

READING CLOSELY GRADES 9-10 UNIT TEXTS

IMPORTANT NOTE: Because of the ever-changing nature of website addresses, the [resources may no longer be available through the suggested links](#). Teachers and students can relocate these texts through web searches using the information provided.

AUTHOR	DATE	PUBLISHER	L	NOTES
Text #1: American and Canadian soldiers from World War One (Photos)				
W.I. Castle and other unknown	1914-1917	Department of National Defence, Library and Archives, Canada - U.S. National Archives	NA	Photos of various scenes from World War I.
Text #2: King, Queens and Pawns: An American Woman at the Front (Personal Narrative)				
Mary Roberts Rinehart	1915	George H. Doran Company	840L	Newspaper reports by reporter Mary Roberts Rinehart during her visit to Europe and the World War I front lines in 1914-1915.
Text #3: 1916 Battle of the Somme (Video)				
NA	NA	History Channel	NA	Short video that summarizes the Battle of the Somme and depicts the style and conditions of trench warfare.
Text #4: World War One (Website)				
NA	NA	PBS	NA	Website contains multiple resources and media related to the World War I.
Text #5: What We are Not Fighting For (Speech)				
Lloyd George	1918	NA	1310L	Prime Minister George explains Britain's intentions toward Germany in the war.
Text #6: Peace Without Victory (Speech)				
Woodrow Wilson	1917	NA	1440L	Wilson argues why only an agreement between equals will lead to a secure peace.
Text #7: The Enormous Room (Personal Narrative)				
Edward Estlin Cummings	1922	Boni and Liverlight Inc.	950L	Author and ambulance driver E.E. Cummings describes his experience as a prisoner of the French government.
Text #8: Carry On: Letters in War Time (Letters)				
Coningsby Dawson	1918	John Lane Company	1120L	The Lieutenant describes his perspective on the war and America's neutrality.
Text #9: Shot. Tell His Mother (Poem)				
W.E.P. French	1915	The New York Times	1200L	Captain French takes on the point of view of a mother of a dead soldier to describe the horrors and injustice of war.
Extended Reading: Willy-Nicky Telegrams (Letters)				
Wilhelm II and Nicholas II	1920	London, Hodder and Soughton Ltd.	1180L	Telegrams between the German Kaiser and the Russian Tsar, who were cousins, depicting the delicate ramp-up to war in 1914.
Extended Reading: The Sentry (Poem)				
Wilfred Owen	1919	Edith Sitwell	1150L	In a descriptive poem, 2nd Lieutenant Owen writes about the experiences of battle at the front lines of the war.
Extended Reading: High Adventure: A Narrative of Air Fighting in France (Personal Narrative)				
James Norman Hall	1918	Houghton Mifflin Company	1060L	An American fighting for the French Lafayette Escadrille, Captain Hall depicts the excitement and danger of WWI plane fights.

TEXT #1



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A trench on the Canadian front showing "funk holes", 1917
Department of National Defence, Library and Archives, Canada

http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/pam_archives/public_mikan/index.php?fuseaction=genitem.displayItem&lang=eng&rec_nbr=3623053&rec_nbr_list=3623053



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A Canadian sleeping in the front line, February, 1918
Department of National Defence, Library and Archives, Canada

[http://collectionscanada.gc.ca/pam_archives/index.php?
fuseaction=genitem.displayItem&lang=eng&rec_nbr=3628764](http://collectionscanada.gc.ca/pam_archives/index.php?fuseaction=genitem.displayItem&lang=eng&rec_nbr=3628764)



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***Canadian troops going "over the top" during training near St. Pol,
France, October 1916***
U.S. National Archives

<http://research.archives.gov/description/530709>



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***Battery C, 6th Field Artillery, fired the first shot for America
on the Lorraine front. February, 1918***
U.S. National Archives

<http://research.archives.gov/description/530744>



TEXT #2

Kings, Queens and Pawns: An American Woman at the Front

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Reporter for the Saturday Evening Post

Published by George H Doran Company, New York, in 1915

http://archive.org/stream/kingsqueenspawns00rineuoft/kingsqueenspawns00rineuoft_djvu.txt

WHEN I had been thawed out they took me into the trenches. Because of the **P1**
inundation directly in front, they are rather shallow, and at this point were built against
the railroad embankment with earth, boards, and here and there a steel rail from the track.
Some of them were covered, too, but not with bombproof material. The tops were merely
5 shelters from the rain and **biting** wind.

The men lay or sat in them it was impossible to stand. Some of them were like tiny **P2**
houses into which the men crawled from the rear, and by placing a board, which served as
a door, managed to keep out at least a part of the bitter wind.

In the first trench I was presented to a bearded major. He was lying flat and **P3**
10 apologised for not being able to rise. There was a machine gun beside him. He told me
with some pride that it was an American gun, and that it never jammed. When a machine
gun jams the man in charge of it dies and his comrades die, and things happen with great
rapidity. On the other side of him was a cat, curled up and sound asleep. There was a



telephone instrument there. It was necessary to step over the wire that was stretched
15 along the ground.

All night long he lies there with his gun, watching for the first movement in the
trenches across. For here, at the House of the Barrier, has taken place some of the most
furious fighting of this part of the line. **P4**

In the next division of the trench were three men. They were cleaning and oiling their
20 rifles round a candle. **P5**

The surprise of all of these men at seeing a woman was almost absurd. Word went
down the trenches that a woman was visiting. Heads popped out and cautious comments
were made. It was concluded that I was visiting royalty, but the excitement died when it
was discovered that I was not the Queen. Now and then, when a trench looked clean and
25 dry, I was invited in. It was necessary to get down and crawl in on hands and knees. **P6**

Here was a man warming his hands over a tiny fire kindled in a tin pail. He had bored
holes in the bottom of the pail for air, and was shielding the glow carefully with his
overcoat. **P7**

Many people have written about the trenches the mud, the odours, the inhumanity of
30 compelling men to live under such foul conditions. Nothing that they have said can be too
strong. Under the best conditions the life is ghastly, horrible, impossible. **P8**



That night, when from a semi-shielded position I could look across to the German line, the contrast between the condition of the men in the trenches and the beauty of the scenery was appalling. In each direction, as far as one could see, lay a gleaming lagoon of water. The moon made a silver path across it, and here and there on its borders were broken and twisted winter trees.

