

# *The Revere Recorder*



## ARMY ROTC @ MIT

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### **The History of our Battalion**

MIT established the Army ROTC Paul Revere Battalion in 1917, one year after the passage of the National Defense Act of 1916. The Paul Revere Battalion is one of the oldest ROTC units in the Nation. During World War I, more Army Officers came from MIT than from any other school (with the exception of West Point). Of the 1,538 military participants in World War II from MIT, 1,335 were Commissioned Officers. The battalion's history would go on to fill many pages with individual accounts of bravery on the battlefield as well as scientific and technical achievements in military laboratories. Today our battalion's history is shaped by the wide variety of students from MIT, Harvard University, Tufts University, Lesley University, Salem State University, Endicott College, Gordon College, Gordon-Conwell Theological Seminary, and Wellesley College. Yet our history does not stop here. Instead, it continues to be written by the men and women of our battalion who continue to answer our nation's call to serve.

# A Message from the Battalion Commander



**Center: Our fearless Battalion Commander (center), along with her trusted Cadet Command Sergeant Major Akinyemi (far right).**

To the Cadets, Cadre, friends, family members, and all those affiliated with the Paul Revere Battalion – both directly and indirectly:

Through training, classes, and broadening opportunities, Cadets were pushed to their limits and forced to grow. I set high expectations from the day I assumed command and rooted these expectations in my command philosophy of “emphasizing teamwork, empowerment, and humanity in order to develop ourselves and develop others into intelligent, passionate, and driven officers.” I challenged everyone to embody these tenets of teamwork, empowerment, and humanity in all they said and did, making it clear that I would accept nothing less. Everyone in the Paul Revere Battalion not only rose to this challenge, but surpassed my expectations. For that, you all should be extremely proud.

The battalion hit the ground running with our annual Paul Revere Challenge during New Cadet Orientation. Within a matter of weeks, we completed our first Field Training Exercise (FTX) at Fort Devens for which the MSIVs worked tirelessly in the preceding weeks, conducting the operations process in order to ensure mission success. Through the long days and cold nights

of field training, the battalion never lost its spirit. It was in that moment that I knew I was leading a strong, dedicated, intelligent, and driven group of future officers.

Training did not subside after the FTX. Rather, the MSIIIs were thrown into the operations process themselves to prepare for our Situational Training Exercise (STX) in November. The exemplary models of leadership that emerged during labs and the exercise inspired everyone. The MSIIIs fearlessly led their squads while enabling the MSIIIs and MSIs to take initiative and serve as active participants in the process. The same dedication I observed in the field was also observed in garrison. Whether at PT, representing our program through color guards, or learning in the classroom, every Cadet embodied the Army Values.

While I am extremely impressed with the caliber of training that occurred this semester, what is more important to me is that, regardless of the event at hand, I witnessed teams being built, the empowerment of Cadets at every Military Science level, and individuals treating each other with respect and dignity. Cadets clearly understood that, at the end of the day, the Army is a people business and that we are all human. Cadets took care of themselves and took care of others.

Having accomplished this, I am confident that next semester will be even better. Families, thank you for raising such incredible young men and women. Friends, thank you for your flexibility as we commandeer your valuable time. Affiliates, thank you for your endless support in all that we do. Cadre, thank you for your guidance and patience with us, especially as we adjusted to our new command positions. Lastly, my Cadets of the Paul Revere Battalion, thank you for a semester of endless motivation, inspiring displays of hard work, and encouraging smiles. Don't let this fade over winter break. It has been a pleasure to serve you all!

*No Fear,*  
CDT Anna Page (Wellesley '17)  
c/Battalion Commander



**Left: MIT Army ROTC's 3<sup>rd</sup> place streamer and trophy on display for all to witness!**

# A Letter from Your Editor

Salutations,

It is I, your friendly cadet Public Affairs Officer (PAO). Well, the semester's just about over, and I'm still reeling from our loss to the Air Force during Joint Service Sports Day. More importantly, I'm proud of how far our battalion's come this semester.

Sure, my cadences still lack rhythm. As pointed out by CDT Cord, our Movement Prep Drills still run a tad too fast. Yeah, we MSIII's occasionally find ourselves struggling to get our act together. Every so often someone mistakenly marks an email as "read," resulting in a series of passive-aggressive reminders. And no matter what, CDT Legg still makes me insecure about my two-mile time, and CDT Pumiglia always reminds me of the superhuman strength I lack.

However, despite our shortcomings, we always find ways to laugh our way through obstacles together. Although laughter may seem insignificant, our shared sense of humor plays an important role in maintaining our battalion's unity. Throughout my relatively short life, I've witnessed various student organizations fall apart. The primary reason? The human tendency to blame one another during times of crisis.

Every so often the potential for inter-battalion strife arises. Midterms, the incessant stream of emails, and a dearth of sleep combine to form the perfect kindling for intra-group conflict. Yet despite the hectic nature of your lives, you've somehow managed to not only push forward, but laugh as you do so. Multiple times this semester we've all made mistakes that would seem to warrant the anger of others. And yet, each time you rose to the occasion and looked to support one another, rather than ridicule and scoff at the efforts of others. When Murphy's Law rears its ugly head, you greet chaos with laughter.

