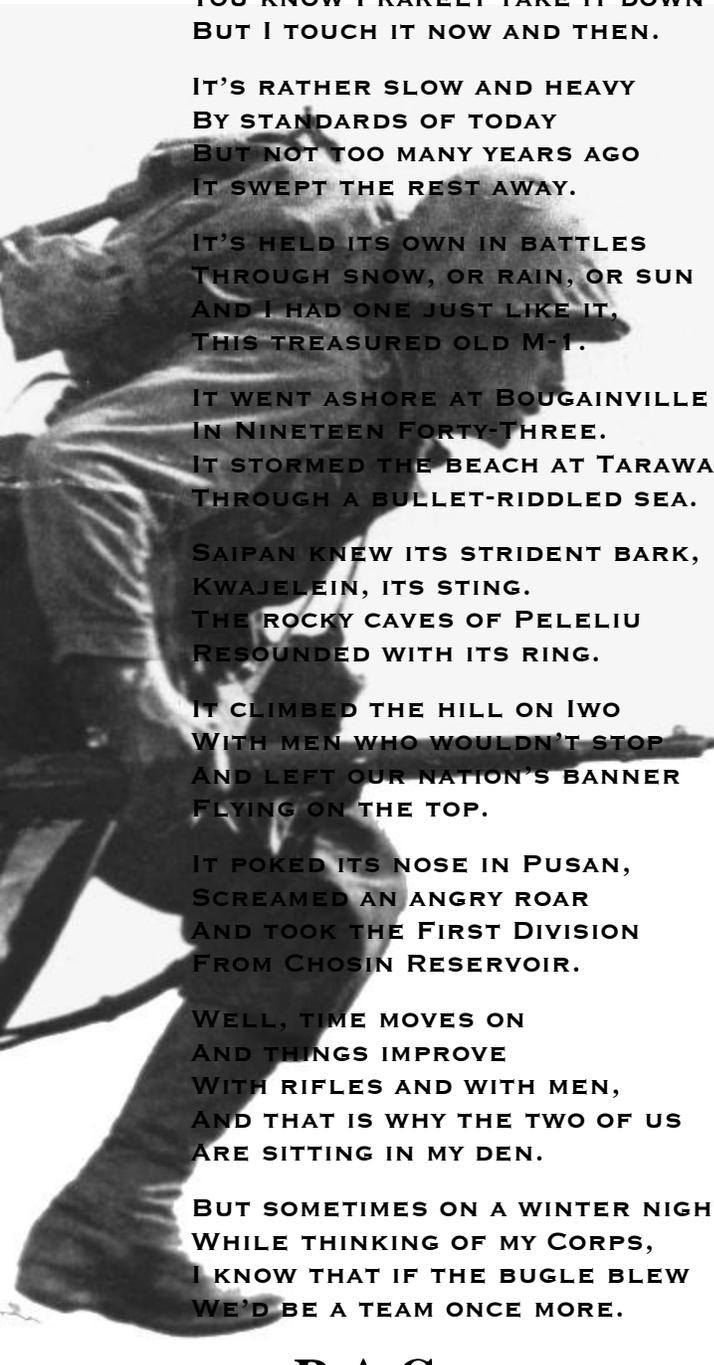


# M-1



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 SWEEPED 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,  
KWAJELEIN, 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.

~ **R.A.Gannon**  
**Sergeant of Marines**