

SECTION 2:

MODERN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: PERSONAL ACCOUNTS AND INFORMATION

“... This saying goodbye on the edge of the dark
And cold to an orchard so young in the bark
Reminds me of all that can happen to harm
An orchard away at the end of the farm.”

—From “Goodbye and Keep Cold” by Robert
Frost, 1874-1963, in “Harper’s Magazine”, July 1920.

2.1 WORLD WAR I 1914-1918

Only 60 years prior to the war, Germany was a group of fiefdoms and kingdoms that couldn't get along with each other; Otto von Bismarck unified the kingdoms of Germany and took on France, Belgium, Britain, and Russia—and nearly won. How did it start? Serbia assassinated the Archduke of Austria because they wanted independence from Austria; Germany wanted Austria to avenge the death; Russia didn't like Austria picking on Serbia; Austria couldn't take on Russia so Germany came to Austria's aid. Due to joint agreements, pacts and alliances, all of Europe fell into war. France and Russia had a pact against Germany. Belgium had a pact with France. When Germany asked to march through Belgium in order to attack France, Belgium resisted to protect France. Britain came to France's aid. Within days, the Allied Powers—France, Russia, Belgium, Italy, the British Empire (and the U.S. in 1917)—faced the Central Powers—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria. —The author with Gary W., historian. <https://www.natgeokids.com/uk/discover/history/general-history/first-world-war/>

WWI resulted in a world-wide total of 17 million deaths and 20 million wounded. It is ranked among the deadliest conflicts in history. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/World_War_I_casualties

American conscription began June 5, 1917 (only 73,000 had voluntarily enlisted) and adjusted policies for fairness, allowing for dependency exemptions and religious scruples against war. It prohibited substitutions or purchased exemptions. Local boards were formed of leading respected citizens to limit graft and resistance. —*World War I Minnesota* by Iric Nathanson, Chapter 2.

The U.S. started with the 21-31 age group (later expanded to 18-45). Male registration was universal, including blacks and whites on the same terms, but they served in separate units. 500,000 immigrants were drafted, and were kept in language groups. By the end of 1917, 10 million were registered, still inadequate for replacing the staggering loss of life in Europe. By the end of 1918, 24 million were registered with 3 million inducted.

The government built support for the war by shutting down newspapers and magazines that published articles against WWI involvement. Although Draft Dodgers became local political heroes when they wrote letters and demanded reforms, Objectors served 20 years in Leavenworth Prison. In fact: 7 were given the death penalty, 142 served life sentences, 345 were sent to labor camp. The argument that conscription was slavery or involuntary servitude was struck down by the Supreme Court. The Court upheld Congressional power to declare war and raise armies and argued conscription was part of the rights-and-duties contract citizens held. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/conscription_in_the_United_States

“Until WWI, there were free and open borders in Europe.
Only since then are passports and checkpoints ‘necessities’.”
—Ludmilla, emigre from Russia to Minnesota

It's All Relative¹: American Homefront

My father says that the reason why
We always keep the Fourth of July
Is 'cause 'twas on that day, you know
(Ever and ever so long ago)
Our wonderful Uncle Sam was born:
And so we keep his birthday morn.

He must be the bravest kind of man,
'Cause father says that he began
To fight right off and always won,
And made the other fellows run:
'Till, when he was just 7 years old
He drove his enemies out in the cold.

Then he cut down forests and built instead
Great towns and cities, and went ahead
Building and working without any rest,
And moving farther and farther West.
He made the very first steamboat, too,
The year before he was 32.

When he was 73, he found
A lot of silver and gold in the ground;
But that wasn't all, for the crops he grew
Were worth the gold and the silver, too.
So Uncle Sam is the richest man
That ever has been since the world began.

He can do 'most anything, he's so strong;
But he always thinks as he goes along
Of the easiest, quickest, newest ways
Of doing things,—so my father says;
And he lets the people from everywhere come
To live with him in his beautiful home.

He'll be, on this coming Fourth of July,
A hundred and twenty-seven—oh, my!
There's nobody else ever lived so long;
But Uncle Sam is still young and strong;
My father says, and is growing yet,
So no one knows how big he will get.
I never have seen our Uncle Sam,



“I Want YOU!” painted by James Montgomery Flagg, who used himself as a model for a WWI enlistment campaign. The campaign blossomed prior to our involvement in WWI to include this picture of a beloved but stern Uncle pressuring military volunteerism as the only option for the patriotic. A work of the U.S. federal government, the image is public domain. —“Smithsonian Magazine”, reprinted July 1995, p.70.

