

FUNERAL OF GENERAL FOCH

The Parade of Famous Soldiers of the World War Was a Wonderful Sight in Paris—All Do Him Honor.

The account of the funeral of Marshal Foch with the parade by W. A.

S. Douglas, of the Baltimore Sun, is such an epic that the Kent News reprints it in full as it is so fine that it is well worth a second reading, if you have read it before.

The funeral and parade took place March 26.

From his coffin, placed on the flag-draped bier in the Esplanade des Invalides, the man who won the war held his last parade review.

At noon there swung past his remains—marching to attention and at the salute—practically all the great soldiers of the Allied cohorts who are still alive thousands upon thousands of the common men at

arms who followed Ferdinand Foch to victory.

This last tribute paid, France released the body of her hero to his family, who followed it—alone in their grief—into the Chapel des Invalides, where he was laid to rest close to the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Greatest In History

No king or queen or head of any other nation has ever in history been tendered such a funeral. It wasn't that it was magnificent in its pomp and trappings. It wasn't that seemingly all France turned out to bid him farewell, choking the streets and sitting as thick as sparrows on the

housetops. It wasn't just the epitome of grief that made itself heard like the low moaning of an Irish banshee above the rumble of British drums, the French cavalry bugles and the wail of Scottish pipes.

All these things helped, no doubt, to make the farewell a splendid thing but it was the presence and conduct of the living dead that must most please Ferdinand Foch at this moment—provided there be such thing as immortality.

They Had Done Them

These maimed and battered hulks who were so maimed and battered that the man who won the war might win it were gathered together in a place of honor in the Place de la Concorde. He (the dead, man) had told them to do certain things and in doing them they had been rendered for the rest of their lives more helpless than babies.

As the coffin on its gun carriage came abreast of these living dead those who had eyes wept. Those who had arms raised them to salute. Those who had legs stood upon them and at attention. And there was that in their grief and told you that if Foch were alive again and war raged again and he sent them into hell again they would go willingly were they only able to do so.

Curtains Drape Cathedral

From the facade of the Notre Dame Cathedral, there hung great silver and black curtains. Surrounding the ancient edifice as the funeral service began at 9 o'clock were guards of honor of the Allied nations—red-coated Britishers, green-coated Belgians, Italians in a darker shade of the same color, Americans in khaki, Poles and Portuguese in blue.

The crowds, which had begun to assemble as early as 5 o'clock, were packed in dense masses all along the funeral line right up to the Concorde, the majority of the route being kept clear by two rows of African troops in picturesque uniforms. The tricolor of France was everywhere.

Parade Forms

The cathedral service was only for the delegation's of government officials and Foch's family. It was soon over and at 9:45 the coffin was brought out and placed on a gun carriage. The parade then formed, taking the route over the Arc de la Concorde through the Place de la Concorde to the Avenue des Champs Elysees, Avenue Alexandre, Troit Avenue de Marechal Gallieni and thence into the Esplanade des Invalides.

The procession was led by General Simonne, commanding the Paris garrison, followed by a detachment of his troops.

Next came the Allied soldiers in alphabetical order, to avoid hard feelings. Belgium led with its crack first infantry regiment, a splendid body of marching men. Next came the United States represented by the Paris Post American Legion, which seemingly dropped drill when the armistice was declared and has not bothered with any since.

Not A Good Showing

It must be regrettably reported that the Americans did not make a good showing, although the Legion ranks were helped out with some members of the graves commission and military attaches—all swivel-chair soldiers and differing radically on ideas of what goes to make a straight line. However, it was a scratch team and should not be criticized too harshly. Also, they labored under the distinct disadvantage of being sandwiched in between two crack bodies of professional soldiers, Belgians and the British Coldstream Guards.

Following the later came pipers and men of the London Scottish, to which regiment the dead marshal was deeply attached. The Polish troops closed this section of the procession and now the gun carriage and coffin came into view escorted by 12 marshals and generals and preceded by the dead soldier's charger.

Pershing Credit To U. S.

Here marched Gen. John J. Pershing directly behind Field Marshal Lord Plumer, of England. And if the United States delegation did look a bit sloppy, "Black Jack" Pershing more than made up for the poor showing. He had on all his finery in the shape of decorations—something he does not often do—and there wasn't a trimmer, natter, smarter soldier in the entire funeral parade.

