

## *The Title*

*It Can Not be Inherited  
Nor Can it Ever be Purchased.*

*You or No One Alive  
can Buy It for Any Price.*

*It is Impossible to Rent  
and It Can Not be Lent.*

*You Alone and Our Own  
have Earned It  
with Your Sweat, Blood and Lives.*

*You Own It Forever.*

## *The Title*

*"United States Marine"*

*In Honor  
of Our Fallen  
and Disabled Brothers*

## **A Marine's Dream**

Last night, as I sat on the ground by I Company's campfire glow.  
My mind began to travel with Marines of long ago:  
I wondered now what they would say to us who march today.  
And would I still remember when the fire turned to gray.

The first Marine began to speak in Revolution Green.  
He said, "Remember why we fought to bring this land to being.  
For this new land for which we stand, the battle we did win,  
Let freedom ring and everything be fresh as we begin".

Then, two Marines stood side by side in uniform Gray and Blue:  
Left shouldered arms, then they shook hands and then they faced me too-  
Stretched 'cross the fire, shook my hand, then one voice spoke for two,  
"We fought for what was in our hearts, but now that fight is through".

Then one Marine engulfed the scene, his uniform was Brown.  
His puttees, they were neat and clean, no mud from Europe's ground.  
"Remember me and Belleau Wood, we Devil Dogs were mean,  
But we brought new life to that land in the 'Wood of the Marine'".

The last Marine before my eyes was soaked all through and through,  
Soaked with blood red upon his head and ocean water blue,  
"Remember me and Tarawa-we took the first step there,  
A stepping stone to Victory, we were the first to dare".

The Company fire's light grew dim, my eyes grew heavy yet-  
Those old Marines of campfire dreams are young inside my head:  
The lessons that they gave to me and wanted me to say,  
Are just as young and much alive-in young Marines today.

**Words by Warren G. Martens (I-3-8)**  
**August 11, 1993**  
**Tune: America the Beautiful-Materna**

# Eagle, Globe, and Anchor

by Col Gerald H. Turley, USMC(Ret)



There is a time to listen, to reflect, a time to teach and to share thoughts on our Corps. As the Marine Corps responds to the new ideas and leadership of its 29th Commandant, it is time to reflect upon something that is very dear to every Marine and sailor who has worn the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor, something which we all treasure personally, yet, is never ours alone. Each of us has worn it; felt the inner joy and the personal satisfaction of being identified as a member of the world's greatest "force in readiness." It's a time to pass along what it has meant to wear the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor.

Each of us has individually come about that personal moment of achievement when our first set of Marine Corps ornaments were placed on our uniform collar. We all cherished that milestone when we became a member of the band of brothers who are privileged to wear the Eagle, Globe, and Anchor of the United States Marine Corps.

It is with this deep adoration for our Corps, that I would like to share with you my hidden thoughts about our Marine Corps emblem, and what its symbolism means to me. Perhaps the most uncharacteristic element of our emblem is the fouled anchor line which is intertwined around the shank of the anchor. Naval tradition reminds us that the fouled anchor, is symbolic of poor seamanship and the lack of alert leadership. I assure you there is nothing poor or unprofessional about the United States Marine Corps or its emblem. It has come to symbolize the epitome of military excellence. The Eagle, Globe, and Anchor will always have a special place in the hearts and minds of Marines. To wear it is to understand.

Have you ever noticed that only United States Marines wear their Service emblem directly over their hearts? Or have you ever wondered why, even in the heat of battle, feeling the strain of combat, drenched in sweat, perhaps blood, when that black-stenciled Eagle, Globe, and Anchor is suddenly exposed on the pocket of another Ma-

rine, it catches your eye? The imprint of our emblem is always with us—from the first day of Service until Taps is blown at graveside. It is a silent emblem and it seemingly consumes you to be always faithful especially at the most trying times. We openly admire this emblem, yet we rub it in the mud of battle. I'm certain no Marine would want to enter combat without an Eagle, Globe, and Anchor over his breast. Yes, I think we believe this silent companion will help us lead our men through the fog of battle, to uphold the high standards of our Corps, to be always faithful.