But I've often noticed his monogram—
“U.S.”—upon lots and lots of things;
And every year, when the summer brings
It round, I keep his birthday, too,
I like it as well as my own; don't you?

—Barbara Griffiths, undated clipping (possible source “Liberty Magazine”).
From family archives.

¹Until WWI, the ideals of the country were depicted by feminine visages of justice, fairness and nurture. Now politicians needed a stern father figure that could subliminally or overtly create enough duress to prompt enlistment. The skillfully crafted poem above, written by an adult using a child's voice and presumed innocence, is one device used for propaganda. In peacetime a poem like this would be considered happily patriotic. Interestingly, stanzas 3-5 about the character of Uncle Sam also relate to the main philosophical differences between Native American culture and the policy of Manifest Destiny.

Out of the Frying Pan: 1914 Europe

A holy hush encrusted the battered countryside
That Christmas Night, 1914.
Beat Tommies,¹ whipped by cold,
Folded into raw snow.
Seasoned songs suddenly rose above the trenches;

Nourishing words, recognized,
Rolled and blended with other tongues,
*O Holy Night*² became so by lack of conflict
Jelled by melody,
Men gingerly minced out of hiding
Ready to offer an olive branch.

Fresh.
Eternal.
A star.
A Baby.
Stable times.

Life celebrated as Before Conflict (B.C.)
Warmth shared. Bread broken.
But for the generals' half-baked schemes



Bubble lights.

And top brass stirring the pot,
Peace, the bun in the oven³, almost birthed.

—Based on “Sainsbury’s Christmas: the story behind our Christmas (chocolate bar) ad.” <http://youtube/2slYvnfcFVs>

¹British soldiers.

²”O Holy Night” (French: “Cantique de Noël”) is an international Christmas Carol composed by Adolphe Adam in 1847.

³A phrase begun in England sometime before the end of the war, to refer to pregnancy. Townspeople, families, soldiers, and several leaders wanted peace.

A Letter of Thanks: 1914 Europe

“I feel it is my duty as a German officer to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to the guards and sentries. Please see that my gratitude is passed on to the men. Although they never neglected their duty, they have shown always the utmost courtesy and consideration towards me.”



—Written by German Lieutenant Lody the day before Lody’s own execution for spying and treason on 11/6/1914, in gratitude for British hospitality and gentlemanly courtesy while being kept at their POW headquarters. <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2677425/I-like-express-thanks-men-going-execute-Found-100-years-letter-German-spy-captured-WWI-Guards-Tower-London.htm>

Into the Fire: 1915 Europe

Recently an infernal place,
The trenches again caught the spark
Of Carols sung by lonely men
Christmas, 1915. The same warm tunes heard,
If one listened carefully,
In several languages.
Eternal antiphonal hopes.



Embossed postcard. The meaning of a white rose is “silence”.

The fighting stopped and kept stopping for days
Because sworn enemies put down swords and became merely Christians,
Human beings, all, with a common culture, seeking one night of Silence.¹
Adversaries became men and men became acquaintances.
The candle almost caught: but for the generals²
Kindness *almost* kindled.

—To honor Gary

¹The carol “Silent Night” (German: “Stille Nacht”) was written in 1869 and by 1915 was translated into several languages.

²The charge meted out on the conscripted at the Front regardless of country would have been “fraternizing with the enemy”, worthy of stockade or death. Socializing with the other side is strictly forbidden in rules of engagement because inexperienced soldiers can feel more camaraderie with fellow privates—regardless of allegiance—who are suffering the same indignities, than loyalty to their own officers. Thus, they can easily come to recognize “the enemy” as fellow human beings and refuse to kill. It has been estimated based on bullet tonnage used and trajectory at battle lines that more ammunition was shot above targets than pointed at individual soldiers in WWI.

The Russian Czar and his cousin the German Kaiser both spoke English, and sent regular correspondence to each other (all preserved). Neither wanted war, but militarists took over to assure one.

