. C. A. followed within a few weeks, in order to conduct welfare work among the soldiers of the army of occupation. Perhaps the most popular of all its activities were the Rhine excursions. Fast and comfortable river steamers were chartered and daily trips made, lasting from about nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon. Each boat carried several hundred of our doughboys, happy to be released for a day from the monotony of camp life and eager to see the beauty of this noble river, rich in legend and famous in song and story.

Scarcely had Coblenz been left behind when the mighty battlements of the ex-Emperor's castle of Stolzenfels, on a jagged mount 200 feet above the river, came into view. In fancy it transported our soldiers back to the Middle Ages, an impression heightened by its towers and massive walls. From then on, one object of interest succeeded another: medieval castles thrust their battlements to the sky every few miles; historic towns lined either bank of the river, their red tile roofs glinting in the sun; Bacharach (bäk'ä-räk) nestled at the foot of mighty rocks, above it the castle of Stalech; and finally the Lorelei (lō'rĕ-lī), the home of legendary maidens who lured mariners to their death.

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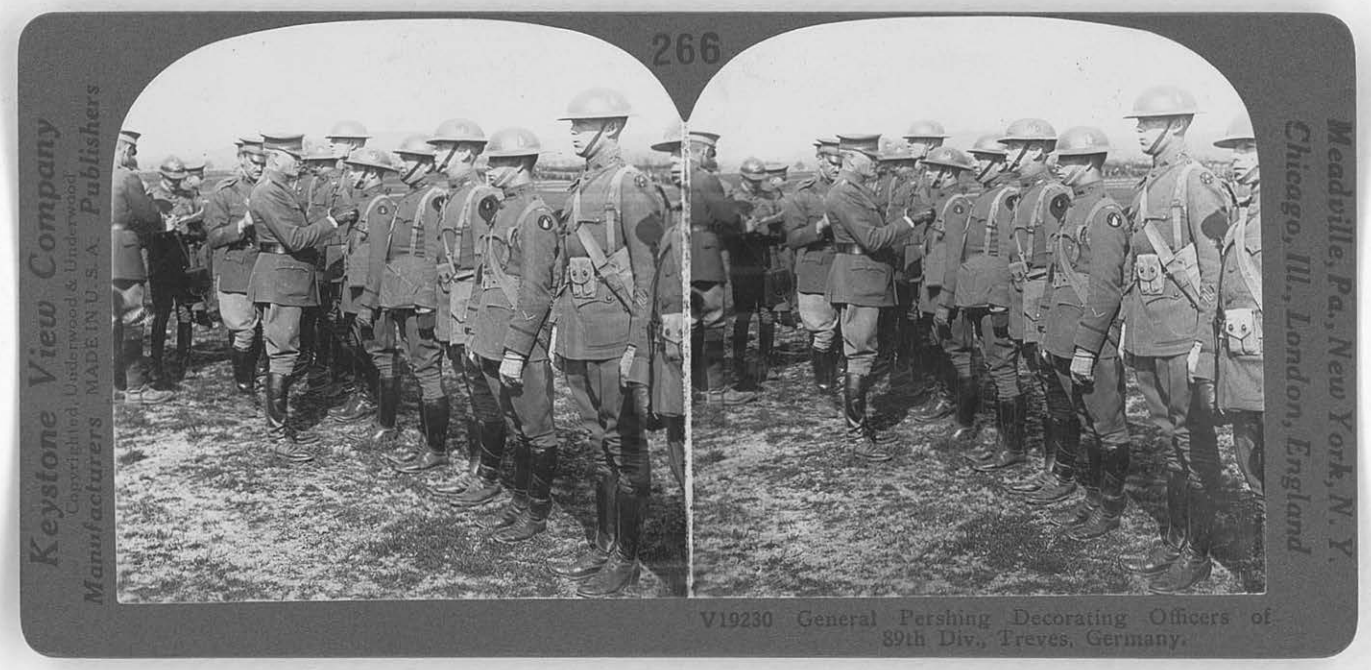

V19230 General Pershing Decorating Officers of 89th Div., Treves, Germany.

V19230

GEN. PERSHING DECORATING OFFICERS OF 89TH DIV., TREVES

The Commanding General of the American Expeditionary Forces, John J. Pershing, is here pinning upon the tunics of these youthful warriors the ribboned Distinguished Service Crosses which are their reward for "extraordinary heroism in action." How extraordinary their heroism had to be in every case in order to win this high honor is proven by the fact that of over two million American soldiers in France, nearly all of whom did their best to perform their full duty, only 5,133 had been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross up to November 11, 1919, and only 93 had been given an oak leaf cluster to wear on the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Cross, equivalent to a second citation for the medal itself.

The 89th Division stood well up among the American combat divisions in awards of the coveted distinction, 137 of its officers and men having received it. The division receiving the highest number was the 2nd, which had 673 crosses and 13 oak leaf clusters.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	63	84	169	266

In addition to the decorations of our own government, many other decorations for bravery in action were conferred upon our men by foreign governments, particularly by France and Great Britain, while not a few French and British soldiers received our Distinguished Service Cross for acts of gallantry performed while fighting shoulder to shoulder with our men. Thus were exchanged between the Allied armies those tokens of mutual admiration for valor which we may confidently hope will help to keep alive in coming years the comradeship of common service in a high cause between the three great nations whose continued friendship is the best, indeed, the only, guarantee of the future safety of civilization.

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19209 Uncle Sam and John Bull Again Fast Friends—Yankee Troops in London.

19209

YANKEE TROOPS IN LONDON

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	64	85	170	267

American troops, fully equipped, with banners flying, are marching through the streets of London on their way home from France. London is in holiday attire for the occasion; flags fly, bright streamers stretch from pole to pole, applauding crowds throng the sidewalks. We came to join our cousins across the sea in battle against the greatest military tyranny of the age. Our souls were torn by the sufferings of France and Belgium, our indignation roused by attacks on our own citizens, by threats against the liberties of our own country. We came to fight that these liberties may be preserved and the world made safe for democracy.

And now the fight is won! These men marching before us are but a part of the mighty American army that helped to crush the enemy. Our troops are marching with fixed bayonets through the broad clean streets of this great city. They have just passed the House of Parliament whose splendid tower is one of the finest architectural glories of London. This is historic ground. Here for generations keen-minded men struggled to preserve the liberties of the English people. Here were passed the acts that led to the American Revolution. And now Americans and English have fought side by side to maintain the very ideas for which we fought a century ago. To-day both nations believe that 'We are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

What more do we need to prove that every advance in civil liberty made by any nation becomes the common inheritance of all men?

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18772 Cementing Anglo-French Friendship, Soldiers of France in London.

18772

SOLDIERS OF FRANCE IN LONDON

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			171	268

Here is London, metropolis of the world, with Trafalgar Square and the stately monument to Lord Nelson in its center. Here are English people, men, women and children, lining the sidewalks, most of the men with bared heads in fine appreciation of the occasion. And here are the famous London "bobbies," the best trained, most dependable and most courteous body of police in the world. See them standing at intervals, with their blue uniforms, cloth helmets and chin straps. Flags fly in profusion, streamers line the sidewalks, festooned from pole to pole, and on the base of the Nelson monument. It is a gala occasion, a significant day. Marching through the streets, now as friends and allies, are troops of France, for hundreds of years Britain's traditional enemy. Men bare their heads because these soldiers are veterans of bloody battles, fought against a common enemy; because this day is visible evidence of friendship and good feeling towards their ancient foe. They bare their heads to honor the chivalry of France, to honor that something in the blood and strain of this people which made heroes of them over night, which uplifted them as fighting men. Frenchmen know the joy of life. Sunny France inspires song and joyousness. Yet in this war Frenchmen threw away their lives freely, with gay abandon, "pour la patrie," dying with the name of France on their lips; suffering with sublime endurance of pain.

These men are here today to fraternize with the Britons, to cement the friendship between the two nations, to give living, pulsing evidence of the bond that unites them.

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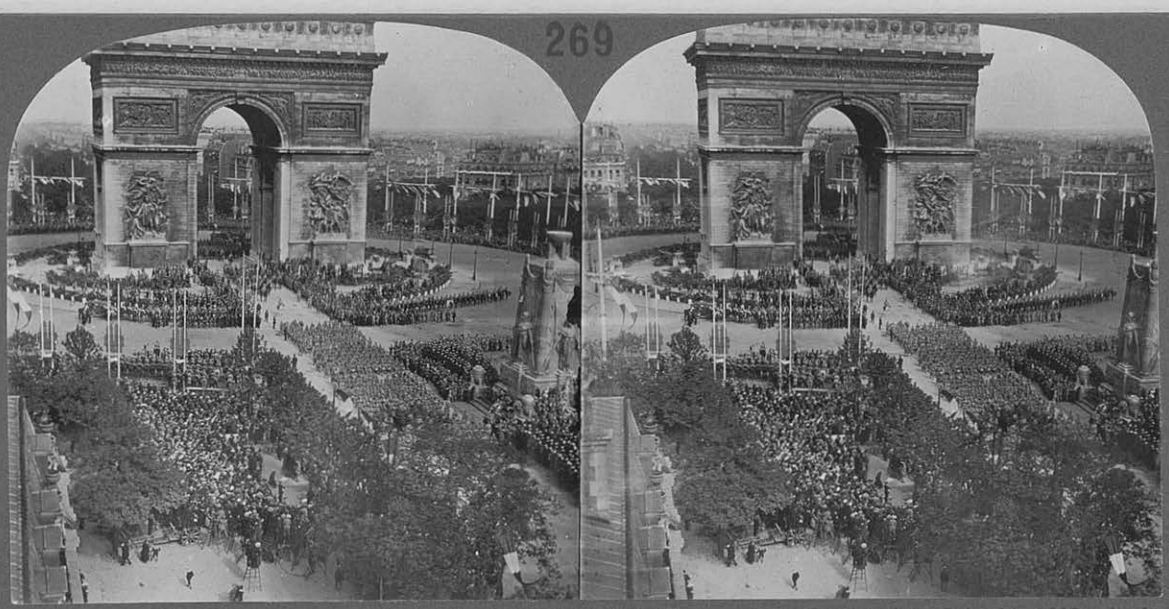

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18775 Victory Day Celebration, July 14, 1919—Arch of Triumph, Paris.

18775

ARCH OF TRIUMPH ON VICTORY DAY

On the day of triumph, July 14, 1919, by a superb touch of French sentiment, 1,000 wounded French soldiers, some armless, some hobbling on crutches, some in wheeled chairs, passed first of all in the mighty column of the Victory Parade as it swung through the Arch of Triumph and down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees. Just beyond the Arch, these men, crippled for France, passed by the great cenotaph, just visible on our right, upon whose summit throughout the previous night a fire had blazed in honor of the countless French dead of the war.

Behind the wounded came Marshal Foch and Marshal Joffre, and then General Pershing at the head of the American picked regiment sent down from the Army of Occupation in Germany for the occasion. Above the heads of our men fluttered in blazing array the battle flags of the A. E. F. Then came British and Belgian and Italian contingents with their battle flags; even a representative group of Japanese

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	65	86	172	269

officers. And then the French poilus, headed by Marshal Petain.

With generous impartiality the hundreds of thousands of French spectators lining the way greeted the troops of each nation with equal storms of applause, but who could blame them, when their own lads came by, if tears dimmed their eyes and almost choked the cheering voices? And the heart of every marching soldier of the other armies must have been moved by the knowledge that he had borne his share in bringing peace and safety not only to his own country but to this long-suffering, beautiful and heroic land of France, which for four long years had stood as the chief champion of civilization.

The Arch of Triumph was erected to commemorate the victories of the great Napoleon. It is a superb structure, the largest triumphal arch in the world.

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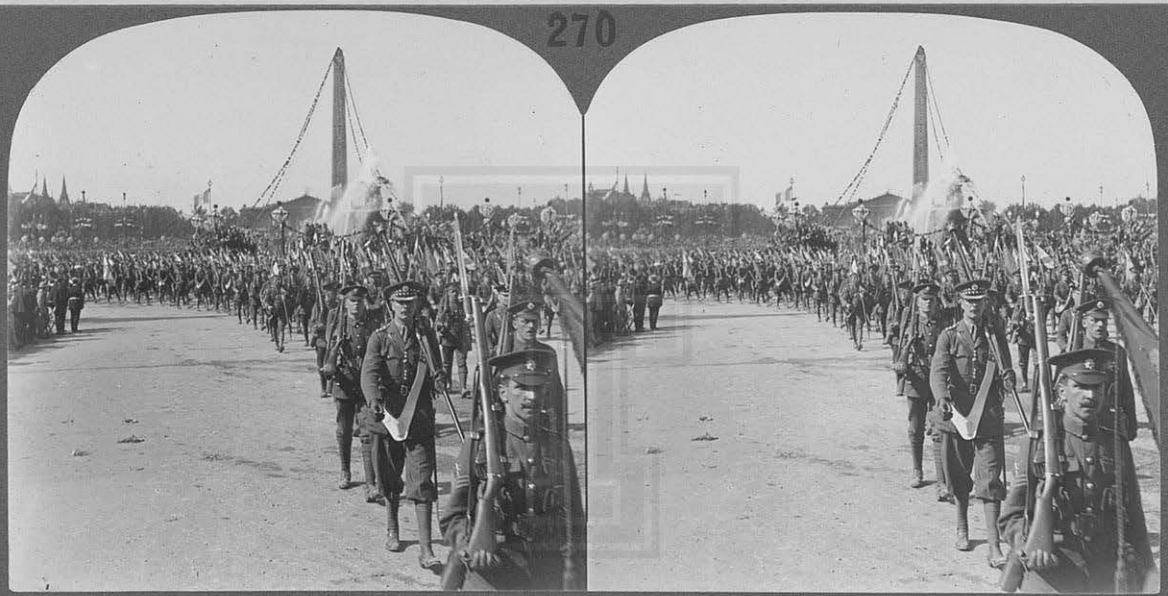

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18773 France does Honor to the Gallant Sons of Britain—Victory Parade, Paris.

18773

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			173	270

FRANCE DOES HONOR TO THE GALLANT SONS OF BRITAIN—VICTORY PARADE, PARIS

Here come the sons of Britain, bands playing, banners snapping in the breeze. It is the day of Triumph, July 14, 1919,—Bastille Day, the equivalent in France of our Independence Day. The treaty of peace had been signed at Versailles on the 28th of June, not three weeks before. The war was over, the victory secure.

