SCRAP BOOK

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6

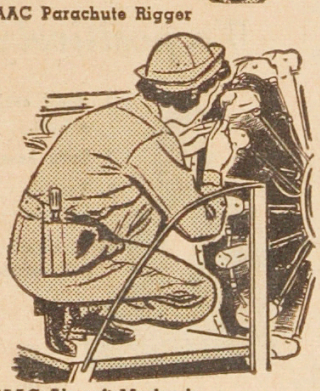
11" x 14"

25

Center Hill
Mayes Co.

11" x 14"

WAAC Parachute Rigger



WAAC Aircraft Mechanic

WAAC Glider Instructor

WAAC PAY SCALE

Enrolled Members	Equivalent Rank	Base Monthly Pay
Chief Leader	Master Sergeant	$138
1st Leader	First Sergeant	138
Tech. Leader	Tech. Sergeant	114
Staff Leader	Staff Sergeant	96
Technician, 3rd Grade	Technician, 3rd Grade	96
Leader	Sergeant	78
Technician, 4th Grade	Technician, 4th Grade	78
Jr. Leader	Corporal	66
Technician, 5th Grade	Technician, 5th Grade	66
Auxiliary, 1st Class	Private, 1st Class	54
Auxiliary	Private	50

To the above are added certain allowances for quarters and subsistence where authorized.

• Excellent medical and dental care, uniforms, and every essential are provided. Officers receive the same pay as Army Officers.

The Air Forces need thousands of WAAC members

TO HELP WITH GROUND DUTIES

THOSE clear-eyed pilots who zoom up to guard our skies, those bombardiers in the mighty Fortresses, those prowling eagles leading the offensive . . . back of them are ground crews, and radio intelligence, and supply clerks. And now, some of these vital duties are to be done by women — alert, nimble-fingered, disciplined members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

The WAAC has scores of duties for the Air Forces: rigging parachutes, repairing the carefully-guarded bombsights, typing reports, weather observing, drafting, radio repair, radio operating, truck and tractor driving, photography, gunsight maintenance, welding, and glider instructing.

These are only a few examples of the type of services the WAAC must supply to all branches of the Army. Your aptitudes and training help to determine where you best can serve — the WAAC is expanding rapidly and its list of jobs grows apace.

There is a place here for you. Get into the uniform of the WAAC and free a soldier needed for combat. For full information on the pay, promotions, training and life in the WAAC, go to your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Station. But go today—Total War won't wait!

Women's Army Auxiliary Corps

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING AND INDUCTION SERVICE "KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

FEDERAL BUILDING, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Other Army Recruiting Stations are in the following cities:

JEFFERSON CITY JOPLIN SPRINGFIELD KANSAS CITY, KANS.
SALINA, KANSAS TOPEKA, KANSAS WICHITA, KANSAS

or write to: *"THE COMMANDING GENERAL,"* Seventh Service Command, Omaha, Nebraska, or to: Appointment and Induction Branch, A. G. O., Washington, D. C.

11" x 14"

ank Leaps From Dentist Chair To Score Hit on Nazi Plane

Although His Jaw Is Swollen From Novocaine Shots a Cook Loses No Time in Manning Gun to Help Repeal Raid in Libyan Desert.

By George Tucker.
(Associated Press Staff Correspondent.)

WITH Advance R. A. F. Fighters in the Western Desert of Libya, Jan. 8.—(Delayed)—Life in this desert ghost town recalls the tales old-timers tell of Silver City, Nev., and other forsaken boom towns of the old American West where every man carried the law on his hip.

When the Jerries were making their first raid this morning, Capt. Wallace W. Barr of Lakeville, Conn., a dentist, was just giving Pvt. Edward Helwig of Brooklyn a shot of novocaine.

Gets Four Shots.

Captain Barr told me that he said, "Helwig, if the siren starts, don't get in my way," and that Helwig answered, "I won't, sir."

"Just then the warning came," Captain Barr said, "and he went out the front door while I went out back to jump into a trench. In all, I had given Helwig, a cook, four shots of novocaine before I could get that tooth out."

The cook's tent was not twenty feet from where we were talking and I looked up and saw a big, stocky dark-haired kid standing there with a swollen jaw.

Just as I started to speak to him, ack-ack all over the desert broke out and I dived head-first into a trench and buried my head in the sand while the ground shook.

For a moment I peeped over the trench at the cook's tent, but Helwig wasn't there. He was ten feet away with a big grin, manning a .50-caliber machinegun which was sending scorching tracers at the Messerschmitts.

A few minutes later when the show was over he said, "We hit tha one."

Shaking the dust out of my hair eyes, mouth and ears, I ran into Capt. Charles H. Logue, the Catholic chaplain, whose home is in Cleveland, O., standing calmly by a truc with his stel helmet dangling in h hand and not a hair out of place.

Booty Is Bad Luck.

"I like to watch the way the bo react to these raids," he told m "See that big fellow there. That Staff Sgt. Joseh Mekailek of Fracl ville, Pa. Some time ago, he pick up a handful of captured chevro from noncommissioned officers the German army. He has be wearing the insignia on his slee for weeks.

"During the raid just now I look up and saw him frantically rippi the chevrons off his uniform a throwing them away. I yelled a asked him what was the mat with him.

"He yelled back 'Father, I ne want to wear these things aga They're bad luck. The bullets w cutting up dust all around trench and I got rid of them j in time.'"

END A BALTIMORE JOB.

Baltimore avenue between Eigh eenth and Nineteenth street will open its full width tomorrow. It h been closed for repairs to the pavi broken by a water main break.

DISCUSS LAND FOR JEWS.

Mrs. David W. Herrmann, Whi Plains, N. Y., will address an ope

SOLDIER MARRIES STEP-MOTHER.

Pvt. Allen Hill of Hutchinson, Kas., with his new wife and her four children who are his step-brothers and sisters. They became his step-children by virtue of the marriage. The bride is the widow of Merle Hill, Private Hill's father, who died January 1. Pvt. Allen Hill went home from an army camp at Miami, Fla., for the funeral of his father and, before returning to camp, married Mrs. Hill who had been his step-mother. She is shown holding 1-year-old Richard, her youngest child by her former husband. In the foreground are (left to right), Lucy, Frieda and Fred, the last two being twins. The youngsters were calling their brother "Daddy" before he returned to camp. Private Hill is 23 and his wife says she is 28.

DECORATION BY WELDON BAILEY

PRAYER FOR SILENCE

By STRUTHERS BURT

THE men who followed the western sun
Were tall men and bearded men,
Or short men, but lean men
Who kept their eyes on the horizon.
They nursed their rifles and studied their trails,
And saved their talk for times of peace,
And then they gathered and told tall tales,
And danced and bartered and took their ease,
Laughed and watched their ponies browse;
But in times of danger they shut their mouths.

The men who made this country strong
Were large men or small men,
But all were quiet, powerful men
Who considered their words as they went along.
They had their faults, but they were able,
And the faults they had were the faults of their day;
At least they saved for the council table
Most of the things they had to say;
They knew that secrets kept are jewels,
And whatever they were, they weren't fools.

The men who won this country's battles,
Grave men, brave men,
Were stalwart men and thoughtful men
And never by any chance tittle-tattles;
They knew that peace is dearly won,
They knew defeat must happen, too,
But they did not falter when they'd begun
A difficult job they had to do;
And more than most they hated the crime
Of dangerous talk in a dangerous time.

Lord, I'm tired of knitting women,
Tall or short, lean or round,
Whose idle tongues drip senseless venom
Of the things "they've heard," of the things "they've seen,"
And just as bad, or worse than that,
Are the men "with answers." White and fat,
Where have they known a sand-bit trench,
Or a dead man's sweet and sickly stench?
Were they there when the English manned
The thin-held coast of England?

You who worked, you who dreamt,
Must turn in your graves with vast contempt.
Out on a score of far-flung fronts,
The young men, our men,
Stand where the hawklike enemy hunts
And the steel-clad bullet searches them;
They have no time for long discussions
Of the faults of the English, the faults of the Russians,
The faults of their leaders. They save their breath,
For they know that, in battle, talk means death.
And I think that our earlier fighting men
Are big with pride and faith in them.

