

## **The Unforgettable Reveille**

The year was 1988 and I was a green belt Drill Instructor training platoon 1054. The green belt drill instructors don't smile, joke around or allow civility in the conduct of training. During week four of training we moved to the rifle range for our two weeks of marksmanship training. Much to my surprise and to the delight of Platoon 1054 there was a female platoon serving their one week of mess duty which occurs in week seven. Mess duty is when recruits provide all the labor to operate a chow hall. Reveille will go at 0345, to the mess hall by 0430 and their day does not end until 1930 when they return to the barracks for mail call, hygiene time and sleep.

Now the reason for the surprise and delight is males and females never train together at Parris Island, they maintain gender separate training throughout the program. The only chance recruits have to see the opposite sex is at the chapel on Sunday's or at the medical clinic.

Our discovery of the female distraction came at the noon meal. I could sense the motivation of the platoon skyrocket. Platoon 1054 was louder, standing taller and appearing more confident in their chow hall procedures.

The female recruits on other hand were not perceived in the same light by us Marine Drill Instructors. We had not been deprived of the beauty that women behold. To us, these female recruits looked like they had never developed that human quality of self-awareness. Their hair looked like it was combed by the feet of live chickens while they lay sleeping in a pig sty; but to the recruits of Platoon 1054 they were angels in a centerfold.

That evening as we completed the remaining ten minutes of the Basic Daily Routine (BDR) before taps I had Platoon 1054 line up in front of the squadbay windows which were facing the barracks with the females who were on mess duty. The distance between buildings was only about 40 feet, close enough to see those on the other side. The windows of the female barracks had blinds and they were closed.

I had my platoon serenade the females singing the Marine Hymn. The boys loved it; they sang the Marine Hymn loud and proud.

About fifteen minutes after taps I receive a phone call while doing paperwork in the Drill Instructor office.

Me: "BE ADVISED THIS IS AN UNSECURED LINE, SERGEANT CROUCH, PLATOON TEN FIFTY FOUR, FIRST RECRUIT TRAINING BATTALION, MAY I HELP YOU SIR OR MAM"

Female DI: "ARE YOU THE DRILL INSTRUCTOR ON THE SECOND DECK FACING THE FEMALE BARRACKS?"

Me: "YES I AM". (I looked outside my office window and saw the female Drill Instructor on the telephone looking at me).

Female DI: "WELL YOUR RECRUITS ARE AT THE WINDOWS WITH FLASHLIGHTS TRYING TO GET THE ATTENTION OF MY FEMALE RECRUITS."

Me: I look to the right of her office and see several of her female recruits between the blinds and the glass, some with their tops pulled up flashing their tits. "STAFF SERGEANT, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. IN FACT I AM LOOKING AT THE FLASHLIGHTS OF MY RECRUITS HITTING THE WINDOWS OF YOUR RECRUITS. DID YOU KNOW THAT SEVERAL OF YOUR RECRUITS ARE AT THE WINDOWS FLASHING THEIR TITS?"

Female DI: After a very long pause... "YOU TAKE CARE OF YOUR PROBLEM AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF MINE". She hung up and quickly exited her office into the squadbay and just as fast the female recruits disappeared.

I went out into my squadbay and raised some hell with the recruits who seemed to have insomnia. I ordered the recruits back into the rack and returned to my office and pulled the office blinds up so I could see my squadbay from inside my office.

Reveille came pretty quick as usual. I exited my office ever so quietly to conduct morning Reveille. Watching the hands on my wristwatch I waited until the precise moment of 0445 to flip all the lights on at once:

Me: "GET UP, GET UP, GET OUT OF THE RACK GET ON LINE NOW...FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE, ZEROOOOOOO!"

Recruits: Jumping out of their racks, the recruits raced to the imaginary line near their stacked foot lockers at the end of their bunk and standing at the position of attention before the end of my countdown wearing only their white briefs. Upon my counting the number zero the recruits sound off together "FREEZE RECRUIT FREEZE"

Me: "COUNT...OFF!"

Recruits: The platoon snapped their head and eyes to the right and begin the movement of count off, sounding aloud their number. "SNAP SIR...ONE SIR, TWO SIR, THREE SIR, FOUR SIR, FIVE SIR, SIX SIR, SEVEN..."

Me: While they are counting off at the position of attention I notice the entire platoon of recruits has a severe case of erections, thrusting outward against their briefs. One of the rare moments in my time as a Drill Instructor that I lose my military bearing and bust out laughing:

"STOP" I said as I begin to laugh.

Recruits: "STOP, AYE AYE SIR"

Me: "YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME; YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU FIND THOSE DISGUSTING FEMALE RECRUITS ATTRACTIVE".

Recruits: "YES SIR" They had the biggest smiles on their faces.

Me: "WE WILL COUNT OFF AFTER GETTING DRESSED, DO IT NOW"

Recruits: "AYE AYE SIR"

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MCRD Parris Island, 1988