P9

"It is beautiful," said Captain F, beside me, in a low voice. "But it is full of the dead. They are taken out whenever it is possible; but it is not often possible." "And when there is an attack the attacking side must go through the water?" "Not always, but in many places." "What will happen if it freezes over?"

P10

He explained that it was salt water, and would not freeze easily. And the cold of that part of the country is not the cold of America in the same latitude. It is not a cold of low temperature ; it is a damp, penetrating cold that goes through garments of every weight and seems to chill the very blood in a man's body.

P11

"How deep is the water?" I asked. "It varies from two to eight feet. Here it is shallow." "I should think they would come over." "The water is full of barbed wire," he said grimly. "And some, a great many, have tried and failed."

P12



As of the trenches, many have written of the stench of this war. But the odour of that beautiful lagoon was horrible. I do not care to emphasize it. It is one of the things best forgotten. But any lingering belief I may have had in the grandeur and glory of war died that night beside that silver lake died of an odour, and will never live again. **P13**

55 And now came a discussion. **P14**

The road crossing the railroad embankment turned sharply to the left and proceeded in front of the trenches. There was no shelter on that side of the embankment. The inundation bordered the road, and just beyond the inundation were the German trenches. **P15**

There were no trees, no shrubbery, no houses; just a flat road, paved with Belgian **P16**
60 blocks, that gleamed in the moonlight.



TEXT #3

1916 Battle of the Somme **History Channel**

<http://www.history.com/topics/world-war-i/videos#1916-battle-of-the-somme>

TEXT #4

World War One **PBS**

<http://www.pbs.org/greatwar/>



TEXT #5

What We Are Not Fighting For

Lloyd George

British Prime Minister

Westminster, January 5th 1918

http://www.archive.org/stream/greatcrusadeext00georgoog/greatcrusadeext00georgoog_djvu.txt

SPEECH DELIVERED TO DELEGATES OF THE TRADES UNIONS AT THE CENTRAL HALL

We may begin by clearing away some misunderstandings and stating what we are not **P1**
fighting for. We are not fighting a war of aggression against the German people. Their
leaders have persuaded them that they are fighting a war of self-defense against a league
of rival nations bent on the destruction of Germany. That is not so. The destruction or
5 disruption of Germany or the German people has never been a war aim with us from the
first day of this war to this day. Most reluctantly, and, indeed, quite unprepared for the
dreadful ordeal, we were forced to join in this X war in self-defense, in defense of the
violated public-law of Europe, and in **vindication** of the most solemn treaty obligations on
which the public system of Europe rested, and on which Germany had ruthlessly trampled
10 in her invasion of Belgium. We had to join in the struggle or stand aside and see Europe go
under and brute force triumph over public right and international justice. It was only the
realization of that dreadful alternative that forced the British people into the war.



And from that original attitude they have never swerved. They have never aimed at the break-up of the German peoples or the **disintegration** of their State or country. Germany
15 has occupied a great position in the world. It is not our wish or intention to question or destroy that position for the future, but rather to turn her aside from hopes and schemes of military domination and to see her devote all her strength to the great **beneficent** tasks of the world. Nor are we fighting to destroy Austria-Hungary or to deprive Turkey of its capital, or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are
20 predominantly Turkish in race.

Nor did we enter this war merely to alter or destroy the Imperial Constitution of **P2**
Germany, much as we consider that military autocratic Constitution a dangerous **anachronism** in the twentieth century. Our point of view is that the adoption of a really democratic Constitution by Germany would be the most convincing evidence that in her
25 the old spirit of military domination had indeed died in this war, and would make it much easier for us to conclude a broad democratic peace with her. But, after all, that is a question for the German people to decide.

TEXT #6



Peace Without Victory **Woodrow Wilson** *President* *of the United States* **January 22,** **1917**

Credit: Mintz, S., & McNeil, S. (2013). Peace Without Victory. Digital History. Retrieved 2014

http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu/disp_textbook.cfm?smtID=3&psid=3898

...In every discussion of the peace that must end this war, it is taken for granted that **P1**
that peace must be followed by some definite concert of power which will make it virtually
impossible that any such catastrophe should ever overwhelm us again. Every lover of
mankind, every sane and thoughtful man must take that for granted.

5 I have sought this opportunity to address you because I thought that I owed it to you, **P2**
as the council associated with me in the final determination of our international
obligations, to disclose to you without reserve the thought and purpose that have been
taking form in my mind in regard to the duty of our government in the days to come, when
it will be necessary to lay afresh and upon a new plan the foundations of peace among the
10 nations.

It is inconceivable that the people of the United States should play no part in that **P3**
great enterprise. To take part in such a service will be the opportunity for which they have
sought to prepare themselves by the very principles and purposes of their polity and the



approved practices of their government ever since the days when they set up a new nation
15 in the high and honorable hope that it might, in all that it was and did, show mankind the way to liberty.

They cannot in honor withhold the service to which they are now about to be **P4**
challenged. They do not wish to withhold it. But they owe it to themselves and to the other nations of the world to state the conditions under which they will feel free to render it.

20 That service is nothing less than this, to add their authority and their power to the **P5**
authority and force of other nations to guarantee peace and justice throughout the world. Such a settlement cannot now be long postponed. It is right that before it comes, this government should frankly formulate the conditions upon which it would feel justified in asking our people to approve its formal and solemn adherence to a League for Peace. I am
25 here to attempt to state those conditions.

The present war must first be ended; but we owe it to **candor** and to a just regard for **P6**
the opinion of mankind to say that, so far as our participation in guarantees of future peace is concerned, it makes a great deal of difference in what way and upon what terms it is ended. The treaties and agreements which bring it to an end must embody terms which
30 will create a peace that is worth guaranteeing and preserving, a peace that will win the approval of mankind, not merely a peace that will serve the several interests and immediate aims of the nations engaged. We shall have no voice in determining what those



terms shall be, but we shall, I feel sure, have a voice in determining whether they shall be made lasting or not by the guarantees of a universal covenant; and our judgment upon
35 what is fundamental and essential as a condition precedent to permanency should be spoken now, not afterwards when it may be too late.