We all know an American eagle, the symbol of our freedom, rests atop a globe showing the western hemisphere. To me it's not just an ordinary eagle—it is symbolic of something more—wings displaced, stretched to the fullest beckon me to also reach out, stretch myself to the fullest, to give the extra effort. They beckon me to test myself, my mind, my body, my ability to be a sound leader, to be professionally prepared for the moment that may never come. To be prepared should the call arrive—that's what these outstretched wings mean to me.

The eagle's head faces to the right, the image of a war eagle. Its talons firmly grasp a terrestrial globe symbolizing strength and confidence. Known for its great vision, it's an alert eagle. Its stance is firm, reflecting mental preparedness, confidence in its own leadership, and knowledge of the world about him.

The globe emblazoned with the western hemisphere is accurately proportioned to clearly outline the continents of North and South America. The continents rest on raised surfaces surrounded by the two great oceans. This global projection reaffirms our traditional Navy-Marine Corps team and that our Corps is prepared to serve in every clime and place.

An anchor intersects the hemispheres, which come together at the Tropic of Cancer. The shank of the anchor is entwined in the anchor line.

And so our emblem is complete. A flowing pennant heralding our motto,

an Eagle, Globe, and Anchor. The great land mass, the oceans, the entire globe—these remind us of our Naval and worldly commitments to freedom. It is a mute emblem, yet it is alive with feeling.

What makes it so? I believe it's the seemingly insignificant anchor line intertwined around the anchor. I believe that the anchor line symbolizes more than anything else how our Corps' forces in readiness are always vigilant, ensuring the security of our great ship of state even in turbulent waters. At a distance, this line appears to be a single entity, but upon closer examination we discover it's held together by a million fibers molded to accomplish a common task. No two fibers are the same. They are long, short, light, and dark. So it is with Marines. We're light, tan, black, variously sized—male and female. Four million Marines, past and present, have been molded together to provide an unbroken line of service and freedom to this great Republic.

For 212 years, our Corps has had success in battle, success in accomplishing this Nation's taskings as a force in readiness. This unending chain of successes could not have happened without great leaders at all levels of command. I believe that the anchor line symbolizes that the Corps' true strength can only be as great as the weakest link—the weakest leader.

On this 220th birthday we again gather as a band of brothers—to visit, rekindle old friendships, make new ones. Young and old Marines band together to share, to learn, to teach and understand, to pass on the tradition, the spirit of our Corps. Our new leadership must not fail. Officers of this new Marine Corps must strive to be more than commanding officers, they must be leaders of Marines. Let it not be said that this year the weak link was found. It is a time to stand like our noble bird on good foundation, stretch out, be alert, prepare—prepare for the moment that may never come, but be ready, for that's our tradition. Obligation demands we do this for our Nation and our Corps. USMC

## FREEDOM IS NOT FREE

I watched the flag pass by  
one day.

It fluttered in the breeze.

A young Marine saluted it,  
and then

He stood at ease.

I looked at him in uniform

So young, so tall, so proud,

With hair cut square and  
eyes alert.

He'd stand out in any  
crowd.

I thought how many men  
like him

Had fallen through the  
years.

How many died on foreign  
soil?

How many mothers' tears?

How many pilots' planes  
shot down?

How many died at sea?

How many foxholes were  
soldiers' graves?

No, freedom is not free.

I heard the sound of taps  
one night,

When everything was still.

I listened to the bugler  
play

And felt a sudden chill.

I wondered just how many  
times

That taps had meant  
"Amen,"

When a flag had draped a  
coffin

Of a brother or a friend.

I thought of all the chil-  
dren,

Of the mothers and the  
wives,

Of fathers, sons and hus-  
bands

With interrupted lives.

I thought about a grave-  
yard

At the bottom of the sea,

Of unmarked graves in  
Arlington.

No, freedom is not free.

— CADET MAJOR KELLY  
STRONG, AIR FORCE JUN-  
IOR ROTC, HOMESTEAD,  
FLA., 1989.