Then, on the morning of July 14, a day bright with sunshine and balmy with the breath of midsummer, there marched through the streets of Paris, under the Arch of Triumph, down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees, across the Place de la Concorde and along the magnificent boulevards, that Victory Parade which was perhaps the most significant and inspiring triumphal procession in all history—not in numbers, but in composition and symbolism. For through streets ablaze with bunting and the intertwined flags of the Allied nations and between sidewalks packed not only with most of the three million people of Paris itself but with nearly two million visitors from other parts of France, there passed that day the massed battle flags of the Allied armies which had won the war, borne by contingents of troops representing nearly all of those armies.

The gallant British troops whom we see here are passing across the Place de la Concorde. The shaft, draped with garlands, rising behind the spraying fountain, is the obelisk of Luxor, brought from Egypt in 1831, and just beyond it but across the Seine (sân) is the facade of the Chamber of Deputies, corresponding to our House of Representatives.

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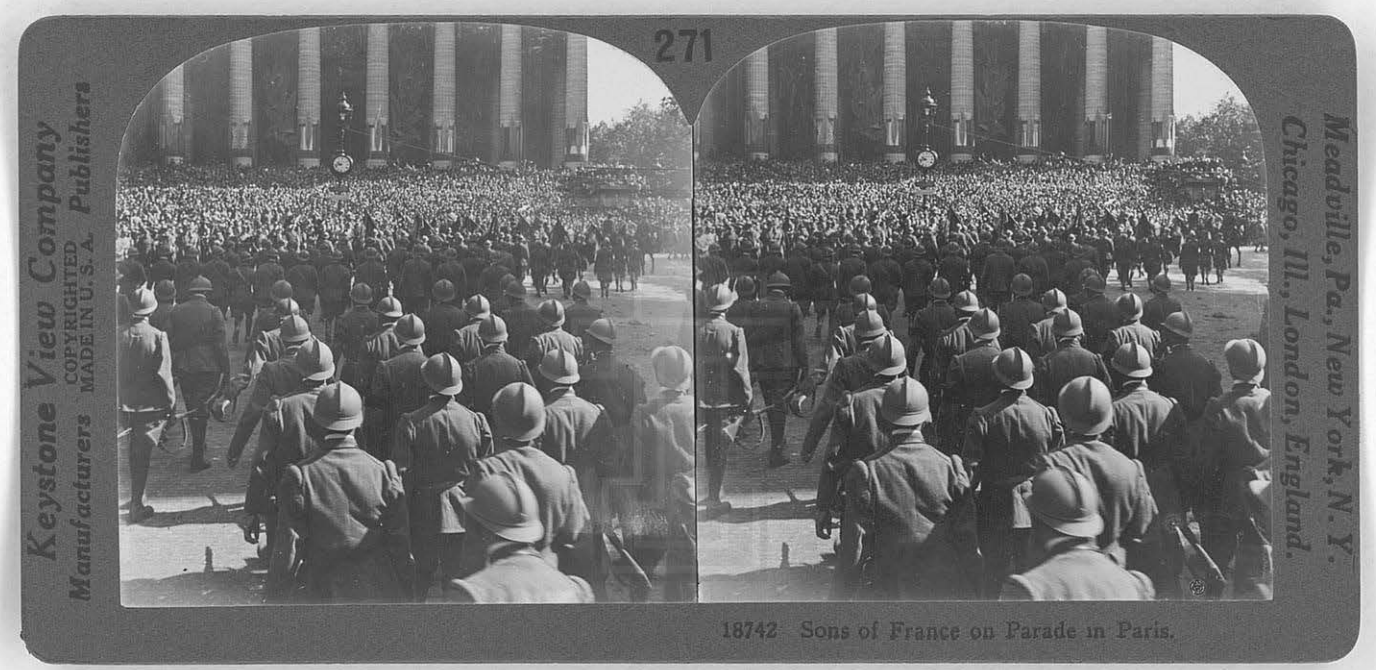

18742 Sons of France on Parade in Paris.

18742

SONS OF FRANCE ON PARADE IN PARIS

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION		87	174	271

France did not desire this terrible war. It was thrust upon her. In order to prevent even the appearance of provocation, French troops were ordered on July 30, 1914, to retire ten kilometers from the German frontier, surrendering important advantages of terrain which were later utilized by the enemy.

When war was seen to be inevitable, when the lives and liberties of the people were seen to be menaced by a merciless foe, when the very existence of the republic was in danger, the nation rose as one man with a fervor of patriotism that is indescribable. Crowds marched through the streets of Paris singing the "Marseilleise," the national hymn of France, while women and children, foreseeing the sorrow and death to come stood on the sidewalks weeping. Men rushed to the colors by the hundreds of thousands to offer up their lives as a sacrifice for France. The proud aristocrat and the humble peasant were stirred by the same impulse, to fight, and, if need be, to die for their country.

When peace came with victory, again there was the sight of marching men in the cities of France. As they swung along in their horizon blue uniforms and brass helmets, seasoned soldiers who had won the greatest victory in all time, it was a different army from the one that rushed to colors. The years of struggle have left their indelible mark upon them. This great crowd in front of the Madeleine are torn with contending emotions—joy for the victorious and sorrow for those others who helped to win but who never came back.

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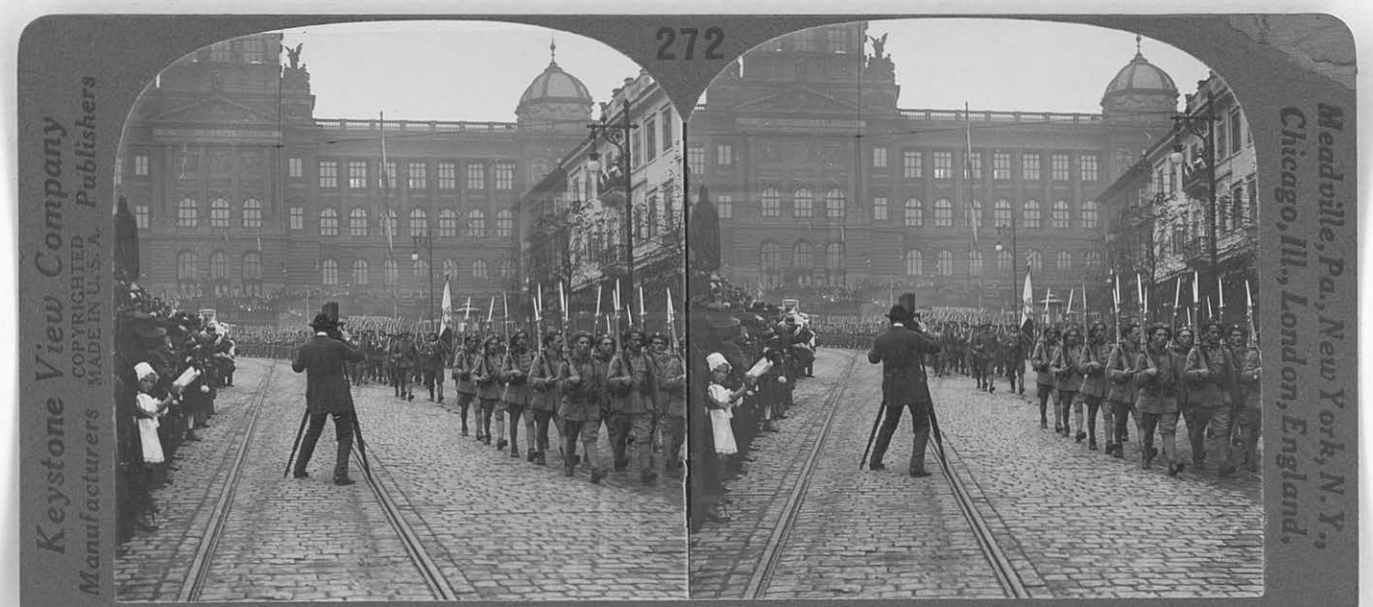

16774 Gallant Legionaires of Czechoslovakia on Parade, Prague.

18774

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			175	272

GALLANT LEGIONARIES OF CZECHO-SLOVAK

These gallant men are in their native country again after travels and adventures almost as wonderful as those of Xenophon's 10,000 Greeks. Prisoners of war in Russia, they banded together for self-protection and organized themselves into an army after the deposition of the Czar and the outbreak of the revolution. They lacked everything—arms, ammunition, provender; but little by little these were procured and the Czecho-Slovak army became a force to be reckoned with. Everywhere they fought the Germans, and when the Ukraine declared itself independent and made peace with Germany, these men, 50,000 strong, found themselves in a desperate situation. In the Ukraine, near Kief (kē'yĕf), the Germans were advancing in overwhelming numbers. Refusing to negotiate with the Emperor Charles of Austria, the Czecho-Slovak army started to retreat eastward. The Germans intercepted them at Bachman but in a four-day fight were defeated. The Czechs continued their retreat, crossing Siberia in 57 days on 80 trains. Before leaving Russia they turned over to the Soviet government arms, autos, airplanes and other supplies worth a hundred million rubles, all taken from the Germans. From Vladivostok they reached France by sea, thence home after the armistice.

The Czecho-Slovaks are part of the Slav race and come from parts of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and the northern part of Hungary. Prague, the city through whose streets they are marching, is the capital of Bohemia. Before the war it was a great resort for tourists; it was a city intensely interesting, gay and picturesque.

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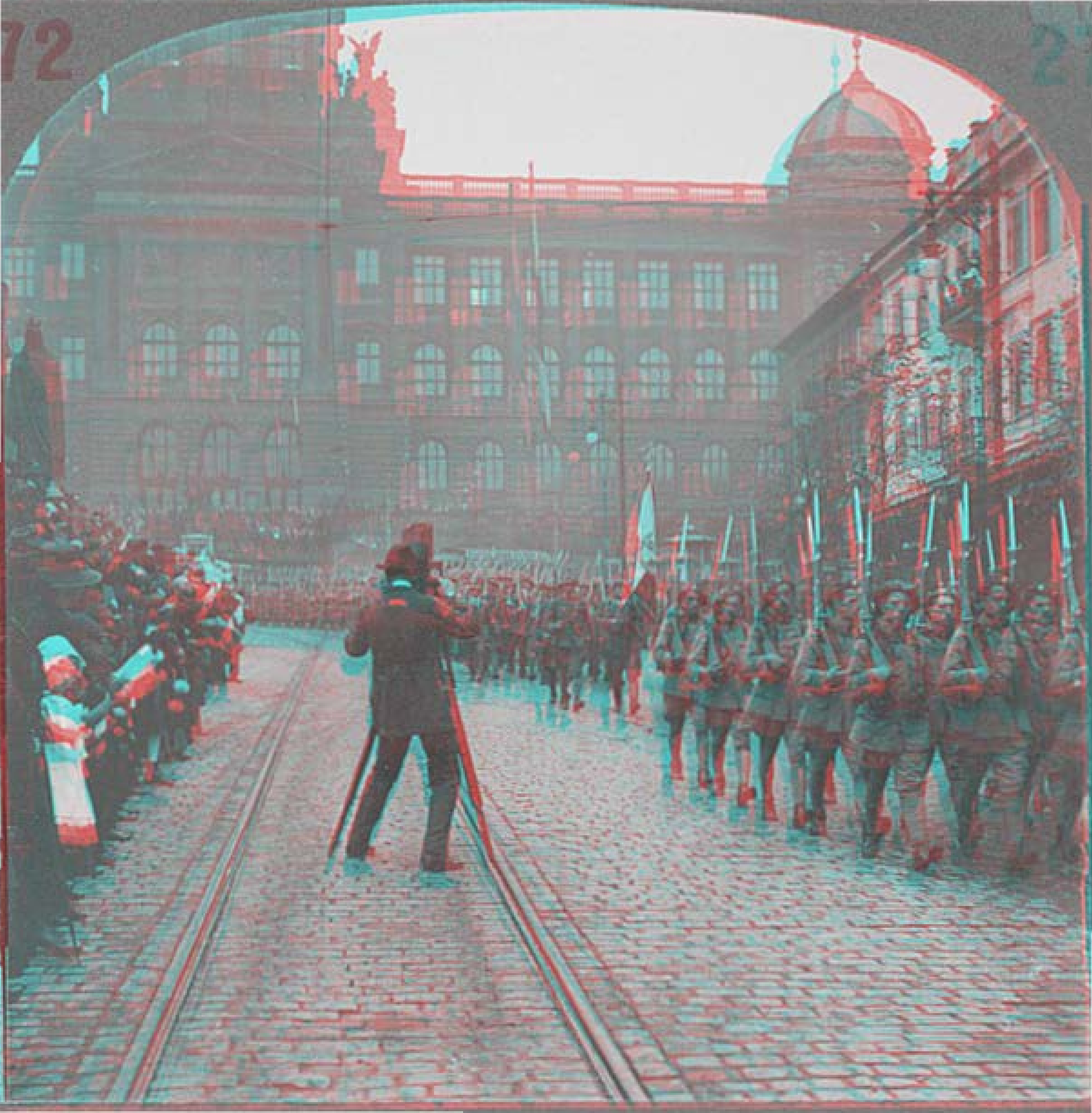

18697 Devastated Arras, "Grande Place" Section Visited by Peace Conference Delegates, France.

18697

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			176	273

PEACE CONFERENCE DELEGATES VISITING DEVASTATED ARRAS

The Grande Place and the Petite Place, adjoining it, are the two most interesting spots in the ancient city of Arras, the town in which during the early Middle Ages, the famous Arras tapestries were woven. The city, at the beginning of the World War, had a population of about 25,000 and was the center of flourishing manufacturing industries. But, like so many French and Belgian cities close to the battle lines, it was sadly wrecked in the fighting.

The Grande Place suffered like the rest of the city and the curious old houses, whose arcades overarching the sidewalks are a relic of the days of Spanish occupation of the Low Countries, were in great degree ruined. Though the British armies managed always to hold the city itself, the battlefields lay all about it leaving Arras in the midst of the new desert of Europe, a desert which one writer says is more terrible than the Sahara; the border of France devastated by the ravages of the Germans. In the dozen or so departments into which the Germans came were found the larger part of France's industries. Germany determined to injure these industries as much as possible. Machinery is essential to manufacture. Most of the machines were taken from the French mills and shipped to Germany, where they were installed in German mills. What was left was deliberately injured. For such wantonness Germany must make reparation. Delegates from the Peace Conference visited the ruins and the cost of restoration is part of the indemnity which Germany must pay.

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18770 The Queen of Belgium Making Stereo Photo During Pres. Wilson's Visit to Belgium.