No covenant of cooperative peace that does not include the peoples of the New **P7**
World can **suffice** to keep the future safe against war; and yet there is only one sort of
peace that the peoples of America could join in guaranteeing. The elements of that peace
40 must be elements that engage the confidence and satisfy the principles of the American
governments, elements consistent with their political faith and with the practical
convictions which the peoples of America have once for all embraced and undertaken to
defend.

I do not mean to say that any American government would throw any obstacle in the **P8**
45 way of any terms of peace the governments now at war might agree upon or seek to
upset them when made, whatever they might be. I only take it for granted that mere terms
of peace between the **belligerents** will not satisfy even the belligerents themselves. Mere
agreements may not make peace secure. It will be absolutely necessary that a force be
created as a guarantor of the permanency of the settlement so much greater than the force
50 of any nation now engaged, or any alliance hitherto formed or projected, that no nation,
no probable combination of nations, could face or withstand it. If the peace presently to be
made is to endure, it must be a peace made secure by the organized major force of
mankind.



The terms of the immediate peace agreed upon will determine whether it is a peace P9
55 for which such a guarantee can be secured. The question upon which the whole
future peace and policy of the world depends is this: Is the present war a struggle for a just
and secure peace, or only for a new balance of power? If it be only a struggle for a new
balance of power, who will guarantee, who can guarantee the stable **equilibrium** of the
new arrangement? Only a tranquil Europe can be a stable Europe. There must be, not a
60 balance of power but a community power; not organized rivalries but a organized,
common peace.

Fortunately we have received very explicit assurances on this point. The statesmen of P10
both of the groups of nations now arrayed against one another have said, in terms that
could not be misinterpreted, that it was no part of the purpose they had in mind to crush
65 their antagonists. But the implications of these assurances may not be equally to all--may
not be the same on both sides of the water. I think it will be serviceable if I attempt to set
forth what we understand them to be.

They imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say P11
this. I beg that I may be permitted to put my own interpretation upon it and that it
70 may be understood that no other interpretation was in my thought. I am seeking only to
face realities and to face them without soft concealments. Victory would mean peace
forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the **vanquished**. It would be



accepted in humiliation, under **duress**, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently
75 but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last. Only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit. The right state of mind, the right feeling between nations, is as necessary for a lasting peace as is the just settlement of **vexed** questions of territory or of racial and national allegiance.

The equality of nations upon which peace must be founded if it is to last must be an **P12**
80 equality of rights; the guarantees exchanged must neither recognize nor imply a difference between big nations and small, between those that are powerful and those that are weak. Right must be based upon the common strength, not upon the individual strength, of the nations upon whose concert peace will depend. Equality of territory or of resources there of course cannot be; nor any other sort of equality not gained in the
85 ordinary peaceful and legitimate development of the peoples themselves. But no one asks or expects anything more than an equality of rights. Mankind is looking now for freedom of life, not for **equipoise** of power...



TEXT #7

The Enormous Room

Edward Estlin Cummings

Ambulance Driver for Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps

Published by Boni and Liverlight Inc. in 1922

<http://www.gutenberg.org/cache/epub/8446/pg8446.html>

Le bureau de Monsieur le Ministre was just around the corner, as it proved. Before the door stood the patient F.I.A.T. I was ceremoniously informed by t-d that we would wait on the steps. **P1**

Well! Did I know any more?—the American driver wanted to know. **P2**

5 Having proved to my own satisfaction that my fingers could still roll a pretty good cigarette, I answered: "No," between puffs. **P3**

The American drew nearer and whispered spectacularly: "Your friend is upstairs. I think they're examining him." **P4**

T-d got this; and though his rehabilitated dignity had accepted the "makin's" from its prisoner, it became immediately **incensed**: **P5**

"That's enough," he said sternly.

And dragged me **tout-à-coup** upstairs, where I met B. and his t-d coming out of the *bureau* door. B. looked peculiarly cheerful. "I think we're going to prison all right," he assured me.

le bureau	Monsieur le Ministre	tout-à-coup
the office	Mister Secretary	suddenly



15 Braced by this news, poked from behind by my t-d, and waved on from before by M. le Ministre himself, I floated vaguely into a very washed, neat, business-like and altogether American room of modest proportions, whose door was immediately shut and guarded on the inside by my escort. P6

Monsieur le Ministre said: "Lift your arms." P7

20 Then he went through my pockets. He found cigarettes, pencils, a jack-knife and several francs. He laid his treasures on a clean table and said: "You are not allowed to keep these. I shall be responsible." Then he looked me coldly in the eye and asked if I had anything else. P8

I told him that I believed I had a handkerchief. P9

25 He asked me: "Have you anything in your shoes?"

"My feet," I said, gently.

"Come this way," he said frigidly, opening a door which I had not remarked. I bowed in acknowledgment of the courtesy, and entered room number 2.

I looked into six eyes which sat at a desk. P10

30 Two belonged to a lawyerish person in civilian clothes, with a bored expression, plus a moustache of dreamy proportions with which the owner constantly imitated a gentleman ringing for a drink. Two **appertained** to a splendid old **dotard** (a face all ski-jumps and toboggan slides), on whose protruding chest the **rosette** of the Legion pompously squatted. Numbers five and six had reference to Monsieur, who had seated
35 himself before I had time to focus my slightly bewildered eyes. P11

Monsieur spoke **sanitary** English, as I have said.

P12

"What is your name?"—"Edward E. Cummings."

P13

—"Your second name?"—"E-s-t-l-i-n," I spelled it for him.—"How do you say that?"—I didn't understand.—"How do you say your name?"—"Oh," I said; and pronounced it. He
40 explained in French to the moustache that my first name was Edouard, my second "A-s-tay-l-ee-n," and my third "Kay-umm-ee-n-gay-s"—and the moustache wrote it all down.

