



Above is the transport, Menominee, on which Yankees sailed to Russia to continue fighting long after the Armistice of Nov. 11, 1918, was signed. They fought over terrain overrun now by the soldiers of Germany.



TWO DECADES AGO

M. B. Rogers they slipped through unfamiliar woods and waded many waist-deep streams. Eventually they reached a small wooded hill.

A sentry on the railroad bridge saw them and fired a warning shot. The Bolsheviks beat a retreat on two freight trains that picked up all who could scramble aboard. The Allied detachment was fired upon from three different directions. Its members took cover behind rocks and trees. Lieutenant Garrett dropped with a bullet through the head, fired by a hidden sniper less than 30 yards away. A few seconds later Sergt. Frank Patterson also was killed by the same sniper. Private William Parker killed him with a single shot from a rifle. Somewhere in America is the skull of this sniper, a grim trophy of the engagement.

Getting supplies was a problem, said Paddock. Meat from the Argentine spoiled when exposed to warm air in the summertime after being taken from refrigerated ships. For the most part the soldiers had to depend on the canned hash of the British. Wild game was plentiful, but hard to get with an army rifle. Occasionally wild turkey found its way to the mess.

British soldiers got a rum ration which they had to drink in the presence of their commanding officer. Otherwise it might get in circulation among the Russians who would pay high prices for a gallon of it. A ruble at that time was worth about 12 cents. Here are a few prices at the camp trading post, as remembered by Paddock:

One apple, 15 rubles; a lead pencil, 16 rubles; package of American cigars, 16 rubles, and a spool of cotton thread, 100 rubles.

Not all was high prices and war, however.

The Yanks found time to play. On the Fourth of July they put on an open air celebration with boxing bouts, Russian dancers and jugglers.

"It's a tough country," said Paddock. "Very tough. In June, July and August insects go to work on you, and I mean work. Big mosquitoes buzz around, and their sting is poison. We wore mosquito netting over our faces to protect ourselves. Bedbugs were everywhere and they were of enormous size.

"Is the Russian soldier a good fighter? When led by competent officers, yes. Otherwise, not so good. If you are in a battle with him and take the initiative, he'll follow any place you lead

and will obey any order you issue.

"But you've got to be the aggressor. By himself he just doesn't care to be annoyed. Ordinarily he takes things as they come as long as his woman is working and he can get an occasional shot of the forbidden vodka he is 'kitting pretty.' If you arouse him you've caught a tiger by the tail. He is a past master in the hit and run system of battle and in guerilla fighting he is as sly and as cunning as a fox. He asks for no quarter and gives none.

"Nature also aids him with killing temperature in winter which sets in during September. I think that's what the Russians like fighting a defensive battle for—to go, the Germans deep into hostile territory and then finish them."

The "shouting and tumult" had died away, and "the captains and the kings" had departed when the "lost battalion" finally reached American shores and disembarked from transports at South Brooklyn on Aug. 19, 1919.

It left behind 8 officers killed, 217 enlisted men killed or died of wounds in action; 122 won decorations. They returned home almost unnoticed, forgotten almost as completely as the idea that the last war ended all wars.





All was not war for Yankees who fought in Russia after the Armistice. Above, John Haggerty, right, ex-Rochesterian, boxes on July Fourth.



Americans in Russia found the samovar as traditional as teatime is in England. Here a peasant and his family are shown with their samovar.



Lieutenant Rogers was a leader in some of the fighting Rochesterians engaged in. His machine gun, above, looks extremely antiquated now.



Russians showed Yanks own sports on July 4. The two men are spar fighting, trying to knock each other off the log by blows with pillows.

AID TO RUSSIA

By Lester Mathews

NOV. 11, 1918—Rochester. Laughing hysterical crowds pack downtown thoroughfares and mill about the Four Corners. In State Street a gunsmith posts himself in an upper window and methodically shoots away his business as he fires round after round from a double-barreled shotgun. The war is over. The "world is safe for democracy."