Puma's hilarious banter keep us going in the morning. Wiltshire's snarky remarks help make leadership labs slightly more bearable. For reasons unknown, CPT Kassim provides excellent skit material. All in all, our decision to face the unpredictability of fate with laughter – that's what makes our battalion so strong. So here's to a semester of heartwarming, ironic, and downright hysterical laughter.



Very respectfully,  
CDT Nathan Williams (Harvard '18)

# Summer Stories

## A Cabo Verde Reflection

*CDT William Mitchell (MIT '19)*

This summer I embarked on a Cultural Understanding and Language Proficiency (CULP) mission to Cabo Verde (a 10-island country off the west coast of Africa). Although it was only a 3-week endeavor, the experiences and the lessons I learned will be of invaluable service to me as a future Army officer.

Cabo Verde is a developing country with a high degree of poverty, and as soon as we left the airport it was clear that we would be operating in an unfamiliar environment. When we arrived at our lodging, we quickly found that the light switches weren't the most reliable, the toilets wouldn't always flush, and the sink faucets would sometimes stop working. Additionally, you couldn't drink the tap water, and if you forgot to spray yourself with bug spray before going to sleep you'd likely face an unpleasant surprise in the morning.



**CDT Mitchell (right) is a sophomore at MIT majoring in Mathematics and Computer Science.**



**Above: LTC Godfrin congratulates our Ranger Challenge Team for their outstanding performance!**

Our Mission Commander packed our schedule with a wide range of events. For the majority of the three week mission we spent our weekday mornings at a local community shelter, while our weekday afternoons were spent at a Cabo Verdean National Guard base. We completed a humanitarian aid project at the local shelter and conducted English language training workshops with soldiers at the nearest base. On weekends we would visit miscellaneous sites across the country. Some of these visits included a trip to Fogo Island (where we hiked Cabo Verde's tallest volcano), a volunteer session at an orphanage, a visit to a local newspaper shop, and a trip to Tarrafal Beach.

Each night before going to sleep, our team would gather to discuss how the day's activities would contribute to our capabilities as future Army officers. One of the biggest takeaways I got from our nightly discussions was that it's extremely important to remain adaptive in the face of the unknown. The talks we had each night were some of the most valuable aspects of our CULP mission as they forced us to think about the future and how the situations we dealt with in Cabo Verde could be applied to the world at large.

If I could describe my CULP mission with two words, they would be "humbling" and "enlightening." On a personal level, it was invaluable to place myself in the position of a Cabo Verdean and realize just how much I take my privilege for granted.

With all that said, I can definitively say that my experiences in Cabo Verde will help shape my future leadership style for the better.



Above: South Shore cadets pose for a post-FTX photo

## Humidity: A Catalyst for Leadership

*CDT Sophie Rogerson (Gordon '19)*

During Basic Camp, I had the opportunity to reflect on the meaning of leadership. There were many times when I was tempted to quit; however, what kind of leader heads home, leaving their peers to struggle on their own? At Ft. Knox, I frequently found myself questioning my will to lead. I'll admit that Kentucky's brutal humidity, coupled with a rigorous training schedule, proved almost overwhelming at times. Nevertheless, I survived and bolstered my leadership abilities in ways only the Kentucky sun could do.

**CDT Sophie Rogerson  
(below) is a sophomore and  
Art major at Gordon College**



My tenuous relationship with drill sergeants began on my first day of Basic Camp, when a drill sergeant (who happened to be about four times my height), blocked my path and yelled, inches from my face, “Why are you so short cadet!?” I burst into laughter and replied, “I don’t know drill sergeant!” I immediately learned that laughter was not the best way to respond to a drill sergeant’s question. Fortunately, as our training progressed, the drill sergeants from my platoon began to open up and approached us more casually. These moments of openness helped me realize the depth of their knowledge and experience. Moreover, I was grateful to have them as leaders in our Army. Overall, they encouraged me to become a stronger cadet through helping me target my weaknesses.

Our days in the field proved the most transformative. I was ordered to assume the position of platoon sergeant. At the moment, I had no idea what I was doing, let alone what to do as platoon sergeant. Luckily, with the help of my patient platoon and cadre members, I was able to grow and become more confident in my ability to lead others. Self-confidence was certainly a struggle I faced as platoon sergeant. As I lead my platoon through simulations in the dense Kentucky woods, I quickly learned to trust the members of my squad, my equipment, and myself. I really appreciated the support I received from everyone around me when I had to lead an ambush. Their guidance and support was what got me through the day, regardless of the fact that eighty percent of my squad “died.”

At the end of Basic Camp, I had a greater understanding of what the Army was about. During graduation, I found it difficult to say goodbye to everyone. However, today I can apply the lessons learned at Basic Camp to ROTC. More importantly, my experience at Basic Camp taught me that I’m now capable of leading others.

## **Air Assault: Day Zero**

***CDT Chris Forte (Endicott '18)***

Day one is usually a good place to start when telling a story about a ten-day event, but when talking about Air Assault School, Day Zero is where all of the action begins. Before you are even admitted into the course, you must pass Day Zero, otherwise known as the ultimate smoke session. Day Zero started with a 0300 report time. We were broken into ranks of thirty for an orientation to the course’s rules and exercises. The Air Assault Sergeants had us running all over the Warrior Training Center learning their rules.

