

LOST A. E. F. LEGIONS ON CHRISTMAS MAP

Yanks Will Spend Holiday in Russia and Almost in Montenegro

HUNGARY HAS BATTALION

Another of Same Regiment, 332nd Infantry, in Austria, Third Still on Soil of Italy

Old St. Nicholas will be forced to travel the entire length of the Allied line in Europe this Christmas to distribute his 9x43's to the snowboys and doughboys of the A. E. F. For the snowboys of the Lost Legions of the A. E. F., the stars shined on the Murman Coast of Russian Lapland, or in Transylvania, where the Julau Alps end, must be remembered at Yuletide, as well as the doughboys in Belgium and those with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine.

It is now permissible for the first time to give the stations of the various units of the A. E. F. which have been scattered from the coast of Kola Penin, between Norway and the White Sea, to the shadows of the Montenegro mountains. In these distant battlefields the sign of the A. E. F. is the same as the sign of the troops on the Western front proper.

The 330th Infantry Regiment of the 85th Division, composed of sturdy men from Minnesota, sailed from England on August 26 for the Murman Coast of Russia. These were designated for the Far North because they were accustomed to rigorous climatic conditions. A battalion of the 310th Engineers and a hospital and ambulance company accompanied the regiment. These troops were sent to combat the military movement fostered by the Germans in the Far North.

Ohioans in Italy

To Italy was sent the 332nd Infantry Regiment of the 83rd Division from Ohio. It was accompanied by several ambulance companies. The close of hostilities found the regiment in Fiume, capital of the province of that name in Italy, and 18 miles northwest of Venice.

The First Battalion of the 332nd was at Cattaro, a strongly fortified port in the Austrian crownland of Dalmatia. Cattaro, which has a population of 6,000, lies at the foot of the steep Montenegro hills.

The Second Battalion was in the near Fiume, while the Third Battalion and the ambulance companies were at Treviso. Fiume is an important seaport of Hungary, 35 miles southeast of Trieste, on the Adriatic where the Julian Alps end.

THE HUN ATTACK THAT NEVER CAME

An Argonne Memory

When, at sundown on the evening of October 7, relief finally fought its way through to that battalion of New York's own which, for five historic days and nights, had been surrounded in a valley by the Forest of Argonne, it was known that the relief had come just in time.

It was known that the men had reached the limit of their strength, that they were dying—literally dying—from hunger and exposure, that their ammunition had dwindled to almost nothing, that they were in no position to meet the attack expected that night. But not until the Americans entered Germany did it become known how narrow was the escape which that celebrated relief furnished.

For, finding that their artillery could not reach the entrenched Americans and that these soldiers fortified there in the jungle ravine were, even at the last, in no mood to surrender, the Germans had sent for flame-throwers with which to burn to death every man in the Whittlesey battalion.

The flame-throwers were on their way; the first of them had already arrived. They were to have been used in an attack the next day. But that attack was never made. When the next day came, the relieving regiment had already hacked its way through, and the beleaguered battalion was safe.

This march was turned by the Americans who, swapping experiences with some of the discharged German soldiers now at large in Rhenish Prussia, came upon some who had been in the force that surrounded the Whittlesey battalion in the Argonne.

Many are the mysteries solved, the stories completed, the legends furnished in those chance encounters under the aegis of the armistice by soldiers who had fought opposite each other in the Argonne.

Not only do such chances come to stray soldiers on country roads. The high officers of both sides have certain missions to execute which occasionally bring them together at some staff mess, and, once the white-lipped restraint has been broken it may be guessed that there are interesting tales told across the table of why such and such a brigade made such and such a move of why on one night or another the artillery—ours or theirs—fell short of its mark, and so on and so on.

There are moments in these meetings that recall the verandahs of the golf clubs back home, lively with hot but fairly amicable dispute as to why this stroke or that was made. They are like the post-mortems between the hands in poker.

NO OFFICERS' TRANSFERS

Bulletin No. 97, G. H. Q., stating that no more applications for transfer from one branch of service to another would be considered applies only to officers, according to the Adjutant General's Department. It is based upon the policy of the War Department that no more commissions or officers' promotions are to be granted in the A. E. F. Transfers of enlisted men from one service to another are still permissible where adequate reasons are shown.

SHELL SHOCK RECOVERIES

In 95 per cent of so-called shell-shock cases occurring in the A. E. F., men were able to continue rendering military service in France. Sixty-three per cent were fitted to return to the front line duty after varying periods, according to figures made available by the Chief Surgeon's office. Only 2 per cent of men suffering from so-called shell-shock were classified D for return to the States.

ALMOST OUT OF FRANCE



Homeward bound Yank, his pack adorned with the flags of the sister republics, registering with the embarkation officer at St. Nazaire before he steps up the transport's gangplank.

WITH THE PRESIDENT IN BREST AND PARIS

It was at Brest that this happened, while the good Breton townsfolk were decorating in honor of the President's coming the handsome little salle de reception on the new famous Pier No. 3. Gayly they pavoised it with all the colors of the Allies, with great flags bearing upon them the seals of Brittany, of Finisterre, and of Brest itself.

Only one thing stuck in their minds—was there, not perchance, some "emblème particulier" which M. le President would especially rejoice to see upon first landing on a foreign shore? Perplexed, they sought the advice of a certain member of the Yank Stereore outfit then engaged on the pier. "Sure," he said. "What you want to get into the sketch is a big elephant—a whopping big elephant. The elephant is the emblem of the President's own political party, see?"

