



ARCHIE'S WWAR

MY SCRAPBOOK OF

No. 1,000

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 17, 1918

[Registered as a Newspaper]

ONE HALFPENNY

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

1914-1918

MARCIA
WILLIAMS

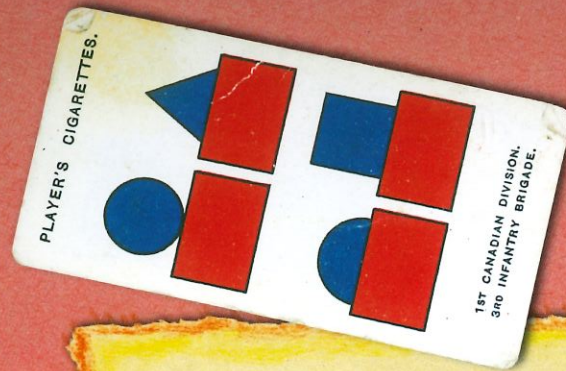
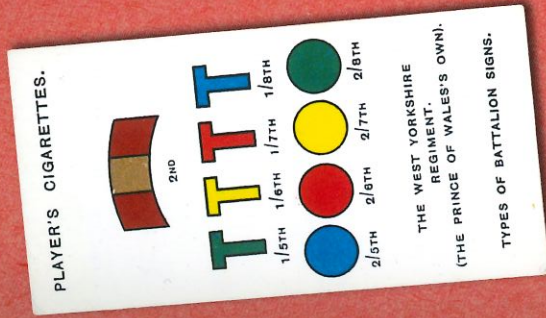


TAKE COVER!



HELPED BY
ARCHIE
ALBRIGHT
AGED 10 YEARS





To whom it may concern — which is nobody except me!
 29th June 1919

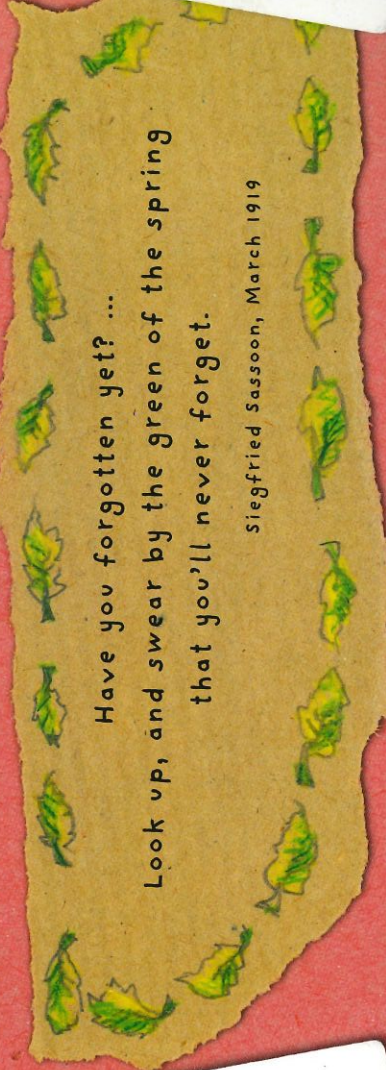
If my best friend, Tom, was here, he'd ask me why I'm writing the last page of this scrapbook on the first page. Well, it's the only page left, and tomorrow I start work with my uncle Colin. I'll have to work hard to earn my five shillings a week, so I don't think I'll have time for my scrapbook, or even my comics. Besides, I want to forget the war and start again.

When Uncle Colin gave me this book for my tenth birthday, on 3rd April 1914, I was just an ordinary boy in an ordinary family. We were poor but happy — all squashed into a house in London's East End. Then, out of the blue, a young Bosnian man killed an archduke in a country I'd never heard of called Serbia. We didn't think much of it at the time; it wasn't our quarrel. But then Germany invaded Belgium, a neutral country and our friend, and we were at war.

They said the war would be over in a few weeks. But it wasn't. Instead, thousands joined up to fight in the trenches and thousands never came back. I'm not saying everything was perfect before the war. There was the awful time when our Molly had the measles and died. She was only three years old. I thought Mum would never give over crying. Well, during the war many thousands of mums everywhere lost their children or saw them wounded. It is hard to imagine how many. There are no hugs big enough for that.

There's nothing as awful as war. I know that now for sure — and nobody can tell me any different. They say that this has been the war to end all wars. Well, I hope they're right, but I don't really trust grown-ups any more.

Archie Albright, 1919
 Now aged 15 years



Have you forgotten yet? ...

Look up, and swear by the green of the spring
 that you'll never forget.

Siegfried Sassoon, March 1919



Archie invented me. I'm Dumpling.



Archie invented me. I'm Gravy.

IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO:

He's right.

No he's left, stupid foms

He's right!

Archie Albright,
33 Grove Road,
East London.



I award Archie and Tom a comic a week for life. HRH.

I wrote this in actual blue blood!

BUT... ONE PEEK AND YOU -
I'LL SET OLD GEORGIE ON YOU -
AND HE'S GOT TEETH AS SHARP
AS RAZORS. MUNCH!
MUNCH!

Good dog, MUNCH UP!



OUCH!

SPRRRR



Yikes, I'm sorry. I'll never peek again!

A nosy nose!

SHARP!

WARNING!
These are genuine cat's teeth, so just imagine a dog's whole jaw full of dog's flesh!!!
sinking



Fido →

THIS BOOK



PC Fairyfoot

I love comics!
This is Tiger
Tim.

BELONGS



My nose tells
me a young
ruffian's about.

He's All Trouble
not
Albright.

ARCHIE ALBRIGHT

Old
Georgie.
My best
dog.



This is
Tom, my
best
mate.

He's
very
holey!

He only
wears
shoes
for
best.

His tail never
stops wagging.
I'm lucky, my dad
works in a boot
factory. I get to
have toe-fluff!

Question: Who's the
brightest kid
around here?
Answer: ARCHIE!
AND HIS MATE TOM!
I had to write that or he'd
have twisted my ear off!

I pulled this
out of Tom's
jumper. One
more tug and
he'd have been
naked!!

What ho!
More nesting
material!

Joey



LOOK FOR ARCHIE THE STAR COMIC!

My first and last cut!



My Family

MAY 1914

AND OTHER GREAT BRITISH COMICS!

Old Georgie

He's a top chap!

This is me, born 3rd April 1904.

There's always food on the table.

My mum, Violet, 36 years old.

Do as yer mam says or I'll clip you round the ear.

My dad, Arthur, 38 years old.

See a girl, wink an eye!

Uncle Teddy, Dad's younger brother.

VOTES FOR WOMEN

My sister, Ethel, 16 years old.

Ain't long afore I leave school!

My brother, Ronald, 14 years old.

He ain't half funny-looking.

My baby brother, Billy, 9 months old.

Smiling gives you wrinkles.

Grandma Albright, ancient and grumpy!

Pink thumb!

Uncle Colin, Dad's older brother.

I think Uncle Colin is about 40 years old. I don't know what he looks like, because he works as a gardener in Dorset. So he must have green fingers! Dad says we can visit him when we've saved the train fare. He's got a gammy leg because he broke it as a child and it was never right again. He must be nice because he sent me this book.



It cost Uncle Colin 2d - two pence! - to post my scrapbook.

Feathers are green, not fingers!

Dad borrowed this suit from his boss.



Mum and Dad's wedding



This is Baby Billy's footprint. If you ask me, it's the print of a little MONSTER!



Ethel wears a ribbon like this to show she is a suffragette and wants the right to vote, like a man. Dad says she'll be wanting to wear trousers next.

Ain't she a picture!

TOP SECRET

These are MY comic characters, Dumpling and Gravy. →



SPECIAL EXTRA HOME AWAY

CHAMPION CHUCKLES!

I might think it was the best house ... if Grandma Albright didn't live with us. She washes my mouth out with soap if I tell a whopper. She also whacks me with her hair brush. THE BEAST!



I live at 33 Grove Road, East London. Dad was born in this house. He says it's the best in the road.



I'd like an orse but they eats money.

PONG!

OPEN!

My dad keeps his barrow out the back, next to the toilet. When there is no work in the boot factory, he buys and sells scrap.

MY BEST FOODS

- Suet pudding with runny custard
- Semolina with jam
- Bread and dripping
- Sunday joint when we can afford it
- Gravy, gravy gravy!
- Hot Bovril
- Hot cocoa

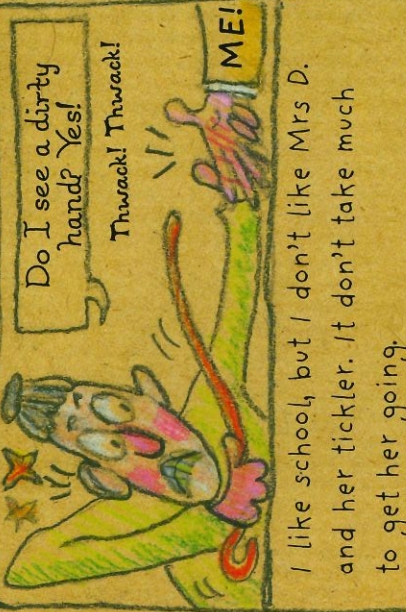
Learning is most excellent.



Mr Duncan

SCHOOL

I go to Mr D.'s school with my best friend, Tom, and our Ron. Ron will have to leave soon and go to work.



Do I see a dirty hands? Yes!

Thwack! Thwack!

ME!

I like school, but I don't like Mrs D. and her tickler. It don't take much to get her going.

Me and Archie is like twins!

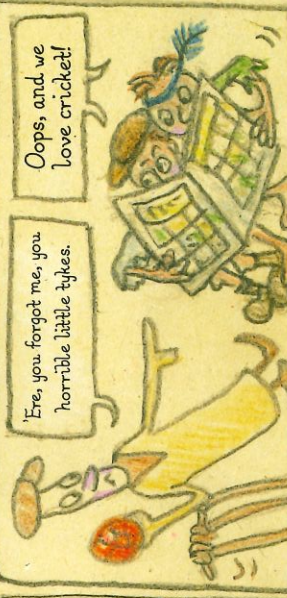


Terrible twins!



TOM UNCLE DEREK LILY+ AUNTIE AG-

This is my best friend, Tom, his sister, Lily, and his mum and dad. They live in the road behind ours.



Ere, you forgot me, you horrible little tykes.

Oops, and we love cricket!

Me and Tom like making our own comics, reading comics, talking about comics, collecting comics and playing Cowboys.

TOM'S BEST FOOD

is a marrow bone because he's barking mad... woof, woof!



Sherbet dip



Jelly babies (not the green ones)



Humbug

SWEETS Give me more!

Tom says I got to write that this don't look like him. EXCEPT IT DOES!

WACKO, MRS D!





★ ○ ★ ○ ★ ○ ★ ○ ★ ○

HAPPY SQUAWK DAY!

GRAND BIRTHDAY NUMBER • AUGUST 1914 • THE FINEST STORY EVER WRITTEN

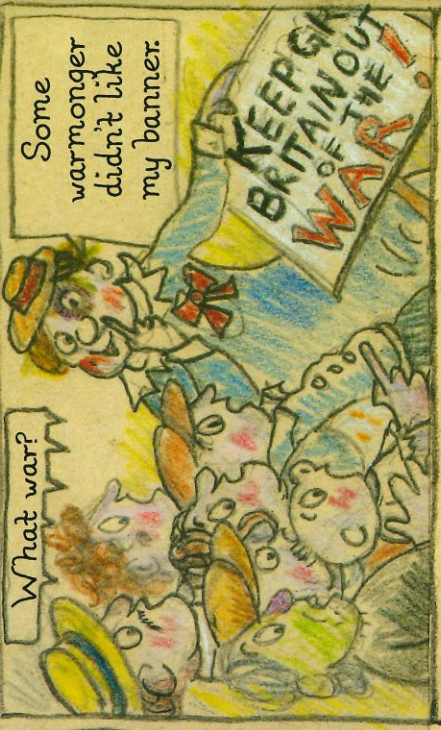
BABY BILLY'S FIRST BIRTHDAY AND THE FIRST TALK OF WAR!

Dad made Baby Billy a shoe doll at the factory. He's ever so good at them. Ethel's still got six! He made me this little paper one to stick in my scrapbook. Good old Dad!

Mum's cake had real butter and strawberries in it. **RIPPING!**



It was Baby Billy's first birthday. We had just cut the cake and were about to sing "Happy Birthday".



Some warmonger didn't like my banner.

Then in walks Ethel with a whopping shiner. She'd been on a peace march to stop Britain joining the war in Europe.



That's our gran - she also sings the national anthem in her bath!



Grandma Albright is very patriotic. She thinks that Great Britain has a duty to sort out the troubles of the world, even if it means going to war. She picked up her cake and threw it at Ethel and her banner.

THE BOSSY BOOTS BRING YOU THE WAR NEWS



28TH JULY 1914 AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR ON SERBIA.



Tom's idea. well... sort of.

YES, IT WAS! - TOM



Tweet, tweet. The locals are at it!

OUCH!

Dad was so ANGRY, I don't think he noticed the neighbours peeping over the wall.



Don't you bring your pacifist nonsense into my house.

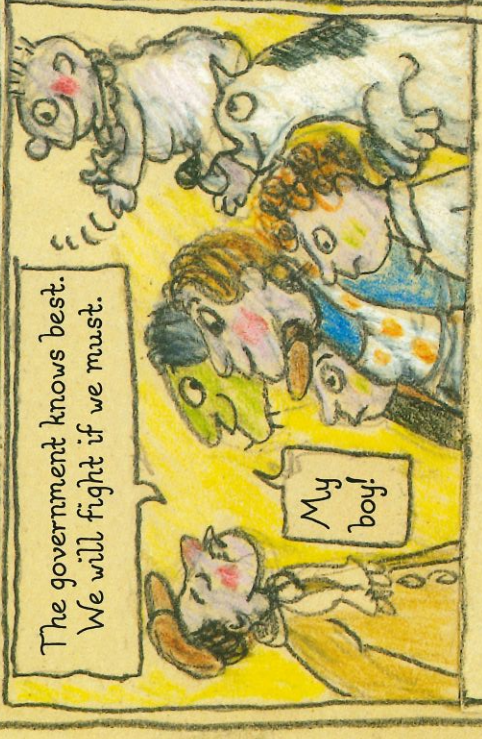
But it's not our war, Dad.

I can't believe she's my daughter.



Dad is very patriotic too. He didn't just throw a slice of cake at Ethel - he grabbed her banner, whacked her with it and made her chop it up.

Baby Billy isn't at all patriotic. He thought it was a birthday show just for him. He got so excited he chewed Old Georgie's tail!



The government knows best. We will fight if we must.

My boy!



God save our gracious ...

Don't worry, it won't happen.

Dad came back in and told us that if there was a war, we all had to do our bit or leave home! We cheered and stood to attention ...

while Mum played the national anthem. I could hear Ethel sobbing upstairs. We never did finish singing "Happy Birthday" to Baby Billy.



