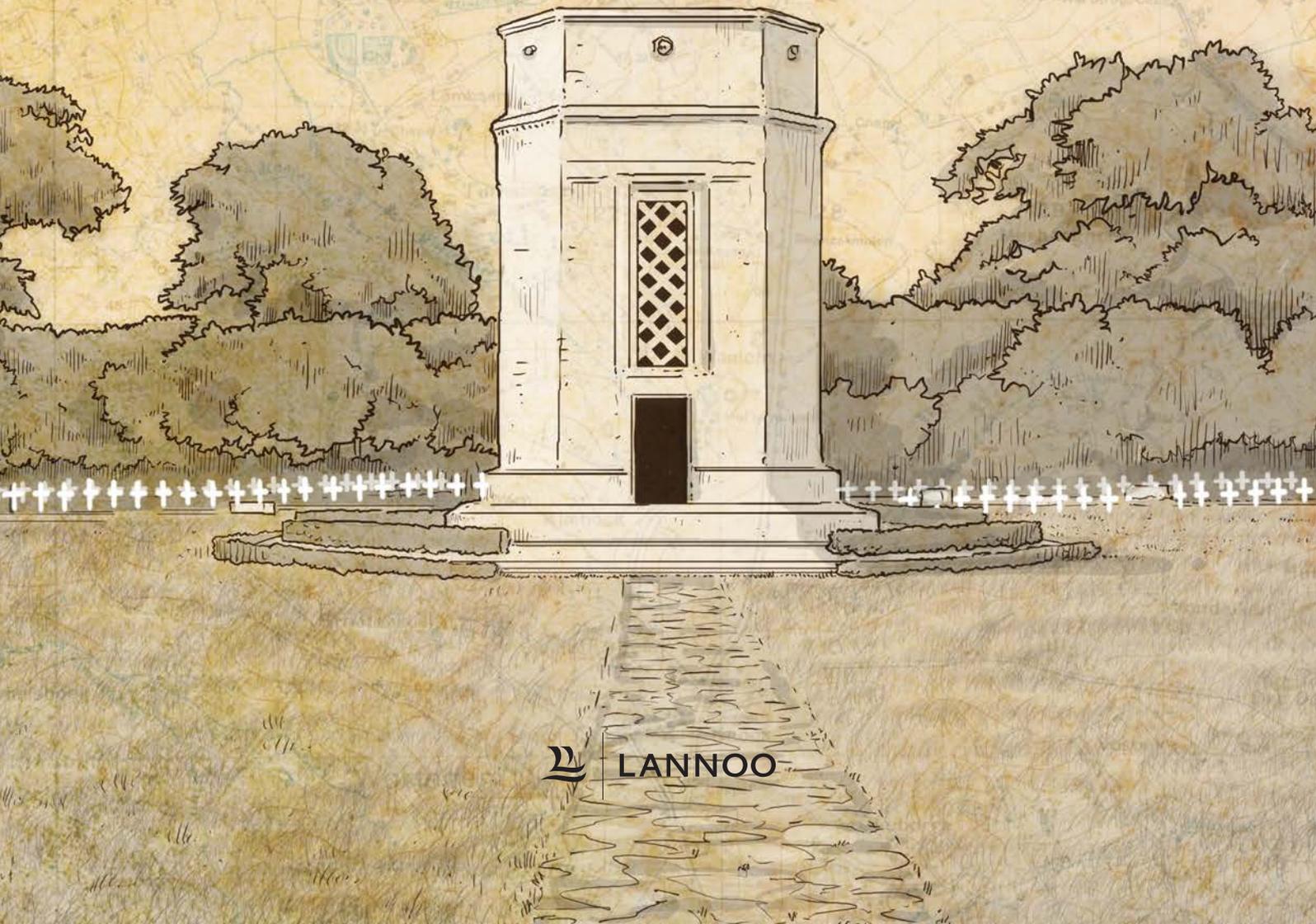


Ivan Petrus

AT WAREGEM

THE LAST WEEKS OF
WORLD WAR ONE



 LANNOO



WAREGEM IS THE CITY OF HORSES. THAT IS WHY I HID
A HORSE ON EVERY PAGE OF THIS GRAPHIC NOVEL.
SOMETIMES YOU WILL SPOT IT IMMEDIATELY; SOMETIMES
YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. HAPPY HUNTING!