Only he is left of those who were the great Allied captains when the Armistice came. Diaz of Italy is dead. Haig of England is dead. And today Pershing followed Foch of France to his grave.

There is another great captain older than any of the others and who fought as valiantly, but lost a war, and now is bravely seeking to win a peace. One wonders if nations will gather to honor President Hindenburg in death or will shy away from the ceremony because he is also Marshal Hindenburg.

Widow Follows

Behind the coffin came Foch's decorations and his marshal's batons of France and England. Then his widow two daughters, grandchildren and brother, a Jesuit priest. Then the President of France, the Prince of Wales, Prince Charles of Belgium, Prince Peter of Monaco.

Tottering behind his price and in company with three other British and four French marshals came 84-year-

old Lord Methuen, last of the world's greatest cavalry leaders — because cavalry belongs in the past as a major arm.

Age and a dozen bullets scattered through his person in as many wars have made Methuen feeble, but the spirit is still indomitable.

Using his sword for a crutch and obviously suffering he was making way along when a French general full of sympathy but not knowing the Methuen temper made his way to the field marshal during the temporary halt, saluted and remarked it was obvious his lordship was tired and would he like a temporary aide de camp on whom he could lean while marching.

"What the devil does the man mean, Allenby?" exploded the ancient soldier, turning to Field Marshal Viscount Allenby, who was beside him. Allenby smiled over the incident with a smile for the Frenchman.

"Lord Methuen never gets tired, general," he said.

But for the two miles which were still to be traversed Allenby's strong left hand stayed under Methuen's right elbow while the sword crutch lent support on the other side.

This is just about Lord Methuen's last big parade.

Four Men Without Faces

Then there came generals and colonels in seeming unending streams into the French Senate and the House of

Deputies. And finally it came time for the common soldiers. These were massed in thousands and it took them two hours to pass a given point.

They were led by four men without faces.

It was a ghastly sight and the tears of men and women which had time to dry since Foch had passed burst out afresh as they started. But the four did not seem to mind. They came along with that short, jerky infantry step which makes the French army faster than any other in the world.

They marched close together, shoulder touching shoulder, for having no eyes they had to feel each other to keep perfect alignment.

Behind them came a wooden-legged man who could see and who directed them so well that one wondered if modern surgery had not perhaps placed eyes for them in some other parts of their bodies.

The Four Salute

As they came to the "Deliverance of Strasburg," the moment in the Place de la Concorde, the wooden-legged man gave the order to salute, the four grotesque men swung sharply to the left and four right hands—they, thank God, still have their hands—came up to what foreheads they had left.

Behind them came the thousands who were more lucky than they and while the columns still stretched back into the Rue Rivoli, it halted as its

leading sections bowed their heads in the Invalides and listened to Poincare's funeral oration.

That over, it swung on again for the final salute.

"We Salute Thee"

The writer sticking beside the four men without faces heard the wooden-legged guide bark his orders to the strangest squad that ever went into a parade. On they went in perfect formation past the bier, eyes right, hands up in the last salute to the great commander.

The gladiators used to say to the Caesars:

"We who are about to die, salute thee."

Truly, the four men without faces could, in similar strain, have said to the remains of the man who won the war:

"We who are already dead, salute thee."