During duty hours we were not allowed to walk. Every time our left foot struck the ground, we had to yell “air assault” at the top of our lungs, and the only pushups our Air Assault Sergeants would accept were diamond pushups. If you were caught breaking these rules you would pay your NCOs with some “bonus” PT. After orientation we were brought to “the pit” for another PT session. We fell into one mass formation and waited in silence for ten minutes. A single Air Assault Sergeant stood in front of our formation. After letting us get a little comfortable he called us to attention and then yelled, “Go get ’em!”



**Above: Candidate 229 (CDT Forte) listens attentively to his Air Assault Instructors**

Suddenly twenty Air Assault Sergeants were running up and down the ranks screaming about anything and everything they could. We started to do an ungodly amount of PT. Every exercise we did reminded me that, in the end, all you need to get a great workout is your body. After hundreds of pushups, y-squats, overhead arm claps, and flutter kicks, we were finally called to the position of attention. The sergeants went up and down the ranks once more, screaming at our faces for uniform deficiencies, smiling, and other minor “problems.” I was yelled at for breathing with my mouth open, after which I quickly closed my mouth. However, upon closing my mouth, I noticed that I wasn't getting enough oxygen (as stated earlier, we had just completed tons of PT). Nevertheless, I decided that I would rather pass out than open my mouth again.

Unfortunately, it seemed that the former was growing more likely as my vision started fading. I knew that it was only a matter of minutes before I would come crashing to the ground. I kept trying to focus on the name tape of the soldier in front of me, but the world kept slipping away before my eyes. All of the sudden, I heard a loud \*thud\* behind me. The soldier directly to



my right had passed out and hit the deck hard. While the medics tended to him the other Air Assault Sergeants told us to take a knee and drink water. I dropped to a knee and finished my canteen in one go. My vision soon returned and I felt revitalized. Thankfully the PT session in the pit had finally ended. Later we discovered that it was an unwritten rule that PT in the pit didn't stop until someone passed out. The rest of the day consisted of more PT (what a surprise), including a timed two mile run in ACUs, an obstacle course, and then more "corrective" PT. After this we received six hours of class learning about the different helicopters the Army uses. At the end of this eighteen-hour day, I was awarded with something that made all the pain worth it: my roster number, 229.

## Tales from Estonia

*CDT Lauren Johnson (MIT '19)*

Towards the end of my Cultural Understanding and Language Proficiency (CULP) mission in Estonia, our team participated in a national sports competition organized by our Estonian hosts. The thirty of us competed in a multitude of events, including soccer, swimming, Ultimate Frisbee, and mud wrestling. We cheered each other on against our Estonian opponents, camped out in tents, and danced under the stars. As our final moments in Estonia came to a close, I couldn't help but reflect on all the experiences we had shared together.

A month earlier we had arrived in Estonia's capital city, Tallinn. The day was gloomy and rainy, and my CULP team was comprised entirely of strangers. Our first activity was a run to an old concert hall that had been closed by the Soviets. Its walls were covered with graffiti, and in the distance we could make out the outline of an old Soviet prison. In contrast to these symbols of oppression, we could clearly see the Gulf of Finland stretch out before us. As a group, we reflected on the impact of Soviet rule in Estonia. Every old Soviet building served as a reminder of Estonia's past and the complicated dynamic between its different ethnic groups today. Many people in Estonia have family members who were on opposing sides of WWII, while others have close family in Russia, a country that, until very recently, controlled Estonia. As a result, Estonian nationalism remains a project in progress. However, as our group traveled around Estonia and interacted with different people, we learned that national pride in their newfound freedom has helped close the wounds left from the Soviet occupation.



**CDT Lauren Johnson is a sophomore at MIT majoring in Mechanical Engineering**

After exploring Tallinn, we left the comfort of our hotel for the Estonian National Defense College and the rain and mosquitoes of the Estonian forests. We worked with Estonian cadets who served as our squad leaders in SABER STRIKE, a NATO field exercise intended to

assure our allies of our support and deter NATO's opponents. Participating in SABER STRIKE was one of the most valuable experiences I had during my CULP mission. Not only did I get to learn about how foreign militaries operate, but I also got to reflect on team building and leadership tactics with my fellow U.S. cadets. One huge difference we observed between the Estonian and U.S. Armies was the amount of information passed down to subordinates. My fellow American cadets and I spent most of the three-day exercise sitting in cramped, smelly armored personnel carriers with no clear idea as to what our mission was, what we were doing, or what came next. If anything had happened to our squad leader we had no guidance on how to get ourselves back to friendly territory, let alone continue the mission. This experience greatly increased my appreciation for the U.S. Army's focus on creating a shared understanding.



**Above: CDT Johnson and her CULP team mount a Soviet T-34 tank**

After our time in the field, we enjoyed Estonia from a civilian's perspective. We "escaped the room" in Tartu, canoed the Ahja River, explored castles and enjoyed saunas in Rakvere. We taught English in Narva, dug trenches, sanded wood, and volunteered at a special needs community center in Maarja Küla.

