"WITH THE HELP OF GOD AND A FEW MARINES"

By Brigadier-General A. W. Catlin, Commanding Sixth Regiment of Marines at Chateau-Thierry.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

IT HAS ceased raining at last and France appears to be doing her utmost to square herself on the "sunny stuf." Man, this is a fine morning, the sun shining brightly, the wind blowing gently over the rolling green country stretching away to the utmost reach of sight, dotted here and there with clumps of wood and red-tiled, picturesque stone houses. It's a beautiful part of a wonderful country, but for all of its promising beauty there is something lacking. Even a novice can sense the air of desertion and desolation hanging over the placid scene. It affects one like the painting of an artist who cannot reproduce the life, the soul of his subject. Life! There's no a living creature to be seen. No moving thing in all those miles of country. No haze of smoke haloing yonder village, no cattle browsing on those verdant slopes, no farmers working back and forth across those strips of cultivated ground. The soul of the country has been stunned, battered into unconsciousness by the ravaging Hun.

A closer scrutiny of the nearer buildings brings a sense of the grotesque—they don't look plumb; they're out of true. It's too far away to be distinct, but the perpendicular line of yonder steeple curves in and out again as though some giant hand had torn away a fistful of the masonry. The roof of the house off to the right appears to sag in the center and there stands a wall perhaps 30 feet in height, without a supporting side—What's that? A dull, droning humming sound like a monstrous bee overhead. There's another, louder, nearer! "Putt, putt-t, prrrrrht-putt."—Machine guns! There they are, outlined against the sun, two transparent yellow spots that circle, whirl, dive and mount swiftly, gracefully, the poetry of motion, maneuvering for mastery, majestic in their elemental swoop and dash for bravery. Two lone eagle-men in the eagle's realm are in combat. They charge. They feint. They tack and twist. They dive and bounce upward, wings flashing, like giant ospreys or cormorants, love-rivals. Thrilling, thrilling, thrilling. As you watch them, your heart in your bosom seems to move in concert with every swoop and dash of the eagle-men. The result of this battle, in a day or two, may mean life or death to us who walk terra firma.

There, a black ball of smoke opens beneath those dashing fliers. Another and another. High explosive. Now two balls of yellow smoke, closer to them than the black—shrapnel. Ah, one is falling. One eagle tumbles like a plummet. The round world rises to meet him. He's afire. French or Boche? We don't know, but we hope—Wommph—Barzzshhr—Bang! A 155-shell has come.

The face of the earth is deserted. Not a man is in sight where a moment before were twenty. Vanished! Where? Were they blown to atoms? See those little mounds of earth, neatly covered, carefully concealed by boughs and leaves? Beside each of those mounds is a hole and in each hole a man, maybe two. While you listened to the song of the enemy shell, they dropped into the bowels of the earth.

At first we lost men through inexperience. They couldn't tell a shell's direction by its whistle. Some of us ducked when there was no need. Some of us did not duck when the need was imperative. But now our ears are educated and we can spend more time than formerly outside our dugouts. We do not needlessly tire ourselves climbing in and out.

Our invincible sense of humor sticks with us Americans. That is the miracle amid all this blood and death and crashing of cannon. And it is worked overtime. Everything in this battle life is so novel and grotesque. Passing through a trench I came on a gunnery sergeant sitting in his dugout, the roof of which had been blown off. He was squeezing the stump of his arm, which had been amputated near the shoulder by a piece of high-explosive shell. At the instant I stopped to give aid there ran down on us a panic-stricken youth who had been rudely ejected from his hole by a 155. In passing us he stumbled over the sergeant's detached arm in the center of the ditch. He paused for a second, glanced at what had interrupted his speed, raised his eyes to the sergeant's stump, moaned dolefully and resumed his flight at redoubled speed. The wounded sergeant spat out a copious spout of tobacco juice and, with twinkling eyes remarked: "Reminds me of the first time I had to drown a batch of kittens."

I've seen men blanch at the antics of their comrades whose eyes and mouths had been filled with the dirt and corruption a Maxim machine gun tore up. I was crouched in the entrance of a dugout during one of the German's famous barrages when a lad jumped out of the ditch and in front of me. At that moment three 155-shells fell and burst within a 15-foot radius. The terrific explosion hurled the boy straight back into the dugout and his feet hit me squarely in the face. When I recovered my wits I called out, inquiring if he were hurt. He chuckled and said, "H—, no."

