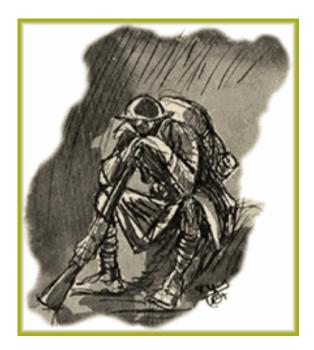


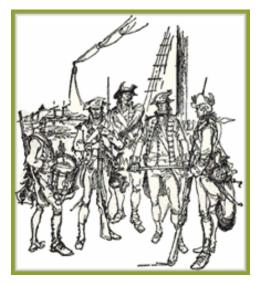
THE YOUNG MARINE WAS WEARY AND HE SOUGHT A LITTLE REST WITH HIS HELMET FOR A PILLOW AND HIS RIFLE ON HIS CHEST.

HE HAS SEEN THE GUNSHIPS FIRE. HE HAD HEARD THE CANNONS ROAR. HE HAD SEEN THE NAVY'S POWER AS HE MADE HIS WAY ASHORE.

THEN HE THOUGHT ABOUT HIS RIFLE AND HE FOUND IT RATHER SMALL, WITH THE GUNSHIPS AND THE CANNONS IT WAS NOTHING MUCH AT ALL.

THE EFFORTS OF A RIFLEMAN MEANT LITTLE, IT WOULD SEEM. THEN, AS HE SLIPPED TO SLUMBER, HE DREAMED HIMSELF A DREAM.





THE MAN WHO STOOD BESIDE HIM HELD A MUSKET IN HIS HAND AND CLOSE AROUND HIS NECK HE WORE A HEAVY LEATHER BAND.

"When I was on Old Ironsides" The apparition said "There were cannonballs and cutlasses Wherever danger led.

THERE WERE PISTOLS TOO, AND DAGGERS AT EVERY FIGHTER'S SIDE WHEN THE SHIPS WOULD COME TOGETHER ON THE ROLLING, HEAVING, TIDE BUT WHEN IT CAME TO BOARDING, WITH THE BATTLE FURY HOT IT WAS RIFLES, ALWAYS RIFLES THAT MADE THE TELLING SHOT."

THE APPARITION FADED AND STANDING IN ITS PLACE BENEATH A SHALLOW HELMET HE SAW ANOTHER FACE.

"When we were in the trenches In the Wood they call Marine There were mortars, tanks, and cannons, More than I had ever seen.

BUT WHEN THE FINAL CHARGE WAS MADE TO PUSH THE GERMANS BACK IT WAS RIFLES, ALWAYS RIFLES AT THE POINT OF THE ATTACK."





THE FACE CHANGED ONLY SLIGHTLY AND THE HELMET STAYED THE SAME BUT THE ISLAND THAT HE SPOKE OF HAD A MORE FAMILIAR NAME.

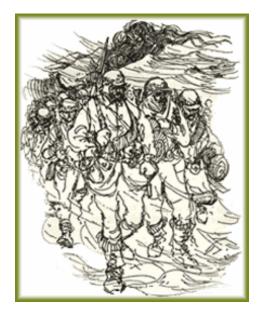
"THEY HIT US VERY EARLY ON THE DAY THE WAR BEGUN. ON THE WINGS OF ALL THEIR BOMBERS WE COULD SEE THE RISING SUN.

OUR PILOTS AND OUR GUNNERS WHO FOUGHT AND FELL AT WAKE WROTE A STORY FULL OF GLORY THAT TIME CAN NEVER SHAKE.

BUT WHEN THE ENEMY DREW NEAR TO MAKE HIS FINAL REACH IT WAS RIFLES, ALWAYS RIFLES THAT MET HIM ON THE BEACH."

THERE NEXT APPEARED A SHADOW IN A SWIRL OF STINGING SNOW AND IT BREATHED A FIERCE DEFIANCE AND ITS EYES WERE ALL AGLOW.

"IN 'FIFTY AT THE CHOSIN WHEN THE BIG GUNS COULDN'T TALK AND THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION TOOK A FIGHTING, FREEZING WALK,



WHEN ALL THE WORLD, EXCEPT THE CORPS HAD COUNTED US AS GONE IT WAS RIFLES, ALWAYS RIFLES THAT LET US CARRY ON."



THE SCENE WAS CHANGED TO SUMMER AND THE FACE WAS HARD AND LEAN AND THE TIRED EYES WERE FIRED WITH THE LIGHT THAT SAYS "MARINE"

"AT KHE SAHN WHEN THEY SHELLED US WE WERE WRAPPED IN ROLLING SMOKE AND THE THOUGHT OF OUR SURVIVAL WAS A GRIM AND GHASTLY JOKE.

BUT WHEN THE WAVES CAME SWARMING IN TO FINISH THE ASSAULT IT WAS RIFLES, ALWAYS RIFLES THAT CALLED THE FINAL HALT."

THERE NEXT APPEARED A GENERAL AS SOLID AS A TANK WITH THREE STARS ON HIS COLLAR TO SIGNIFY HIS RANK.

HIS STATURE AND DEMEANOR WERE THE MILITARY TYPE AND IN HIS HAND HE CARRIED A STUBBY LITTLE PIPE.

HIS JAW WAS SQUARELY CHISELED HIS EYES WERE CLEAR AND KEEN AND HIS BEARING LEFT NO QUESTION. HE WAS ALL MARINE'S MARINE.

"THE MESSAGE THEY'RE CONVEYING" THE BURLY GENERAL SAID "IS THAT THROUGH OUR TROUBLED HISTORY THE RIFLES ALWAYS LED.

We've had cannons, tanks, and mortars We've had weapons by the score, We've had battleships and fighter planes To complement the Corps.

We've a most impressive arsenal. That's obviously true, But the final thrust for victory Has always been with you.





IT WAS RIFLES, ALWAYS RIFLES WHEN THE CORPS WAS SORELY PRESSED AND THE RIFLE THAT YOU CARRY MUST MEET THE FINAL TEST.

SO SLING THAT RIFLE PROUDLY, FOR EVERYTHING WE DO WITH MORTARS, TANKS, AND CANNONS IS JUST AN AID TO YOU."

THE YOUNG MARINE AWAKENED AND PUT THE DREAM ASIDE, THOUGH NOW HE CLUTCHED HIS RIFLE WITH A CERTAIN TOUCH OF PRIDE.

AND THEN HE CHANCED TO NOTICE THAT LYING NEAR HIS HAND WAS A STUBBY LITTLE PIPE AND A HEAVY LEATHER BAND.

~ R.A. Gannon ~ Sergeant of Marines