

**Source A:** Picture from a British newspaper published in October 1914



***Our Happy Tommies in France***

This source was published with the intention of persuading more British men to volunteer at the beginning of the Great War. It was also aimed to re-assure the loved ones of those men who were already in France that they were safe. The source gives the message that the men were having fun playing football in France. At this time trenches had just been dug and the British army needed more volunteers to fight

**Source D:** A picture published in a British newspaper in May 1915 showing a gas attack.  
This was the first time gas was used in the war



**How the German Gas devils come – thick green mist rolling towards the trench**

This source was published with the intention of persuading the British public to hate the Germans. It could have encouraged more people to support the war effort at home to beat the 'evil Hun' who were terrorising our men in France. This was a good propaganda opportunity for the British as, in 1915, the use of Gas was a dark milestone in the history of warfare.

Source B **The Daily Chronicle British newspaper** (3rd July, 1916 - 2 days after the start of the Battle of the Somme)

Source C John Raws was killed at the Battle of the Somme. He wrote a letter to his brother **just before** he died (12th August 1916). This is an extract

## Great British Victory

1st July, 1916: At about 7.30 o'clock this morning a vigorous attack was launched by the British Army. The front extends over some 20 miles north of the Somme.

It is too early to as yet give anything but the barest particulars, as the fighting is developing in intensity, but the British troops have already occupied the German front line. Many prisoners have already fallen into our hands, and as far as can be ascertained our casualties have not been heavy.

The glories of the Great Push are great, but the horrors are greater. Until now I never knew that war could be so dreadful. The carnage in our little sector was horrific and yet I never saw a body buried in ten days. The whole place, trenches and all, was spread with dead. We had neither time nor space for burials, and the wounded could not be got away. They stayed with us and died, and then they rotted. The stench of the battlefield spread for miles around. And the sight of the limbs, the mangled bodies, and stray heads.

Do you know that I saw with my own eyes a score of men go raving mad! I met three in 'No Man's Land' one night. Of course, we had a bad patch. But it is sad to think that one has to go back to it, and back to it, and back to it, until one is hit.