

Online Reading #2

1. “The White Man’s Burden”: This might well be the most influential poem in American history. It was actually the work of a famous British poet named Rudyard Kipling, but it was published in an American magazine called McClure’s on February 12, 1899. At the time, Americans were debating whether the nation should get involved in “rescuing” Cuba and the Philippines from Spanish control. Kipling’s poem became a powerful statement in favor of involvement abroad, and inspired much commentary, some positive, some negative. Read the poem more than once; it’s not easy to understand on the first reading. We will also discuss it in class.

2. “Response to the White Man’s Burden”: Thanks to Kipling’s poem, imperialism—the idea that America should be an empire—entered the national vocabulary at this time, and many important voices weighed in on the issue, some of them (Theodore Roosevelt, Alfred Thayer Mahan, etc.) strongly in favor of an American empire, others (Mark Twain, Jane Addams, William Jennings Bryan) strongly opposed. The selection you will read here is an editorial published in the San Francisco Call shortly after the appearance of Kipling’s poem. It helps to explain what Kipling was trying to say in his poem, and it outlines some of the common objections to an imperialist policy. As you read, you might want to consider any parallels to the current situation in Iraq, and the arguments made for and against that war.

3. “We Should Not Be in the Philippines”: Charles King, who wrote this letter, graduated from West Point in 1866, and served with distinction in the Indian Wars of the 1870s. He was teaching at the University of Wisconsin when the Spanish-American War broke out, and he immediately offered his services to the government, receiving a commission as a brigadier general. Though pleased by the quick victory in Cuba, King sided with those Americans who felt that the United States’ incursion into the Philippines was unwise and unjustified. Thanks to an infected vaccination, he became ill shortly after arriving in the Philippines after his transfer from Cuba. The outbreak of hostilities that King feared came on February 4, 1899, little more than a month after he wrote this letter.

4. “We Have the Filipinos on the Run”: The author of this letter was William Mitchell, a member of a prominent Wisconsin family. The outbreak of the Spanish-American War led him to choose the military as a career, and by the time he wrote this letter he had seen action in Cuba and the Philippines and had risen to the rank of Second Lieutenant. Mitchell was one of many Americans who believed

strongly in the United States’ occupation of the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. His view of the Filipinos as inferior, and his use of the ethnic slur Gugu were both common at the time. The General MacArthur under whom he served, and whose name he misspelled, was the father of General of the Armies Douglas MacArthur, who achieved fame during World War II.

5. “Over the Top:” These two brief chapters were taken from a book entitled *Over the Top*, written in 1917 by Arthur Guy Empey. When World War I broke out in Europe, Empey—who was an American—quickly left the United States and joined a British unit. He served his entire two-year tour before the U.S. joined the war. By the time he returned home, Americans were in the middle of a fierce debate about whether they should play a role in the conflict, and this book was Empey’s contribution to the discussion. The passage you will read describes Empey’s daily life, which was typical for a WWI soldier—long, grueling, boring days in the trenches punctuated by the occasional dramatic attack.

Note: Empey regularly uses the slang terms “Tommy” and “Fritz.” Tommy means British soldiers, Fritz means German soldiers. It is very similar to how American soldiers are often called GI Joes.

6. “Dulce et Decorum Est”: Like Arthur Empey, many WWI soldiers developed a strongly anti-war stance. The poem “Dulce et Decorum Est” was written by a British soldier named Wilfred Owen, who was a schoolteacher in his civilian life, and had been excited to join the army when World War I broke out. Owen spent several years in the trenches, suffering one serious injury, and he wrote this poem while he was recovering. Owen’s poem took on a bit of tragic irony when he himself was killed on November 4, 1918, just one week before the war ended.

Note: “Dulce et Decorum Est Pro Patria Mori” is Latin for “It is a sweet thing to die for your country.”

7. “Fourteen Points”: At the end of World War I, U.S. President Woodrow Wilson had a comprehensive plan for making certain that such a war could never happen again. The problem was that Wilson could afford to be generous—the U.S. had lost relatively little in World War I, compared to other countries. Plus, the U.S. is less vulnerable to political instability in Europe than, say, France and England are. Anyhow, France and England, were violently opposed to Wilson’s ideas, and ultimately only the last point (the League of Nations) was adopted. As you read, think about the conflicting concerns of the U.S. on one hand versus France/England on the other.