18770

QUEEN ELIZABETH MAKING STEREO PHOTO

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			177	274

In this sparse Belgian woods, standing before us, simple and unaffected, is Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, a woman who has known what it is to be driven from her home, to see her country ravished by fire and sword, her subjects slain and driven away into servitude; a woman who has been forced to seek the hospitality of foreign nations; a woman who has served as a simple nurse in the hospitals of her country, who has alleviated the sufferings of wounded men, softened the last hours of the dying; a woman who has grieved over the sufferings of her people, who has suffered with them, ministered unto them, endured with them and who has met all this with quiet dignity worthy of her noble husband and of the exalted station she occupies.

She and her people have won the undying respect and friendship of the world. When, in October, 1919, King Albert, Queen Elizabeth, and Prince Leopold, the heir apparent, visited our country this was manifested in the most emphatic manner. They were guests whom we felt it an honor to entertain. Simple in manner, disdaining pretense or ostentation, the Queen stepped off the ship dressed in a plain white serge tailored suit, round turban of white feathers, white veil, and with her ever-present camera slung over one shoulder. The Queen is of small stature, fragile and delicate in appearance. The horrors she has seen have left their traces upon her countenance.

King Albert is the first reigning sovereign who has ever visited our country. From New York the royal party went to Boston, where they met Cardinal Mercier, happily our guest at the time. Then to see the wonders of Niagara Falls and the Pacific Coast, returning to Washington late in October.

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18787--The President and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Wilson, the King and Queen of Belgium at University of Louvain.

18767

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			178	275

Towards the close of June, 1919, President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson left Paris to visit Belgium. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth met them at Adinkerke and the party proceeded to Brussels by automobile. Later, a visit was made to the devastated regions around Charleroi and nearby places, among others Louvain. Before us, within the scarred and blackened walls of the University of Louvain, deliberately and unnecessarily destroyed by the Germans in the early months of the war, stands President Wilson reading an address. On his right is the Queen of Belgium, in a simple white dress, and to her right Miss Wilson. At the near side of the platform we see Mrs. Wilson, in a rich blue dress, and between her and the President we can distinguish the manly figure of the King of Belgium.

Potted plants and shrubs have been hastily arranged in the rear of the simple platform, to shut off the view of bare, smoke-blackened walls, all that is left of this once splendid university with its priceless treasures of books and manuscripts.

Throughout the President's brief trip he was greeted by the grateful plaudits of the Belgian people. For Belgium knows that America is her friend, in deed and in word. "Vive l'Amerique!" resounded from the lips of children excused from school as the distinguished party passed through the streets of cities not entirely demolished.

But it was not through ordered streets and welcoming citizens that most of the trip was made, it was through devastation and desolation indescribable. Even forests had been shot away. The Angel of Death seemed to have blasted the land.

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19265 President Wilson and Brand Whitlock at Nieuport, Belgium.

19265

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				276

PRESIDENT WILSON AND BRAND WHITLOCK AT NIEUPORT, BELGIUM

Perhaps the most interesting figure of the group before us is that of the slender American with sensitive, intellectual face who is engaged in earnest conversation with the President. This man is Brand Whitlock, our fearless U. S. Minister to Belgium, from the beginning of the war until April, 1917, when we entered the conflict against Germany. In 1914, Brand Whitlock, though only 45 years of age, was already a distinguished man in America, having been four times elected reform mayor of Toledo, Ohio, and having made a name for himself as a journalist and author.

When the Germans invaded Belgium, instead of retiring to France he remained in Brussels. Here he became the chief organizer and administrator of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which undertook to care for the nearly 7,500,000 destitute people in the occupied territory. This Commission during the war expended upward of half a billion dollars for relief work in Belgium and shipped into the devastated areas of Belgium and France 4,500,000 tons of food. But far more than that, Whitlock made himself, frequently at grave personal risk, the champion of the helpless people against the overbearing and often brutal or stupid German military government. While maintaining official neutrality he was able by his fearless demands for justice from the invaders and his restraining influence upon the hot-headed Belgians, to save the latter from countless indignities. Brand Whitlock is a man of whom his countrymen will ever be proud, one who embodies all the best qualities of American manhood. By the Belgian people he is more loved and honored, probably, than any other man after King Albert himself. The Belgian Government conferred upon him the highest honor within its gift.

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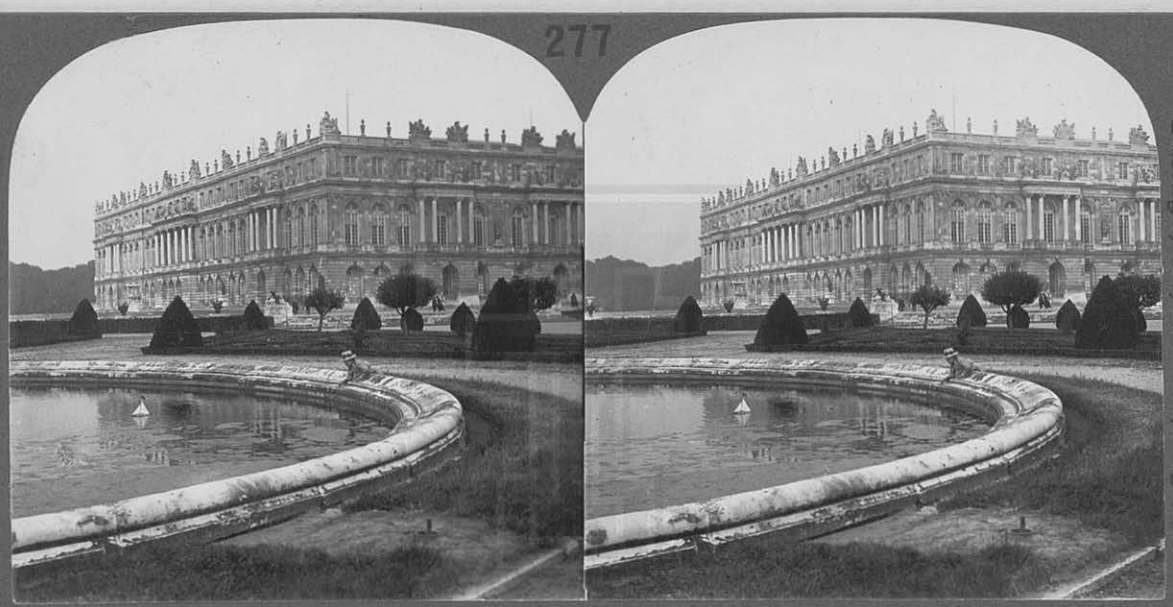

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18777 Where the Peace Treaty was Signed, Palace of Versailles, France.

18777

PALACE OF VERSAILLES

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			179	277

This marvelous palace is one of the sights of Europe. Tourists who visit France inevitably go to Versailles, where the gay court of Louis XIV disported itself in prodigal magnificence in bygone days. Versailles is a city of considerable importance, about 12 miles southwest of Paris. The palace was built by Louis XIV, the Great King. It contains lobbies, halls and galleries almost without number and all of the greatest magnificence. It has within its walls a theatre and a chapel. The lobbies are full of statues, busts and tombs of kings and warriors. Tapestries cover the walls. There are eleven halls of historical pictures; seven halls of famous war paintings—campaigns in Italy, Africa, Mexico and the Crimea. There is the Hall of the Crusades, filled with arms carried by the crusaders. There are halls filled with sculpture, there are galleries of war and peace, and there is the Galerie des Glaces, the hall of 300 mirrors, used by Louis XIV as a throne room on state occasions. It was in this hall that the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany on January 18, 1871.

Acres and acres of gardens surround the Palace. In profusion in these gardens are marble statues and basins, and bronze groups of charming statuary. In these gardens is the celebrated Grand Canal, 200 feet long, lined with marble. There, too, are the picturesque Swiss Lake and the Orangery and the massive Basin of Neptune. The Orangery is considered the finest piece of architecture at Versailles. It was built in 1685, is 500 feet long, 42 feet wide, and contains 1200 orange trees and 300 trees of other varieties.

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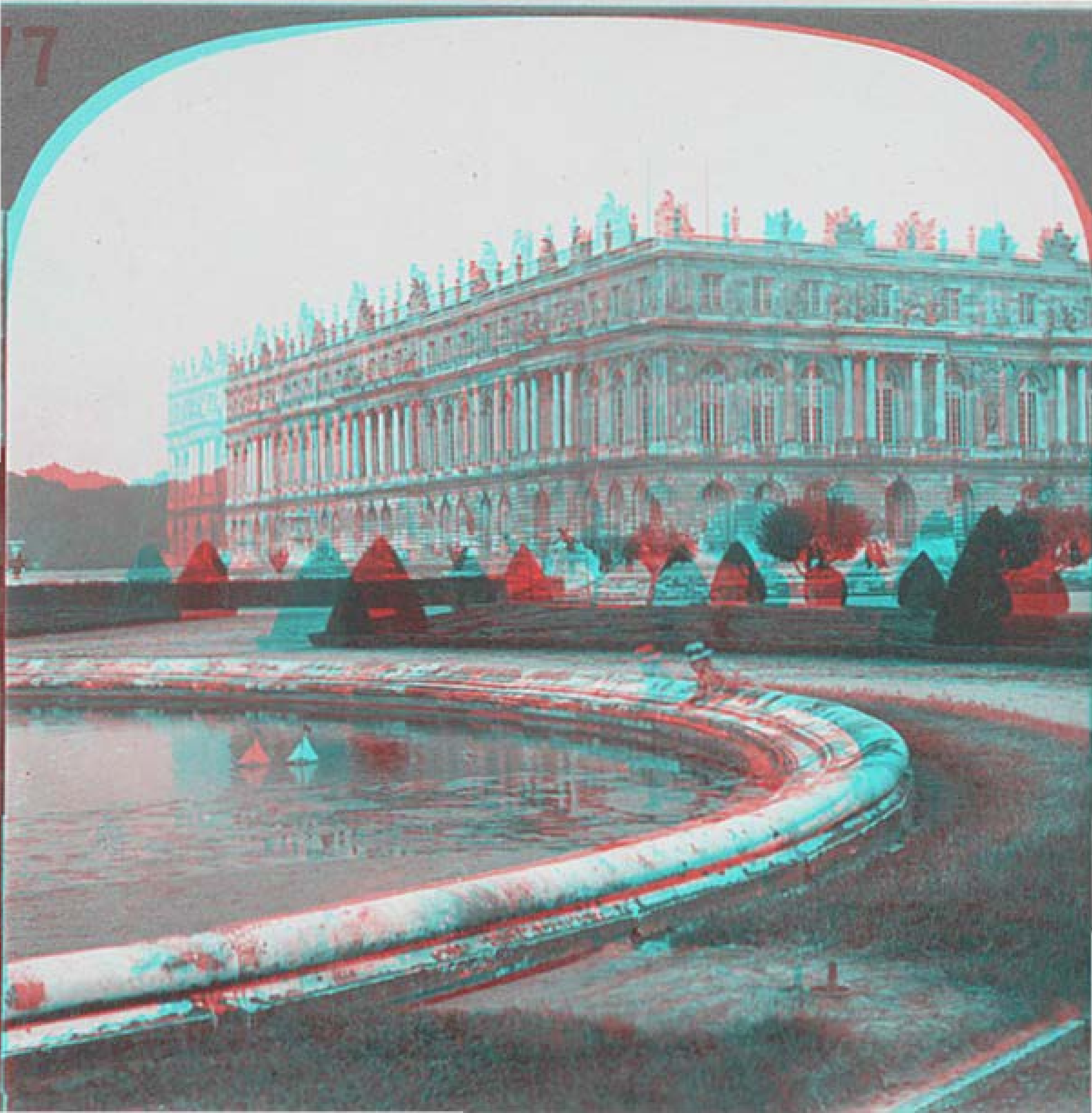

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18778 A Plenary Session of the Peace Conference, in Building of French Foreign Office on the Quai D'Orsay, Paris.

18778

PLENARY SESSION OF PEACE CONFERENCE

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION		88	180	278

Here we witness one of the most impressive assemblages of modern times. Before us in this magnificent chamber sit statesmen, diplomats, ministers, politicians, delegates from allied countries in every part of the world; men of diverse personalities, representing every shade of opinion. They have met to establish what the world hopes will be the basis of a lasting peace. Here sit some of the foremost figures of our times—Clemenceau, Lloyd George, President Wilson, the trio whose words carry the most weight; Orlando, Venizelos—the great statesman from Greece, delegates from faraway China and Japan, from Australia, Canada, South America, from every one of the 28 nations allied against Germany and Austria. From the welter of their conflicting national interest they hope by compromise and concession to reach a lofty common aim, a just peace for all nations. As we now know, but partial success has attended their efforts—the Peace Treaty has become a compromise, dictated by force of circumstances, and satisfactory to but few. Yet in its observance lies the hope of the world.

Daily, for months, these men met in the Palace des Affaires Etrangeres, or Foreign Office, on the Quai d'Orsay, Paris. Hanging on the outskirts of this august assemblage were uncrowned rulers, speculators, would-be statesmen and politicians hoping to snatch something for themselves from the redistribution of a world.

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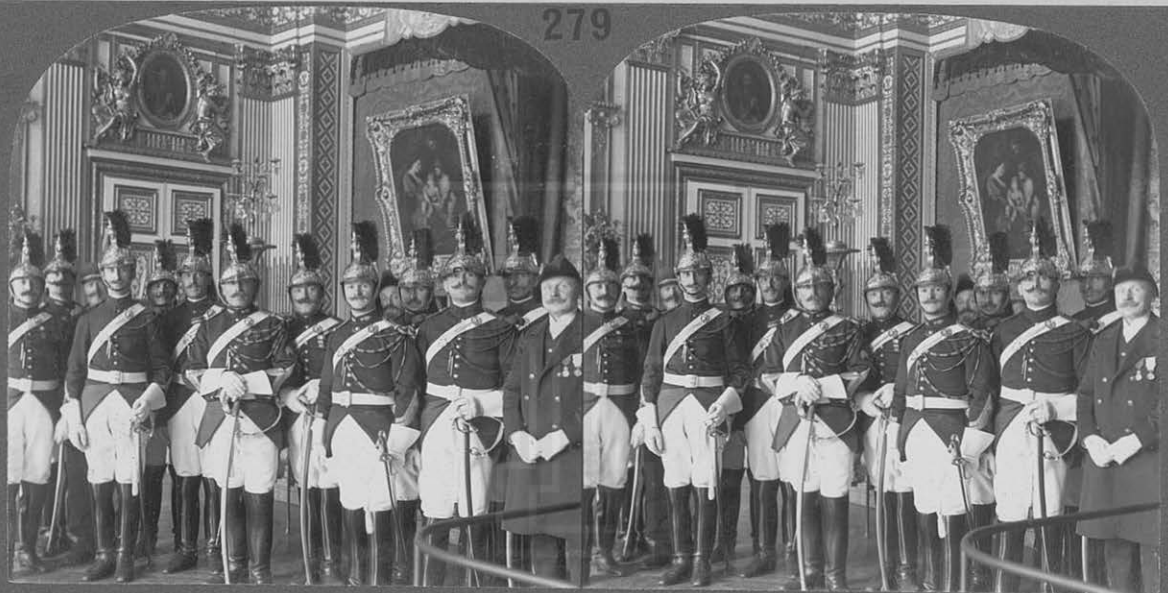

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18779 Guards of the Republic—In Palace of Versailles During Treaty Signing.

