



Members of Parris Island's Drum and Bugle Corps show Corporal Martha Wilchinski how to execute a drum roll during a visit to the base in 1918. (NatArch RG 127G Photo 518919).



Women Marines post recruiting posters in New York, (l to r) Privates Minette Gaby, May English, Lillian Patterson, and Theresa Lake. (NatArch RG 127G Photo 530751).

	Sgts	Cpls	Pvt	Fst	Cls	Pvts
Adjutant and Inspector (BGen Charles H Lauchheimer)	1	16		17		54
Quartermaster (BGen Charles L. McCawley)	1			8		44
Paymaster (BGen George Richards)		3		6		19

In most cases the superior qualifications possessed by the women reservists insured them excellent job assignments. In the office of the Quartermaster, Corporal Mabelle Musser was detailed as a secretary to the department handling motor transport assignments, Private Marie Schlight was put to good use as secretary to the officer in charge of Marine aviation, and Sergeant Margaret Powers was so skillful that she was immediately assigned as secretary to Colonel William Fay in the office of the commandant.

Corporal Louise Hedtler, secretary to Captain Charles Ketchan in the Adjutant and Inspector's office, researched items in connection with congressional inquiries: "It was the responsibility of the Adjutant and Inspector to give congressmen every bit of information Headquarters Marine Corps could, even going so far as writing units overseas in response to their inquiries," she remembered. (54) As an additional job Louise and Private First Class Florence Gertler, secretary to Captain Francis C. Cushing, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector, were given the responsibility of sending Marine Corps casualties' personal effects to next of kin with an appropriate letter of condolence: "Each case was unique" remembered Louise Hedtler, "and Major General Commandant Barnett read and signed each letter separately before it was forwarded to the family." (55) So professional was the work of these two women that General Barnett summoned them in order that he might personally compliment them on their "performance of duty." (56)

Sergeant Martha Wilchinski, Private First Class Mary Benson, Private First Class Mary Kelly, Private First Class Mary Reilly, and Sergeant Lela Leibrand were assigned to the Marine Corps Publicity Bureau, where they performed general office work and, in the case of Sergeants Wilchinski and Leibrand, contributed articles for publication in the Recruiters' Bulletin, Leatherneck newspaper, and The Marines Magazine. Sergeant Wilchinski, who came to the Marine Corps well prepared with a degree in journalism from New York University went on to become the editor of Variety Magazine and Sergeant Leibrand, who made the first military training film, "All in a Day's Work," pursued a career in filmmaking at Fox Studios in New York following her discharge. (57)

A small number of women who looked "particularly sharp" in their uniforms were assigned as messengers to make trips throughout Headquarters Marine Corps and various offices of the Navy Department with official communiques and intra-office correspondence. These girls, among whom were Privates First Class Mary O'Keefe, Ruth Spike, and Samia Ellyson, were reputed to be the most representative among the Marine Reservists (F).

In addition to their assignments in Washington, special permission to enroll women was also granted to recruiting officers who were severely pressed for additional help in the cities of New York, Rochester, Boston, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Denver, Spokane, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon. The women were to be recruited locally and put immediately on the job to free as many permanent male office personnel for reassignment to the front as possible and to help out with the mountain of paper work inherent in enlisting large numbers for military duty. Private Elizabeth Bertram, who was working as a legal secretary, was enrolled for duty in her hometown of Denver, Colorado. So enthusiastic was she about being a Marine that when the month arrived during which the Denver Marines were required to qualify on the rifle range, she was determined not to be left out, which posed an unusual problem for Major Charles Guggenheim, the officer in charge of the Denver Recruiting Station:

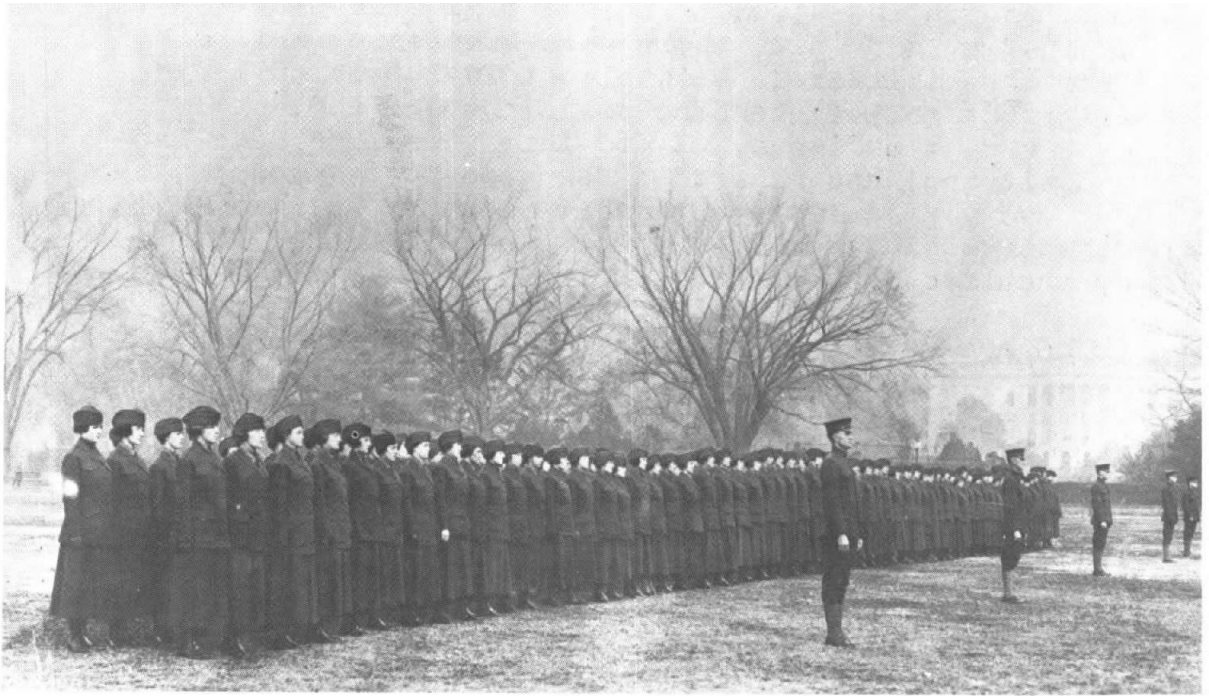
I grew up in a small town and in my younger days had done some hunting and a great deal of target practice. I considered myself a better than average shot so, when I learned that qualifying on the rifle range added dollars to pay checks, I asked for permission for a tryout. The major gave me an unequivocal "no," the official firing range was on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains more than a hundred miles away and he certainly would not send a female on such a jaunt simply on her say so that she knew how to handle a gun...Major Guggenheim turned to Corporal Jones who worked in the office, 'She thinks she can shoot' he said. 'Day after tomorrow you will take her to the Denver Police practice range just outside the city limits. Make all necessary arrangements for a one person regulation full course tryout.'

'Day after tomorrow' was a cold, windy, overcast day with squalls of icy rain; but orders were orders so Corporal Jones and I, equipped with blank target sheets, ammunition, and an Enfield Army rifle went to the designated place. The rifle range was a vast expanse of clayish mud with a few outcroppings of rock. There were several policemen waiting under the shelter to see what was going on. The rifle was

too long in the stock to hold a firm pressure against my shoulder, there were suppressed snickers from the kibitzers. With almost 20/20 vision I did all right on the standing positions and thought I even made a bullseye. I did fairly well on kneeling and sitting, and managed a few good shots prone; but every time I tried rapid fire the result was disaster. I stuck it out for the full course but my shoulder was pounded almost into jelly and my right arm was a painful something that didn't seem to belong to me. We returned to the office sopping wet. My hair was stringing down from under my dripping cap, my clothes were plastered with mud and even my face was dirty. The major sent me home in a closed car without comment. The next day again spic-and-span but with the grandfather of all bruises spreading over my shoulder, arm and even on my chest, I was summoned to The Presence. My target sheets were spread over the desk with every bullet hole carefully evaluated. 'You seem to have qualified unofficially' the major acknowledged. 'You will be included in the next class to the official range.' Then he arose from the desk and approached me saying 'In the meantime you may wear this,' and he pinned his own engraved marksman medal on my blouse. I intended to execute a smart salute in acknowledgement; but when I tried to raise my right arm I involuntarily yelled 'Ouch!' instead, and ran to my desk in an agony of fear and shame...Major Guggenheim, the strict disciplinarian, he of the hair-trigger temper and the blistering vocabularly shot one glance at the astonished and apprehensive faces around him, and saved the day with a burst of hearty laughter. (58)

Private Bertram, unfortunately, was never able to go to the official firing range. On 11 November 1918, the Armistice was signed and she along with the rest of the Marine Reservists (F) was transferred to inactive duty.

In addition to doing the clerical and routine office work at the recruiting stations the women were also used as recruiter's aides. They were reported to be very impressive with their "trim and snappy appearance and their business-like attention to their work." (59) The women were effectively used for publicity in bond drives and rallies, photographs, and as members of recruiting teams touring the country with Marine Corps exhibits. Sergeant Martha Wilchinski was used frequently in publicity shots. Although women were not assigned on board ship or as members of the Marine Band, some of the more widely circulated photographs



Standing rigidly at attention behind their drill instructors women Marines prepare for a morning's drill on the Ellipse behind the White House. (WarDept Photo 165-WW-598A-11, NatArch).



Following a morning's drill session, these Marines took time to pose for a platoon photograph before continuing on to their offices to begin the day's work. (NatArch RG 127G Photo 530165).

of Sergeant Wilchinski show her going through the daily routine with sea-duty Marines and members of the Marine Corps Drum Corps.

