

World War I Doughboys

Objectives: Students will perform a close reading of factual and fictional writings by and about soldiers in World War I. By analyzing and comparing excerpts from literary works students will gain a deeper understanding of the violence and traumatic effects of World War I on the soldiers who participated.

The *World War I Doughboys* lesson is adaptable for grades 8 - 12.

Common Core and Mississippi Department of Education Curricular Connections		
Common Core Language Arts	Grade 8	RL1; RL2; RL3; RL4; RL5; RL6; RI1; RI2; RI3; RI4; RI5; RI6; RI8; RI9; SL1; SL2; SL3; SL4; SL5; SL6; L1; L3; L4; L5; L6; RH1; RH2; RH3; RH4; RH5; RH6; RH7; RH8; RH9
	Grades 9-10	RL1; RL2; RL4; RL5; RL6; RL7; RI1; RI2; RI3; RI4; RI5; RI6; RI8; SL1; SL2; SL3; SL4; SL5; SL6; L1; L3; L4; L5; L6; RH1; RH2; RH3; RH4; RH5; RH6; RH8; RH9
	Grades 11-12	RL1; RL2; RL3; RL4; RL5; RL6; RL9; RIR1; RI2; RI3; RI4; RI5; RI6; RI7; SL1; SL2; SL3; SL4; SL5; SL6; L1; L3; L4; L5; L6; RH1; RH2; RH3; RH4; RH5; RH6; RH7; RH8; RH9
Social Studies	World History from the Age of Enlightenment to the Present	3c; 8c
	U.S. History from Post-Reconstruction to the Present	3c; 7a; 7c

Objectives: Students will perform a close reading of factual and fictional writings by and about soldiers in World War I. By analyzing and comparing excerpts from literary works students will gain a deeper understanding of the violence and traumatic effects of World War I on the soldiers who participated.

Materials: *Close Reading Worksheet*; *Close Reading of A Farewell to Arms Excerpt*; *Close Reading of All Quiet on the Western Front Excerpt*; *Novel Backgrounds*; *William Alexander Percy Letter*; *Letter Worksheet*; *Letter Discussion Guide*; *Close Reading of “In Flanders Fields” Poem*; *Venn Diagram (two)*; *Luther Manship Photo Album*.

Procedures:

Activity One: World War I Literature

1. Distribute the *Close Reading Worksheet* along with *Close Reading of A Farewell to Arms Excerpt* and/or *Close Reading All Quiet on the Western Front Excerpt*. Students may read the excerpt and complete the worksheet individually or in small groups. **Note:** Excerpts contain graphic content. Please preview before distributing to students.
2. As a class, review the worksheets. Using a chalkboard or smart board, list and define the unknown vocabulary words and discuss the main ideas and theme of the text. Allow students an opportunity to share their questions about the excerpt and what they think the author is trying to say.
3. If desired, use *Novel Backgrounds* to provide additional information about the novels and their authors to students.

Activity Two: Mississippi Doughboy

1. Distribute the *William Alexander Percy Letter* and *Letter Worksheet* to students.
2. Working individually or in small groups, have students read the newspaper article and answer questions on the accompanying worksheet.
3. Alternatively or in addition to the *Letter Worksheet*, use the *Letter Discussion Guide* to lead the class in a discussion about the experiences of soldiers in World War I.

Activity Three: Read and See, Compare and Contrast

1. Have students perform a close reading of “In Flanders Fields” by John McCrae. In addition to using the *Close Reading Worksheet* to help analyze the poem, you may also discuss how it compares to fictional and non-fictional interpretations of war.
Note: The copy of the poem included in this lesson was found in the Luther Manship Photograph Album. Why would a soldier have cut and pasted it into a scrapbook that he carried with him throughout the war?
2. When reading *A Farewell to Arms* or *All Quiet on the Western Front* as a classroom assignment, compare it with the excerpt of the other novel, the William Alexander Percy letter, “In Flanders Field,” or another example of World War I literature or autobiography. Use the two-circle or three-circle *Venn Diagram* if desired.
3. Use the selection of photos from the *Luther Manship Photo Album* to present a visual record of World War I to students.

Extension Activities:

World War I Online: There's more information than ever before about the Great War online. These are just a few highlights of what you can find:

- Learn more about Americans in World War I at <https://theworldwar.org/> the website for the National World War I Museum in Kansas City, Missouri. Online you can view an interactive timeline of the war with photos, film footage, poems, and political speeches; search the museum collection for close-ups of artifacts from the time period; explore online exhibitions; learn about the significance of the poppy to veterans; and access lesson plans to help teach students about World War I.
- Explore the Mississippi World War I Statement of Service Cards and Indices, a Digital Archive on the Mississippi Department of Archives and History website at <http://www.mdah.ms.gov/arrec/digital/archives/wwicards/> You'll see what counties servicemen (and women) joined from, as well as information on where they served, their job in the military, and the amount of disability they received after the war.
- See how residents of Bolivar County, Mississippi, contributed to World War I in a Digital Archive on the Mississippi Department of Archives and History website at <http://www.mdah.ms.gov/arrec/digital/archives/series/Z0207WWIBolivar> You'll find photographs, newspaper articles, and more in these online scrapbooks.
- If looking for a British perspective of the war, check out the Imperial War Museum online which includes a selection of photos, artifacts, letters, and more at <http://www.iwm.org.uk/exhibitions/iwm-london/first-world-war-galleries> or the Great War website at <http://www.greatwar.co.uk/>

Movie Night: Multiple film and television versions of *A Farewell to Arms* and *All Quiet on the Western Front* have been made since 1930. Check one out to see how the events of the novels were interpreted in film.

Doughboys Defined: How did the term "doughboy" originate? Using the Internet, have students locate and present the various origins of the term as well its varying definitions. Then discuss other terms used to describe military personnel, either in the United States or abroad.