The men who searched, who found, who settled,
Smiling men, singing men,
Frequently laughed as they went along,
But their jokes were pointed and strongly metaled;
Water was scarce, and scarce was feed,
So when they spoke they had something to say;
They stored their words as they stored their seed,
And didn't scatter them on their way.
And one can do well by the living and dead
By holding his tongue and using his head.

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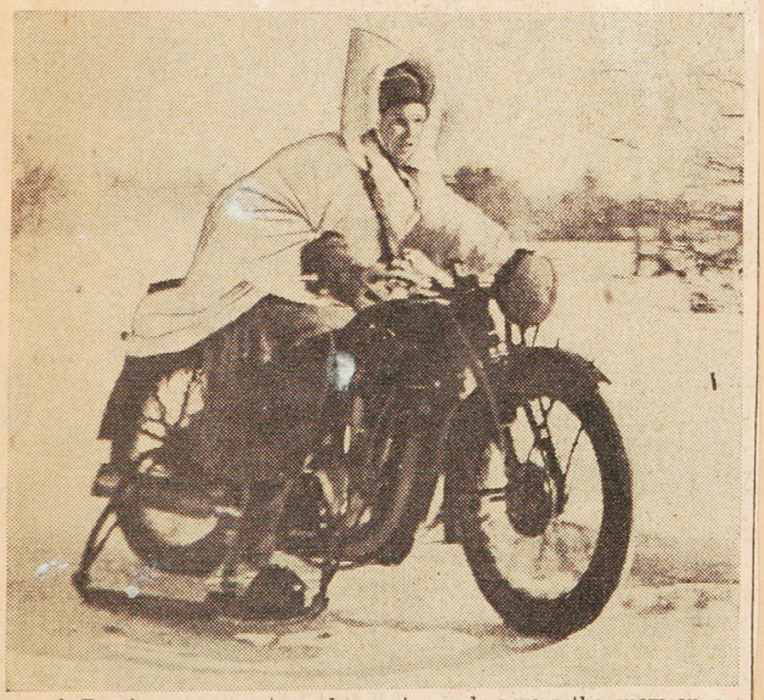
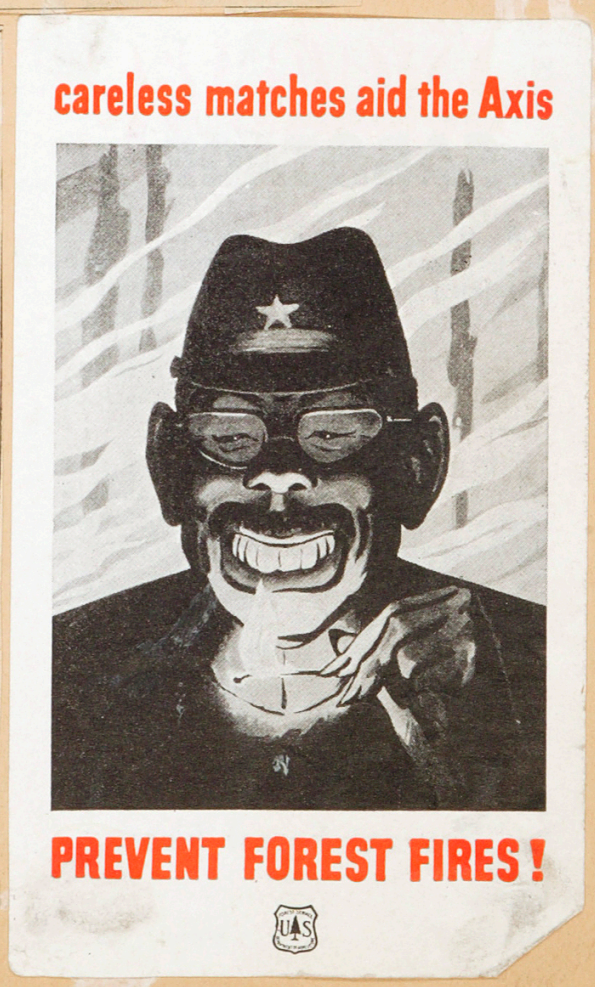
Two fair sized specimens leaped into our raft. We had time to grab them when the flare sputtered and died.

SOVIET SNOW SKIMMER.



A Russian army motorcycle scout speeds across the snow on a vehicle especially devised for fast winter travel on the white-clad expanses of the eastern front. He rides a motorcycle fitted with sled runner segments on either side of the cycle proper attached to a framework.



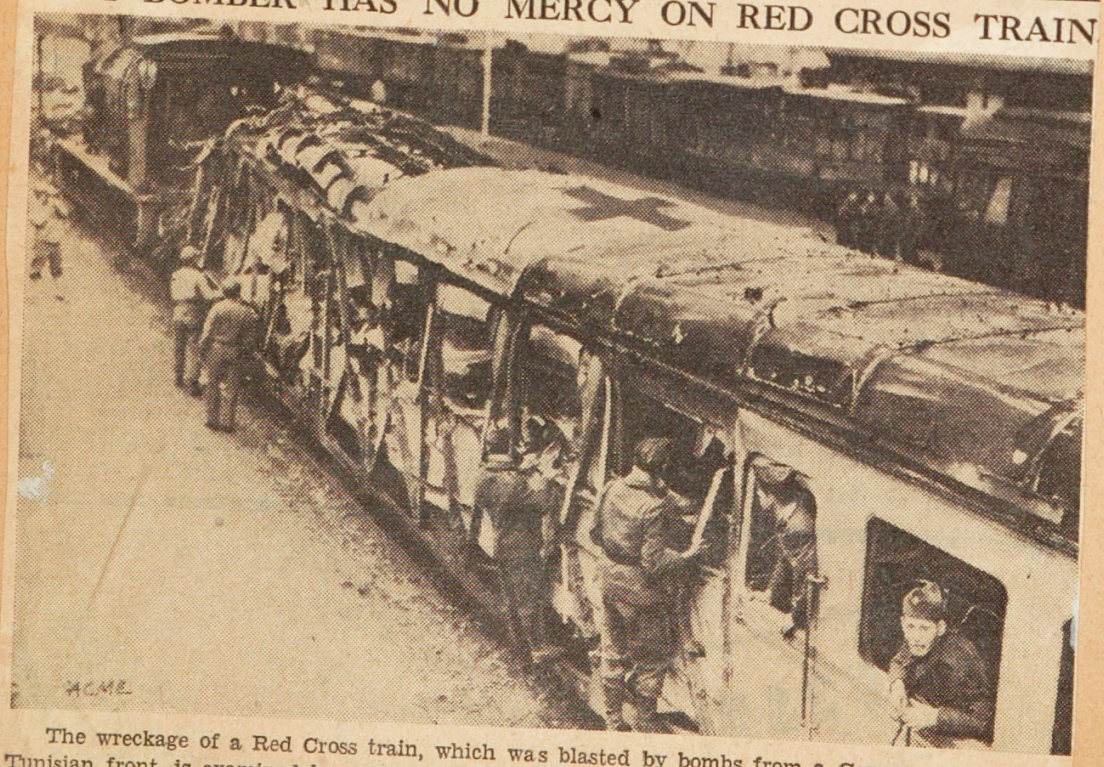
We fight to preserve the right of young men and women to seek education—the freedom to learn and progress.

The Axis Plan—Education must teach the rules of gangster living—war, plunder, killing. "Subject races" must not have higher education.

We fight for the way of living that brings nutritious, plentiful foods to our tables—the finest foods in the world to build strong, healthy bodies.

The Axis Plan—Food for the master race—others starve. Greece—thousands die from starvation. Belgium—rats sold for 20 francs. France threatened with starvation.

NAZI BOMBER HAS NO MERCY ON RED CROSS TRAIN



The wreckage of a Red Cross train, which was blasted by bombs from a German plane on the Tunisian front, is examined by soldiers. Notice the cross on the top of the burned out car, which, with other markings, clearly identified the train.

THIS IS GUADALCANAL, EMBATTLED OUTPOST IN THE PACIFI

HENDERSON FIELD under attack by Jap bombers. Marines, lost in the smoke l the great scope within the range of the camera, are out there amid the flames and bursting bombs working to save precious equipment. Henderson field, originally built by the Japs and conquered and improved by t to the skies over the Solomon islands area.

