

L4's Comeback

Before we begin, allow me to introduce our founding members and their staff positions at the time of the events. Many of you already know our beloved Commander Teshawn Lee, followed by XO Alan Hicks, 1SG William McCormick, S1 Joshua Graham, S2 Alyse Tiikkala, S3 Paul Chung, S4 Michael Salgado, and S5 Ember Strickland.

At 1800, January 31, 2020, the games began. Our PROCON event was set into motion. This 12 hour event was designed to unite our team and prove that we deserved to reestablish Pershing Rifles at NC State University. It began with a 6 hour formal drill and ceremony/testing portion. First, our CO, XO, and 1SG inspected our uniforms, ridiculing every speckle of dust and crease in our dress blues. After inspections, we took a field trip to the depths of Reynolds Coliseum where we practiced our drill and ceremony before being formally tested. After marching back and forth through the dungeon's dark, dank, dingy hallway, for what seemed like 4 years, yelling and executing commands, it was time to tackle the most difficult portion of the night... the Military Bearing Test.

The Military Bearing Test is 10 minutes of unbearable pain. The only rule is to not show any emotion, no matter the circumstance. Our PR staff stood at the position of attention while Teshawn, Alan, and Will circled us like vultures whispering noises and inappropriate jokes into our ears. All was quiet until... *insert indescribable squawk, cry as a rubber chicken head peaks out of a bag*. The sound of this rubber chicken will haunt each of us for the rest of our days. Holding back laughter seemed impossible as the chicken's head would peak from behind you into your periphery and release the most God awful noise into your ear. No pain could ever be greater than trying to contain the infectious laughs we all were attempting to bury inside. Slowly, we became accustomed to the sound of this chicken and our command team knew they had to spice up the challenge. Naturally, they initiated the chicken's squawk and launched him down the hallway so it sounded like a creature falling to its inevitable death at the bottom of a cliff where it would release its final cry as it hit the ground. For a brief second laughter erupted. However, very impressively, the group pulled themselves together, in the blink of an eye. Finally, the ten minutes of torture came to an end and the staff released our laughter together until there were tears in our eyes.

Following this test, we returned back upstairs where we took the AQE (the required exam to found a PR chapter). After the exam we rucked up and attempted to head out to Schenck Forest for a night out with some nature. This took longer than expected as we endured some physical training for not having both a pen AND a pencil, like the packing list had indicated necessary, as well as someone having too much equipment, therefore, not looking exactly the same as the group. Of course, we also did not have "enough" water in our canteens so we had 15

seconds to run inside as a team with all of our equipment and fill our canteens then be back outside at the position of attention. As you can imagine we had to do this at least 15 times before our canteens were actually filled. This was followed by being told we were not getting in the GSA fast enough, so we had to do it over and over and over again until we could do it at a satisfactory speed. However, at some point around midnight we FINALLY set off to the forest for a fun filled night of more physical training. We moved four massive wooden picnic tables in and out of a gazebo as a team at least 30 times, ensuring they were dress right dress of course. As we did this our commander, who had recently been in a car accident, would not be allowed to escape the torture so he was instructed to rake under the gazebo with his whole body. The night continued by doing some push ups with our rucks on to the country song “Up Down” and a similar game with squats. As the torture continued our bonds of brotherhood grew stronger and stronger as we rucked laughing and echoing made up cadances on how much we hated our lives in those moments. When the early hours of the morning arrived, it was time to go for the final run to the top of a very steep hill as one united team. Upon reaching the top, we all cheered and had a small ceremony together celebrating all of our accomplishments over the months and that we were finally ready to head to NATCON where we’d officially receive our charter.

The Pershing Rifles National Convention was held in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. From March 12-15 our founders attended NATCON events to familiarize ourselves with how the various competitions and meetings worked. We attended the PR social events where we were welcomed with open arms by our fellow Pershing Riflemen and had endless laughs together. On the night of March 15, the formal dinner was held. We had an incredible time socializing with our peers during the cocktail hour, then moved inside for the dinner. On our place sets we found the program for the dinner, as we flipped through all of our faces brightened with smiles as we read the page dedicated to welcoming us, L4, back to the national society. THANK YOU ALUMNI. The night continued and eventually Company L4 was called up to receive our charter and guidon. After all the hard work and dedication, we had finally done it. There was not a single moment for the rest of the night where any of us could be spotted without a smile on our face.

We could not have made it through this journey without the support of the alumni, so thank you for all that you have done for us.

Sincerely,
Company L4