Mississippi's Most Decorated Doughboy: Henry Jetton Tudury, a Bay St. Louis native, enlisted in the regular army in April 1917 and served in the western front during World War I in all of the major American engagements. When he returned home a private in August 1919, he wore the Purple Heart, the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Croix de Guerre. View *Mississippi's Most Decorated Doughboy* with students. Produced by Mississippi Gulf Coast Community College, 22 minutes. High school to adult.

This film can be borrowed free of charge from the Mississippi History on Loan Collection. Go to <http://www.mdah.ms.gov/new/learn/classroom-materials/mississippi-history-on-loan-film-collection/> or contact the Outreach Programs Coordinator at 601-576-6997.

Close Reading Worksheet

Read the literary excerpt carefully, mark the text in the following manner, and then answer the questions below.

- **Underline** the main ideas or key points of the excerpt.
- Put a **question mark (?)** next to the text you want to understand better or discuss.
- Put an **asterisk (*)** next to text you like or value.
- **Write TP** next to the turning point or turning points of the excerpt.
- In the left margin, **using 10 words or less**, write the theme of the excerpt.
- In the right margin, **draw** the theme of the excerpt.

1. In one word, describe the language of the excerpt. _____

Give 4-6 examples from the text that support this. _____

2. Using one word, describe the tone of the excerpt. _____

Cite one sentence from the excerpt that demonstrates the tone. _____

3. Write one question you have after reading the excerpt. _____

4. What do you think the author is trying to say in this excerpt? Explain your reasoning.

<p>Vocabulary In the box write the words you do not understand or would like a better definition of.</p>

Close Reading of A Farewell to Arms Excerpt

Through the other noise I heard a cough, then came a chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh – then there was a flash, as when a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind. I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back. The ground was torn up and in front of my head there was a splintered beam of wood. In the jolt of my head I heard somebody crying. I thought somebody was screaming. I tried to move but I could not move. I heard the machine-guns and rifles firing across the river and all along the river. There was a great splashing and I saw the starshells go up and burst and float whitely and rockets going up and heard the bombs, all this in a moment, and then I heard close to me some one saying “Mama Mia! Oh, mama Mia!” I pulled and twisted and got my legs loose finally and turned around and touched him. It was Passini and when I touched him he screamed. His legs were toward me and I saw in the dark and the light that they were both smashed above the knee. One leg was gone and the other was held by tendons and part of the trouser and the stump twitched and jerked as though it were not connected. He bit his arm and moaned, “Oh mama mia, mama Mia,” then, “Dio te salve, Maria. Dio te salve, Maria. Oh Jesus shoot me Christ shoot me mama mia mama Mia oh purest lovely Mary shoot me. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Oh Jesus lovely Mary stop it. Oh oh oh oh,” then choking, “Mama mama mia.” Then he was quiet, biting his arm, the stump of his leg twitching.

“Potra feriti!” I shouted holding my hands cupped. “Porta feriti!” I tried to get closer to Passini to try to put a tourniquet on the legs but I could not move. I tried again and my legs moved a little. I could pull backward along with my arms and elbows. Passini was quiet now. I sat beside him, undid my tunic and tried to rip the tail of my shirt. It would not rip and I bit the edge of the cloth to start it. Then I thought of his puttees. I had on wool stockings but Passini wore puttees. All the drivers wore puttees but Passini had only one leg. I unwound the puttee and while I was doing it I saw there was no need to try and make a tourniquet because he was dead already. I made sure he was dead. There were three others to locate. I sat up straight and as I did so something inside my head moved like the weights on a doll’s eyes and it hit me inside in back of my eyeballs. My legs felt warm and wet and my shoes were wet and warm inside. I knew that I was hit and leaned over and put my hand on my knee. My knee wasn’t there. My hand went in and my knee was down on my shin. I wiped my hand on my shirt and another floating light came very slowly down and I looked at my leg and was very afraid. Oh, God, I said, get me out of here. I knew, however, that there had been three others. There were four drivers. Passini was dead. That left three.

Close Reading of All Quiet on the Western Front Excerpt

The attack has come.

No one would believe that in this howling waste there could still be men; but steel helmets now appear on all sides out of the trench, and fifty yards from us a machine-gun is already in position and barking.

The wire entanglements are torn to pieces. Yet they offer some obstacle. We see the storm-troops coming. Our artillery opens fire. Machine-guns rattle, rifles crack. The charge works its way across. Haie and Kropp begin with the hand-grenades. They throw as fast as they can, others pass them, the handles with the strings already pulled. Haie throws seventy-five yards, Kropp sixty, it has been measured, the distance is important. The enemy as they run cannot do much before they are within forty yards.

We recognize the smooth distorted faces, the helmets; they are French. They have already suffered heavily when they reach the remnants of the barbed wire entanglements. A whole line has gone down before our machine-guns; then we have a lot of stoppages and they come nearer.

I see one of them, his face upturned, fall into a wire cradle. His body collapses, his hands remain suspended as though he were praying. Then his body drops clean away and only his hands with the stumps of his arms, shot off, now hang in the wire.

The moment we are about to retreat three faces rise up from the ground in front of us. Under one of the helmets a dark pointed beard and two eyes that are fastened on me. I raise my hand, but I cannot throw into those strange eyes; for one mad moment the whole slaughter whirls like a circus around me, and these two eyes alone are motionless; then the head rises up, a hand, a movement, and my hand-grenade flies through the air and into him.

We make for the rear, pull wire cradles into the trench and leave bombs behind us with the strings pulled, which ensures us a fiery retreat. The machine-guns are already firing from the next position.

We have become wild beasts. We do not fight, we defend ourselves against annihilation. It is not against men that we fling our bombs, what do we know of men in this moment when Death is hunting us down – now, for the first time in three days we can see his face, now for the first time in three days we can oppose him; we feel a mad anger. No longer do we lie helpless, waiting on the scaffold, we can destroy and kill, to save ourselves, to save ourselves and to be revenged.