CAVES ARE SANCTUARIES near the fighting front where our marines oppose the Japanese land forces on the island. This scene is in a gulch, where a mortar company is establishing itself for business and housekeeping. Some of the men are setting up shelter halves to form small tents. In the distant hillside the black mouths of caves are seen. They have been dug by the Americans as shelters against bombs and a refuge from tropical rainstorms.

two mouths. Their bodies are stripped before burial.

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Shaking the
eyes, mouth
Capt. Charles
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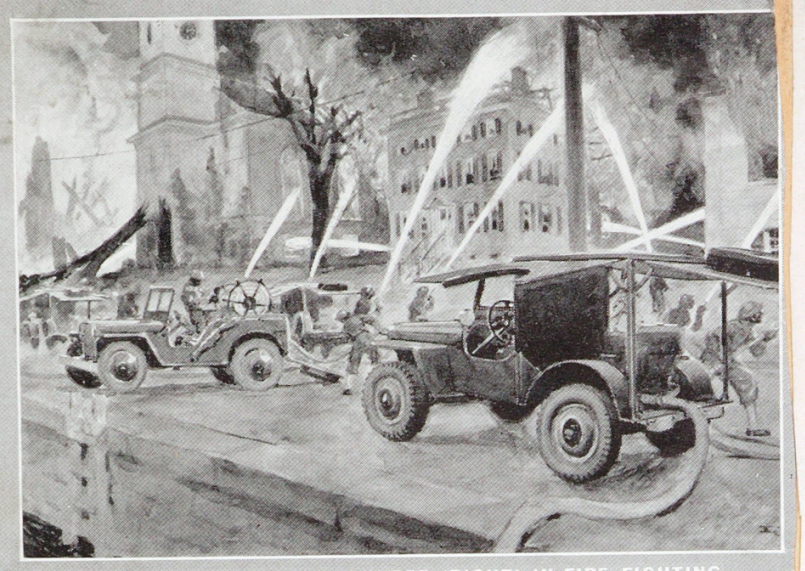
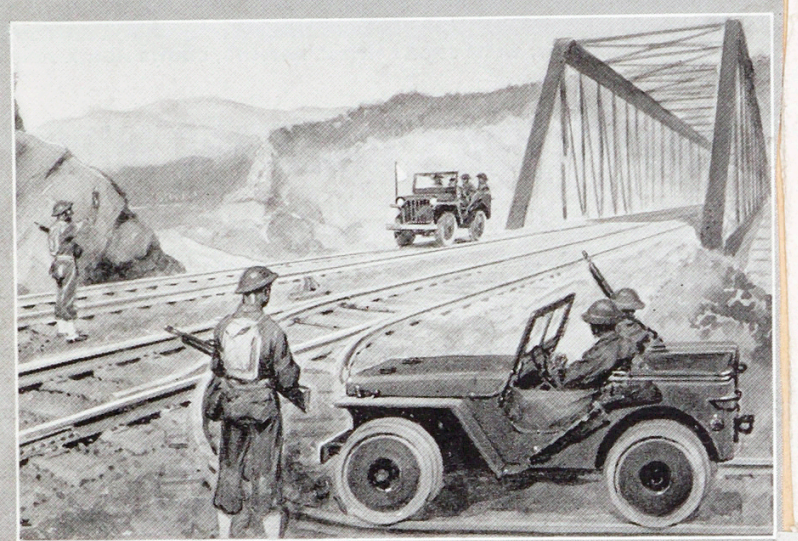


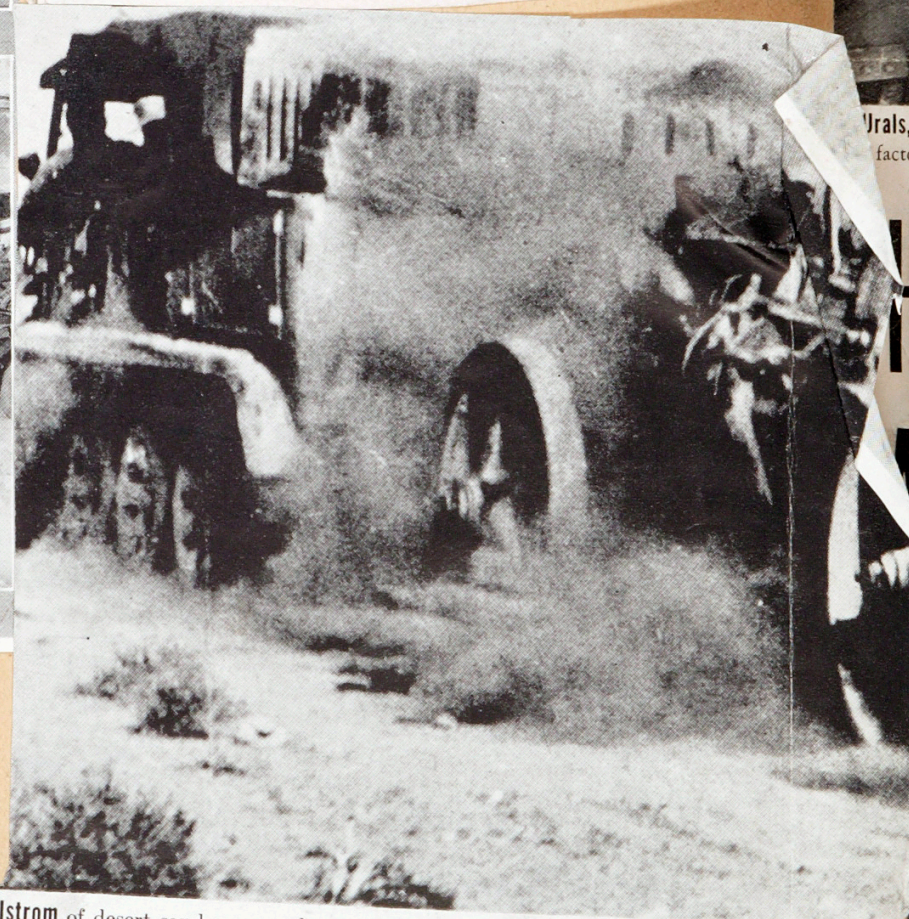
JEEP AS HOSE CAR (LEFT) AND PUMPER (RIGHT) IN FIRE FIGHTING



EQUIPPED WITH RAILROAD WHEELS, THE JEEP CAN RUN ON TRACKS

THE JEEP AS A DUMP CAR (LEFT) AND A RUNWAY SCRAPER (RIGHT)

HUGE EARTH AUGER, standard equipment of every combat unit, digs a hole at rate of one foot a minute. Engineers use them in construction work or (*as above*) to drill holes for explosives. Charges must be several feet under the surface to wreck roa



Maelstrom of desert sand sweeps along with a German 150-mm. (6 in.) howitzer, which outranges and outtravels the equivalent 6-in. British howitzer, a leftover from the last war. This is

Urals, Russians ha
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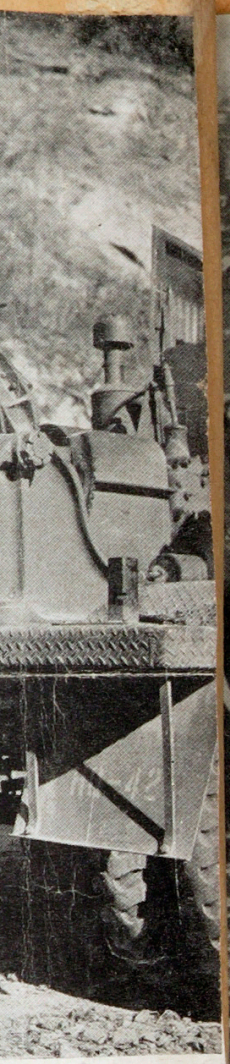


combat unit, digs a hole
ion work or (*as above*) to
he surface to wreck roa

n.) howitzer, which out-
rom the last war. This is

the Urals, Russians have built a whole new industrial area far behind battle lines. This pic-
of a factory turning out heavy machines for military use was taken before Russia was at war.