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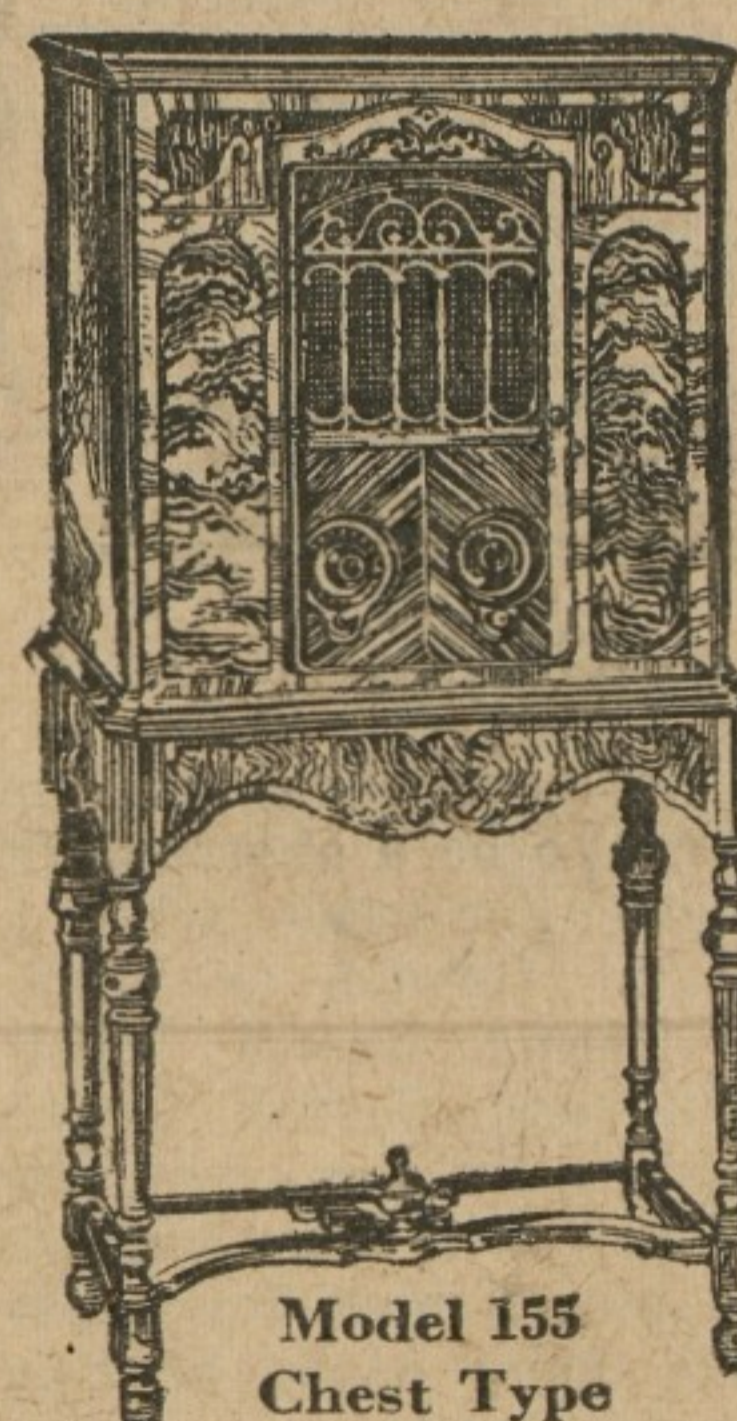
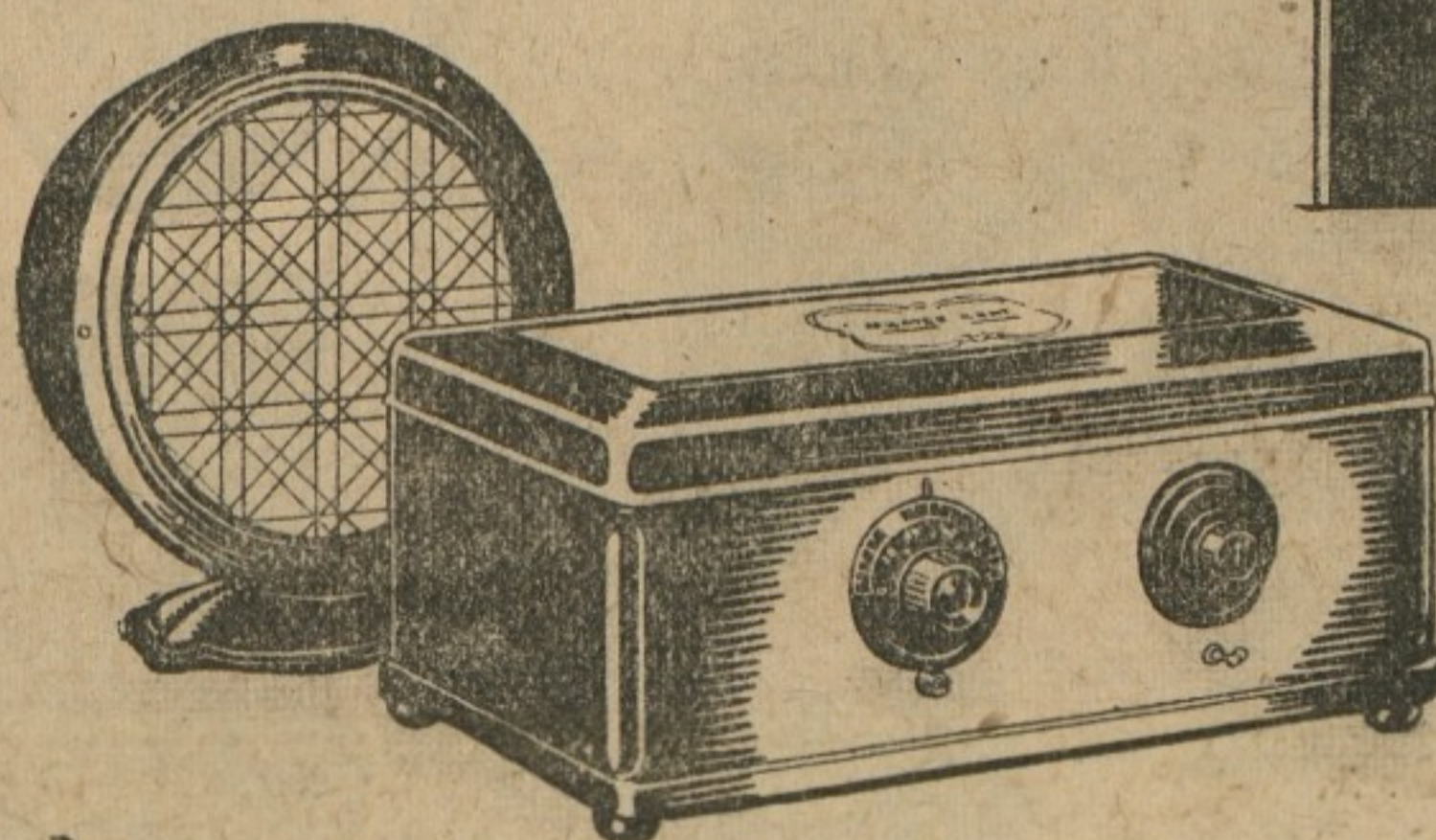