IVAN

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE?

A FINE SUBJECT, JIM.

THE FOUR
HORSEMEN OF THE
APOCALYPSE

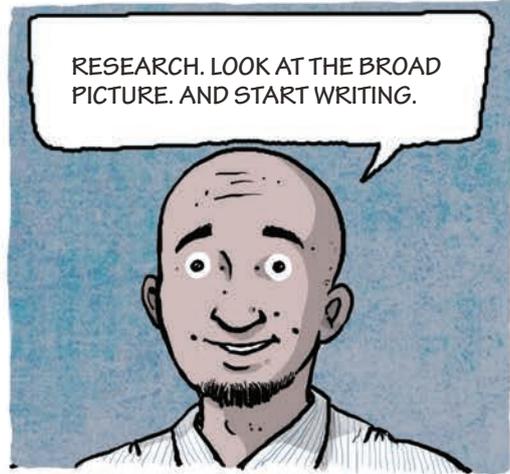


THIS IS STUPID. WHAT AM I GOING TO WRITE ABOUT THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE?

THIS IS AN EXERCISE IN JOURNALISM. A JOURNO NEEDS TO BE ABLE TO WRITE ABOUT EVERYTHING. DO YOUR THING.



BUT I DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT HORSES OR HORSEMEN!



RESEARCH. LOOK AT THE BROAD PICTURE. AND START WRITING.



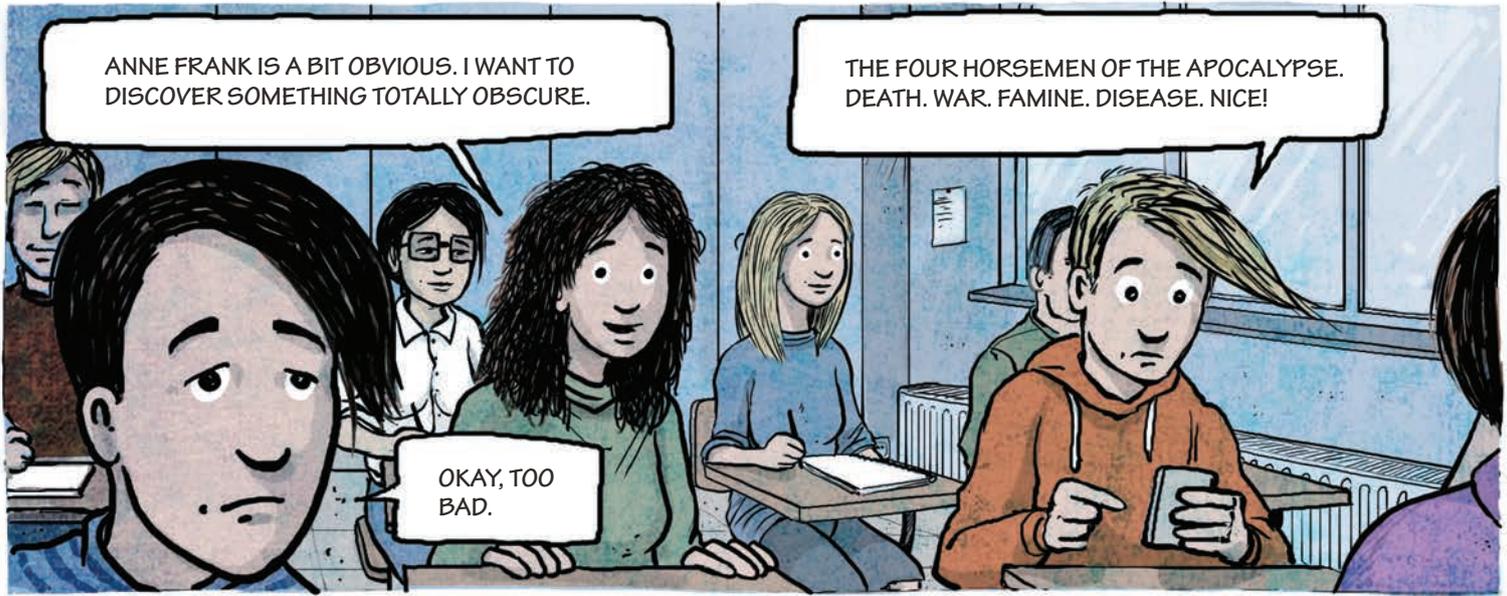
AND NOT JUST GOOGLE AND WIKIPEDIA, JIM, BOY.



