



Scuttlebutt

MAY 2008

A Squid newsletter for Doc's of all Services!

HAPPY MEMORIAL DAY



EVERY DAY IS MEMORIAL DAY

Today we remember
A grateful Nation recalls
Our Men and Women
Who paid the price
Of freedom for us all
For those of us who
Served beside them
Every day is Memorial Day
We can't let their memories fade
We were touched by their loss
Their lives touched ours
Changing and helping us
Becoming who we are
Grateful for what we have
Freedom at Home
For those left at home
You gave us your sons and daughters
Husbands and Wives
Fathers and Mothers
Brothers and Sisters
Friends and Lovers
Thank you for sharing them with us
We miss them all
We won't let them be forgot
That is why each of us
Who have been in battle knows
We can never ever forget
That Every Day is Memorial Day

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by Kerry 'Doc' Pardue

Memorial Day is a time that I reflect on those who have served and paid the ultimate sacrifice for the defense of our freedom, our Constitution and the interests of the United States of America.

As I peruse the memorial wall of KIA, and having recently viewed Corpsman.com's Original Memorial Day 2008 Tribute, I find it helps me to remember, (via a personal touch), this is not a holiday to be celebrated with BBQ and music, rather it's just a day, a day to remember those who are no longer with us and the reason why. A day to remember their families and the pain and anguish they certainly have felt at the loss of their loved ones. This is a day to say thank you, to those families, to all who have served, and to those currently serving.

Thank you for your sacrifice...thank you for your service.
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Thanksgiving is a day when we pause to give thanks for the things we have.



Memorial Day is a day when we pause to give thanks to the people who fought for the things we have.

Memorial Day by Stephen Higgins

The sun shone weakly through the February sky in 1982. The procession of several cars moved slowly through the gates and up the hill. As we approached the Chapel I wondered what the Chaplain was going to say, as he had never met the Late CDR S. G. Higgins, SC, USN. We entered the chapel and took our seats with a fair number of non family members attending as my father had had a strong impact on his former junior troops, now risen to senior ranks. The most senior that I met was now the COMNAVSURFLANT Suppo.

The service began, and during and after the Chaplain's talk, I wondered how he could have described my father so well with just having read a very brief biography that we had given him. Years later it came to me that the Chaplain was not just talking about my father but about every veteran that had been laid to rest. His description of the service, the sacrifices, the dedication to the service and our country was not just my father but all service members. The service was followed by the slow wending of the funeral processions to the graveside. The honor provided by the members of the honor guard, the horse guard and musicians was truly humbling. During the church service the temperature outside had dropped over 20 degrees.

This made the horses pulling the caisson very skittish, but on the way to the graveside and until well after the casket had been taken off the caisson the horses were absolutely perfect. It was if they too were honoring our fallen brethren. I was told later after the service that the horses had broken loose from the caisson and had bolted. It was as if they waited until they knew that they would not be dishonoring the fallen to act the way that they did. The service flowed very smoothly and soon CDR Higgins had joined the rest of the residents of Arlington National Cemetery. All of the TV coverage that you see about funerals and all of the you tube, his tube and their tube videos cannot begin to show you the reverence and professionalism these men and women have when honoring the fallen.

The clock jumps ahead to 1995. Again my brother and I are at the graveside as this time it is LT Bertha E. Higgins, NC USNR that is receiving the honors. Again the men and women of the honor guards performed admirably and the service is something that is truly memorable.

This memorial day as we honor the men and women that have fallen serving and have served our country let us not forget those men and women of the honor guards at the National Cemeteries, Reserve units, and VFW posts, that provide graveside services, as well as those individuals that work to maintain the sacred ground in which our fallen rest. These men and women continue to provide a service to the families of the fallen and honor those that have gone before.

As a final note we should always remember that though the services that are held on Memorial day are oft solemn, but should also be viewed as a celebration of the people that we honor.

May you all have a safe and memorable Memorial Day

Stephen Higgins
HMC(SW/FMF) USN Ret

What does Memorial Day mean to me? Well, other than the idiot ads for cars, furniture, food, and movies about actors trying to act tough on celluloid, here's something else.