Confiding in a Buddy: 1916 Australia

It's the talkin' over things, as friend to friend
And through it all the blessed certainty
This war's workin' out for you an' me
As we would 'ave it work.

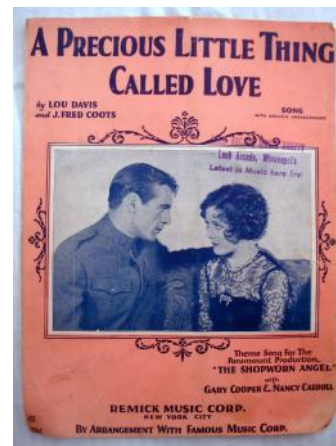
Fritz maybe, and the Turk
Feel that way, too,
The same as me an' you,
And dream o' victory at last, although
The silly cows don't know yet 'ow freedom truly feels.

But this is Christmas, and I'm feeling blue,
An' lonely, too.
I want to get out from this smash and wreck
Just for today,

And feel a pair of arms slip round me neck
In that one girl's special way.
I want to 'ear the splendid roar and shout
O' breakers comin' in on Bondi Beach

While she walks by me side,
And looks into my face.
I'll do me bit, an' make no fuss of it;
But for today I somehow want to be
At home, just 'er an' me.

—Unknown author, from the Sydney, Australia,
“Sunday Times”, circa 1916. From family archives.



Piano sheet music from a popular movie starring Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll.

"He kept us out of war" was Woodrow Wilson's slogan for the 1916 election.
The "Peace Candidate" promised:

"You are working; not fighting!
Alive and happy; not cannon fodder!
Wilson and peace with honor?
Or Hughes with Roosevelt and war?"

—Paid advertisement, World War I Minnesota by Iric Nathanson, Chapter 1.

After Wilson's re-election the official position of the White House reversed. About a month after he took office, the U.S. declared war on Germany.

WWI conscription had a national target of 1 million enrollees in the first six weeks of our overt involvement with the war, thus the need to use media to heighten patriotism.



DaMaris family
Infantry Soldier.



Wool spats.

Like Father, Like Son: Homefront to War Front

I was full of vinegar
And signed up.¹
My old man was so proud of me
He signed up, too.
We served in the same outfit.
Saw him killed right before my eyes.
I got off without a scratch
Except for this ulcer.

—Mr. Danell, of WWI in “Meet John Doe”, starring Gary Cooper.

¹“30,000 men enlisted in WWI per day.” —The Great War: notes by Adam Hochschild.

General Delivery: 1917 Europe

One Doughboy’s assignment: keep the flivvers in good repair
Play with the sparkbox, flip the magneto
Lean into the crank;
Dispatch generals
To summits and war rooms
Hold secrets close to the vest
Keep whispers under the hat.
A mechanical man of few words,
He was type-cast.

—In memory of Earl DeMaris, U.S. Staff car driver, WWI, WWII.



Great Uncle Earl drives a General through a European checkpoint.



Great
Uncle
Earl:
husband
and
soldier
at
age 16.



Great Uncle Lloyd's Mountaineering Training.

Psalm 91 is called the "Soldier's Psalm". In World War I, the soldiers of the 91st Brigade recited it daily. They engaged in three of the war's bloodiest battles. Other units suffered up to 90% casualties, but the 91st Brigade did not suffer a single combat-related death.

Psalm 91

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High
will rest in the shadow of the Almighty.
I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge
and fortress, my God, in whom I trust."

Surely He will save you from the fowler's snare
and from the deadly pestilence.
He will cover you with His feathers,
and under His wings you will find refuge;
You will not fear the terror of night,
nor the arrow that flies by day,
Nor the pestilence that stalks in the darkness,
nor the destruction that destroys at midday.
A thousand may fall at your side, ten thousand
at your right hand, but it will not come near you.

If you make the Most High your dwelling—
even the Lord, who is your refuge—
Then no harm will befall you,
no disaster will come near your tent.
For He will command His angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways;
They will lift you up in their hands, so that
you will not strike your foot against a stone.

You will tread upon the lion and the cobra;
you will trample the young lion and the serpent.

“Because he loves Me,” says the Lord,
“I will rescue him; I will protect him,
for he acknowledges My Name.
He will call upon Me, and I will answer him;
I will be with him in trouble,
I will deliver him and honor him.
With long life I will satisfy him
and show him My salvation.”