During that same barrage two men previously posted 50 yards ahead of the line with an automatic were forgotten in the excitement, but they stuck to their post. Someone happened to think of them about half an hour after the show started and I ducked out to get them in. I had little hope of finding them alive. I ran out into the wheat field in their direction when I heard a shell coming. I flattened out on the ground. The top of my head felt as if a crazy, gyrating course toward heaven, then snapped back into position. The shell had exploded ten feet on my right. One of the lads of my quest was long and rangy and hailed from Texas; the other, short and stubby, was from Georgia.

"She cut 'em both off," came the Texan's voice out of darkness on my right.

"Po' 'ell she did!" said Shorty.

"Shorty, I reckon we'd better drag this buzzy outa here."

"Them's my sentiments," Shorty agreed.

We all returned together. The shell had lit, or alighted, under the tripod of their automatic rifle and neatly amputated both of its metal legs.

"Before we went over the top a tale was told to illustrate the density of the German barrage. A corporal walked into a first-aid post with a badly fractured arm and spoke of the terrific shelling his unit was undergoing. There being no laceration of his flesh, the puzzled doctor inquired how the corporal had been injured.

"Oh, that," said the lad; "you see, I was standing beside the hole of my dugout, leaning up against that barrage, when it suddenly lifted, letting me fall into a hole, where I lit on my arm."

We captured a German lieutenant-colonel soon after our barrage lifted the first 100 yards, who thought the efficiency and speed of our artillery was due to machine work. As he surrendered he fixed his captor with a vacuous stare and said: "Where is it—that terrible machine gun you have that shoots 75s?"

One lad remarked: "Rifle fire is a sweet, sweet lullaby, machine guns impress one as the humming of bees, Austrian 88s make a lot of noise that won't affect a dugout, but the lazy boys launched away back of Berlin sure disrupt my company." And when those eight to 15-inch shells, "sea-bags," we call 'em, that the French turn loose from Somewhere in France, come sailing over our heads, slow and easy, like they're just aching and dying to find the center of a German column, you should see the boys look at each other and smile!

One will hear a "Whispering Willie" shoved off in our direction. The boys will duck as it loosens a diabolical shriek above their heads. Every ear strains to catch the explosion—nothing but a dull thud when it hits the earth. Immediately someone says, "Neither dull." We've kept track when the fire was too heavy and found that an average of two out of every five small-caliber German shells were duds, while the larger ones average one out of five.

One platoon in reserve was taken up on a newly established line to eliminate a pestiferous machine gun nest. After satisfactorily completing the job they returned to their dugouts to find during their absence the Fritz had tried to blow up their homes with some 200s. The last men filing into the trench were spied by enemy observers, who signaled to the battery of 88s that proceeded to accelerate the boys' movements about 100 per cent. Each man dived for his little hole in the ground and all were safely ensconced in a twinkling, except one lad, who was seen to jump away from his hole with a terrified expression on his face and dive in with a neighbor. Whereupon an altercation—

"Hey, get out! There's two in here now."

"Well, shove together. I'm comin' in. Can't get in mine."

"Why can't you?"

"There's a 203-dud went through the roof and its nose is sticking out of the door."

Fine argument. Our respect is enormous for a dud of those dimensions. And not one of us is so heartless as to force a friend into a hole with such a cold companion. For an 8-inch shell's intentions are so indefinite.

I really believe that one recklessness of the United States marines saved many of our lives, astounding the enemy, hypnotizing them into forgetting their guns. And it would take incredible recklessness to counter German discipline. One lieutenant whom I accompanied took two platoons from reserve, where they had been under continuous shell fire for 72 hours, to clear a wood [illegible] enemy machine guns and establish [illegible] on the left flank of the battalion, [illegible] facing some 600 yards they found themselves free of the shelled area, only to be spied by a couple of Maxim machine gunners, who lost no time in announcing their presence. "Peeung—peeung—peeung," the bullets came whistling through the brush. One hit a lad on the cheek, whereupon he heaved a sigh and said: "What a relief!" We halted the men and reconnoitred. To reach the wood sheltering the Boche we had to cross a ploughed field. The lieutenant took 15 men. I followed with 15 more and was followed in turn by another sergeant and as many men. Each step we took was the expected last. I was sweating like a harvest hand on the Fourth, while my teeth chattred like dice in a box. Never a shot! We formed a skirmish line the shape of an L as we entered the woods, not knowing the position of any German. The word was passed to "down" and wait for "patrol." As the last man on the right flank downed hell broke loose 30 feet in front of us. A machine gun in the center and one on either flank tore up the ground, sawed off the brush, cut down saplings in front of us, and literally slapped the whole mess in our faces. The man on the right flank had failed to get down quickly enough. He's there yet.

