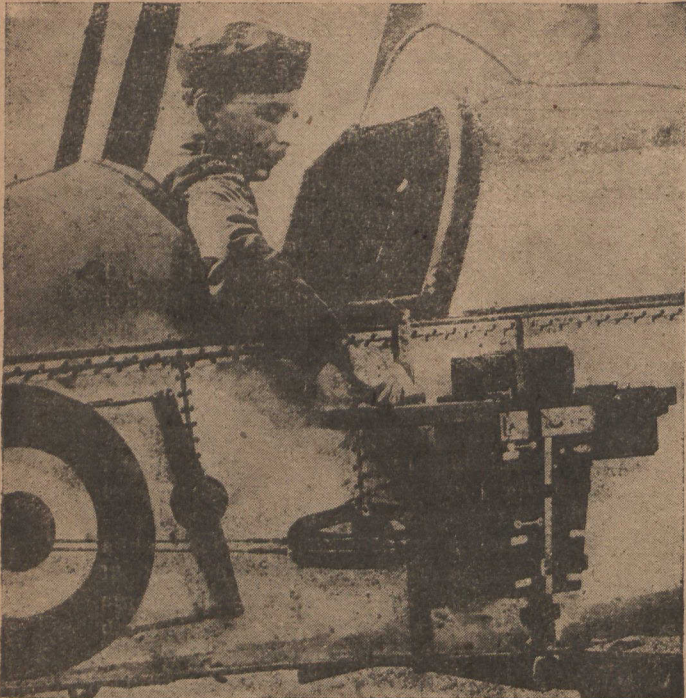


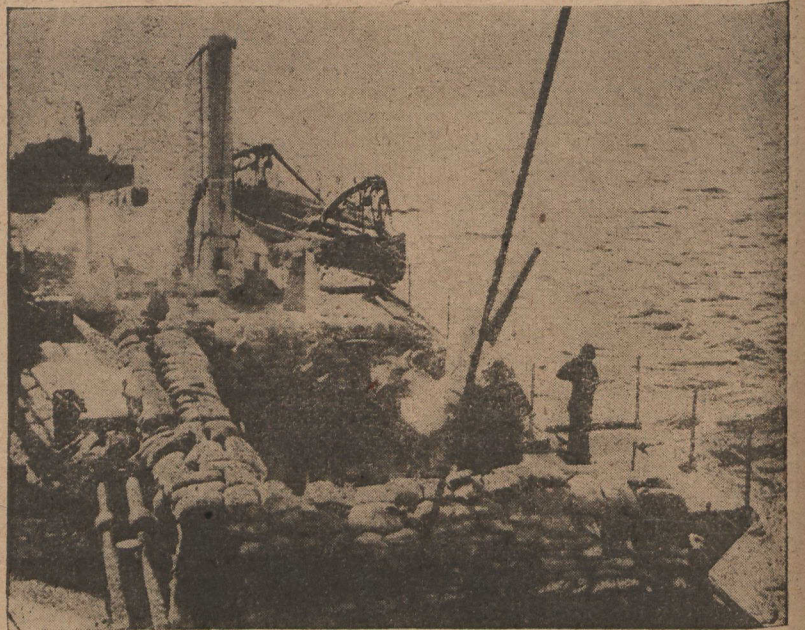
# REVERBERATIONS

*ON the whole this is about as noisy a page of pictures as you could find. There isn't a peaceful quiet spot in it anywhere, unless it's up around the camera on the airship. So New Year, 1918, starts off with a bang.*

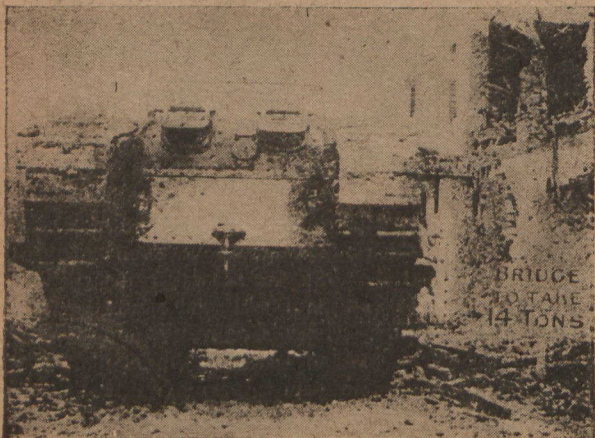


A SPIKED helmet does not always surmount a German. The motor-machine gun-men shown below have been out for scalps in a recent engagement. The scalps are the Boche helmets.

A CAMERA is as much a part of some aeroplanes as the engine is. A scouting war-plane needs two sets of eyes; one to steer by, the other to see what's going on—or not—below. The special kind of air-camera shown here is marvellously equipped for seeing below. It never requires a tripod, or the touch of a hand. It is fixed to the aeroplane, is always ready for action and is operated by either touching a button or pulling a string. The problem of focus never bothers the aero-camera-man. Everything is in focus that tells any story of what the enemy is doing. The war-plane photographer is not worried about art. He is auto-camouflage. "And things are not what they seem" is the motto hung invisibly upon the lens of every scouting camera in this war.



SAND-BAGS are used now on warships, not for ballast as may be supposed. This picture of a British Monitor in the Adriatic shows how useful these sand-bags really are. The ship's anti-aircraft guns are in action. The smoke of the guns still hangs about the vessel, which has been trying to get the range of the hostile aircraft before a bomb can be dropped on the decks.



R UMBLING across Uncle Sam's land from Warren, Ohio to the Atlantic seaboard comes a train of—what used to look like prairie schooners. They are war-trucks making the overland journey, photographed between Detroit and Lorain. This horseless caravan has struck every kind of bad going there is, but it keeps on coming, county by county, State by State; and the next time it forms up for a cross-country run this cavalcade of war-trucks will be in a country where the worst road in America will seem like a new motor highway. When those trucks strike Europe at a station called Tanktown they will begin to test out the great virtues of Uncle Sam's motor-engines.

OUR friend the tank is always good for a new studio picture. This boss of the road is never so much at home as when he has no road to go over. He is here seen shaking up what remains of a bombarded town.



ROADS at the front are the thing you go over to-day that this morning was either a blockade or a hole in the ground. The advance of an army no longer depends upon roads that somebody built in a time of peace. It depends upon getting over trenches and shell holes—bridges flung in an hour.