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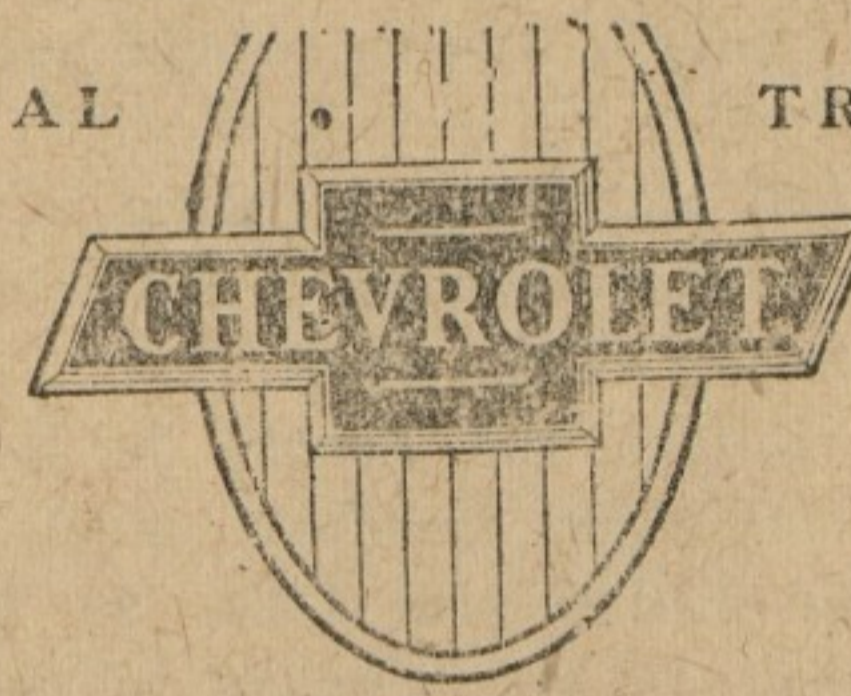
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