We was behind a three-cornered piece of rock that seemed to grow amazingly smaller each moment, and for five minutes I neither could see, hear nor smell. Suddenly those guns ceased and spitting the dirt out of our mouths, we took a turn at shooting, and I think our forty rifles and two "shau-shauds" outdid the machine guns for speed and noise. But the precarious position we held, practically a wedge driven into the German line, offset the deadliest fire, for we could be surrounded in a twinkling. Back of the lad the plowed field, devoid of cover, that had been crossed in our advance. In front and on the right and left were the enemy machine guns. "Cannon to the right of them," etc., popped into my mind.

Came one of those lulls in the fire and a long line of breaking twigs, stumblings, mumblings, and sibilant commands marked the advance of the Boche. We all thought our lives had just about been lived. There was left us a choice between two distasteful dilemmas: Stay where we were and become prisoners or retrace our steps across the plowed field and become dead men. It was one or the other, pronto! And there wasn't a doubt in our minds as to which it would be. Turning your back on a line of Boche machine guns, walking away from them at midday over a plowed field covered by their crossfire isn't the pleasantest thing to contemplate and it is well we had little time for thinking. Where I came to fall back every one was ready, believe me. No matter how long you have lived previous to such an experience you cannot know until then what a pliable and sensitive thing your backbone is. There was nothing lingering or perky about the step of that retreat. If we were uneasy when advancing over that field, ignorant of the German line, imagine our emotions now. Needless to say, the last few yards were covered in nothing flat. And the Germans never fired a shot.

But they followed us and attempted to pull the same trick again. With cries of "Help, help," and "Kamerad," six men and an officer came across that field and, while they parleyed we continued to throw up a parapet. On their part they were covering two machine guns that attempted to flank us. We held our fire while the lieutenants shouted to each other. When the Boche officer thought his machine gun crews had had sufficient time to accomplish their task, two of the gang, who were trying to "surrender," dashed forward and threw hand grenades. Meantime we had obtained reinforcements and two machine guns. So the two who threw the hand grenades we used as parapets. The other five of the "kamerad" gang will prevaricate no more. And the eight who worked with the Maxim have doubtless been reported missing in German casualty lists. I know they were missing a miscellaneous assortment of organs necessary to the functioning of the human body. For the effects of a C. E. grenade are splendid and terrible.

Later a whole battalion attempted to take those woods without the assistance of our artillery. The enemy, with no other object than a reckless determination to fell us, ignoring his own infantry, turned a barrage into his own front line that accounted for more Boches than we did. After our objective was gained, rifles were laid by for picks and shovels. The companies reported. Those reports will be whispered into the ears of grandchildren by old, old grandmothers, whose eyes will mirror the supreme sacrifice. Such things make the chins of strong men quiver. Anyhow, it was considered best to fall back to original position. That next morning, following a barrage, we took the woods.

One lad, on an isolated post, failing to get the word, was industriously entrenching himself when the Germans counter-attacked and he found himself alone, surrounded by what seemed 1000 boches. He reached for his rifle. He found its stock shattered by a piece of shell. A young boche lieutenant confronted him. There was nothing to do but surrender. He signified his helplessness. But the Germans didn't appear anxious to molest him. The lieutenant began to jabber at Sammy who couldn't get his drift. Several non-coms. took up the one-sided talk when the officer gave up and Sammy got disgusted. "H—," says he, "if you don't want me, I'm going back." So saying he swung the shovel over his shoulder and boldly marched back. To his surprise and discomfiture the German lieutenant, nodding and smiling, immediately fell in behind, followed in single file by his men.