Ural iron mines feed the great Stalin Metallurgical Combine at Kuznetsk. Relatively safe in the mountain areas, this steel-making center has been rapidly expanded to offset the loss of Russia's

HE RUSSIAN ATTLEFRONT

A dead Russian prisoner is buried by his own comrades in a German prison camp. This picture was taken by a German officer who managed to sell it for cash to someone who smuggled it out of Germany. Russian prisoners are fed one bowl of slop a day and usually die of starvation in about two months. Their bodies are stripped before burial.

The war between Germany and the Soviet Union is the toughest in history. On the 2,000-mile front separating the world's largest armies more men have been killed, maimed or taken sick, more destruction has been wreaked, more homes razed and acres ravaged than can be conceived.

The changing battlefields encompass an area roughly the size of the U. S. More equipped divisions have already been scarred or wiped out than the U. S. and Britain can yet put in the field. When Field Marshal von Bock tried to take Moscow last autumn he threw more armored divisions—14—into a 225-mile sector than had hitherto been used by all combatants together in Holland, Belgium and France.

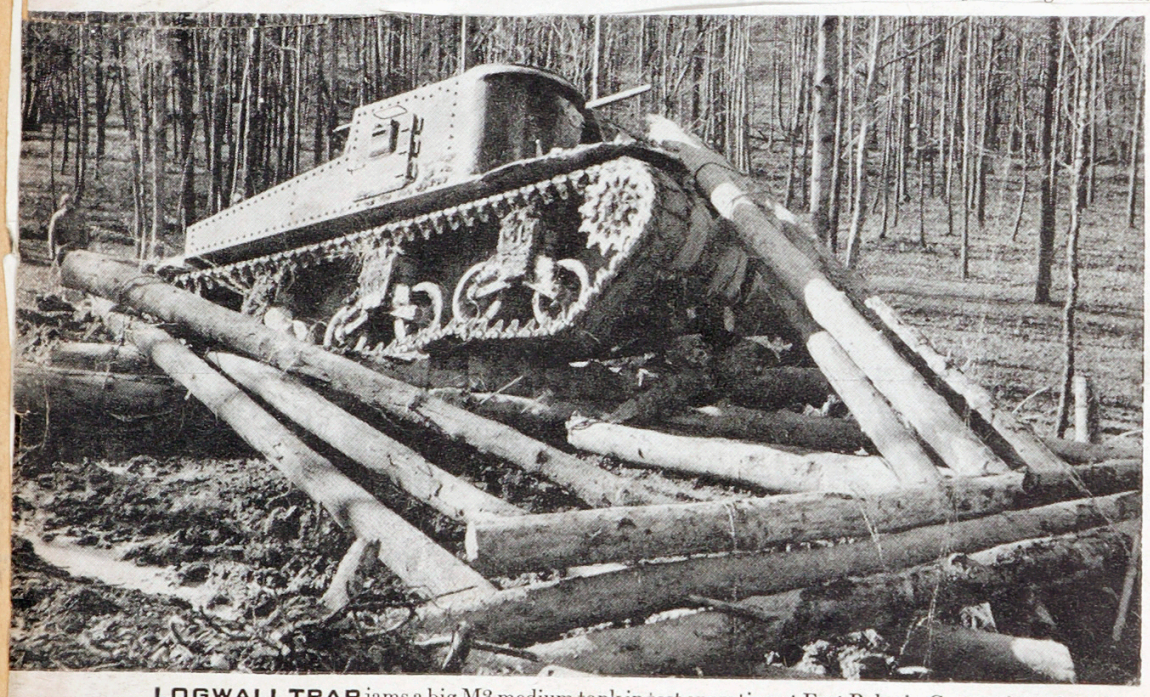
Americans, normally addicted to overestimation, have for once underestimated the scope, ruthlessness and bloodiness of this war of extermination. Only a country with the space and manpower of the U.S.S.R. could lose the territories that have been lost and bear the casualties that have been suffered and still continue as an increasingly effective war machine. My considered guess is that the Nazis and their Axis satellites have already lost 4,000,000 men, including perhaps 1,000,000 dead. Russia has suffered at least as badly.

In this savage combat little quarter is asked and little is given. Nazi armored divisions rolling forward do not bother taking prisoners. After the Germans entered, blood ran thick in the streets of Odessa, Kiev, Kerch and Rostov. When the Russians recaptured Rostov they filmed long lines of peasant women searching piles of corpses for their sons and husbands, screaming, flailing their arms about while invoking curses on the "fascist devils."

In Kiev, German soldiers amused themselves, like mad Turkish sultans, by picking off pedestrians with their rifles. In Odessa, battered Rumanian troops, infuriated by their losses in a long and bloody siege, staged one of the most brutal pogroms in history. When Timoshenko's troops returned to Kerch they found, frozen in the snow-covered streets, the bodies of dozens of civilian peasants sprawled in the final agonies of death. The viciousness of this war is impossible to gauge amid the entanglements of propaganda, but I have heard Russian soldiers tell how their captured comrades were tied to German tanks and then torn apart. I have seen photographs of Russian dead in recaptured territory—with their eyes stabbed out and their ears lopped off by bayonets.

11" x 14"

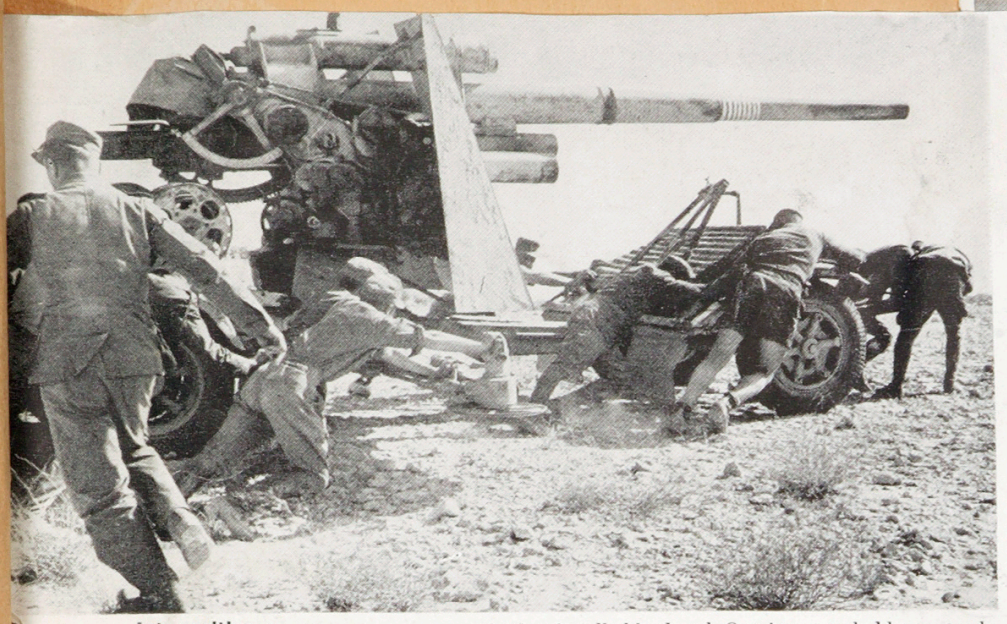
WATERPROOFED CHARGE is rigged with insulated wiring for a dam demolition job. When preparations are completed engineers will lower the explosive deep under water into a hole in the sand. Destruction of dams may deprive enemy forces of drinking water or impede their advance by flooding lowlands.



LOGWALL TRAP jams a big M3 medium tank in test operation at Fort Belvoir. Concomitant functions of engineers are to build tank traps for their own protection and destroy those of enemy. Below: engineers prepare a temporary underground hospital in Hawaii. The Corps is now in charge of all Army construction.

Getting in the mud and water like other babies is one thing the jeep loves to do. Before getting car wet in streams, drivers are instructed to remove fan belt, operate motor without it.