We crouch behind every corner, behind every barrier of barbed wire, and hurl heaps of explosives at the feet of the advancing enemy before we run. The blast of the hand-grenades impinges powerfully on our arms and legs; crouching like cats we run on, overwhelmed by this wave that bears us along, that fills us with ferocity, turns us into thugs, into murderers, into God only knows what devils; this wave that multiplies our strength with fear and madness and greed of life, seeking and fighting for nothing but our deliverance. If your own father came over with them you would not hesitate to fling a bomb at him.

The forward trenches have been abandoned. Are they still trenches? They are blown to pieces, annihilated – there are only broken bits of trenches, holes linked by cracks, nests of craters, that is all. But the enemy's casualties increase. They did not count on so much resistance.

Novel Backgrounds

A Farewell to Arms

Published in 1929, *A Farewell to Arms* became Ernest Hemingway's (1899-1961) first best-seller and cemented his status as a great modern American writer. *A Farewell to Arms* has often been described as the premier American novel dealing with the subject of World War I. The novel went unpublished in Italy until 1948 because the Fascist government believed that it maligned the honor of the army and was anti-military in tone. In the United States it faced criticism for its frank language and sexual situations, although on the whole it was largely acclaimed for its themes of love, death, and war.

The novel is told from the viewpoint of Frederic Henry, a young American ambulance driver with the Italian army, who is wounded and subsequently falls in love with a Scottish nurse named Catherine Barkley. After returning to the front and witnessing the mass exodus of a displaced population and the death and desertion of comrades, he too deserts. Making his way to Switzerland with Catherine, they await the birth of their child. As the war winds down, their son is stillborn and Catherine dies in childbirth.

At the age of 18, Hemingway volunteered for the Red Cross and became an ambulance driver in Italy. Sent to the Italian Front in June, he was wounded in July and spent six months recovering in a Milan hospital after which he returned to the United States. His experiences in Italy, as well as a brief love affair he had with an American Red Cross nurse there, provided the inspiration for *A Farewell to Arms*, although the novel is not an autobiography.

All Quiet on the Western Front

All Quiet on the Western Front by Erich Maria Remarque (1898-1970) was first published as a magazine serial in late 1928 and in book form in January 1929. Within two years it had sold 2.5 million copies and been translated from its original German into 22 languages. It immediately provoked heated debate. Many praised the novel, believing that it accurately depicted the horrors of war and the loss felt by the young men who fought in it. Others were critical, claiming that it belittled the German war effort and was written to further a pacifist agenda. In 1933, as the Nazi Party began to rise to power, *All Quiet on the Western Front* became one of the first books to be publicly burnt.

Told from the viewpoint of Paul Bäumer, the novel depicts the horrors, fears, and brutality faced by Paul and his young comrades. Throughout the novel Paul reflects on the effect of the war on his generation and of a youth that will always be lost to them. He also struggles to relate to family and friends back home who cannot understand the wartime experiences he has shared with his comrades on the front lines. As one of a group of twenty classmates who joined the German army together, by the novel's end Paul is the last remaining member and is himself eventually killed.

Remarque was a veteran of World War I and was conscripted into the army at the age of 18. In June 1917 he was transferred to the Western Front, was wounded there in July, and spent the rest of the war in a hospital recovering. He later wrote over a dozen novels, most of which related to the experiences of soldiers during World War I or former soldiers trying to assimilate back into civilization during the post-war years. Today *All Quiet on the Western Front* continues to be one of the most-read novels related to World War I and is often lauded for its realistic depiction of the horrors of war and the pacifism it promotes amongst its readers.

William Alexander Percy Letter

William Alexander Percy was a native of Greenville, Mississippi. He served as a officer in the U.S. Army from November 27, 1917, through April 12, 1919. While in France he was awarded a Croix de Guerre and a Silver Star for making numerous trips across the front lines to receive and deliver important intelligence information.

REALISTIC BATTLE DESCRIPTION.

Infantry Staff Officer's Baptism of Fire—A Worth While Letter.

4 October, 1918.

Dear Father:

I have been thro hell and returned without a scar. Already it seems a lifetime distant, I cannot recall the sensation clearly, the sheer relief of getting away from it is so great that it will be impossible to give any vivid account of the experience. Here I've a room to myself, a bed, we've just finished a hot supper served on plates with knives and forks and spoons, and we are so happy to be alive that the nightmare we've just left seems unreal, a thing that could not actually have been experienced.

We were rushed up the night before the attack and at midnight the barrage commenced. Altho it was a fearful din I was somehow disappointed in it, in fact slept from sheer exhaustion thro' most of it on the concrete floor of our dugout. At dawn we attacked. I went to an O. P. (observation post) in the woods to watch, but the mist was so thick I could see nothing and my only sensation as the sun came up was listening to the wild canaries which suddenly and strangely moved to music could be heard above the thunder of the guns. The general and I started forward in side-cars, but the roads were so choked with traffic that we abandoned them and followed the assaulting lines on foot. Our first experience of battle was in a shattered hull of a town on the edge of our side of no man's land. Troops, wagons, guns, ambulances were surging thro in inextricable confusion when suddenly a shell fell on the cross-roads, 50 yards ahead of us. An ambulance went up in a puff of cotton, horses and men fell; then another shell. One of our batteries on a slope at the cross-roads was replying and as a third shell fell who should rush down from it, to grab my hand, sing out hello and rush back, but Gus. I haven't seen him since.

We finally got out of the town and into the torn and scarred region between the lines, when already the engineers were attempting to build back the roads. Our troops had swept at once into the woods and were going forward under the barrage with little opposition. We allowed them and their wake was clear but for the rubble and refuse of battle—abandoned packs and guns rarely a dead German, ammunition helmets, tromblows for the V-bo, then trenches and shelters that had been "cleaned out" as the saying is for throwing grenades into them. The enemy, holding the first few kilometres lightly, had evidently been surprised by the onslaught. We lunched in a German kitchen off of German food—tea, coffee, potatoes cabbage purple and white, and most surprising, good bread—and fifty pounds of lump sugar. The day was clear and cool, picnic weather, and that first day was like a picnic. At leisure we examined the marvellous German system of defenses, dugouts fifty and sixty feet deep, many of them concrete, often comfortable, sometimes even elegant, for one had a shower bath and another was papered with burlap. And the fine Ger-

man equipment was scattered broadcast for the troops coming on in reserve to choose souvenirs from, knap sacks, warm socks, helmets (all camouflaged), big blankets, grenades and ammunition galon, shoes, underwear, personal property of all kinds letters, pictures, books (I found a copy of Scott's Waverley), bottles of mineral water, canteens and pistols. All the resistance that first day was made by machine guns, which were cleaned up without much difficulty. It was rather a rollicking army that went forward those first six or seven kilometres. But that night it rained.