Monsieur then turned to me once more:

P14

"You are Irish?"—"No," I said, "American."—"You are Irish by family?"—"No, Scotch."—"You are sure that there was never an Irishman in your parents?"—"So far as I
45 know," I said, "there never was an Irishman there."—"Perhaps a hundred years back?" he insisted.—"Not a chance," I said decisively. But Monsieur was not to be denied: "Your name it is Irish?"—"Cummings is a very old Scotch name," I told him fluently, "it used to be Comyn. A Scotchman named The Red Comyn was killed by Robert Bruce in a church. He was my ancestor and a very well-known man."—"But your second name, where have you
50 got that?"—"From an Englishman, a friend of my father." This statement seemed to produce a very favorable impression in the case of the rosette, who murmured: "**Un ami de son père, un Anglais, bon!**" several times. Monsieur, quite evidently disappointed, told the moustache in French to write down that I denied my Irish parentage; which the moustache did.

55 "What does your father in America?"—"He is a minister of the gospel," I answered.

P15

"Which church?"—"Unitarian." This puzzled him. After a moment he had an inspiration: "That is the same as a Free Thinker?"—I explained in French that it wasn't and that **mon père** was a holy man. At last Monsieur told the moustache to write: Protestant;

Monsieur	Un ami de son père, un Anglais, bon!	
Mister	A friend of his father's, an Englishman, well!	
mon père		
my father		

and the moustache obediently did so.

60 From this point on our conversation was carried on in French, somewhat to the **chagrin** of Monsieur, but to the joy of the rosette and with the approval of the moustache. In answer to questions, I informed them that I was a student for five years at Harvard (expressing great surprise that they had never heard of Harvard), that I had come to New York and studied painting, that I had enlisted in New York as **conducteur**

65 **voluntaire**, embarking for France shortly after, about the middle of April.

Monsieur asked: "You met B—— on the **paquebot**?" I said I did.

Monsieur glanced significantly around. The rosette nodded a number of times. The moustache rang.

I understood that these kind people were planning to make me out the innocent 70 victim of a wily villain, and could not forbear a smile. **C'est rigoler**, I said to myself; they'll have a great time doing it.

"You and your friend were together in Paris?" I said "yes." "How long?"

"A month, while we were waiting for our uniforms."

A significant look by Monsieur, which is echoed by his *confrères*.

75 Leaning forward Monsieur asked coldly and carefully: "What did you do in Paris?" to which I responded briefly and warmly: "We had a good time."

This reply pleased the rosette hugely. He wagged his head till I thought it would have tumbled off. Even the mustache seemed amused. **Monsieur le Ministre de la Sureté de Noyon** bit his lip. "Never mind writing that down," he directed the lawyer.

conducteur volontaire	paquebot	C'est rigoler
voluntary driver	liner	that's a joke
confrères	Monsieur le Ministre de la Sureté de Noyon	
colleagues	Mister de Noyon, Secretary of Security	

80 Then, returning to the charge: P22

"You had a great deal of trouble with Lieutenant A.?"

I laughed outright at this complimentary **nomenclature**. "Yes, we certainly did."

He asked: "Why?"—so I sketched "Lieutenant" A. in vivid terms, making use of certain choice expressions with which one of the "dirty Frenchmen" attached to the section, a

85 Parisien, master of **argot**, had furnished me. My phraseology surprised my examiners, one of whom (I think the moustache) observed sarcastically that I had made good use of my time in Paris.

Monsieur le Ministre asked: Was it true (a) that B. and I were always together and (b) P23

preferred the company of the attached Frenchmen to that of our fellow-Americans?—to

90 which I answered in the affirmative. Why? he wanted to know. So I explained that we felt that the more French we knew and the better we knew the French the better for us;

expatiating a bit on the necessity for a complete mutual understanding of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races if victory was to be won.

Again the rosette nodded with **approbation**. P24

95 Monsieur le Ministre may have felt that he was losing his case, for he played his P25

trump card immediately: "You are aware that your friend has written to friends in America and to his family very bad letters." "I am not," I said.

In a flash I understood the motivation of Monsieur's visit to **Vingt-et-Un**: the French P26

100 censor had intercepted some of B.'s letters, and had notified Mr. A. and Mr. A.'s translator,

both of whom had thankfully testified to the bad character of B. and (wishing very naturally to get rid of both of us at once) had further **averred** that we were always

Vingt-et-Un		
Red Cross Sanitary Section where Cummings was an ambulance driver (number twenty one)		

together and that consequently I might properly be regarded as a suspicious character. Whereupon they had received instructions to hold us at the section until Noyon could arrive and take charge—hence our failure to obtain our long-overdue permission.

105 "Your friend," said Monsieur in English, "is here a short while ago. I ask him if he is up in the aeroplane flying over Germans will he drop the bombs on Germans and he say no, he will not drop any bombs on Germans." P27

By this falsehood (such it happened to be) I confess that I was **nonplussed**. In the first place, I was at the time innocent of third-degree methods. Secondly, I remembered
 110 that, a week or so since, B., myself and another American in the section had written a letter—which, on the advice of the *sous-lieutenant* who accompanied *Vingt-et-Un* as translator, we had addressed to the Under-Secretary of State in French Aviation—asking that inasmuch as the American Government was about to take over the Red Cross (which meant that all the Sanitary Sections would be affiliated with the American, and no longer
 115 with the French, Army) we three at any rate might be allowed to continue our association with the French by enlisting in **l'Esquadrielle Lafayette**. One of the "dirty Frenchmen" had written the letter for us in the finest language imaginable, from data supplied by ourselves.

"You write a letter, your friend and you, for French aviation?" P29

120 Here I corrected him: there were three of us; and why didn't he have the third culprit arrested, might I ask? But he ignored this little digression, and wanted to know: Why not American aviation?—to which I answered: "Ah, but as my friend has so often said to me, the French are after all the finest people in the world."

