

This is my AMTRAC. There are many like it but this one is mine.

It is my life.

I must master it and all its components as I must master my life.

Without me, my AMTRAC is useless. Without my AMTRAC, I am useless.

I must fire my up-guns true.

I must locate, close with, and destroy the enemy who is trying to kill me.

I must engage him before he engages me. I will.

My AMTRAC and I know that what counts in war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our .50 Cal bursts, or the smoke we make.

We know that it is the hits that count.

We will storm the beaches with tenacious will and overpower him.

My AMTRAC is human, even as I am human, because it is my life.

Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn her weaknesses, strengths, parts, components, sights, weapons, and her crew.

I will keep my AMTRAC clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready.

We will become part of each other.

Before God I swear this creed.

My AMTRAC and I are the defenders of our country.

We are the masters of gunnery.

We are the saviors from the ocean.

I shall yet strive to attain tactical perfection of my AMTRAC and her crew.

Through dedication, perseverance, and training I swear this true.