AUG 2nd 1914 PEACE MARCH IN LONDON

1st AUG 1914 GERMANY JOINS AUSTRIA AND DECLARES WAR ON RUSSIA

NOT OUR WAR

4th AUG 1914 GERMANY INVADES BELGIUM

Belgium is Britains ally. Now what do we do?

He's a right old swooner crooner.

HOWL!

THE DAILY MAIL.

MONDAY,
AUGUST 3, 1914.

GREAT WAR BEGUN BY GERMANY.

FIRST SHOTS
IN
FRANCE.
GERMAN INVASION
AT 3 PLACES.
ACT OF WAR 270 MILES
FROM LONDON.
PRUSSIAN PATROL
CUT UP.

The French Embassy in L-6

BRITISH ACTION.
SUNDAY CABINET
MEETINGS.
GOVERNMENT UNITED.
NAVY READY.
SUGGESTED VOTE OF
£50,000,000.
CROWD AT THE
PALACE.
THE KING AND QUEEN
ON THE BALCONY.

WE ARE AT



Luckily it was the summer holidays or I might have been at school when Constable John bicycled down our street. He was blowing his whistle and looking important, so we all gathered round and some of the mums brought out tea and biscuits. It seemed like a bit of a picnic, until Constable John told that Germany had invaded Britain's friend, Belgium, so we had declared war on Germany.



4TH AUGUST 1914

BRITAIN HAS
DECLARED WAR
ON GERMANY.



CENTRAL POWERS
BULGARIA
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
GERMANY
TURKEY

Our
friends!



THE ALLIES
FRANCE
BRITAIN
BELGIUM
RUSSIA
SERBIA

Our
enemies!

WAR

WAR

Tom helped me cut and paste this picture. He'll always be my mate, no matter what.

BRITISH WARNING TO GERMANY.

Germany has begun the great war.

Is war scary?
How should I know? I'm just a dog!

And the bad news is that Dad says I've still got to go back to school next term, war or no war.



I'd shoot the lot before breakfast.

It'll be the regular army going to France first.

Shame my sons too young to fight.

I wonder if there'll be food shortages.

Maybe we should stock up.

Gurgles!

Mummy!

Howl!

At first nobody said anything. All I could hear was Grandma slurping her tea, the chink of cups rattling on saucers and our Ethel crying. Then everyone started talking at once, except for Mrs Schoenfeld from Number 36. She didn't say a word. Her husband is German, so he is our enemy now. He might start poisoning the food we buy from his grocery shop, or even become a spy for Germany.

MORE ALLIES
ITALY
ROMANIA
PORTUGAL
GREECE

2ND AUGUST 1914
22 GERMAN SOLDIERS AND ONE GERMAN SPY KILLED IN FRANCE.

Not just a pretty face - she can read as well!
SPY SHOT DEAD.
A German spy was shot dead by the guard at Salsmann railway bridge last night.

22 GERMANS KILLED.
REFUSE OF A FRONTIER RAID.
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
Paris, Sunday, 8 p.m.
A German patrol of twenty men of the Ger. near Langry was killed and the frontier was repulsed.
The German patrol crossed the frontier at Eschen, State Minister of Luxembourg, last night.



AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1914

1 1/2

WAR GAMES

THE PATRIOTIC COMIC

THE GREAT NEW READ FOR BOYS AND GIRLS DOGS!

BAN THE HUN!
LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE BOYS NEVER PLAY WITH GERMAN TOYS!

DO NOT WHISTLE GERMAN TUNES.

DO NOT LET A GERMAN BARBER CUT YOUR HAIR. HE'LL SLIT YOUR THROAT!



The summer holidays have been spiffing. We have spent nearly all our time playing war games. It's much more fun than playing Cowboys. You dig a trench and then hurl missiles at the girls. We don't let them play unless they're the Germans. They can't dig trenches so we always win!



Our best game is pretending we're the British soldiers that went to France just after war was declared. We are defending Paris, the capital of France, and are nearly losing to the Germans. Then, in the nick of time, more French soldiers arrive in taxis and Paris is saved! Dad says this really happened.

IGNORE YOUR GERMAN FRIENDS. THEY ARE NOW THE ENEMY



We don't play with Peter Schoenfeld any more because he is German and might be a spy!



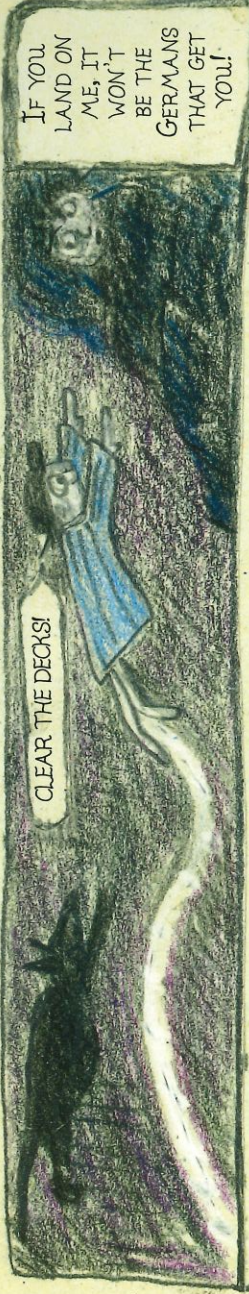
Dad says we must keep our wits about us, so I always let someone else taste the cocoa first, in case Peter or his dad have poisoned it.

12th AUGUST 1914
BRITISH FORCES START TO ARRIVE IN FRANCE

3rd SEPTEMBER 1914
GERMAN PATROLS GET VERY CLOSE TO PARIS.

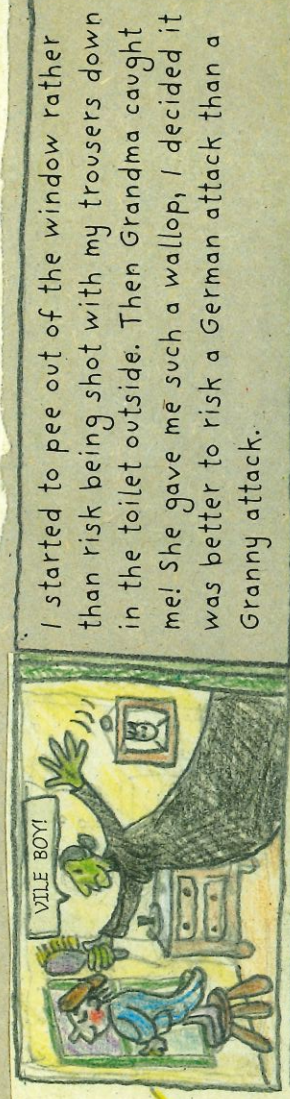
5-10th SEPTEMBER 1914
FRENCH SOLDIERS STOP THE GERMANS ADVANCING AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE MARNE.





IF YOU LAND ON ME, IT WON'T BE THE GERMANS THAT GET YOU!

At night I get into bed with a running leap, so if there is a German soldier under the bed he won't be able to grab me. Dad says that the Germans won't kill children, but you can't be too careful.



I started to pee out of the window rather than risk being shot with my trousers down in the toilet outside. Then Grandma caught me! She gave me such a wallop, I decided it was better to risk a German attack than a Granny attack.

Tweet!



I haven't found a German in the toilet yet, just bugs and stuff.

V.I.D.



Very Important Document!

READ IT! READ IT!

Lord Roberts, a very important army field marshal, has sent a message to all the children of the British Empire to explain why we are fighting the war. I have copied it down and pinned it above my bed. Grandma says our Ethel should have it pinned to her brain.



WARNING!

Keep your babies safe, so they don't end up roasted on the end of a German bayonet.

NEVER

say "Good morning" to a German. The answer would be, "Gott strafe England", meaning "God punish England".

And we don't want that, do we?

Ethel says all this is rubbish and I should know better than to repeat it, but she can't ALWAYS be right, can she?



A beetle from the bog!

IF YOU
LAND ON
ME, IT
WON'T
BE THE
GERMANS
THAT GET
YOU!



At night I get into bed with a running leap, so if there is a German soldier under the bed he won't be able to grab me. Dad says that the Germans won't kill children, but you can't be too careful.

CLEAR THE DECKS!



I started to pee out of the window rather than risk being shot with my trousers down in the toilet outside. Then Grandma caught me! She gave me such a wallop, I decided it was better to risk a German attack than a Granny attack.

Tweet!



I haven't found a German in the toilet yet, just bugs and stuff.

V.I.D.

Very Important Document!



You have all heard of the war; you have all heard of the fighting forces sent from every part of the Empire to help the Mother Country. Why are we fighting? Because the British Empire does not break its promises, nor will it allow small nations to be bullied.

Now, the British Government promised, with all the Great Powers of Europe, including Germany, that no army should set foot on the territory of the little nation of Belgium without her leave; in other words, she guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium.

Germany, however, was bent on war, and on dominating other nations. Britain did her best to keep the peace, but Germany (breaking her word) marched her armies into Belgium to try to conquer France.

Children of the Empire, this is why we are at war — to hold our promise, to help our friends, and to keep the flag of liberty flying, not only over our own empire, but over the whole world.

GOD SAVE OUR KING AND EMPIRE.

Roberts (Field Marshal).

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beetle from bog!

MY LIFE IS



UNCLE T.'S NEW SONG

(This one doesn't make Grandma smile!)

Where are our uniforms?
 Far, far away.
 When will our rifles come?
 Praps, p'raps some day...



Come along, boys!

ENLIST TODAY



The same week that I went back to school, Uncle Teddy joined the army. He is in the Royal Middlesex Regiment. This is a picture of him training on Epsom Downs. They had to use umbrellas and broom handles because there weren't enough rifles.



It's just a bit of soot from the steam.

When he had finished training we went to the station to see him off to France. His hair had been cut short and he looked very fine in his uniform. There were lots of people hugging and kissing - yuk. Mum and our Ethel cried, soppy hens!

OFFICERS KILLED.

Akeley, Capt. C. H., King's Own Yorks L.I.
 Anderson, Lieut. C. E., Royal West Kent Regt.
 Bond, Colonel R. C., King's Own Yorks L.I.
 Bowes, Lieut. and Adj. J. A., Royal Field Art.
 Broadwood, 2nd Lieut. M. F., R.W. Kent Regt.
 Browning, Capt. C. H., R.F.A.
 Coghlan, Sec. Lieut. W. H., R.F.A.
 Cresswell, Capt. F. J., Norfolk Regt.
 Denison, Lieut. S. N., King's Own Yorks. L.I.
 Gatere, Capt. W. E., King's Own Yorks. L.I.
 Hammond, Sec. Lieut. G. P., K.O.S.B.
 Holland, Major C. S., R.F.A.
 Jones, Capt. R. A., R.F.A.
 Keppel, Capt. A. R., King's Own Yorks L.I.
 Ledger, Capt. W. V., King's Own Yorks L.I.

FIRST ARMY CASUALTY LIST.

at Kent Bedfordshire King's Own Yorks
 Sewell, Lieut. Shearman, Sec. Simpson, Capt. Spencer, Lieut. Stanford, Lieut. Stevenson, Lieut. Townshead, Lieut. Tulloch, Capt. Walford, Capt. Whitbread, Lieut. Abercrombie, Lt.-Col. W. Connan.

The newspapers have just started to print the names of soldiers killed in action - each day the list gets longer. I hope UNCLE TEDDY doesn't end up as a name in the newspaper; we use our old newspaper in the toilet.



It's just temporary mate.

Where are our friends?

We have none.

What about our families?

All spies!

Smelly pong Germans!

Mr Schoenfeld has been arrested! He has been taken to an internment camp with a whole load of other Germans who might turn into spies. They will have to stay there until the end of the war. I am now definitely not allowed to play with Peter - anyway, he has stopped coming to school.

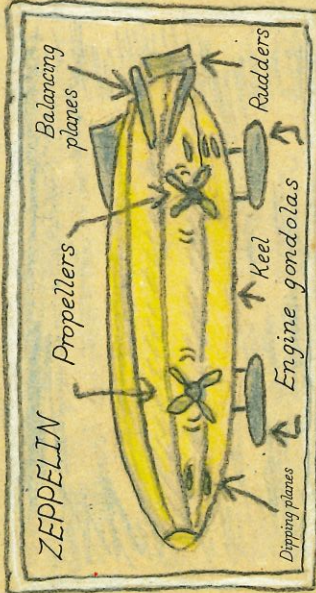


OCTOBER 1914
 MILLIONS OF MEN (EVEN DADS) JOIN THE FORCES. THEY THINK THE WAR WILL SOON BE OVER.



OCTOBER - NOVEMBER 1914
 THE ALLIES AND CENTRAL POWERS DIG TRENCHES OPPOSITE EACH OTHER.

SLOWLY CHANGING!



TAKE COVER!



I think Constable John should arrest Peter for being the son of a German, but he is too busy practising for a Zeppelin raid. He rides his bicycle up and down our road shouting and ringing his bell. We have to run and shelter under the kitchen table. IT IS EVER SO MUCH FUN!



We stay undercover until a Boy Scout from the local pack rides through the street shouting, "All clear!" Ron and me would like to join the scouts, but Dad says we ain't got money to spare for the subs.

RED-LETTER DAY!

The whole family has been writing to Uncle Teddy and at last we have got a letter from him. OUR FIRST WAR LETTER! He doesn't think the war will be over by Christmas, worst luck. He has asked us to send ever so many things. He says the army hasn't got enough stuff for all the new soldiers.

REMEMBER BELGIUM
YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU.
ENLIST TODAY

SCOUTING
1907
BE PREPARED
1907

BRITONS
Rally round the flag.
ENLIST TODAY

ANNALS OF BRITISH HEROISM.
Superb Achievement By The Scots Greys.
THE BLIND GUNNER.
Accounted For 1,000 Germans With His Gun.

Another 700 wounded men from the fighting line were landed at Southampton yesterday.
Vivid stories were told of the carnage raging at the front. It was stated that the Scots Greys charged through the ranks of the enemy five times. Among the wounded was an artillery gunner who is blind.

He gave a vivid word picture of the terrible slaughter dealt out by the British guns among the closely packed lines of the enemy, putting forward the estimate that he alone had accounted for 1,000 Germans with his gun.

It was during the long hours that he served that pain that blindness came upon him. Wounded in the thigh the German rifle fire leaves much to be desired—from the German point of view, respect for artillery fire is a thing to be deeply respected.

WOUNDED PROGRESSING.

Sorry about that - a bit of bulgy beef from the trench.

November 1914

Dear Family,

Here I am in France and jolly glad to be here, pocketing my 12/6d. I certainly get more fresh air than I did in the boat factory! It seems there were a few close encounters with the Hun before I arrived, but now we spend most of our time sitting in our

SLOWLY CHANGING



Sorry about that - a bit of bully beef from the trench.

November 1914

Dear Family,

Here I am in France and jolly glad to be here, pocketing my 12/bd. I certainly get more fresh air than I did in the boot factory! It seems there were a few close encounters with the Hun before I arrived, but now we spend most of our time sitting in our trenches opposite the German trenches. In between there is an area called "no man's land". It is best to keep out of there or you might get tangled in barbed wire or shot by a German sniper. Things are pretty good, and I have made a lot of mates, especially amongst the rats and lice. No, only joking! Could you send me an electric torch, some wire cutters and a tinderbox? Our matches get so damp we can't light our ciggies. Yes, I've started smoking! If I keep my head down I should be home on leave soon after Christmas.