Into position t
while firing fol

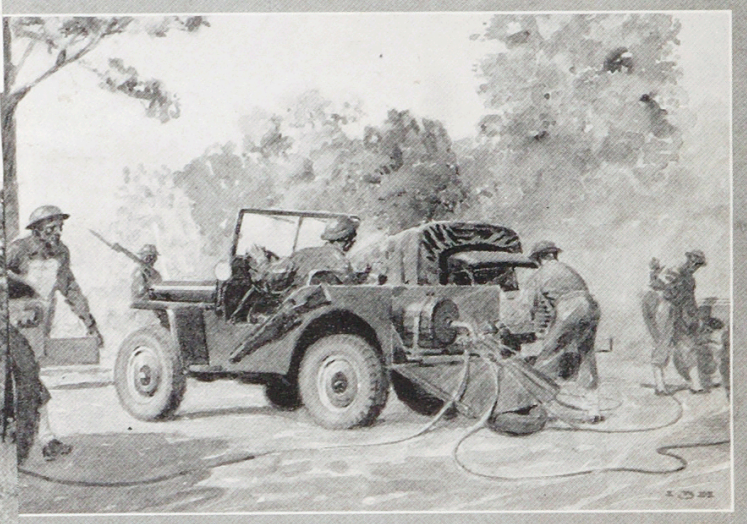


Into position the 88-mm. on pneumatic tires is rolled by hand. Outriggers to hold gun steady while firing fold up in transit. Rings on barrel show gun has knocked out eight British tanks.

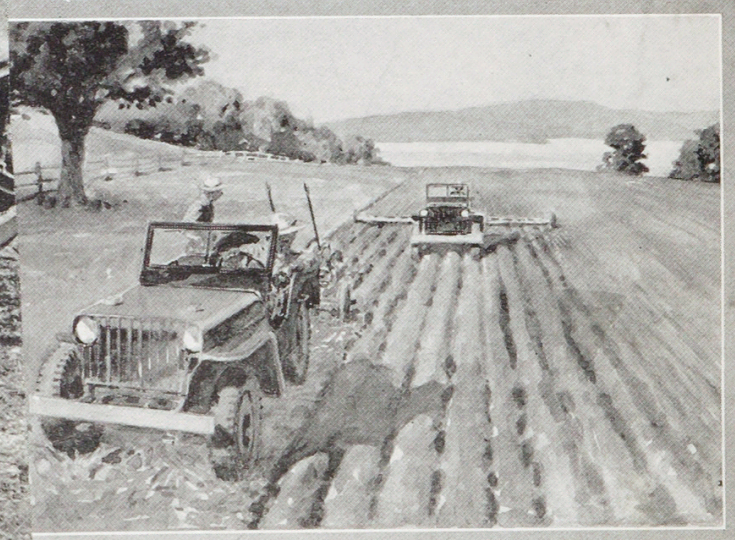
THE JEEP USED AS A SNOWPLOW TO CLEAR RUNWAY OF AN AIRFIELD

the jeep acts as a telephone car for the Signal Corps. She can also be equipped with two-way radio and keep in touch with headquarters wherever she goes.

Below,



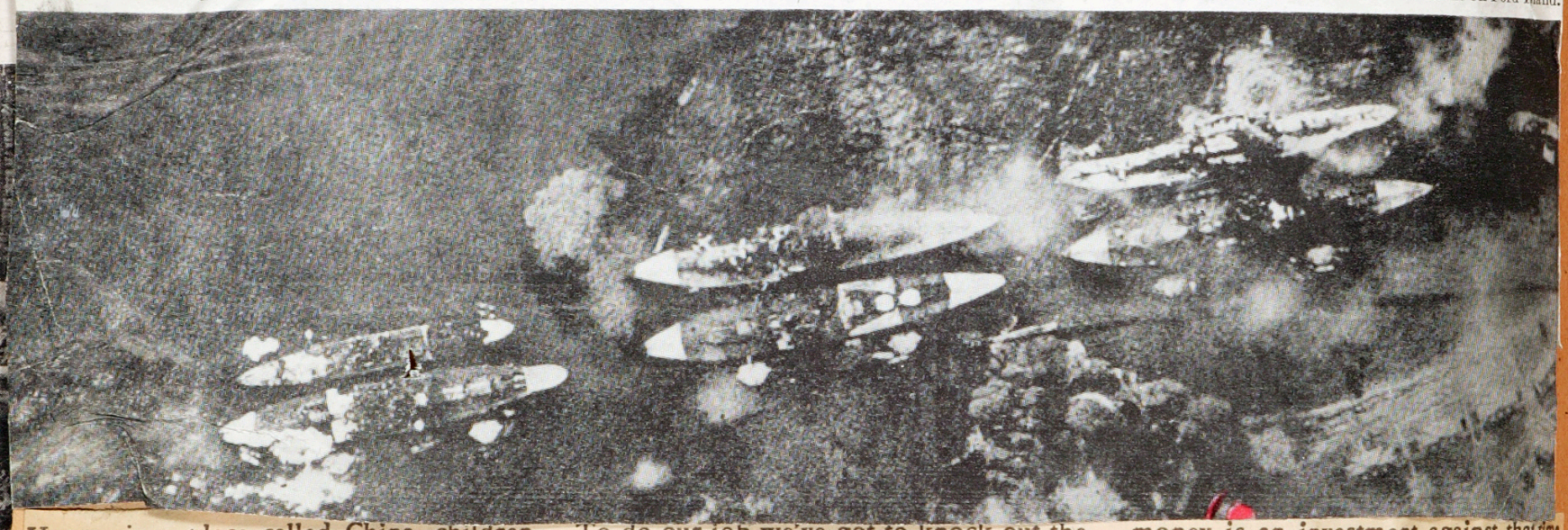
EQUIPPED WITH AIR COMPRESSOR AND HOSE, JEEP PUMPS UP TIRES



ON FARM, JEEP USED FOR PLOWING (LEFT) AND HARROWING (RIGHT)

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

...o view of Pearl Harbor, taken from one of first planes to attack at 7:35 a. m. Dec. 7, shows ...mbs dropping on Battleship Row, where seven great men-o-'war with seven supply ships ...zling at their sides are lined up along east side of Ford Island (*above*). Directly above ...n is Jap dive bomber pulling out of dive. These photos were printed in German magazine which ridiculed U. S. lack of alertness. Picture below was taken 30 minutes later from directly above battleships. Ship on the left is evidently the *Arizona*, after her magazines have blown up and she has started to sink. German caption also claims that one of the ships is the capsized *Oklahoma*. Smoke can be seen rising from bombed fuel tanks on Ford Island.



Honey, in a place called China, children can never play as you can . . . because men in airplanes roar overhead and shoot them, and burn their homes.

In other places . . . in Norway and France, in Poland and Greece and Russia . . . children have their mothers and daddies taken away from them . . . led off to a prison called a concentration camp. Their children may never see their parents again.

Many of these children—boys and girls just like you—don't get enough to eat. Many of them have starved to death.

Why is all this happening? Because there are evil people in the world, who call themselves the Axis, who do these things. And it's our job to make them stop—to see that they never trouble the world again. *That's* what this war is all about.

To do our job we've got to knock out the Axis. And a lot of us Daddies would like to do it with our own fists . . . or our own guns. We can't all do that. There's other work that Uncle Sam wants us to do.

So let's help knock out the Axis with that work. Let's take a dime out of each dollar we earn while working and buy War Bonds and Stamps to turn our dollars into America's tough new tanks and planes.

So . . . tell your employer to set aside 10 percent of what you earn every payday in the War Bond Payroll Savings Plan. Then, each time it adds up to $18.75, you'll get a bond.

Your Government will use that money to smash the Axis. Every dollar is a nail in Hitler's coffin. Every bond a bomb to blow the Jap off this earth. And your money is an investment against that time when peace returns and you will no longer have to answer that question:

"Daddy, what's this war about?"

EVERYBODY EVERY PAYDAY — AT LEAST 10% IN WAR BONDS

WHY U. S. WAR BONDS ARE THE SAFEST PLACE YOU CAN PUT YOUR MONEY!

1. They are obligations of the United States. If this isn't safe, nothing is!

2. For every $3.00 you invest in War Bonds you get back $4.00 at the end of 10 years.

3. They do not fluctuate in dollar value—are never worth less than you pay for them.

4. You can name one individual either as co-owner or as beneficiary *right on the face of the bond.*

5. Your savings in War Bonds cannot be lost or stolen. Each bond is *registered at the Treasury Department.*

Getting in the mud and water like other babies is one thing the jeep loves to do. Before getting car wet in streams, drivers are instructed to remove fan belt, operate motor without it.