“The White Man’s Burden,” by Rudyard Kipling

Take up the White Man’s burden--
Send forth the best ye breed--
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives’ need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild--
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man’s burden--
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain
To seek another’s profit,
And work another’s gain.

Take up the White Man’s burden--
The savage wars of peace--
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hopes to nought.

Take up the White Man’s burden--
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper--
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go mark them with your living,
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man’s burden--
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard--
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:--
“Why brought he us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?”

Take up the White Man’s burden--
Ye dare not stoop to less--
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your gods and you.

Take up the White Man’s burden--
Have done with childish days--
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers!

“Response to ‘The White Man’s Burden,’” by the *San Francisco Call*

Rudyard Kipling has joined the ranks of those eminent British jingoists who are trying to induce the United States to help Great Britain in her imperial schemes by taking part in the Oriental imbroglio. Chamberlain and Balfour have enticed us with lofty oratory. Kipling wooes us with a song published in *The Call* of Sunday.

The title of the ballad is “The White Man’s Burden.” Mr. Kipling sings:

Take up the White Man’s burden--
Have done with childish days--
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise;
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgement of your peers.

By way of further information as to what we shall have to do when we have done with childish days and set about winning the approving judgement of our peers with their cold, edged, dear-bought wisdom, the poet, drawing an easy lesson from the experience of Great Britain, adds:

Take up the White Man’s Burden--
Send forth the best ye breed--
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captive’s need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild--
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

It seems we are to infer from this that if we do not consent to send forth the best we breed to serve in exile amid the jungles of tropic islands for the noble purpose of imposing American law and civilization upon the mongrel races, half devil and half child, we shall lose the esteem of European powers now engaged in that task, and possibly the esteem of

Mr. Kipling also. It is a dilemma from which we cannot escape. Fate has ordained it and face it we must.

We might be more willing to enter upon the imperial task if our British cousins were not so outspoken in their eagerness to get us to do so. Their willingness to have us share the glory of civilizing the Orient awakens a suspicion that the glory is not altogether a profitable one. Great Britain evidently has more than she can carry and would like to divide the glory with us.

The invitation to take part is flattering to our pride, but not attractive to our common sense. We have a pretty heavy white man’s burden at home and it will take something more than a song even from so strong a singer as Kipling to coax us to go to the Orient in search of an increase.

In all seriousness the eagerness of Chamberlain, Balfour and other British leaders to get the United States involved in the affairs of the Orient and indirectly made a party to all European squabbles, is a significant sign of the times, and ought to be a sufficient warning to all intelligent Americans to avoid imperialism as they would a plague.

The pursuit of imperialism has raised up antagonists to Great Britain in every part of the world; it has imposed upon her people a heavy burden of debt and taxation; it has disturbed her politics by the continual menace of war and thus prevented the accomplishment of many needed reforms at home; and finally it has brought her into a position where without an ally she is confronted by a hostile world and is in danger of having her commerce, and perhaps even her empire, swept away at the first outbreak of war.

Rightly considered the white man’s burden is to set and keep his own house in order. It is not required of him to upset the brown man’s house under pretense of reform and then whip him into subjugation whenever he revolts at the treatment.

“We Should Not Be in the Philippines,” by Brig. Gen. Charles King

Convalescent Hospital
South Manila, Philippines

December 18, 1898

Somehow I cannot feel that this is to be a Merry Christmas for any of us. I am still far too anxious about you all and, as for myself, tho' I have at last reached the field of possible active service and am where I have long wished to be I find the condition of affairs most unsatisfactory to almost any officer with whom I have talked -- from the Commanding General down. The unsettled treaty of peace over which our Senate may debate for months. The feeling of the Insurgents that they are being robbed by the Americans of the fruits of all their victories and all their really brave efforts to free the islands from the tyranny of Spain; the active & insidious efforts of the Spanish priesthood & the German residents to stir up trouble between us & the Filipinos all point to a clash in the near future & only consummate coolness & mutual courtesy & patience will prevent it. The air is full of rumors & alarms. The Filipinos have been led to believe we are preparing to attack them & so have thrown up earthworks and planted cannon commanding the approaches to the outlying villages they occupy. The Americans have been warned that there is to be a great local uprising of the natives within our lines some still might in conjunction with an attack in force from without & that the American officers are to be murdered in their beds (The Fillies will have some lively experiences when they try that game), and so, as mere precautions we have had to strengthen our outposts. Though not yet sufficiently recovered to ride or walk except a few rods at a time I reported for duty three days ago & since then have spent much time rearranging my “front” which at present, as you will see by the map I sent Ruf [his son] is from Blockhouse 12 to the Pasig in front of Pandican...