Suddenly it dawned upon Sammy that the Germans wished to become prisoners. The fire of conquest ran through his veins. He stopped and counted them. Fifty-nine and two officers! Oh, boy, what a haul! With a little step, head held high, shoulders square, chest thrown out, he peacocked back to our lines and ran smack into company headquarters, the shovel still on his shoulder. When his comrades spied those Huns, most of 'em covered and the officer with a shovel on his shoulder, a shout of admiration, a spontaneous, unanimous "What the h—!," followed by a riotous grabbing of rifles. The alert Germans averted a massacre by promptly sticking up their mitts while Sammy explained. Then he was given a firearm and permitted to lead his 60 prisoners triumphantly to the rear.

One lad from the west was tickled by the comparison we offered to a prairie dog village. He said he could almost make slip-shots close enough to one of those villages to catch a glimpse of hundreds of animals sitting or frolicking around near their holes, but the moment they sighted them they were gone, each into his own hole. Their disappearance is so sudden that it makes you rub your eyes and pinch yourself. We differ from a prairie dog in that a shell never slips up on us. When five minutes pass without producing a shell several heads will be poked cautiously from the earth in a place apparently deserted. After a sniff for gas there ensues a grunting and heaving, plentifully spiced with invectives directed at Fritz, the kaiser, the general staff, most anything German, and the more courageous are out of their dugouts. They dig the "monkey meat" (South American canned beef) and load from the shell holes and earth deposited by the "Whispering Willies."

Those who have discretion, not valor, appear intermittently and by the time the rations have been recovered and rejuvenated everyone is back on his job. The meal is begun and carried along with astonishing rapidity until "womph — bzzzzwhrrr — shapowie!" From the "wommmph" to the "owie" is a matter of seconds, from the men to their dugouts is a matter of feet and inches, but the most agile prairie dog could not pull the vanishing stunt better than we. For that shell has not shrieked the last "r" before the face of the earth is deserted. Such speed would make "Smoky" Joe bat his eyes. All the time a man is out of his hole he knows instinctively the exact direction of and distance to the entrance of his dugout. No matter how far he wanders or turns and twists, the time between the report of a gun and his arrival in that dugout is invariably the same as if he had been standing by the entrance when the shell shoved off. But despite this ducking and dodging there was no troops more feared and respected by the boche than the marines. And we so impressed them they honored us with the nickname "devil dogs." We are proud of it.

The first time our battalion went over the top the leading wave entered the woods without seeing a German. About 100 yards in the woods they sighted the boche. With a blood-freezing war-whoop they charged. Nothing on earth but concentrated cross-fire by cool machine gunners could have stopped them. And the imperial German nerve, being nothing to brag of in the first place, had been worn ragged by our artillery. That war-whoop was the straw that broke their nerve. Two crews stood by their guns. The other Germans ran. They didn't seem to care about direction. Some ran into our bayonets, some ran away from them, some didn't have nerve enough to haul themselves free of their dugouts. But it made no difference. The result was the same. They're there yet. One German captain jumped up from his dugout, wild-eyed and dishevelled.

"What in Gott's name is it?" he shouted in good English. "Are these devils we face drunk or bloodthirsty savages?" Then he threw a hand grenade pointblank at a lieutenant. The "lout" ducked and levelled his automatic at the same time, so the captain's question is still unanswered.

"The 'Lout' Ducked and Levelled His Automatic at the Same Time, So the Captain's Question is Still Unanswered."

After Soissons the marines were again withdrawn to a rest area. Their casualties had been heavy and there was much reorganizing to be done and many replacement men to be trained and fused into the brigade. By September, however, they were ready again for battle.

On September 12 Pershing started his now famous drive to reduce the St. Mihiel salient and the marine brigade with General Lejeune at its head, was again called upon. The second division, now rated as first-class shock troops, were given a place of honor in the hardest fighting along the southern side of the salient, where the German resistance was stiffest. They smashed through that stubborn line in record time.

Here is the story of that operation as gleaned from the Pershing and Daniels reports: On August 30 a large section of the St. Mihiel front was turned over to General Pershing. Our second division was placed in the first army corps with the fifth, 82d and 90th divisions under Major-General Hunter Liggett. On September 11 the second division took over the line running from Remeneauville to Limey. On September 12 the first corps, with three divisions of the third corps, began an advance which continued irresistibly until the salient was wiped out.