18779

GUARDS OF THE REPUBLIC, PALACE OF VERSAILLES

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			181	279

One of the picturesque features of the ceremony attending the signing of the Peace Treaty was the presence of a portion of the Guard Republicaine in their picturesque uniform. This organization dates back to the time of the French Revolution, and because of its connection with this historic event and of its services at the time, it still has a place in the hearts of the people. The organization has been maintained through the passing years, and visitors in Paris at this day are often surprised to see a squad of stalwart men in steel helmets with horsetail plumes riding selected chargers along the boulevards. The Guards carry long, heavy, slightly curved swords and make an imposing appearance.

They are present at the signing of the Peace Treaty as one of the recognized institutions of the French government, as, similarly, were American doughboys and British Tommies, representatives of the part played by their comrades and by their governments on many a desperate battlefield in the war just won. Present officially, also, were a few aged veterans of the Franco-Prussian war, as guards of honor.

The Guards before us are an athletic group of men selected with care from many candidates. The room is one of those in the magnificent Palace of Versailles, built by Louis the Grand. We notice paneled walls, tapestry, priceless paintings in gorgeous frames; artistic ornaments—the luxury for which the last French kings were famous, and which through the taxes it fastened on the people finally brought about the downfall of the monarchy.

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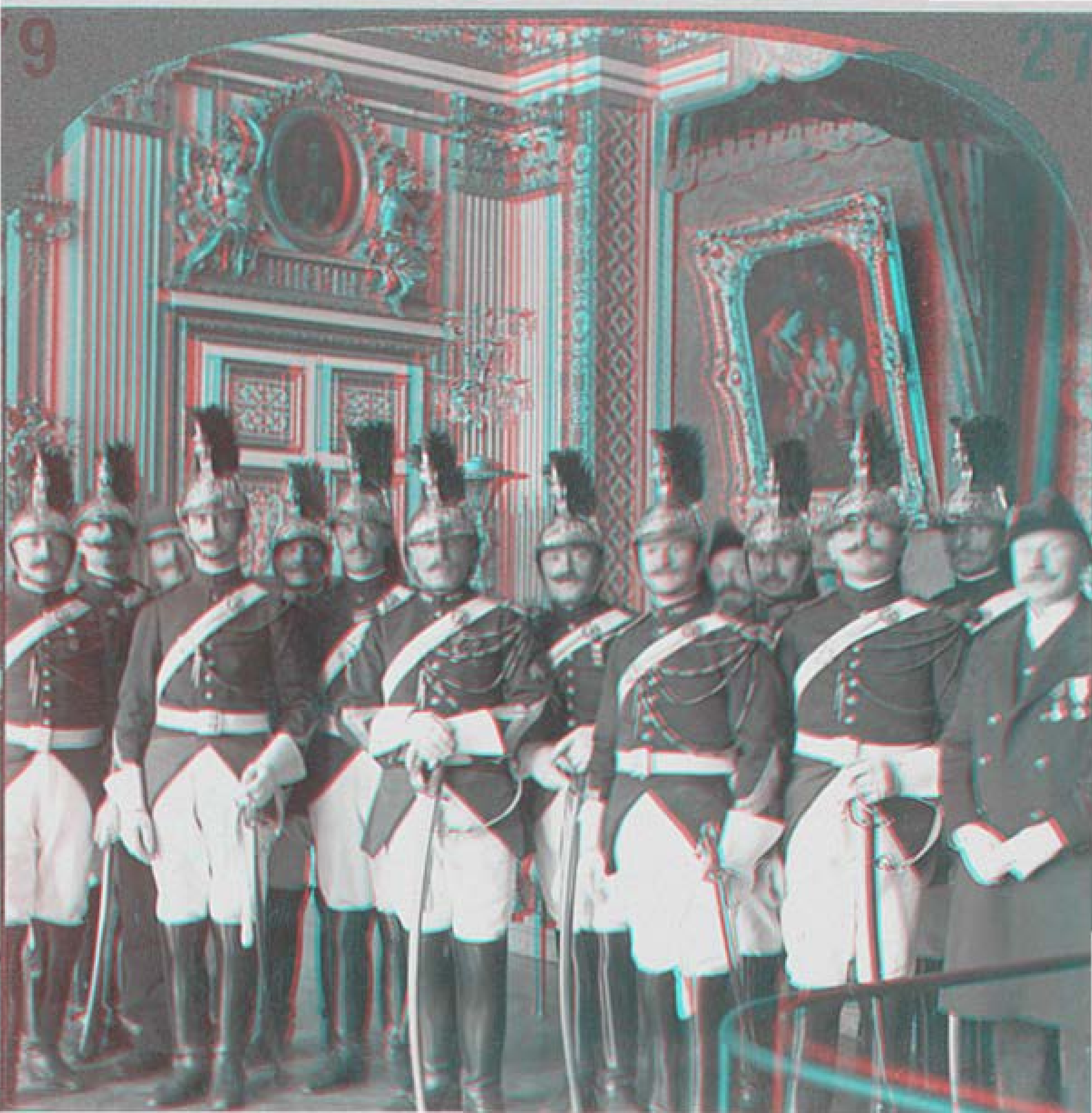

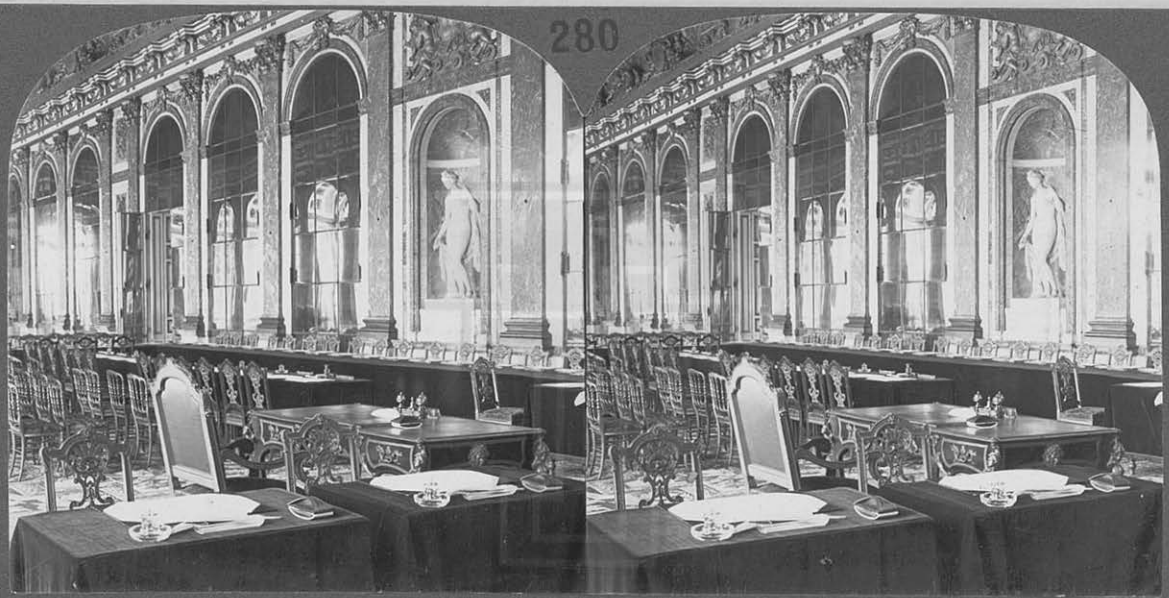

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18780 Galerie des Glaces, Showing Table where Peace Treaty Was Signed, Versailles, France

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	66	89	182	280

18780
GALERIE DES GLACES, VERSAILLES

We are looking at the magnificent chamber in which the Peace Treaty was signed. At the ornamental table in the foreground, with its bronze and gilt decorations, the German delegates in silence and in bitterness of spirit affixed their names to the fateful document. Forty-eight years before, German officials had required France to sign, in this same chamber, a treaty far more humiliating and far more drastic in its terms.

June 28, 1919, was a momentous day in the history of the world. At two o'clock on that Saturday afternoon an endless chain of motor cars bearing distinguished delegates from the Allied Nations, rolled through lines of French soldiers to the grand entrance of the Palace of Versailles. Their occupants passed up the marble stairway, through the "Queen's Apartments" to the Galerie des Glaces (Hall of Mirrors), while a dozen airplanes wheeled and circled above, and innumerable thousands of men and women packed the spacious parks and gardens. Double lines of infantry, with fixed bayonets, guarded the entrance to the palace.

The Allied delegates were seated at the large U-shaped table which we see to the right of this vast chamber, from whose walls gleam more than 300 mirrors of finest plate glass. At 3:15 p. m. the first signatures were affixed to the treaty, those of the German delegates, who were then escorted to their seats. President Wilson then signed, followed by the Allied delegates in alphabetical order, and the ceremony was over.

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18781 Clemenceau, Wilson and Lloyd George Leaving Palace of Versailles After Signing Peace Treaty.

18781

LEAVING PALACE OF VERSAILLES

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	67	90	183	281

Here we have the privilege of meeting face to face three of the most distinguished men of the age, three men whose acts will influence the destinies of millions of men, of all races and of every clime—Clemenceau, President Wilson and Lloyd George.

Clemenceau, "the Tiger of France," is in the foreground, on the left, an indomitable spirit, who kept alive the spirit of France in her darkest days; Lloyd George, Prime Minister of England, the son of a Welsh miner, who rose from the humblest beginnings to the position of the greatest influence in the British Empire, is the man shaking hands at the right. President Wilson, educator, governor, and finally president of the greatest and most powerful republic in the world, we recognize at a glance.

These men have just come from a momentous occasion—the signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles, an occasion at which the fate of millions yet unborn was determined by the stroke of a pen. Notables from all nations are about them, but these three men are the cynosure of all eyes. See them in the back row straining forward to follow with their eyes the progress of these three. And countless thousands are in front, packed around the gates of this ancient palace of Louis XIV, to greet them. The civilized world is on tiptoe for this occasion, for it brings to a close the most terrific and bloodiest war the world has ever seen, a war fought in the air, on land, on the sea and under its waters; a war which cost the lives of 8,000,000 men, wrecked millions of homes, and destroyed property beyond computation.

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18735. Second Division Men Entraining for the Return Home, Germany.

18735

ENTRAINING FOR THE RETURN HOME, GERMANY

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			184	282

These men are veterans of Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, Saint-Mihiel, Champagne and the Argonne—what is left of them. The world will never forget how they stopped the German at Château-Thierry and Belleau Woods in Ludendorf's final great drive on Paris. Six weeks later this same division, together with the famous French Moroccans, delivered that splendid counter stroke at Soissons, the turning point of the war. Again we hear of this division at St. Mihiel along the southern side of the salient where the fighting was heaviest—and they smashed through in record time. Three weeks later they were in the Champagne wrenching loose the Kaiser's stranglehold on Reims. And a month later they broke through the German line in the Argonne.

After the armistice they were sent to Germany as part of the Army of Occupation, billeted in Vallendorf, Bendorf, Neuwied, and other places east of the Rhine. The 2nd Division saw some of the fiercest fighting of the war. It suffered heavier casualties than any other American division;—4,478 killed and 17,752 wounded; captured more prisoners, 12,026, and more pieces of artillery, 401, and won more American decorations for valor in action, 7 Medals of Honor, 673 Distinguished Service Crosses and 13 Oak Leaf Clusters equivalent to second citations for the D. S. C. The division was also decorated with the Croix de Guerre by the French Government.

Here we see these brave men who have experienced every hardship, who have been through an inferno of horrors, entraining for the coast. They have been overseas nearly two years. Crowded in these little German cars they have a long and tiresome journey before them.