Next night as I rode forward in the darkness the roads over which all our food and supplies had to come were already becoming muddy and the mud from that time on was one of the things we had to fight. Perhaps you'd like to know I once wrote mother not to pity the soldier. Well, now I think the infantryman is the most to be pitied person in the world. The sheer misery he endures is not approached by men in any other branch of the service. He not only fights, but he marches unending miles, carries all he has to eat or keep himself warm with on his back. The artilleryman rides with his guns and sees little of the actual horror, and the airman is just a mad adventurer, but these doughboys! I don't see how they do it. If there were no such thing as bullets and shells and bayonets, what they suffer in hunger and cold and exhaustion would earn them eternal reverence.

The second day was cold and rainy. I was detailed at a cross-roads behind the assault echelons direct the wounded and send back to the stragglers. It developed in to a big undertaking. The wounded themselves were tractable enough, many gas cases and some hit by shrapnel and machine gun bullets. But every litter had extra volunteers as carriers whom I had to send back and all the unheroic of the battle came my way and the cowards and deserters and malingers. The drawn faces of these were more awful than those of the wounded. Once a whole line broke and came tumbling back led by an officer, gone mad with shell shock. I ordered and pleaded and threatened and just as things were at their worst there was the sound of horsemen galloping to us up the road from the rear and it was our artillery coming up to support us headed by old Luke Lea.

That day was bad enough, but the next was worse. The generals went up to the front lines to investigate and encourage the men. I followed on foot and on reaching the forward dugout was told my general had gone forward, so without orders, I started out to find him. And as I wandered along wondering vaguely where he was the enemy's barrage suddenly opened up and I was caught in it. I had no duties of any kind so I hopped in a shell hole for a minute and waited, then thinking that was poor business, went on. To be shelled when you are in the open is one of the most terrible of human experiences. You hear this rushing, tearing sound as the thing comes toward you and then the huge explosion as it strikes, and, infinitely worse, you see its hideous work as men stagger, fall, struggle or lie

quiet and unrecognizable. I was on a wide reverse slope where there was no timber or shelter and when the shells were falling ceaselessly in groups of three. Suddenly over the crest a company broke and I saw their colonel single-handed trying to rally and direct them. So I joined him and took over the company, a fine young chap by the name of McSweeney (General aide) joining me. It was a vivid wild experience and I think I went thro it calmly by refusing to recognize it was real. You couldn't see men smashed and killed around you and know each moment might annihilate you and bear it except by walking in a sort of sleep as you might read Dante's Inferno. The exhilaration of battle—there's no such thing, except perhaps in a charge. It's simply a matter of will power. As for being without fear, I met no such person under this barrage, tho most played their part as if they were without it. When we had rallied the men and put them in shell holes, I went up to the crest and as our advance had ceased, sat down in a hole which a soldier had dug the night before next to the hole of a French lieutenant. With slight intermissions the barrage continued for four hours. We sat there laughing and talking and wondering if the next one would get us. He had a wife and child and had seen four years of this hell; once he remarked, "Oh, we will never leave here", but he was coolness and politeness itself. Hits within 20 yards almost deafened us and threw masses of dirt over us, but we both escaped without a scratch.

That night the two of us and some twenty more passed in a wide dugout listening to the shells and waiting for the counterattack which did not develop. That dugout, I shall never forget. It was about ten feet wide and 40 feet long. The two sides were of mud drippy and shiny, likewise the floor, the roof was a few logs and a layer of elephant iron which far from furnishing protection from shell bursts did not keep out the rain which all night long trickled thro onto our faces and hands and down our backs. We sat shoulder to shoulder on the floor in two rows,

our back against the mud of the walls, our feet against the feet of the man opposite. Our candle made visible our weariness and discomfort. I've never seen such tired men. We'd all been a bit gassed and during the night four mustard shells fell at the door and forced us to climb into our masks (all but me who was in charge and answering the telephone all night). The features of the men had sagged and run together with fatigue, it was cold and they had no blankets; our only food for two days had been bread and corned beef, the horror of the impending destruction tortured them while it could not hold them from sleep. They slept prone in the mud or propped up against each other; clothes, helmets, hands, faces and hair all one color—mud. There was no complaining, little talking and no thinking. Fatigue, cold and hunger quickly made of us mere animals. It was a long night and outside the soldiers were lying under the rain and bitter wind, un-fed, but holding.

The next morning the general and I went back to the elegant dugout of the artillery and Luke Lea served us a meal which was so good it almost brought tears to my eyes; no other meal will ever be as good. Coffee, boiled bacon, hot cakes and syrup. I may sometimes forget Luke's cordiality, but his breakfast never. Well, we're out of it all now. Most of the mud is scraped off, I've washed my face again and brushed my teeth and slept in a bed. The hardships and miseries are almost forgotten and we're looking forward to several weeks of training and instructions in this pretty country almost within sight of the cathedral and moated town you visited.

Nuff said. I'm alive and awfully glad to be alive. I've lived thro unforgettable experiences, and I have nothing to regret. Will write again shortly. Best love to you and mother.

Your devoted son,

W. A. PERCY,
1st Lt. Inf.

The Vicksburg Daily Herald, November 7, 1918. MDAH Archives and Records Services.

NAME _____ DATE _____

Letter Worksheet

Use the letter from William Alexander Percy to answer the following questions.