By the way, Grandma have you still got Grandpa's old binoculars? If you have, I could put them to good use spotting the horrible Hun. Tell Archie I'll bring him back a German, helmet as a souvenir. Our helmets are a bloomin' nightmare - the edges are so sharp I keep cutting my fingers. Write soon. We all share our letters, and it cheers the boys to hear from home. Don't be surprised if I have turned into a can of bully beef by the time I return - it's almost all we eat!

Love to all, Teddy



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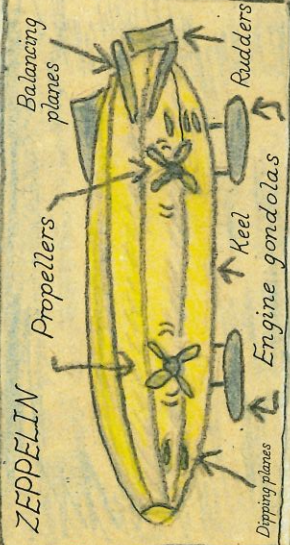
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WOUNDED PROGRESSING.

SLOWLY CHANGING!

ZEPPELIN



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Such a nice boy. He called me "old dear".



ALL CLEAR!

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ANNALS OF BRITISH HEROISM.

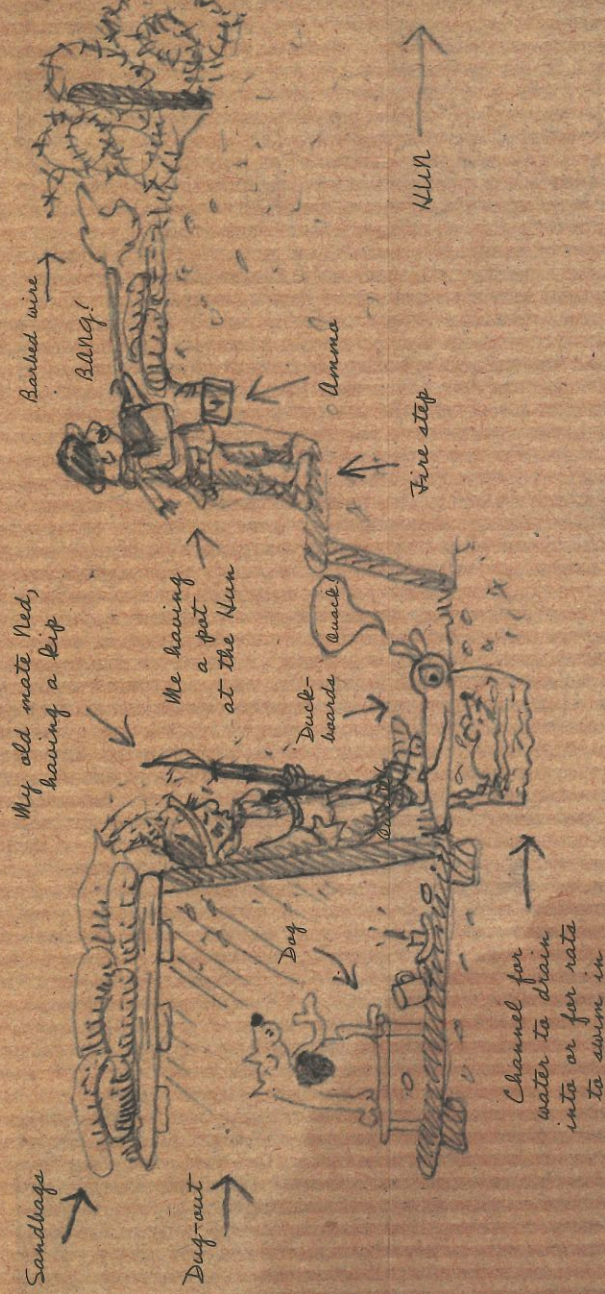
Superb Achievement By The Scots Greys.

THE BLIND GUNNER.

Accounted For 1,000 Germans With His Gun.

Another 700 wounded men from the fighting line were landed at Southampton yesterday. Vivid stories were told of the carnage raging at the front. It was stated that the Scots Greys charged through the ranks of the enemy five times. Among the wounded was an artillery gunner who is blind. He gave a vivid word picture of the terrible slaughter dealt out by the British guns among the closely packed lines of the enemy, putting the estimate that he alone had accounted for 1,000 Germans with his gun. It was during the long hours that he served that gun that blindness came upon him. The consciousness of the wounded man was that when the shells fell he never saw much to be desired—from the fact that he never saw the artillery fire is a thing to be deeply respected.

WOUNDED PROGRESSING. 15



This is me in the trenches - for Archie's scrapbook.

GRAND
HOLIDAY
SPECIAL
Id
SIMPLY
SPIFFING!

Round the Yule log
we may gather
and our hands may
holly twine.
But our hearts are
with our soldiers,
fighting in the
battle line.

CHRISTMAS FEAST

Hats to be worn

STUFFED TURKEY

(It was 10d a pound, but Dad splashed out!)

ROAST POTS

SPROUTS
(yuk, yuk, yuk!)

AUNT AG'S MINCE PIES
(lead weights)

MUM'S PEACE PUDDING
(so scrumptious)

YUMMY YELLOW CUSTARD

THAMES AIR

Christmas Visit by the Germans.

THRILLING CHASE.

The following announcement is issued by the Secretary to the War Office:—

A hostile aeroplane was sighted today at 11.35 p.m. flying very low and to west.



CHRISTMAS IN LONDON

HAPPY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS! THE BAD NEWS IS, THE WAR IS NOT OVER!
25TH DECEMBER 1914



Last night the Germans dropped a bomb from a Zeppelin airship and it landed on a garden in Dove. Nobody was hurt, but it could have killed a child or even a pet. Maybe Dad is wrong about the Germans not killing children. Tom's dad says that the Germans have made steel darts to drop on us and that they can split a person in two!



We didn't let the Germans spoil our Christmas, though! Tom and his family came over and we ate until we were bursting. Mum played the piano and we all sang carols and war songs. Dad gave me a whole-shilling and our Ethel gave me two brilliant new comics for my collection. She only cried when we drank a toast to "absent friends". All the girls cried then, even Grandma — they were thinking of Uncle Teddy, of course!



On Boxing Day two German planes flew up the Thames and I actually saw them! They were chased off by a couple of airmen from the Royal Flying Corps. There was lots of firing. I think it is the first time there has ever been a gunfight in the air. It is certainly the first time I have seen a plane. From now on we have got to dim our lights at night to make it harder for the German airmen to see London.

The Bossy Boots are on holiday...

UNCLE TEDDY'S LETTER

WAR NEWS LATEST.

On our friends and Empire shine Fortune's star this Christmas time.



A Belgian Soldier's first taste of British

Christmas Pudding.

I ain't no artist but it was something like this.

I ain't seen no birds perching. Either we've killed them all or they've gone where there ain't no shelling.

We stuck ciggie papers and stuff on a dead tree, English and German.



The shoulder without the board

I gave him a tin of bully beef, poor chap, but he did say he was hungry.

German shoulder board
No pips
so must be a junior rank!

MISS UNCLE T

Don't miss next week's issue and their triumphant return!

When we were celebrating Christmas we didn't talk about Uncle Teddy a lot, but I know we all wondered how he was spending Christmas. We hoped that he had got the parcel of food we sent him and that he was able to have a party with his mates. Then we got this amazing letter from him with a picture that he drew of the trenches on Christmas Day.

Somewhere in France, Christmas 1914

Dear Family,

Well, you wouldn't believe how we spent Christmas! On Christmas Eve, the Germans hung lights from their bayonets and held them above the trenches while they sang some carols. At first we thought it was a trick, then one or two of us put up lights and started singing too.

The Germans cheered and there was no firing all night. You can't imagine how peaceful it seemed, lying there under the stars after days and nights of noisy shell-fire. The next morning we held up a sign saying "Happy Christmas" and the Germans held one up that said "Thank you and Happy Christmas to you too!" Then an incredible thing happened. Soldiers on both sides started to climb out of the trenches and walk towards each other. I was one of them. I don't know why I did it, it just seemed right at the time. We shared sweets, ciggies and food; some of my mates even played a game of football. I asked a German for his shoulder board for our Archie's scrapbook and - would you believe it - he ripped one off for me! He showed me a photograph of his son, who is nearly the same age as Archie. The next morning, both sides fired three shots in the air and the fighting started again. Although, between you and me, we try not to kill anyone.

I have adopted a stray dog. He reminds me of Old Georgie. I've named him Ratty, because he's a right good ratter! Give O.G. a pat from me.

Best love, Teddy

GRAND
HOLIDAY
SPECIAL
I'd
SIMPLY
SPIFFING!

Round the Yule log
we may gather
and our hands may
holly twine.
But our hearts are
with our soldiers,
fighting in the
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FEAST

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MINCE PIES

(lead weights)

MUM'S PEACE

PUDDING

(so scrumptious)

YUMMY

YELLOW

CUSTARD

THAMES AIR

Christmas
the Germans.
Visit by
FIGHT

THRILLING CHASE.

The following announcement is issued
by the Secretary to the War Office:—
Friday.

A hostile aeroplane was sighted
today at 12.35 pm. Flying very high
and to west.



CHRISTMAS IN LONDON

HAPPY CHRISTMAS, FOLKS! THE BAD NEWS IS, THE WAR IS NOT OVER!
25TH DECEMBER 1914



Doris! That dog's
digging up the
garden again.

Last night the Germans dropped a bomb from a Zeppelin airship and it landed on a garden in Dover. Nobody was hurt, but it could have killed a child or even a pet. Maybe Dad is wrong about the Germans not killing children. Tom's dad says that the Germans have made steel darts to drop on us and that they can split a person in two!



Boys in black boys in blue, here's the
best of jolly good luck to you.

You're all right in love or war, you'll get
there again, just the same as you've done before.

We didn't let the Germans spoil our Christmas, though! Tom and his family came over and we ate until we were bursting. Mum played the piano and we all sang carols and war songs. Dad gave me a whole-shilling and our Ethel gave me two brilliant new comics for my collection. She only cried when we drank a toast to "absent friends". All the girls cried then, even Grandma - they were thinking of Uncle Teddy, of course!



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The Bossy Boots are on holiday...



This man is NOT a hero. He is the creator of the first fleet of Zeppelins.



1915 NEW YEAR COMPANION ZEPPELIN AIRSHIPS BOMB LONDON

READ ALL ABOUT IT!
WOMEN AND CHILDREN
BOMBED!

THE ZEPPS
HAVE
COME!



The New Year has not started well; the Germans have started bombing us from Zeppelin airships. It is very scary - not even Baby Billy is safe now. We have moved our beds downstairs in case a bomb hits our house and we have filled tubs with water against incendiaries.



Mrs Schoenfeld had her shop looted because she is married to a German; people are just so angry about the German bombs killing civilians.



Aunt Agatha has thrown her piano out into the street because it was made in Germany, and Uncle Derek tore up all her German music and scattered it in the road.



RESCUED FROM THE GUTTER - WATCH OUT! THIS MAN AND THESE MUSICAL NOTES CAN DO YOU HARM!

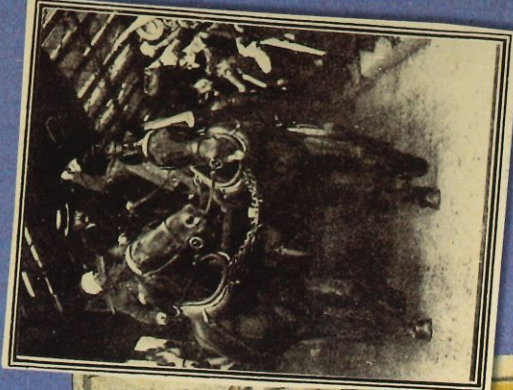
19TH JANUARY 1915
FIRST ZEPPELIN RAIDS ON BRITAIN

THE GERMANS MAKE HISTORY, AS WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE ATTACKED FROM THE AIR FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER!

LONDONERS REBEL AND TURN ON LOCAL GERMAN ALIENS

NOW DO YOU SEE WHERE WAR LEADS?

What hol



Wounded soldiers returning from France. No sign of Uncle Teddy, I'm happy to say!



Cheeky man!

Give us a kiss!

A most patriotic aroma.

Fraid we pong a bit, lady.

Even our Ethel hates the Germans now and has joined the war effort! She and Grandma go to Victoria Station every evening and serve tea to the wounded soldiers arriving back from the trenches. She says it breaks your heart to see some of them.



Those poor German soldiers.

They have no warm socks.

Or proper bandages.

Those lazy German women.

Mum and Aunt Agatha are having knitting and bandage-rolling parties.



We are lean, mean war machines!

Me, Tom, Ron and O.G. are trying to keep extra fit in case we are needed to fight.

TWO DAYS LATER

I ain't had much time to do my scrapbook. Ron's gone barmy about us being fit enough to serve our country. I think I'm too young, but he says that age don't matter, we must all do our bit.



Thank God for my good dinner and for the British Navy.

We can always eat the veg from Dad's allotment.

Shame he ain't a butcher!

Uncle Colin might send us veg from the country.

Bloomin' heck, ain't we got the best navy in the world.

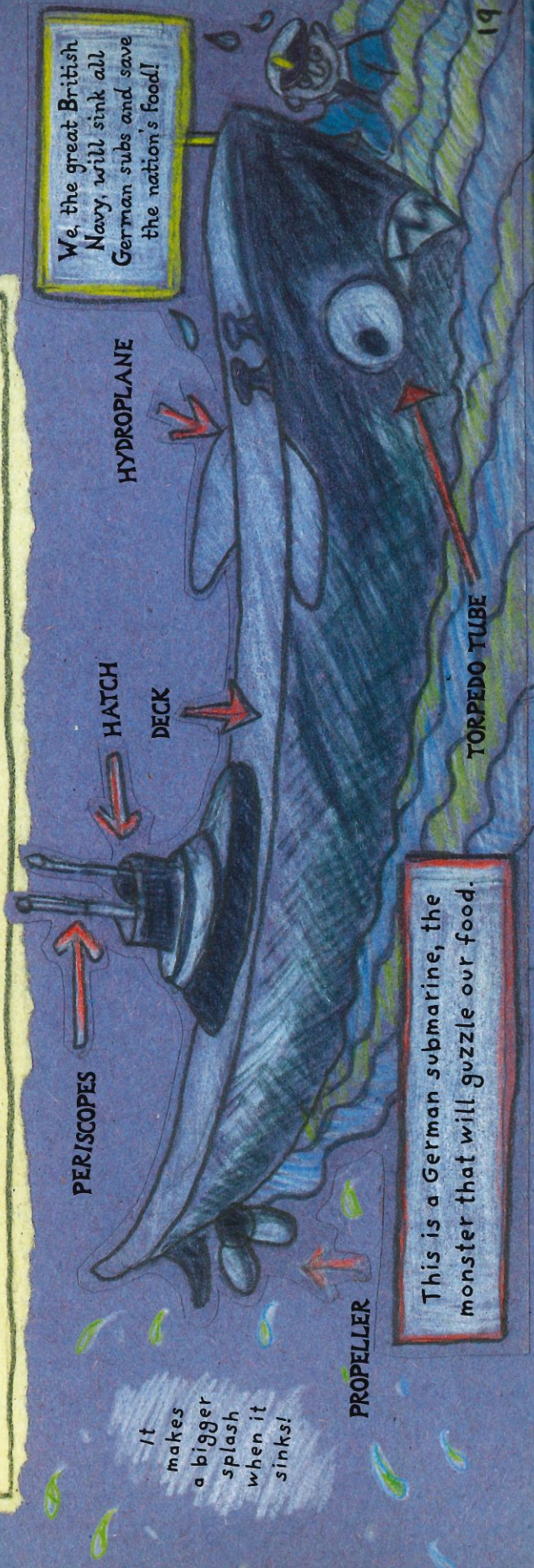
Anyway, I think that I am doing my bit by saying this special grace before meals. "Thank God for my good dinner and for the British Navy." The government has asked all children to say it because the Germans plan to surround our island with submarines and sink our food ships so that we all die of starvation.