—From “Prayer is the War. God’s Word is the Weapon.” To request a laminated copy of this Psalm: The Father’s Business, P.O. Box 380333, Birmingham, AL 35238.

At Capacity: Homefront

“He was delayed on a stateside street by a procession of 5 men each carrying 6 army overcoats which they placed in a truck drawn up to the curb. By the time the 5th man had packed his load neatly in, the 1st man was back with another armful and so the endless chain kept on until the Minnesota visitor wondered if it ever would cease.

He was informed that the firm in question was shipping its daily quota of 5,100 Army uniform overcoats. If a single firm manufactures 5,100 coats every day, how many garments would all the firms employed in such work turn out in a week?”

—“Hogan’s Mirror,” Kerrick, MN, Vol. 2, No. 8, 11/20/1917, family archives.

Fort Robinson, Nebraska: July 12, 1918

“I got my hat cord and gun Monday the 9th.
The hat cord is blue and I like it fine but darn that old gun.
When we got them they were packed in grease
And we had to get every bit of it off and it sure was some job.
I got the stuff off all right but don’t like it at all.
Guess that machine gun spoiled me;

We didn't have to carry those, we had a mule to pull them—
But now we got to carry these and Gee, I hate that.
I tried to tell the Supply Sergeant that revolvers would be better
For guard duty, but he wouldn't listen to me, quite naturally,
So s'pose I will have to like that ol' rifle
And keep it shining like glass all the time.

If the papers has got anything to do with it,
I don't think it will last much longer, but darn,
A fellow can't hardly believe them, neither. I hope
It don't last many more years. Did you write Pine City
About that furlow yet so's I can help with haying and
Potato-digging? I am getting anxious to get home."

Oh, yes, they got a slacker in Crawford the other day.
He did not fill out his questionnaire so they bro't him
Out here and put him in jail and I don't think he has had
A shave or hair cut for a month. S'pose I will get a chance
To make him work some day next week
On my turn at guard."

—Letter from Lloyd Bates, Infantry.

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## Weather or Not

We pilots were always watching the sky:  
To imagine our moves,  
To determine the weather.  
There were no fancy instruments,  
Simply a wind sock, a barometer—  
And our bones.

—Pilot Jack Albinson

## The 103rd Aero Squadron:<sup>1</sup> 1918 Europe

"We have one chance at this,"  
He said, "One chance alone,"



Great Uncle Lloyd.

As he sized up the propeller  
Pulled on his leather hat  
Zipped his sheepskin, climbed the rungs

Situated the chute behind him  
Gave himself some mental calculations  
And a good pep talk.

Impossible,  
So impossible were the odds  
It just had to work.  
He revved the engine  
We looked each other in the eye  
And I climbed in my own cockpit.

On a wing  
And someone else's prayer,  
I swallowed my breath  
Jumped on the throttle  
Pulled back on the stick  
And she lurched forward.  
"Aim high,"  
Is all I heard  
From the heart in my throat,  
"Aim high. Aim high."  
So I did.

And I'm here today to tell you  
It didn't hurt none  
To pray myself, neither.

—Selected from poem "Aim High"  
in Way Out on a Limb by the author.



<sup>1</sup>The 1917 biplane shown is a French SPAD XIII C.1, flown by the 103rd Aero Squadron of the U.S. Air Service which served in combat in France during WWI. U.S. pilots volunteered for the British or French air forces before America joined the war in 1917. The U.S. Army Air Service 103rd Aero Squadron was formed from the disbanded Lafayette Escadrille and Lafayette Flying Corps. At the start of U.S. involvement, the inexperienced American pilots flew mostly obsolete British and French aircraft. But they came into their own in the air as improved equipment, such as the SPAD XIII C.1, was introduced near the end of the war. Pilot casualties were heavy. Of the 2000+ American flight personnel to see combat, 681 died—75% of those were from accidents. The Squadron continues as part of the 94<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron of the U.S. Air Force. —[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/103d\\_Aero\\_Squadron](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/103d_Aero_Squadron); <http://histclo.com/essay/war/ww1/air/cou/wlac-us.html>

"Pilots on both sides showed that fledgling airplanes could be used in reconnaissance missions with good success at the beginning of WWI. The skies quickly became too small; soon opposing pilots started interfering with each other's missions by throwing bricks, grenades, and rope to tangle into the opposition's propeller. Dogfights began with handguns and soon moved to machine guns. Anthony Fokker, Dutch plane designer for the Germans, solved the problem of shooting forward through the propeller by synchronizing the gun to the engine timing. Eventually dogfights meant a close-range fight to the death in the air, someone said, "like knife fighting in a phone booth." —Fly Papers by A.E. Illingworth, 1919.