<i>sous-lieutenant</i>	<i>l'Esquadrielle Lafayette</i>	
second lieutenant	A squadron of the French Air Service during World War I	

This double-blow stopped Noyon dead, but only for a second. P31

125 "Did your friend write this letter?"—"No," I answered truthfully.—"Who did write it?"—"One of the Frenchmen attached to the section."—"What is his name?"—"I'm sure I don't know," I answered; mentally swearing that, whatever might happen to me the scribe should not suffer. "At my urgent request," I added. P32

Relapsing into French, Monsieur asked me if I would have any hesitation in dropping P33
130 bombs on Germans? I said no, I wouldn't. And why did I suppose I was fitted to become aviator? Because, I told him, I weighed 135 pounds and could drive any kind of auto or motorcycle. (I hoped he would make me prove this assertion, in which case I promised myself that I wouldn't stop till I got to Munich; but no.)

"Do you mean to say that my friend was not only trying to avoid serving in the P34
135 American Army but was contemplating treason as well?" I asked.

"Well, that would be it, would it not?" he answered coolly. Then, leaning forward once more, he fired at me: "Why did you write to an official so high?"

At this I laughed outright. "Because the excellent *sous-lieutenant* who translated when Mr. Lieutenant A. couldn't understand advised us to do so."

140 Following up this *sortie*, I addressed the mustache: "Write this down in the P35
testimony—that I, here present, refuse **utterly** to believe that my friend is not as sincere a lover of France and the French people as any man living!—Tell him to write it," I commanded Noyon stonily. But Noyon shook his head, saying: "We have the very best reason for supposing your friend to be no friend of France." I answered: "That is not my
145 affair. I want my opinion of my friend written in; do you see?" "That's reasonable," the

sortie		
brash reply		

rosette murmured; and the moustache wrote it down.

"Why do you think we volunteered?" I asked sarcastically, when the testimony was complete. **P36**

Monsieur le Ministre was evidently rather uncomfortable. He **writhed** a little in his **P37**
150 chair, and tweaked his chin three or four times. The rosette and the moustache were exchanging animated phrases. At last Noyon, motioning for silence and speaking in an almost desperate tone, demanded:

"Est-ce-que vous détestez les boches?"

I had won my own case. The question was purely **perfunctory**. To walk out of the **P38**
155 room a free man I had merely to say yes. My examiners were sure of my answer. The rosette was leaning forward and smiling encouragingly. The moustache was making little **ouis** in the air with his pen. And Noyon had given up all hope of making me out a criminal. I might be rash, but I was innocent; the dupe of a superior and **malign** intelligence. I would probably be **admonished** to choose my friends more carefully next
160 time and that would be all....

Deliberately, I framed the answer: **"Non. J'aime beaucoup les français."** **P39**

Agile as a weasel, Monsieur le Ministre was on top of me: "It is impossible to love **P40**
Frenchmen and not to hate Germans."

I did not mind his triumph in the least. The discomfiture of the rosette merely **P41**
165 amused me. The surprise of the moustache I found very pleasant.

<i>Est-ce-que vous détestez les boches?</i>	<i>ouis</i>	<i>Non. J'aime beaucoup les français</i>
Do you hate Germans?	yeses	No. I like French people a lot.

Poor rosette! He kept murmuring desperately: "Fond of his friend, quite right. P42
Mistaken of course, too bad, meant well."

With a supremely disagreeable expression on his immaculate face the victorious P43
minister of security pressed his victim with regained assurance: "But you are doubtless
170 aware of the atrocities committed by the **boches**?"

"I have read about them," I replied very cheerfully.

"You do not believe?"

"Ça ce peut."

"And if they are so, which of course they are" (tone of profound conviction) "you do not
175 detest the Germans?"

"Oh, in that case, of course anyone must detest them," I averred with perfect politeness.

And my case was lost, forever lost. I breathed freely once more. All my nervousness P44
was gone. The attempt of the three gentlemen sitting before me to endow my friend and
myself with different fates had irrevocably failed.

180 At the conclusion of a short conference I was told by Monsieur: P45

"I am sorry for you, but due to your friend you will be detained a little while."

I asked: "Several weeks?"

"Possibly," said Monsieur.

This concluded the trial.

boches	Ça ce peut	
Germans (pejorative word)	Maybe	



TEXT #8

Carry On: Letters in War Time **Coningsby Dawson, February 6th, 1917** *Lieutenant in the Canadian Army* **Published by John Lane Company in 1918**

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/14086/14086-h/14086-h.htm>

My Very Dear M.:

I read in to-day's paper that U.S.A. threatens to come over and help us. I wish she **P1**
 would. The very thought of the possibility fills me with joy. I've been light-headed all day. It
 would be so **ripping** to live among people, when the war is ended, of whom you need not
 be ashamed. Somewhere deep down in my heart I've felt a sadness ever since I've been out
5 here, at America's lack of **gallantry**—it's so easy to find excuses for not climbing to Calvary;
 sacrifice was always too noble to be sensible. I would like to see the country of our
 adoption become splendidly irrational even at this eleventh hour in the game; it would
 redeem her in the world's eyes. She doesn't know what she's losing. From these carcass-
 strewn fields of khaki there's a cleansing wind blowing for the nations that have died.
 Though there was only one Englishman left to carry on the race when this war is
10 victoriously ended, I would give more for the future of England than for the future of
 America with her ninety millions whose sluggish blood was not stirred by the call of duty.
 It's bigness of soul that makes nations great and not population. Money, comfort,
 limousines and ragtime are not the requisites of men when heroes are dying. I hate the
 thought of Fifth Avenue, with its pretty faces, its fashions, its smiling frivolity. America as a
15 great nation will die, as all coward civilisations have died, unless she accepts the stigmata



of sacrifice, which a divine opportunity again offers her.

If it were but possible to show those ninety millions one battlefield with its sprawling dead, its pity, its marvellous forgetfulness of self, I think then—no, they wouldn't be afraid. Fear isn't the emotion one feels—they would experience the shame of living when
20 so many have shed their youth freely. This war is a **prolonged** moment of exultation for most of us—we are redeeming ourselves in our own eyes. To lay down one's life for one's friend once seemed impossible. All that is altered. We lay down our lives that the future generations may be good and kind, and so we can contemplate oblivion with quiet eyes. Nothing that is noblest that the Greeks taught is unpractised by the simplest men out here
25 to-day. They may die childless, but their example will father the imagination of all the coming ages. These men, in the noble indignation of a great ideal, face a worse hell than the most **ingenious** of fanatics ever planned or plotted. Men die scorched like moths in a furnace, blown to atoms, gassed, tortured. And again other men step forward to take their places well knowing what will be their fate. Bodies may die, but the spirit of England grows
30 greater as each new soul speeds upon its way. The battened souls of America will die and be buried. I believe the decision of the next few days will prove to be the crisis in America's nationhood. If she refuses the pain which will save her, the cancer of self-despising will rob her of her life.