1. Who is Percy writing to? _____
2. What date was the letter written? _____ What date was the letter published? _____
3. Does the date have any significance in relation to what was happening in the war? _____

4. Despite the battle-scarred town and the shelling, Percy compares his first day on the battlefield to what? Why?

5. What role does Percy undertake on the second day? _____
6. What does he say is “the most terrible of human experiences?” Why? _____

7. Why couldn’t Percy make use of his gas mask? _____
8. Why did Percy’s meal after the battle bring tears to his eyes? _____

9. Why do you think the *Vicksburg Daily Herald* printed this letter? What interest would it have held for its readers? _____

10. Do you think this is a true and unvarnished depiction of battle in World War I? Why or why not? _____

NAME _____ DATE _____

Letter Worksheet *Answer Key*

Use the letter from William Alexander Percy to answer the following questions.

1. Who is Percy writing to? His Father
2. What date was the letter written? October 4, 1918 What date was the letter published? November 7, 1918
3. Does the date have any significance in relation to what was happening in the war? Percy wrote the letter about five weeks before the Armistice and it was published four days before it took effect.
4. Despite the battle-scarred town and the shelling, Percy compares his first day on the battlefield to what? Why? He compares it to a picnic because while he had seen a battle and its results, he hadn't really been involved in actual fighting. Then his group came upon a German kitchen where they procured good food and were able to explore the superior German accommodations and supplies.
5. What role does Percy undertake on the second day? To direct military personnel such as the wounded.
6. What does he say is "the most terrible of human experiences?" Why? "To be shelled when you are in the open" because of the noise, fear, and sight of the dead and wounded.
7. Why couldn't Percy make use of his gas mask? He was in charge of answering the telephone.
8. Why did Percy's meal after the battle bring tears to his eyes? It was provided by an old friend after a harrowing and dangerous experience; Percy was just glad to be alive and safe.
9. Why do you think the *Vicksburg Daily Herald* printed this letter? What interest would it have held for its readers? It is a well-written and descriptive letter in an era when photographs and films were in limited circulation. It also dealt with an event that impacted people worldwide, including those in Mississippi, who had fought in the war themselves or had family members in the military. Published during the final days of the war, it provided a summation of the experiences of soldiers and probably helped people feel grateful that it was nearing an end.
10. Do you think this is a true and unvarnished depiction of battle in World War I? Why or why not? _____

Letter Discussion Guide

How does Percy use the five senses to describe his experience?

Throughout the letter he uses words and phrases such as “fearful din” and “thunder of the guns” to describe the battle and mentions the sound of “wild canaries” who were “suddenly and strangely moved to music” that then remind him of a gentler time. He compares the shelling of an ambulance to a “puff of cotton” and describes the walls of a dugout as “drippy and shiny.” By describing his surroundings in descriptive terms such as these he not only records his personal experiences but provides a multi-sensory description for his loved ones in Mississippi who receive the majority of their war news from the newspaper.

Why should the infantryman be the most pitied person in the world?

He endures “sheer misery” because he fights, marches for miles, carries all his belongings on his back, and does it all in the mud.

When Percy is put in charge of directing the wounded, what is most challenging to him?

Percy struggles most with sending back to the front the “cowards and deserters and malingerers” and those suffering from shell shock.

What is one of the “most terrible of human experiences?” Why?

To be shelled when in the open because you hear the bombs and rockets coming towards you and see their effects in the wounded and dead men.

Compare the depiction of wounded men in the Percy letter, *A Farewell to Arms* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

- a. How are the depictions the same and how are they different? The Percy letter is the least graphic as he only says that “men stagger, fall, struggle or lie quiet and unrecognizable.” In contrast to this, Hemmingway vividly describes how the stump of a leg “twitched and jerked” and Henry’s realization that “my knee was down on my shin.” Hemmingway also describes the crying, screaming, and begging for mercy that Henry’s companion Passini cries out for in his final moments and how Henry’s shoes feel warm and wet from the blood that has pooled in them. Remarque also spends a great deal of time to describe the dead and dying in *All Quiet on the Western Front*: “His body collapses, his hands remain suspended as though he were praying. Then his body drops clean away and only his hands with the stumps of his arms, shot off, now hang in the wire.” Throughout the book Remarque uses even more vivid descriptions of body parts hanging in trees, of cemeteries shelled that fling buried bodies back onto the battlefield, and of soldiers wounded so badly that Paul Bäumer considers shooting one as an act of mercy.
- b. Are graphic depictions of war more powerful? Why or why not?

Percy states at the beginning of his letter that “the nightmare we’ve just left seems unreal, a thing that could not actually have been experienced.” Later he writes “you couldn’t see men smashed and killed around you and know each moment might annihilate you and bear it except by walking in a sort of sleep...”

- a. What do you think Percy means by these statements? Explain your answer.
- b. How does Percy’s statements compare with the feelings of Frederic Henry in *A Farewell to Arms* and Paul Bäumer in *All Quiet on the Western Front*? **Immediately after being wounded, Henry has**