Devotedly Your Own Daddy

“We Have the Filipinos on the Run,” by Lt. William Mitchell

Bautista, Philippines December 14, 1899

My dear Uncle Doc

Well, we have been keeping still for the last few days and are beginning to get rather restless but guess that I shall soon be accomodated with all the advancing I can take care of. I am now acting as chief signal officer of Gen. McArthur's division, dont know how long I shall be but probably for several weeks. We have these Gugus pretty well on the run now and they are breaking up into small bands, which we have to chase around the country. The last scrap we had with the whole division was at Bamban, where we soon routed them. I got some good shots in there with my carbine at 250 yds. range and could pick my men they were so near. However, we have not been skinning any Phillipinos as yet but some of them need it badly enough. They are a very funny people from our point of view as stoical as our indians. Utterly unmindful of pain or intense feeling if their outward appearance counts for anything. The climate here is my ideal of what a climate should be. Cool mornings warm in the middle of the day to be sure Cool evenings and very cold nights. I enclose a newspaper picture & clipping. It is a very good one as we used this kind of transportation along the Manila Dagupau railroad where the track was in tack, but instead of being behind the line we are nearly always in front of it.

I never enjoyed better health. Have more flesh then I had in Milwaukee and seem to be able to stand most any old thing. We have come through rice fields with water up to ones waist, through woods thickets of bamboo, across rivers with currents like a mill race where men drown instantly, if they are washed off rafts or lose their hold of ropes we stretch across and all this right in the face of these insurrectos who are well armed apparently well officered and with plenty of ammunition but pitifully incompetent in marksmanship. They don't seem to kill such a great many of us considering the amount of ammunition they use. This is a fine country and a desirable place for the U.S. to hold in my opinion for many reasons, which you know probably much better then I ... Am enjoying this very much. Have good ponies men who will follow me anywhere and are good shots, good telegraph operators, good cooks and good everything the best scouts in the business also...

I remain As Ever, Wm. Mitchell

“Over The Top,” by Sgt. Arthur Empey

CHAPTER X: “THE DAY’S WORK”

I was fast learning that there is a regular routine about the work of the trenches, although it is badly upset at times by the Germans.

The real work in the fire trench commences at sundown. Tommy is like a burglar, he works at night.

Just as it begins to get dark the word “stand to” is passed from traverse to traverse, and the men get busy. The first relief, consisting of two men to a traverse, mount the fire step, one man looking over the top, while the other sits at his feet, ready to carry messages or to inform the platoon officer of any report made by the sentry as to his observations in No Man’s Land. The sentry is not allowed to relax his watch for a second. If he is questioned from the trench or asked his orders, he replies without turning around or taking his eyes from the expanse of dirt in front of him. The remainder of the occupants of his traverse either sit on the fire step, with bayonets fixed, ready for any emergency, or if lucky, and a dugout happens to be in the near vicinity of the traverse, and if the night is quiet, they are permitted to go to same and try and snatch a few winks of sleep. Little sleeping is done; generally the men sit around, smoking fags and seeing who can tell the biggest lie. Some of them perhaps, with their feet in water, would write home sympathizing with the “governor” because he was laid up with a cold, contracted by getting his feet, wet on his way to work in Woolwich Arsenal. If a man should manage to doze off, likely as not he would wake with a start as the clammy, cold feet of a rat passed over his face, or the next relief stepped on his stomach while stumbling on their way to relieve the sentries in the trench.