On the night of the 14th and the morning of the 15th the 2d division attacked with two days' objectives laid out for them. They crossed the Rupt de Mad and occupied Thiaucourt, the first day's objective. But it never occurred to them to stop there. They scaled the heights beyond Thiaucourt and pushed forward to a line running from the Zammes-Joulney ridge to Binvaux forest, reaching their second day's objective at 2:50 P. M. of the first day. This extraordinary accomplishment was not achieved without sacrifice. The division's casualties numbered 1000, of whom 134 were killed, but they captured 80 German officers, 2200 men, 90 odd cannon and vast stores, besides slaying their thousands.

The marines were again withdrawn to reappear on October 3 where least expected—in the Champagne with General Gouraud's 4th army, which drove north to free the Rheims from the German clutch. In the region of Sommee-Py they attacked like a whirlwind and broke through the German line for a gain of six kilometres, leading all other troops in the attack. They seized the German second line positions in front of them, capturing the armored trenches and wired lines. On the second day, October 3, they were ready for the main attack on Blanc Mont and in the face of a devastating machine gun fire they assisted in the capture of that stronghold, which was accomplished with such amazing speed that the boches were swept off their feet.

The story of the 2d division's part in that operation is thus succinctly told in General Pershing's report: "On October 2 to 9 our 2d and 36th divisions were sent to assist the French in an important attack against the old German positions before Rheims. The 2d conquered the complicated defense works on their front against a persistent defense worthy of the grimmest period of trench warfare and attacked the strongly held wooded hill of Blanc Mont, which they captured in a second assault, sweeping over it with consummate dash and skill. This division then repulsed strong counter-attacks before the village and cemetery of Ste. Etienne and took the town, forcing the Germans to fall back from before Rheims and yield positions they had held since September, 1914." On October 9 the 2d division was relieved by the 36th, having done its part in breaking the Hun's tenacious hold on the hills of Champagne and at last setting free the martyred cathedral city.

The story of that action is told thus by Edwin L. James, correspondent of the New York Times:

It is now permitted to give a comprehensive sketch of the role played by the Americans in the brilliant Champagne advance of General Gouraud's army.

This story is one of the most absorbingly interesting of the Americans at war, not only because of the glorious work of our "veteran" second division, but because of the remarkably effective work done by the 36th division, from Texas, which, never having been under shell fire and not even entirely organized, jumped into the bitter battle and made gains that were sensational. Never having heard the scream of shells before, they fought day after day under terrific shell fire and went after the Germans in true ranger style. An official order of the French general calls this one of the brilliant performances of the war.

America knows well the bright record of the second division of infantry, the regiments of which are the fifth and sixth marines and the ninth and 23d infantry. These are the boys who stopped the Germans up in Belleau wood back in June when the foe thought he was going to Paris.

This division played a good role in the St. Mihiel battle. It went into line on the evening of October 2, taking over a position of three and a half kilometers running westward from Sommee-Py. To get a good jumping-off place for the attack to begin the next morning, they seized the German second-line positions on front of them, taking armored trenches and wired lines. When the main attack started on October 3, at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, the Americans were successful from the start.

Raked from a German position on their left flank, known as the "Essen trench," from which enfilading machine guns swept the advancing ranks, the divisions sent part of a regiment out of its sector to take the trench. So fast was the pace of these men that they reached the German observatory of Blanc Mont before the foe knew what had happened, an observer there being captured while writing out a report that the German counter-attack was going well.

On October 3 the second division made an advance of about six kilometers. The men got so far ahead of the troops on the left that they were in danger of being enfiladed when a fresh French division was put in behind them to protect their left flank. Next morning they resumed the attack at 4:30. They ran into very heavy German machine gun and artillery resistance north of the Arnes and reached Medeah farm.

The day of the 5th was devoted to consolidating the newly won positions. All the time there was a murderous fire from the Germans. The American positions had to be held under front and flank fire until the troops on the left and right got up. Meanwhile the advance of the Americans and the taking of Blanc Mont had decided the Germans to make a withdrawal from the Rheims salient, the execution of which greatly bettered our positions.