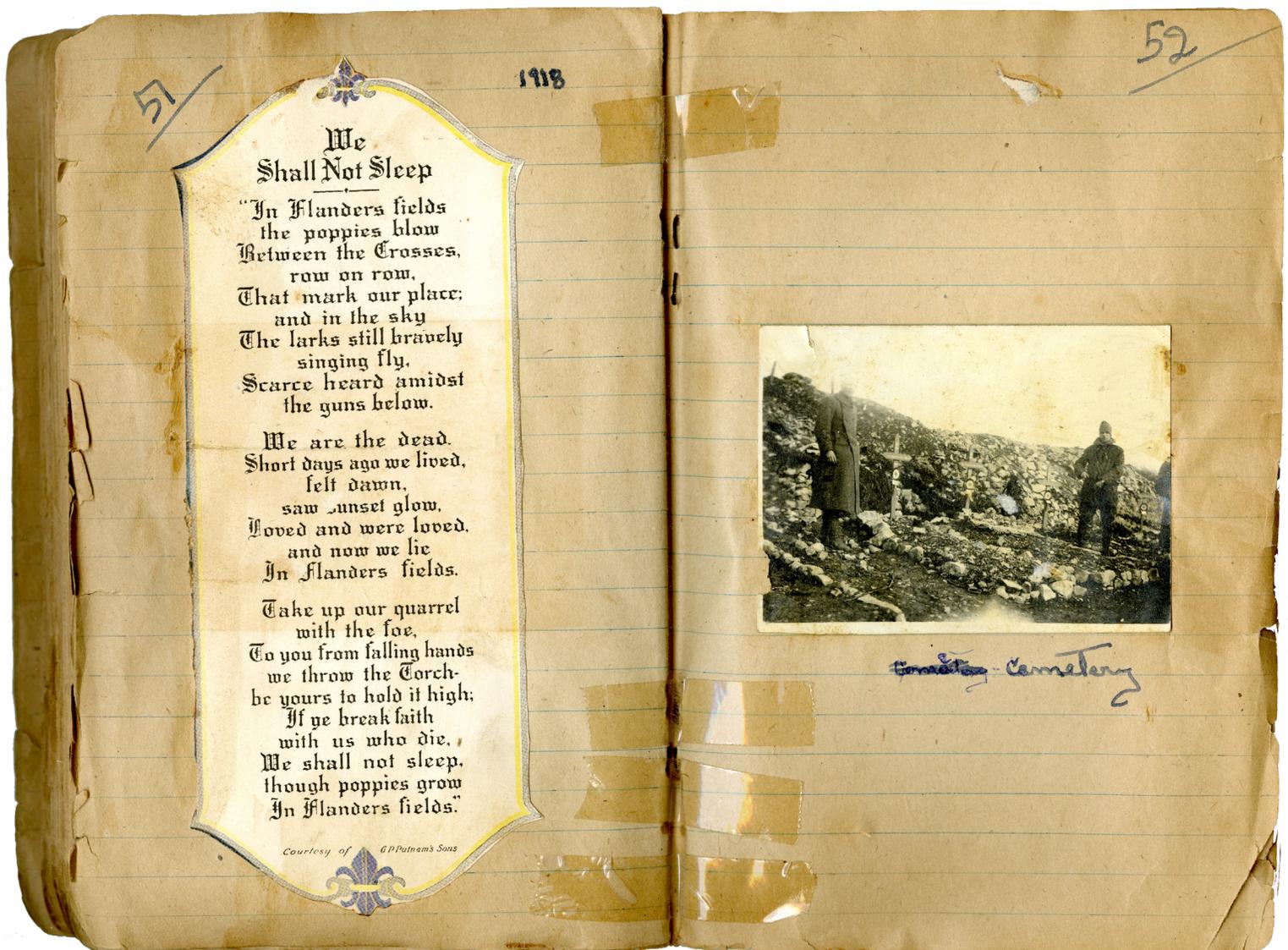
an out-of-body experience where he is unsure if he is alive or dead and then slowly comes back to life, hearing a voice crying which turns into screaming. Bäumer speaks of the moment when he looks into the eyes of his enemy, during which “for one mad moment the whole slaughter whirls like a circus around me.” The desire to fight Death causes Bäumer and his comrades to “become wild beasts” and they are “overwhelmed by this wave that bears us along” as they seek to escape from the midst of battle.

Why does Percy compare himself and fellow soldiers to “mere animals?” How does it compare to Paul Bäumer’s comment that “We have become wild beasts?”

He takes refuge in a muddy dugout with twenty other men for two days. During that time they are shelled and gassed and remain cold, wet, hungry, and covered with mud. Their utter exhaustion keeps them complaining, talking, and thinking. Percy’s statement is similar to Bäumer’s in that each alludes to the idea that men must use animal instinct to survive, whether it is to live in animal-like conditions or to fight like an animal against someone who wants to kill them.

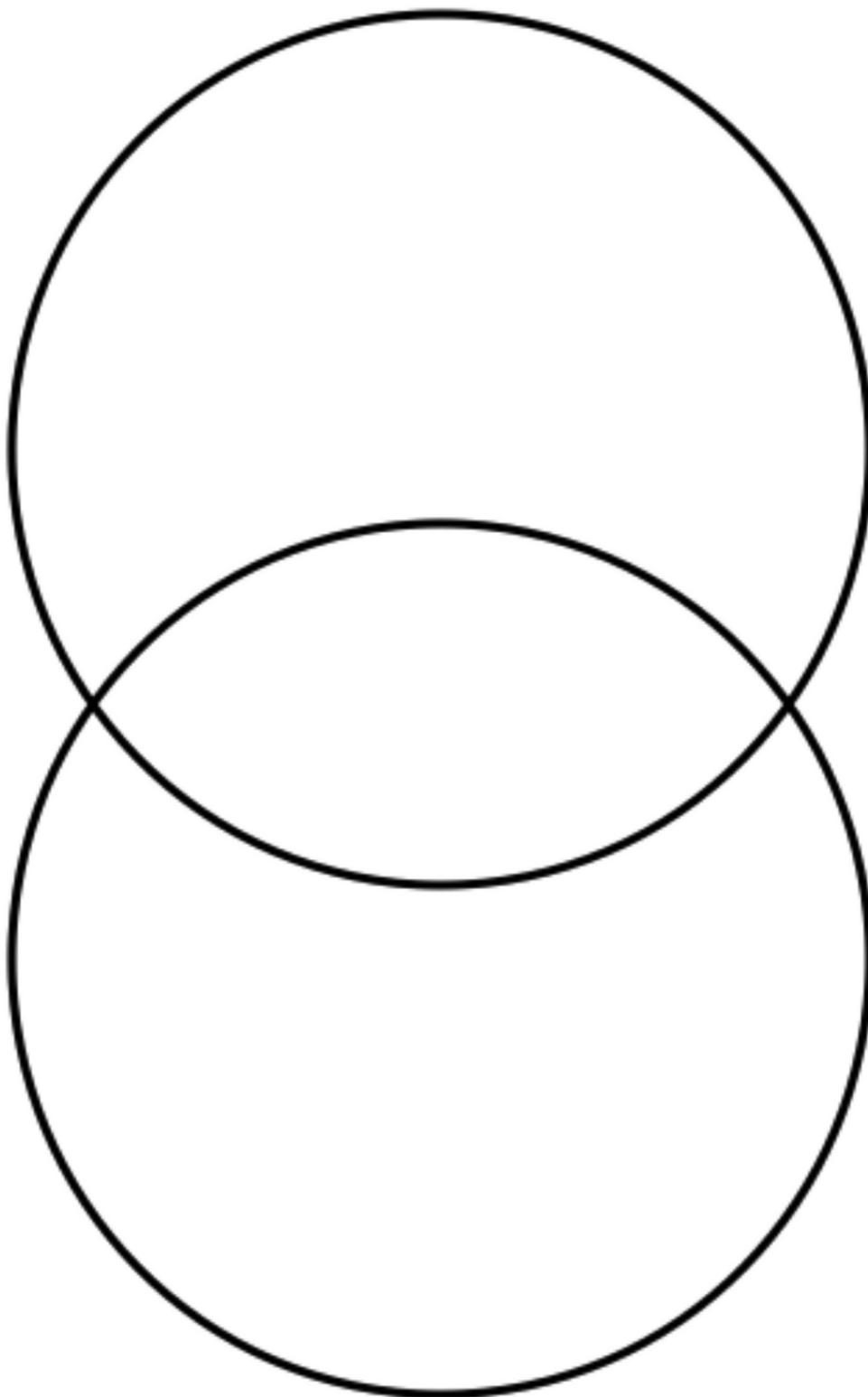
Close Reading of "In Flanders Fields" Poem