"The Horrors" (continued)

eld, England's Pittsburgh, has cleared the surface but left the yawning basements. As uble-decker trolleys mount Angel Street now to turn right into the city's shopping center along High Street, they pass (*center foreground*) the flattened ruins of the Conservative Club and, just beyond, of the gutted Market Hall, the modernistic white building (*center*). The spire

Attacked by planes while on convoy duty, the jeep offers some protection for her riders and a place from which they can fire.

30 minutes later from di-
after her magazines have
s that one of the ships is
el tanks on Ford Island.

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ARE THE SAFEST
YOUR MONEY!

United States. If this

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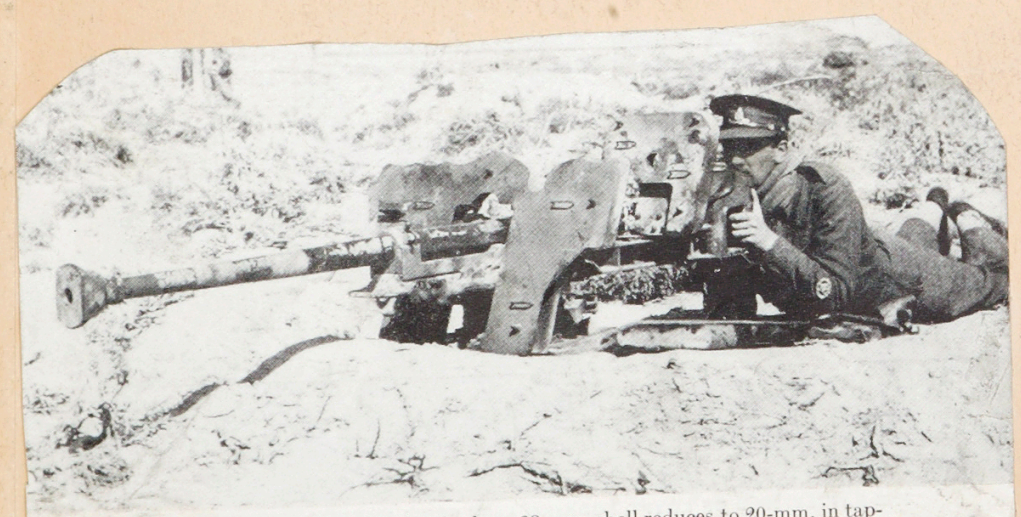
in the right distance is that of the 500-year-old Cathedral. The picture is taken from about the spot where the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury imprisoned Mary Queen of Scots in his castle for 14 years. The view has deteriorated a good deal since then. The owner of what once was a restaurant at the extreme left has put up a neat sign directing old and new customers to his new premises.

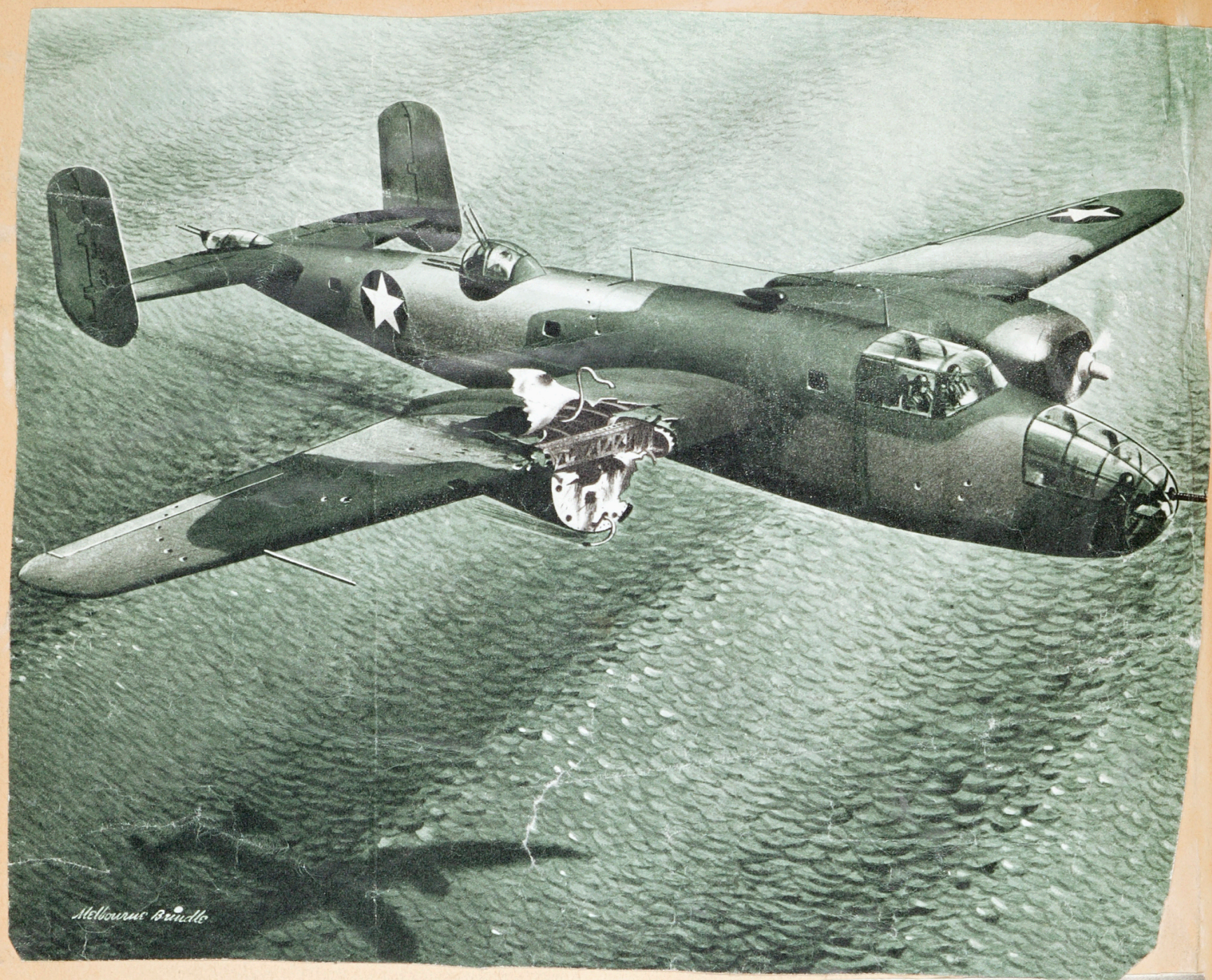
what once was a mighty
ners to his new prisons.

GERMANS ON TOP OF 22-TON MARK IV TANK, ARMED LIKE AMERICAN MEDIUM WITH 75-MM. GUN, CANNOT SEE OR BE SEEN IN BLINDING DESERT SANDSTORM, HENCE SIT OUTSIDE

ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS IS MODEL SMALL ARMY SPECIALIZING IN HIGH FIREPOWER



Best antitank gun is German Guerlich (*above*) whose 28-mm. shell reduces to 20-mm. in tapered barrel, spits out at 4,750 ft. a second. British have captured this piece. Below is a 50-mm.



Liverpool lost the heart of its financial center. This vista, looking down South Castle Street toward Queen Victoria monument, was once solid with banks and stores. The twin clock towers at left center are the 17-story Royal Liver Building. The big white India Buildings (*center*) gutted. Comparable would be such a scene of destruction at New York's Wall and Broad St

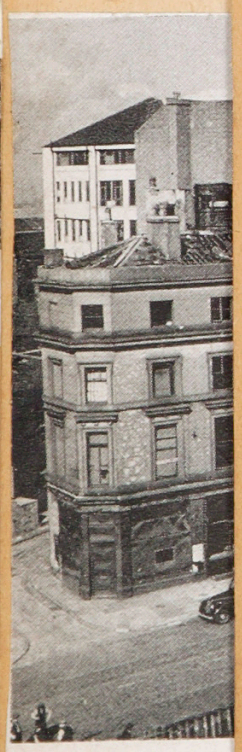
ldings (*center*)
and Broad St

The A. V. G. loll on one of their Flying Tigers on their airfield at Kunming, the main air base from which they flew against the Japs coming up the Burma Road. Officer in summer khaki on the wing is Paymaster George Paxton. The plane is a P-40 Tomahawk. When Photographer George Rodger reached the A.V.G. in April, the original P-40 Tomahawks had recently been reinforced by the faster and more heavily gunned P-40E Kittyhawk. Strafing Jap columns with the six .50 cal. guns of the Kittyhawk was a pure delight to the A.V.G.