Tom says that I'm turning into a right good artist. He is **RIGHT**.

ARCHIE LOVES CHOCOLATES
The Finest, Most Delicious, and Best Malted in London by **GEORGE PAYNE & CO., LTD.**
SOLD BY LEADING CONFECTIONERS.

NB

Baby Billy still looks like a pig, but he's got more hair now. If we run short of food he might never ever grow any bigger.



We, the great British Navy, will sink all German subs and save the nation's food!

This is a German submarine, the monster that will guzzle our food.

It makes a bigger splash when it sinks!

I had to write this for Mum as she ain't good at her letters, never having finished school.

I loved our Teddy to pieces.
- Mum

Me too.
- Ethel

He was my mate.
- Dad

He was the best batsman.
- Ron

I'm ever so sorry. He was a great bloke and we'll all miss him.
- Uncle Derek

I'll miss his loose change too!
- Tom

He did his duty.
- Grandma
Albright

I did this strip for Uncle Teddy cos we're going to miss him so much.

Mr Duncan let me have this paper because I said it was for something special. Paper's that short now - we have to be ever so careful.

ALBUCK

THE PATRIOTIC WEEKLY, SPRING 1915

Either you got it, or you aint.

BUT WE ALL NEED IT!

We painted ...

yellow daffodils ...

to celebrate the arrival of spring.

I went to school today and the sun shone every minute.

MY WORST DAY

When I got home from school, I saw the telegraph boy lean his bike against our wall. He walked up the path and knocked on the door. He handed Mum a telegram. It regretted to inform us that Edward Albright was killed in action. Lord Kitchener sent his sympathy. So don't that make it better.



POW!
BINK!
BINK!

Knatter load of Germans captured!

At first, being at war was like being in a comic strip. It ain't like that now - IT'S REAL.

EAST LONDON RECRUITING OFFICE ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMY

Uncle D.

Don't they scrub up well!

My dad! Look, no scarf!

We'll shed the old and don the new. For we're going to see this business through.

Dad and Uncle Derek say they won't let the Germans get away with killing Uncle Teddy, so they have both joined up. I don't want my Dad to be "killed in action" too. NOT EVER.

TWO WEEKS LATER



Dad and Uncle Derek only volunteered two weeks ago, but they've already gone to France. They are in Uncle Teddy's regiment.

My dad nicked this for me from his sergeant. He's called Sergeant Harris and Dad says he's got a real bark on him, but he'll not let his men do nothing stupid.

DETAIL OF ARTICLES TAKEN IN FIELD BY DISMOUNTED MEN

CARRIED ON PERSON.

Clothing:-
1 Great Coat.
1 Service Dress Cap.
1 S. D. Jacket.
1 pair S. D. Trousers.
1 pair Putties.
1 Brassard for R.A.M.C.
1 Identity Disc.
1 Field Dressing, sewn in S.D. Jacket.
1 Waterproof Cape for Cyclists.

CARRIED ON PERSON.

Equipment and Necessaries:-
Belt, with Cartridge Carriers.
Frog.
Intrenching Tool and Carrier.
2 Braces.
Reat Coat Carrier.
Mess Tin and Cover.
Water bottle and Carrier.
Whistle and Lanyard (N.C.Os. only).

In Haversack.
1 Shaving Brush.
1 Tooth Brush.
1 Comb, 1 Holdall.
1 Fork, 1 Housewife.
1 Table Knife, 1 pair Laces.
1 Razor, 1 Towel.
1 Spoon, 1 Cake Soap.
1 Pay Book.

Arms:-
Rifle and Sling with Oil Bottle and Pullthrough.
Bayonet with Scabbard.
Rounds, S.A.A.

In Kit Bag { 1 Flannel Shirt.
1 Towel.

While our men FIGHT, our women must WORK!



My Arthur won't be short of ammo!

After Mum had seen them off at the station, she went to sign up for work in the munitions factory making shells for guns.



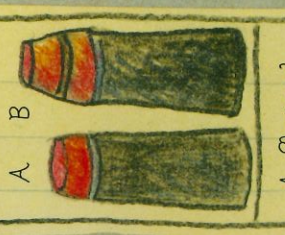
Cap or no cap, yer won't get a man's wage.

Our Ethel went to the boot factory to take over Dad's job. She is only paid half of Dad's wages.



About time we had some discipline in this house.

Dad would be really cross. He thinks women should stay at home and mind the kids. Baby Billy thinks so too.



A Shrapnel iron - empty
B Shrapnel iron

APRIL 3rd 1915 ★
MY BIRTHDAY



I MISS MY DAD

Mum was at work and Grandma was grumpy, so I went to Tom's house for tea.



I got the jam out, special.

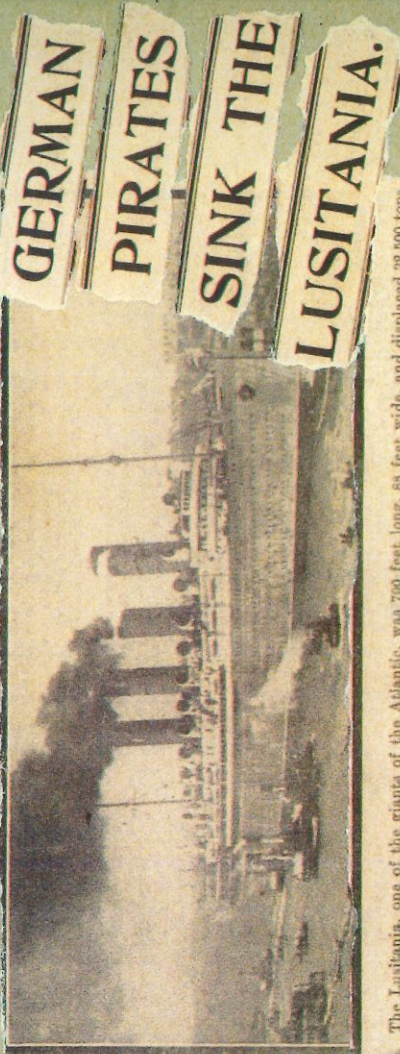
YUCK!



82. THE KING AT THE FRONT. King George and King Albert enjoy an amusing anecdote. Official Photograph—Crown Copyright res. "Daily Mail" War Pictures

Our first postcard from Dad !!

He forgot to mention my birthday, or if he saw King George and King Albert of Belgium, but I forgive him. Poisonous gas sounds really frightening - I hope the Zepps can't drop it on us.



The Lusitania, one of the giants of the Atlantic, was 700 feet long, 85 feet wide, and displaced 32,500 tons.

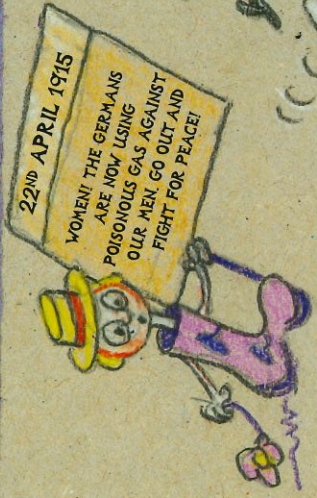
7th May We share a newspaper with Auntie Ag now because money is tight and everything costs more. There was this TERRIBLE story in it today; the Germans have torpedoed a passenger liner! There were 1,198 people killed. I can't even imagine that number; it must be like all the people in the East End. The newspaper said that 128 of the dead were Americans - and they're not even in the war!

GERMAN PIRATES SINK THE LUSITANIA.

Five men from our road, including Uncle Teddy, have been killed. Three of the men had kids.



18th MARCH 1915
WOMEN! OUR GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU TO GO OUT TO WORK SO MEN CAN GO AND FIGHT



22nd APRIL 1915
WOMEN! THE GERMANS ARE NOW USING POISONOUS GAS AGAINST OUR MEN GO OUT AND FIGHT FOR PEACE!



7th MAY 1915
GERMAN SUBMARINE SINKS THE LUSITANIA



AMERICA, please join the war. We need you!

BOYS AT WORK

Ron says lots of boys are leaving school before they are 14 and taking jobs as clerks, factory workers, chaffeurs, messengers, telegraph boys, errand boys, miners, builders, rag and bone boys, and lots of other things. Even GIRLS are going out to work!

Uncle Colin - WE NEED VEG.

WAR 10th YEAR OLD. AUGUST 1915

1st SUMMER Special

ARCHIE'S DAD HOME ON LEAVE. READ ALL ABOUT IT!



Where's your homework, boy?

Lucky I got pluck!



Lucky I got pluck!

I haven't had much time to do my scrapbook because I've been at school.



No you may not go out to play. You must mind Billy, wash the windows, make the beds, fetch the bread, brush the dog...

Bloomin' heck!

Also, with Mum and Ethel at work, my list of chores is long enough to reach the trenches!

Me ride.



Well, what'll we do if Dad's killed? We can't live on Mum's wages.



Don't say that cos it won't happen.



Archie, I've captured a Hun!

BUT NOW IT'S THE HOLIDAYS!!!!!! Ron won't play with us much these days - he's too busy pretending he's Dad and collecting scrap - but Tom and me still have a brilliant time. We do our exercises, hunt for German spies and, of course, play trenches!



The game may be patriotic, but your aim isn't.



SCARPER!

We've been banned from our back yard because we broke a window, shooting at Germans!



That was our tea for the week.

Well, it ain't going to shake out.

We've also been banned from Uncle Derek's veg patch - we was hungry and nicked a cucumber.

Food has been a bit short lately and Grandma has taken to locking the larder and wearing the blinkin' key around her blinkin' neck!

We can't feed you. Food's too short.

I only wanted a bone.

The poor Germans are so hungry they might eat you.

AUGUST 1915
TAXES TO RISE:
WAR NOW COSTING
£1 MILLION
A DAY

Everything is going up except for wages - and Joey!



Plop!



DAD WILL BE HOME TOMORROW!



Usually Dad whistles as he comes down Grove Road, so we know he's nearly home. He didn't whistle today - he knocked, which isn't like him. His uniform was covered in stinky yellow mud and he looked grey, dirty and bent. Old Georgie and Baby Billy both howled when they saw him.

Have another dumpling.

I'm all right - give it to Archie.

I thank Dad and the British Navy.



Dad has lost so much weight that Mum and Grandma are determined to feed him up before he goes back next week. So there's a bit more food in my tummy!

ONE WEEK LATER!

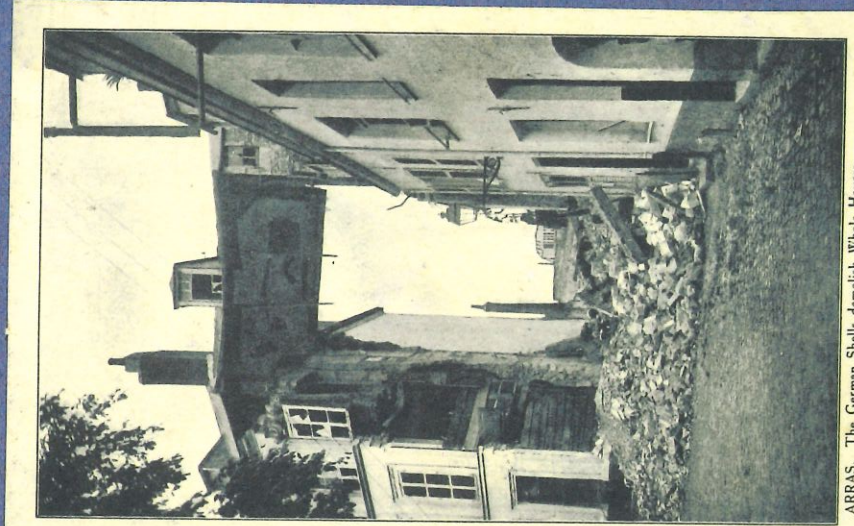


Dad went back to the trenches today. He was so sad and quiet all leave; he wasn't like my usual dad. Still, I ~~etted~~ hated him going again and so did O.G.

FOOD TO DIE FOR

WAR BAKE

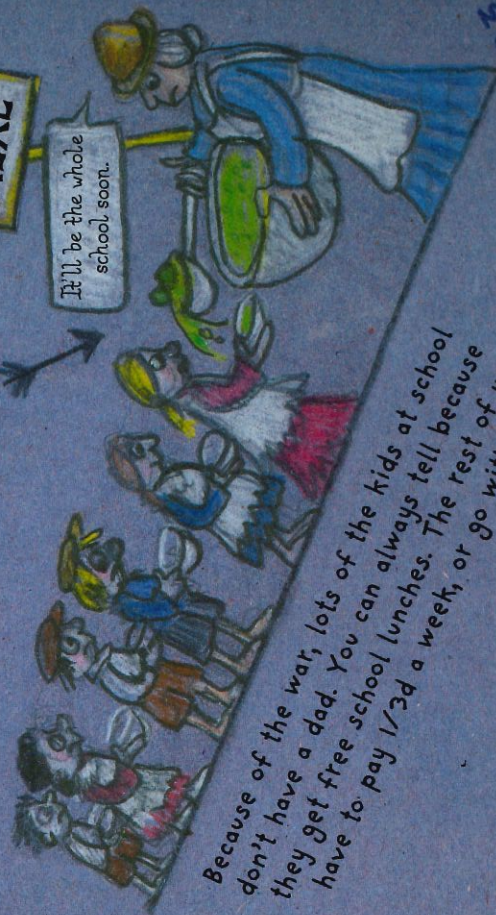
- 1 lb bacon fat, minced
- Shale bread
- Leftover veg
- 2 tbsps oatmeal
- Pint liquid
- Mix up, pour into dish.
- Bake in moderate oven for 30 mins.
- Turn out and eat cold, with or without brown sauce!



ARRAS. The German shells demolish Whole Houses.

FREE MEAL

Vile green slime balls!