I am retired Navy and joined during the Carter Administration, and while my dad was all for it, my mother was very worried and thought I'd lost my mind. However, after she noticed the change in me, she was all for me making the Navy my career, which I eventually did.

Both of my parents are now dead, and yes my dad served in WWII in the European theatre and eventually served as a P.O.W guard, all the while serving as a motor-pool mechanic, and someday I want to take his old service no. and find out exactly what he did and if he saw any major action, which I suspect he did, he just never talked about it openly, just like my uncles who also served in the Army.

I served in a lot of different bases, from Puerto Rico(now closed)to Southern Californial(Balboa Hospital), USS Saratoga (CV-60)which has long since been decommissioned, Naval Ophthalmic Support and Training Activity, Yorktown, VA, and retired from Parris Island, which is still around making Marines from any young person who wants a real challenge and is willing to earn it.

When the news of today is digested and opinions dispensed, those who wrote it will always wonder how their legacies will be remembered. But for this retired Navy corpsman who saw a lot of the world and who witnessed even more, my legacy is remembered by only those he served with and fondly remember, and for better and worse respected for it all.

Yes I do get questions about it, mainly from active-duty who need the mentoring and advice, and always get a hearty 'Thank you, sir!'. And I know the advice I give will always help from someone who's willing to apply it.

Michael F. Vaughn, retired Navy HM2
Jacksonville, FL



Well some insight on what, who I am. I spent three years in Vietnam, including Tet68 in Hue City. I remember friends and comrades who I have lost. I toast to them for being HEROS. I say a prayer that they never be forgotten. I cry, I am not ashamed to admit that. You young folks who are serving your country now, GOD BLESS YOU and I am proud of you Corpsmen, Medics and the rest of the Service Members of the US Armed Forces.

Jim Beyersdorf
HMC USNRET

Memorial Day had always meant a day off from school, marching with the band and that school was almost over for the summer. I didn't look forward to the parade because of the gun salute, I would cry every time I heard it. This changed for me when I was in college. I came home to see a fallen 'hometown hero' brought home. His brother, who was also in the service, was riding in the front seat of the vehicle carrying his brother. The streets were lined with people. We waited for almost 2 hours before the convoy of police, military vehicles and other cars came through town. The convoy went through a few of the surrounding towns and had picked up county police cars on the way. While we were waiting, everyone was talking, and had their American flags within reach. As the convoy topped the hill south of town, everyone went silent. The children held their flags and no one spoke, honoring one of our own who was brought home too early. Memorial Day became more to me that day. Memorial Day is about honoring those who have served, whatever the conflict or war at the time. It is about honoring those who had pledged to give their life for the United States of America as well as remembering those who made the ultimate sacrifice. Memorial Day is a way for those in the civilian world to say thank you to the veterans and troops who make it possible for the American freedoms and way of life.

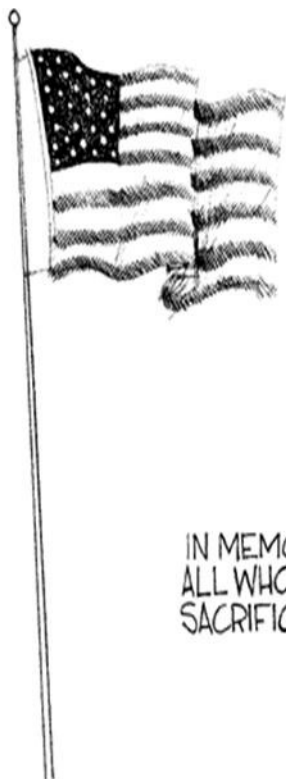
Docv'sfuturewife
Carlene McFarland



Memorial Day for me means remembrances of days on guard duty in lonely isolated areas. It means remembering our young men that have sacrificed their lives and limbs and given their all so that we can be safe from enemies that are sworn to our demise. It means remembrances of times when we shared a certain camaraderie, that of being apart of a unit, a unit that is proud to wear the American flag on their sleeve. Of a grateful nation that has heroes who just simply think that they are only doing their job. Pride, respect and vigilance is what Memorial Day means to us who are proud to be Americans!