The delighted Brestites thereupon started out to search high and low for an elephant. The job was difficult, seeing that the Tank of the Jungle does not exactly thrive in the atmosphere of Brittany. But finally the problem was solved. The Siamese consul at the port admitted, when interviewed, that he did have a large Siamese flag, with a large elephant thereon. Yes, he would count it one of the great privileges of his life if he could lend that flag to the Brest reception committee, to do honor to the great Ally of his King.

The flag was duly installed. And when the President, smiling and with high hat in hand, stepped into the salle de reception, there upon his right hand the emblem of the G. O. P. beamed down upon him.

It was most fitting that, after the ceremonial rendition of "La Marseillaise" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," the French marine band on the pier should strike up at once, for the President's hearing, "Le Regiment de Saubrey et Mense," with its poignant reminder of how that gallant company

Recut de morts aux cris de liberte.
S'levant la route glorieuse
Qui les conduit a l'immortalite!

Truly, they "received their deaths with cries of 'Liberty'" following the stirring and which led to immortality." In a sense, it was a delicate compliment to the President, many of whose fellow-countrymen had fallen by the banks of that selfsame Meuse in the new fight for liberty.

It was Mrs. Wilson who bestowed the first official kiss of the President's party. The recipient was little Jeanne Hervault, the seven-year-old daughter of the deputy mayor of Brest, who presented her with a beautiful big bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. And little Jeanne, in her pretty pink and white embroidered frock and dainty little scalloped lace Breton cap, looked so beamingly pleased that no one can blame her for not wanting to wash her little red cheeks for a week. Certainly, she was the proudest seven-year-old in Brittany that day, and she looked it.

The first chauffeur to pilot the President in France was Q. M. Sergeant William F. Bartholomay, who hails from Forest City, Pa. He picked up his Chief at the dock in Brest and took him over the tortuous route up the Cours Dajot to the railroad station. He says he'll remember that ride all his life long, driving "the most saluted car in France."

On the way to Paris, the President's special train stopped at the little town of Plouaret for dinner. The 5:30 out of Brest passed the President's special at that point, and for the rest of the journey took all the applause meant for the presidential party.

A Y. M. C. A. man of the name of Little, who used to be a newspaper man before he broke out the Red Triangle, looks not a little like the President. As luck would have it, he sat next the window of one of the compartments, with his X hat off. And for miles and miles he was hailed with "Vives" and "Oorays!" until, overcome, he sought refuge in the aisle.

Golden rod, the national flower of America, bloomed on the streets of Paris the day the President reached the capital. Most of it—in fact, just about the whole supply—was bought up by Aussies on leave, each of whom stuck a sprig of it in his unforgivably natty hat for all the world to see.

The only trouble was that the golden rod was artificial. But it was all there was to be had, and even from a few feet away it looked like the genuine article. And it did its golden bit to help make the day American.

More than one American saw the President pass through Paris from the unimpeded vantage point of a tall tree, and at least one American brought his own axe with him so that he might lop off any offending branches. The branches weren't in the way, but the axe most decidedly was. He spent the hour before the carriages came in taking care that the axe did not drop

ONLY 75 AMERICANS HAVE H. Q. IN METZ

Men of Transportation Corps at Work on Armistice Clause

STOCK ROLLING WESTWARD

Locomotives and Cars Turned Over Must Be in First Class Condition

Into the bilingual atmosphere of the city of Metz were entered, on November 24, a little band of Americans. They were but 75 in number. In fact, only 75 Americans altogether were authorized to be in Metz. The Army of Occupation in Alsace-Lorraine is French. All other Americans, save the 75, whether they be bucks or generals, must be in Metz on the most urgent of official business or else be picked up as AWOL.

Upon the shoulders of this little group of Americans, all from the Transportation Corps, has fallen the task of carrying out Clause 7 of the armistice, providing that the German Government shall turn over to the Allies and the United States 5,000 locomotives and 150,000 cars.

The work consists of two distinct parts. One group of men has been assigned to the purely technical task of inspecting the engines and cars to be turned over. The rest of the party will accompany the inspectors as clerks, or will be stationed at Metz as headquarters.

The general plan to be followed is

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quite simple. The Germans are moving the necessary rolling stock westward from Germany into the territory between the Rhine and the French border, on the south of a line drawn from Verdun to Coblenz, and from the Rhine into Belgium on the north. All the rolling stock to the north is being handed by the British and French; to the south of the Americans and French.

The locomotives and cars are being left, in many cases, on side tracks all over the railway system west of Coblenz. The two parties are gradually working their way over the two converging lines from Conflans and Andun-le-Romain to Coblenz, stopping to inspect all locomotives, either live or dead, as they come upon them, either on sidings or the main line. All freight cars will be gone over also, and those presenting any serious defects will be rejected. Locomotives and cars must be in first-class condition.

The officers and men who are doing the actual work of inspection have all been selected for their technical ability and training. Upon their shoulders rests the responsibility of determining whether the Allies and the United States will receive the best equipment which the Germans have to offer.

Of equal importance is the statistical end of the commission's work, for a complete record is made in the field by a clerk of each engine or car inspected. These records are in turn sent to Metz, where they are inspected and summarized. From these records all statistics will be drawn for the approaching Peace Conference.

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