Because of the war, lots of the kids at school don't have a dad. You can always tell because they get free school lunches. The rest of us have to pay 1/3d a week, or go without.

It is a blinkin' cold winter and we ain't got no coal. What's more, I've got chilblains.



AND THEY DON'T HALF ITCH!!

Grandma says I shouldn't complain because some of the Tommies in the trenches 'ave got trench foot. Their feet can swell up really big.



Or their flesh can rot and drop off!



You'd believe any old rot!



WINTER 1915

ARCHIE ALBRIGHT'S

10 SPECIAL REPORT ON A BRAVE WAR HERO

NURSE EDITH CAVELL

SHE HAD PLUCK!

Cleanliness is next to Godliness!



Aah, oui, oui.



When the war started, an English nurse called Edith Cavell was teaching at a medical college in Brussels.

The Red Cross helps all sides.



Aah, oui, oui.

When the Germans invaded Belgium and captured Brussels last year, her college became a Red Cross hospital.

Merci.



Danke.



Thanks, duck.



When you are better, I will take you both for my prisoner. Ya! Ya! Ya!



Not if I can help it.

Nurse Cavell stayed to look after the wounded soldiers, whichever side they were on. Lots of British and French soldiers were trapped behind enemy lines, and when their wounds were better they needed help to escape from enemy territory.

You do so much for us, Nurse Cavell.



Shhh! The Germans mustn't hear you.



Not only did Nurse Cavell help lots of soldiers recover, she also helped them to escape. She fed and nursed most of them herself so that her nurses were not put in danger. She even washed up their dishes.



Today I think we will search your cellar.



What cellar?

Nurse Cavell soon became part of a secret organization that helped hundreds of Allied soldiers to escape from the Hun. The trouble was, the more soldiers she helped, the more suspicious the Germans became.

Our Ethel told me this story. It was told to her by a soldier at the railway station. Tom doesn't believe it, but I do. I expect it will be in the newspaper soon. Then I'll show that doubting Tom!

I doubt it. - Tom



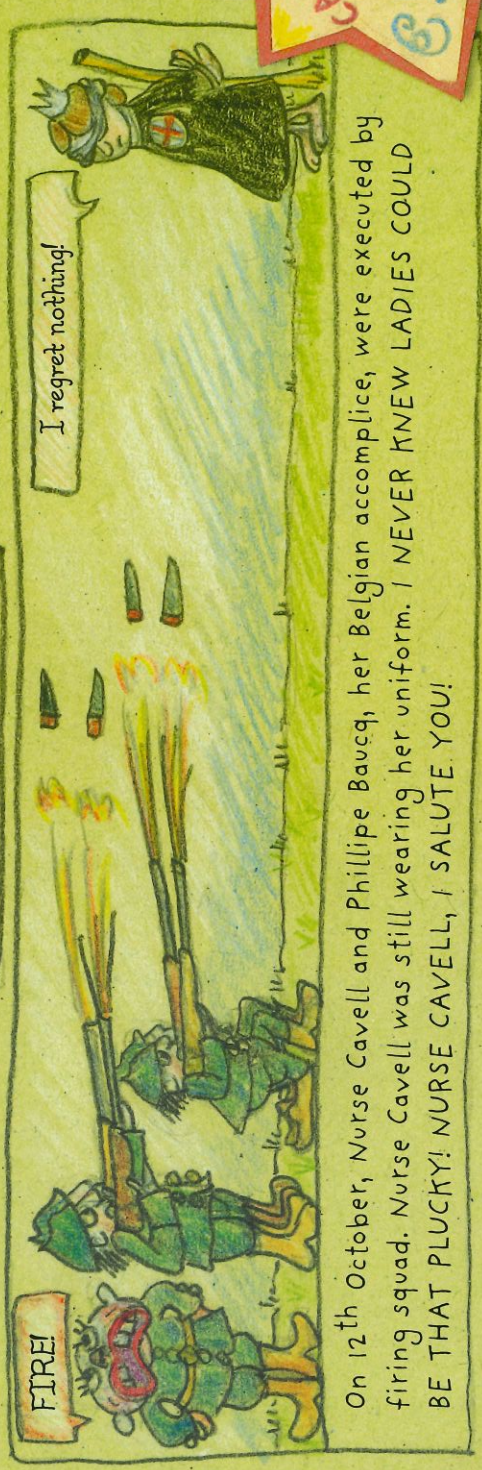
LITTLE-KNOWN FACT

Edith Cavell loved dogs!

So I have awarded her the dog-star medal for BRAVERY.



Then she was tried and found guilty of helping soldiers escape to Holland.



On 12th October, Nurse Cavell and Phillipe Baucoq, her Belgian accomplice, were executed by firing squad. Nurse Cavell was still wearing her uniform. I NEVER KNEW LADIES COULD BE THAT PLUCKY! NURSE CAVELL, I SALUTE YOU!

PS I don't think that Nurse Cavell's family will have a very happy Christmas this year - and I don't think we will either. Mum says there is no money for extras and, anyway, we have precious little to celebrate with Uncle Teddy dead and Dad and Uncle Derek still at the front.



Old Georgie has taken to howling most of the night, and Baby Billy whinges instead of talking. He hates our mum going out to work.



BANG!



This is a picture of her, from a newspaper.



BRING MY DAD HOME!

**January 1916
CONSCRIPTION
STARTS**

Our Ethel says that the army is running out of soldiers, 'cos so many have been killed or wounded. What will we do if there are no dads left in the world?

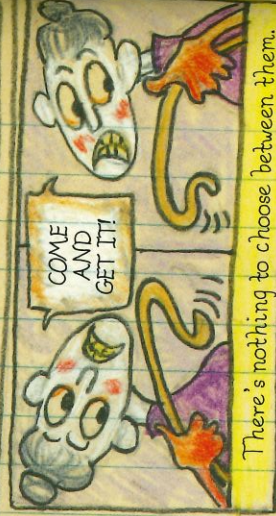
**DON'T
TAKE OUR
TEACHERS!
(Except the rotten ones!)**

**A NEW YEAR 1916 BRINGS...
CONSCRIPTION
WOMEN OF BRITAIN SAY "GO!"**

FREE TODAY



When me and Tom got back to school after the Christmas holiday, Mr Duncan had gone to join the army. Mrs Duncan's sister has taken his place and she's as vile as Mrs D.



There's nothing to choose between them.



Conchyl!

Coward!

I'm only 15 years old.

He's only 15 years old.

CONCHY!

Slacker!

Shirker!

CO.

Lily!

Now all fit men between the ages of 18 and 41 have to join the forces. It's called conscription. If you are not wearing a disablement or discharge badge, you get shouted at in the street. Or even given a white feather. It's happened to our Ron and he's only 15 years old.

1ST MARCH
This is the feather given to Ron. He ain't no coward - he's my best brother!



Me!

SO HE HAS DECIDED TO SIGN UP

Walking is most ageing...

RON TAKES A WALK.



How old are you?

15 years old.

AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE.

I'm 18 years old now.

Good lad. Sign here!

RON BECOMES A SOLDIER.



Take a walk and then come back 18 years old.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER'S ADVICE

Bye, Arch!

Your turn next.



You're lucky you've one son ready to serve his country.

Mum cried buckets. Grandma didn't even give her a hug. Poor Mum - now she will have to worry about Ron as well as Dad and money.



Your marm's a yellow canary.

WILL IT BE MY TURN NEXT?

Tweet, tweet!

She works a twelve-hour shift at the munitions factory. Her hair and face have turned yellow from the chemicals and she's always tired.

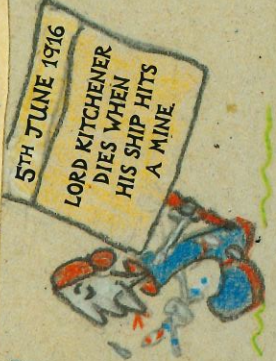


Do not go outside without your disablement badge! You might be attacked by gangs of women armed with white feathers.



MARCH 1916

GERMAN SOLDIERS TOLD TO GO WITHOUT FOOD ONE DAY A WEEK.



5TH JUNE 1916

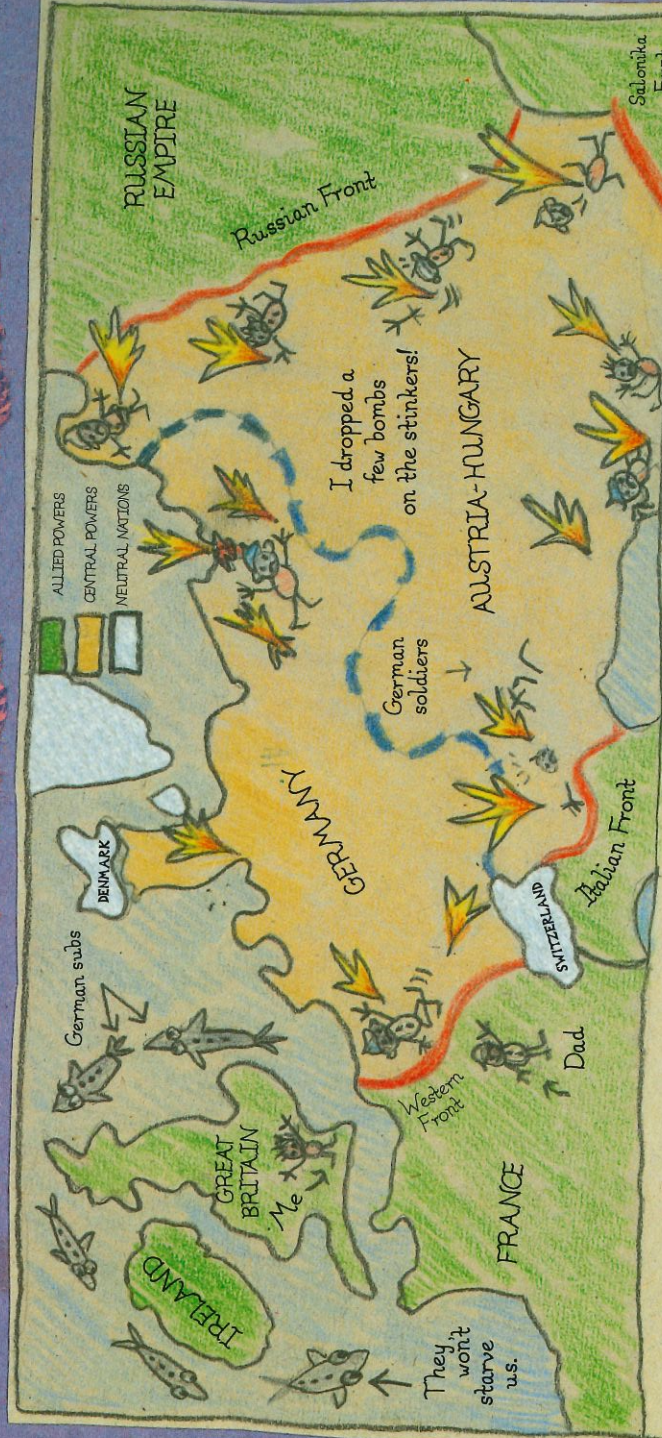
LORD KITCHENER DIES WHEN HIS SHIP HITS A MINE.



1ST JULY 1916

THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME BEGAN TODAY. IT'S GOING TO END THE WAR!

A WAR ON MANY FRONTS



While Dad and Uncle Derek (maybe Ron as well, soon) are fighting in France, on the Western Front, there have been other battles going on, which the papers call "side shows". The dreaded Mrs D. drew this map on the board for us yesterday. No wonder this is called the Great War!

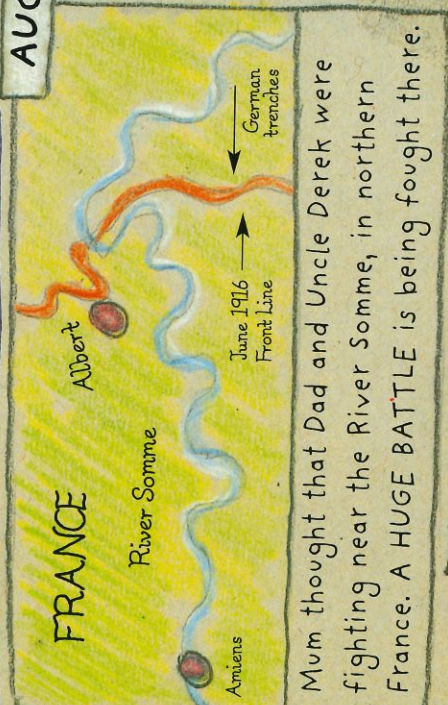
Mum says I ain't got to use so much paper.

I'm not made of papers Archie.



She's so thin now. She could easily be a sheet of yellow paper.
My wartime mum.
XXXXX

AUGUST



Mum thought that Dad and Uncle Derek were fighting near the River Somme, in northern France. A HUGE BATTLE is being fought there.

It says he's going straight to hospital.



Go and see him, pet. I'll mind the kids.

Then we had a surprise. Uncle Derek has suddenly been sent home! He has gone straight to hospital, because he has got "shell shock".

SEPTEMBER



Hello, love.

I don't think he knows who you are, dear.

Auntie Agatha went to see him, but he just stared into space. Tom is ever so upset.

Shat it! I don't care if it's true - you shouldn't have writ it. - Tom

This is Dad's Princess Mary Box, which he got off Uncle Teddy. She gave all the soldiers one that first Christmas. Mum hid it under her pillow when Auntie Agatha brought it home, but I snuck it out and took a rubbing from it and took Dad's notes.



Poor Uncle Derek was gripping hold of Dad's baccy tin. The nurse said he even held it in his sleep. Auntie Ag took it off him and found two notes inside.

DO NOT TELL!

A WAR ON MANY FRONTS



While Dad and Uncle Derek (maybe Ron as well, soon) are fighting in France, on the Western Front, there have been other battles going on, which the papers call "side shows". The dreaded Mrs D. drew this map on the board for us yesterday. No wonder this is called the Great War!

Mum says I ain't got to use so much paper.

I'm not made of paper, Archie.



She's so thin now. She could easily be a sheet of yellow paper.
My wartime mum.
XXXXX

FRANCE



Mum thought that Dad and Uncle Derek were fighting near the River Somme, in northern France. A HUGE BATTLE is being fought

SEPTEMBER

Hello, love.

I don't think he knows who you are, dear.



Auntie Agatha went to see him, but he just stared into space. Tom is ever so upset.

Shat it! I don't care if it's true - you shouldn't have writ it. - Tom

Dearest Vi,

I'm sneaking this in under the ciggies in my baccy box. I don't know if you'll ever get it, but if you do, I'll be back for that box, so keep it safe. Look after Agatha, it'll be tough for her now. Some people think soldiers with shell shock is cowards, but Derek ain't no coward and I'd be dead now, except for him. Tell that Tom he should be right proud of his dad, he's a hero. We're all bloomin' heroes.

Miss you ever so much, my Vi.
Arthur x x

This is Dad's Princess Mary Box, which he got off Uncle Teddy. She gave all the soldiers one that first Christmas. Mum hid it under her pillow when Auntie Agatha brought it home, but I snuck it out and took a rubbing from it and took Dad's notes.



