

Martin Green's Story of Trip With 27th Boys

(Special Staff Correspondent of The Evening World Sailed on the Leviathan With Home-Coming Heroes From Brest to New York)

EVENING WORLD TO-MORROW

Martin Green's Story of Fighting and Complete List of Casualties of the 27th.

The

Evening

World

WEATHER—Fair, colder to-night; Friday cloudy.

FINAL EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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PRICE TWO CENTS.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1919.

24 PAGES

PRICE TWO CENTS.

CROWDS WELCOME 27TH HOME; HEROES LAND AND GO TO CAMPS

LEVIATHAN BEING WARPED INTO ARMY PIER AT HOBOKEN



LOG VOYAGE OF LEVIATHAN; VESSEL DIDN'T BEHAVE WELL

Big Ship Encountered Rough Seas at Times to Discomfiture of Passengers—Plenty of Entertainment Aboard and Everyone Was Happy.

By Martin Green

Special Staff Correspondent of The Evening World on Board the Leviathan. Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

OFF BREST, Tuesday, Feb. 25.—The Leviathan, anchored far out in the misty harbor, looms up like a gray cliff against the background of smoky headlands across the bay. Doughboys of the 27th have been going aboard the great steamship by way of lighters since yesterday morning. We were told last night that we were to leave at noon to-day.

Officers of the division stopping at the hotels in Brest are astir at dawn. Madame, the cashier of the Hotel Continental, is bulwarked behind breastworks of money. The lobby swarms with porters and orderlies. U. S. A. automobiles and trucks block the streets outside. Of course, it is raining.

Down to the docks, where the efficient embarkation officers have made all arrangements for transport of the officers to the Leviathan. A short trip over a choppy sea and we are aboard, following a guide through thronged passageways up staircases and down to the registration booth, where rooms are assigned. As the lighter bearing Gen. O'Ryan and the headquarters staff comes alongside the damp doughboys lined up on the decks give three cheers.

It is 10 o'clock. We are not to sail at noon. The work of coaling ship has been delayed. We will leave at noon to-morrow. Nobody cares. We are aboard and the nose of the Leviathan is turned toward New York and smoke is drifting from her forward funnel. Luncheon is served in the great mess hall, which looks like the dining room of the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga.

All hands on deck in the rain during the afternoon. Bands are playing on both sides of the ship, stimulating

12,000 KIN AND FRIENDS GREET HEROES DOWN BAY

Nine Thousand Soldiers, Led by Maj.-Gen. O'Ryan, Land From Ship—Mauretania Follows With 3,300 More Men of New York Division.

The giant transport Leviathan docked at Hoboken at 11:30 A. M. to-day with 9,000 men of the 27th Division, New York's own heroes of the war.

All the magic of the simple word "home," all the sweetness it carries and all that it stands for was conveyed to New York boys when they sailed into port, back from France, veterans and victors of the world's greatest war.

A welcome was extended to the returning soldiers by the 12,000 or more mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, fathers and brothers who were crowded on the excursion boats which went down to quarantine to speak the Leviathan; by the 50,000 or more men, women and children who lined the wharves from the Battery to 14th Street; by the thousands who waved handkerchiefs and flags and kisses from the crowded windows of the skyscrapers and the thousands which thronged the Jersey shores.

The whole heart of New York throbbed and thrilled with the arrival of the giant transport, and the spirit of the city's welcome was wafted down the rivers and bays to the brave lads in khaki as soon as the Leviathan stuck her great nose through the Narrows. The air was electric with it. The boys felt it and each heart among the boys of the 27th tugged and a lump arose in each throat in response to it.

What a home-coming for the heroes of the Hindenburg Line! The Mauretania, with 3,300 more men of the 27th, passed Sandy Hook at 2:30 this afternoon and proceeded to Pier 54 in the North River near 20th Street. She was greeted with a reception similar to that of the Leviathan several hours earlier.

The Leviathan reached port on schedule time, making the hours like a ferryboat. She slowed down at quarantine, but didn't stop, at 10 o'clock. She was off the Battery at 10:40 and at 11:30 was at Army Pier No. 4 at Hoboken.

The boys scrambled all over the ship as soon as the Narrows were entered, all eager for the first view of the skyscrapers and the Statue of Liberty.

At Quarantine the troops saw the first of the welcoming craft with their

SOLDIERS CROWD LINER'S DECKS, PROUD OF THEIR HOME GREETING

Twelve Hundred Wounded, Many of Them Crippled, Get the Best Quarters and Service on Transport—How Men Slept and Ate.

Cheering Troops Shout Their Joy Coming Up the Bay and River, Having Had Only One Stormy Day on the Voyage Across From Brest.

