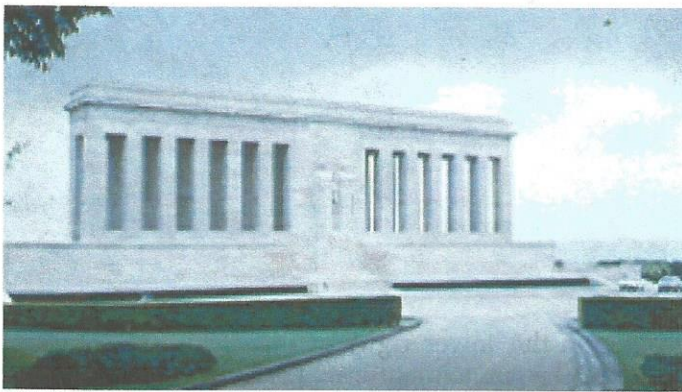


It was here that the German Army was repulsed, for the most part, by the Second Division made up of the Third Army Brigade, the Fourth Marine Brigade and the Second Field Artillery Brigade. The fourth Marine Brigade included the Fifth Marine Regiment, Dad's Sixth Marine Regiment and the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion.

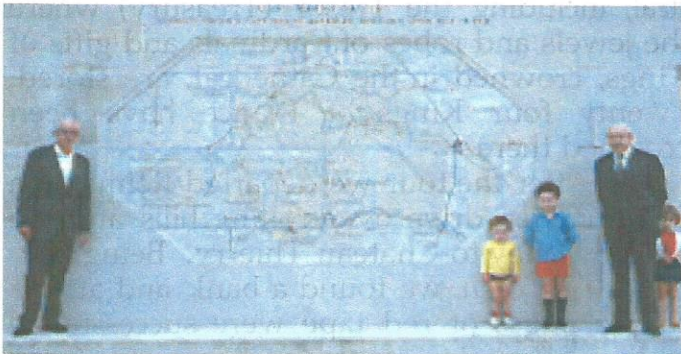
The history of this segment of World War 1 is detailed in the book *"The Battle of Belleau Wood"* which, as mentioned earlier was one of the main reasons behind this visit.

It was here that the Germans called the Marines *"Teufelhunden"*... *"Devil Dogs..."* a nickname that has stuck to this day.

Proceeding westward on N3 out of Chateau Thierry, we first came to hill 204, the site of the Chateau Thierry Monument which commands an imposing view of the Valley of the Marne River. This monument consists of an impressive double colonnade rising along a long terrace.



The imposing Chateau Thierry Monument high above the Marne River valley.



On the east facade is a map of American military operations in this region. A French veteran of the battle, and his grandchildren, were also visitors. He and Dad had an interesting exchange of memories.

Belleau Woods

Continuing westward we turned north when we came to N82 and continued to the tiny village of Lucy le Bocage. Dad's notes revealed that this village was leveled by gunfire, but was the only source of drinking water for the Marines engaged in the battle of Belleau Woods.



There were probably only about ten or twelve homes, like these, in the tiny village of Lucy

Dad recalled that, after nightfall, he and a buddy would string as many canteens as they could on two sticks of wood, or tree branches, carry them to the well in Lucy, fill them, and carry them back to their buddies.

When we arrived a farm family was gathered around a tractor, talking. We joined them and told them of Dad's experiences in Lucy. The village had been rebuilt with the same bricks and stones that formed the rubble on Dad's "last" visit.

Dad asked the whereabouts of the well and the natives quickly pointed it out, approximately 100 feet from where we were standing.



The well at Lucy had been turned into a flower planter. Dad told the man that he and a buddy came up the road at right, after dark to fill canteens.