This feeling is strong with us. It's past midnight, but I could write of nothing else to-night.

35 God bless you.

Yours ever,

Con.

September 19th, 1916.



Dearest Father:

40 I'm writing you your birthday letter early, as I don't know how busy I may be in the **P3**
next week, nor how long this may take to reach you. You know how much love I send you
and how I would like to be with you. D'you remember the birthday three years ago when
we set the **victrola** going outside your room door? Those were my **high-jinks** days when
very many things seemed possible. I'd rather be the person I am now than the person I was
45 then. Life was selfish though glorious.

Well, I've seen my first modern battlefield and am quite disillusioned about the **P4**
splendour of war. The splendour is all in the souls of the men who creep through the
squalor like vermin—it's in nothing external. There was a chap here the other day who
50 deserved the V.C. four times over by running back through the **Hun** shell fire to bring news
that the infantry wanted more artillery support. I was observing for my brigade in the
forward station at the time. How he managed to live through the ordeal nobody knows.
But men laugh while they do these things. It's fine.

A modern battlefield is the abomination of **abominations**. Imagine a vast stretch of **P5**
55 dead country, pitted with shell-holes as though it had been mutilated with small-
pox. There's not a leaf or a blade of grass in sight. Every house has either been leveled or is
in ruins. No bird sings. Nothing stirs. The only live sound is at night—the scurry of rats. You
enter a kind of ditch, called a trench; it leads on to another and another in an unjoyful
maze. From the sides feet stick out, and arms and faces—the dead of previous encounters.
60 "One of our chaps," you say casually, recognising him by his boots or khaki, or "Poor
blighter—a Hun!" One can afford to forget enmity in the presence of the dead. It is horribly



difficult sometimes to distinguish between the living and the slaughtered—they both lie so silently in their little kennels in the earthen bank. You push on—especially if you are doing observation work, till you are past your own front line and out in No Man's Land. You have
65 to crouch and move warily now. Zing! A bullet from a German sniper. You laugh and whisper, "A near one, that." My first trip to the trenches was up to No Man's Land. I went in the early dawn and came to a **Madame Tussaud's** show of the dead, frozen into immobility in the most extraordinary attitudes. Some of them were part way out of the
70 ground, one hand pressed to the wound, the other pointing, the head sunken and the hair plastered over the forehead by repeated rains. I kept on wondering what my companions would look like had they been three weeks dead. My imagination became ingeniously and vividly morbid. When I had to step over them to pass, it seemed as though they must clutch at my trench coat and ask me to help. Poor lonely people, so brave and so
75 anonymous in their death! Somewhere there is a woman who loved each one of them and would give her life for my opportunity to touch the poor clay that had been kind to her. It's like walking through the day of resurrection to visit No Man's Land. Then the Huns see you and the shrapnel begins to fall—you crouch like a dog and run for it.

One gets used to shell-fire up to a point, but there's not a man who doesn't want to **P6**
80 duck when he hears one coming. The worst of all is the whizz-bang, because it doesn't give you a chance—it pounces and is on you the same moment that it bangs. There's so much I wish that I could tell you. I can only say this, at the moment we're making history.



TEXT #9

SHOT. TELL HIS MOTHER

W.E.P. French

Captain in the U.S. Army

Published by The New York Times in
Current History of the European War, Vol. 1, January 9, 1915

http://www.gutenberg.org/files/16702/16702-h/16702-h.htm#2H_4_0008

What have I done to you, Brothers,—War-Lord and Land-Lord and Priest,—
That my son should rot on the blood-smeared earth where the raven and buzzard feast?

He was my baby, my man-child, that soldier with shell-torn breast,
Who was slain for your power and profit—aye, murdered at your behest.

5 I bore him, my boy and my **manling**, while the long months ebbed away;

He was part of me, part of my body, which nourished him day by day.

He was mine when the birth-pang tore me, mine when he lay on my heart,

When the sweet mouth mumbled my bosom and the milk-teeth made it smart,

Babyhood, boyhood, and manhood, and a glad mother proud of her son—

10 See the **carrion** birds, too gorged to fly! Ah! Brothers, what have you done?

You prate of duty and honor, of a patriot's glorious death,

Of love of country, heroic deeds—nay, for shame's sake, spare your breath!



Pray, what have you done for your country? Whose was the blood that was shed
In the hellish warfare that served your ends? My boy was shot in your **stead**.

- 15 And for what were our children butchered, men makers of cruel law?
By the Christ, I am glad no woman made the Christless code of war!
Shirks and schemers, why don't you answer? Is the foul truth hard to tell?
Then a mother will tell it for you, of a deed that shames fiends in hell:—
Our boys were killed that some faction or scoundrel might win mad race
- 20 For goals of stained gold, shamed honors, and the sly self-seeker's place;
That money's hold on our country might be tightened and made more sure;
That the rich could inherit earth's fullness and their loot be quite secure;
That the world-mart be wider opened to the product mulct from toil;
That the labor and land of our neighbors should become your war-won spoil;
- 25 That the eyes of an outraged people might be turned from your graft and greed
In the misruled, plundered home-land by lure of war's ghastly deed;
And that priests of the warring nations could pray to the selfsame God
For His blessing on battle and murder and corpse-strewn, blood-soaked sod.
Oh, fools! if God were a woman, think you She would let **kin** slay
- 30 For gold-lust and craft of gamesters, or cripple that trade might pay?

This quarrel was not the fighters':—the cheated, red pawns in your game:—
You stay-at-homes garnered the plunder, but the pawns,—wounds, death, and "Fame"!

You paid them a beggarly **pittance**, your substitute prey-of-the-sword,
But, ye canny beasts of prey, they paid, in life and limb, for your hoard.