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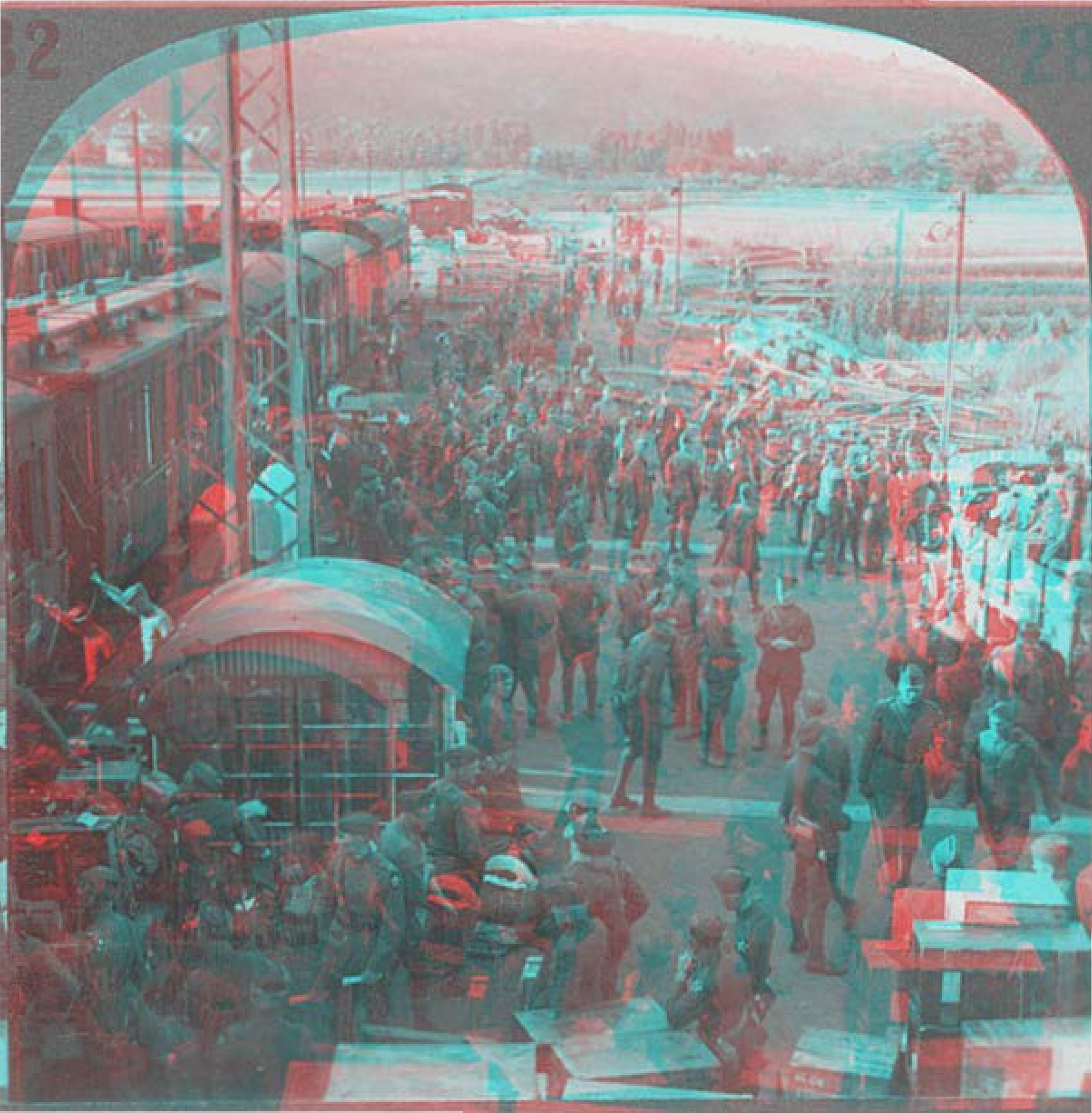

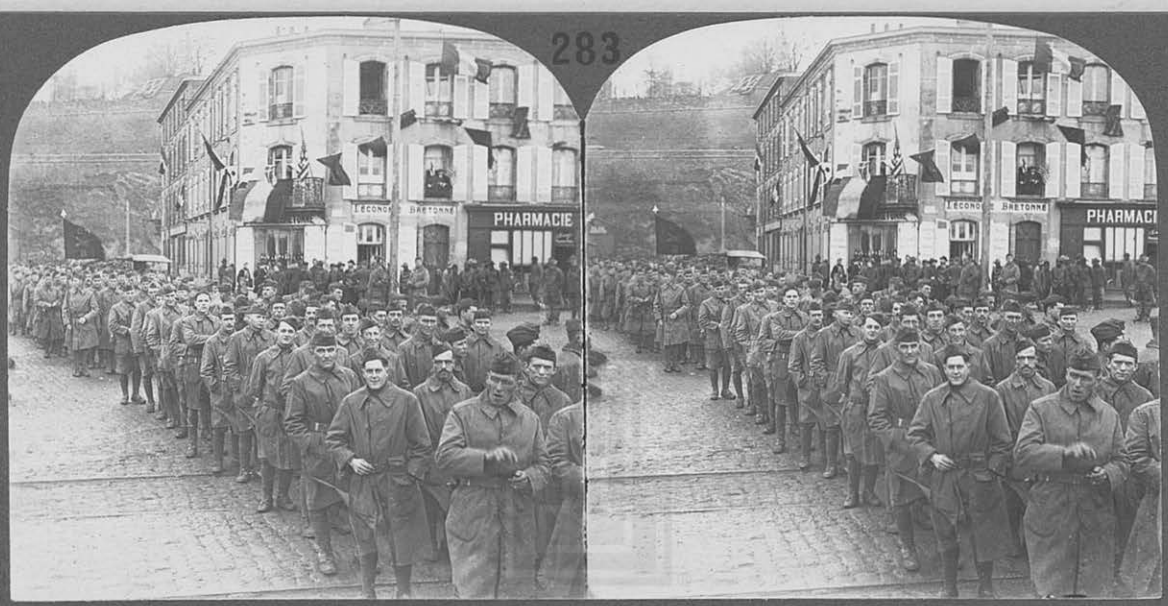

V19266 Some of Our Two Million Fighters Ready for Home, Brest, France.

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V19266

SOME OF OUR TWO MILLION FIGHTERS READY FOR HOME, BREST

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	68	91	185	283

These hundreds of men in their slickers and web belts have passed through the rigorous routine of the embarkation camp which is located two or three miles beyond that high wall in the distance and are now tramping for the last time down the principal streets in Brest, past the drug store and the little retail shops to the piers where they will board the ferry boats that carry the troops from the land to the transports at anchor in the harbor.

By their flag you recognize them as a part of a regiment of field artillery. Their guns and all excess equipment have been turned in at the army bases, leaving them with light packs—and light hearts.

For months the natives of the city hung out their flags each day and assembled in groups along the side walk to bid a last farewell to the thousands of troops that passed on to the piers. As many as 40,000 troops can be checked out of the camp in a single day, an operation that would be impossible if it were not for the splendid system and facilities which the camp has for bathing, feeding, clothing and checking up the records of the men.

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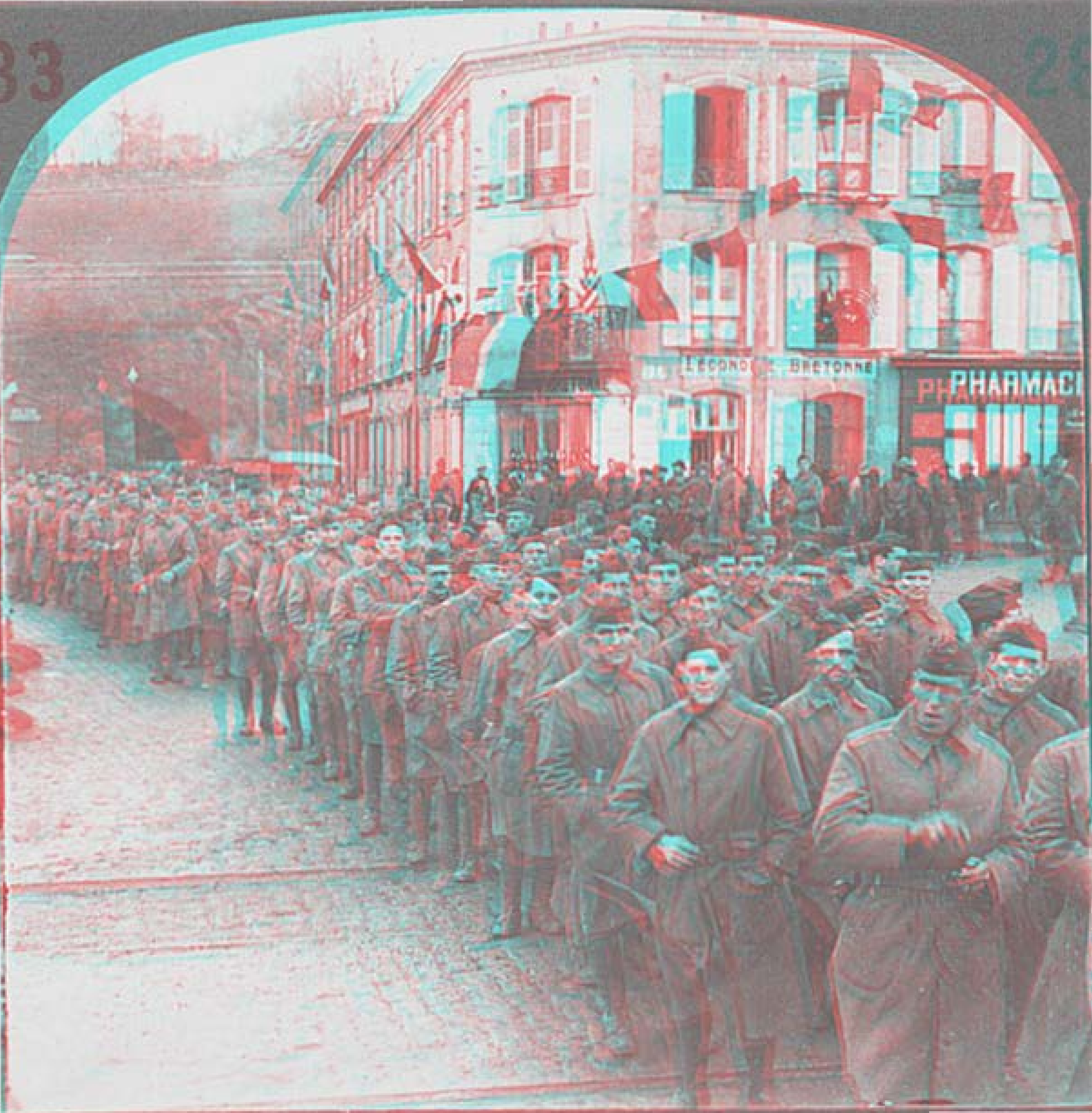
33
LECOMTE BRETONNE
PHARMACI

19194—Our Boys Boarding Transport For "the Good Old U. S. A."

19194

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			186	284

OUR BOYS BOARDING TRANSPORT FOR "THE GOOD OLD U. S. A."

It is easy enough to see that these sturdy fellows, with the Indian head insignia of the illustrious 2nd Division on their left shoulders, have been through the Great Adventure and are now homeward bound, at last. But even if we could not recognize their division, their equipment would show that they have been on Europe's bloody battlefields; the steel helmets strapped on their packs, the "overseas caps" they are wearing, the "Sam Browne" belts of the officers. None of these things appertained to American soldiers until after they had arrived in Europe.

Though undoubtedly these men, are happy after two years of foreign service to be on their homeward way, they cannot look forward with much pleasure to the ocean voyage itself. A trip on a great liner like the one before us is very delightful in peace times when one has luxurious accommodations and the best of service. But when such ships were used as troop transports, life on board was as uncomfortable, barring the danger from submarines, on the homeward voyage as it was on the voyage to France. Most of the enlisted men were crowded far below the water line on decks where bunks three tiers deep filled every available foot of space and where the only light was that of electricity and the only fresh air that which was forced down from the ventilators on deck. Many were always affiicted with seasickness, and the resulting nauseating smells, combined with the odor of oil and other undefined stenches of the 'tween decks, coupled with the rolling of the ship, the wrenching of the screw and clatter of machinery, created a little world of disagreeable sensations which seemed infinitely removed from the fresh air and the comfortable solidity of dry land.

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2
LIFE

19128 The New York City Skyline Brings a Thrill to the Heart of Every Returning Doughboy—U. S. S. Louisiana Arriving in the Harbor.

19128

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				285

THIS SKYLINE BRINGS A THRILL TO THE HEART OF EVERY RETURNING DOUGHBOY

Whether it be seen by day, with the sunlight glinting on its huge buildings, or by night with thousands upon thousands of electric lights glimmering like huge fireflies through the darkness, and showing the outlines of its skyscrapers against the dark sky, New York City from the harbor is a wonderful sight.

Thousands upon thousands, yes, millions of hearts have thrilled as the marvelous skyline of the world's greatest city first appeared to their vision. To the immigrant, leaving behind him the monarchical institutions of the Old World, the skyline of New York has seemed the promised land—the land of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln. Surely, many an immigrant's heart has thrilled at the prospect of equality, freedom, and opportunity. To the returned tourist, tired out with visits to other lands, the myriad lights of New York have seemed like friendly candles to light his way back to "home, sweet home." To the foreign visitor, New York promises many a thrill of wonder and delight, and how his heart must beat in anticipation of new sights and pleasures!

But what heart-thrills could compare with those of our returning soldiers, as they once more saw the skyline of old New York. To them this land of liberty had taken on a new meaning. In giving of themselves to their country's service they had come to know in its fullest meaning the love of home and country. To every returning doughboy the first sight of the New York skyline brought a thrill that will live always in his memory.

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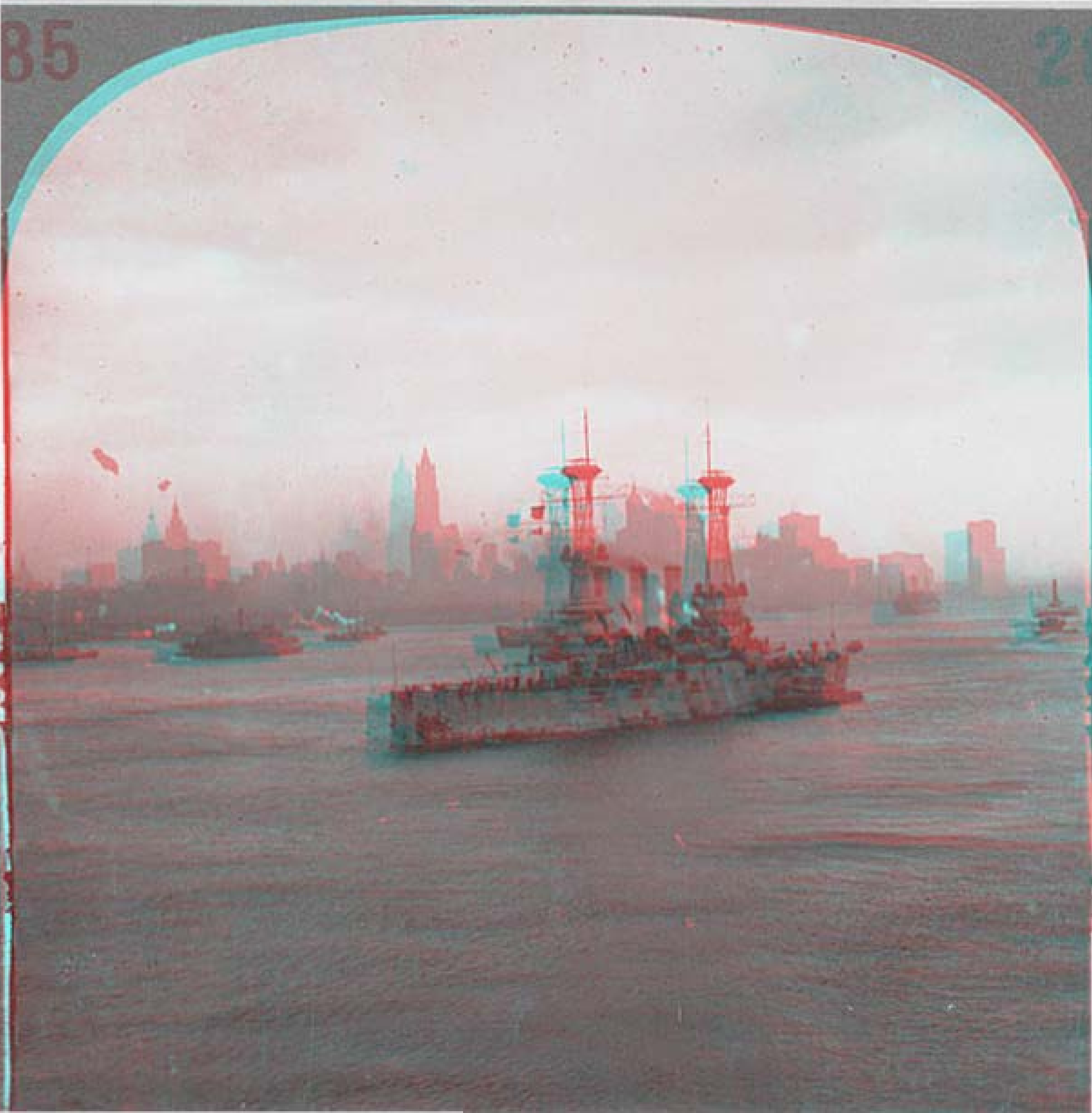
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V19237 U. S. Transport Leviathan, Formerly the Vaterland, Largest Ship Afloat

V19237

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	69	92	187	286

U. S. TRANSPORT LEVIATHAN LARGEST SHIP AFLOAT

Half a dozen or more sturdy tugs are needed to nose **this** great steamship in and out of her berth alongside a pier because of her huge size. Those ropes running from her bow lead to other tugs besides those that you can see at her side, all necessary to keep the huge bulk of the steamer from crashing into the piers or drifting aground in shallow water.