## Home Fires: Homefront

“I think the past year will be long remembered  
As one that brought sorrow to many homes:  
The fires,<sup>1</sup> the War, and the Flu,  
All have taken their toll.  
The Salem<sup>2</sup> neighborhood had a hard siege of flu,<sup>3</sup>  
Hardly a family escaped.  
Harry lost one big hog to the flu, but had the rest vaccinated  
And they did not like it one bit!  
Johnnie is still in France;  
We are getting very anxious to have him home.”

—Personal letter from Belle M. Rose, family archives.

<sup>1</sup>Among tragedies Minnesotans endured: Fires including the Moose Lake Fire in 1918 that razed thousands of acres in northeast Minnesota and prairie fires in southern MN; the worldwide Influenza Epidemic of 1918-1919; and the steady march of young men to World War I.

<sup>2</sup>Salem Township, Olmsted County, MN.

<sup>3</sup>“The draft can be credited with the spread of the influenza epidemic: conscription caused troop movement across the country, close quarters in barracks, and a short return home on leave before being shipped across Europe. Patients turned a strange color, and people died from apparent internal tissue breakdown which caused drowning in one's own body fluids. At one Army camp incubation site, 20,000 new cases were reported during 48 hours.” —WWI MN by Iric Nathanson, Chapter 6.

## Man to Man: Homefront

“My uncle was a war hero in WWI. Kind of famous in our town.  
He never liked to talk about what he did in the war though.  
After I got my orders to go overseas he pulls me aside and says,  
'Don't be ashamed if you're scared to death in combat.  
*I was terrified most of the time.*' Hearing that  
Coming from him, I was really shocked...  
But once I saw action I understood.”

—Cpl. 2<sup>nd</sup> Class Virgil Rhodes, Amvets National Service Foundation.



## Marching Home: 1918



The march from the pier  
To the front doors of their homes  
(The ultimate Annie Laurie<sup>1</sup>),  
Displayed the vanquishing heroes  
To the open windows and waiting hearts above.

He neared this shore, hoping to leave the other behind forever  
Then made it to the corner of Motherhood and Apple Pie  
Gritting against bone-exhaustion,  
Pivoting left, breaking rank and crossing the finish line  
Miles past the threshold of Enough, a collapse of all his constitution for war.

He and his fellows, doors down<sup>2</sup>,  
Slept the sleep of the feverish for days,  
Then dozed the nap of the languishing<sup>3</sup> for weeks,  
Sick to death of death.  
So, why didn't that international inoculation *take*?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Annie Laurie: to transport away from the front.

<sup>2</sup> "Doors down": neighbors; also a phrase indicating a shelter is secure.

<sup>3</sup> Languish: to become weak; to live in a state of depression or decreasing vitality; to become dispirited; to assume an expression of grief, to require empathy. Webster's Dictionary.

<sup>4</sup> Inoculation: vaccine against war; also a comparison to the 1918 flu epidemic, it was regarded worldwide that humankind needed an inoculation against the desire for war and many thought WWI was such a preventative from future wars. Unfortunately the principle of revolving war, or the sociological tendency to reduce the population and restructure boundaries still works like clockwork, and not just in Western culture: "*alsimrichio mahakari*" is Japanese for "tearing down/destroying and recreating in our own image."

**Q:** Why does humanity seem to need war?

## Parlez-Vous?: 1918

Screaming artillery shells.  
Screaming people.  
Screaming sirens.

When the war finally fell silent  
A fully-functioning auditory system  
Suddenly ceased sending signals:  
A mercy-delayed kill-switch.