35 And, behold! you have other victims: a widow sobs by my side,
Who clasps to her breast a girl-child. Men, she was my slain son's bride!

I can smell the stench of the shambles, where the **mangled** bodies lie;
I can hear the moans of the wounded; I can see the brave lads die;
And across the heaped, red trenches and the tortured, bleeding rows

40 I cry out a mother's pity to all mothers of dear, dead "foes."
In love and a common sorrow, I weep with them o'er our dead,
And invoke my sister woman for a curse on each scheming head.

Nay, why should we mothers curse you? Lo! flesh of our flesh are ye;
But, by soul of Mary who bore the Christ-man murdered at Calvary,

45 Into our own shall the mothers come, and the glad day speed apace
When the law of peace shall be the law of the women that bear the race;
When a man shall stand by his mother, for the worldwide common good,
And not bring her tears and heart-break nor make mock of her motherhood.



EXTENDED READING

Willy-Nicky Telegrams

Wilhelm II and Nicholas II, 1914

Published by London, Hodder and Soughton Ltd in 1920

http://wwi.lib.byu.edu/index.php/The_Willy-Nicky_Telegrams

TELEGRAMS BETWEEN THE GERMAN KAISER WILHELM II AND THE RUSSIAN TSAR NICHOLAS II

KAISER TO TSAR

Berlin, 31. July 1914

On your appeal to my friendship and your call for assistance began to mediate **P1**
between your and the austro-hungarian Government. While this action was proceeding
5 your troops were mobilised against Austro-Hungary, my ally. thereby, as I have already
pointed out to you, my mediation has been made almost illusory.

I have nevertheless continued my action.

I now receive authentic news of serious preparations for war on my Eastern frontier. **P2**
Responsibility for the safety of my empire forces preventive measures of defence upon me.
10 In my endeavours to maintain the peace of the world I have gone to the utmost limit
possible. The responsibility for the disaster which is now threatening the whole civilized



world will not be laid at my door. In this moment it still lies in your power to avert it. Nobody is threatening the honour or power of Russia who can well afford to await the result of my mediation. My friendship for you and your empire, transmitted to me by my
15 grandfather on his deathbed has always been sacred to me and I have honestly often backed up Russia when she was in serious trouble especially in her last war.

The peace of Europe may still be maintained by you, if Russia will agree to stop the
P3 military measures which must threaten Germany and Austro-Hungary.

Willy

20 TSAR TO KAISER

(this and the previous telegram crossed)

Petersburg, Palace, 31 July 1914

Sa Majesté l'Empereur, Neues Palais

I thank you heartily for your mediation which begins to give one hope that all may
25 yet end peacefully. It is *technically* impossible to stop our military preparations which were obligatory owing to Austria's mobilisation. We are far from wishing war. As long as the negotiations with Austria on Servia's account are taking place my troops shall not make any provocative action. I give you my solemn word for this. I put all my trust in Gods mercy and hope in your successful mediation in Vienna for the welfare of our countries and for the
30 peace of Europe.

Your affectionate

Nicky



TSAR TO KAISER

Peter's Court, Palace, 1 August 1914

35 Sa Majesté l'Empereur, Berlin

I received your telegram. Understand you are obliged to mobilise but wish to have **P5**
the same guarantee from you as I gave you, that these measures do not mean war and that
we shall continue negotiating for the benefit of our countries and universal peace deal to
all our hearts. Our long proved friendship must succeed, with God's help, in avoiding

40 bloodshed. Anxiously, full of confidence await your answer.

Nicky

KAISER TO TSAR

Berlin, 1 August 1914

Thanks for your telegram. I yesterday pointed out to your government the way by **P6**
45 which alone war may be avoided.

Although I requested an answer for noon today, no telegram from my ambassador **P7**
conveying an answer from your Government has reached me as yet. I therefore have been
obliged to mobilise my army.

Immediate affirmative clear and unmistakable answer from your government is the **P8**
50 only way to avoid endless misery. Until I have received this answer alas, I am unable to
discuss the subject of your telegram. As a matter of fact I must request you to immediately
[sic] order your troops on no account to commit the slightest act of trespassing over our
frontiers.

Willy



EXTENDED READING

The Sentry

Wilfred Owen, 1917

First published by Edith Sitwell in *Wheels* in 1919

http://www.bbc.co.uk/history/worldwars/wwone/wilfred_owen_gallery_01.shtml

We'd found an old **Boche** dug-out, and he knew,
And gave us hell, for shell on frantic shell
Hammered on top, but never quite burst through.
Rain, guttering down in waterfalls of slime

- 5 Kept slush waist high that, rising hour by hour,
Choked up the steps too thick with clay to climb.
What murk of air remained stank old, and sour
With fumes of whizz-bangs, and the smell of men
Who'd lived there years, and left their curse in the den,
- 10 If not their corpses ...

There we herded from the blast
Of whizz-bangs, but one found our door at last, --
Buffeting eyes and breath, snuffing the candles.
And thud! flump! thud! down the steep steps came thumping

- 15 And splashing in the flood, deluging muck -
The sentry's body; then, his rifle, handles
Of old Boche bombs, and mud in ruck on ruck.



We dredged him up, for killed, until he whined
"O sir, my eyes - I'm blind - I'm blind, I'm blind!"
Coaxing, I held a flame against his lids

- 20** And said if he could see the least blurred light
He was not blind; in time he'd get all right.
"I can't," he sobbed. Eyeballs, huge-bulged like squids',
Watch my dreams still; but I forgot him there
In posting next for duty, and sending a scout
- 25** To beg a stretcher somewhere, and floundering about
To other posts under the shrieking air.

Those other wretches, how they bled and spewed,
And one who would have drowned himself for good, -
I try not to remember these things now.

- 30** Let dread **hark** back for one word only: how
Half-listening to that sentry's moans and jumps,
And the wild chattering of his broken teeth,
Renewed most horribly whenever crumps
Pummelled the roof and slogged the air beneath -
- 35** Through the dense din, I say, we heard him shout
"I see your lights!" But ours had long died out.