Semper Fidelis to America,
USMCDOC53
aka Richard Oropeza

**TODAY'S
COLOR ALERT:
RED, WHITE
AND BLUE**



Memorial Day was "the" holiday that started summer. Until, August 2006 when my only child enlisted. Amazing, how a war and ALL the wars before have a different meaning, when someone you love is along side the bravest and the most under appreciated people in America. HM James C. McRedmond, 2D LAR, 1st Plt., C. Co., now deployed to the Sandbox, is my life and now Memorial Day is the day I celebrate his life and all those before him, with him, and after him who put their life on the line so that I can have all the freedoms that I now enjoy.

*God Bless You and Yours,
A Very Proud Docs Mom,
Deb McClintock, Shermans Dale, PA*

This Coming Weekend - Author Unknown



From the Other Side...

At first there was no place for us to go until someone put up that Black Granite Wall. Now, every day and night, my Brothers and Sisters wait to see the many people from places afar file in front of this Wall. Many people stopping briefly and many for hours and some that come on a regular basis. It was hard at first, not that it's gotten any easier, but it seems that many of the attitudes towards that Vietnam War we were involved in have changed. I can only pray that the ones on the other side have learned something, and more Walls as this one, needn't be built.

Several members of my unit, and many that I did not recognize, have called me to The Wall by touching my name engraved upon it. The tears aren't necessary, but are hard even for me to hold back. Don't feel guilty for not being with me, my Brothers. This was my destiny as it is yours to be on that side of The Wall. Touch The Wall, my Brothers, so that I can share in the memories that we had. I have learned to put the bad memories aside and remember only the pleasant times that we had together. Tell our other Brothers out there to come and visit me, not to say Good-bye but to say Hello and be together again even for a short time and to ease that pain of loss that we all still share.

Today, an irresistible and loving call summons me to The Wall. As I approach, I can see an elderly lady and as I get closer, I recognize her--It's Momma! As much as I have looked forward to this day, I have also dreaded it, because I didn't know what reaction I would have.

Next to her, I suddenly see my wife and immediately think how hard it must have been for her to come to this place, and my mind floods with the pleasant memories of 30 years past. There's a young man in a military uniform standing with his arm around her--My God!--he has to be my son! Look at him trying to be the man without a tear in his eye. I yearn to tell him how proud I am, seeing him stand tall, straight and proud in his uniform.

Momma comes closer and touches The Wall, and I feel the soft and gentle touch I had not felt in so many years. Dad has crossed to this side of The Wall, and through our touch, I try to convince her that Dad is doing fine and is no longer suffering or feeling pain. I see my wife's courage building as she sees Momma touch The Wall and she approaches and lays her hand on my waiting hand. All the emotions, feelings and memories of three decades past flash between our touch and I tell her that it's all right carry on with your life and don't worry about me I can see as I look into her eyes that she hears and a big burden has been lifted from her on wings of understanding.

I watch as they lay flowers and other memories of my past. My lucky charm that was taken from me and sent to her by my CO a tattered and worn teddy bear that I can barely remember having as I grew up as a child and several medals that I had earned and were presented to my wife. One is the Combat Infantry badge that I am very proud of, and I notice that my son is also wearing this medal. I had earned mine in the jungles of Vietnam and he had probably earned his in the deserts of Iraq.

I can tell that they are preparing to leave, and I try to take a mental picture of them together, because I don't know when I will see them again. I wouldn't blame them if they were not to return, and can only thank them that I was not forgotten. My wife and Momma near The Wall for one final touch, and so many years of indecision, fear and sorrow are let go. As they turn to leave, I feel my tears that had not flowed for so many years, form as if dew drops on the other side of The Wall.

They slowly move away with only a glance over their shoulders. My son suddenly stops and slowly returns. He stands straight and proud in front of me and snaps a salute. Something draws him near The Wall and he puts his hand upon the etched stone and touches my tears that had formed as dew drops on the face of The Wall and I can tell that he senses my presence and the pride and love that I have for him. He falls to his knees and the tears flow from his eyes and I try my best to reassure him that it's all right, and the tears do not make him any less of a man. As he moves back wiping the tears from his eyes, he silently mouths, "God Bless you, Dad

God Bless You, Son we Will meet someday, but in the meanwhile go on your way there is no hurry at all.