Aside from all these wonderful experiences, I was most developed by working with 29 strangers and learning to build a cohesive team. As we ran through strange cities, slept in the rain, dug for hours under the hot sun, and learned about Estonian culture, our group of 29 strangers become a family. I hope that, as an officer, I can one day foster the same atmosphere of support, hard work, and understanding that I found in my CULP team.

# Autumn Adventures

## Keep Crawling

*CDT Emma Carter-LaMarche (Wellesley '19)*

Personally, I classify the low crawl as a primitive form of corporal punishment. After two physically exhausting days, two hundred meters of low crawl sat between our Ranger Challenge Team and the finish line. With Master Sergeant Davis' persistent screams on my right and two

**Below: CDT Emma Carter-LaMarche narrates a Veterans' Day ceremony at Wellesley College.**



rifle straps commandeering the use of my left arm, I found myself on the verge of physical collapse. However, the camaraderie and grit surrounding me made giving up unthinkable. When MIT finished, we finished as one team.

Our nine members entered at a disadvantage. There was little time to train and many large battalions were hot on our heels. However, after two days and twenty miles of rucking, wrestling, paintballing, an obstacle course, a War Haka, King of the Ring, and successive bounding with machine guns, we had proved ourselves. MIT sat among the top five teams. The nine of us had gone through four feet of mud and numerous stinky porta-potties. The team had rucked carrying the weight of "Paul Revere" and had pulled the dummy underneath "barbed wire." We each had pushed through arduous circumstances. When we finally thought the day was done and that we could take a well-deserved break, MIT was informed there was to be one last wrestling match after the 200 meters. We were exhausted, but we met the challenge.

MIT muscled itself to 3rd place out of 42 teams. It's the best ranking we've earned in recent history. When I joined the team, I was excited to gain fitness and get to know the North Shore cadets. However, I gained much more than I would have ever anticipated. As cadets, we tend to set our own limits. Whether physical or mental, our perceived maximum capacities provide a scale in which we rank our experiences and set goals for the future. Ranger Challenge crushed those self-set restrictions. During the ruck with Weinberg pushing me from behind (literally) I thought I had met my match. ROTC has taught me that you are better than your "best". Whether getting shot in the hand at paintball or attempting one more push-up in order to max the APFT, one must rise to the challenge.

As cadets, we must not just help ourselves, but help our peers plow through goals previously perceived as unattainable. This year's Ranger Challenge Team has done this for me. In the following semesters of Ranger Challenge and ROTC, I'm excited to conquer new mountains once thought insurmountable. The climb is significantly easier and the views are sweeter when we climb together.



**Above: The Paul Revere Battalion presents the colors at Harvard-Yale**

MIT and Harvard Cadets and Midshipmen provided a massive flag detail and a joint service color guard to kick-off the annual Harvard-Yale Football Game at Harvard Stadium. Additionally, MIT Army ROTC PMS LTC Peter Godfrin inducted MG Robert Davenport (Harvard Class of 1944) into the US Army ROTC Hall of Fame at "The Game".

## Eating Out (and Dining In)

*CDT Wilbur Li (MIT '20)*

Three months into the ROTC season, the program had hit full throttle in terms of intensity. With three PT sessions, military science class, and a busy leadership lab every week, I felt like I had enrolled in the ultimate crash-course. However, Dining In presented something else entirely. We were briefed with the traditional OPORD, a TRANSPOR plan, and a cryptic list of “Rules of the Mess”. However, the MSIs, uninitiated in the finer side of military life, did not know what to expect. Would we be served MREs? Was this a state-sanctioned hazing ritual of sorts? Why were we leaving at 1515 for an event at 1800?

With its tiled floors and fine furnishings, Tupper Manor was an intimidating setting. In our newly-tailored Army Service Uniforms, the gathering seemed quite quaint and stately, resembling a scene from an early 20<sup>th</sup> century war film. The dinner began with a dignified entry of the official party and a presentation of the colors. Sometime later, the dinner descended into glorious chaos (of the organized variety, of course) as the infamous grog was brewed. Honey, Gatorade, Red Bull, and vegan cream were carefully stirred into the mix, leaving the crowd in disgust. Any cadet violating the rules of the mess could be convicted by a comrade and sentenced to consume a dose of grog, making the event a real “team-building” exercise, as Page would say. The grog table saw many visitors as MS IIIs and IVs fired Points of Order at one another, with a healthy mix of good faith and a slight touch of unrestrained, malicious intent.

Even cadre found themselves under fire, and at the night’s end everyone found themselves saluting President Page and chugging our battalion’s caffeinated concoction. With a series of quick skits roasting our lovely upperclassman and our newest cadre member, Captain Kassim (please forgive us sir!) the illustrious night was drawn to a humorous close. My favorite part? Skipping the AAR.

Below: Our esteemed MIT cadets at Dining In.