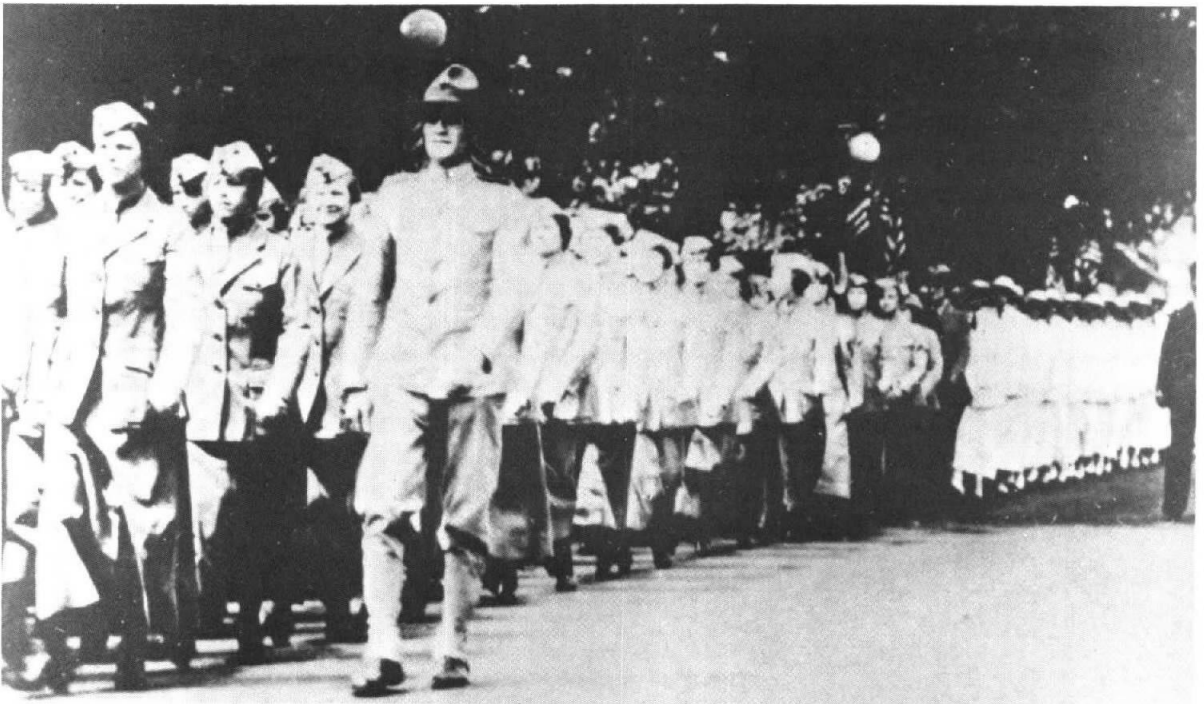
Corporal Mary Kathryn Beck, Rochester's only female Marine, was assigned as a member of the recruiting team in that area. During a combined Navy/Marine Corps exhibit in Rochester, the Recruiters' Bulletin reported that "Corporal Beck...dressed in her snappy uniform - Sam browne belt, overseas hat and swagger stick...was no small part of the success of the show." (60)

In most cases the male Marines were very protective of the women and helped them as much as they could in the performance of their jobs. Although some of the women came up against negative attitudes harbored by Marines who felt that the Marine Corps "stepped down" when it enrolled women, most of the female reservists, regardless of where they were stationed, felt that they were treated as equals: "The men did not look down or frown upon us," recalled Private First Class Edith Macias, "actually they were glad to have us. We were given a job to do and we did it. We were definitely not considered decorative rather than practical, but were treated as professionals." (61)

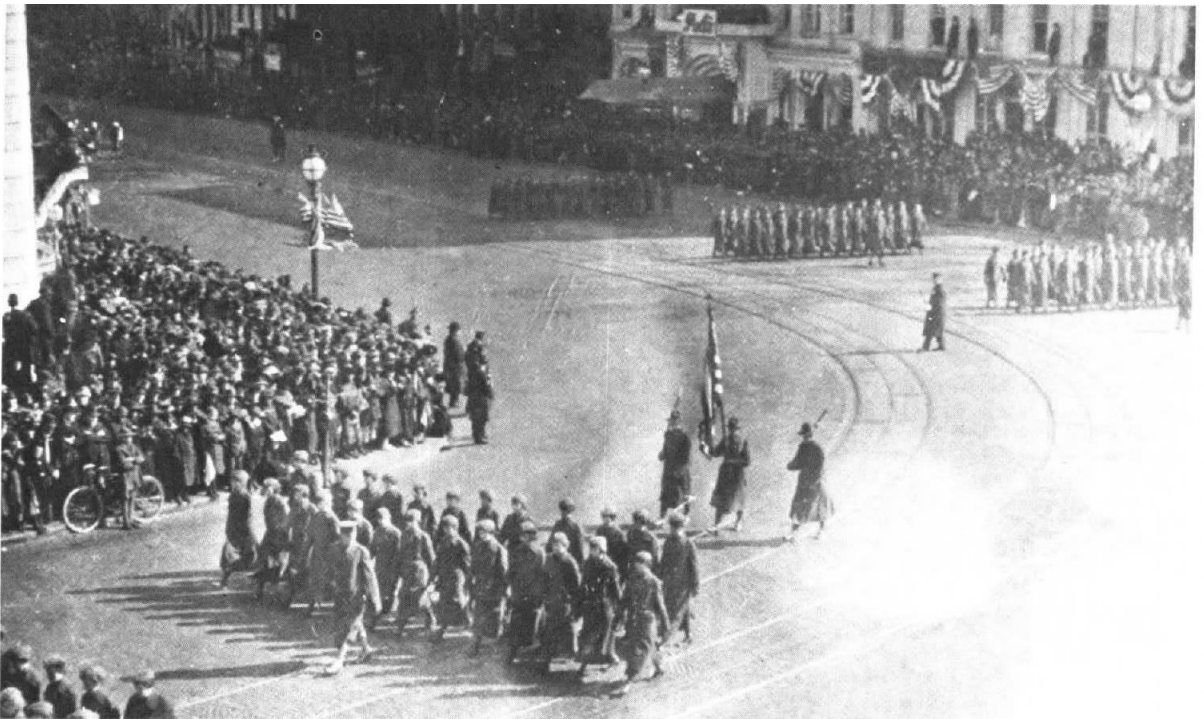
Drill And Parades

A very important part of the day for the Marines Reservists(F) was spend at 7:00 o'clock in the morning on the Ellipse behind the White House. With stern sergeants barking commands of "forward, march," "to the rear," and "platoon, halt," they drilled in earnest. "Initially," remembered Private First Class Edith Macias, "the male drill instructors were indignant to have been selected to teach drill to women. As a result they showed us no mercy and taught us the same way as they did male recruits." (62) Private First Class Ida Kirkham recalled how her drill instructor went along the line ordering them into the correct positions with commands such as "stick out your chest," and "suck in that gut." (63) "They were perfectionists, even stinkers," stated Private First Class Florence Gertler, "but they were good." (64)

Most of the women found drill "fascinating" and they tackled the challenge with energy and enthusiasm. Some did better than others, however, and while there were those who responded almost immediately to the unfamiliar sound of the drill commands there were still others who never did quite get the knack of it. "We all loved it," reminisced Corporal Elizabeth Shoemaker, "but we couldn't do it...We had several drill instructors and they all tore their hair and went crazy. Some even pleaded with us and tried to bribe us to do better." (65)



Marine Reservists (F) followed by Navy Yeomen (F) marching in one of the many parades in which they took part in Washington during 1918-1919. (NatArch RG 127G Photo G-521222).



Marine Reservists (F) march smartly down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington when the President reviewed the 2d Division on its return from France in 1919. (NatArch RG 127G Photo 528255).

The women practiced hard under the critical eye of their instructors and were soon regular participants in the numerous parades held during the months just before and after the signing of the Armistice. When the 2d Division came home from France in 1919, the women were positioned behind the wounded Marines and "Marched as proud as peacocks" down Pennsylvania Avenue in an unforgettable "Welcome Home" salute to America's fighting men. In addition to marching as a unit in the parade the women were also on duty at the reviewing stand: "The parade was reviewed by President Wilson," recalled Corporal Sarah Jones. "The reviewing stand was at Lafayette Park, across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House, and the Marine Reservists (Female) formed part of the honor guard standing in front...just below President Wilson." (66)

In most parades and ceremonies the women were placed in positions of honor, either behind the Marine Band or as members of the honor guard. When the body of the Unknown Soldier was returned from France, Sergeant Ingrid Jonassen was chosen to be a member of the solemn procession: "I walked directly behind the caisson on the way to Arlington," she recollected. It is interesting to note that Sergeant Jonassen reported that she often has seen herself in old newsreel clips still shown on television of that ceremony.

On 3 February 1919, the women received a special honor when Major General George Barnett personally reviewed them on parade at the Ellipse. Eugene J. Cour, noted director of the International Film Corporation, was on hand to take motion pictures of that unique moment in military annals. Their "snappy appearance" so inspired Mr. Cour that he subsequently entitled his feature film story, "No wonder the Kaiser Quit." Private Avadney Hea remembered how the girls flocked down to the moving picture theatre the following week "to see ourselves in uniform." (67)

Due to the wide dispersion of the women throughout the city in accommodations ranging from apartments to private homes there was no formal quarter's inspection. They did, however, stand in-line inspection given initially by the noncommissioned officer in charge, and later by the senior woman, which took in "posture, hair style, uniform, shoe shine, and all the rest, with demerits given for infraction of the code," reflected Private Mary Sharkey. (68)



PFC Edith Macias, one of two sisters who served as Marines in World War I, during a review of Marine Reservists (F) by the Major General Commandant. (War Dept Photo 165-WW-598A-10, NatArch).