11" x 14"

Captured American soldiers at Mariveles are lined up and checked over by a Japanese officer (*foreground*) after they have been disarmed. Up road to left is airfield—built by hand and kept in loving repair—for the relief bombers which never arrived from the U. S. Along the dusty road (*in background*) are abandoned Army trucks last used by those who escaped to Corregidor.

the standard, old-fashioned field artillery, usually firing behind lines, as distinguished from the mobile antitank and anti-aircraft weapons shown at left and right. This howitzer is a gun-killer.



Liverpool lost the hear
toward Queen Victoria

WHITE ON SAME TRIP THAT SULZBERGER SAW IT

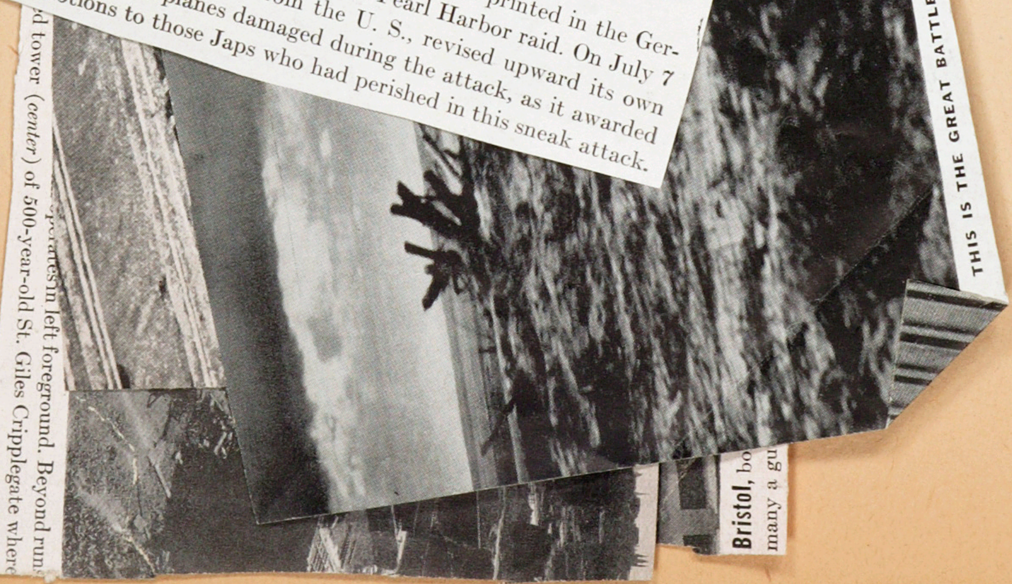
FALL OF BATAAN

First Japanese pictures show surrender of heroic men of the Philippines and sneak attack on Pearl Harbor

On April 9, after four heartbreaking months of continuous fighting, the American soldiers on the Philippine mainland finally accepted a bitter defeat. Ever since the surprise air attack on the first day of the war, which destroyed most of their planes on the ground, they had fought valiantly against impossible odds. They had retreated foot by foot through Luzon and Bataan, until their backs were to the sea. There, with a small trickle of supplies, makeshift defenses and magnificent bravery, they withstood the Imperial Army of Japan. Day after day they held their ground, at times even attacking the enemy and forcing him to retreat. So tenaciously did they hold that one Japanese general was reported to have killed himself in humiliation. The stand was gallant but hopeless. They had too much courage and not enough food. At last, weakened by malaria and dysentery, with the enemy bombing them day and night and pushing forward by the sheer weight of numbers, they surrendered.

These pictures, taken by Japanese photographers on the day of defeat, came to this country by way of Switzerland. They are eloquent testimonials of a lost cause. The American soldiers above went to their final defeat feeling that they had been let down by the people at home. They had been promised military aid and throughout their last terrible days they had expected it to come. To the tragedy of their defeat was thus added the bitterness of disappointment. Where the 37,000 American prisoners of war from Bataan are interned and what their names and organizations are is still a secret kept by the Japanese, as there has been no exchange of messages.

On the following page are more Japanese pictures, first printed in the German picture magazine *Signal*, taken during the Pearl Harbor raid. On July 7 Tokyo, still fishing for information from the U. S., revised upward its own exaggerated list of what its planes damaged during the attack, as it awarded posthumous promotions to those Japs who had perished in this sneak attack.



THIS IS THE GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF YELNYA, PHOTOGRAPHED A FEW WEE

13cm x 18cm

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5" x 7"

5" x 7"

4" x 5"

THIS IS THE GREAT BATTLEFIELD OF YELNYA, PHOTOGRAPHED A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE FIGHTING BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE ON SAME TRIP THAT SULZBERGER SAW IT

12cm x 18cm

18cm x 24cm

24cm x 30cm

5" x 7"

5" x 7"

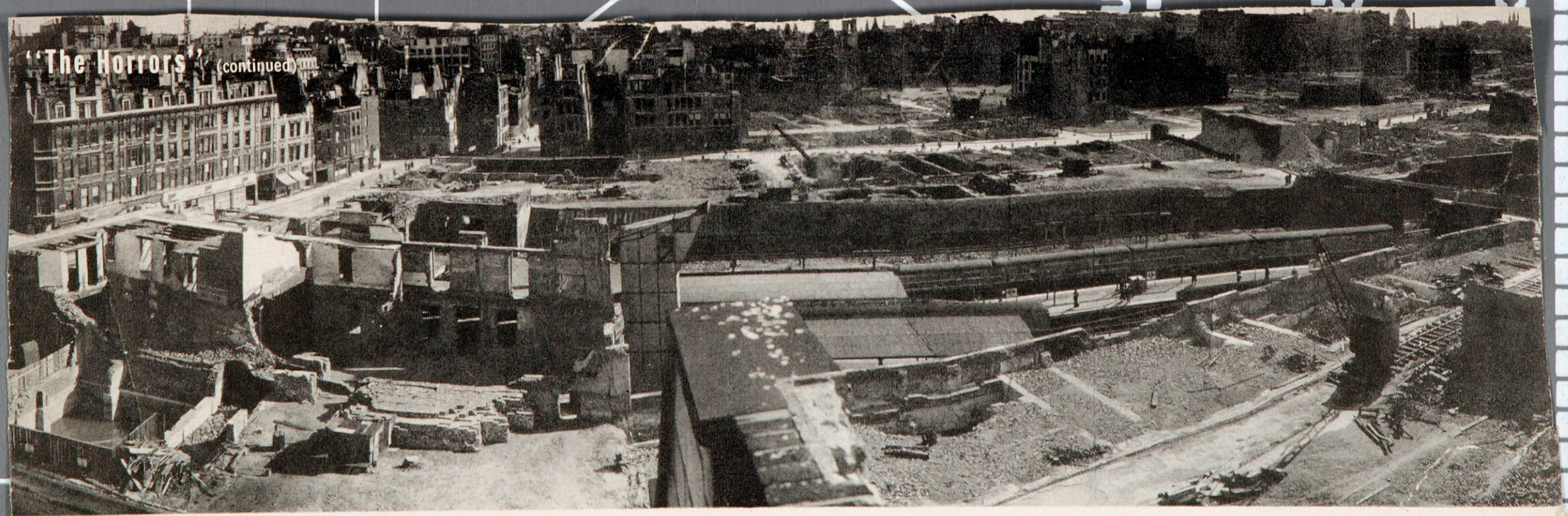
13cm x 18cm

Jeep lays a smokescreen as smokepot is held off her rear and she dodges and cuts through the trees. Behind such a smokescreen tanks can advance.

