

The Last Detail
(Dedicated to Tom Lee)

Reminiscing of those days at 8th & I,
I often think of the times of the past.
Camp David up in Thurmont,
Guarding the Presidents like "Ike" and the rest.

The Color Guard with pomp and pageantry,
Carried that flag so proud and straight.
We marched so tall and all.
At the Iwo Jima Monument,
Coming down those steps - dare not ye fall.

The firing party so timed, the seven sounded as one.
The shots they fired at Arlington were a calling.
That last volley echoed through out the headstones,
It was a tribute to the fallen.

There were so many Friday evening parades,
All the platoons tried to impress,
But did not have the finesse nor strength,
As the Body Bearer section carried the casket,
They did not strain at all.

My how they had to be strong,
They held that casket so long.
The other service branches had 8 men to lift,
The Marines at 8th & I have 6, I am not wrong.

As a final salute before going into the ground,
The body bearers raise the casket way over their head.
It's a final salute to a departed Marine,
The t-shirt they wear says, "The Last To Let You Down."

The Silent Drill platoon with its non-verbal command routine
They performed flawlessly, banging their rifle butts down on the ground
Even the rifle toss, sometimes did not work
The rifle inspector corrected so profound.

So many Marines stood duty here,
As the years went by, were transferred in haste.
To Europe, Pacific, Korea, Vietnam, Beirut, Iraq, Afghanistan
Some even reported to Sky-Six to stand duty at the Pearly Gates.

Gotta get ready for that next ceremony,
There are some not here anymore.
I will put on that Marine Dress Blue uniform,
To pay my respect one last time to my friend, forevermore.

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1967-68