Just try to sleep with a belt full of ammunition around you, your rifle bolt biting into your ribs, entrenching tool handle sticking into the small of your back, with a tin hat for a pillow; and feeling very damp and cold, with “cooties” boring for oil in your arm pits, the air foul from the stench of grimy human bodies and smoke from a juicy pipe being whiffed into your nostrils, then you will not wonder why Tommy occasionally takes a turn in the trench for a rest.

While in a front-line trench, orders forbid Tommy from removing his boots, puttees, clothing, or equipment. The “cooties” take advantage

of this order and mobilize their forces, and Tommy swears vengeance on them and mutters to himself, “just wait until I hit rest billets and am able to get my own back.”

Just before daylight the men “turn to” and tumble out of the dug-outs, man the fire step until it gets light, or the welcome order “stand down” is given. Sometimes before “stand down” is ordered, the command “five rounds rapid” is passed along the trench. This means that each man must rest his rifle on the top and fire as rapidly as possible five shots aimed toward the German trenches, and then duck (with the emphasis on the “duck”). There is a great rivalry between the opposing forces to get their rapid fire off first, because the early bird, in this instance, catches the worm,—sort of gets the jump on the other fellow, catching him unawares.

We had a Sergeant in our battalion named Warren. He was on duty with his platoon in the fire trench one afternoon when orders came up from the rear that he had been granted seven days’ leave for Blighty, and would be relieved at five o’clock to proceed to England.

He was tickled to death at these welcome tidings and regaled his more or less envious mates beside him on the fire step with the good times in store for him. He figured it out that in two days’ time he would arrive at Waterloo Station, London, and then—seven days’ bliss!

At about five minutes to five he started to fidget with his rifle, and then suddenly springing up on the fire step with a muttered, “I’ll send over a couple of souvenirs to Fritz, so that he’ll miss me when I leave,” he stuck his rifle over the top and fired two shots, when “crack” went a bullet and he tumbled off the step, fell into the mud at the bottom of the trench, and lay still in a huddled heap with a bullet hole in his forehead.

At about the time he expected to arrive at Waterloo Station he was laid to rest in a little cemetery behind the lines. He had gone to Blighty.

In the trenches one can never tell,—it is not safe to plan very far ahead.

After “stand down” the men sit on the fire step or repair to their respective dugouts and wait for the “rum issue” to materialize. Immediately following the rum, comes breakfast, brought up from the rear. Sleeping is then in order unless some special work turns up.

Around 12.30 dinner shows up. When this is eaten the men try to amuse themselves until “tea” appears at about four o’clock, then “stand

to” and they carry on as before.

While in rest billets Tommy gets up about six in the morning, washes up, answers roll call, is inspected by his platoon officer, and has breakfast. At 8.45 he parades (drills) with his company or goes on fatigue according to the orders which have been read out by the Orderly Sergeant the night previous.

Between 11.30 and noon he is dismissed, has his dinner, and is “on his own” for the remainder of the day, unless he has clicked for a digging or working party, and so it goes on from day to day, always “looping the loop” and looking forward to Peace and Blighty.

Sometimes, while engaged in a “cootie” hunt you think. Strange to say, but it is a fact, while Tommy is searching his shirt, serious thoughts come to him. Many a time, when performing this operation, I have tried to figure out the outcome of the war and what will happen to me.

My thoughts generally ran in this channel:

Will I emerge safely from the next attack? If I do, will I skin through the following one, and so on? While your mind is wandering into the future it is likely to be rudely brought to earth by a Tommy interrupting with, “What’s good for rheumatism?”

Then you have something else to think of. Will you come out of this war crippled and tied into knots with rheumatism, caused by the wet and mud of trenches and dugouts? You give it up as a bad job and generally saunter over to the nearest estaminet to drown your moody forebodings in a glass of sickening French beer, or to try your luck at the always present game of “House.” You can hear the sing-song voice of a Tommy droning out the numbers as he extracts the little squares of cardboard from the bag between his feet.

CHAPTER XI: “OVER THE TOP”

In my second trip to the trenches our officer was making his rounds of inspection, and we received the cheerful news that at four in the morning we were to go over the top and take the German front-line trench. My heart turned to lead. Then the officer carried on with his instructions. To the best of my memory I recall them as follows: “At eleven a wiring party will go out in front and cut lanes through our barbed wire for the passage of troops in the morning. At two o’clock our artillery will open up with an intense bombardment which will last until

four. Upon the lifting of the barrage, the first of the three waves will go over.” Then he left. Some of the Tommies, first getting permission from the Sergeant, went into the machine-gunners’ dugout, and wrote letters home, saying that in the morning, they were going over the top, and also that if the letters reached their destination it would mean that the writer had been killed.

