PRESIDENT SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS IN HEART OF A.E.F. COUNTRY

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should arrive. Almost on the dot of 9 the President's train pulled in, and the General, with a quick salute and quicker step, mounted the steps to bid the President welcome to his headquarters town.

In Guard of Honor

At the same moment the guard of honor in and around the platform, composed of Companies E, F, G, H, and I of the 102nd Infantry, 26th Division, sprang to present arms, and the band of the 101st Infantry burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner." The President, hat in hand, stepped down from the train and out through the red-carpeted way prepared to receive him. Out into the little circular drive in front of the Gare of Chaumont he proceeded, a guard of poilus snapping up their rifles and the band veering into "La Marseillaise." Along the route the wearers of the YD insignia stiffened into the stiffest of attentions. From housetops and telegraph poles and trees the children of Chaumont, to whom an American in civilian clothes is more or less of an anomaly, strained their young eyes with peering at the President, strained their young lungs with shouting, "Vive Wilson! Vive l'Amerique!"

Up to Chaumont's historic old Hotel de Ville, the Presidential automobile procession wended its way, past the Rue de Verdun, named for that dearest of all French victories, through a lane of cheering Yanks off duty and of stolid and silent Yank guards very much on duty, and all of the department of the Haute-Marne that could drive in or walk into the chef lieu for the great day. At the foot of the walk leading into the gayly beflagged Hotel de Ville the President alighted, and, with General Pershing and General Werbel, the French regional commander, at his side, went in to receive the greetings of Chaumont's mayor and those of the prefect and sub-prefect of the department.

And Then the Sun

Then, as if prearranged and stage-managed, the sun came out for the first time that eventful morning. It lit up the brasses of the Yankee band which stood to one side of the Hotel de Ville, all poised to blow. It flooded the façade of the old structure with light: and as the President, smiling and bowing, at length made his exit and started down the steps, it struck him full in the face, lighting it up for all the world to see and cheer, and be cheered by. And the band burst, not into the National Anthem, but into "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," playing it so stirringly and so reverently that everyone present thought of it as it should be thought of—not as "All We Do Is Sign the Payroll," but as the veritable

> Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Thus it was that the President came to G.H.Q. Over a road lined until well out in the country with Yanks at present arms he and his party sped on toward Humes, where the review was to take place. On the way truck drivers tumbled off their carts to stand by and salute him, mess sergeants out scouring the countryside for the last fixings needed for the Christmas dinner stood up in their shaky side-cars to "bring the right hand smartly to the visor" of their visorless overseas caps, hospital orderlies executed hurried fall-ins in front of their wards while their non-coms saluted "for the detail," and even one lone chaplain, out for a Christmas morning canter, got off his horse to pay his respects. At one place a gang of Yanks, making for a buvette at the zero hour of 10:30, were caught almost in the act and had barely time to line up and salute and look godly as the President sped by. Then—after the last car containing the last general had passed, they went inside the cafe and drank to the President's health.

Country Life, A.E.F. Style

On that ride down to Humes the President saw pratically every detail of the A.E.F.'s country life in France. He saw the rubber-booted Engineers trudging out to work—for an Engineer's work is never over, and he never gets a holiday even on Christmas—and returned their cheery salute with a grin. He saw onion-blinded K.P.'s in the roadside mess-shacks; with burlap bags for aprons, rise and give him the grand slam. He saw guards being posted and relieved: In short, he saw everything, practically, that every one of us has been through at one time or another, more often than not.

Above him, darting down at his car every now and then, flying perilously low, a squadron of chasse airplanes furnished a moveable guard—an exceedingly moveable guard, the aviators going through all the tricks of their calling and then some. Two of them, pilot and observer, not being content to wave greetings from the air, made a quick landing in a field about 200 yards ahead of the advance car of the presidetial cortege, so that when the President came by there they were, drawn up alongside in helmets and heavy coats, standing at attention and salute. They had come down to earth to do him honor.

The Order of Review

The occupants of the other machines contented themselves with strewing the countryside and the air above it with Verey lights which went hissing down on either side of the road and gave the day a bit of the aspect of a Southern Christmas, with fireworks and all. Then, as the party neared the reviewing ground, they mounted, grouped themselves in battle formation, and flew solemnly over the heads of the assembled doughboys, while a concealed battery of the 77th divisional artillery began to make the old hill of Langres down below echo and re-echo to the salute of 21 guns.