8" x 10"

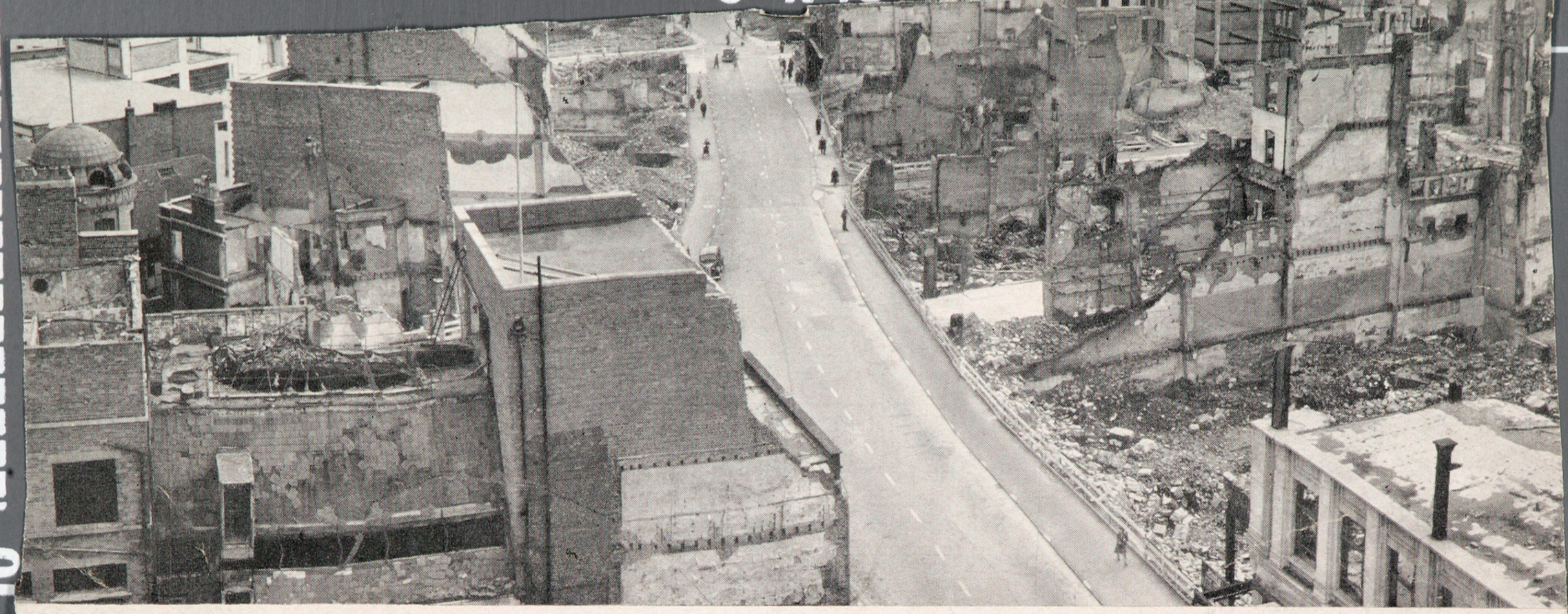
Manchester, whose only severe bombings fell on the nights of Dec. 22 and 23, 1940 when the Germans began trying to burn down England, is England's model of cleanup work. Bombed buildings have been torn down entirely, basements filled in and most of the rubble trucked off. In foreground and at right stood great buildings of Baxendale & Co., hardware manufacturers.

"The Horrors" (continued)



A tiny section of London, just a score of blocks, gives an appalling picture of vanished life and a new Badlands of masonry and rubble. This looks south toward Saint Paul's (*dome in left center*) and the Thames. Moorgate subway station still operates in left foreground. Beyond runs cleared Fore Street to four-pointed tower (*center*) of 500-year-old St. Giles Cripplegate where

8" x 10"
18cm x 24cm
8" x 10"
5" x 4"



Bristol, bombed from November 1940 to April 1941, has pulled down the dangerous walls, left many a gutted building standing. Looking down Wine and Corn streets, you see at the next corner what remains of the bookshop of the publisher of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey, last of whom was born down the street. The patch of water at upper right is the river harbor.

Looking west in Bristol, over the wreckage of the 500-year-old St. Peter's (*left*), past the cupola of the All-Saints' Church, to the hill tower erected to John Cabot who sailed from Bristol. Bristol is about 2,500 years old, was founded when the Germans were forest savages. Notice the movie theater advertising "new tropical serial." A few white fences mark off wreck

Abraham Lincoln's Autobiography

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia of unDistinguished families — second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year was of a family of the name of Hanks some whom now reside in adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians not in battle but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

My father at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "reading, writin' and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education.

of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this stock of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store.

Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of Volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went into the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849-54, both inclusive, I practised law more assiduously than ever before.

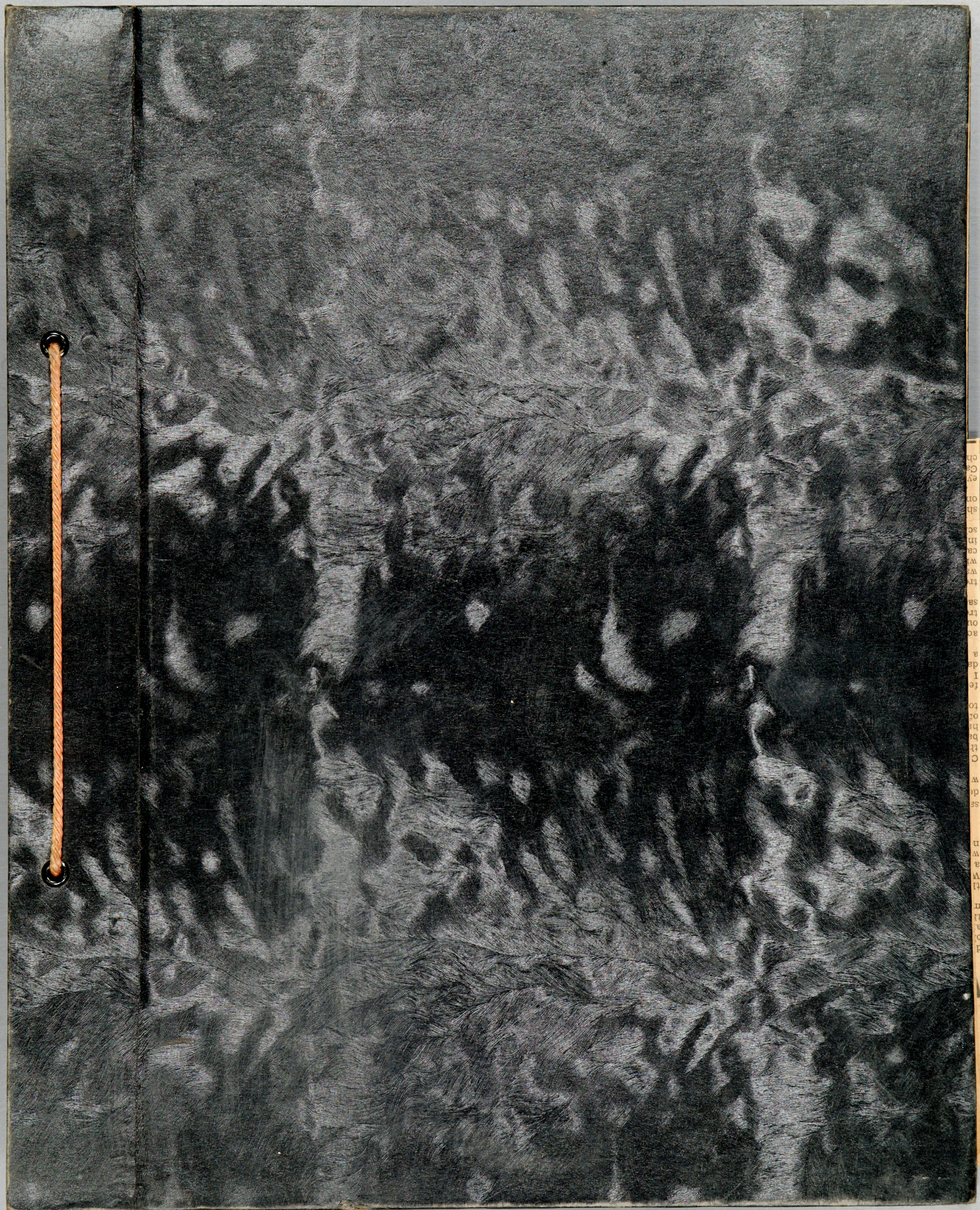
Cont on next page.

Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, lean in flesh weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion with coarse black hair and grey eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Abraham Lincoln

11” x 14”



11” x 14”