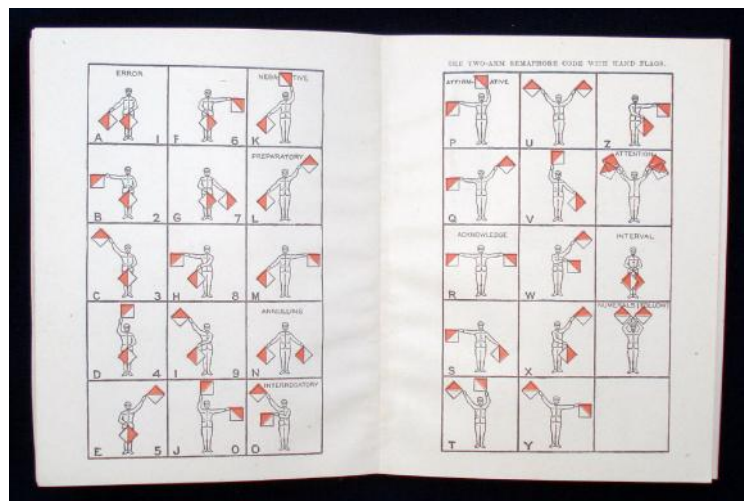
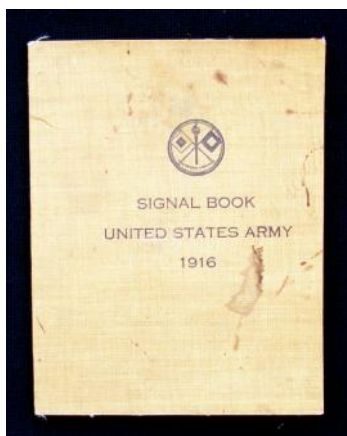


—In memory of Denys A.'s great-great-medic-uncle stationed in France, who'd driven ambulance but could no longer hear after his discharge, despite a minimally-damaged auditory system.

The poem title above is French for “Do you understand?” Psychosomatic conditions can manifest in blocked sensory reception due to hyper-sensory stimulation like war. When the reason for the shut-down (not *wanting* to hear the screams) becomes apparent to the owner of the condition, it has occurred that the subconsciously blocked hearing, speech, or even vision has begun working again.

People who had seen too much war were described as “minds the Dead have ravished” by poet and WWI soldier Wilfred Owen. From article “Military Brain Shell Shock Solved: Scientists Pinpoint Brain Injury That Causes Pain, Anxiety and Breakdowns in Soldiers.” By Sarah Griffiths for MailOnline, posted 1/16/2015.

The term “shell shock” was first used to explain combat maladies ranging from sleeplessness, reduced visual field, loss of taste, hearing and memory in “The Lancet”, Feb. 1915.



1916 Army Corps of Engineers Signal Book.



## The Road to Progress: 1919

Earl  
Set down his Field Manual and Signal Book,  
Came home from the Great War  
Saw the future  
And with his mustering out, bought himself  
A team of horses and a road grader;  
Hired hands,  
Then started building roads  
For townships, counties, cities  
In the state of Minnesota.

Pretty soon he had *more* teams, with more men  
Drawing \$1.50 for a good hard day.  
That's how most roads got built<sup>1</sup>  
By crews of WWI vets.

—In memory of Uncle Earl DeMaris, Army Corps of Engineers road builder who made a way to get equipment and supplies to the Front, and still came home a peaceful and resourceful man.

<sup>1</sup> Earl built roads in Pine, Carlton and St. Louis Counties on the east side of Minnesota and in Bock, MN, in the center of the state. He used small diameter logs as a road base, creating the characteristic “washboard road” which prevented automobiles from sinking to the axles in the spring mud, assisted commerce and made truck transportation possible in rural areas after the war.

## “We Have an Anchor”

Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,  
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?  
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,  
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?

—From WWI-era hymn by  
William J. Kirkpatrick (1838-1921).

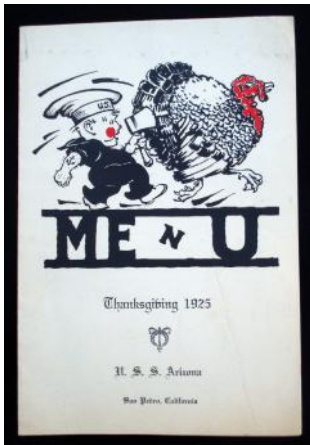
Hebrews 6:19: “We have this hope as an anchor for the soul,  
firm and secure.”



