

## THE TRANSPORTATION CORPS CREED

I am Transportation ... the Spearhead of Logistics...I am movement by air, land, sea and rail.

My humble beginnings hail from the Quartermaster Corps. I was there for our fighting forces from the hills to the shores. Long before the Navy, my vessels sailed upon rivers and oceans; I supported a fledgling Continental Army as it moved across the Delaware. I moved forward, steadfast and true because I AM TRANSPORTATION!

In 1812 when our nation stood alone, I supported the fight for freedom when our nation got its song. From the port of Corpus Christi to the shores of Vera Cruz, ships anchored at bay, working night and day, I was the first one in, and last one out--because I, AM TRANSPORTATION!

In the Civil War I moved against my brother, ever wondering who would live and who would die. I moved the first soldiers by rail at Bull Run...sailed the gauntlet up the Mississippi to Vicksburg and beyond. I carried men, munitions and equipment to Gettysburg, Petersburg, Shiloh, and Chickamauga...these names I remember, for the weight of battle I always bear, I AM TRANSPORTATION, and I was there.

I moved an army of America's best, across the rails from the east to the mid-west, and when it was all over, I laid a President to rest. Trailing the cavalry with mules and trains, our caissons headed westward across the Great Plains. Moving soldiers and supplies over two oceans afar – to Cuba and the Philippines in the Spanish-American War.

It was I who helped cross the Santa Fe and Rio Grande; with mules and wagons chased Poncho Villa from our land. My sea legs moved our forces to France for World War One, from the ports of Marseille, Nevers and Langres; I continued on, by rail, horse and truck, to Saint Mihiel and to the Meuse-Argonne. I did it all because I AM TRANSPORTATION!

From the Quartermaster Corps from whence I was born, with wheels, and wings, and ships, and rails. You gave me a mission- - I did not fail! In 1942, I stood on my own, and now I am known as the TRANSPORTATION CORPS!

In World War II, I was the Red Ball Express, kept supplies moving against the enemies' best; amidst the rubble of Europe, through which the oppressed sifted, I once again came through as the Berlin Airlift. I transported troops and equipment from the ships to the shores, from the beaches of Anzio, Omaha and Utah, to the fight at Normandy. My amphibious craft and lighters with cranes discharged and carried provisions to Antwerp, Cherbourg and Le Havre. In the Pacific, island hopping all the way from the ALCAN, Kiska and Attu to the land of the Rising Sun... I kept supplies moving 'till the job was done!' From the ports of Australia, China and India, and along the Burma Road, I rolled and sailed; I flew and railed, because I AM TRANSPORTATION moving soldiers and supplies... and I have never failed.

Across the waters to Korea, from Pusan and Inchon, to the Yalu and the Chosin...up and down the mountains... I will never forget.... For 10,000 days I moved troops in Vietnam – Laos, Cambodia, Cam Ranh Bay.

And yet another place, another cause, for freedom of expression; from the Island of Grenada to the jungles of Panama, Southwest Asia, Haiti, Somalia, Bosnia and Kosovo, helping to rid the world of tyranny and oppression.

At the dawn of the 21st Century, I was summoned once more; across the oceans, to the mountains of the Hindu Kush in Afghanistan, to the desert sands, the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, in that ancient land. A narrow front this time, unlike I'd ever seen; some 400 miles well into Iraq. I AM TRANSPORTATION; I am and will always be the Force that moves our Army.

Rolling and sailing, flying and railing, following the bell when duty calls, this is my mission; first and foremost, I AM TRANSPORTATION, the SPEARHEAD OF LOGISTICS... and NOTHING HAPPENS, UNTIL SOMETHING MOVES!