

Subject: MCEA-Another Marine Classic

I hadn't seen this one before and thought you might enjoy reading this stirring poem:
Shared by Marine Carl Ferris: MCL Det. 1316, Rio Rancho, NM



M-1

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Do you wonder why that rifle
Is hanging in my den?
You know I rarely take it down
But I touch it now and then.

It's rather slow and heavy
By standards of today
But not too many years ago
It swept the rest away.

It's held its own in battles
Through snow, or rain, or sun
And I had one just like it,
This treasured old M-1.

It went ashore at Bougainville
In Nineteen Forty-Three.
It stormed the beach at Tarawa
Through a bullet-riddled sea.

Saipan knew its strident bark,
Kwajalein, its sting.

The rocky caves of Peleliu
Resounded with its ring
It climbed the hill on Iwo
With men who wouldn't stop
And left our nation's banner
Flying on the top.

It poked its nose in Pusan,
Screamed an angry roar
And took the First Division
From Chosin Reservoir.

Well, time moves on
And things improve
With rifles and with men,
And that is why the two of us
Are sitting in my den.

But sometimes on a winter night,
While thinking of my Corps,
I know that if the bugle blew
We'd be a team once more