General Pershing's introduction and the President's speech concluded, the review proper began, headed by Major General Alexander of the 77th Division and his divisional staff. In the President's hands was a copy of this order of review, setting forth the history of each of the divisions that passed before his eyes:

Sixth Division—Represented in review by a composite battalion. Arrived in France between May 18 and July 21, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Sector in the Vesges, August 31-October 11. Meuse-Agonne offensive, November 2-9.

Twenty-sixth Division—Represented in review by Co. B, 101st Infantry, Co. K, 102nd Infantry, Co. F, 103rd Infantry, Co. L, 104th Infantry, Wire Co., 101st Field Signal Battalion, Co. F, 101st Engineers, and Cos. A, B, C and D, 102nd M.G. Battalion. Arrived in France between September 21 and October 24, 1917. Participated in the following operations: Chemin des Dames sector, February 6-March 21, 1918. Toul sector, April 23-June 28. Chateau-Thierry offensive, July 10-25. St. Mihiel offensive, September 12-13. Troyon sector, September 14-October 8. Meuse-Argonne offensive, October 18-November 11.

Twenty-ninth Division—Represented in review by Co. A, 113th Infantry, Co. K, 114th Infantry, Co. C, 115th Infantry, Co. M, 115th Infantry. Arrived in France June 27, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Center sector, Haute-Alsace, July 25-September 23. Meuse-Argonne offensive, October 10-October 24.

Seventy-seventh Division—Represented in review by a composite battalion. Arrived in France about April 10, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Baccarat sector, June 19-August 3. Vesle sector, August 11-September 16. Argonne offensive, September 26-October 16. Meuse-Argonne offensive, November 1-11.

Eightieth Division—Represented in review by 1st Battalion, 320th Infantry. Arrived in France May 30, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Sector in the Third British Army, south of Arras, July 24-August 18. Meuse-Argonne offensive, September 26-29. Verdun sector, October 4-12. Meuse-Argonne offensive, November 1-6.

Eighty-second Division — Represented in review by Co. C, 325th Infantry, Co. B, 326th Infantry, Co. B, 327th Infantry, Co. L, 328th Infantry. Arrived in France about May 20, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Lagny sector, Woevre, June 25-August 7. Marbache sector, August 15-September 24. St. Mihiel offensive, September 12-13.

General's Own Outfit

Besides the marching doughboys and machine gunners and Signal Corps men, two troops, M and K, of the 6th Cavalry—General Pershing's own old outfit—pranced by and dipped their guidons in frantic salute, the black horses whinnying with pride. And at the end came a-rumbling and a-grumbling, 14 life-sized Yank-manned tanks of the British model, the while the band facetiously played "Oh what fun it is to ride in a one-horse open sleigh."

The great march-past concluded, the President motored to the headquarters of the 26th Division, at Montigny-le-Roi, where, in a large hospital building hastily taken over from the French for the day, he ate his Christmas dinner, faring no better and getting no more extra helpings than the lowliest doughboy down at the other end of the long board tables. Yes, there were doughboys and Signal Corps men and everybody in on that dinner; it was a real family affair. One buck private who has been a buck private ever since General Jackson put New Orleans on the map, sat right opposite his former platoon commander, with his old C.O. within hailing distance down the line, ragging him jovially and being ragged in return. And the C.O.'s drag with the mess sergeant was no better than the buck's; in fact, the turkey went around the buck's side first. So did the pie—you know it takes the Yankee cooks of the 26th to make pumpkin pie.

Later, just before the President left, cigars and cigarettes, "on" the officers of the 26th, who gave the dinner, were passed around; and more than one orderly's and chauffeur's pockets were filled. The dinner was so informal that there weren't even finger bowls, much less speeches; and through it all the band of the 102d Field Artillery boomed and boomed away again in right good style. Take it from everybody who was there, from President and Mrs. Wilson and the General and the two lieutenant-generals right down the line to the aforementioned bucks, it was quite a party, a real American Christmas.

Among the Billets

Right after dinner the President got away to a flying start on his inspection of billets and hospitals and all that lay between Montigny and Chaumont the other way round—that is, approaching Chaumont from the south-east. He clambered up ladders into barn lofts, peered into the innermost recesses of cow-sheds, had his hat brushed by the feathered friends and room-mates of the A.E.F. as they flew up, startled by his visit, chatted with Madame here and M'sieur there who had Yanks billeted in their houses, smiled to see several Franco-American mascots all done up in O.D. and wearing about nine service stripes, and generally saw how at least half of the A.E.F. now lives and how practically all the other half has lived at one time or another. At the town of Blèsles, where the school for French interpreters is situated, he was much amused to have the students come out and stop his car in good old cannon-rush fashion, and give him a rousing "Rah! Rah! Rah! Weelson."