As I see them walk off in the distance, I yell loud to Them and Everyone there today, as loud as I can: Thank You For Remembering. Thank You All For Remembering and as others on this side of The Wall join in, I notice the U.S. Flag, Old Glory, that so proudly flies in front of us everyday, is flapping and standing proudly straight out in the wind from our gathering numbers this day and I shout again, and again and again

*Thanks for Remembering!
Thanks for Remembering!
Thanks for Remembering!*



Rant from Da-Chief

by HMC Darrell Crone

Corpsman.com is presenting our first Memorial Day Tribute created by us. The Whole presentation is 23:28 minutes long. 0311_DoC and myself have spent the last 72 hours working on it pretty much straight through. Some info:

We created “427” slides for our show.

We used 2 recordings:

11:10 minutes long

12:18 minutes long

This was a labor of love for something that we never wanted to create.

We memorialized everyone who has died in IEF and OEF from January 1st – May26th of 2008.

Everyone has a picture, and personal information. 0311_DoC was scrounging the internet for all of the info I needed to put this together. Once he passed it all on to me, it was time to construct this Memorial from scratch with my ideas etc.

0311 did not stop at just getting me info, he was handy on IM if we came across info that was screwy etc. I want to personally thank him for his dedication to this project on this weekend so many take for granted. This is the type of Doc, come hell or high water will work till the mission is done. I also want to thank his family as he has been out of the loop this weekend during this tour of heartbreaking duty.

I debated finding a way to shorten it. I spoke to Karen about it, I told her I just didn’t feel right about finding a way to shorten it. Here is what she said and I think you will agree;

“These people gave the ultimate sacrifice for their country, regardless what people believe in the war etc. You had better not short change their memory as they would not have done that for you. They are and always will be our brothers and sisters.”

I love my wife, I love that she understands, because she was there. She has worn the Cammies, the face paint, the combat boots as I have. She knows the link we have to those still serving and those whom we have lost.

Please sit back listen and reflect for 23 minutes and 28 seconds.

They deserve it.

Da-Chief



Combat Medicine

by Chuck Fenwick

The Spirit of Good Medicine

It was midnight and I was the only Corpsman on duty. The ward was quiet and I had just finished charting for the 25 or so patients. The ward was the dirty-ortho ward at Great Lakes Naval Hospital. It being a "dirty-ortho" ward meant that every patient had difficult-to-treat infections and bone involvement---usually several severe fractures and/or missing limbs. The welfare and recovery of the patient dictated ward duties which consisted of: Changing bandages every 4 to 6 hours, starting and hanging IVs, pouring and passing medications, bedpans, bed baths, changing linen, hanging and adjusting traction, casts, shots, x-ray, transporting, meals, minor surgery, vital signs, nursing rounds, and of course, that dreaded charting. At night though, things would settle down and at most, only two Corpsmen were needed, but in a pinch, one would suffice.

I decided that since things were quiet and considering these were Marines, I should make rounds and check on the patients. Since all of the patients were confined to bed there is always something that needs to be done---quiet or not. "Hey, Doc, my urinal is full." "Say...uh... Doc, my pillow fell on the floor. Can you hand it to me?" No complaints or bed lights coming on, just, "Hey, Doc," when the chance presented itself and as a Corpsman I wanted them to have that chance.

I quietly started walking down the long row of beds with their sleeping occupants. I checked the drip-chamber of an IV here and the weight on some traction there, making my way toward the end of the first row. About halfway down the ward a sudden noise distracted me and I turned to my left. No sooner had I turned to look than from behind me a Marine swung out from the bed and wrapped what was left of his two legs around my neck and pulled me up against the frame. He laughed and said, "Gotcha, Doc! Nice ambush, huh?" Then his partner in distraction laughed too. Funny man, that Marine. He was notorious for asking visitors to scratch his foot for him. We finally had to make a rule, "Mustn't Scare The Womenfolk!" Now he just picked on Chaplains and Corpsmen.

I continued on with my rounds until my last patient. He was in traction for a fractured femur. In the daytime he was a good natured, extremely large Marine who reminded everyone of a pirate. Tonight, though, he was making a little bunny rabbit out of his sheet and cooing to said bunny rabbit. I got up close to him and asked, "What's the matter with you, man?" No answer except for that baby talk to his little white rabbit. I looked in his eyes and, yep, nobody home.