WHAT DID YOU PICK, SOPHIA?

'HISTORICAL DIARY'. THAT SHOULD WORK.

I PICKED 'WW II'. WHY DON'T YOU WRITE ABOUT ANNE FRANK, SOPHIA? THAT WAY WE CAN WORK TOGETHER. THAT'S ALLOWED.



ANNE FRANK IS A BIT OBVIOUS. I WANT TO DISCOVER SOMETHING TOTALLY OBSCURE.

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE. DEATH. WAR. FAMINE. DISEASE. NICE!

OKAY, TOO BAD.



2018 WILL BE A GREAT WAR REMEMBRANCE YEAR FOR WAREGEM, JIM.

YES... AND?



I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR WWI DIARIES. I'M SURE I'LL BUMP INTO DEATH-WAR-FAMINE-DISEASE. HOW ABOUT IF THE TWO OF US WORK TOGETHER?

WOW! REALLY? THAT WOULD BE GREAT!



THE MORE WAREGEM
IN OUR TEXT, THE MORE
WILLEMS WILL LIKE IT.

TRUE. THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT SO
DIFFICULT. THE WAREGEM HORSE
RACE FOR THE FOUR HORSEMEN
OF THE APOCALYPSE.

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, I COULD
WRITE SOMETHING ABOUT
FAMINE. I WOULDN'T MIND
SOME CHIPS.

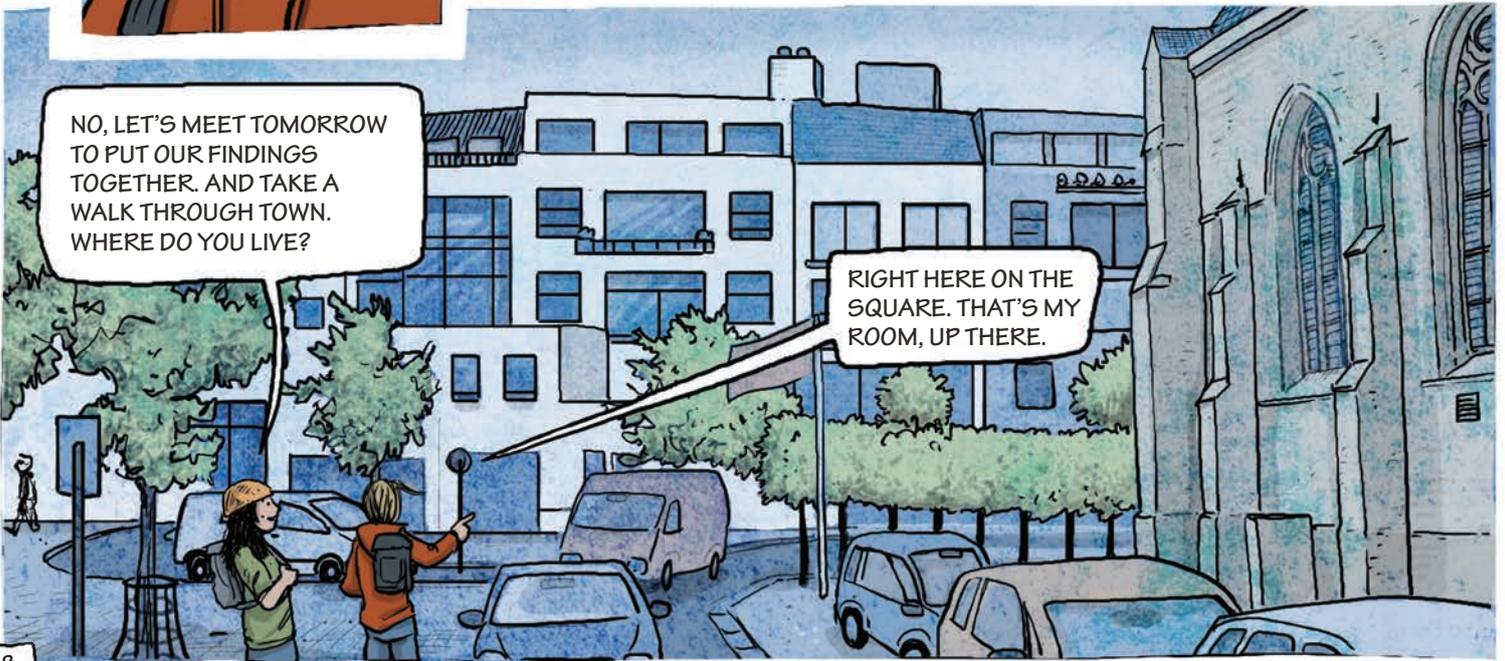
LET'S KEEP OUR FOCUS FOR A
MINUTE, JIM. TONIGHT WE DO
OUR RESEARCH - DEAL?

