

Marine Corps League
P.O. Box 1990
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Marines, FMF Navy Personnel, and Associate Members,

Fellow Leathernecks, Devil Dogs, and Semper Fi Guardians of the Corps' Eternal Flame, As we gather under the glow of this grand 250th Birthday Ball, I, your 66th National Commandant of the Marine Corps League, stand humbled and honored to raise my glass to you—the unbreakable backbone of our shared legacy. On November 10, 2025, we commemorate a quarter-millennium of Marine Corps excellence, forged in the crucible of 1775's Tun Tavern, where a handful of resolute souls birthed the Continental Marines. From the frozen decks of the frozen Chosin Reservoir to the sunbaked sands of Iwo Jima, from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli, our Corps has etched its name in the annals of valor, unyielding and unmatched.

Two hundred and fifty years! What a testament to the indomitable spirit that courses through our veins. We've stormed beaches, scaled cliffs, and stared down tyrants, all while embodying the ethos: Semper Fidelis. We've lost brothers and sisters in the shadow of the eagle, globe, and anchor, their sacrifices a sacred debt we honor not with words alone, but with deeds. And here, in the hallowed ranks of the Marine Corps League, we—veterans, retirees, and supporters alike—carry that torch forward. You are the living bridge between yesterday's thunder and tomorrow's triumphs. Your tireless advocacy, your mentorship of young recruits, your unswerving commitment to Toys for Tots, Wounded Warriors, and community service—these are the quiet battles that sustain our Corps' soul.

Reflect with me on the giants who paved our path: Chesty Puller charging through hellfire, Dan Daly defying death twice over, and the countless unnamed heroes whose blood stains the pages of history. Their echoes resound in our drill fields today, reminding us that a Marine is more than muscle and marksmanship; it's a mindset of selfless service, a brotherhood forged in fire. As threats evolve—from cyber shadows to great-power rivalries—our League stands vigilant, amplifying the Corps' voice in the halls of power, ensuring no Marine is forgotten, no promise left unkept.

To you, the heart of this League: Your stories fuel our fire, your resilience inspires nations. You've earned this night of revelry—don your uniforms, share your sea stories, and let the skirl of bagpipes stir the ghosts of glory. But as we toast, let us pledge anew: We will defend the Corps, uplift its families, and pass the colors to the next generation, unbroken and bold.

So, raise your glasses high, my fellow Marines! To the United States Marine Corps—250 years young, eternally fierce. To our fallen, rest easy, we've got the watch. To you, the League—Semper Fi and keep the faith!

TJ Morgan
66th National Commandant