Discipline

Discipline for the women reservists while not as rigid as that governing male Marines was still very much Marine discipline. The women were expected at all times, on duty as well as in their free time, to conduct themselves with the dignity and military bearing befitting a member of the Corps. It did not take the Reservists (F) long to realize that if they were to be equated the same privileges as their male counterparts they would also be expected to take their share of the duties. An incident remembered by Corporal Elizabeth Shoemaker aptly points up this fact:

After we had been at Marine Corps Headquarters for two weeks a typical hard-boiled sergeant who just loved to do it, ordered us to sweep the floors and wash the windows in our offices. Two pretty girls, from wealthy families, rushed to Colonel McLemors's office and said that they would not undertake such labor. He was very angry with them, reminded them that they had enlisted, that they couldn't change their minds about their duties. He ordered them to wash those windows and they did it. It was wonderful discipline for young girls and we came to love the Marine Corps better than anything in life. (69)

Their conduct was under constant and close scrutiny and in the following letter dated 8 March 1919, Major General Barnett reminded his department heads of their responsibility to ensure that the traditionally high standards demanded by the Corps were being upheld by enlisted personnel under their command:

"HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS,

Washington

March 8, 1919

From: The Major General Commandant
To: The Adjutant and Inspector,
The Paymaster,
The Quartermaster.

Subject: Conduct of enlisted personnel

1. Enlisted men and women on duty at these Headquarters have been observed skylarking

together on the streets, and not infrequently have been noticed walking arm in arm.

2. Please bring this matter to the attention of the enlisted personnel in your departments, informing them that such practices must cease and that they must at all times conduct themselves in a dignified and soldierly manner.

GEORGE BARNETT" (70)

Rank was a preciously earned privilege to the girls and when it was taken away from them in the course of disciplinary action it was indeed a bitter pill to take. Private Elizabeth Shoemaker whose first furlough home began with all the excited anticipation of a soldier's first homecoming was destined to end on a sour note:

We had our first furloughs right after we received our uniforms and everybody wanted to go home to show them off...So home to New Jersey I went. They did try at Headquarters to teach us the fundamentals of discipline and Marine Corps decorum, but I guess it left me untouched. I was having such a good time at home, it was just a short furlough, and my mother had planned a party for the day after my furlough was over. So, I sent a telegram to Colonel McLemore saying that I was delayed and wouldn't be back for three days after the end of the furlough. And worst of all...I sent him my regards. When I got back a day or so later there was a message for me to report to Colonel McLemore's office...He informed me that I had been AWOL and gave me what is called a 'deck court-martial'...I was quite shaken until I came out of his office. Through the grapevine word had gotten around and there was a crowd of enlisted men waiting to congratulate me; the Marine Corps newspaper published the shameful story and I got letters from Marines all over the world, including China, telling me not to worry, and saying "Now you are a real Marine." The girls could not hold commissions but could be sergeants. Because of my court-martial I never became a sergeant, but remained a corporal. (71)

Occasionally the women were disciplined by their hard driving drill instructors for ineptness at drill. Private First Class Florence Gertler, who was the pivot of her platoon, related how she caught her heel in the soggy dirt one rainy morning and was unable to turn, "I got KP for that! I sure must have looked funny with my body going in one direction and my leg remaining in the other." (72)

KP for the women usually consisted of a Saturday afternoon washing office windows, sweeping floors, or cleaning bathrooms at Headquarters Marine Corps.

Social

Although the girls worked hard, some on a 10-hour day, six-day week schedule, they found time to relax and enjoy their many new friends, and the interesting sights and sounds of the Nation's capitol. "Usually the girls who lived together had their social life together," recalled Private First Class Florence Gertler. "The big event of the week was Sunday night supper. Our room and board did not cover the Sunday evening meal and since we were usually broke, particularly toward the end of the month, if one of us was asked out for a Sunday supper date we always tried to ring in a friend by double-dating." (73)

According to most of the women none of the girls wanted for dates, "any fellow was proud to take out a female Marine Reserve," reminisced Corporal Louise Hedtler. The girls were true to the Corps, however, and the Marines always took first place. Sergeant Ingrid Jonassen recalled that "every girl was begged for at least two dates every night." Over-zealousness caused Sergeant Johnssen on one occasion to make seven dates for the same evening. In a panic, unable to recruit other girls, she asked her landlady, Mrs. Canicius if she could invite them to the house. They all came and enjoyed Ingrid's company and an evening of Mrs. Canicius' home cooking. (74)

The overnight expansion to gear up for war caused Washington to take on a boom-town atmosphere and the city literally hummed with activity. "Washington was a dancing town," recalled Corporal Elizabeth Shoemaker. "There were a lot of roof gardens on top of the hotels and we danced our heads off...to tunes like 'The Japanese Sand Man' and 'Jada'." (75)

The first official visit of the Marine women to Quantico on 21 November 1918, was occasioned by the invitation extended by the staff of the Leatherneck newspaper. As the 13-woman delegation stepped off the train in Quantico town to the strains of the post band playing "Hail, Hail the Gangs All Here," and "How Do You Tame Wild Women," the crowds of waiting Marines cheered with enthusiastic approval. "The camp to a man was knocked cold," reported the Leatherneck:

That's all there was to it. It was just a plain case of 'Knock'em for a row of Hostess houses.' They lined up in a column of twos and marched behind the band to the parade grounds where they watched the O.T.C. (Officer Training Class) men parade. They saluted colors and retreat...Then they made the offices of The Leatherneck their headquarters. Boys, they are just like any other girls in some respects, for they carry mirrors with Marine emblems on them, but they are regular Marines, for they are very proud of their personal appearance and carry their own powder.

And how those Marine girls can dance!

Everyone was proud of the Marine girls. They carried themselves like real soldiers, were good fellows and proved that they were ready to go anywhere and conduct themselves with honor to the Marine Corps. (76)

The lucky thirteen who termed this occasion "one never to be forgotten, and entrapped in our memories forever" were: Mae E. Bennett, Samia Ellyson, Mary Clay, Mary L. O'Keefe, Katherine Pidgeon, M. Helen Fell, Charlotte M. Shoemaker, Ina C. Tracy, Martrese Thek, Mary C. Kelly, Edith Macias, Sarah Macias, and Jeannette Roumage. (77)

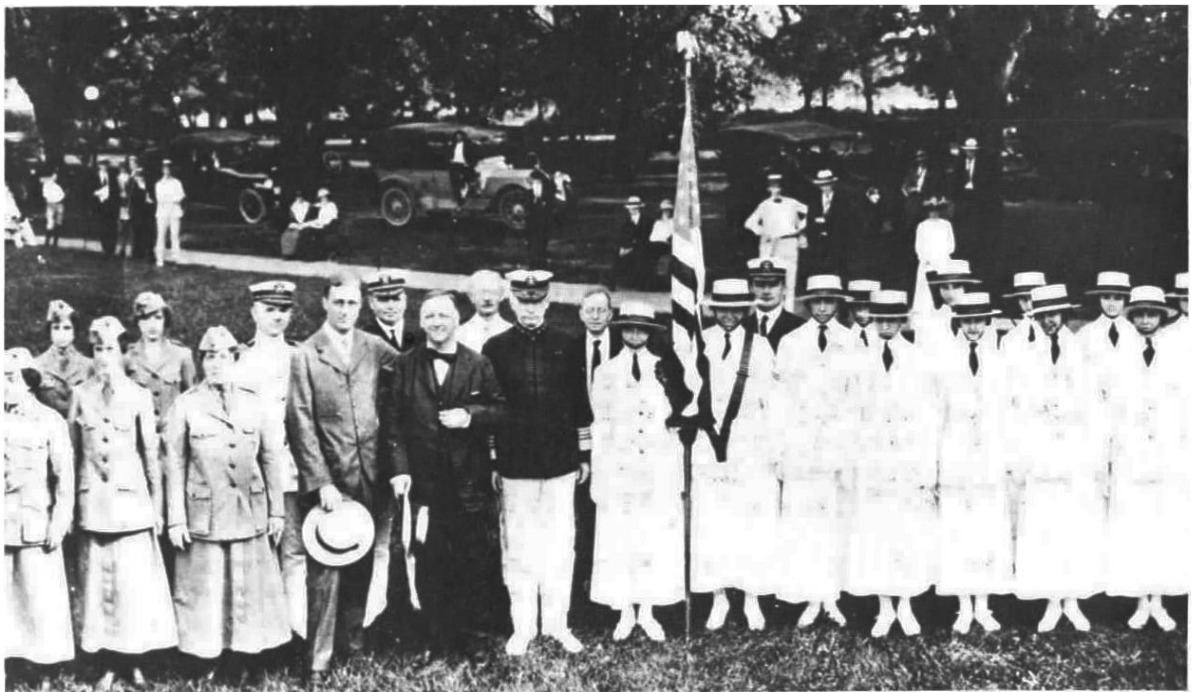
This first trip to Quantico was just one of many to follow for the Marine girls. Dances were scheduled every Friday night and those who lived in the city commuted easily by train from Union Station. After the Armistice, Private First Class Florence Gertler and her group of friends used to attend the dances whenever they could. "Usually the trains were so crowded we'd wind up sitting on the floor or lying down on the train platform to get some sleep." she reminisced, "There were civilian girls as well as other military women who came, but every Marine girl was assured of all dances, even though some of the other girls might not." (78)

The girls were competitive in nature and, typical of Marines throughout the ages, were eager for a little friendly jousting between departments. "Marine Girls to Have Own Team," read The Leatherneck headlines:

The girls of the Marine Corps at Washington have organized a basketball team to play rival teams of the Army and Navy Departments. All of which sounds sort of formal and everything to you men here at Quantico



Marines on board a commemorative float before taking their place in the parade line in Philadelphia in 1919. (Marine Corps Museum Photo Collection).



Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels and Assistant Secretary Franklin D. Roosevelt pose with Marine Reservists (F) and Navy Yeomen (F) at their final review in 1919. (NatArch RG 127G Photo 530164A).

but listen to the lineup announced by "Acting Jack" Mae E. Bennett. There's "Caddy Kid" Okey, "Cutey" Montgomery, "Gin" Bellinger, "Sammie" Ellyson, "Fido" Shoemaker, "Stonewall" Bennet, "Martrese" Thek, "Shorty" Kelly, "Tubby" Tracy, "Jane" Macias, "Red" Barker and "Priessy" And they have the sweetest little uniforms too. (79)

According to Charlotte Titsworth, who also played on the team, they wore "navy blue turtle neck sweaters with USMC in white across the chest." (80)

The girls also showed their prowess as first rate entertainers when they planned, organized, and executed a vaudeville show for the troops at Quantico. The Leatherneck, a great supporter of the girls in green, ran a feature story advertising the extravaganza. "A REAL LIVE SHOW INCLUDING BURLESQUE ON APACHE DANCE AND ENTICING CHORUS OF MARINE BEAUTIES NOW REHEARSING," broadcast the paper.

The starring number, "Shades of Cleopatra's Jazz" was planned to be a real show stopper: "The girls will...spring it on their unsuspecting Buddies January 20 with a full line of special music, a beauty chorus of dancingly dainty yet doughty and alluring Marine girls soubrettes who will attire themselves in semi-Cleopatra costumes. All they will lack will be the river Nile." stated the article.

The show was such a success that the following year, seven months after the women had been deactivated, Washington's Belleau Wood Chapter of former Marine Reserves (F) returned for another appearance, this time in two one-act comedies, "'Op' O' My Thumb" and "The Suburbanite." (81)

Disenrollment

With the signing of the Armistice of 11 November 1918, the urgent need for the support of female labor gradually decreased and finally on 15 July 1919, orders were issued by the Major General Commandant for the transfer of "all reservists on clerical duty at Headquarters...to inactive status prior to 11 August 1919." (82)

With traditional Marine Corps pomp and circumstance, a great ceremony was arranged on the occasion of their departure from the Corps back into civilian life. Major General Barnett accompanied by his complete staff and the Marine Corps band reviewed the women for the last time on the White House lawn. As the women completed their final pass-in-review Josephus Daniels stepped up to give the farewell address. Corporal Elizabeth Shoemaker vividly recalled the unforgettable occasion:

We stood in front of him in our uniforms listening to every word of his eloquent speech; He said we had been good Marines and he was proud of us; Then, in his closing statement he said, "We will not forget you. As we embrace you in uniform today, we will embrace you with out uniform tomorrow." All down the file of men standing at strict attention, the line broke, and everyone roared with laughter. The Secretary of the Navy forgot he was talking to women. (83)

Disenrollment from the Marine Corps Reserve (inactive status) took place at a steady, but gradual, rate and eventually all women were discharged although this was as late as 1922 in some cases. (84)

On 30 June 1919, Major General Commandant George Barnett was asked to comment on the service rendered by the female reservists during the war. In reply, the Commandant stated:

It is a pleasure, but not by any means an unexpected one, to be able to state that the service rendered by the reservists (female) has been uniformly excellent. It has, in fact, been exactly what the intelligence and goodness of our countrywomen would lead one to expect. (85)

Benefits

As veterans of the war the Marine Reservists (F) were afforded the full benefits legislated into law, the same as their male counterparts. In addition to the coveted right to military burial in Arlington National Cemetery alongside others who have fought to preserve America's honor, the women were also eligible for government insurance, World War compensation, a \$60.00 bonus upon discharge, medical treatment and hospitalization for service-connected disability, and a five per cent bonus added to Civil Service examinations for those who chose to remain in government service. (86)

With typical Marine esprit, some of the reservists elected to remain on duty as civilians at Headquarters Marine Corps, supply depots, and recruiting offices across the country. Still others returned to their hometowns and the prewar positions they so courageously left when the appeal for volunteers was made.



Lieutenant Colonel Martrese Thek Ferguson, who served as a woman Marine in both World Wars I and II, is pictured in November 1945. (USMC Photo A412893).

At the conclusion of the war, the women who remained in the reserves in an inactive status received retainer pay of \$1.00 per month until the end of their four-year enlistment contract. In addition they received a Good Conduct Medal and World War I Victory Medal when they were discharged from the inactive reserves.

After The War

Among those who remained in government service was Mrs. Jane Van Edsinga Blakeney who became head of the Decorations and Medals Branch at Headquarters Marine Corps, serving three commandants in that capacity. In 1959, Mrs. Blakeney was honored by the Marine Corps Combat Correspondents Association for her monumental book, Heroes, U. S. Marine Corps, 1861-1955, which lists the medals earned by Marines during that 94-year period and records the names and citations of those medal winners.

Another woman who chose to remain was Private Alma Swope who was to serve in the Supply Department for more than 44 years. Private Swope has the distinction of being the last Marine Reservist (F), who accepted a civil service position, to retire from government service. Upon her retirement in 1963, she received the personal congratulations of General David M. Shoup, then Commandant of the Marine Corps, and a letter of appreciation from the Secretary of the Navy.

In the years following the war, Corporal Sarah Macias, Private First Class Edith Macias, and Private Mary Sharkey, contributed to the Marine Corps in a very special way. Sarah's only daughter, Major Anne Lenox, serves today as a member of the Marine Corps Reserve, Edith was to have four sons and one step son serve the Corps, and Mary proudly claims three sons who wore the scarlet and gold.

Corporal Leola Hopkins can not only boast that her daughter, Leola, was the first woman to enlist in Norfolk during World War II, but also that she is still represented in the Corps by her other daughter Nannette, who is a reserve officer.

In an effort to maintain contact with the military and each other, many Marine Reservists (F) joined associations such as the Marine Corps League, Women Marines Association, and the American Legion.

The slogan "Once a Marine, Always a Marine" was true for two World War I Women Reservists who came back to the Corps to serve as officers in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve during World War II. Martrese Thek Ferguson, who



In 1946, Mrs. Opha Johnson, the Marine Corps' first woman Marine, and former Director of Women Marines, Colonel Katherine A. Towle, admire the uniform worn by Mrs. Johnson, modeled by PFC Muriel Albert. (USMC Photo 313950).

graduated at the top of the first officers' class in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve, rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, and commanded more than 2,000 women at Henderson Hall in Arlington, Virginia. The other woman reserve officer who wore the Marine green uniform in both wars was Lillian O'Malley Daly, one of the eight women who came into the new Women's Reserve directly from civilian life in early 1943. She was immediately sent to Camp Pendleton, California, where she served as West Coast Liaison Officer for the new women's organization.

One might be curious about how the women themselves felt about serving the Corps. The sentiments expressed by Private Mary Sharkey describes most accurately the feelings of the other World War I women: "I loved being a Marine. I loved helping our country. The feeling that the Marine Corps and I helped each other will always remain with me... however, the scales were definitely tipped on my side. It was, all in all, a wonderfully gratifying experience." (87)

The Nation's effort to prosecute the "War to end all Wars" marked the beginning of a new era in the history of American women. World War I afforded women across the Nation the opportunity to try their hand at hundreds of new and challenging occupations, many of which were considered unthinkable inappropriate for women before the war. They worked diligently and ably and in so doing laid the foundation for higher wages, better jobs, improved working conditions, and a more competitive status in the American labor market.

Among the more profound issues brought to a head as a result of the participation of American women in World War I was that of the political question of women's right to vote. Their involvement had been on such a large scale and so important to the war effort that the politicians were forced to consider the demands of the women's movement more seriously than they had before the war when the gainful employment of women outside the home was minimal and restricted.

By 1919 the movement's spokesmen had developed a most influential champion in President Woodrow Wilson who repeatedly spoke out in favor of the cause. In a speech to Congress concerning women's suffrage, President Wilson brought the moral implications of the issue into focus when he said: "Unless we enfranchise women we shall have fought to safeguard a democracy which, to that extent, we have never bothered to create." (88)



Former Marine Reservists (F) return to Headquarters Marine Corps for the 51st Anniversary of their enlistment. Standing l to r: Colonel Jeanette I. Sustad, former Director of Women Marines; Miss Elsie Pinney; Mrs. Alma Swope; Sue Seusa, President, Metropolitan Washington Chapter, Women Marines Association; Mrs. Philena Beale; Mrs. Marie Kane; and Sergeant Major Mabel A. R. Otten, former Sergeant Major of Women Marines. Seated l to r: Mrs. Louise McLuckie; Mrs. Marie Buttell; Miss Carrie Linkins; and Mrs. Margaret Jeschke. (USMC Photo A419732).

At length Congress adopted the Nineteenth Amendment which specified that the right of citizens to vote should not be denied by the United States on the basis of sex, and the women of America stepped up to the polls to vote for the first time in the 1920 Presidential elections.