SURE. TOGETHER?



NO, LET'S MEET TOMORROW
TO PUT OUR FINDINGS
TOGETHER. AND TAKE A
WALK THROUGH TOWN.
WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

RIGHT HERE ON THE
SQUARE. THAT'S MY
ROOM, UP THERE.





DO YOU WANT TO COME UPSTAIRS FOR A MOMENT?

NO, I'M GOING STRAIGHT HOME. SEE YOU TOMORROW. LET'S MAIL OR TEXT. I'LL GIVE YOU MY NUMBER.



I HAVE SOPHIA DUMONT'S NUMBER! I HAVE SOPHIA DUMONT'S NUMBER!

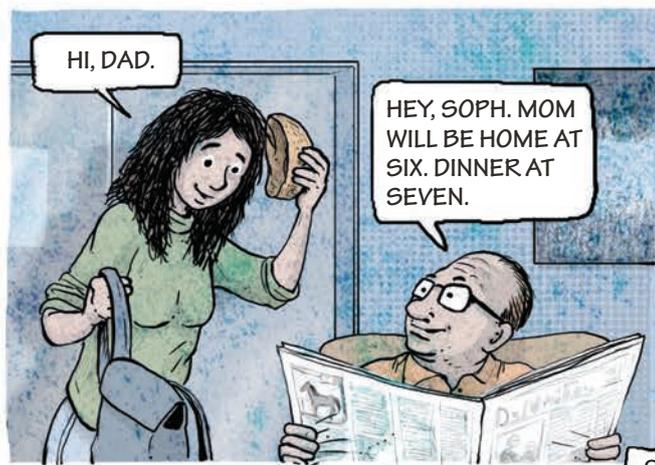
SEE YOU TOMORROW! AND HAVE FUN ON THE INTERNET!



A HISTORIC DIARY... LIBRARY? ARCHIVE? PAPER OR DIGITAL?

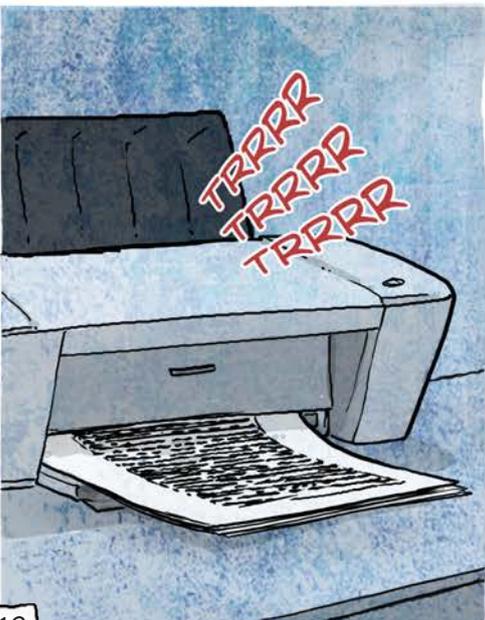


WHAT'S OUT THERE?



