

Document A: *The Daily Express*

The Daily Express is an English newspaper founded in 1900. Like other English newspapers, it printed daily news and stories on the war. Here is an excerpt written by correspondent John D. Irvine describing the first day of the Battle of the Somme, which appeared in the paper on July 3, 1916.

The great day of battle broke in sunshine and mist. Not a cloud obscured the sky as the sun appeared above the horizon – in the direction where the German trenches lay. . . .

I witnessed the last phase of the bombardment, which preceded the advance. It was six o'clock (summer time) when we arrived there. The guns had been roaring furiously all through the night. Now they had, so to speak, gathered themselves together for one grand final effort before our British lions should be let loose on their prey. . . .

A perceptible **slackening** of our fire soon after seven was the first indication given to us that our gallant soldiers were about to leap from their trenches and advance against the enemy. Non-combatants, of course, were not permitted to witness this spectacle, but I am informed that the vigor and eagerness of the first assault were worthy of the best traditions of the British Army. I have myself heard within the past few days men declare that they were getting fed up with the life in the trenches, and would welcome a fight at close quarters. . . .

We had not to wait long for news, and it was wholly satisfactory and encouraging. The message received at ten o'clock ran something like this: "On a front of twenty miles north and south of the Somme we and our French allies have advanced and taken the German first line of trenches. We are attacking vigorously Fricourt, La Boisselle, and Mametz. German prisoners are surrendering freely, and a good many already fallen into our hands."

Source: John D. Irvine, "Special Account of the Fighting in Our New Offensive," The Daily Express, July 3, 1916.

Vocabulary

undulating: a wavy surface

slackening: loosen up, or taper off

Document B: British Soldier

George Coppard was a British soldier who fought during the entire First World War and was twice wounded. He fought at the Battle of the Somme as a machine gunner and wrote about his experiences in his book, With a Machine Gun to Cambrai. In this excerpt, Coppard recollects his experience on July 2, 1916.

The next morning we gunners surveyed the dreadful scene in front of our trench. There was a pair of binoculars in the kit, and, under the brazen light of a hot mid-summer's day, everything revealed itself stark and clear. . . .

Immediately in front, and spreading left and right until hidden from view, was clear evidence that the attack had been brutally repulsed. Hundreds of dead, many of the 37th Brigade, were strung out like wreckage washed up to a high-water mark. Quite as many died on the enemy wire as on the ground, like fish caught in the net. They hung there in grotesque postures. Some looked as though they were praying; they had died on their knees and the wire had prevented their fall. From the way the dead were equally spread out, whether on the wire or lying in front of it, it was clear that there were no gaps in the wire at the time of the attack.

Concentrated machine gunfire from sufficient guns to command every inch of the [barbed] wire, had done its terrible work. The Germans must have been reinforcing the wire for months. It was so dense that daylight could barely be seen through it. Through the glasses it looked a black mass. The German faith in massed wire had paid off.

How did our planners imagine that Tommies [British soldiers], having survived all other hazards - and there were plenty in crossing No Man's Land - would get through the German [barbed] wire? Had they studied the black density of it through their powerful binoculars? Who told them that artillery fire would pound such [barbed] wire to pieces, making it possible to get through? Any Tommy could have told them that shell fire lifts [barbed] wire up and drops it down, often in a worse tangle than before.

Source: George Coppard, *With a Machine Gun to Cambrai*, 1969.

Document C: German Soldier

Otto Lais was a soldier in German Infantry Regiment 169. He was a machine gunner and fought at the battle of the Somme. Here is an excerpt from his memoir recounting his experience during the battle's first day. The date of his memoir is unknown. It was originally published in 1935.

Wild firing slammed into the masses of the enemy. All around us was the rushing, whistling, and roaring of a storm: a hurricane, as the destructive British shell rushed towards our artillery which was firing courageously... The machine gunners were earning their pay today. Belt after belt was fired, 250 rounds – 1,000 – 3,000. . . .

The British keep charging forward. Despite the fact that hundreds are already lying dead in the shell holes to our front, fresh waves keep emerging from the assault trenches... 18,000 rounds! The other platoon weapon (machine gun) has a stoppage. Gunner Schwarz falls shot through the head over the belt he is feeding. The belt twists, feeds rounds into the gun crookedly and they jam! Next man forward. The dead man is removed. The gunner strips the feed mechanism, removes the rounds and reloads. Fire; pause; barrel change; fetch ammunition; lay the dead on the floor of the crater. That is the hard unrelenting tempo of the morning of 1st July 1916. The sound of machine gun fire can be heard right across the divisional front. The youth of England bled to death in front of Serre [our position].

Source: *Otto Lais, "A Machine-gunner in Iron Regiment 169," date unknown, originally published 1935.*