Appendix A

Notes

- (1) Lucy Brewer, The Female Marine, Philadelphia, 1917.
- (2) U.S. Marine Corps Muster Rolls for 1-31 August 1918.
- (3) Ida Clyde Clarke, American Women and the War, (New York: D. Appleton Company, 1918), p. 6.
- (4) The New Republic, 20 October 1917, p. 6.
- (5) World's Work, 5 June 1917, p. 45.
- (6) U.S. Women's Bureau, The New Position of Women in American Industry, Bulletin #12 (Washington, D. C., 1920), p.25.
- (7) U. S. Department of the Navy, Bureau of Naval Personnel, Women's Reserve, "WAVES History," Unpublished manuscript, (Washington, D. C., 1946), p.1.
- (8) Eunice Dessez, The First Enlisted Women, 1917-1918 (New York: Dorrance & Co, 1946), p.12.
- (9) National Archives Record Group 80 -- Records of the Secretary of the Navy, General Correspondence, 28555-510-- Letter dated 2 August 1918. Copies on file Reference Section, History and Museums Division, Subject file: WW I Women Marines, hereafter Women Marines World War I File.
- (10) Ibid.
- (11) Ibid., 8 August 1918.
- (12) Typed excerpt Chapter XXXI, "Women in the Navy," from Josephus Daniels book, Our Navy at War (Women Marines World War I File).
- (13) National Archives Record Group 127--Records of the U.S. Marine Corps, General Correspondence (1913-1938) 1535-1555, Circular, dated 14 August 1918 (Women Marines World War I File).
- (14) "Women in the Navy," Chapter XXXI, op. cit.
- (15) Ibid.; MC Circular dated 14 August 1918, p. 3. (Women Marines World War I File).

- (16) Ibid.
- (17) Interview of Mrs. Florence (Gertler) Miller, p.2, hereafter Miller interview (Women Marines World War I File).
- (18) Interview of Mrs. Ida (Kirkham) Lawrence, p.1, hereafter Lawrence interview (Women Marines World War I File).
- (19) Miller interview, p.1.
- (20) Ibid., p.3
- (21) National Archives Record Group 127, op. cit. Letter from MajGen George Barnett, dated 30 June 1919.
- (22) Interview of Mrs. Elizabeth (Shoemaker) Linscott, p.8, hereafter Linscott interview (Women Marines World War I File)
- (23) New York Evening World, 23 January 1919.
- (24) Interview of Mrs. Mary (Sharkey) Short, p.3, hereafter Short interview (Women Marines World War I File).
- (25) Linscott interview, p. 6.
- (26) Kemper F. Cowing, Dear Folks At Home (New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1919), p. 16.
- (27) National Archives Record Group 127, op. cit.
- (28) Springfield Sunday Republican, February 1960.
- (29) Interview of Miss Margaret L. Powers, p. 2, hereafter Powers interview (Women Marines World War I File).
- (30) Linscott interview, p. 28.
- (31) Interview of Mrs. Avadney (Hea) Cheney, p. 17, hereafter Cheney interview (Women Marines World War I File).
- (32) Interview of Miss Ingrid Jonassen, p. 3 (Women Marines World War I File).
- (33) Powers interview, p. 3.
- (34) Cheney interview, p. 8.
- (35) Powers interview, p. 2.
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- (37) Jonassen interview, p. 3.
- (38) Ibid., p. 2.
- (39) Miller interview, p. 6.
- (40) "Women in the Navy," Chapter XXXI, op. cit., p. 38.
- (41) Marine Corps Orders No. 62 (Series 1918), HQMC, 7 December 1918.
- (42) Short interview, p. 5.
- (43) Springfield Sunday Republican, February 1960.
- (44) National Archives Record Group No. 127, op. cit., memo from MajGen Barnett, dated 8 February 1919.
- (45) Springfield Sunday Republican, February 1960.
- (46) Interview of Mrs. Mabelle (Musser) Hall, p.2, hereafter Hall interview (Women Marines World War I File).
- (47) Interview of Mrs. Lucy (Erwin) Winter, p. 1, hereafter Winter interview (Women Marines World War I File)
- (48) "Women in the Navy," Chapter XXXI, op. cit., p. 39.
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- (61) Interview of Mrs. Edith (Macias) Vann, p. 2., hereafter Vann interview (Women Marines World War I File).
- (62) Ibid., p.3.
- (63) Lawrence interview, p. 2.
- (64) Miller interview, p. 5.
- (65) Linscott interview., p. 18.
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- (67) Cheney interview, p. 14.
- (68) Short interview, p. 6.
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- (83) Linscott interview, p. 42; Springfield Sunday Republican, February 1960.
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- (85) National Archives Record Group no. 127, op. cit., letter from MajGen Barnett to Miss Sawyer, dated 30 June 1919.
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BERTRAM, Elizabeth (Mrs.) July 1972.

BOND, Olive (Mrs. Miller), August 1972.

CHAPMAN, Mary Lou (Mrs. Warren Clayson), April 1972.

ELLYSON, Samia (Mrs. Pope), April 1972.

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FRANTZ, Frieda (Mrs. T. Kelleher), October 1972.

GARDINER, Marie (Mrs. Buttell), October 1972.

GERTLER, Florence (Mrs. Albert Miller), November 1972.

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HEA, Avadney (Mrs. Paul Cheney), August 1972.

HEDTLER, Louise, Mrs. Norman Budge), October 1972.

HOPKINS, Leola Anne (Mrs. Erenesto Beavers), August 1972.

JONASSEN, Ingrid, May 1972.

JONES, Sarah, November 1972.

KINNA, Pauline (Mrs. Chamberlin), October 1972.

KIRKHAM, Ida (Mrs. Herbert Lawrence), October 1972.

LAYCOCK, Fanny (Mrs. Karl Kadic), November 1972.

LEE, Edna (Mrs. Robert Freund), July 1972.

LEIBRAND, Lela (Mrs. Rogers), May 1972.

LINKINS, Carrie, October 1972.

MACIAS, Edith (Mrs. Vann), April 1972.
MCLUCKIE, Louise (Mrs. Davey), October 1972.
MUSSER, Maybelle (Mrs. William Hall), April 1972.
O'MALLEY, Lillian (Mrs. Joseph Daly), March 1972.
POWERS, Margaret, June 1972.
SHARKEY, Mary (Mrs. Joseph Short), July 1972.
SHOEMAKER, Elizabeth (Mrs. Linscott), August 1972.
SWOPE, Alma, October 1972.
TITSWORTH, Charlotte (Mrs. Austin), December 1972.
VAN WAGNER, Violet (Mrs. Lopez) February 1972.
WEIDINGER, Florence (Mrs. MacAlister), July 1972.

Appendix C

Partial Alphabetical Roster of Women Enrolled in the Marine Corps During World War I

ABERLE, Caroline O.
AHLUM, Frances C.
ALLEN, Susie
ANDREAS, Alfreda A.
ARNOLD, Jewell (Mrs. Craig Hansen)
ARNOLD, Judy
ARTHUR, Minnie
BAER, Ethel M.
BAILEY, Elsie M. (Mrs. Pinney)
BAKER, Emma L.
BALFOUR, Isabelle (Mrs. Morton)
BARKER, Alma
BARTLE, Maria
BARTON, Edith D.
BEALE, Rose
BECK, Maryann K.
BECK, May
BELLINGER, Virginia (Mrs. Bogart)
BENNETT, Mae E.
BENSON, Mary (Mrs. Albert W. Eldred)
BEPPLER, Elsie M. (Mrs. Schaeffner)
BERK, Alma (Mrs. Swope)
BERTRAM, Elizabeth

BITTNER, Elva D.
BLISS, Mary Ann (Mrs. Kennedy)
BOND, Olive M. (Mrs. Miller)
BOONE, Irene (Mrs.)
BOWMAN, Ann
BOYD, Justina M.
BRESNAN, Mary (Mrs. Edward Duggan)
BROADWATER, Alice
BROWN, Anna (Mrs. T. Stanley Holland)
BROWN, Eleanor F.
BUCKLEY, Sarah (Mrs. Daniel)
BUDD, Graham
BURGESS, Eleanor
BURNS, Mae (Mrs. Walter Fisher)
BYRD, Norma (Mrs. Watson)
CANTER, Lillian E.
CAREY, Emily J.
CAYIA, Jennie
CHAMBERLAIN, Lavinia P. (Mrs. Roy Kinna)
CHANDLEY, Pearl (Mrs. Howard L. Oagley)
CHAPMAN, Mayr Lou (Mrs. Warren Clayson)
CLARK, Grace
CLARKE, Blanche D.
CLAY, Mary
CLYNE, Rose M.
COLCLAZER, Alma (Mrs. Crosby)

COVERT, Marie (Mrs. Anders)
COWELL, Mildred A. (Mrs. Jones)
COXE, Elizabeth B. (Mrs. MacIntosh)
CROOP, Susan M.
CROSS, Helen M.
CUTTER, Lillian
DAOUD, Nahiba
DAVEY, Louise A. (Mrs. McLuckie)
DAVIDSON, Eva (Mrs. William Rabill)
DAVIS, Sybil B. (Mrs. MacNamara)
DEUTERMAN, Louise (Mrs. Allison)
DEVEREAUX, Margaret M. (Mrs. Jeschke)
DICKERSON, Bessie R. (Mrs. Carl G. Carlson)
DONAGHY, Clare M.
DOYLE, Mary B.
DRINKWATER, Charlotte M.
DUCKMAN
DUNN, Helen H. (Mrs.)
DUPONT, Helen C. (Mrs.)
ELLYSON, Jennie (Mrs. Gus Creange)
ELLYSON, Samia (Mrs. Pope)
ELSESSER, Caroline C.
ENGLISH, May
ERERLE, Carolyn
ERVIN, Lucy (Mrs. Winter)
EVANS, Matilda M. (Mrs.)