EXTENDED READING

High Adventure: A Narrative of Air Fighting in France **Captain James Norman Hall** *Lafayette Escadrille and U.S. Army Air Service* **Published by Houghton Mifflin Company in 1918**

http://www.gutenberg.org/files/24570/24570-h/24570-h.htm#LONELY_AS_A_CLOUD

It opened on a wet morning with the clouds very low. We were to have gone on patrol immediately the attack commenced, but this was impossible. About nine o'clock the rain stopped, and Rodman and Davis were sent out to learn weather conditions over the lines. They came back with the report that flying was possible at two hundred **5** metres. This was too low an altitude to serve any useful purpose, and the commandant gave us orders to stand by.

P1

About noon the clouds began to break up, and both high and low patrols prepared to leave the ground. Drew, Dunham, and I were on high patrol, with Lieutenant Barry leading. Our orders were to go up through the clouds, using them as cover for making **10** surprise attacks upon enemy *réglage* machines. We were also to attack any enemy formations sighted within three kilometres of their old first lines. The clouds soon disappeared and so we climbed to forty-five hundred metres and lay in wait for combat patrols.

P2



P3

Barry sighted one and signaled. Before I had placed it, he dived, almost full motor, I believe, for he dropped like a stone. We went down on his tail and saw him attack the topmost[203] of three Albatross single-seaters. The other two dived at once, far into their own lines. Dunham, Drew, and I took long shots at them, but they were far outside effective range. The topmost German made a feeble effort to maneuver for position. Barry made a *renversement* with the utmost nicety of judgment and came out of it about thirty metres behind and above the Albatross. He fired about twenty shots, when the German began falling out of control, spinning round and round, then diving straight, then past the vertical, so that we could see the silver under-surface of his wings and tail, spinning again until we lost sight of him.

[This combat was seen from the ground, and Barry's victory was confirmed before we returned to the field.

P4

Lieutenant Talbott joined us as we were taking our height again. He took command of the patrol and Barry went off hunting by himself, as he likes best to do. There were planes everywhere, of both nationalities. Mounting to four thousand metres within our own lines, we crossed over again, and at that moment I saw a Letord, a three-passenger *réglage* machine, burst into flames and fall. There was no time either to watch or to think of this horrible sight. We encountered a patrol of five Albatross planes almost on our level. Talbott dived at once. I was behind him and picked a German who was spiraling either upward or downward, for a few seconds I was not sure which. It was upward. He was climbing to offer combat. This was disconcerting. It always is to a green pilot. If your foe is

P5



35 running, you may be sure he is at least as badly rattled as you are. If he is a single-seater and climbing, you may be equally certain that he is not a **novice**, and that he has plenty of sand. Otherwise he would not accept battle at a disadvantage in the hope of having his inning next.

I was foolish enough to begin firing while still about three hundred metres distant. **P6**

40 My opponent **ungraciously** offered the poorest kind of a target, getting out of the range of my sights by some very skillful maneuvering. I didn't want him to think that he had an inexperienced pilot to deal with. Therefore, judging my distance very carefully, I did a *renversement* in the Lieutenant Barry fashion. But it was not so well done. Instead of coming out of it above and behind the German, when I pulled up in *ligne de vol* I was under him!

45 I don't know exactly what happened then, but the next moment I was falling in a **P7**
vrille (spinning nose dive) and heard the well-known crackling sound of machine-gun fire. I kept on falling in a *vrille*, thinking this would give the German the poorest possible target. [A mistake which many new pilots make. In a *vrille*, the machine spins pretty nearly on its own axis, and although it is turning, a skillful pilot above it can keep it fairly well within the
50 line of his sights.

Pulling up in *ligne de vol* I looked over my shoulder again. The German had lost sight **P8**
of me for a moment in the swiftness of his dive, but evidently he saw me just before I pulled out of the *vrille*. He was turning up for another shot, in exactly the same position in which I had last seen him. And he was very close, not more than fifty metres distant.



55 I believed, of course, that I was lost; and why that German didn't bag me remains a mystery. Heaven knows I gave him opportunity enough! In the end, by the merciful intervention of Chance, our godfather, I escaped. I have said that the sky had cleared. But there was one strand of cloud left, not very broad, not very long; but a refuge,—oh! what a welcome **refuge!** It was right in my path and I tumbled into it, literally, head over heels. I

60 came skidding out, but pulled up, put on my motor, and climbed back at once; and I kept turning round and round in it for several minutes. If the German had waited, he must have seen me raveling it out like a cat tangled in a ball of cotton. I thought that he was waiting. I even expected him to come nosing into it, in search of me. In that case there would have been a glorious smash, for there wasn't room for two of us. I almost hoped that he would

65 try this. If I couldn't bag a German with my gun, the next best thing was to run into him and so be gathered to my fathers while he was being gathered to his. There was no crash, and taking sudden resolution, I dived vertically out of the cloud, head over shoulder, expecting to see my relentless foe. He was nowhere in sight.

P9

In that wild tumble, and while chasing my tail in the cloud, I lost my **bearings.** The

70 compass, which was mounted on a swinging holder, had been tilted upside down. It stuck in that position. I could not get it loose. I had fallen to six hundred metres, so that I could not get a large view of the landscape. Under the continuous bombardment the air was filled with smoke, and through it nothing looked familiar. I knew the direction of our lines

75 by the position of the sun, but I was in a suspicious mood. My motor, which I had praised to the heavens to the other pilots, had let me down at a critical moment. The sun might be ready to play some fantastic trick. I had to steer by it, although I was uneasy until I came within sight of our observation balloons. I identified them as French by sailing close to one

P10



of them so that I could see the tricolor pennant floating out from a cord on the bag.

80 Then, being safe, I put my old Spad through every antic we two had ever done **P11**
together. The observers in the balloons must have thought me crazy, a pilot running
amuck from aerial shell shock. I had discovered a new meaning for that “grand and
glorious feeling” which is so often the subject of Briggs's cartoons.

Looking at my watch I received the same old start of surprise upon learning how **P12**
85 much of wisdom one may accumulate in a half-hour of aerial adventure. I had still an hour
and a half to get through with before I could go home with a clear conscience. Therefore,
taking height again, I went cautiously, gingerly, watchfully, toward the lines.