Poor Uncle Derek was gripping hold of Dad's baccy tin. The nurse said he even held it in his sleep. Auntie Ag took it off him and found two notes inside.

Arthur Albright



← Ron brought these back from the front. He says he ain't giving them to me, just lending them. I stuck them in anyway!

NOVEMBER 1916 **PLUCKY** RON RETURNS FROM THE FRONT!

Field gun

Bayonet

Trench club

British Lee-Enfield Mark 2
(I had one of these)

Body lice

Gas cylinder and gas shell

German sausage balloon

Another spy

Flare pistol

Stick grenade

Shrapnel shell invented by Colonel Shrapnel

Bullets

Black powder

Powder

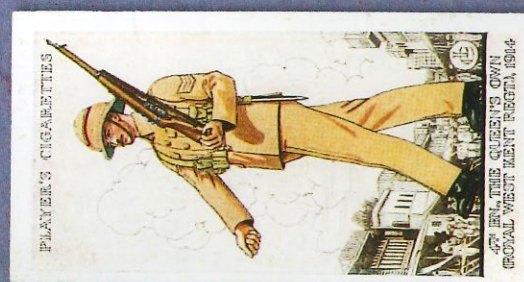
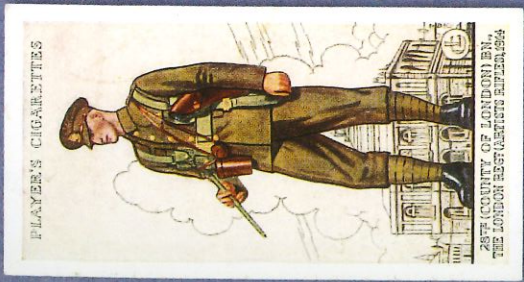
(sounds horrific)

Armoured car

British machine gunner

Tank or "Wibbler-wabblers" used after September 1 16

Spy



Mum was right about Dad being in the Battle of the Somme. So was Ron, for just half a day! He joined Dad in the trenches in the morning and by the afternoon he was wounded and on his way back to England! The next day, the battle ended – but not the war, as everyone had hoped. Ron has quite bad shrapnel wounds and can't walk much, but we're just glad to have him home. He says he would be dead now if Dad and a mate of his hadn't rescued him from no-man's-land.

Ron has banned the Bossy Boots. He says we're surrounded by bossy women already!

AND TAKES UP ART!

ALL PROFITS TO THE
BLUE CROSS FUND -
HELPING HORSES
WOUNDED AT WAR

No, I ain't.
Art is for
sissies, not
soldiers. This
is a one-off.



A WAR WOUND.
IT HURTS!

French pack donkey



Messenger pigeon



Messenger dog
leaping a trench



The Great British Tommy,
walking through mud



Wire

Ratcatcher
berrier



French
mascot



Indian soldier
with his bike,
in France



German horse in gas mask



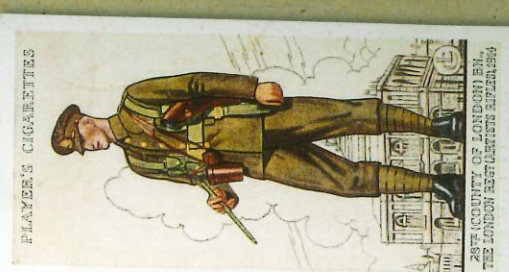
German hawk
trying to catch a
British pigeon



Red Cross dog



Mules transporting
ammunition



Ron seems much older - almost 18! While his leg heals he's been doing these drawings for me. Not up to my standard, but not bad! He didn't have time to get me anything for my collection, so he is making up for it by drawing up for it by drawing me a whole load of war machines and modes of transport, including all the animals that have been used in the war. He knows ever so much about the war now. He says Dad is doing fine!!!

Ron says he saw all these things in France - he's always told whoppers!

The Editor wishes to apologize for the poor quality of paper. This is due to war shortages. Archie Albright

We didn't even get dumplings and gravy at Christmas.

No way!



Some people are still FEASTING. Ethel went up west on Xmas day with some mates. They watched some toffs come out of a swanky hotel and one of them dropped this menu. It made Ethel spitting mad. She says if there was food rationing we'd all eat fair, not just those that has money.

ALL PROFITS TO THE BELGIAN RELIEF FUND
 YOU NEED **PLUCK** TO KEEP A
 1916 CHRISTMAS SPECIAL
 I'D SMILE ON YOUR FACE

Just another DAY!

I can't write much about Christmas, because nothing much happened.

BOO!

Mum and Ethel had a couple of days off work.

Can't you see I'm busy.

Those kids will be the death of me!

Grumpy Grandma retired to bed with gout.

Ere, Ron.

I'm not a kid.

Best thing was, Mum gave Billy and me a penny bag of sweets.

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME OF GOOD CHEER, EXCEPT WHEN YOU ARE AT WAR.

28TH DEC

RE-EDAY!
 A card from Dad!!! It don't say nothing, except "Love, Dad", but it means he's alive!



HEADQUARTERS

8^o Division
 British Expeditionary Force

XMAS 1916

Potage Président POINCARÉ

Filet de Boeuf Fipperey

Œufes à Wilhelton II

Poulet Roi King GEORGE V

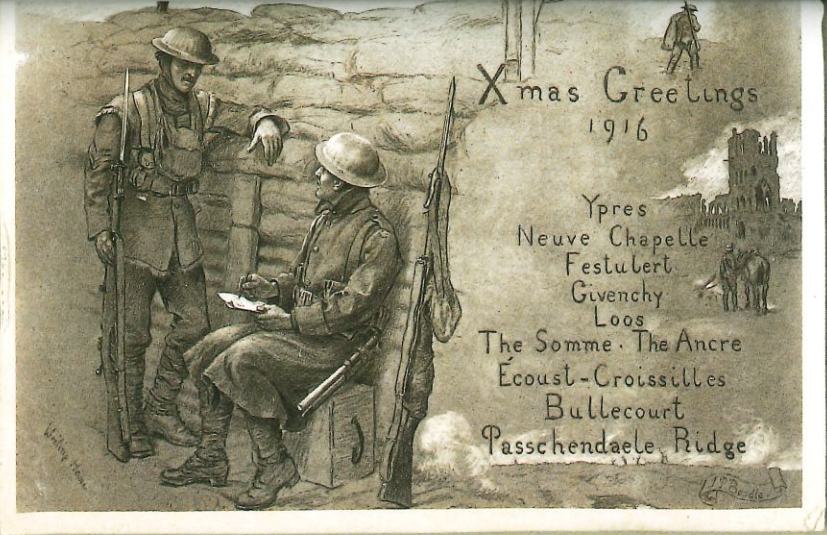
Salade

Plum pudding à la Black Maria

Fromage Whistling Willie

Fruits de la Victoire

Café Peasie



Xmas Greetings
 1916
 Ypres
 Neuve Chapelle
 Festubert
 Givenchy
 Loos
 The Somme - The Ancre
 Écoust-Croissilles
 Bullecourt
 Passchendaele Ridge

Mum and Ethel have gone back to work and Grandma Grump is back on her warpath!



SEPTEMBER 1916
 A GREAT NEW BRITISH WEAPON HAS ENTERED THE WAR ... THE TANK.

OR WIBBLE-WOBBLE AS I CALL IT



DECEMBER 1916
 MR LLOYD GEORGE TAKES OVER FROM LORD ASQUITH AS BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

1917 arrives tomorrow, but we are not celebrating — certainly not! It brings with it the end of the holidays.



Me and Tom will have to return to the two dragons.



RON'S LONG TROUSERS!

I wish I'd never written that. Mr Duncan, or Corporal Duncan as he became, is "missing, presumed dead". He's been awarded a Victoria Cross for volunteering to cut wire under enemy fire so his squadron could escape. Mrs D. looks proud, but so sad. I'm going to be ever so nice to her now, in memory of Mr Duncan.



← NOT A GOOD MONTH

19th January 1917

Something terrible has happened, but I will have to write about it tomorrow. It's really late and we've run out of candles.

NEXT DAY

BANG!

BANNIG!

It was 6.52 in the evening. Mum wasn't home yet, so we'd started tea without her. Suddenly, there was a huge bang!

KINKY!

We don't want cocoa, we want our mum.

Grandma said it was too dangerous to go and search for Mum. She unlocked the larder and made us hot cocoa.

FLAMES AND BLACK SMOKE COVERED THE SKY!

WE THOUGHT IT WAS A BOMB, BUT IT WAS AN EXPLOSION AT MUM'S FACTORY.

I'm going for Mum.

Grandma lit another lamp, Baby Billy cried and Old Georgie howled, but Mum didn't come home. Ethel put on her coat.

That's right love, cry it all out.

Even if they do rebuild the factory, Mum's never going back. She's going to take in washing to make ends meet.

NO WORD FROM DAD SINCE XMAS.



Late London Edition
MUNITION WORKS DISASTER.
The Noise That Startled London Last Night.
OFFICIAL REPORT.
Considerable Loss Of Life And Damage Feared.

Friday, 11.40 p.m.
The Ministry of Munitions regrets to announce that an explosion occurred this evening at a munitions factory in the neighbourhood of London.
It is feared that the explosion was attended by considerable loss of life and damage to property.

Believe
it or
not!

Notice
that our
eyes are
popping out
of our
heads!

It isn't like my
grandma to be
kind. I'm scared
she might smile
next.

He's celebrating
without us
again.



Yes!

GOOD NEWS AT LAST! APRIL 1917 • FREE ISSUE



To celebrate
the good

I haven't looked at my scrapbook since January. Things have not been good. There's no news of Dad, and Tom's dad is no better. Mostly we just sit around reading old comics.



Stop moping
around and get
back to your
scrapbook.

3rd April

Then, on my birthday (my 13th birthday!), a most surprising thing happened. Grandma Albright actually went out to the shops and came back with some PAPER and CRAYONS for me!

13!
This means
I will be
leaving
school in
year!

Well, as if that wasn't enough, three days later...

6th April

THE USA has declared war on Germany and joined the Allies - WE ARE SAVED!!

Thank you, USA. WE LOVE YOU! From Archie and Tom.
WE ARE HAVING BREAD AND DRIPPING FOR TEA TO CELEBRATE.
Thank you again, USA. From Archie and Tom. Tom's allowed to stay for tea!



The American soldiers are coming here on troop ships. It will take them ages, but when they arrive, there may be as many as two million of them!



WATCH OUT, HUN - THE USA ARE AFTER YOU!!

Message to US President Wilson: bring your own food; we've none to spare.

We are not allowed to throw rice at weddings or feed the birds. Ethel says there is so little meat, the butchers are selling cat and dog meat. I am keeping a close eye on Old Georgie. Woof!

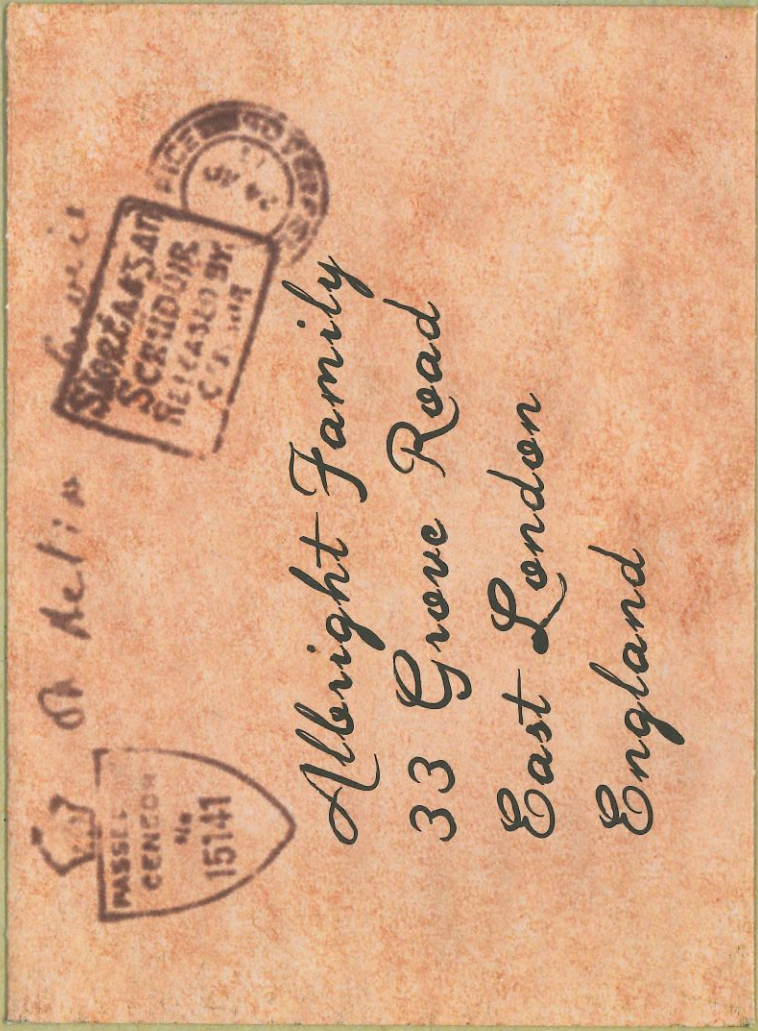
I heard
that
King
George
is so
hungry
he has
dug up
the
palace
flowers
to grow
potatoes

UNCLE SAM JOINS JOHN BULL:
PARTNERS IN
THE LEAGUE
OF HONOUR.

Good
for
him!

MORE GOOD NEWS...

A letter from Dad!



He'll be wanting clean knickers next!



I don't think this letter will stop Mum and me worrying about Dad. Some people say that the soldiers will be starving to death soon and that the French soldiers are starting to rebel. Dad's letter sounds really sad. I hope he comes home on leave before I forget what he looks like. I love my dad.

All the letters sent from the trenches are censored — our dad's censor must have had his eyes closed. Lucky he did, or Dad might have been shot for treason. They say some soldiers are being shot just because they are too scared to fight.

When people aren't gossiping about soldiers, they're talking about food.

Every spare piece of land is divided up into allotments so people can grow their own veg, like Uncle Derek used to.

Scared of the Hun? Can't have that. Shoot him!

But isn't he one of ours?

The government keeps telling us to eat less food. A lot they know — any less and we'll all be skeletons.

How goes it, Tom?

Rattling good, Archie.

Help! Get me out of this comic, it's too scary!



It ain't no comic, it's life!

Anyway, if those US troops don't get here soon, we'll all be skeletons in the ground.

NOW THAT THE USA HAS JOINED US, THE GREAT WAR HAS TURNED INTO THE FIRST EVER "WORLD WAR"!

The Bossy Boots will bring you more news from 1917, because ...