FALLON, Mary M.
FAUNCE, Elizabeth A.
FELL, Mary H.
FOLKS, Maybelle La Von (Mrs. Thad Taylor)
FOWLER, Beverly
FRANTZ, Frieda (Mrs. T.C. Kelleher)
FRENCH, Agatha C.
GABY, Minette (Mrs. Benjamin Duckman)
GAMAGE, Philena (Mrs. Reginald H. Beale)
GARDINER, Marie A. (Mrs. Buttell)
GARDNER, May
GASKINS, Mabel E.
GERNSBACHER, Viola
GERTLER, Florence (Mrs. Albert Miller)
GILL, Kathryn (Mrs. Harry J. Belden)
GRAHAM Frances C.
GRAHAM Ruth C. (Mrs. Ralph H. Crandall)
GRIFFITH, Virginia L.
GUNN, Elizabeth
HAINES, Ruth
HANSON, Genevive (Mrs. Arnold)
HARGIS, Mae E.
HART, Margaret (Mrs. Canby)
HASSON, Carol (Mrs. Miller)
HATSEL, Margaret A.

HAY, Mary (Mrs. Douglas)
HEA, Avadney (Mrs. Paul E. Cheney)
HEDTLER, Ethel Louise (Mrs. Norman D. Budge)
HELMES, Emma C.
HODGKINS, Alice W.
HOPKINS, Leola A. (Mrs. Erenesto Beavers)
HOYLE, Mary T.
HURLEY, Blanche
HUTCHINS, Irene (Mrs. D. A. Knight)
IRVINE, Blanche P.
JACOBSON, Myrtle (Mrs. H. W. Gunther)
JOHNSON, Elizabeth N.
JOHNSON, Opha M. (Mrs.)
JONASSEN, Ingrid
JONES, Norma (Mrs. Watson)
JONES, Sarah L.
KEARNEY, Jessie E. (Mrs. Arthur Perkins)
KELLER, Esther M.
KELLY, Mary C. (Mrs. Howard)
KENNY, Carrie E. (Mrs. Thompson)
KINNA, Lavina P. (Mrs. Chamberlin)
KIRKHAM, Ida G. (Mrs. Herbert F. Lawrence)
KIRKHAM, Patsy (Mrs. Owen)
KIRKPATRICK, Pat
KRAUSS, Margaret C. (Mrs. Noyes)
KUGAN, Janet C.

KURGAN, Wanda
LAKE, Theresa
LAMMERS, Sophia J.
LASALLE, Lillian R.
LAYCOCK, Fanny E. (Mrs. Karl Kadic)
LEE, Edna E. (Mrs. Robert F. Freund)
LEIBRAND, Lela E. (Mrs. Rogers)
LEWELLEN, Ethel (Mrs. J.B. Dennis)
LINGLE, Daisy (Mrs. Charles Myrtle)
LINKINS, Carrie
LOVELEY, Ethel R. (Mrs. Miloy)
LOWEN, Bertrude T. (Mrs. Toogood)
LYNCH, Maefaret
MABLEY, Mildred (Mrs. E. M. Donnelly)
MACIAS, Edith A. (Mrs. Vann)
MACIAS, Sara J. (Mrs. Brewer Stouffer)
MADLAND, Helen (Mrs. Orra Armstrong)
MAHAN, Alice L.
MALONE May F.
MARCUS, Rose (Mrs. Benjamin Hurvitz)
MARINA, Maria (Mrs. G. R. Kerm)
MASSENGALE, Mabel
MCGOLDRICK, Margaret C.
MCMORRIS, Victoria M. (Mrs. Sheevers)
MIDDLETON, Marjorie
MILLER, Mildred A. (Mrs. Richard Romer)

MILLINGTON, Anna L.
MILLINGTON, Clara
MILLS, Gladys E.
MILLER, Olive Mae (Mrs. Michael)
MONTGOMERY, Edith C.
MORINA, Maria L. (Mrs. G. R. Kern)
MORRIS, Anna (Mrs. McGoldrick)
MORRISON, Maud S.
MUIR, Charlotte E. (Mrs. Martin)
MULL, Helen M. (Mrs. Miller)
MUSSER, Mabelle L. (Mrs. A. William Hall)
NELSON, Elizabeth (Mrs. George T. Welk)
NEUMARK, Helen
NUBSON, Troy A.
O'KEEFE, May L. (Mrs. Hurley)
OKEY, Ouida M. (Mrs. William J. Sharp)
OLSON, Alma E. (Mrs. Gaston Stickler)
O'MALLEY, Lillian C. (Mrs. John Daly)
OMAN, Alma J. (Mrs.)
O'NEILL, Helen G.
OWEN, Maybelle (Mrs.)
PATTERSON, Lillian
PEZZULI, Helen
PIDGEON, Katherine N.
PINKSTON, Caroline A.
PINNEY, Elsie

POWERS, Margaret L.
PRIESS, Helen I.
PURVIS, Harriet R. (Mrs. Larsen)
QUINN, Doris B. (Mrs. Lemly)
REILLY, Mary (Mrs. Rasener)
REINHARDT, Doris B.
REISS, Mae C.
RIENKENS, Charlotte S.
ROBINSON, Dorothy L.
ROEDER, Helen A.
ROTT, Lynn R.
ROSE
ROUMAGE, Jeanette C. (Mrs. Kelsy)
ROUNDTREE, Anna C.
RUDDER, Willie C.
RYAN, Anna N.
SANDS, Alice
SAWYER, Lillian M.
SAWYER Ray C.
SAYLOR, Myrtle R.
SCALES, Grace E. (Mrs. Tippet)
SCHLIGHT, Marie S. (Mrs. Kane)
SCHNADER, Madeline
SCHROEDER, Bessie L. (Mrs. Patchen)
SCHROEDER, Irene
SETTLE, Sarah G.
SHARKEY, Mary (Mrs. Joseph Short)

SHAUGHNESSY, Margaret C.
SHELDON, Anna A. (Mrs. Fulkerson)
SHOEMAKER, Elizabeth (Mrs. Robert Linscott)
SISSON, Mildred G.
SLY, Ethel W.
SMITH, Bessie (Mrs P. Frederick Dryer)
SMITH, Dorothy F.
SMITH, Thea A.
SOCKRIDER, Elsie L.
SORENSEN, Mattie L.
SPIKE, Ruth A. (Mrs. Frank Spike)
STIMSON, Hazel L. (Mrs. Fitzgerald)
STREEKS, Emma L.
STRUM, Ruth W. (Mrs. Errett)
SWENSON, Enga A.
THEK, Martrese (Mrs. Ferguson)
THOMAS, Gladys (Mrs. W. L. Allen)
THOMPSON, Anna E.
THOMSPON, Carrie E. (Mrs. Kenny)
TITSWORTH, Charlotte (Mrs. Austin)
TITUS, Daisy E. (Mrs. Spernoga)
TRACY, Ina C.
TODD, Elizabeth M.
TULLY, Irene (Mrs. Rothrock)
TYSON, Edith (Mrs. Tom Shepard)

VAN EDSINGNA, Jane (Mrs. Arthur Blakeney)
VAN WAGNER, Violet (Mrs. Jose Lopez)
WASHBURNE, Ethel
WATSON, Eunice C.
WEIDINGER, Florence (Mrs. MacAlister)
WELLS, Jean C. (Mrs.)
WERNER, Lillian D.
WHEATLEY, Henrietta A.
WHITESIDES, Mabel H.
WIELAND, Clara L.
WILKINS, Florence G.
WILKINS, Louise B.
WILLIAMS, Mozelle M. (Mrs.)
WILSCHINSKI, Martha
WITHERS, Margaret C.
WITTICOS, Margaret
WRIGHT, Minnie (Mrs. William Sayers)

Appendix D

Authorization to Enroll Women Marines

NAVY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON

August 8, 1918

To: Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps

Subject: Enrollment of women in the Marine Corps Reserve
for clerical duty.

Reference: Letter of Major General Commandant, USMC, dated
August 2, 1918.

1. Referring to letter of the Major General Commandant U.S.M.C. as per above reference and in particular to the statement contained in the second paragraph thereof, that it is thought that about 40% of the work at the Headquarters, U.S. Marine Corps can be performed as well by women as by men: authority is granted to enroll women in the Marine Corps Reserve for clerical duty at Headquarters, U.S. Marine Corps, Washington, D.C., and at other Marine Corps offices in the United States where their services may be utilized to replace men who may be qualified for active field service with the understanding that such enrollment shall be gradual.

Josephus Daniels

Appendix E

Wilchinski and Leibrand Articles

Articles written by Sergeants Martha Wilchinski and Lela Leibrand concerning their experiences in World War I.

Article from The Recruiters' Bulletin, Vol. 4, No. 12 (October 1918), p. 16.

New York, September 23, 1918

Dear Bill:

Well, Bill, here I am again. I've been waiting for a chance to write you, but you'd never believe me if I told you I've been so busy sweeping floors and picking up cigarette butts and washing windows and everything, I haven't had a chance. That's a fine occupation for a Marine! Believe me, if I had known what I was enlisting for-! What'll I say to my grandchildren, Bill? When they ask me: "What did you do in the Great War, Grandma?" I'll have to say: "Washing windows on the second floor." That's a fine thing to have written on your tombstone, isn't it!

