



Source 1: A diagram of a trench, drawn in a modern history book published 2004.



Source 5: A photograph from 1916 of a soldier suffering from trench foot. This happened because of the damp and dirty conditions in the trenches.

Trench Warfare

Source 2

We ate a ration of tinned food, bully beef (corned beef) and jam. Often food had to be brought up to the front line. Lice lived in the lining and seams of the soldiers' clothes and were impossible to get rid of. Rats grew to an enormous size as a result of a massive supply of food – corpses.

R. Rees, *Colonization and Conflict*, 2002

Source 3

My dear friend,

I promised to tell you something of my life in the trenches. Life is very hard but now the cold and rainy weather has come we get about three hours sleep. Life is as grey as it sounds, but we manage to hang on to life by watching the cheerier people – wonderful people some of them; after all, it is better to be depressed with reason than without. Here there are nine men in a tiny dugout; but good fires and we manage a hot drink three or four times every day!

Ivor Gurney, a war poet, writing 25 October 1916 from France

Source 4

Gas! GAS! Quick boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,
And floundering like a man in fire or lime ...
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking,
drowning.

Wilfred Owen, *Dulce et Decorum Est*, 1917-18