HI, DAD.

HEY, SOPH. MOM WILL BE HOME AT SIX. DINNER AT SEVEN.



MOBILIZATION



n the afternoon of 12 July 1917, I received a typewritten slip from Columbus, Ohio, ordering me to report to a Major Robert McPeak, 14 July 1917.

My preparations were virtually completed, for six weeks had elapsed since my enlistment on 2 June 1917, and on Saturday morning the 14th, I took train at Toledo for the state capital.

It was raining in the capital city when I arrived. I lunched and took a car for the State Fair Grounds, our Mobilization Camp.

It was mobilization which I saw there. Over 2,000 civilians, most of them not knowing 'Squads right' from 'Right dress', on the hands of a few officers, only a few of whom knew much more – even on military subjects. However, the latter wore uniforms, and thus achieved at once distinction in our eyes.

About this time we got our first of a long series of 'shots in the arm' – our anti-typhoid serum and smallpox vaccination. We lined up in a large building, shirts off. A M.C. man rubbed iodine on the arm, then the 'Doc' shot what seemed like a quart of liquid in it; or scratched it for vaccination. This sight and the nervous strain of waiting caused several of the stoutest to faint, although it was not in the least painful. We saw several men with needles sticking in their flesh – overlooked by the medics.





STILL UP? IT'S NEARLY MIDNIGHT.

JUST FINISHING CHAPTER TWO, DAD. GOOD NIGHT!



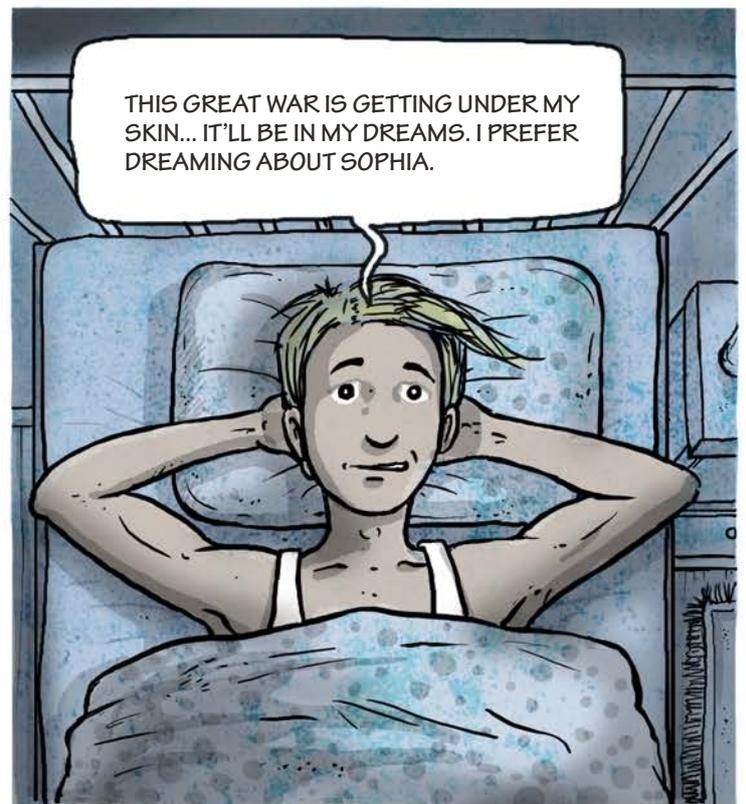
WELL, MR. E.J. TIPPETT... YOU'RE A CHARACTER.