It's these everlasting inspections, Bill. There's only one thing the matter with them - they never come off! That is how I have it doped out, Bill. They want to save janitor's wages, so an order comes around that the general or somebody is coming for inspection. Then everybody gets busy and starts scrubbing and bumping into each other and stepping on each other's feet and everything. And just because I'm low in rank I have to do most of the work. The captain comes in and says: "Here's where you ought to shine!" "I am shining, Captain," I says; "I'm shining everything in sight." So he takes a chair and puts it on the table and stands on it and runs his finger along the ceiling. Then he shows it to me, and it has a speck of dust on it, and he looks at me like I broke his heart. So I climb up after him and I'm so nervous, I fall down and break the chair and scratch the table and dislocate my adenoids.

But that isn't all, Bill. I don't want to get court-martialed or anything by the general - not until pay-day, anyway - so I wash my face and go out and get a shine and everything. And the general

never came that day at all, and the next day it rained and spoiled my shine and I had to get another one. I tell you, Bill, this life is wearing me out to a whisper. I'm getting so thin I had to take another hole in my wrist watch.

You remember I told you last time that a "movie" man took a picture of me being sworn in. He said it was going to show the week after. Well, Bill, I went to the movies steady every night for three weeks and spend \$2.13 on myself and that fellow Pete, who lives next door to us; he's got a B classification - he'll be here when they go and be here when they come back. And all I got out of it was Spanish influenza and a pain in the ear on the side where Pete was snoring all the time, and I'm out \$2.13, and all the lunch I can live on for a month now is a glass of milk and a short walk.

My cousin Sadie has been coming in and bragging for a week about her friend's being gassed and wounded and decorated and everything. I know her friend all right. The only way he'd ever get on the casualty list is by starving to death on account of sleeping all day and not having to get up for meals. And the only decorations he'd ever get are a couple of black eyes. Well, I was might pleased when I saw your name in the papers, Bill. That Sadie hasn't got a thing on me now.

I hope they didn't have to give you ether, Bill. I hear the fellows do terrible things when they come out of ether. I heard of a fellow who made love to the nurse. I bet he tried to hold her hand and everything. I get a lot of inside dope about the war, Bill; that's how I happened to hear about this. You want to be careful about those French girls, Bill. They're terribly rough. I hear you can't take a peaceful walk by yourself without having one of them drape herself around your aesophagus and getting closer to you than your landlady on payday. I'm sending you a book on biology. It's called "How to Tell the Wild Women." You ought never to go to Paris without it.

I have some very difficult situations to handle sometimes, Bill. For instance: The other day the lieutenant and I were waiting to go down in the elevator. Now, here's the question. If I am a lady and he's a gentleman, I go in first. If he's an officer and I'm a corporal, he goes in first. It all depends on how you look at it. I didn't know how he'd

take it, so I thought I'd wait and see what he'd do. I guess he thought the same thing. So we both stood there eyeing each other up on the right oblique. Then he stepped forward and I stepped back. Then he stepped back and I stepped forward. Then we both stepped back. I was getting pretty dizzy by that time. I guess he was too. Then we both squeezed in at the same time. I guess that's what they mean by military tactics.

Well, I've got to stop now and start in picking up cigarette butts again. They're smoking them very short this year. I tell you, Bill, if I ever get out of this alive and have a home of my own, there'll be no cigarettes in my house. Not that I'm throwing out any hints. I thought you'd just like to know, that's all.

Your comrade in arms
Corporal Martha

MARTHA THE MARINE!

The Uniform is the Thing!



IT'S "US CORPORALS" NOW, MARTHA TELLS BILL

**Wearing Chevrons Is Fine,
but Drill and "Osculations"
----- Ain't.**

October 17, 1918.

Dear Bill:—

Of course, Bill, you must have heard of my promotion. I'm a regular non-commissioned officer now with chevrons and a swell head and everything. When they call me Corporal, I tell you Bill it feels like Napoleon.

The Colonel came up for the occasion. He called me out in front of everybody. "Private," he said, "Were you ever served with a warrant?" "No sir," I said, wondering what I had done now. He managed to keep out of jail until now. "Well," he goes on, "you're going to be now." If he did have anything on me I thought it was kind of mean to call me down in front of everybody. "It's a wonder," I said, "you wouldn't shoot it from the roof." But I said it to myself.

But when I read the warrant I saw that I had suddenly been changed into an officer. You know when a man is made a lieutenant the Major or somebody always pins on his shoulder bars, so I was waiting for him to sew my chevrons on. But he didn't. I guess he's not very handy that way.

There are a lot of things you have to go through in this life, Bill. The other day I had to go over to the doctor to be osculated or something. And what with getting vaccinated and feeling like the measles and cutting a back tooth at the same time, I felt as if all I needed

was a hoop and a nursemaid to make my happiness complete.

I'll tell you about the scientific explanation of this osculation business, Bill. The doctor takes a tool about the size of a bicycle pump, jabs it into your arm until it comes out of the back of your neck and begins pumping typhoid and yellow fever germs into you at the rate of a million a second. By the time he gets through with you, you feel like the cross section of an ant hill. Now these here germs are supposed to be dead but there's still a lot of fight in them. And as soon as they get inside of you they suddenly remember all the family feuds they had in their last residence and begin to revive them. Then the germs that were there before they came get sore and start a free for all fight and that sets up what they call a typhoid immunity. Which means that if a single typhoid germ ever stays far enough from home to get into you he'll soon wish he'd followed father's advice and stayed at home. I hope you understand this explanation Bill, because then maybe you can explain it to me.

All the girl Marines drill on the roof every day.

You never can tell about those drill commands. For instance. The drill sergeant says "fall out!" Now there's a little blonde not a thousand miles away from here with whom I've been wanting to have a falling out for a long time. So when the sergeant gives me this invitation I don't wait to be told twice but go right to it. They tried to stop us but it was too late. The damage done was terrible.

Then this right about face business. You never saw such a mess. At the Command "about" you drape your right

leg about your left, the feet toeing in, the knees concentric and two feet apart; at the command "face" you swing about, your fist resting in your neighbor's right eye while you land gracefully on his feet. Now anybody can see that a stunt like that is bound to end up in complications. Why you can start a war in a minute just by standing six men up and telling them to about face into each other.

I've been looking six ways for my uniform for weeks, until an order comes out that you have to send your measurements to Philadelphia or Jersey City or some place and have your uniform made by mail. Now I've had enough experience with these correspondence schools to know better. Don't you remember when my father tried to learn the cornet in ten lessons by mail guaranteed and the neighbors complained so much that we had to move out? Well I expected the worst and I can't say I was much disappointed. When I put my uniform on I looked like a physical map of Colorado.

I'm learning the duties of an officer very fast, Bill. I've got up to chewing tobacco. I start on that next week. I can't swear yet but I know all the words. We'll be able to understand each other better when you get back Bill.

Good-bye Bill from
Friend Corp.

The Girl Marines

BY PVT. LELA LEIBRAND



THREE OF OUR GIRL MARINES

Here's the way the Heavy Artillery Force at Headquarters looks in full uniform. Left to right: "Big Bertha" Macias, "Minnenwerfer" Bennett and "Flammenwerfer" Macias

Cherchez la femme! (Find the woman!) It is no longer a problem down at Headquarters in Washington. Girls, girls everywhere! And the Marines might just as well accustom themselves to us for we've come down among them to stay four years!

The moment your Marine Corps sent out the call for girls we flocked to the recruiting stations in every village, hamlet and town, eager to be one of that splendid body of men who have rendered such excellent account of themselves "overthere." And, we found

they were most particular who they enrolled. "One hundred per cent men; one hundred per cent women," seemed to be the slogan, resulting in about four hundred being chosen out of as many thousand applicants. Believe us, we who are in are mighty glad it was us! It's an enormous satisfaction to know you can rate such an organization.

Many of us have left splendid positions back home to answer the call of our country in her hour of stress, even as the boys, because we knew we could be useful. Others of us have come

because the Marine Corps pays a better wage than most private concerns for the same kind of work, and the hours, 8.30 A.M., to 4.30 P.M., are especially light. Then, not the least inducement is that fascinating uniform,—enough to make any girl leave home. Have you seen them? Done up in one we have to salute officers and everything.

You see, we are here to attend to your official business while you go out to fight. Some of the officers and men are most skeptical as to our intentions and we've found we must convince them we mean business. (Mr. Stroschein please note.) We are going to do it too, by honest effort, rigidly applied. Our work is exacting, and the detail cruel, in a way, for it keeps us upon the tips of our mental toes every moment of each day. To trifle means an error; errors mean inaccurate records. It can't be done in the Marines! However, the men are kind and considerate and patient with us, though a bit dazed at the newness of it.

There's romance in the work; real, live, human romance. We keep in closer touch with you than you dream. If you are transferred we know where from and to. If you are hurt, we know when, where and how much. When you reach another step in progress of your training, marksmanship, promotion, we hear about it and see to it you get the proper credits on your records and—the additional pay! But, when we read "Ashore France, servg. with Army fr," stamped on your card—well, it is but a little hope, just a thought, but it is a prayer that God will watch over you and care for you, in the end delivering you safely home, truly glorified, to that little mother who writes us occasionally that we might know exactly where she may be reached the most speedily "in case of emergency." Romance, did you ask? Each one of you is a special little story all by

yourself. Sssh! We know when you're brigged, too!

Oh, I mustn't forget to tell you about our drills. You boys would turn dark green with envy to see us "right face," "left face," salute" (at the heathenish hour of 8.30 in the morning). And, Corporal Lockout, who is in charge of our drills said (and these are his exact words), "Girls learn the drills much easier than men." He added he doesn't know why, but we do. Besides Corporal in Charge Edward E. Lockout, we have Sgt. Arthur G. Hamilton, Corpl. Guy C. Williams and Pvt. Herbert S. Fitzgerald, each in charge of a company and each one enthusiastic about it. Well, who wouldn't be?—Am I right? We do police duty in our offices, too, but we didn't have to be drilled to that.

