

SERGT. YORK HOME, HIS GIRL SAYS "YES"

Hero Glad to be Back Among His Neighbors in the Ten- nessee Mountains.

SAME OLD "AL" TO THEM

County Delegation Meets Him and Take Him Over Winding Trail to His Humble Cabin.

Special to The New York Times.

PALL MALL, Tenn., May 31.—Ser-

geant York has returned to his mount-

ain home.

The brawny, red-haired Tennessee

mountaineer who, singlehanded, out-

fought a German machine-gun battalion,

killing twenty-five and with his com-

rades made prisoners of 135 others, ar-

rived yesterday at his little cabin home

at the Three Forks of Wolf, where his

people awaited him, and there his

sweetheart awaited him also.

Grace Williams, the mountain girl,

said she would tell York "yes" or

"no" when he returned from the war.

Friends and relatives have smiled at

the girl's persistent refusal to tell what

her answer would be.

"I told it to him," she said last night,

and both smiled. Then friends and rela-

tives started to complete the plans they

had been making for a long time for the

event in the little church where the

mountaineer was converted and became

the Second Elder of the Church of Christ

and Christian Union.

Standing more than six feet in his 11½

brogans and tipping the beam at more

than 200 pounds, the red-haired giant

with the ruddy complexion of the out-

doors told little of the exploits that won

him fame.

More concerned was he with answer-

ing the homely greetings of friends and

neighbors who welcomed back a man

who went out and brought fame to the

broad valley in the mountains.

"What am Ah going to do now?

Well, Ah reckon Ah don't know as Ah

want to talk or think about that now."

The modest giant who had been petted

by New York and fêted at the nation's

capital yet was unspoiled, and who had

received offers of small fortunes to

write for the papers and appear on the

stage, could think only of home and

what it meant to him—the little rose-

covered cabin on the trail that leads

over the fords of the Forks of Wolf.

Yet the deeper manifestations were

not apparent in the reception of the

hero in his home. Just as mountain

mothers stood on the little station plat-

form in East Jamestown, on the little

branch line, and saw "Al" York and the

other men go away one Sunday in Oc-

tober, 1917, without shedding a tear, so

those that were near and dear to him

received him last night.

Arriving in Crossville the warrior

was met by a delegation from James-

town, the county seat of Fentress Coun-

ty. B. B. Gross, high school Principal

of Jamestown, headed the committee.

Passengers stuck their heads out of

the windows and joined in the greeting—

three cheers mixed up in a bedlam.

Sergeant York seemed to hesitate

about alighting from the train, but

eager friends took him in charge.

"Which rig do you-all want me to

get in?" asked the Sergeant, surveying

the six automobiles, the entire fllivver

outfit of Jamestown.

He was in a hurry to get away, and

the procession of motor cars reached

Jamestown at 7 o'clock. Here the hero

met his mother, who had come up from

the valley to meet him.

Few cars attempt the thirteen miles

over the treacherous trails leading to

the Forks and the hero, accompanied by

the neighbors who had heard the news

in Pall Mall, rode down the trail in

their rattling rigs behind sure-footed

mules.

At every house along the stony road

that wound over gulleys and around

giant beeches, neighbors ran out to

greet the man who was returning to

them.

"Hello, 'Al'!" "How are you, 'Al'?"

was the invariable greeting.

"Oh, fair to middlin'," was the re-

sponse. "How's the hogs and the

crops?" and the mountain neighbors

knew it was the same old "Al."

It was after dark when the proces-

sion of half-a-dozen rigs and a few

men on horseback came to the end of

the trail, where it ducked into the Forks

of the Wolf and led across into the fer-

tile valley, the richest and prettiest land

in Tennessee, where Pall Mall lay.

Parson R. C. Pile and the rest were

waiting to greet the hero at his humble

dooryard. For a long time they pressed

him to tell his big story—the story that

others have told until all the world

knows it. But it was only a "Yep" or

"Nope," and that was about as far as

Sergeant York would permit his tale of

exploits to get away with him.

The crowd lingered about a while,

then gradually drew away, leaving the

soldier with his mother and brothers

and sisters.

Parson Pile had an intimate talk with

his Second Elder and nothing indicated

that the peaceful head of the church had

any grudge against the warlike member

of the flock.

"It's all in a man's own conscience

what is right or wrong," the parson

told him. "The hand of God was on

you, Alvin, the simplest teach the wise,

we are told. I know it was not educa-

tion nor money that made you what

you are. It was the hand of God."

Sergeant York seemed more concerned

about the homely things, about getting

to farming. To him it was farming

time in Wolf Valley, and he had been

away a long time.

"No, Ah don't know much about that

farm you-all are talking about, 'cepting

what I've just heard some people say.

Ah guess maw and the rest of us can

attend to that part of it."

York referred to the \$50,000 farm in

Wolf Valley which rotarians of Ten-

nessee and other States are planning to

give him.

"What Ah like best of all," he con-

tinued, "is just to get back. It's where

I've been all my life an Ah reckon it's

the best place for me. Yes, Ah reckon

Ah have had chances to leave, but Ah

ain't specially got a hankering for it."

"Yes, I reckon you have, too," inter-

posed Pastor Pile, who held a paper

that gave an account of a \$10,000 offer

to write for a publication. "I reckon

I'd have been a getting busy writin' if

it had been me, too."

The Sergeant had little definite to tell

about his romance.

"Well, Ah reckon Ah might get mar-

ried sometime," he finally admitted.

"Anybody's likely to do that, you

know." Then when asked for more de-

tails concerning the love story of him-

self and Grace Williams, the 18-year-

old girl with long plaits of blonde hair,

with blue eyes and laughing lips set-

ting off a fair face, the big mountaineer

laughed a loud, roaring laugh, which

showed him past the stage of resent-

ment to close questioning.

As to what he might do concerning the

offer of a fortune to go into vaudeville,

to write, or to do other remunerative

things, the Sergeant could not speak

definitely.