Before the United States entered the war, the "Leviathan" was known as the "Vaterland." It is the largest steamship in the world and was in New York harbor at the time that war between Great Britain and Germany was declared in 1914. She remained there safe from the British Navy, until the United States declared war against Germany, whereupon she was seized and converted into a troop transport.

Her length is 920 feet, almost as great as the height of the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Her huge stacks are large enough to accommodate railway trains, and she is capable of carrying more than 14,000 soldiers and officers. The spars which you see slung from the masts are used to raise and lower the cargoes into the holds.

On the last trip which the "Leviathan" made as a U. S. Transport she carried General John J. Pershing and his staff to the United States, after their absence of two and one-half years.

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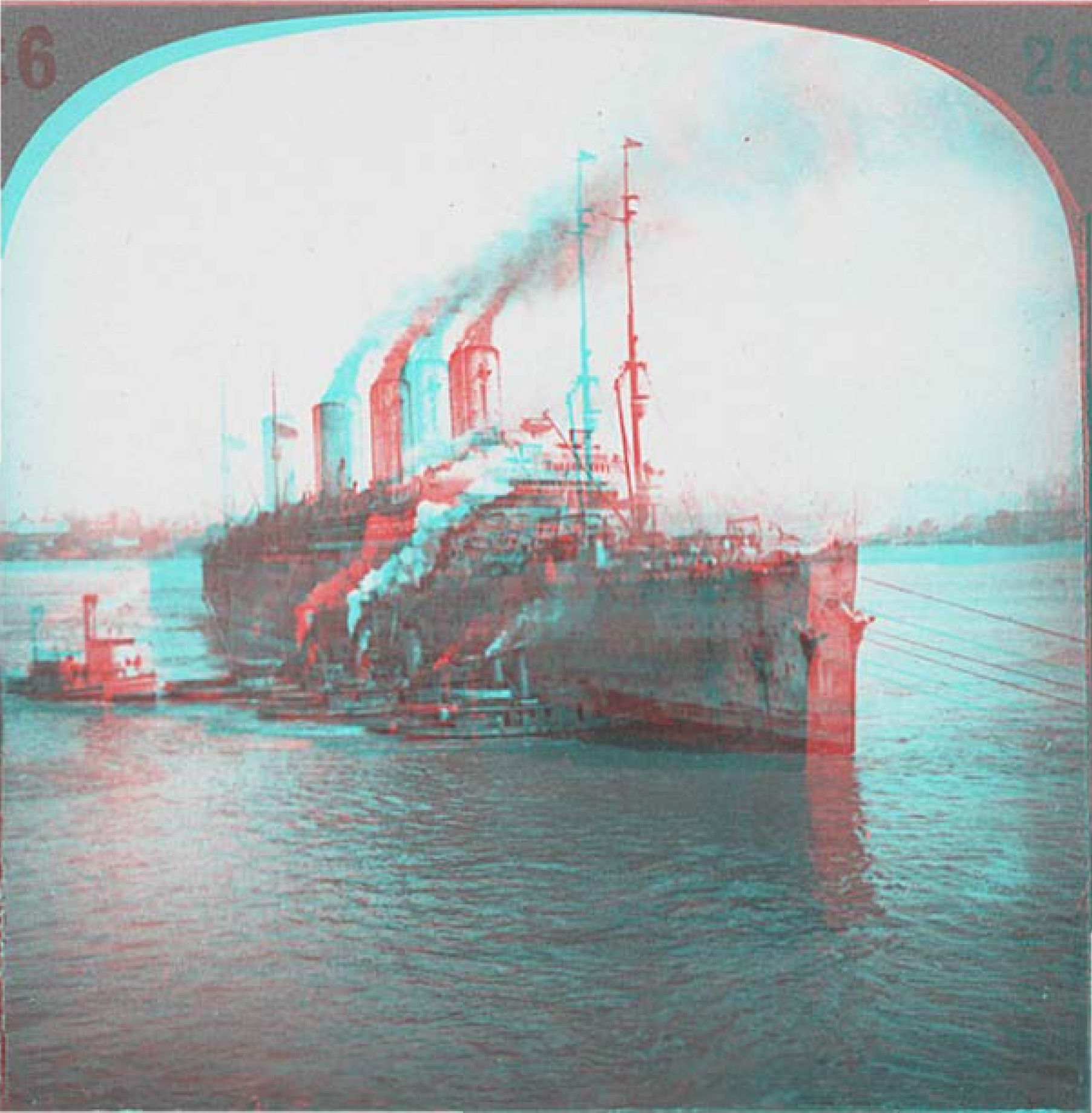

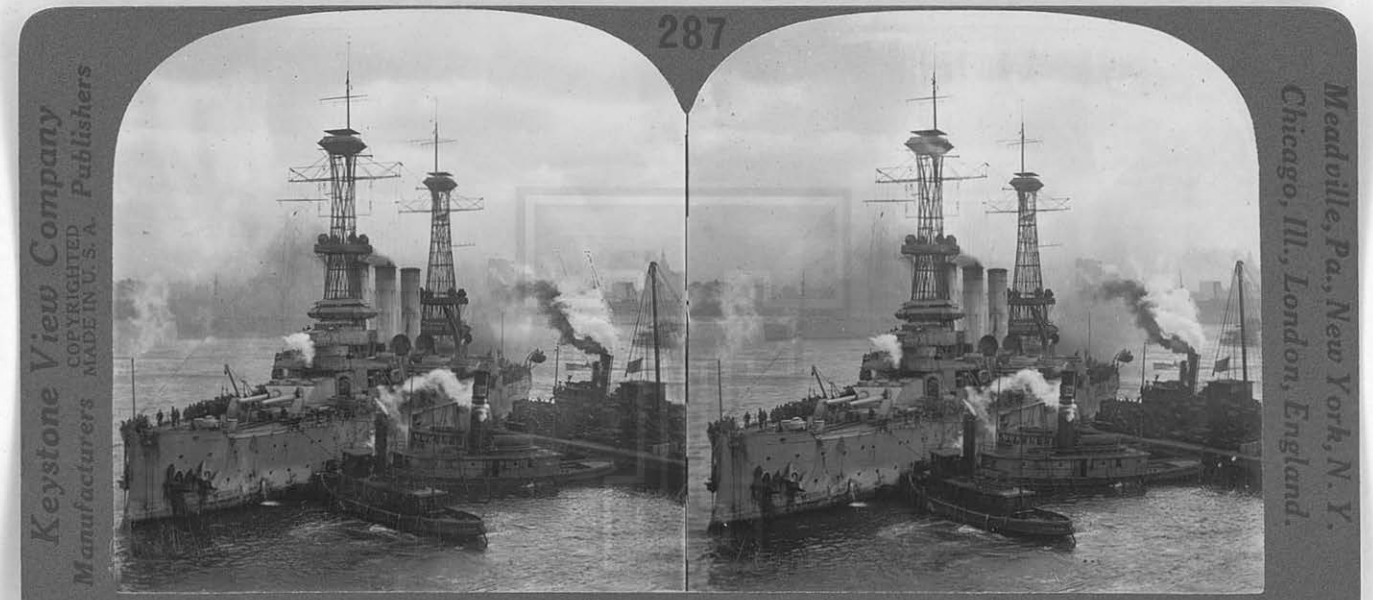

19127 U. S. Battleships Serve as Transports in Bringing Our Troops Home—The Louisiana at Dock in New York Harbor.

19127

U. S. BATTLESHIPS SERVE AS TRANSPORTS IN BRINGING OUR TROOPS HOME.

The participation of the United States in the World War was one of the most tremendously dramatic episodes in all history. Such an achievement as the transportation of more than two million armed men, with all their vast paraphernalia of warfare, across 3,000 miles of ocean, was never dreamed before. It was, in very truth, "The Great Crusade," and such accomplishments as the voyaging of the early Crusaders to the Holy Land in the Middle Ages was dwarfed by comparison with it.

Between May, 1917, and November, 1918, a period of 18 months, 2,025,000 men were carried to France, and between November, 1918, and August, 1919, a period of 10 months, all but 133,000 of them had been carried home again.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			188	287

Meantime, for the supply of our army in Europe, nearly 7,500,000 tons of cargo were carried over from the United States between June, 1917, and April, 1919. Included in these shipments were 1,791 locomotives of 100 tons each, 26994 standard gauge freight cars, and 47,018 motor trucks, while, above the tonnage mentioned, there were shipped 68,694 head of horses and mules.

In spite of the great efforts of the German submarines, only 380 American lives and 200,000 tons of shipping out of the total, 2,700,000 deadweight tons of the American cargo fleet, were lost through the action of submarines, and not one American troop transport was lost on its way to Europe, thanks to the watchfulness and efficiency of our Navy.

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V19282 Colored Troops Returning from France on S. S. Aquitania, New York.

V19282

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION				288

COLORED TROOPS RETURNING FROM FRANCE ON S. S. AQUITANIA

The Afro-American portion of the population of the United States was well represented in the A. E. F. One complete combat division, the 92nd, commanded by Major General Chas. C. Ballou, occupied a defensive sector in the Vosges Mountains for three weeks in September, 1918, then took part for a few days in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, and finally was advancing down the valley of the Moselle toward Metz when the armistice came into effect on November 11. Of the 93rd Division, also colored, the four infantry regiments only were sent to France. These were; the 369th, formerly the 15th Infantry, New York National Guard; the 370th, formerly the 8th Inf., Illinois N. G.; the 371st and the 372nd. All four regiments were attached to French divisions and fought gallantly on many fields. Many thousands of colored Americans were gathered also in labor battalions and performed invaluable services at the seaports and in the rear areas.

The steamship "Aquitania" as we see her steaming into New York harbor, gives us an excellent example of the weird camouflage painting used on ships during the war to aid them in escaping discovery by German submarines.

During the war such a great harbor as that of New York presented an astounding appearance, with all the shipping painted in such glaring and fantastic designs. Not only American ships and those from Allied countries used such disguise but neutral vessels as well, for Scandinavians, Dutch, Japanese, Spanish, all suffered under a common dread of the unrestricted submarine warfare of Germany.

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V19217 Ready for the "Abandon Ship" Drill; U. S. Soldiers With Life Belts Adjusted.

V19217

U. S. SOLDIERS READY FOR THE "ABANDON SHIP" DRILL

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	70	93	189	289

Every day and sometimes twice a day, even on a homeward bound ship such as we are looking at here, the men were assembled for "abandon ship" drill, or, as it was more grimly called in the war days when they were eastward bound, "submarine drill." The purpose of the drill was to teach the men to "man the lifeboats" with the least confusion and in the shortest possible time in case of disaster to the ship.

On the way over the men were required to wear their life belts constantly, both day and night; on the return voyage they usually donned them only for the drill but kept them constantly close at hand. Two types of life belt used; one, such as we see here, like a wadded jacket with a big collar, the other made of white canvas filled with blocks of cork. The former type was preferred by the men because it was more comfortable to wear and it made a fine pillow for the bunk at night.

In the days of the submarine one method of protection against their attacks, besides having a convoy of submarine chasers, etc., was to have an apparatus on the ship which produced a smoke screen and hid it completely from view. This apparatus consisted of two drums of phosphorus at each side of the after deck which, when lighted, gave off a trail of dense smoke.

At the left of the picture you can see one of the lifeboats, and above it you have a glimpse of the ladder that leads to the lookout post high up on the mast. The large contrivance that looks like a megaphone is only a ventilator which carries the fresh air down to the engine room and other parts of the boat far below the water line.