ONE CHAPTER A DAY. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU DRIVE INTO BELGIUM.

GOOD NIGHT, EDWIN.

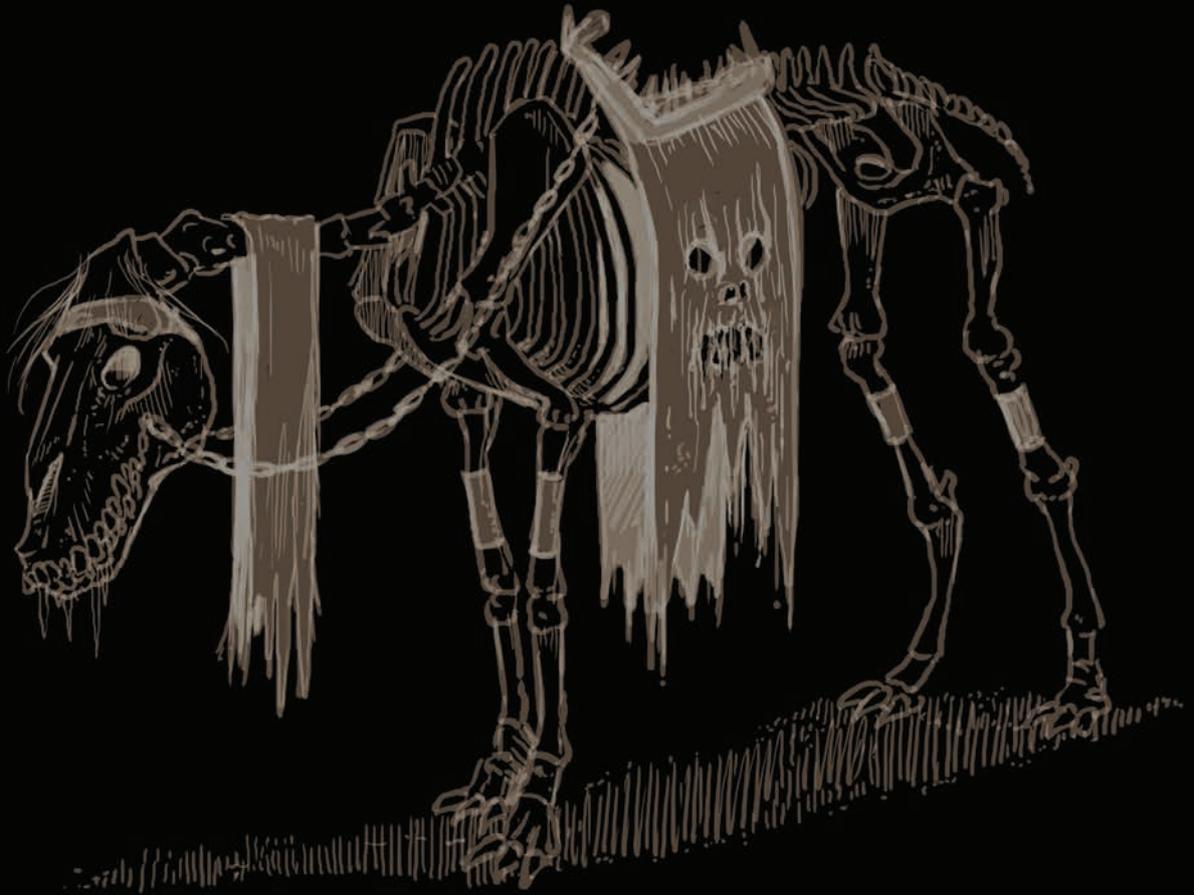


OKAY, JUST ONE MORE CHAPTER, WHILE I'M AT IT...



THIS GREAT WAR IS GETTING UNDER MY SKIN... IT'LL BE IN MY DREAMS. I PREFER DREAMING ABOUT SOPHIA.

