

PI Memories---1969

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2/1 H&S 70-71

I was Plt.182 at Parris Island in the summer of 1969. Just once I'd like to see an actual account with no sugar coating. How about the time at receiving barracks waiting for your DI's to come and get their new maggots.

I remember recruits dropping to the deck like flies because they hadn't yet learned to not lock their knees when standing at attention. After many hours we were finally allowed to p...ass out on bunk beds. Seemed like only minutes later we were rudely awakened only to be rushed into a barber chair assembly line to have "all" of our hair shaved off.

I recall the shock on our faces as we looked at each other's bald heads. No video could ever hope to capture that horrible moment. DI's finally came and claimed us. No way to really describe this night. But I'll try.

Seemed like dozens of smokey bear hat wearing crazed maniacs swarmed on us worthless scumbags all at one time. My particular nightmare was an iron rod lean 6 foot tall DI, who was screaming previously unheard obscenities at this totally freaked out marine wannabe. All the while, froth was foaming out of his out of control mouth. Oh, forgot to mention that he was doing this while jumping up and down on my back making me do push ups. It's pretty much a horrid blurr.

Thank the powers that be, Plt.182 had replacement DI's the next morning. Much better. Way less craziness. Senior DI, GySgt Dotson was my hero and will always be. Ok. Here's a couple of more memories.

Endless hours learning to walk like a duck.

The time GySgt Dotson threw his sword down on the grinder in disgust at our lousy performance at close order drill. And to make matters worse, he walked away and left us standing there all alone like abandoned puppies.

Later we won Final Drill Comp. Pugil stick fighting and it's variations. I was matched up with two of my mates. They had pugil sticks. I had only gloves. However, I prevailed.

Earned the nickname "Animal" for that one. One more.

What boot doesn't fondly recall waking up to the blinding lights, the extremely annoying noise of a shit can careening crazily off the deck. The nonstop screaming, yelling and endless slurs against our attempts at individual humanity. Well, I've ranted long enough.

My Bros know of what I speak.

Semper Fi. Ken---Out