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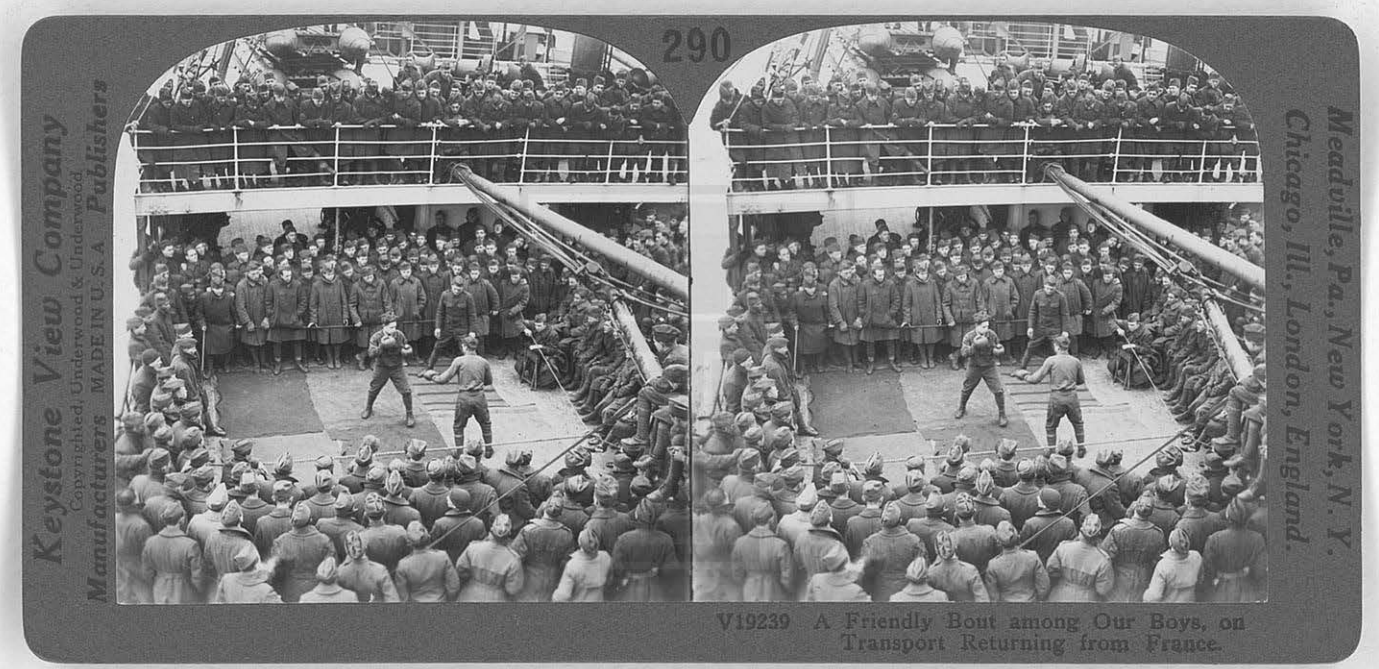

V19239 A Friendly Bout among Our Boys, on Transport Returning from France.

V 19239

A FRIENDLY BOUT ON TRANSPORT RETURNING FROM FRANCE

No ocean trip is so tiresome as that on which one returns from a foreign land. A certain novelty attends the outward voyage, but the return is all too slow. One longs for the familiar sights and the familiar comforts of home. For our boys, packed as so many of them had to be in the lowest holds of the ship, sickened by nauseating smells, with none but artificial light, physical discomforts were added to the monotony of the trip. They welcomed diversion of any kind and the most welcome of all forms of diversion was the boxing match. It is in our nature to like to pit our skill, strength or science against a worthy opponent, and to watch others do it.

Although friendly bouts, these were by no means tame affairs nor were they often unskillful ones. In their camps in France our boys acquired a liking for the game. Men who were novices when they went over be-

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			190	290

came expert. When pitted against each other, company against company or division against division, pride in their unit and their natural aggressiveness inspired them to fight their best. The battles were often bloody ones, a test of grit as well as of skill. On shipboard the men packed five and six deep to see the bouts, yelling like Indians at each well delivered blow. The match was often conducted in a hurricane of yells and catcalls, and when two green men could be induced to hammer each other and make sport for the multitude the shouts of laughter were Homeric.

These bouts were fought not only on the return, but on the outward trips as well. Submarines sneaked stealthily beneath the waters but no fear of them stayed these contests of skill and grit.

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V19238 Hospital Deck on Giant Transport
"Leviathan."

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			191	291

Hospital Deck on Giant Transport "Leviathan."

Almost any soldier who looked on this deck full of sick soldiers would remark in no uncertain terms, "That ship is headed for the U. S. A." He would know from a dozen little details in the clothing of the men and from the habits that their appearance betrays, for there are many things that mark a man as one of those who have "been over." If you look at that cane which one of the soldiers is carrying, you will see that it differs from the ordinary cane in that it has a huge spike in the end of it. Those canes were carried by men many, many miles on the march and through the winding trenches in which one had to feel his way in the black of night.

To the less seriously injured and sick these open air berths along the decks of the huge transport were a boon. Bracing sea air twenty-four hours each day and a continuous stream of passers-by left little for them to wish for and much to be thankful for.

A sergeant has stopped to talk to one of the men and farther along the line you can see two who are not too ill to sit up and take an interest in you and what is going on along their side of the deck.

Despite its monotony, the trip home across the Atlantic Ocean was an experience few of them will forget, especially those who had passage on this huge transport which, formerly, was the pride of the German Mercantile Marine.

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V19241 Severely Wounded Being Transferred to Hospital Ship from Transport, Hoboken.

V19241

TRANSFERRING SEVERELY WOUNDED TO HOSPITAL SHIP FROM TRANSPORT

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			192	292

During the war thousands of our soldiers who were severely wounded in France were brought home to be treated in our own hospitals. We felt that nothing was too good, nothing good enough for those brave boys who went "over the top" for us, facing death in every terrible form, returning maimed and crippled. We knew that they could get better care and more effective treatment here than it was possible to give them in the overcrowded hospitals in Europe. We knew that the mere thought of being in their own country, near home, far from the noise and filth of the trenches, would be a help towards recovery.

So we brought them home, as many as we could, and sent them to splendid hospitals in New York, New Jersey and elsewhere.

Here not only every care, but loving sympathy was lavished upon them. No sooner did the great transport tie up at the wharf than careful hands carried these desperately wounded men to the hospital ship, from which they were transferred to the hospital. The attitudes of the doughboys who carry the wounded man before us suggest something of the solicitude they feel for him—for here is a man who has been "over the top." In medical terms he is what is known as a "basket case," a man so badly wounded that he cannot be carried on a stretcher.

The *Shinnecock* was one of the ferry boats commandeered by the government to transfer wounded men from the ocean transports to the base hospitals. To the left, bulking huge against the ferry boat, we see the massive steel side of the transport which brought the men from France

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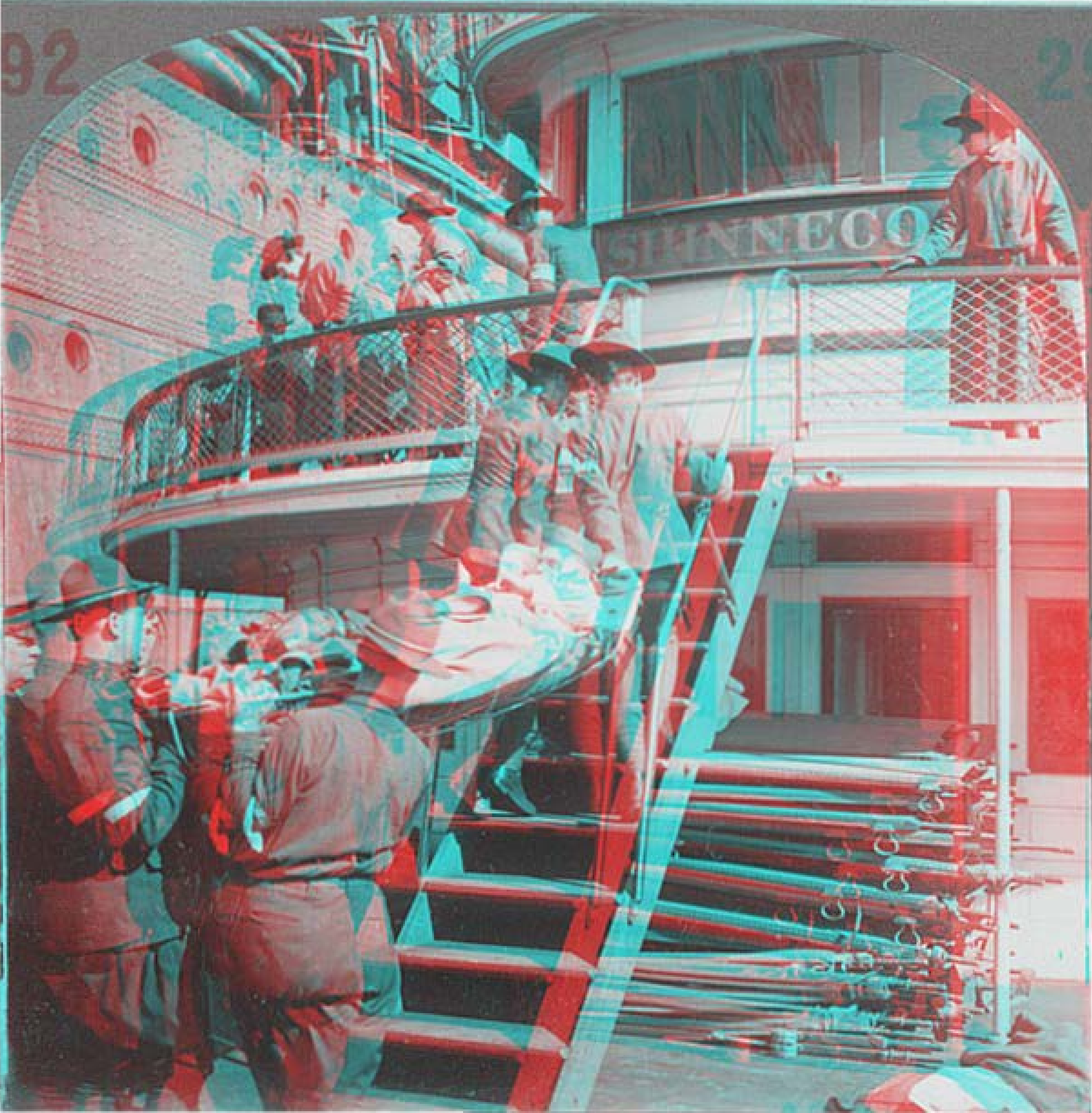
92
SHINNECO

V19228—Wounded Soldier About to Undergo Operation; Hospital No. 5, New York.

V19228

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION			193	293

HOSPITAL No. 5, NEW YORK

Anyone with a spark of feeling must be impressed by a scene like this. Similar scenes were enacted thousands of times during the Great War, not only in this perfectly appointed hospital far from the menace of bursting shells, where the surgeon could operate calmly, unpressed by haste, but close behind the front, in rudely constructed shelters crowded with patients, exposed to the incursions of enemy planes, wonderful surgery was performed by the overworked surgeons, who operated with feverish haste amid the smell of blood and iodoform; where the floor was littered with torn bandages, and tubs of amputated limbs stood here and there.

These are the terrible by-products of war: suffering, pain, mutilation; patients moaning, muttering in delirium; in sleep fighting their battles over, shouting, cursing or pathetically resigned, weak and helpless.

Here, in this fine hospital, every care was lavished upon the patient. Sympathetic nurses ministered to his every want. Near the front it was often kill or cure; so many thousands waited the surgeons' hands. In rows they lay upon the floor—he had no time for the refinements of his profession. The nurses worked to the limit of human endurance. They hurried from case to case and had little time for gentle ministrations.

Here was to be found every appliance of modern medical science: operating rooms, X-Ray rooms, dental offices, diet kitchens, all co-ordinated to the single purpose of restoring health. Marvelous results were obtained, wonderful operations performed, health restored where death seemed to have set his seal upon the patient in advance.

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V19227 Nursing Wounded Heroes Back to Health, Convalescent Hospital No. 6, New York.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION		94	194	294

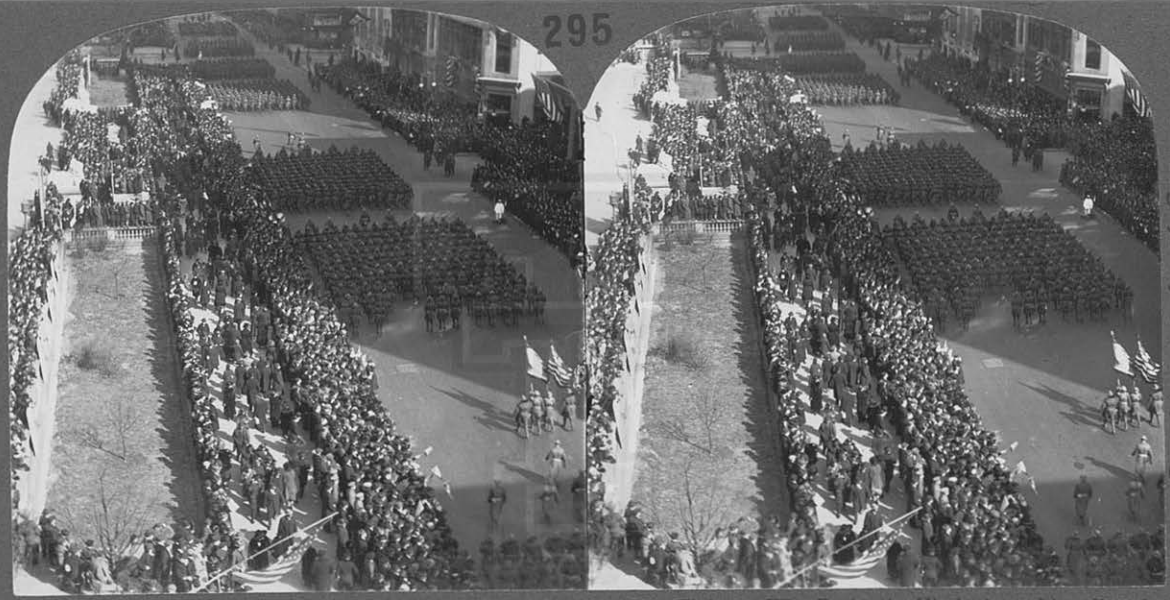
Nursing Wounded Heroes Back to Health, Convalescent Hospital No. 5, New York.

This hospital ward was one of ten separate and complete hospital organizations that made up Debarkation and Convalescent Hospital Number 5, at the Grand Central Palace, New York City. It normally accommodated over 3,400 patients.

There is evidence on every hand of the work of the nurses, medical officers and the Red Cross. With flowers, books, games and candy when allowed, on each bedside table, the wounded men had every encouragement to regaining their health. There are several games of checkers in progress, and the patients well enough to be dressed wander about on visits to the other less fortunate ones.

When the men were strong enough to be sent on, they were sent to hospitals as near as possible to their own homes, and discharged from there. Unless a man was so unfortunate as to require some special treatment for an injury, which necessitated his being sent to a particular hospital, such as the one for shell-shocked in Washington, this was practically the last step toward home.

While the men were kept in these convalescent hospitals, they were often allowed to spend an afternon at the theater, as guests of the management or the War Camp Community Service. This made the last days of their convalescence easier to bear.



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19138 Fighters Who Broke the Hindenburg Line, Parading Down Fifth Ave., New York.