These letters were turned over to the captain with instructions to mail same in the event of the writer’s being killed. Some of the men made out their wills in their pay book, under the caption, “will and last testament.”

Then the nerve-racking wait commenced. Every now and then I would glance at the dial of my wrist-watch and was surprised to see how fast the minutes passed by. About five minutes to two I got nervous waiting for our guns to open up. I could not take my eyes from my watch. I crouched against the parapet and strained my muscles in a death-like grip upon my rifle. As the hands on my watch showed two o’clock, a blinding red flare lighted up the sky in our rear, then thunder, intermixed with a sharp, whistling sound in the air over our heads. The shells from our guns were speeding on their way toward the German lines. With one accord the men sprang up on the fire step and looked over the top in the direction of the German trenches. A line of bursting shells lighted up No Man’s Land. The din was terrific and the ground trembled. Then, high above our heads we could hear a sighing moan. Our big boys behind the line had opened up and 9.2’s and 15-inch shells commenced dropping into the German lines. The flash of the guns behind the lines, the scream of the shells through the air, and the flare of them, bursting, was a spectacle that put Pain’s greatest display into the shade. The constant pup, pup, of German machine guns and an occasional rattle of rifle firing gave me the impression of a huge audience applauding the work of the batteries.

Our eighteen-pounders were destroying the German barbed wire, while the heavier stuff was demolishing their trenches and bashing in dugouts or funk-holes.

Then Fritz got busy.

Their shells went screaming overhead, aimed in the direction of the flares from our batteries. Trench mortars started dropping “Minnies” in our front line. We clicked several casualties. Then they suddenly ceased.

Our artillery had taped or silenced them.

During the bombardment you could almost read a newspaper in our trench. Sometimes in the flare of a shell-burst a man's body would be silhouetted against the parapet of the trench and it appeared like a huge monster. You could hardly hear yourself think. When an order was to be passed down the trench, you had to yell it, using your hands as a funnel into the ear of the man sitting next to you on the fire step. In about twenty minutes a generous rum issue was doled out. After drinking the rum, which tasted like varnish and sent a shudder through your frame, you wondered why they made you wait until the lifting of the barrage before going over. At ten minutes to four, word was passed down, "Ten minutes to go!" Ten minutes to live! We were shivering all over. My legs felt as if they were asleep. Then word was passed down: "First wave get on and near the scaling ladders."

These were small wooden ladders which we had placed against the parapet to enable us to go over the top on the lifting of the barrage. "Ladders of Death" we called them, and veritably they were.

Before a charge Tommy is the politest of men. There is never any pushing or crowding to be first up these ladders. We crouched around the base of the ladders waiting for the word to go over. I was sick and faint, and was puffing away at an unlighted fag. Then came the word, "Three minutes to go; upon the lifting of the barrage and on the blast of the whistles, 'Over the Top with the Best o' Luck and Give them Hell.'" The famous phrase of the Western Front. The Jonah phrase of the Western Front. To Tommy it means if you are lucky enough to come back, you will be minus an arm or a leg. Tommy hates to be wished the best of luck; so, when peace is declared, if it ever is, and you meet a Tommy on the street, just wish him the best of luck and duck the brick that follows.

I glanced again at my wrist-watch. We all wore them and you could hardly call us "sissies" for doing so. It was a minute to four. I could see the hand move to the twelve, then a dead silence. It hurt. Everyone looked up to see what had happened, but not for long. Sharp whistle blasts rang out along the trench, and with a cheer the men scrambled up the ladders. The bullets were cracking overhead, and occasionally a machine gun would rip and tear the top of the sand bag parapet. How I got up that ladder I will never know. The first ten feet out in front was agony. Then we passed through the lanes in our barbed wire. I knew I

was running, but could feel no motion below the waist. Patches on the ground seemed to float to the rear as if I were on a treadmill and scenery was rushing past me. The Germans had put a barrage of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and you could hear the pieces slap the ground about you.

