

Arrival & Recruit Term: I remember standing in a long line on the upper circle and Barmen barking out our names. Otherwise, my memory is pretty sketchy. In a journal that I wrote in 1977, while I was still at RMC, I reflected on arrival at RRMC four years earlier:

- *Greenness – green trees, green sign*
- *Passed through a gate (no real emotion)*
- *Shouted at [and I] stumbled doubling up the stairs*

At about the same time as the journal entry I wrote a creative non-fiction piece in my MLM (Psychology of Leadership) notebook, presumably, for a psychology activity:

I was swallowed whole, but now I ooze out as that "Pickle" disgorges its load. The wind catches my long flowing hair, as I look about. Is this the land of reason? Is this the land of order? Is it here that I will seek my future? My Quest, I know, is only beginning. Alas, I know it won't be easy. Oh, no, a menacing figure approaches. The close-cropped hair – Oh my, God, they are not going to [do] that to me! My trembling is uncontrollable – the inset eyes – cold.

Neither description suggests a positive reaction, whereas, my current recollection is more neutral and less detailed, as described in my introduction.

Likewise, my 1977 journal records my "frustration of recruit term" without giving any specifics, other than pain [from] flat feet, shin splints, PT tests, and MIR. I recall that after trying rest and other medical remedies, I followed the advice of one of the PT instructors and laced up my combat boots and ran on grass, until the shin splints went away. Otherwise I don't recall the specific frustrations of boot term. I suppose we all were frustrated with sleep deprivation and the demands forced on our physical and mental beings.

My Cadet Journals

A brief comment on my journals. I tended to be inconsistent in maintaining journals and would often brainstorm lists to be expanded upon later, only the later never occurred. At RMC, I did maintain a creative writing journal consisting of ideas for plays and completed poetry. I often wrote comments on the motivation and meaning behind my poems. However, most of those dealt with my experiences at RMC.