- MAY** HORSE RACING COUNTY CRICKET AND LEAGUE FOOTBALL ARE ALL STOPPED.
- JUNE** FEEDING STRAY DOGS IS BANNED.
- JULY** IT IS COSTING £6 MILLION A DAY TO KEEP THE WAR GOING.
- AUGUST** OUR SOLDIERS IN FLANDERS HAVE MUD UP TO THEIR ARMPITS.
- SEPTEMBER** THE HUN'S SUBMARINES SHELL SCARBOROUGH.
- OCTOBER** BOTH THE ALLIES AND THE CENTRAL POWERS ARE SUFFERING FOOD SHORTAGES.
- NOVEMBER** ONE MILLION US SOLDIERS ARE NOW FIGHTING FOR THE ALLIES.
- WATCH THE HUN RUN!**

I've got chores to do.

MORE GOOD NEWS...

A letter from Dad!

Albrig
33 Gr
East L
Englan



He'll be wanting clean knickers next!



his letter will stop worrying about Dad. y that the soldiers to death soon and soldiers are starting etter sounds really mes home on leave what he looks like. my dad.

He Hunt? Can't have Shoot him! But isn't he one of ours?

How goes it, Tom? Rattling good, Archie.

It ain't no comic, it's life!

I've got chores to do.



April 1917

Dear Family,

Things are much the same here, except there is a little more rain and a little more action. The bad news is the lice still love us, but the good news is that the rats are leaving us alone. I think it is because we have so little food. I would like to think they had moved to the German trenches, but I think they have even less food. I am suffering from a bit of trench foot and would love another pair of socks, if possible. The water and mud slosh about in the bottom of the trench and it is hard to keep dry. I'll be sure to bring you some Flanders mud for your scrapbook, Archie!

Miss you all. Keep safe and keep writing.

Dad.

P.S. I am enclosing a photo of my friend, Gaston, having a shave, just so you know we have the odd moment of peace.

P.P.S. I expect the army censor will cut this out, but I'll write it anyway... Ethel, if there's another anti-war march when I get home, we'll make the biggest peace banner ever and march together, hand in hand - and that's a promise!

All the letters sent from must have had his eyes closed for treason. They say soldiers are too scared to fight.

I queued six for a slice of

That two spo Not on



When people aren't gossiping about soldiers, they're talking about food.

Anyway, if those NOW THAT THE USA HA

MAY HORSE RACING, COUNTY CRICKET AND LEAGUE FOOTBALL ARE ALL STOPPED.



NOVEMBER ONE MIL

JUNE FEEDING STRAY DOGS IS BANNED.

TOM'S STREET



I was sleeping under the stairs, where I feel safest, so I didn't hear the explosions. It wasn't until Ron woke me that I knew Tom's street had been bombed. Mum and Ethel had dashed straight round to see what they could do to help. Ron handed me a big jug of tea and some mugs and told me to get myself over there. It was freezing cold and the moon was still up. Where there should have been houses, I could see great gaps. The houses still standing were sagging sideways, tiles were clattering off roofs, and beds had tumbled into gardens. Ambulances were already ferrying people to hospital.

IS BOMBED!



6th December 1977

I saw that Tom's house was still standing, but all the glass had been blown out of the windows. Tom was in the garden in nothing but his pyjamas. His little sister was in his arms, naked except for a nappy. Auntie Agatha seemed in a daze and was hunting through the broken things that had flown out of the windows. Their feet were all cut and bleeding from the glass and they were shivering. I put my coat around Tom and his sister and told him to take his mum to my house, where Ron would look after them. Then I went to see what else I could do to help.

Suburbs Visited

And Bombs

Dropped.

RAIDERS CROSS

LONDON.

PRESS BUREAU, 10.43 p.m.

NEWS FROM THE SKY.

LATE WAR CRISIS
2, 1917.



It was a German bomber, not a Zeppelin airship that bombed Tom's street. None of us feel safe now; bombers are much harder to shoot down than slow old Zepps.



I think your bedbugs like me!

Tom's house is unsafe, so his family are living with us. Tom shares my bed under the stairs. It's a squash, but he's my best mate and we'll live and die together!

AN XMAS CARD FROM DAD!!

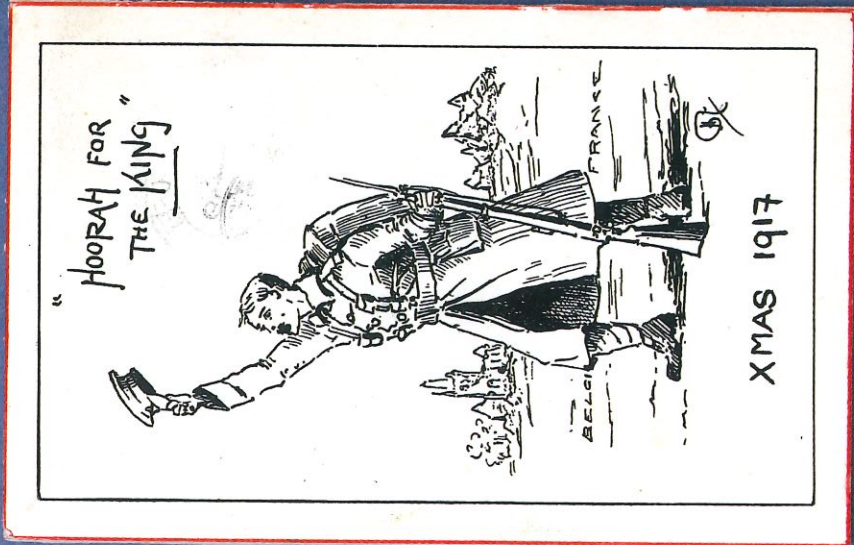
A group of hostile aeroplans crossed the Essex coast, about 1 p.m. and proceeded across the Essex towards London.

Old Georgie must have been really spooked by the bombs - he hasn't been seen since. I looked in his usual place under Dad's barrow, but he wasn't there.



Please don't be dead.

I wish he'd been here.



Don't let the neighbor bours see you.

Although we had no meat, I got Mum to make some gravy for Christmas. I thought the smell might tempt Old Georgie home.



Come home, mate.

NEW YEAR 1918

She made gravy for New Year too, but still no O.G.



I only sells cats' meat, lad!

I hate you.

I went to our butcher's today to ask about Old Georgie, in case our Ethel was right about dog meat. He laughed at me, but he's too fat to be trusted.

The Food Controller says: eat slowly - you will need less food. Keep warm - you will need less food.

We say: your tummy will still rumble.



Stop moaning on about that dog.

Mum's too busy and too tired to help me find Old Georgie. She has so much washing and ironing, some nights she doesn't go to bed at all.



Sorry, luv, just sold the last one.

POTS FOR SALE

Ethel's just as busy, working and queuing for food. Yesterday she queued for potatoes for two hours. When she reached the end of the queue, they'd run out!

February 1918

No letter from Dad since Christmas. No Old Georgie.

<p>My mum!</p> <p>I won't be doing no fighting!</p> <p>I'm fed up!</p> <p>I ♥</p>	<p>I can't put up with these things a moment longer!</p> <p>Washing and ironing</p>	<p>Grandma's stiff upper lip</p> <p>Food queues</p> <p>TWO ONLY</p>	<p>Bombs</p> <p>Missing my Arthur</p>	<p>Whinging Billy</p> <p>Not talking to my friend, Mrs Schoenfeld.</p>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------

Mum has had enough of London. I think that she is finding it hard to cope without Dad.

So we are going to stay in Dorset with Old Green Fingers, Uncle Colin. Hurrah!

28th February

Mum pawned her mum's gold brooch today to buy our train tickets to Dorset!

<p>I'm a bit sad because our Ethel won't be coming. She has joined the new women's branch of the army, the WAACS. She will be making parachutes out of silk, to save the lives of bomber pilots. She says she'll send me a bit of silk for my scrapbook.</p>	<p>REWARD!</p> <p>Answers to "Old Georgie", if found, contact Tom, 33 Grove Road.</p>	<p>Tom's family is staying in our house in London with Grandma. Tom has promised to keep looking for Old Georgie and put out scraps for him (even if the government says we are not to feed scraps to our pets).</p>
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Our train leaves early tomorrow morning!

<p>Dad, we're at Uncle Colin's!</p> <p>Georgie!</p>	<p>I am quite excited, as long as Dad's letters still get to us.</p> <p>Georgie!</p>	<p>Grandma has made us up some sandwiches for the journey.</p> <p>Georgie!</p>	<p>I have tied up all my clothes and my comics in brown paper.</p> <p>Georgie!</p>
-----------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

When everybody was asleep, I went to have one last look for Old Georgie. No luck. Tom gave me a bag of sweets and swore to be my friend for ever.

They're a bit sticky.

GOODBYE, LONDON! MESSAGE TO THE HUN: I'LL BE BACK, SO DON'T YOU DARE BOMB MY HOME!

<p>GERMAN NAVAL BLOCKADES HAVE MADE FOOD EVER SO SCARCE.</p>	<p>JANUARY 1918 THE GOVERNMENT FOOD CONTROLLER HAS RATIONED SUGAR.</p>	<p>JANUARY 1918 WE HAVE TO HAVE TWO MEATLESS DAYS A WEEK.</p>	<p>FEBRUARY 1918 BUTTER LARD AND MARGARINE HAVE BEEN RATIONED.</p>	<p>FEBRUARY 1918 BUTCHER'S MEAT AND BACON RATIONED!</p>
--------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------

This is what the soldiers sing but not Mum:
 Take me back to dear old Blighty,
 Put me on the train for London,
 Take me over there.
 Oh,
 tiddly-iddy-dee!

I wish I could come. - Tom
 Me too! - Archie



1640
 Templecombe to
BLANDFORD
 Third Class Fare 9½d
 NOT TRANSFERABLE

MY TICKET!

THE BOSSY BOOTS BRING YOU FOOD NEWS.

DOWN WITH THE HUN AND THE CONTROLLER.

Uncle C. has given me a pen-knife for whittling, so I can cut the paper properly now.

Archie says "I loves the country"

1918 SPRING IN THE COUNTRY!

MEET THE COUNTRY BUMPKINS AND UNCLE GREENFINGERS. THEY'RE ALBRIGHT!

Id PRICELESS HO! HO!

I have been so busy since we moved here, I haven't had a moment to do my scrapbook.



UNCLE COLIN

Now I know what Uncle Colin looks like! He's no painting, but he's "top brass" as Dad would say. I help him in the garden and he teaches me the names of birds and plants.

Uncle C.'s dog



HEDGER



WREN



WOODPECKER



JAY



GOLDFINCH



WHEATEAR



WAGTAIL

These are some of the birds that I can recognize. Uncle C. says they all have their own little ways, just like us. Mum thinks that I am learning more here than I did at school.



I ain't called "canary face" now, just "Flour face".

Mum helps out at the local bakery. The bread doesn't taste that nice with the potato flour added, but we don't mind because the baker always gives Mum an extra bun or two!



I'm a farmer now and that's that!

Ron has got work on a farm, so we get extra eggs and there's a Jersey cow that gives us milk the colour of buttercups. Plus we have plenty of food from Uncle C.'s garden.



Topping!

Only stink bombs drop here!



Sticks is for making and mending, not biffing and boshing.

It's all perfect, except I miss my dad. I wish he could come home on leave; he might smile again if he could see how beautiful it is here. People share their sugar ration with you, bombs don't drop and there's no Mrs Duncan with her tickler!



Lets have a birthday picnic for Archie.

Mum is almost her old cheerful self again.



Don't you call me baby ever again. I'm nearly four.

Baby Billy has stopped whinging and started talking too much.



I'll give you 2d to go away Archie.

Ron's leg is almost healed and he's got a sweetheart!



Uncle C. says that I was born to the country.

As for me, you can keep London. I'll stay here.

WILL'S CIGARETTES



FORGET-ME-NOT

This feather is from a jay's wing I think.



We did have a picnic, and it was ripping. We walked to the top of Blackdown and we could see the sea. Across that sea is France and my dad. I worry that he might not make it home.

AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL HAVE A BRAIN LEFT AFTER SO MUCH COUNTRY AIR, THE BOSSY BOOTS ARE HERE!



BACK IN THE REAL WORLD THE WAR IS NOT GOING WELL FOR THE ALLIES

3RD MARCH THE RUSSIANS SIGN A PEACE TREATY WITH THE CENTRAL POWERS. THE GERMANS CLAIM THIS AS A VICTORY.

NOW THAT THE GERMAN SOLDIERS ARE NOT NEEDED TO FIGHT THE RUSSIANS ON THE EASTERN FRONT, TROOP TRAINS CARRY THEM TO JOIN THEIR FORCES IN FRANCE.



NOT GOOD NEWS

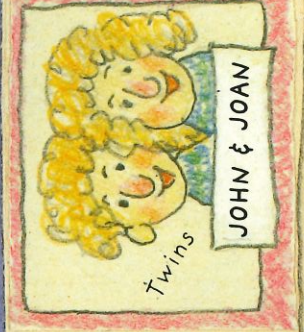


FRED



A girl

CHARLIE



Twins

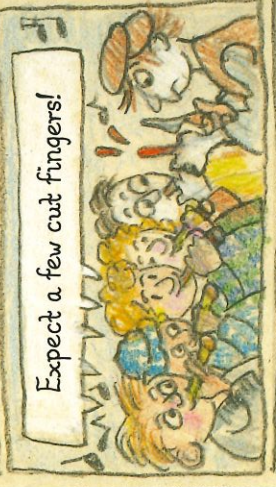
JOHN & JOAN



DAVE

TOM IS STILL MY BEST MATE. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO IS ALLOWED TO LOOK AT MY SCRAPBOOK.

I have got lots of new friends. They have taught me loads of new things ...



Expect a few cut fingers!



Never take more than one egg from a nest.



Ere, I got a ferret and a rabbit down me trousers!

like making whistles out of hazel shoots, hunting birds' eggs and ferreting for rabbits.



WE WANT OUR DADS HOME!



WILL'S CIGARETTES

COWSLIP

Tom hasn't sent me any news of Old Georgie. In fact, he hasn't sent me any news at all. I hope Grove Road hasn't been bombed.

If the weather is fine and Uncle Colin doesn't need me, Mum wraps me a sandwich and we lark about all day. How Old Georgie would love it here. He could go rabbiting every day! If it wasn't for Dad not being here and so many of my friends being without their dads, I could forget all about the war. Maybe we will be able to soon. Uncle Colin says there is a rumour down at the public house that the war is nearly over and the Austrians and Germans want peace.

Our troops continue to be supported by soldiers from across the Empire.



US FORCES HAVE STILL NOT REACHED FRANCE IN GREAT NUMBERS. OUR TROOPS ARE STRUGGLING.

24TH MARCH
THE PARIS GUN, A HUGE GERMAN HOWITZER GUN, SHELLS PARIS. IT CAN BE FIRED FROM AS FAR AS 81 MILES AWAY AND ITS SHELLS WEIGH 265 POUNDS EACH.



PEACE

31ST MARCH
WITH THEIR EXTRA FORCES, THE GERMANS MANAGE TO PUSH THE ALLIES BACK 40 MILES FROM THEIR TRENCHES. THEY TAKE 80,000 PRISONERS.