"In Flanders Fields" was written by Canadian surgeon and soldier Colonel John McCrae in the spring of 1915. Written in response to the death of a good friend, it describes the scene of a graveyard in Ypres, Belgium, where the only foliage that had the ability to grow in the battle-scarred landscape were red poppies. The poem was published in December, 1915, and became immediately popular with both soldiers and the public. It was especially popular in Britain and Canada where it was used to rally troops and support for the war. The symbol of the red poppy as a remembrance of war and its victims was popularized in the early 1920s by Anna E. Guerin of France and Moina Michael of Georgia in the United States. In 1922, the Veterans of Foreign Wars adopted it as their official memorial flower and they continue to produce and distribute poppies today with the financial proceeds going towards veterans, widows, and orphans of war. McCrae died of pneumonia in France in 1918 but "In Flanders Fields" continues to resonate with readers around the world 100 years later.

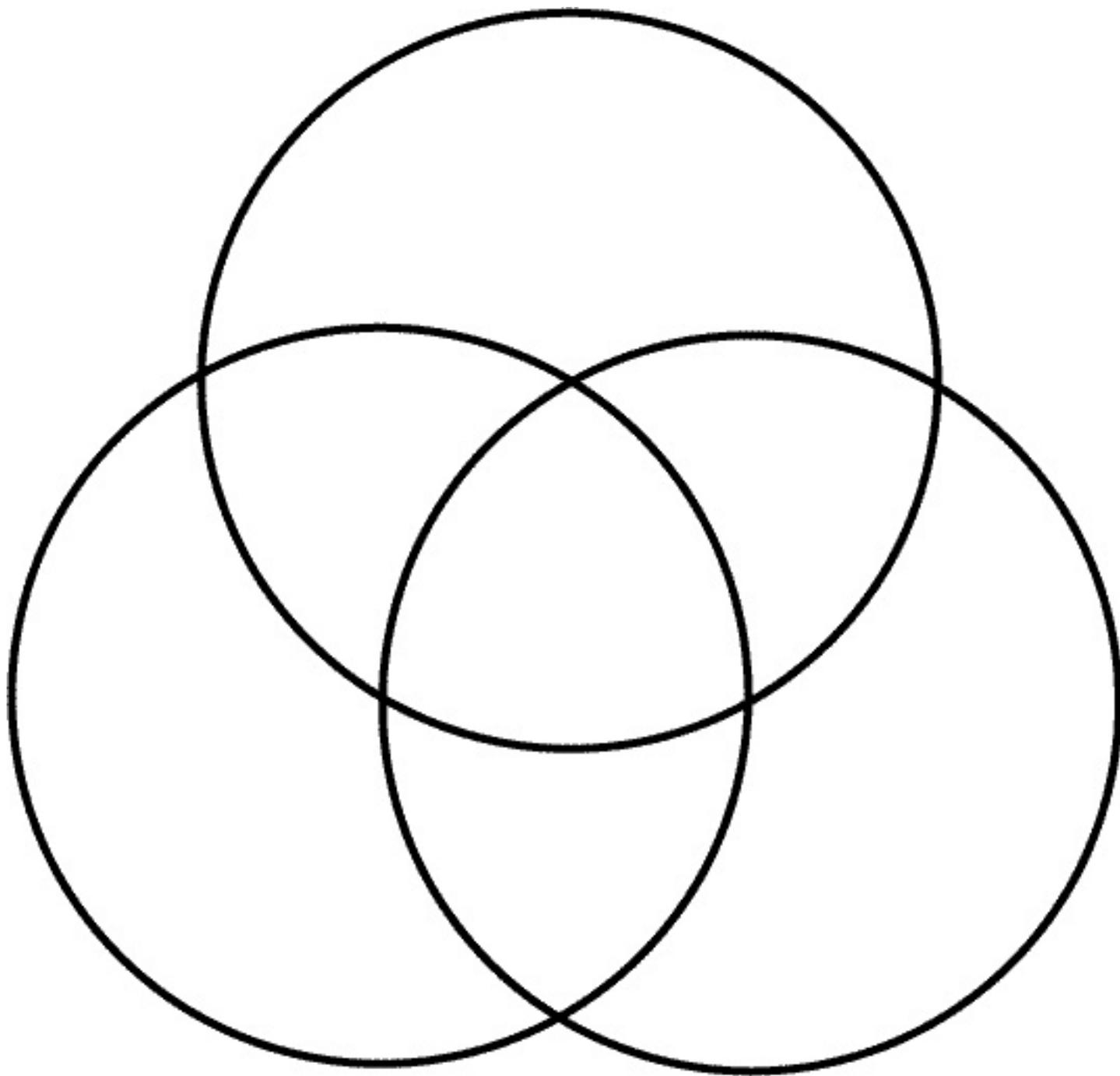


Luther Manship Photograph Album. MDAH Archives and Records Services.