BY MARTIN GREEN

(Special Staff Correspondent of The Evening World on Board the Leviathan.) Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Company, (The New York Evening World.)

FROM BREST TO NEW YORK

When the Leviathan steamed out of Brest harbor for New York she carried, including 1,900 crew, about 11,700 persons and of these 9,800 were plain ordinary doughboys, privates and non-coms.

Of the soldiers 1,238 were on the sick and wounded list at the time of sailing and about 125 men were listed as permanently crippled. These men had special quarters. About 50 used crutches because of lost legs or stiffened legs or ankles caused by machine gun bullets. The rest limped about with the aid of canes. The permanently crippled were all able to help themselves; but there were hundreds of others who remained on their cots throughout the voyage and will be kept for some time in base hospitals around New York after they are landed.

Cases of influenza, pneumonia and other contagious diseases were isolated. A score of soldiers suffering from shell shock and a few whose minds broke down under the strain of hardship and battle were lodged in comfortable quarters behind locked and barred doors between decks.

The grand ball room of the Leviathan on the main deck, a room about the size of the grand ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria, was used as a hospital. Light reaches this room through windows on both sides looking out on the sea and a stained glass roof. The walls and ceilings are decorated with paintings executed with characteristic German color effects, but most of these works of art are covered with canvas.

The hospital was not one-third occupied on this trip. In fact, there was less sickness aboard the Leviathan on the voyage which just ended than there has been at any time since she began to carry troops home-ward.

Favorable weather had much to do with this condition. On last Monday, for instance, when the blue sea lazily swung in long rollers which rocked the great steamship ever so gently and a hot sun flooded the decks with warmth and cheer, there was not a case of seasickness on the boat.

No effort was spared to make the sick and wounded comfortable and contented. The cripples were sent to their meals before the well. The sunniest and most sheltered portions of the wide decks were assigned to their special use. Some of the boys on crutches moved over amazing distances of heaving decks and up and down staircases and through narrow passageways, seeking with true American curiosity new sensations and new points of view.

They were pathetically cheerful, these cripples, even when, as lines of them were sitting with their backs comfortably braced against the deck-housing, a band would strike up in their vicinity and soldiers and sailors would go tangling along the deck with nurses and welfare girls. If they thought about a future which holds no promise of dancing their feet mirrored no reflection of their thoughts.

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LANDING OF HEROES IN PORT

"They gave us everything they had," said the 27th Division as the Leviathan docked at Hoboken to-day. From outside Sandy Hook to the pier the boys had been given every evidence their eyes could encompass that their city and their State is proud of them and proud of their achievements. They have yet to receive the welcome they have been longing for—the intimate welcome of loved ones, and they will be satisfied if that is as warm and whole-hearted as the welcome of the community.

Surely heroes could not have expected more than they received. In fact the size and sound of the demonstration was overwhelming. Especially was the feeling of New York conveyed to the returning soldiers as

the great transport moved slowly up the river after passing the Statue of Liberty and the closely packed Battery, which, from the towering decks of the Leviathan looked like a garden of red and white flowers waving in the wind. There was seen, blowing seaward, clouds of confetti, glistening in the sunshine like myriad flakes of snow. And, on all the pier heads and the roofs of piers, on the roofs of the tenements and lofts along West Street, in the windows of the skyscrapers the soldiers saw their townsmen for the first time in many months, and they knew they were back in the Big town at last.

The outer edge of the tide of welcome home was encountered off Norton's Point when tugs and power boats bearing delegations of friends of members of the 27th turned in impudently alongside the Leviathan and headed up the bay.

At Quarantine the police and fireboats bearing the committees steamed into the escort line and the escort grew in size with the slow progress of the transport.

Nevertheless the trip was tedious. First the days dragged; then the hours dragged and at last, when we knew the shores of Long Island were off to our right in the darkness and we could imagine we saw the glow of the lights of New York in the sky away off forward, the minutes dragged, and early to-day the seconds dragged, and each time we set our watches back as we steadily beat the sun in our westward course we could not repress a feeling of annoyance. We felt that we were stealing time from ourselves—and from those waiting to greet us.

The soldiers agreed that there was no tedium about the voyage to France last year. Then all hearts were bounding with eagerness for the great adventure and hours and days slipped by unobserved, save for the intervals when nightfall caused the hiding of lights. Then there were ships all about—the other ships of the convoy. Gunners stood at their posts on deck and destroyers flanked and crossed the soldier-laden fleet, leaving long plumes of smoke trailing on the water. The sleeping quarters were stifling; the food was bad, but then they were going in and on this trip they were coming out. They had seen and they had done their work and when an American has finished his job he is impatient to take up another. The war was an American job.

One would imagine that 11,000 sol-

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