

True Designations

In the ancient quarter-million years when our distant parents made us, their habits were engraved flesh-deep in us as instincts, however that happens.

They had armed conflicts. The hunters took some dangerous meat for the folks and the teams could turn on each other. A lot of years, stuff happens.

But they lasted thru their conflicts, so they must have had good soldiering habits, engraved in us.

So we have a flesh-deep instinct of being good soldiers there. And this is for certain.. No war could last there.

Small scattered bands. You must make Peace to Talk and Love with all within reach, you must. So alone without each other.

Surely their Famous Soldiers were those who Saved The People by stratagem, did not go to killing, or did not in their hearts.

That is the world and path mapped by a Good Soldier's heart ever since.

Me... Modern person me...

Have you ever been a low-rank soldier in your country's army inflating itself like a balloon, to try an Imperial INFANTRY war against South China?

Have you ever been 4 years already a common soldier when your country's army explodes itself like that, doubling and more its foot soldiers, and filling itself with diamonds of rebellion?

Long ago, I was US. Army 9 years.

My first 3 years, tell more later, but I was an energetic High School Cadet in Eastside Houston's Cold War Youth unit, a poor quarter's High School Army ROTC, a youth officer. Took it as a duty to restore their pride. Ethnic neighborhood. 3 years.

Graduating, enlisted up from Cadet Major to Regular Army Private, got to choose an occupation. Wanting company with good fellows, I checked a Foot Soldier job.

Breezed thru training and off to first Cold War deployment. On the line in Korea. Lovely country taught me love of perfect beauty, Korea.

Cold War Grunts rotated on 2 stalemate lines, the poor man's "European Vacation Line" in Germany, and our rusty greasy Hardship Line blighting Korea's landscape.

This shot, I got a year there in our used-up little mountain camps beside Siberia. The FSL., the Frozen Shit Line.

My last deployment was German Alps, also cold, totaling 9 years plus 30 jail days for Excessive War Resistance near the end.

But returning from Korea, at 4 years plus some months, began my state-side turn. Yes, we utterly knew a Hot War had begun, but I did not know what Experienced Common Soldier Me would be put to, home-side or now to war.

Generous and wise, our America mistook Vietnam for a soft spot on China's South Flank. Therefore our Generals chose attack by big masses of foot soldiers who could really make the place a piece of meat.

And all of us Experienced Privates in our pool halls, bars, barracks, in airports waiting transport, We Were Uneasy, telling each other we saw this was epic Fik-Dup.

So, what duty did our army have for Me?

But my proud Cadet would soon return to duty. Marching. Singing strutting marching. Me a friendly coach.

Me promoted to Corporal at a Basic Training camp. Me penciled in as Petty Tyrant smoothly shoving sausages into the meat machine.

Me a Corporal to move the masses, like factory packs of human sausages with legs, back, forth on the big camp's roads, for their New Recruit hair cuts, stiff clothing put on where I can see them naked, and paperwork etc. Slave marching, that's my job.

But joining countless in resistance. Me setting my duties... Become an Expert Coach in some way helping the Raw Recruits' survival, in the handful of days each was with me. Somehow.

Near 200 in a batch, just off buses at camp, me and a small team of Senior Privates I trained, taking charge of new recruits and coaching them, from the first, to march the Poor Soldiers' Strut.

Hoping for a War Antidote.

That year I learned.. For Poor Soldiers, Proud Marching can be a deep Good Human thing, a rich Humane Art, even there at a holocaust entry door.

I knew it had restored my Eastside Cadets' decent pride.

Two memories from those days often shine..

First.. Me 16, Cadet Captain supervising our Drill Team. I had studied the manuals, made all their practices, gone on the bus with them to City Competition, but we are long time losers. Ethnics.

Losers went early, to a poor score. And I head up into the ball field's empty bleachers. "Where you going?" "To watch the others." Some of our guys follow me up to happy minutes critiquing moves for us. Their improvement followed.

There is Good Human Instinct in this somehow. It was the Good Soldiers' path.

And there's the other moment of those days that shines.. Me there two months but sewed on Corporal patches yesterday.

Next morning formation, there's 8 of us in green uniforms, in morning summer sun maybe 200 hatless, standing in their Broke Drafee shoes, behind our hovel barracks.

Human meat lost in Armyland Theme Park. As before, but now Me Soldier Commanding.

It's me stepping up to our lumber lectern, bringing into mind the First Morning Talk... Knife or pistol? Turn it in or get arrested. No open gambling. Homosexuals, request immediate discharge. Don't burn down the barracks please.

My mind stepping up to start that, so then I'm indeed struck very hard by Them Hatless In Broken Shoes.

And now from somewhere I weirdly know that I must pray. To any god. Vivid clear conviction I MUST pray two things...

That I shall somehow use these soldiers well, and somehow improve their fate. So freakishly specific in my conscious mind.

So that was my first day Pep Marching them.

On our ancient instinctive Good Soldier's Path, I believe that oath or prayer or Ancient Welsh Geas, is the real duty of command.

Use them well and improve their fate.

But of course I failed them, and my soul is haunted by shame to this day.

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>>Interested? Much more in two places.. "Army Stories" book.. [www.stoneriley.com/armystories](http://www.stoneriley.com/armystories) "Corporals Reports" booklet.. '' '' /zzzzz At the "zzzzz" site, look down the list of free downloads.  
>>My Good Soldier Evolution theory here is in all of it pretty much. But in the booklet do not miss the poem sheet.. "Case Of One Cadet".

>>If the Quarter-Million years here grabbed your imagination, do read that sheet, ALSO in the book see a fun story.. "Okay It's Paleolithic Times".

>>My lifetime has been occupied, especially these last 2 years of strict focus, to follow my theory on a path thru this shame, to a clearing where I don't take that instinctive shame into my Self. ~~~~~