THINGS LOOK VERY BLEAK FOR THE ALLIES AND NEITHER SIDE IS GETTING ENOUGH TO EAT



THE RED



I have got a new war hero. He's a German fighter pilot called the Red Baron! Three weeks ago we formed a Royal Air Force to train more fighter pilots, as more German planes were taking to the skies. The Red Baron was really young when he started flying. He had already shot down 80 of our planes when a young Canadian pilot finally managed to take a shot at him. In a flash, the Red Baron flew above the Canadian and peppered his wings with bullets. The Canadian swooped down low to try and avoid him, but he clipped a tree with his wheels. Luckily, a friend saw him and dived to attack the Red Baron. Moments later all three planes were flying over a group of

BARON!



Australian gunners, who were manning a post near the Somme. They realized what was happening and fired at the Red Baron. The Red Baron took a bullet through the heart and his triplane crashed to the ground. Nobody knows who fired the bullet, a soldier on the ground or a pilot in the air. I suppose if we knew, he would have to be my hero! The Allied soldiers buried the Red Baron with full military honours. He was a top-notch pilot, even though he was only in his twenties. I don't suppose he wanted to fight any more than Dad does. I hope the Germans are so upset to have lost their best fighter pilot that they give up fighting and let my dad come home.

I HOPE GRANDMA NEVER READS THIS!



Adonis Blue

COUNTRY CHUCKLES

There are stings ... and stings

Summer 1918. 1 1/2

For those stinging moments!
A fine dock leaf given free
with every issue.

I still love being
with Uncle Colin,
but I MISS my
dad every day.
PLEASE WRITE
SOON, DAD.
XXXXX

I think the war
might last for ever.



UNCLE TEDDY

A few of Uncle
Teddy's things have
been sent to Mum
from the front. We all
cried when we saw
them. Mum gave Ron
his watch and me this
embroidered square -
she thinks he bought
it in France to send
home to a sweetheart.
He should have bought
a dozen! My German
shoulder board must
have got lost.



Ethel hasn't sent me
any parachute silk yet.
Maybe she's courting
a Doughboy and
has forgotten.

The war
isn't going
well for us.

Chirrup!

Well, the veg is
still growing.

Here, Archie.

Can we stay on
a bit, Col?

Yes, we'd
best stay
a bit
longer.

I don't think we will be going back to London for a while. Uncle Colin says the rumours of peace have stopped and the war is going badly for the Allies. The Germans are jolly tough people to beat, even with the help of the Americans.



When the Russians signed a peace treaty with Germany, it meant there were lots more German soldiers to fight us, but we understood because the Russians were starving and fighting their own revolution! Then, last week, on July 17th, the revolutionaries murdered the Russian royal family, even the royal children. I won't ever understand that.



AUGUST 1918 - A POSTCARD FROM DAD!

Uncle Colin got out the cider, while Mum, Billy and I danced. Dad says the French means "Tender thoughts from a little girl who loves you" and that he loves us, and is thinking of Billy on his birthday. At least we know he was alive when he wrote it and if I sniff it, I swear I can smell him!



SEPTEMBER 1918

There's more wildlife than war-life in the country!



My pals and me have been making a bob or two blackberrying. There are loads and, with food scarce, it is easy to sell them.



Unfortunately it is 21st September today, so we have to stop picking them. Uncle Colin says it's the day the devil pees on them and devil's pee won't wash off!



Soon the hazelnuts will be ready and we can sell them instead. Meanwhile we can hunt for early conkers. Besides, the war might be over soon. The newspapers say the Bulgarians want peace. They also reported that some German sailors mutinied because they were so hungry and tired. They poured water on their ship's boiler fires so they couldn't set sail to attack a British fleet!

BULGARIA SURRENDERS UNCONDITIONALLY.

THE NEWSPAPERS WERE RIGHT!

CONTROL OF ALL THE RAILWAYS.

Bulgaria has surrendered unconditionally to the Allies. Hostilities ceased at noon yesterday, on the signing at Salonica of the armistice applied for by Bulgaria.



FOX CUB



WOOD MOUSE



RABBIT



BADGER



GRASS SNAKE

Where's Archie?



I keep dreaming that Old Georgie is looking for me in London and I'm not there, 'cos I'm here.



3RD OCTOBER, 1918 - PEACE AT LAST

After four horrible years, Germany has asked US President Wilson to arrange peace. None of us did any work after we heard the news!

Mum packed some food and ginger pop and we walked to the top of Barrow Hill in the autumn sunshine.

Ron and Uncle Colin struggled a bit with their gammy legs, but they eventually managed the climb. We looked across to the sea and imagined our dad and all the other dads, sons and uncles leaving their stinking trenches and coming home to us!



VERY VERY VERY VERY PRIVATE

... deserve to be that lucky.

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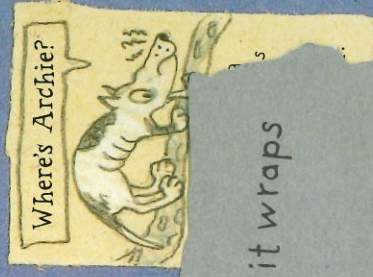
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If you are reading this I hope your nose grows and grows and grows until it wraps itself around your feet!

I would tell Tom this, but he's not here so I will have to write it. I should be happy that the war has ended, and I am. But then again, I'm not. Because some things won't be the same ever again. Uncle Teddy will never come home, Uncle Derek might never get well and hundreds of children who lived in homes now live in orphanages. If my dad comes home safe, I'll be the luckiest boy in the whole world and I don't know if I deserve to be that lucky.



KAISER TO BE INTERNED.



ALLIES

REJOICING.

VICTORY DAY

PEACE BRIEF.

BRITISH RECAPTURED MONS BEFORE THE FIGHTING STOPPED!

Armistice signed 5 a.m. 10-day. Hostilities ceased at 11 a.m.

British recaptured Mons this morning, and thus ended the war where our "Old Contemptibles" began it for us.

Erzberger evidently signed the armistice at Foch's C.H.Q. for the Germans.

German armies must evacuate to the east bank of the Rhine in 31 days. London's lights are to go up to-night (full details on another page).

BACK TO THE RHINE.

One of the armistice terms is the withdrawal of the German armies to the east bank of the Rhine. The following table of distances will be of interest, therefore:—

Towns.	Front.	Miles.
Ghent	Belgian	140
Mons	British	148
Maubeuge	British	155
Metziers	French	162
Stenay	American	150
Alace	American	20

ENVOYS RETURNING.

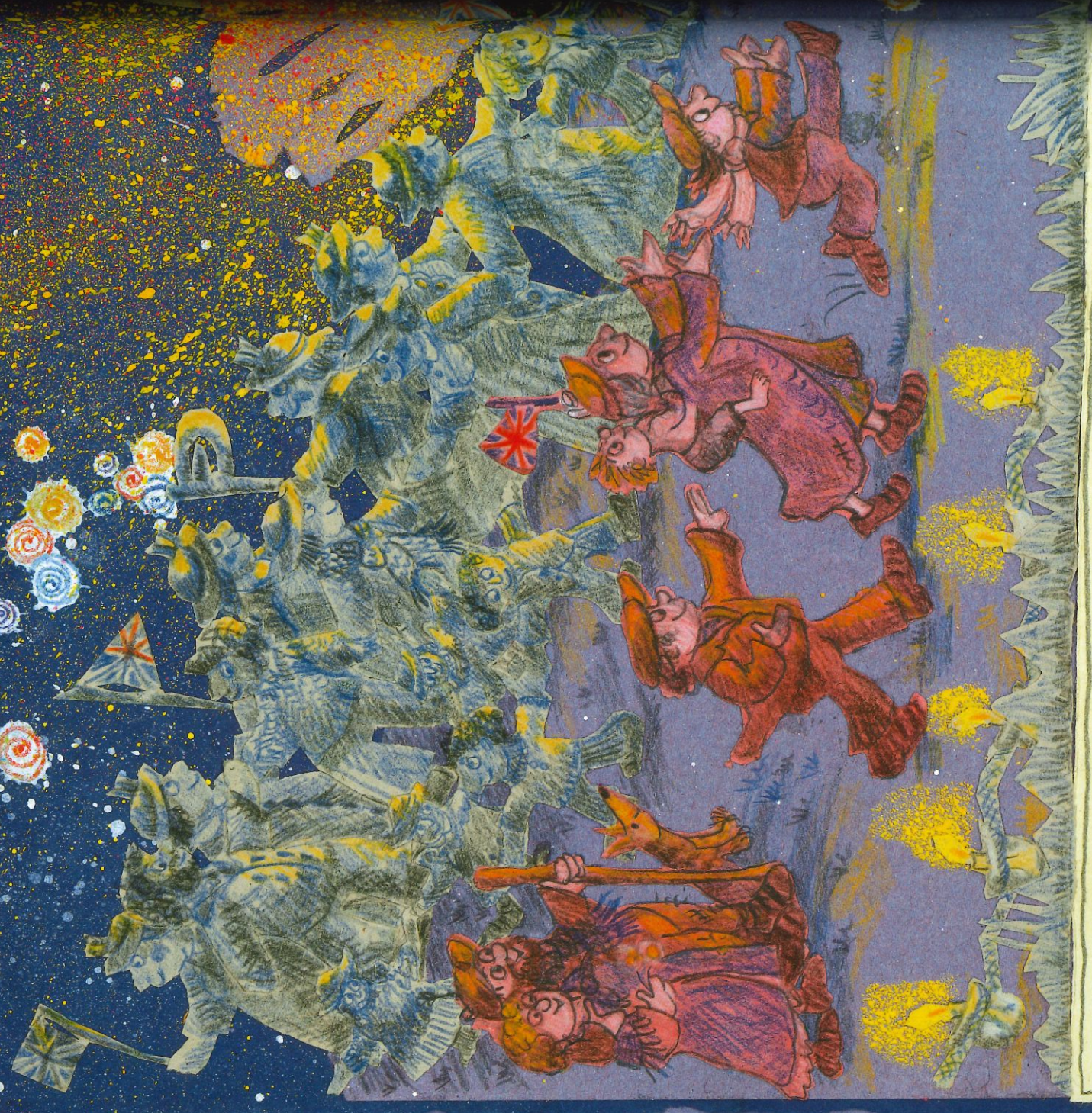
The German Plenipotentiaries are returning to Spa today.

A Soldier's Poem, 1918

It's a long road that has no turning
 It's never "too late" to mend;
 The darkest hour is before the dawn
 And even this war must end.

Ah, his
 dad's back!

Ah, his
 dog's back!



The first we knew about the armistice being signed was when the church bells rang out. We had been hoping to hear them for days; we had been collecting wood for a giant bonfire and old candles to put in jars all about the village green. Now the day had come and everyone rushed out of their houses, whooping and screaming with joy. Tables appeared from nowhere laden with food, sweets, beer and fizzy drinks. As the stars came out, people from miles around arrived to celebrate. The bonfire was lit and the candles sparkled about us. Then, through the noise of all those happy people, the music and the crackling fire, I heard my dad's whistle.

11th November 1918!

TRIUMPHANT.
The War is over
LAST SHOTS
FIRED AT
11 A.M.

GREAT NEWS! THE ALLIES WIN THE WAR!



BAD NEWS! ABOUT 8,500,000 SOLDIERS LOST THEIR LIVES!



OH, WOOF! LET'S BE THANKFUL THAT IT'S ALL OVER!



For a moment I thought it was wishful thinking, but when I pushed to the edge of the crowd, I saw him coming down the lane with Old Georgie beside him. I grabbed Mum and Ron and we ran and ran until we felt his arms about us. He'd stopped off to see Grandma and our Ethel on the way and he'd found Old Georgie waiting for him on the doorstep. I guess we will never really know how either of them got through those long, lost months. Although it was winter, we stayed out celebrating all night and none of us noticed the fall of the frosty dew.

ARMISTICE

Sell your Waste Paper to **Lendrum's**
HELP BUSINESS AND THE NATION
COMMERCIAL LENDRUM LTD., L.C.A.
8, Temple Avenue, Central Road, Colchester
Best Prices Offered. Prompt Collection

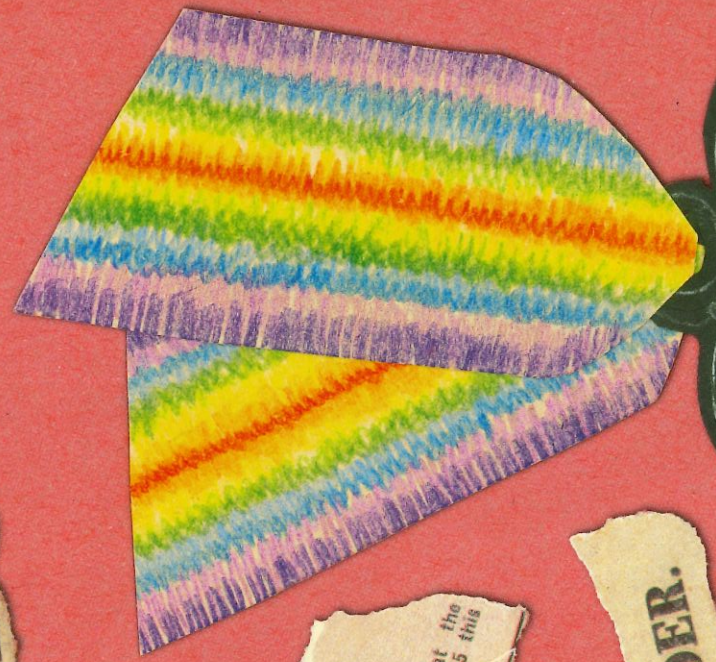
LATE NIGHT SPECIAL
Evening Standard
LONDON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918.
ONE PENNY.
No. 29,428.
END OF THE WAR

with **BRAND'S**
ESSENCE OF BEEF
Or all Chemists and Stores

GERMANY

SIGNS

OUR TERMS



KAISER TO BE INTERNED.
Amsterdam, Monday.—It is stated on good authority that the Kaiser will be interned in Holland. He will leave Eysden at 8.15 this morning for Middachten. —Reuter.

U-BOATS TO SURRENDER.

KING AT ST. PAUL'S TO-MORROW.
The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family will attend a special Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral at 12.15 to-morrow. Their Majesties will drive by way of the Mall, Strand, Fleet-street, and Ludgate-hill to St. Paul's, and back by way of Ludgate-hill, New Bridge street, the Embankment, Horse Guards-avenue, Horse Guards Parade, and the Mall. The service is expected to last about 40 minutes.

Glossary
allotment - a plot of land rented to a gardener
barmy - crazy
bob - shilling
brick - a helpful and trustworthy person
chilblains - a medical condition similar to frostbite
conchy - a conscientious objector; one who does not fight for moral reasons
d - penny
dock leaf - a leaf used to soothe the pain of stinging nettles
Doughboy - an American infantryman
gammy - sore or lame
green fingers - talent at gardening
HRH - His Royal Highness
Hun - a German person (offensive)
lark about - fool around
pluck - courage
rattling - fantastic
ripping - excellent
scarpier - run away
spiffing - excellent
subs - membership fee
tickler - a wax-tipped cane
toffs - rich people
whinge - whine
whopper - a big lie

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