On October 6 two regiments of marines which had been in the heaviest fighting were relieved by a brigade of the 36th division, never under fire before. After short artillery preparation the attack was renewed October 8, at the same time that the Germans delivered a heavy counter-attack on the right of the division front. This was repulsed after bitter fighting.

The next day was devoted to consolidating while on October 10 the second brigade of the 36th relieved the 9th and 23d regiments of the second division, completing the relief.

From that time on our part in the advance was effected by these young Texans, mixed up with the marines. On October 11 they forced the Germans back, occupying Machault and Semide, and on the next day, against heavy machine-gun resistance, reached the banks of the Aisne.

On October 17 General Gaulin, commanding the corps in which the 2d and 36th divisions served in this fighting, issued this general order:

On October 2 the second American division, having arrived during the night on the sector of the 21st army corps, attacked the fortified crest of Blanc Mont, captured it in a few hours in spite of the desperate resistance of the enemy, and in the following nights made an extended advance on the slopes to the north for the purpose of consolidating his victory. The 36th American division, of recent formation, and as yet incompletely organized, was ordered on the night of October 6 and 7 to relieve, under conditions particularly delicate, the 2d American division and dislodge the enemy from the crests north of St. Etienne and the Arnes, and throw him back to the Aisne.

Although being under fire for the first time, the young soldiers of General Smith, rivaling in their combative spirit and tenacity the old and valiant regiments of General Lejeune, have accomplished their mission in a manner to be proud of the entirety of the task they accomplished. To all the general commanding the army corps is happy to address the most cordial expression of his recognition and his best wishes for their future service. The past is proof of the future.

GAULIN.

And here is General Lejeune's order, in which the pride of the marine is manifest:

France, Oct. 11, 1918.

Officers and Men of the 2d division:

It is beyond my power of expression to describe fitly my admiration for your heroism. You attacked magnificently and you seized Blanc Mont ridge, the keystone of the arch constituting the enemy's main position. You advanced beyond the ridge, breaking the enemy's lines, and you held the ground gained with a tenacity which is unsurpassed in the annals of war.

As a direct result of your victory, the German armies east and west of Rheims are in full retreat, and by drawing on yourselves several German divisions from other parts of the front you greatly assisted the victorious advance of the allied armies between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

Your heroism and the heroism of our comrades who died on the battlefield will live in history forever, and will be emulated by the young men of our country for generations to come.

To be able to say when this war is finished, "I belonged to the 2d division; I fought with it at the battle of Blanc Mont ridge," will be the highest honor that can come to any man.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE,
Major General, United States Marine Corps, Commanding.

Finally, on November 1, General Pershing started the drive which proved to be the last great struggle of the war. It was that mighty sweep toward Sedan, that reaching for the very heart of the hun.

The Germans massed their best troops and a tremendous artillery support, and opposed every step of the advance with the utmost bitterness. It was a fight to the death. An interminable line of murderous German machine guns, but a few feet apart, was thrown across the line of the American advance. The casualties were terrific.

For two weeks the Germans succeeded in beating back the most determined American attacks in front of Landres and St. Georges. The battling 2d division was hurled in. Operating at the center, they started an irresistible push on the very afternoon that the Germans began to show signs of weakening, and pressed forward until they controlled the heights below Beaumont. They broke through that living fortress for five kilometers the first day, leading all other divisions, and for the first time since the beginning of the war the official German communique admitted that the line had been pierced.

This advance made possible the shelling of the vital Mezieres-Metz railway. The advance became a pursuit, with Germans on the run and the 2d division ever in the van. Forty kilometers were covered in seven days, German soldiers surrendered in companies and the end of the war was in sight.

The soldier does not like to dwell on casualties, but the casualty list is often the best indication of the character of the fighting. Certainly the path which the marines trod in France was no easy one. Of the various figures that have been given out, those offered by General Barnett in his annual report are the most reliable, though still subject to revision. In all, 21,323 enlisted men of the marine corps and 549 officers were sent to France. Between April 1 and September 1, 1918, the casualties amounted to 23 per cent of the gross strength, though many of the units saw no action. During that period 44 officers and 1116 enlisted men were killed and 76 officers and 2832 men severely wounded. Only 25 marines remained prisoner in the hands of the Germans on September 1. Surrendering wasn't popular at that time, and the only way to capture a marine was to knock him senseless first. After September 1 took place the bloody fighting in the St. Mihiel, Rheims and Sedan regions, increasing the casualty list and the percentage materially. Authentic figures are not available at the time of writing. I have seen it estimated that of the 8000 who had some part in the action about Belleau wood, 6200 were at least hit by a bullet or fragment of shell, and that half of the men and officers in the fighting brigade who were not killed were at one time or another knocked out of action. The marines won glory in France, but they paid a terrible price.