Great Uncle Earl (age 19)  
returned home to his wife  
after 3 years in the Army.



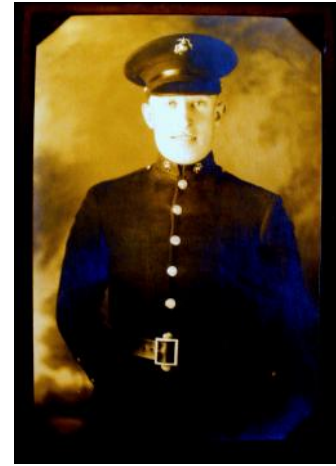
Gene D., age 7.



Thanksgiving menu, USS Arizona, 1925.



The USS Arizona was built at the New York Navy Yard, Brooklyn, NY, and was commissioned in October 1916. Lyle Bates served 4 years on that ship and developed the forklift to transport supplies in warehouse or on deck. The USS Arizona went down in Pearl Harbor on 12/7/1941.



Great Uncle Lyle.

## Canvassing

WWI American veterans were to get combat pensions<sup>1</sup> after a certain time, But wanted—needed—them early due to the Great Depression. Letters, discussions, editorials, talks, created Hope that gnawing on the same bone would Create a workable meal ticket. But as the stew thinned to soup, An undeniable tent city rose in Washington, D.C.: Speeches, protests, signatures, marches. Troops were sent in<sup>2</sup> to chop up the shanty town.



Personal I.D. tag.

Vets didn't get sympathy because *everyone* was on their last nerve. Rather than honor extended, Viciousness lashed out. Other common men reasoned the "handout" was undeserved dole: WWI had gained nothing for America, They dared say, except for 50,000 fewer in the workforce. Jealousy, disenchantment, anger, entitlement, All distortions in a reflecting pool.

—With thanks to Gary

<sup>1</sup>An enlistment incentive because the U.S. was having trouble producing enough stateside sympathy and warm bodies for the war effort. Eventually America adopted the draft, or conscription, so not even all vets of the same war were eligible for the pensions, which further created envy toward those who were.

<sup>2</sup>There is always difficulty determining the right amount of authority to exert concerning protests. Too little can allow looting, too much is seen as repression, and protests mushroom.

—Inspired by NPR 9/19/2014, 10:33 am, comparing Iraqi protests against ISIS/ISIL in Sept., 2014, to Kent State in America.

## To End All: 1919

“A war dubbed ‘The War to End All Wars’  
Must have thrown up such horrors  
The survivors believed  
It was the last word on the matter period.

Showing only what happened  
Between the General and the Grave  
Gives us hope that even after 100 years  
The bad taste has not been washed from our mouths.”

—Joe Sacco, Researcher and illustrator of The Great War: 7/1/1916: The First Day of the Battle of The Somme: an Illustrated Panorama on the Great War, 2013.



The long and short of it: Great Uncle Dave is on the right.



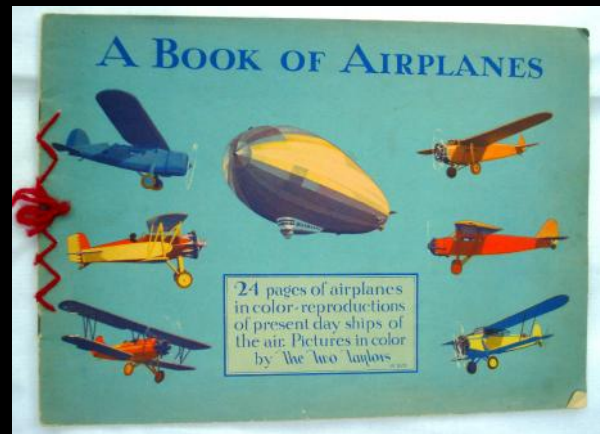
Great Uncle David Fortier in his barracks electrician's shop.

David Fortier learned skills as an Army electrician. He returned home to Minnesota then worked to electrify small Pine County towns through the Rural Electrification Act until his death in 1949.



## World War I Aeronautic Technology

These color reproductions are from *A Book of Airplanes* by The Two Taylors, circa 1923, showing World I aircraft. Family archives.



The Ryan Brougham  
The Sikorsky Amphibian

Fokker  
Boeing Model 100