However, Corporal Lockout whispers to me that the drilling is only a means to an end. Discipline is the goal! Military discipline, at that. Personalities and sex must be subdued. The girls must learn as the men have learned, they are privates in the Marine Corps; must learn to accept discipline as the men accept it, without a single consideration for the fact that in private life they were self-governing young ladies. There is to be no proviso to this discipline. We are Marines! That says it all! And, once our lesson has been told to us, I hear from various sources, in ominous tones, leniency will cease to exist. The chaff will be separated from the wheat. A sort of forewarning. Now, do you gather a bit of our importance among you? We are not a fad by any means.

The Navy Department has taken over a hotel for us the Hotel Vendome, at Third and Pennsylvania Avenue, and every convenience and entertainment of home will be supplied us there at a charge much within the reach of our purses. Too, the boys at Quantico ask us down, a few at a time, to

their dances, and we are chaperoned by Colonel McLemore and his wife and daughter. We haven't a moment to get lonely or homesick.

All this just to let you know we are here, also to warn you that, whatever you do, remember the eagle eyes of the Marinettes are right upon you. Watch your step!

And just so you'll know who we are, here's the list of all the Marinettes now on duty at Headquarters, excepting the girls whose names were published in the October issue:

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT
Privates

Mary C. Sharkey, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mary H. Fell, Elmira, N. Y.
Ida G. Kirkham, New York
Mildred A. Miller, Hoboken, N. J.
May L. O'Keefe, Jersey City, N. J.
Dorothy F. Smith, New York
Ruth A. Spike, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mary A. Bresnan, No. Cambridge, Mass.
Pearl Chandley, Inglefield, Ind.
Bessie R. Dickerson, Shelbina, Mo.
Philena E. Gamage, Waltham, Mass.
Ethel L. Heddler, Mattapan, Mass.
Mary T. Hoye, Brookline, Mass.
Margaret L. Powers, Quincy, Mass.
Rose Marcus, Boston, Mass.
Daisy E. Titus, Moline, Ill.
Frances C. Ahlum, Osage, N. J.
Ruth C. Graham, New York, N. Y.
Sarah L. Jones, Meridien, Mass.
Anna E. Morris, West Orange, N. J.
Helen H. Neumark, New York, N. Y.
Anna C. Rountree, Jersey City, N. J.
Jennie F. Van Edsinga, New York
Ethel W. Sly, Nucla, Colo.
Mary M. Beck, New York, N. Y.
Elsie Beppler, New York, N. Y.
Mary Fallon, New York, N. Y.
Mary Doyle, New York, N. Y.
Helen Dunn, New York, N. Y.
Ruth Haines, Washington, D. C.
Mary A. Williams, Youngstown, Ohio.
Helen M. Cross, Baltimore, Md.
Mildred A. Cowell, Marietta, Ohio
Ouida M. Okey, Woodsfield, Ohio
Ethel R. Loveley, Washington, D. C.
Mary Ann K. Beck, Rochester, N. Y.
Evaad B. Hea, Buffalo, N. Y.
Florence G. Wilkins, Washington, D. C.
Eleanor F. Brown, La Plata, Md.
Anna H. Brown, La Plata, Md.
Clare M. Donaghy, Oil City, Pa.
Willie C. Rudder, Washington, D. C.
Blanche P. Irvine, Washington, D. C.
Maybelle L. Folks, Clarksburg, Ind.
Margaret C. Withers, Yonkers, N. Y.
Dorothy L. Robinson, Baltimore, Md.

Grace Clark, New York, N. Y.
Margaret M. Devereux, Washington, D. C.
Genevieve H. Hansen, New York, N. Y.
Sylvia L. Reinhardt, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lela E. Leibrand, New York, N. Y.
Mary C. Titsworth, Washington, D. C.
Lillian C. O'Malley, Washington, D. C.
Mildred G. Sisson, Washington, D. C.
Margaret A. Hatzel, Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT
Privates

Irene Hutchens, Allegan Co., Mich.
Gladys E. Mills, Washington, D. C.
Elizabeth A. Faunce, Washington, D. C.
Edna E. Lee, Olivet, Mich.
Elsie M. Pinney, Baltimore, Md.
Gladys Thomas, Greeley, Iowa.
Minnie Wright, Preston, England.
Ethel Washbourne, Rock Falls, Ill.
Virginia Griffith, New York, N. Y.
Carolyn Elsesser, Williamsport, Pa.
Gertrude Lowen, Bournemouth, England
Clara Wieland, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Edith Tyson, Crab Orchard, Neb.
Carel Hasson, Minneapolis, Minn.
Hazel Stimson, Detroit, Mich.
Carrie Linkins, Washington, D. C.
Blanche Clarke, Virginia, Ill.
Bessie Smith, Prince Georges Co., Md.
Mabelle Musser, Hinckley, Ohio
Harriet Purvis, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lavina Chamberlaine, Washington, D. C.
Mabel Gaskins, Lancaster, Pa.
Elizabeth Gunn, Greenfield, Ohio
Anna Sheldon, Washington, D. C.
Jean Wells, Fullerton, Cal.
Clara Millington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sybil Davis, Berwyn, Md.
Helen Roeder, Upper Marlboro, Md.
Susie Allen, Alexandria, Va.
May Malone, Washington, D. C.

PAYMASTER'S DEPARTMENT
Privates

Irene E. H. Bonne, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Sara V. Buckley, Washington, D. C.
Lillian E. Canter, Plainfield, N. J.
Nahiba Daoud, Washington, D. C.
Eva Davidson, Harrisburg, Pa.
Charlotte M. Drinkwater, Washington, D. C.
Margaret C. Krauss, Washington, D. C.
Wanda Kurgan, New York, N. Y.
Fanny E. Laycock, Leesburg, Va.
Emma L. Streeks, Washington, D. C.

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Article From LEATHERNECK (Quantico) Vol. 2, No. 9 (2 January 1919).

FAIR MARINE TELLS OF FLIGHT IN HYDROPLANE

By Pvt. Lela Leibrand

Did you see the 894 circling about over your heads the other day, dipping, vooming, tipping and twirling? Well--that was I'M. How did I look?

You know, people have told me time and again the terrible experiences they had in airplanes; funny things happening to their stomachs when they were descending and twirling, and such and now I don't believe any one of those people who told me those things ever went up in an airplane, hydroplane or Marine plane. Honestly, it's just the opposite. You want to sing and laugh and dance. You leave the world behind and its troubles and worries and cares, and you just sail up among the clouds getting closer and closer to heaven and the quiet and peace you've always been told heaven means. You cannot remember a single unpleasant thing people have done to you or that you would like to do to people. You just sit there and drink in the air and look and look and look.

Try to Frighten Her

Captain Mims and Captain Page, our two well-known flyers, tried their best to frighten me before we started. Captain Page tied my helmet under my chin, and as he did so, told me in all seriousness that I must hold my mouth tightly closed to insure the imprisonment of my heart as the plane would leave the water. Captain Mims, drawing on those snappy looking overalls of leather he wears when flying, and incidently looks so ducedly handsome in, listed all the different antics he would perform once he got me into the air. But, I did some quick thinking, and just smiled back at them, for wherever Captain Mims sent me he had to go himself, so, I'd take a chance.

They all seemed to be somewhat worried because I showed no signs of weakening, and I suppose the crew thought I was one of those girls who remain seemingly passive throughout the preliminaries, then go all to pieces at the real test. But I showed "em, I did!

After I was strapped into my pit (Yes, hydroplanes have them); I became a little impatient. How was I to know it took hydroplane chauffeurs so long to get their machines started? Now, my Packard--yes, and in the movies, the driver just



Private Lela Leibrand stands on the wings of a hydroplane at Quantico after taking her first flight. (USMC Photo 518553).

steps blithely into his seat and moves away from the earth. But, Captain Mims speeded the engine, then stopped it, then speeded it again. Poor me, I thought something had happened and it wouldn't go and I wasn't going to get my ride. Then, all of a sudden, we were off. I didn't realize we had left the water until I saw it receding below me. Then up, up, up.

O, Boy! There's not a single adjective in the United States that has the power to express it. I wanted to sing, so I burst forth, that is, I'm sure I did, but you know those engines! I know I never sang better in my life, either, for I was truly inspired.

Says She Wasn't Dizzy

Afraid? Why there is absolutely nothing to make one feel insecure up there. You are in that enormous, luxuriant plane and you are far too high to get dizzy looking down.

If you remember, that day was one of those clear, opal-pink days with just a hint of fog in the air to tone down the coloring. After we got a thousand feet or so above the friendly old Potomac, all sound and motion other than our own, ceased. I was looking, just filling my eyes full, and I've never seen a more beautiful sight, a more inspiring sight in my life.

Do you remember when you used to look at those stereopticon views grandmother used to have on the front parlor table? Looking through those goggles from that distance, took me back to those days, for that is just the way the earth looked like to me. Just a beautiful old painting by a master of color.

We circled about for a while, then--a bolt from the blue! Those standing on the shore awaiting our return heard a distant but terrible roar like an echo from Belgium or Alsace-Lorraine! There was a splash and a geyser of water from the heart of the old Potomac directly beneath the position of our plane. Captain Mims saw it and changed his course. Indian Head were proving out one of their big guns, but they shouldn't prove on us. It wasn't long before we came down. You see, being a green flyer I missed all this, and I tried to tell Captain Mims I didn't want to go down, but he couldn't hear me. He knew I wasn't safe up there so he was getting me where I would be safe.

We came down and we had chow and I saw the show with the other Marines, and then came home on a late train, tired but happy. I'm coming down again soon.