Later in the afternoon, the President, on re-entering Chaumont, drove about the Headquarters caserne, and visited General Pershing's château. At dusk, with the snow, which had held off since morning, beginning to fall again, he boarded his train, en route for Calais and thence to England, having seen the A.E.F. as it is, having spent Christmas with his own.

Signal Corps Photo

President Wilson descending the grand staircase of an A.E.F. billet in the Chaumont region on Christmas Day

THIRD ARMY MAKES RHINE CHRISTMAS COMMUNITY EVENT

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Kaiser's palace on the Rheinstrasse and in many other places. The most famous was in the ancient Carmelita church, on the same street, where six masses in all were held.

A German military priest, fresh from the army, was in charge of the one in the evening, when the fine old building was filled with Americans. After he had said mass, 50 girls, all war orphans and all shabbily dressed, sang the mass.

After the final benediction, a Protestant army chaplain, Bishop Brent, senior chaplain of the A.E.F., delivered an appropriate sermon. Then came the postlude, and as the fighting men in olive drab slowly began filing out of the ancient structure the Germans spontaneously began to sing:

> Holy God, we praise Thy name.
> Generations bow before Thee.

Further Down the Rhine

The community spirit as applied to the churches was carried out again further down the Rhine, at Remagen, where the 165th Infantry has its headquarters. On Christmas Eve the whole regiment, to the wonderment of the townsfolk, marched to midnight mass in the old, old church there. The men marched behind a band which played "Adeste Fideles," sung there perhaps when Roman legions held the town, and a choir of 30 voices, led by Father Duffy, sang it as they marched. At the entrance to the church they halted until the song was finished, and then marched in to the tune of "The Wearin' of the Green."

And at the conclusion of the service, Father Duffy, after a short talk, said: "And now, tomorrow, this regiment will attend services in a body in a Protestant church—by my orders."

Ceremony at Ehrenbreitstein

The tree at Ehrenbreitstein was dedicated and lighted to the accompaniment of the fine old hymn, "Come, All Ye Faithful," and in the presence of some special little honor guests, the children of the caretakers of the fortress. There were four or five little German girls, and, although there are strict orders against fraternizing with the inhabitants of the Third Army area, it is deeply suspected that some of the toy automobiles and trumpets that were hanging on the tree found their way ultimately into the hands of the little girls.

There were trees in front of all corps headquarters, and a cross on top of each, as well as at division headquarters. And down along the river at Cochsem, where men of the 51st Pioneers are installed, a huge cross was erected on the turret of an ancient ruined castle, where it shone forth like a beacon light up and down the valley.

As one went out farther into the bridgehead, facilities for the celebration of the day on a grandiose style became fewer. And there were everywhere the stern exigencies of a wartime footing to be considered. There must be guards on outpost duty and elsewhere. There were necessary fatigue details, and there were kitchen police. But, wherever possible, the bars were let down and every effort made to observe the day.

No Green Christmas Here

To help the good work along, snow came, lightly in Coblence, and changing soon to sleet, but more heavily across the river, and, though there was a cold wind in addition, it was felt that might be forgiven in view of the beneficence of the gods in seeing to it that the Americans' Christmas on the Rhine should not be a green one. Perhaps this was not exactly to the convenience of the boys on outpost duty, but why stir up a fuss over it when every one else was glad?

The various organizations attached to the Army did all in their power to entertain the boys and help make their Christmas a merry one. And in Coblence itself the M.P.'s got busy and produced a skit, "The Light Barrage," to which every soldier in town was invited, whether he was AWOL or not.

And in the morning a band of the 3rd Division marched through the town playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Religioso." "Onward, Christian Soldiers," seemed to be a new one on the populace. They knew it was a hymn, of course, but what the name of it was they couldn't fathom, and they marched, hundreds of them, along the sidewalks, in step with the music, and asked each other what it was.

And so the day went. No division was without some kind of program, some added sweet, some observance of the holiday. Many of the boys received their 9x4x3's on that day.

LOSSES OF FRANCE EXCEED 2,000,000

Continued from Page 1

possible exception of Russia, whose reliable figures are not obtainable) had as many soldiers killed as Germany. The admitted German losses are these:

Killed	1,580,000
Missing	260,000
Prisoners	490,000
Wounded	4,000,000

The American losses up to November 18, as listed in the report submitted by General Pershing to the Secretary of War, and already published, are these:

Killed and died of wounds	36,154
Died of disease	14,811
Deaths unclassified	2,204
Wounded	179,625
Prisoners	2,103
Missing	11,600

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