# Revere's Rangers

*CDT Matthew Weinberg (Tufts '17)*

In mid-October, nine Paul Revere Battalion Cadets departed for Fort Dix in Central New Jersey to compete in the annual 2<sup>nd</sup> Brigade Ranger Challenge Competition. The weekend represented the culmination of many months of individual and group training that started in the early spring of 2016. The team began by establishing goals for placing in the competition and associated training outcomes in order to guide the arduous months of preparation ahead. Over the early spring weeks, members of the Ranger Challenge team met and trained on the North and South shores, ranging from ruck marches to other physical challenges, eager to face events that were seen in past Ranger Challenge competitions.



**Above: CDT Weinberg, our current S3 and future Infantry officer!**

Upon reconvening in the fall, the team's training grew more regimented and shifted in focus after receiving word of significant changes to the competition. Team training in the early fall months consisted of two extended sessions per week that focused on both physical and tactical preparation. The team spent Saturday mornings and afternoons conducting (more) ruck marches, perfecting our technique with crew-served weapon systems, preparing for the CASEVAC course, and reviewing various strategies for the competition that awaited us. More importantly, the team spent countless hours preparing a Haka War Dance to be performed before the Commander of 2<sup>nd</sup> Brigade himself.

The team entered the competition highly prepared and motivated. Revere's Rangers stepped off early Saturday morning and were first met with a ruck march with two crew-served weapons and accompanying tripods, an event for which we had extensively prepared for. During the squad-on-squad paintball that ensued, we delivered a solid performance and emerged victorious over the University of Connecticut. The team pushed forward onto the Crew Drill Lane, and, through our excellent communication and our rehearsed techniques, surpassed all expectations. With spirits high, the team moved onto the Tug of War, in which Paul Revere rolled over the competition on its way to a convincing victory. After a short rest, the team lined up for the CASEVAC course, demonstrating exceptional effort during a long series of crawls through various obstacles. Closing out the day, the team left it all on the table during the highly anticipated Haka War Dance and King of the Ring events, defeating the City University of New York handily.



**Above: Our Fearless Revere Rangers!**

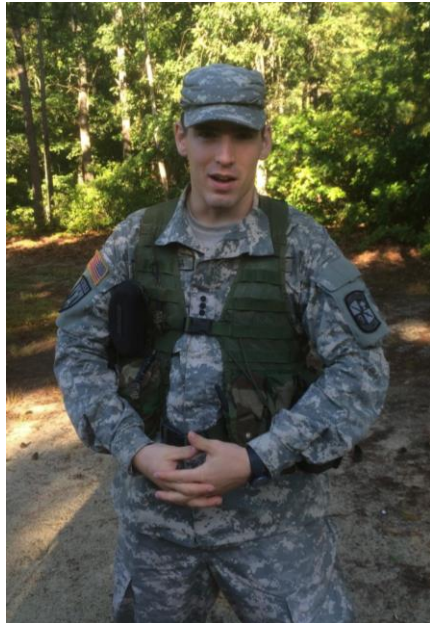
After an evening of rest, the final event of the weekend consisted of a yet another ruck march and a casualty exfiltration exercise. Revere's Rangers pushed forward and delivered a strong performance despite some obstacles along the way. After a few hours of waiting, the team was called upon by COL Mintz to compete for one of the top three overall slots based upon our performance in previous events. With the dust having settled after another series of heated Tug of War battles against our sister Battalions from Boston University and the University of New Hampshire, Revere's Rangers emerged with a 3<sup>rd</sup> place finish out of 44 teams.

The team has improved exponentially over the past few years, advancing twenty spots since 2015 overall. Paul Revere has climbed the leaderboard over the past four years in rapid fashion, jumping from the back of the pack to the very front. Having set a new standard for success, the team looks forward to making a statement come Columbus Day 2017. I'm looking at you, freshmen!

# The Bulls

*CDT Luke Pumiglia (Harvard '17)*

Imagine for a second that you find yourself atop a bull, hanging on for dear life as you are thrashed around a corral. Despite the bull's strength, you manage to maintain your balance for several seconds before you're eventually thrown off. You stick your landing, get up, and brush off the dust. As you exit the corral, you walk with a smug sense of accomplishment; for a few seconds, you commanded a bull. But then... SMACK! Suddenly another angry bull has broken loose and blindsided you.



**CDT Luke Pumiglia is a senior at Harvard majoring in Human Evolutionary Biology**

For many pre-medical ROTC cadets, the aforementioned analogy no doubt strikes a special chord. Which bull is school and which bull is ROTC changes frequently, but there is no denying that the balance between the two is often precarious, yet rewarding nonetheless.

I firmly believe that my experiences in ROTC have made me a better pre-medical student, and I have no doubt that they will one day make me a better doctor. First, the time intensive rigor of Army ROTC has edified my self-discipline and work ethic, qualities that prove essential for managing difficult classes such as organic chemistry, anatomy, physiology, and physics. Furthermore, Army ROTC has put the challenges I face as a student in perspective and contextualizes the reasons behind why I do what I do. This perspective has proven invaluable during my time as a pre-medical student. The lessons learned through ROTC have made me resilient in comparison to my civilian pre-medical peers. I've learned to effectively handle adversity, shake off disappointment, and continue working towards my objective of eventually

becoming an Army doctor. Moreover, this perspective has allowed me to better aid my peers when they face challenges of their own.