19138

FIGHTERS WHO BROKE THE HINDENBURG LINE PARADING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE

Well do these splendidly marching troops, swinging down 5th Avenue, deserve the applause of the thousands of New York men and women packed along the sidewalks and on the stands of the famous thoroughfare. For they are the sons of the Empire State itself, those gallant National Guardsmen of the 27th Division who sprang forward at the first call to arms and under command of General John F. O'Ryan, fought in the trenches about Dickebusch Lake and Mount Kemmel, south to Ypres, and finally, with other American, British and Australian troops, smashed through the Hindenburg Line at the Scheldt Canal Tunnel.

The 2nd American Corps, under Maj. Gen. Geo. W. Read, consisting of the 27th and 30th American Divisions, was not with the main American army at the Marne and St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne (mûz-ȧr′ gȯn′).

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION		95	195	295

It served throughout the war with the British armies. Consequently the work of the New Yorkers of the 27th and of the Carolinians and Tennesseans of the 30th has been somewhat obscured in our histories.

The Canal Tunnel sector of the German line north of St. Quentin was tremendously fortified, with passageways running out from the main tunnel to hidden machine gun nests. Into these nests the German gunners returned after the American assaulting waves had passed, and poured a destructive fire into their rear. But through everything the men of the New York and the "Old Hickory" divisions forced their way, supported by the Australians, until the fortified zone was conquered in one of the most desperate single conflicts of the war.

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19153 Happy Reunion for Home-coming Soldier Fathers.

19153

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	71	96	196	296

HAPPY REUNION FOR SOLDIER FATHERS

Here are some of the men who stopped the German in his tracks at Château-Thierry and held him like iron for thirty-six terrible days, who smashed his right flank at Soissons (Swà′ sôn′), drove him out of St. Mihiel, beat him from his famous trenches in Champagne, and finally saved the world in the murderous Meuse Argonne (mûs ȧr′ gȯn′) forest, hacking their way with machetes (mä-chā′tā) through dense undergrowth, in rain and mud, without fire, often without food, but ever going forward, grim and determined, resolved to make the world safe for democracy, safe for the loved ones at home.

Now they are home again, among those loved ones, the gloomy days in France a fading dream. In happy reunion they stand, proud fathers of babes born during the war—on the left, the American doughboy, the finest type of fighting man the world has ever seen; to the right, the gallant officer who led him and who shared his perils, hardships and triumphs. By them stand the wives who bravely, yet in fear and trembling, sent them forth. In the arms of the soldiers are cradled the babes they saved from the tyranny of Germany.

The pleasure the men feel in being once again in their home town, among friends and kindred, is reflected in their faces. Through many weary months they have looked forward to this hour. At last it has come. Their duty done, they are free to gather up the scattered threads of life and weave them into a happy future, untroubled by thought of war.

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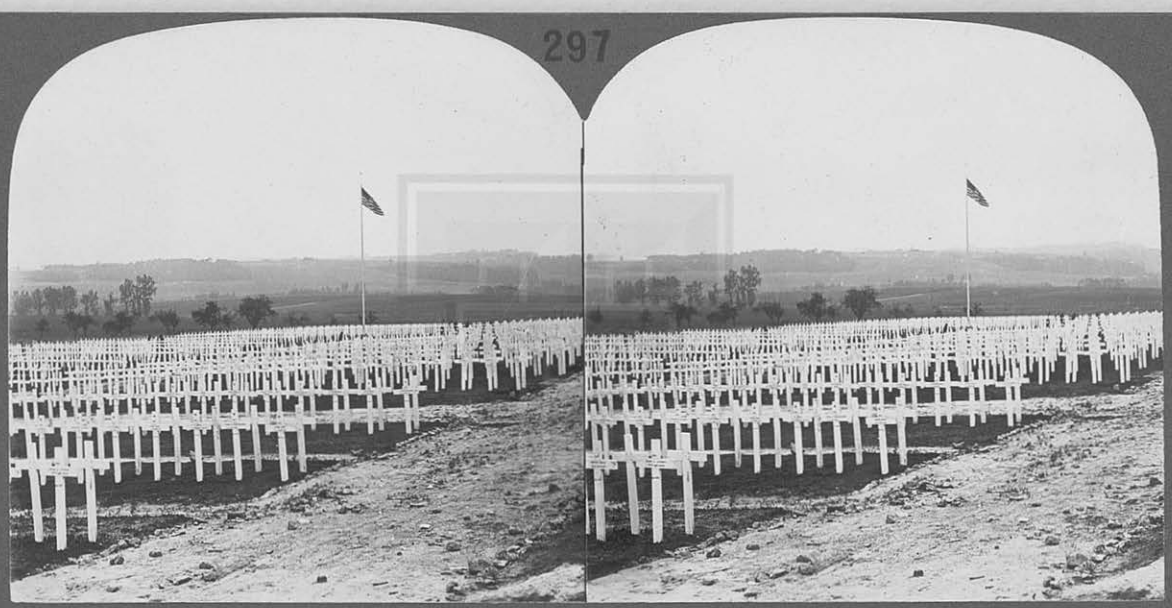

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19250 The American Cemetery at Belleau Wood.

19250

THE AMERICAN CEMETERY AT BELLEAU WOOD

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	72	97	197	297

Year by year since the war closed this resting place of our American dead on the gentle hill slope just to the east of Belleau Wood is being more carefully beautified. We see it here soon after it was laid out, the graves bearing wooden crosses which will eventually give place to more permanent stone markers.

Better known, perhaps, to the American public in general than any other of our cemeteries in France, this one at Belleau Wood will be a place of pilgrimage for untold thousands of Americans of generations yet to come. There they will always find American caretakers, and the Stars and Stripes floating over the graves, borne up by the breezes of a foreign but a deeply friendly land. And all around this resting place of the infantrymen and Marines who fell in Belleau Wood, Bouresches and Vaux; Monneaux, Torcy, Belleau, Givry and the fields and hills between on those desperate days of June and July, 1918, they will find the pleasant wheat fields starred with poppies, the dark green orchards and woodlands, the red-roofed villages and the gentle hills stretching away to the horizon, which the men lying here helped to redeem from the hands of alien invaders and to restore to their rightful owners.

Americans, reflecting upon the deeds of those countrymen of theirs lying asleep in the soil of France, will realize, as perhaps the French already do, that although dead they are still performing a vital function in the world in thus keeping before the minds of the people of two great nations the bonds, cemented by mutual helpfulness and self-sacrifice, which have connected them since the days of the American Revolution, now made doubly binding by the events of the World War.

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7
29

23306 "Back to Home Land!" Removing Casket of America's Unknown Soldier from the Olympia, Washington, D.C.

23306

AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER COMES HOME TO HIS NATIVE SOIL

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

For him, our Unknown Soldier, it is all over; the sadness of parting from loved ones, the long ocean voyage, the grind of the training camps, the weary marches to the front, the roar of the barrage, and then that last blinding flash of a descending shell which shattered his poor body and left him, dead and unknown, on the field of battle. This nameless hero of ours is being borne home with the highest honors of the Nation to

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	73	98	198	298

sleep forever in the great National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., as the type and symbol of the thousands of other American lads similarly slain on the poppied fields of France. His life snuffed out in the glow of youth, with all the future before him, he is a sacrifice to the cause of his country and of humanity, as were the unknown French youth who rests beneath the shadow of the mighty Arch of Triumph in Paris, and the nameless English boy whose dust now mingles with that of the greatest men of his race under the quiet aisles of Westminster Abbey.

Those unknown dead of Arlington, of Paris and of London were sons of the common people; the common people, whose composite impulses and sentiments give birth to the sentiments and the policies of their nations.

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18365—America's Most Notable Gathering of Military Heroes —Left to Right, Jacques (Belgium), Diaz (Italy), Coolidge, Foch (France), Pershing, and Beatty (England), at His Right

13365

MILITARY HEROES OF WORLD WAR AT KANSAS CITY

Rarely, indeed, has such a gathering of world famous men occurred as this assembled on the platform of the National Convention of the American Legion at Kansas City in 1921. Probably never again, will be brought together such a group of the great leaders of the World War. At this annual convention of America's most powerful veteran organization these men gathered from half a dozen nations to do honor to the United States for her mighty aid in bringing the most tremendous war in history to a victorious conclusion.

Here is General Jacques, the leader, under King Albert, of the doughty little Belgian army which dared first to throw itself across the path of Germany's invading hosts. Here is the sagacious General Armando Diaz, who brought the Italian armies back to order and power of resistence after the disaster of Caporetto in the fall of 1917, and finally, 11 months later, hurled them forth like a thunderbolt and overwhelmed

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	74	99	199	299

Austria in the most stupendous military disaster of all history, taking more than 300,000 prisoners and 5,000 guns in ten days of fighting. Here Vice-President Coolidge; Admiral Sir David Beatty; General Pershing, wearing on his breast the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, the highest distinction which France could bestow upon him who in the Republic's darkest hours led America's eager armies to the battlefields where the tide of war was turned to victory for the Allied cause; and here, kindly of face stands Ferdinand Foch, Commander-in-chief of the armies of the Allies; he whose patient firmness held those vast forces to their hard task through the terrible spring and early summer of 1918 and whose intuition of genius correctly gauged the moment for the mighty counterstroke and the unceasing hammer blows which followed it until the enemy was brought to abject surrender.

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23314 Disarmament Conference in Session, Continental Hall of D. A. R., Washington, Nov. 21, 1921.

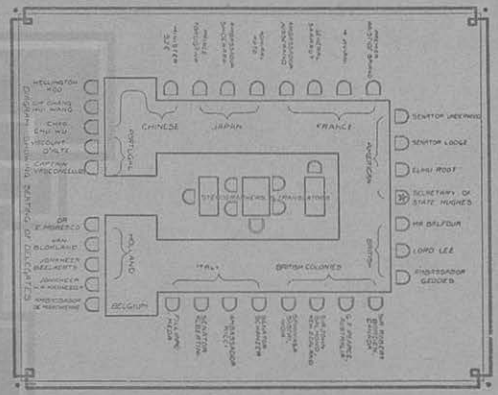
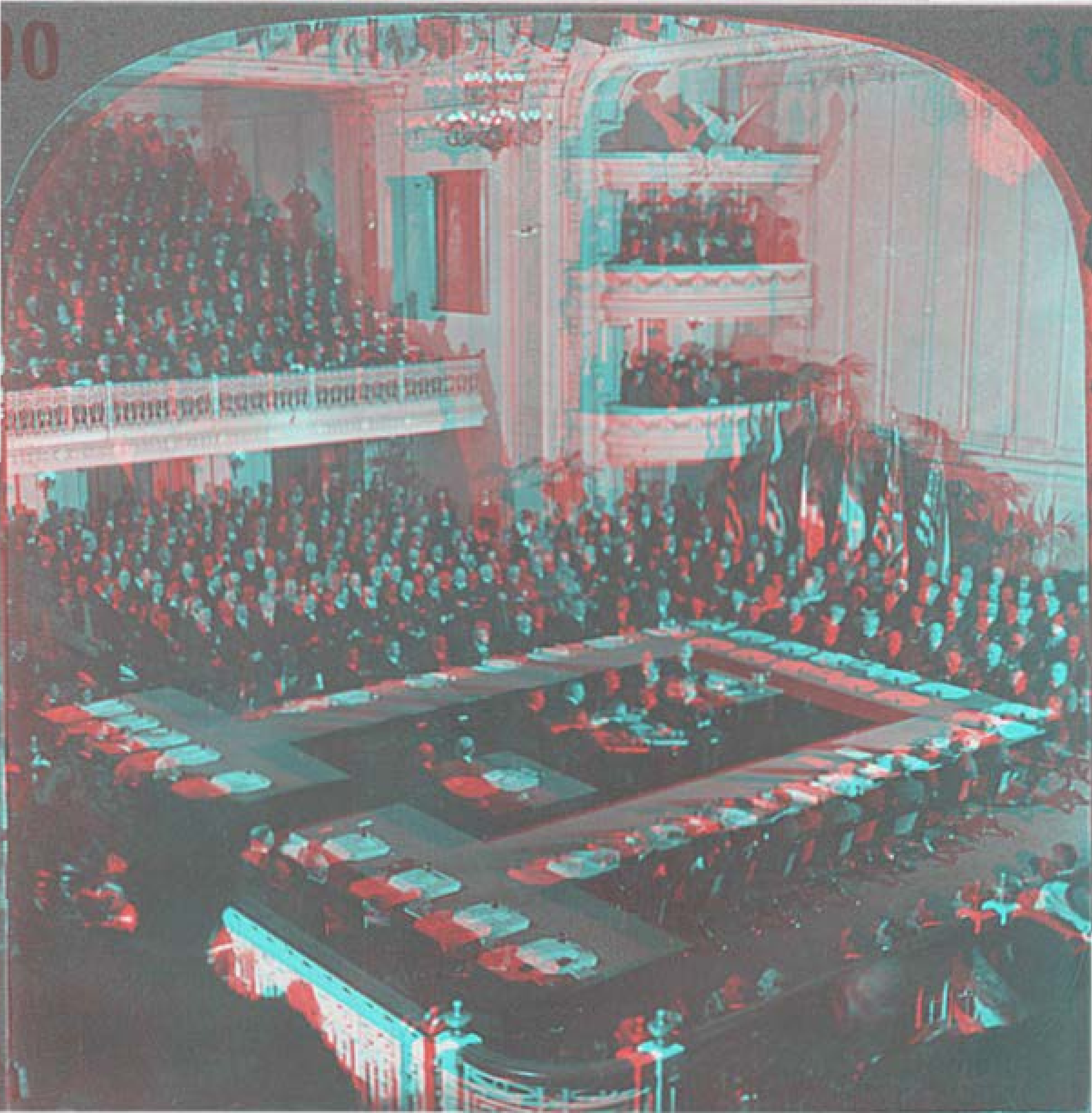
23314

CONFERENCE DELEGATES IN SESSION, CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

When the cost of the World War in both men and money was counted, the whole world was appalled. So far as men could see, there was to be no end to this waste, but ever more and more taxes must be paid to maintain each nation in its present relative position. President Harding invited all the nations to send delegates to a conference whose aim should be the Limitation of Armaments so that the wealth and energy of the people might be diverted from destruction and turned into channels that would add to the well-being of mankind.

The conference met on Nov. 12, 1921. The United States proposed a very bold plan for reducing the navies and in the resulting discussion every great question that troubles the earth received consideration.

SERIES	75	100	200	300
POSITION	75	100	200	300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