DEATH



(Letter)

Camp Sheridan, 23 April 1918

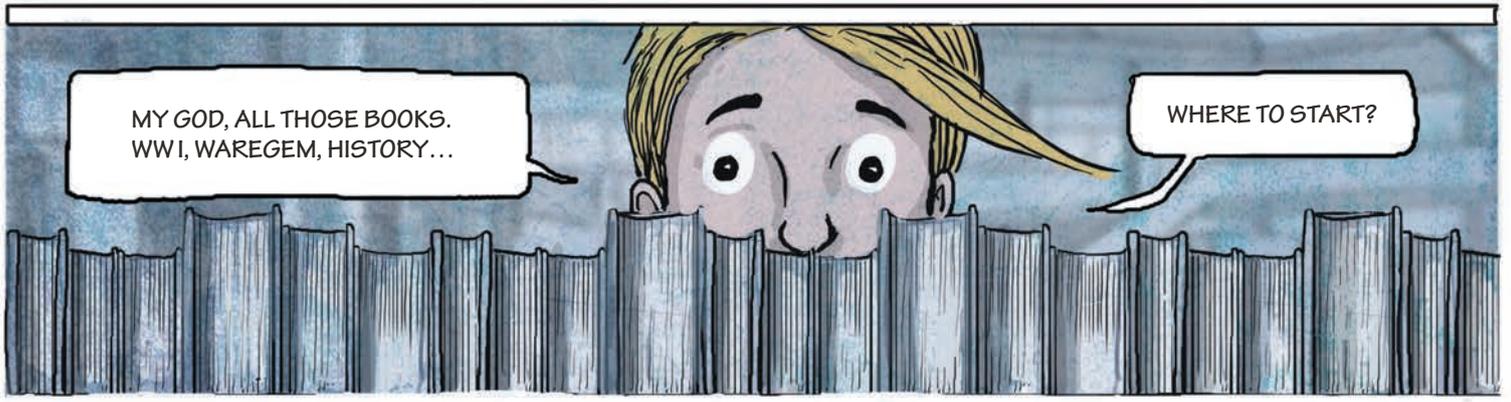
Drilled this morning. Mounts carried saddlebags, rifle, cavalry blanket roll. Spent most of our time in combat practice. On one command, 'Dismount and Fight on Foot', two horses of four are linked together, and one man leads three, while trotting his own, to the rear. This sounds simple. The other three men draw rifles, rush to the firing line, kneel and snap the triggers.

On the command 'Couple Head and Tail', two horses are faced oppositely, their bridles and saddles linked together. This prevents their running away. One man guards all the mounts for the company and the rest go on the firing line.

Belgium is a graveyard. England is bled white. Italy is struggling feverishly to avoid being thrust from her foothold on the Alps, and falling headlong to destruction. Russia, mad with blood and crazed with license, is gnawing at her own entrails.

Serbia is a sepulchre. Armenia is a place of nameless horrors. All over the world is want, sorrow and suffering. Yet America plays at war.





MY GOD, ALL THOSE BOOKS.
WWI, WAREGEM, HISTORY...

WHERE TO START?



I HAVE DAD'S LIBRARY CARD
WITH ME, SO THAT'S TEN
BOOKS. HERE WE GO...



I'M TAKING THESE HOME
BEFORE I GO TO THE CITY
ARCHIVES, I THINK.

INSPIRATION

- *Memorial Rain* – Waregem 1914-1918 – uitgave Stad Waregem – 174 blz. (Dutch)
- *The Soldiers of the Flanders Field American Military Cemetery* – Patrick Lernout and Christopher Sims – Ingram Spark – Lightning Source, La Vergne, Tennessee – Europe: Lightning Source, Milton Keynes, GB – ISBN 978-1-908345-41-7; 632 blz. (English)
- *Gold Star Honor Roll 1914-1918* – Indiana – Indiana Historical Commission – Indianapolis 1921 – Fort Wayne Printing Company – 750 blz. (English)
- *Who Won The War* – Edwin J. Tippet – free at <https://archive.org/details/whowonwarletterootippgoog> (English)

THANKS TO

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- Nic Vanrenterghem, expert in American troops in and around Kruishoutem 1918
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