The story of the marines in France is told. Our brave brigade had gone in at one of the darkest moments of the war and had seen the thing through till sunshine pierced the clouds. They saw the tide of battle turn there on the Marne at Chateau-Thierry. They saw Marshal Foch prove to all the world that the German armies could be defeated and the German line broken. They saw him assume the offensive and they joined him in the last grim push to victory.

And so, as I write these lines, the dream of the marines is coming true—to follow the retreating hun across the Rhine, for they have been chosen to march side by side with the honor divisions of the allied armies in the forefront of the peace-compelling army of occupation. Long live the United States marines!

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

The Story of the Marine Corps.

THE exploit of the United States marines at Belleau wood now forms a glowing page in history which all the world may read, but back of it lies a history, less spectacular perhaps, but world-embracing in its scope and honorable among military and naval annals. "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli," from Cuba to the Behring sea, from Vera Cruz to Pekin, the marines have stood for over a century as the strong arm of the United States government, the embodiment of the American spirit of justice, order and fair dealing. That history of a hundred daring deeds well done forms a tradition which lies at the bottom of our wonderful esprit de corps.

The American marines were first organized by resolution of the continental congress on November 10, 1775. They served in the revolution, the war with Tripoli, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the civil war, and a hundred affairs of less importance. The volume of that history has become part and parcel of the traditions of the corps, but since dates and terse statements of action make but dull reading, I will spare my readers the boredom of delving deeper into the past than the Spanish war.

But before I begin the story of the marines as I myself have known them, I beg leave to quote from an article on "Sea Soldiers," which appeared in the New York Tribune of October 13, 1916:

"Considering the part it has played in the world's history of warfare, there is no fighting unit less understood, less appreciated, or even less known than the marines. Having taken his share in the making and obliterating of maps since the days of the Phoenician galleys and the biremes of the Grecian maritime states, at least five centuries before the Christian era, down to the present day, the chroniclers of the glories of arms of all civilized peoples have mentioned the marine in many a stirring passage. And yet, today, a very large part of the population of maritime nations, and certainly of the United States, do not know what a marine really is.

"The marines have proved their patriotism and devotion to our country for over 100 years. Throughout this period they have been in the front rank of America's defenders. They have been zealous participants in nearly every expedition and action in which the navy has been engaged. In many trying campaigns with their brethren of the army they have won distinction. The globe has been their stage.

"They have fought at Tripoli, in Mexico and the Fiji islands. They were on the job in Paraguay, at Harper's Ferry, at Kisembo, on the west coast of Africa, and in Panama. They fought the Japanese at Shimonoseki, the savages in Formosa, and the forts in Korea. They suppressed seal poaching in the Behring sea and protected the lives and property of American citizens in Honolulu, Chili and China. These and many more things have the United States marines accomplished.

"The navy has in the marine corps a little army of its own, which, without causing international complications, without disturbing stock markets, and without even attracting undue attention, it may pick up and move to some disturbed center in a foreign land for the protection of American lives and property. These Soldiers of the Sea move speedily and unostentatiously, frequently nipping a revolution in the bud before the world at large knows that there has really been any cause for concern.

"They are the first men on the ground in case of trouble with a foreign power and the first men in battle in case of hostilities. Great mobility and facilities for quick action are required of the marines. They are kept in readiness to move at a moment's notice. In many of the actions in which they have been engaged they have had to contend against great odds in the way of superior numbers.

"Aldridge says: 'Before a single vessel of the navy went to sea, a corps was organized, and a detachment of it won, on the island of New Providence—one of the Bahamas—early in 1777, the first fight in the history of the regular navy. In this noteworthy engagement the attacking party, consisting of 200 marines and landsmen, under Major Nichols, captured the forts and other defenses of the enemy after a struggle of a few hours, and secured a quantity of stores and British cannon.'"