Ultimately, both medicine and military leadership require putting the needs of others before your own. Additionally, both demand critical thinking and a dedication to something greater than yourself. I have no doubt that the training, leadership, and interpersonal skills I have developed through ROTC will help me embody these attributes once I start my medical practice.



# Give Me the Power!

*CDT Caroline Bechtel (Wellesley '17)*

When I registered for Power and Negotiation, I expected to learn how to become a cunning, manipulative aggressor. Hard power politics. Brinkmanship. World Domination. You get the point. Instead, I learned how to effectively communicate interests and improve the outcomes for opposing interest groups. Today, I work as a T.A. for the class, which I've really grown to enjoy thus far.

Power and Negotiation is a course at MIT's Sloan School of Business that centers on teaching a broad spectrum of bargaining problems faced by managers and their respective employees. The course frequently resorts to practical exercises and role playing, where students are given an opportunity to learn and directly internalize lessons. The first half of the class teaches information-sharing and relationship-building skills, whereas the second portion emphasizes navigating your way through difficult conversations, including, but not limited to: how to break up with someone, how to push someone to break up with you, how to best address a sexist environment in the workforce, how to properly fire someone, and more! Working through these sorts of problems is tough, to say the least. However, with the lessons provided by Power and Negotiation, no situation proves insurmountable!



**Above: South Shore cadets execute one of Bechtel's infamous abdominal circuits.**

What's been most rewarding about the class is the overlap between our lessons, ROTC, and the Army at large. As emphasized by CDT Page, the Army is ultimately a people-centered organization. Cohesive relationships, built through effective communication, are essential to its organizational effectiveness and survival. Thus, I anticipate that learning skills – like how to set

the tone of a conversation, work with different kinds of personalities, and having difficult conversations – will prove extremely useful in the years to come.

## Why I Stayed

**CDT Gabriel Gladstein (Harvard '18)**

I joined ROTC just before the final cutoff, just before I would have no longer been able to enroll. I had never dreamed of joining the Army as a kid. My family has no history of military service. I was fortunate enough to afford college, and I already had career goals that I was happily pursuing.

My parents were distressed, but mostly confused about my decision. They weren't alone—I was confused, too. I had a sincere but somewhat vague notion of the weight of a Soldier's service, and I wanted to bear that weight. I also sought the self-respect that I felt would follow from accomplishing something so dissimilar from anything I had ever attempted. Lastly, I hoped to find a community of people who experienced Harvard the way I do, as an amalgam of an insider and an outsider.

My first semester of ROTC was almost entirely ungratifying. I gained respect for the cadets around me, but gained no respect for myself. Rather than feeling I was working my way towards service, I instead felt that I was a failure, without the capacity to meet even the baseline requirements to serve. Worst of all, I wasn't sure there was any place for me in the larger Army.

It was when I found myself on the verge of quitting that I traveled to Fort Knox last July. There, I committed myself to *becoming* someone capable of military service, even if I wasn't that person already. I realized that my three reasons for trying out ROTC in the first place were not enough to prompt me to make such a solemn commitment, and moreover, that my reasoning wasn't all that important anyway. What made me decide to continue ROTC was a train of thought that began with one of my Ft. Knox drill sergeants, Drill Sergeant Austin. "When all you got is your platoon," he told us, "the guys in the sand next to you, lying there between you and death, you don't fight for the President, you don't fight for the flag, or even for American values—you fight for the guy to your right and the guy to your left. You fight because they're next to you. And they fight because you're next to them." What he was saying was simple: Soldiers persist through the horrors of war because their battle buddies need them to persist, if only in order to survive themselves.



**Above: CDT Gladstein poses for a picture following his graduation from CIET!**

Of course, ROTC cadets have it easy. We're not on the battlefield, and keeping each other alive doesn't seem to be a relevant task when we're training with paintball guns. Moreover, ROTC cadets are, by nature, lucky enough to attend college, an indication of the many options available outside of the military *and* an opportunity that many Americans do not have. Why should Drill Sergeant Austin's promise that we will one day fight to save our comrades drive *us* to join, when surely there are others who could bear that responsibility instead?

Nevertheless, our education and the various opportunities granted to us are a large part of what I believe makes it so vital that we serve. Inevitably, the U.S. will fight wars, and American men and women are going to put their lives at risk in those wars whether students in the Paul Revere Battalion participate or not. We are some of the most fortunate sons and daughters of this country; our college education allows us to offer the military many distinct skills unique to our demographic. When we fight, and when there are men and women to our left and right for whom we fight, we will be relied upon to make tough decisions. Those decisions could easily be the difference between life and death for the soldiers we fight with, and I am positive that we will be glad we are there to make those decisions ourselves when the time comes.