After I had passed our barbed wire and gotten into No Man's Land, a Tommy about fifteen feet to my right front turned around and looking in my direction, put his hand to his mouth and yelled something which I could not make out on account of the noise from the bursting shells. Then he coughed, stumbled, pitched forward, and lay still. His body seemed to float to the rear of me. I could hear sharp cracks in the air about me. These were caused by passing rifle bullets. Frequently, to my right and left, little spurts of dirt would rise into the air, and a ricochet bullet would whine on its way. If a Tommy should see one of these little spurts in front of him, he would tell the nurse about it later. The crossing of No Man's Land remains a blank to me.

Men on my right and left would stumble and fall. Some would try to get up, while others remained huddled and motionless. Then smashed-up barbed wire came into view and seemed carried on a tide to the rear. Suddenly, in front of me loomed a bashed-in trench about four feet wide. Queer-looking forms like mud turtles were scrambling up its wall. One of these forms seemed to slip and then rolled to the bottom of the trench. I leaped across this intervening space. The man to my left seemed to pause in mid-air, then pitched head down into the German trench. I laughed out loud in my delirium. Upon alighting on the other side of the trench I came to with a sudden jolt. Right in front of me loomed a giant form with a rifle which looked about ten feet long, on the end of which seemed seven bayonets. These flashed in the air in front of me. Then through my mind flashed the admonition of our bayonet instructor back in Blighty. He had said, "whenever you get in a charge and run your bayonet up to the hilt into a German, the Fritz will fall. Perhaps your rifle will be wrenched from your grasp. Do not waste time, if the bayonet is fouled in his equipment, by putting your foot on his stomach and tugging at the rifle to extricate the bayonet. Simply press the trigger and the bullet will free it." In my present situation this was fine logic, but for the life of me I could not remember how he had told me to get my bayonet into the German. To me, this was the paramount issue. I

closed my eyes, and lunged forward. My rifle was torn from my hands. I must have gotten the German because he had disappeared. About twenty feet to my left front was a huge Prussian nearly six feet four inches in height, a fine specimen of physical manhood. The bayonet from his rifle was missing, but he clutched the barrel in both hands and was swinging the butt around his head. I could almost hear the swish of the butt passing through the air. Three little Tommies were engaged with him. They looked like pigmies alongside of the Prussian. The Tommy on the left was gradually circling to the rear of his opponent. It was a funny sight to see them duck the swinging butt and try to jab him at the same time. The Tommy nearest me received the butt of the German's rifle in a smashing blow below the right temple. It smashed his head like an eggshell. He pitched forward on his side and a convulsive shudder ran through his body. Meanwhile, the other Tommy had gained the rear of the Prussian. Suddenly about four inches of bayonet protruded from the throat of the Prussian soldier, who staggered forward and fell. I will never forget the look of blank astonishment that came over his face.

Then something hit me in the left shoulder and my left side went numb. It felt as if a hot poker was being driven through me. I felt no pain --just a sort of nervous shock. A bayonet had pierced me from the rear. I fell backward on the ground, but was not unconscious, because I could see dim objects moving around me. Then a flash of light in front of my eyes and unconsciousness. Something had hit me on the head. I have never found out what it was.

I dreamed I was being tossed about in an open boat on a heaving sea and opened my eyes. The moon was shining. I was on a stretcher being carried down one of our communication trenches. At the advanced first-aid post my wounds were dressed, and then I was put into an ambulance and sent to one of the base hospitals. The wounds in my shoulder and head were not serious and in six weeks I had rejoined my company for service in the front line.

“Dulce et Decorum Est,” by Pvt. Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of disappointed shells that dropped behind.

GAS! Gas! Quick, boys!-- An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And floundering like a man in fire or lime.--
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,--
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

“The Fourteen Points,” by Woodrow Wilson

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secure once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program; and that program, the only possible program, as we see it, is this:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the prin-

ciple that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored, without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity to autonomous development.

XI. Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan states to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guarantees of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan states should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portion of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.

XIII. An independent Polish state should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the Imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end. For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved; but only be-

cause we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this program does remove. We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this program that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world, -- the new world in which we now live, -- instead of a place of mastery...