So much for ancient history and a running start. After my own appointment in 1892, up to the time of the Spanish war, the marines were engaged in only minor activities, such as protection service in Honolulu, China and Korea. In none of these affairs did I personally have any part.

At the time of the outbreak of the Spanish war, I had been detailed for service aboard ship and it so happened that, as first lieutenant, I was in command of the marines on the battleship Maine when she was blown up and sunk in Havana harbor in February, 1898. It was a marine, one Private Anthony, then serving as captain's orderly, who came quietly aft to the captain's cabin after the explosion with the historic remark, "I have to report, captain, that the ship is sinking."

I was transferred to Key West and remained there through March, during the meetings of the board of inquiry. Then I returned to New York. War was declared in April and I was shortly afterward ordered out on active service with the fleet. The American liner St. Louis steamed into New York harbor on a Saturday night and was promptly converted into an auxiliary cruiser of the United States navy. Supplies, ammunition and four six-pound guns were rushed aboard, Captain Goodrich and Ensign Payne of the navy being placed in charge of the ship's crew. They were the only naval men aboard. I embarked on Sunday with a marine guard of 45 men, the only enlisted men aboard, and on Monday we sailed. We mounted the six-pounders at sea, two forward and two aft.

For two weeks we patroled the sea east of the Windward islands in search of Cervera's fleet, which, the reports stated, had left Spain. As ill luck would have it we never saw that fleet. We reported on the appointed day at the city of Guadeloupe and then went on to St. Thomas. On the day after we left those waters Cervera went through.

Seagrave, the first officer of the ship, who had been in the English cable service, told Captain Goodrich that he knew the location of all the submarine cables and stated that the cable running to San Juan could easily be picked up. The captain decided to cut the cable and we steamed out about 10 miles from San Juan. We had no grapnels aboard, so one was made in the fire room. We picked up the cable and finished the job in about half an hour. Then we joined the fleet that had been bombarding San Juan.

Captain Goodrich reported to Admiral Sampson regarding the cables, we were ordered to proceed to Santiago and there cut the cable running to Kingston, Jamaica. This was not such an easy task, for the job had to be done under the Spanish guns of Moro Castle. The tug Wompatuck was ordered to accompany the St. Louis.

On May 18th the St. Louis dropped her grapnels and picked up the cable about a mile from Moro Castle. About the time we hooked the cable some old 6-inch guns east of the fort opened fire on us and also some mortar batteries on the little island of Smith Caye had just the two six-pounders on the side toward the fort and we returned fire with those, manning the guns with crews of marines. I fired the gun aft while Ensign Payne had the forward gun. We silenced the old six-inch guns, but the mortars were too far away for our six-pounders.

We lay there for 45 minutes, leisurely reeling in the cable on an anchor winch, while shells fell all around us. But, though the big St. Louis offered an easy target, not a shell hit us, owing, I suppose, to the notoriously bad marksmanship of the Spanish gunners. Still, it was a warm situation while it lasted.

I have sometimes been asked how it feels to be under fire and I can only answer that it all depends on what you are doing. There have been times when I have been obliged to wait inactive for orders, with little to think about, but the enemy's fire and on such occasions I must confess that I have grown uncomfortably nervous. But there in Santiago harbor, a fair target for the mortar batteries and the guns of the fort, with the air thick with peril, I was so intent on getting a difficult and important job done that the thought of personal danger never entered my head. Only when we turned to get away and the tension was over did anything resembling fear hasten our flight.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Look Twice at Today's Beauty

A chic leader of New York's younger set, once said: "Look twice at today's beauty, and you'll find she's not beautiful—but her hair is *perfectly dressed*." This was witty after-dinner talk, but it held a new truth. Fashion's latest command tells the up-to-date woman that by her hair she'll be judged.

And the second command follows the first: "Use golden glint shampoos!" For golden glint shampoos are the inner, precious secret of the fashionable beauty, parlors. Where the elite go, trustingly, to have their best points made better, golden glint shampoos give their hair the "something extra" that's like permanent sunlight bringing out fine gleams, perfecting natural glories in a natural way.

It is just a shampoo like any other, *but*—there's a special touch that's like fine powder that softens and protects the skin, like the tiny soupcon of rouge that gives new beauty to pale cheeks. To get the best golden glint shampoo, specify Cinderalla golden glint.