

A surprise to Dad, was a huge rock in the center of the Lucy town square. The top had been carved to the shape of a star, the insignia of the Second Division of the U.S. Army. In the center of the star was a bronze plaque bearing an Indian head, also part of the insignia.



Dad was rightfully proud of this, the insignia of his Second Division carved into the huge rock in the village of Lucy le Bocage.

Dad wanted to show me where he and a buddy were pinned down all day, until dark, by a sniper in the tower of the church of Belleau. We started out on a single lane road into the "Woods" and soon came upon two stone markers, one on each side of the road



The marker on the left was inscribed, "Bois de Belleau," and the one on the right, "Bois de la Brigade de la Marine."

The inscription on the right was because, on the 30th of June, 1918, General Jean Degoutte, Commander of the French XXI Corps, issued the following proclamation:

*"In view of the brilliant conduct of the Fourth Brigade of the Second U.S. Division which in a spirited fight took Boureaches and the important strong point of Belleau Wood, stubbornly defended by a large enemy force, the General commanding the Sixth French Army orders that henceforth, in all official papers, the Bois de Belleau shall be named "Bois de la Brigade de la Marine."*

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As we proceeded down the road we came to a small clearing with a flag pole, surrounded by several artillery pieces. These included French 75s, as well as German 150s and 210s. In the center of this clearing was a bronze tablet inscribed with the above quotation.



Dad in front of one of the Artillery pieces surrounding a flagpole in the Bois de Belleau.



The Church and the steeple. It was from this steeple that the German Sniper had Dad and his buddy pinned down, in a foxhole.

As we approached the west end of the road, Dad asked me to stop. We got out and walked northward, through the woods, to where the ground started to slope down toward this church. He then showed me where he and his buddy were "dug in" on the side of the hill.

The sniper had spotted them and if they raised their helmets on the end of their rifles . . . Powee! . . . a shot rang out, from the steeple, and a bullet struck the earth next to them. This continued until evening, when