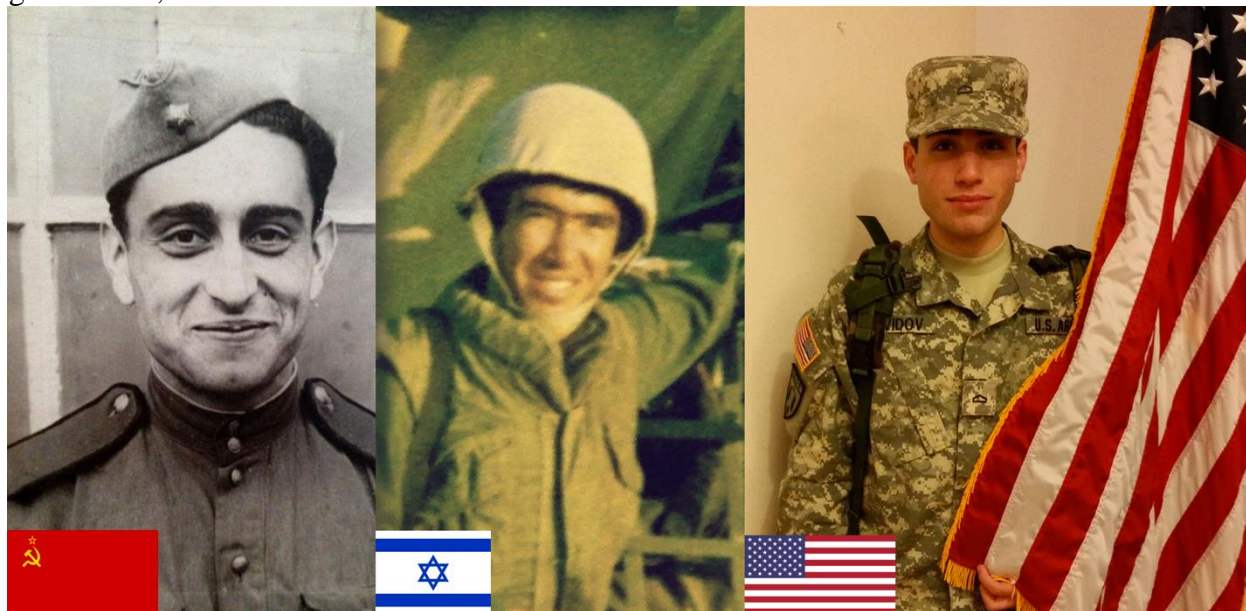
## Boris & Boris

CDT Boris Davidov (Harvard '19)

His name was also Boris, my maternal grandfather after who I was named. A hardworking and well-respected man, he rose from the post-war poverty into the upper echelons of the Tashkent elite. He left school to begin working at the age of nine after World War II left his family destitute. At 18, he was sent to fight for the Soviet Union, as all able-bodied men were. He served for four years clearing mines. With the help of God, my grandfather survived his service and moved to Tashkent, where he met my grandmother and began a family. Although he quickly accumulated wealth and respect, his religion kept him below his Uzbek counterparts. My grandfather was Jewish, meaning his family were commonly regarded as subhuman. Although Boris yearned to taste a sip of American freedom, my grandfather's dream never became a reality. In 1989, my grandfather was diagnosed with cancer and was refused medical treatment because supplies were low. Looking back, my grandfather dedicated four years to a nation he did not believe in.

My father, Yura, faced the same fate as my grandfather. He, too, was born and raised in an impoverished and war-torn village on the outskirts of Dushanbe. Realizing that he too had to one day fight for the Soviet Union, my dad refused to serve a government that thrived off his suffering. In 1973, sixteen-year-old Yura left his high school and his family and walked towards the new homeland calling his name: Israel. For the next twelve years, my father served in the Israeli Defense Forces, where he fought to protect the Jewish state from its enemies in the Sinai and Lebanon. However, after completing his service, my father found himself back in the same state of suffering he endured in Tajikistan. At that time, economic opportunities were rare, and in no way were they given to my father, a minority Sephardic Jew from a communist country. In 1985, my father left the Jewish State of Israel to the United States of America, where he proudly

lives today. Looking back, my father dedicated twelve years to a nation that he, like my grandfather, could not believe in.



**From Left to Right: Boris' grandfather, father, and CDT Boris himself**

It is now September 2016, and I find myself eager to begin my journey with the Army ROTC Program. It will certainly be a tough road ahead, but as evidenced by my father and grandfather, it's a family tradition to surmount obstacles. I will surely have my own unique trials and tribulations, but I am not afraid and I hope to grow as a student and soldier. Like my father and grandfather, I will be trained by some of the world's best to become a skilled soldier. However, unlike the Davidovs that preceded me, I will dedicate my years of service to a nation that I wholeheartedly believe in, and – more importantly – a nation that wholeheartedly accepts my heritage. I am proud to one day become an American Army officer.

## Alumni Corner

### Transitioning from a Cadet to a Lieutenant

*2LT Robert Costa (Tufts '15)*

Every Cadet looks forward to the day they can finally pin that gold bar on their uniform, signifying the completion of four years of hard work and dedication. However, with that momentous achievement comes the uncertainty of what lies ahead. For me, this uncertainty was no different.

Four months after commissioning I loaded my Jeep with everything I owned and drove halfway across the country for Field Artillery BOLC. I didn't know a single person in my class,

or where I was going to live, or even where to report to. Upon my arrival (and figuring out where to sign-in) I put on my uniform and walked into our Battery HQ to report. I was nervous, confused and frantically looking for signs to point me in the right direction. After finding three other Lieutenants signing in, all of that uncertainty dissipated and I began to feel comfortable as a young Army Officer.

