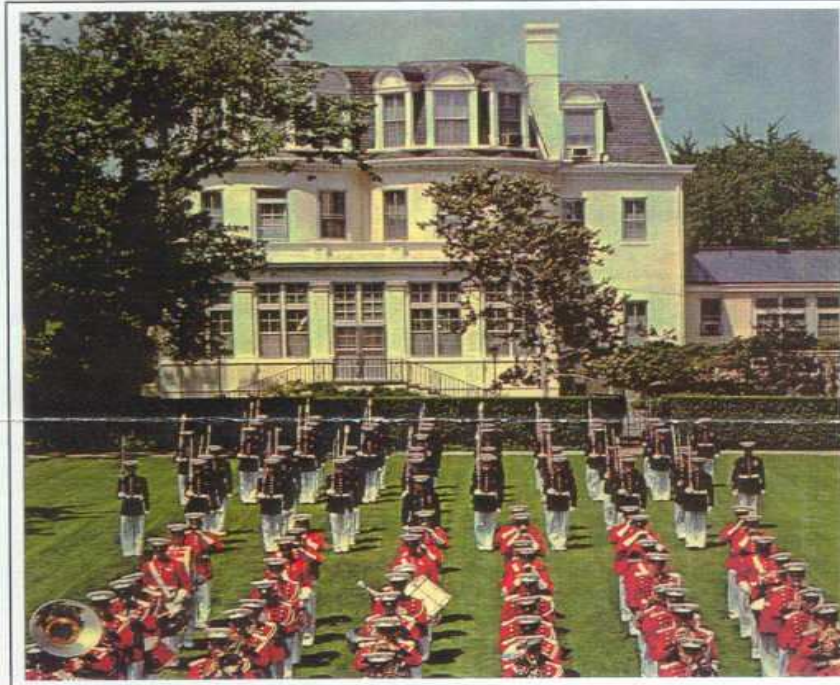


The Marines Of 8th & I



Our duty at Marine Barracks,
Is the best throughout the land,
It is the home of the Commandant,
And "The Presidents Own" band.
We serve at this "Oldest Post in the Corps",
As Marines have done in peace or war.
We're the Ceremonial Honor Guard,
At this place called 8th and I,
For only a select few are chosen,
Although countless Marines do try.
You'll find us at Camp David,
Or at the White House door,
For it truly is an honor,
To serve at this post in the Corps.
We have many other duties,
In which we play a part,
Including solemn burials at Arlington,
That really touch the heart.
Then on a Tuesday and Friday,
And just as the sun fades,
The music of John Philip Sousa,
Is heard at Sunset & Evening Parades.
It is here the Silent Drill Team,
And "The Presidents Own" band perform,
Before thousands of guests,
On these summer nights so warm.
Next time you go to Washington,
To our nation's capitol in 'DC,
Plan on a visit to 8th and I,
And be a part of history.
There are many historic sites,
Scattered through out this great land,
But nothing in comparison to Marine Barracks
And the faint strains of Sousa's Band.
It has been said by those Marines,
Who have served at 8th and I,
There is really no other duty,
They would care to try.
But all too soon good tours must end,
And we report to ship or shore,
While other Marines come on board,
As proud members of our Corps.

Boyce Clark, USMC

From the author:

Although I did not serve at 8th and I, I wrote the poem "The Marines of 8th & I" at the request of John Des Jarlais, specifically for the 2005 Reunion. John, a Sgt, was stationed there from '46-'48 and helped establish the original Drill Team in 1948.

I served in the USMC from '45-'51, first with FMF PAC right after WWII and then was recalled in '50 at the start of the Korean War, serving as a Fire Team Leader with E-2-7, 1st MarDiv.

Boyce Clark