Venn-Diagram



Venn-Diagram

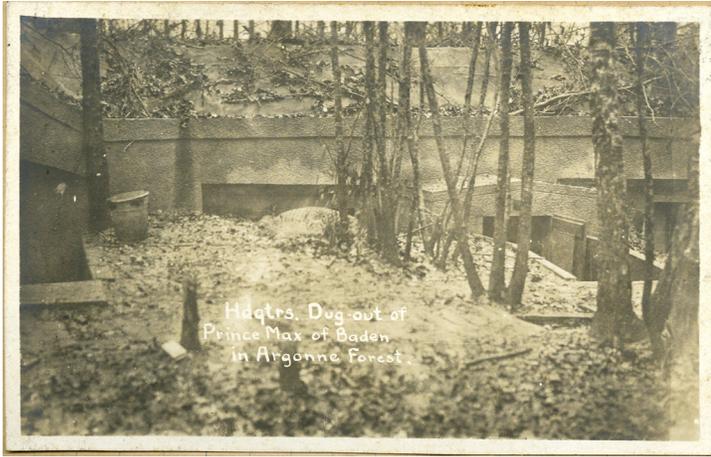


Luther Manship Photograph Album

Luther Manship was a native of Jackson, Mississippi. He enlisted in the Army on November 27, 1917, and served in Europe from January 15, 1918, through March of 1919. His photograph album contains a mix of photos from Europe (from battlefields, tourist attractions, and social gatherings), European postcards, and photos from Mississippi, the latter depicting family and friends back home in Jackson.



Luther Manship arriving in England (troop orders in belt). Luther Manship Photograph Album. MDAH Archives and Records Services.



Hdqtrs. Dug-out of
Prince Max of Baden
in Argonne Forest.



German Lookout Post
overlooking Verdun Front.



Officers huts
on Hindenburg Line
Argonne Forest.



German Red Cross Station.



German barb-wire
along Metz-Nancy road.



German Cemetery
Shattered during capture.

Luther Manship Photograph Album. MDAH Archives and Records Services.

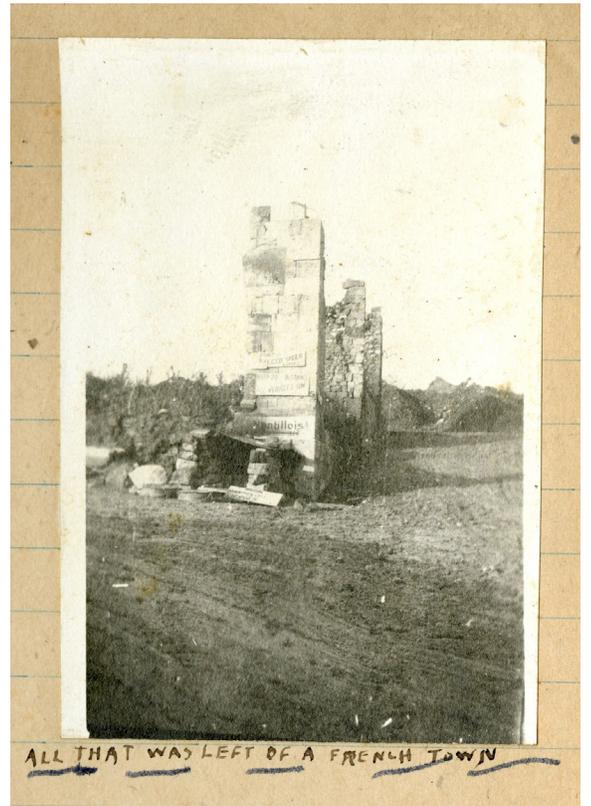
REMAINS OF
CHURCH ON TOP
OF HILL AT
MONT FAUCON



WEAR REIMS



Ruins
at Varennes
Aire River



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A FRENCH TOWN



Aire River
Ruins of Varennes.

Luther Manship Photograph Album. MDAH
Archives and Records Services.

**MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY LESSON PLANS
TEACHER EVALUATION**

COMPLETE BOTH SIDES AND PLEASE MAIL OR FAX TO THE ADDRESS ON THE NEXT PAGE. THANK YOU!

TEACHER NAME _____

SCHOOL NAME & ADDRESS _____

EMAIL (OPTIONAL) _____

TOTAL NUMBER OF STUDENTS _____ GRADE LEVEL _____

LESSON TITLE _____ *World War I Doughboys* _____

1. In your opinion, did this lesson elicit better than average student response; if so, how?
2. Which segments of the lesson exceeded your students' attention span?
3. Will this lesson be of assistance to you in developing future classroom activities; if so, how?
4. How did this lesson add to your earlier teaching on the same subject?
5. Would this lesson be handier to use as a:
___ multi-day unit ___ multi-week unit ___ other
6. Were the activities appropriate for your students? Why or why not?

Please rate the following lesson materials and activities by circling the appropriate number.

4=excellent, 3=good, 2=average, 1=inadequate

<u>Directions and Notes</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Curricular Connections</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Student Worksheets</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Interactive Activities</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Historic Images</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>References and Resources</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Activity One: World War I Literature</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Activity Two: Mississippi Doughboy</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Activity Three: Read and See, Compare and Contrast</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Extension Activities</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>Overall Unit</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>

We would appreciate any additional comments on this lesson plan and any suggestions for improvement.

Comments may be entered in the space below.

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