The most stressful day of my thirteen months as a Second Lieutenant was my first day reporting to BOLC. I quickly adjusted to the expectations and work ethic required to succeed at BOLC, and the transition from Cadet to Lieutenant proved fairly smooth. I've since graduated from FA BOLC, Ranger School, Air Assault School, reported to my unit at the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, and am soon departing for my first deployment overseas. If there's one thing I've learned from transitioning from a Cadet to a Second Lieutenant, it's that experiencing nervousness is perfectly natural. What matters most is that you remain confident in what you know and trust your ability to lead and follow your superiors, subordinates and peers.



**2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant Costa (left) proudly displays his well-earned Ranger Tab!**

## **Where ROTC at MIT Led Me**

**Frank A. Tapparo, MIT '60, LTC USAR (R)**

I entered MIT in September 1956, the penultimate year for compulsory ROTC. My decision to join the Army was largely influenced by my father who had served as an NCO in the New York National Guard. My father felt that military training was a leadership opportunity not to be foregone, so I followed his guidance. During my first two years of ROTC, I pledged Pershing Rifles and remained with the organization until I moved to the advanced program.

At that time, MIT senior ROTC participants were assigned to one of five technical services—Engineers, Chemical, Signal, Quartermaster, or Ordnance. Being in Course X, I was assigned to the Chemical Corps. In my senior year I achieved the rank of Cadet LTC and served as the commander of one of the two ROTC battalions. There was no summer camp for Chemical Corps ROTC students and I spent my six weeks of summer training at Ft. Devens, MA, where, incidentally, I was placed in the same company as Les Aspin, a soon-to-be Congressman from Wisconsin and future Secretary of Defense. (We renewed our friendship 35 years later when we both worked in the Pentagon.)

Upon graduation, as a Distinguished Military Graduate (DMG) I was offered a Regular vice Reserve commission. I thought long and hard about the DMG, for it marked one as a “lifer.” A DMG also had to serve the first two years in the combat arms and attend Airborne, Ranger school, or both. Upon accepting the DMG I chose the Infantry and was sent to Ft. Benning for basic infantry training. My time at Benning was busy as I was trying to get into both Airborne and Ranger school, as well as get married before leaving for an assignment in Germany.

To make a long story short, I earned my Airborne wings, got married, and received my Ranger tab before leaving for Europe for four years, where I was assigned to an armored rifle battalion of the 4<sup>th</sup> Armored Division. After completing two years in the Infantry, I was assigned to the 4<sup>th</sup> AD Chemical Section. Upon returning home in December 1964, I attended the Chemical Corps Advanced Course at Ft. McClellan, AL, before enrolling in an operations research program at Tulane, courtesy of Uncle Sam.

After getting my degree, I was ordered to deploy with the 1<sup>st</sup> Infantry Division to Vietnam. But on the day I was to have my household goods shipped, new orders arrived assigning me to the Defense Communications Planning Group (DCPG) at the Naval Observatory, Washington, DC. There, I joined a host of other MIT engineers working on what was known as McNamara’s Wall, a system of electronic sensors designed to stem the flow of supplies along the Ho Chi Minh Trail. I remained with DCPG over two years, making numerous trips to the Republic of Vietnam (RVN) on various projects, which proved to be some of the most interesting challenges of my professional career.

I was eventually ordered to the RVN for a tour, spending a year with the 1<sup>st</sup> Logistical Command and its successor. Upon my return to U.S., I was assigned to the Army Staff in the Pentagon, but was also offered a civilian position in the Office of the Assistant Secretary of Defense (Systems Analysis)—sometimes called McNamara’s “Whiz Kids.”

In mid-1971 I accepted the “Whiz Kids” job and remained in OSD for 23 years in a number of analytical and supervisory positions. I also transferred to the Reserves, where I remained until I retired in 1984—a decision I never regretted. When I retired from OSD in 1994, I worked as a senior fellow and analyst with numerous “think tanks” working on Defense projects, the last being as an advisor to Colombia’s ministry of defense.

Thus, it is not a stretch to assert that ROTC at MIT pushed me towards a most fulfilling and interesting career—but one that not once included chemical engineering!

# Summer Highlights



**Left: CDT Johnson** enjoying her time in Estonia with her fellow cadets.

**Bottom left: Tufts alumnus 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Costa** graduating from Ranger School!

**Bottom right: CDT Wong** with members of the Liberian Army.



# Fall Semester Highlights



Above: Our brave First Sergeant takes his sip of the grog!







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**Don't forget to check out our Facebook page at:**  
**<https://www.facebook.com/PaulRevereBattalion>**



**Editor of the *Revere Recorder*,  
Summer and Fall 2016 edition:  
CDT Williams**



*We are proud to announce  
the 2016 inductions of  
MG(Ret) Robert C.  
Davenport, Harvard '44  
(left) and Dr. Paul E. Gray,  
MIT'54, (right) into the U.S.  
Army ROTC Hall of Fame!*



The MIT Army ROTC program is made possible by generous annual donations from many constituencies. An investment in the Paul Revere Battalion supports cadets in leadership development training, training equipment and scholarships.

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