Nov. 11, 1918—Russia. Inside the Arctic Circle a "lost" and literally forgotten battalion of United States soldiers, among them four Rochesterians, alternately work with pick and shovel and pick up rifles to fire at skulking figures outlined against the snowy background of the nearby forest.

Now, almost two dozen years later, that same country again is in the news as its citizens join in battle with an invading force. Again its wildernesses echo to the sounds of battle as Germans seek to step up the pace of their blitzkrieg.

Warfare in the land of commissars and samovars, Ikons and iconoclasts stirs memories in the minds of Eugene Seigfried, Charles Goodwill, Herbert Paddock and John Haggerty. The quartet was in Russia when World War I came to an end, but they didn't come back until months after it was "over, over there."

They had enough adventure to compensate for the more prosaic lives they lead now. Seigfried, 616 N. Goodman St., is working for the New York Central Railroad. Overseas service as a YMCA secretary is but a memory for Goodwill, who now lives at 332 Hazelwood Ter.

Haggerty is an ex-Rochesterian now, working out of Sayre, Pa., on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. And Paddock—"Paddy" to railroad men—is with the Department of Public Works. Republican executive committeeman in the First Ward, he lives at 119 State St.

When America got into the first World War Seigfried, Paddock and Haggerty enlisted and finally found themselves in France as part of the operating force of the 52nd Regiment of Engineers who were rebuilding and running the French railroads.

Meanwhile events that were to shake the world occurred far to the north. The Russian army withdrew from active participation in the war. The Czar and his family were butchered. The Kerensky government was overthrown by Lenin and Trotsky. Lenin died and Trotsky faded from the picture. Stalin rose to power.

Members of Allied forces were based at Murmansk, others at Kem, a divisional point on the railroad, and the remainder at Archangel. The 389th Infantry Battalion, a battalion of the 310th Engineers, 337th Field Hospital and the 377th Company, all drafted men from Michigan and Wisconsin and most of the 25th

Shackleton, famed explorer, who knew his way around in the Far North. The confused situation resulted in their fighting some of the Russians who had been their allies.

Shackleton turned builder to help the British shelter themselves in the Arctic. With the coming of winter the White Sea froze over, preventing the Allied force from leaving by water. Isolated Russians were trying to run the Murmansk Railway but not doing a very good job. Their difficulties led to a frantic appeal for help to the high command in France.

Volunteers were called for among the railroad forces. About 4,000 were examined, and 750 of the 52nd Engineers got by the examining officer to form the 167th Transportation Corps.

Allied forces, trapped at Archangel, fought their way overland to Soroka, 410 miles south, and were trying to reach the railroad when the 52nd landed in March, 1918. Six feet of snow covered the ground and travel, save on snowshoes, was impossible off the beaten track. Lapslanders driving teams of reindeer freighted supplies to camp from the transports.

Haggerty and Paddock dropped into a YMCA hut and met up with Goodwill who was making history himself by showing the Russians the first motion pictures to be screened in the Arctic.

The 52nd hardly was rid of heavy marching gear before members got an order for action in support of a British contingent which was trying to relieve the pressure on Archangel.

A Bolshevik armored train—the Yanks found themselves fighting Russians—was on a siding six miles north of Masalskaya where it had halted after retreating from Egezena, leaving behind a trail of dynamited bridges and torn-up track. The 52nd had been in close pursuit, manning a work train on the front of which had been placed a French 75 mounted on a flatcar.

While the engineers sought to replace bridges and track, they were harassed by the enemy. Often they had to switch from picks and shovels to rifles. When their ammunition ran out at close quarters they resorted to their fists. A favorite trick of the Yankees was to grab a set of Russian whiskers with both hands and pull with all their strength.

It was determined to take the Bolsheviks in the rear by destroying a railroad



HERBERT PADDOCK