I went back to the nursing station and started checking his records. He was on Ampicillin, some vitamins, something for itching, Surfak, codeine--PRN for pain and Seconal for sleep. Nothing odd there so I checked his history. A gunshot wound, fractured femur, pseudomonas infection and that was it. I checked a little deeper. Ah ha! He had been in the hospital on another occasion with a head wound, from a previous tour in Vietnam. Head wounds and barbiturates don't go together. We would have to figure out something else to help him sleep.

Thus it went, day after day, night after night on that ward. The patients were some of the war's worst wounded. We never lost a patient though. The Corpsmen, Doctors and Nurses worked hard to make sure of that. Yet, it's not just the medical that carried the patients through to recovery, it was a certain spirit that the Marines had.

The ward was a place of laughter and smiles and high spirits. The Marines didn't complain or lose their tempers. They were polite and always said, "Thanks, Doc", but in an odd, almost complimentary way they seemed indifferent to their medical treatment. It's as if they knew they would get the very best that the Corpsmen, Nurses and Doctors could offer. There was something different about the Marines on our ward. Over the years I have worked on Dependent wards and in civilian hospitals and they are not like the Marine patients, but at the time I couldn't quite put my finger on that difference. Truly, I did not understand because I could not understand--I was an outsider.

I think that most Corpsmen notice this difference and that is what draws the men and women of the Hospital Corps to the FMF. My father had been an FMF Corpsman in WWII, Korea and Vietnam. I had been through all the schools, but as yet had not been given a duty station with a combat unit. Treating the wounded in a hospital is one thing, but applying your skills in the field and following in the footsteps of Corpsmen like your own father or Doc Bradley, Lipes, Ingram, Ray and a whole host of others, well, that is a different dance altogether.

The third time I volunteered for Vietnam, I got it! My turn at the wheel had come.

Combat Medicine and the Fleet Marine Force

The Honorable James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy during World War II, had these words to say about the men and women of the Naval Hospital Corps for their singular attainments during that deadly conflict. This was the first time in military history any single corps had been commended by that office.

"Out of every 100 men of the United States Navy and Marine Corps who were wounded in World War II, 97 recovered.

That is a record not equaled anywhere, anytime... So, to the 200,000 men and women of the Hospital Corps, I say, Well done. Well done, indeed!"

Secretary Forrestal described the horrific conditions under which the Corpsmen tended the wounded.

"... while shell fragments ripped clothing from their bodies and shattered plasma bottles in their hands..."

From World War II until this day, of all the Medals of Honor presented to Naval enlisted personnel, Corpsmen own the lion's share with well over half the number awarded.

Other personal medals such as the Navy Cross, Silver Star, Bronze Star and Purple Hearts won by Combat Corpsmen number in the multiple thousands and are almost too numerous to count. During WWII, the cost was high with 1,170 hospital corpsmen killed in action with thousands more wounded.

Korea was no different. During the Inchon-Seoul operation of 1950 in the period between 15 Sept and 7 Oct, Corpsmen attached to the 1st Marine Division treated over 2,800 casualties.

Of the seven Medals of Honor awarded to Naval personnel during Korea, a total of five were conferred upon Corpsmen for their heroic service.

The Corpsmen, Doctors, and Nurses manning the hospital ships in the Korean waters off those beaches found themselves in no better conditions handling 20,000 combat casualties, 30,000 non-combatant casualties and 80,000 outpatients.

In Vietnam, Navy Corpsmen were awarded 4 Medals of Honor, 30 Navy Crosses, 127 Silver Stars, 290 Bronze Stars and 4,563 purple hearts. Records show that we treated 70,292 Marine and Navy casualties and multiple tens-of-thousands of civilians. Our own death toll was not light at well over 600 killed in action.

Esprit de Corps

The men and women of the Hospital Corps did not suffer and die for themselves, but presented their minds and bodies to their units for a greater purpose. This willingness to serve is the *esprit de corps* to which they were drawn.

HM2 Chris Pyle wrote the following letter home just before being assigned to the first 1st Marine Division in Vietnam.

Many people have died to save another. The Navy Corpsman has had more honors bestowed on him than any other group. My life has but one meaning, to save or help someone. Soon I will be going over to Vietnam. I have my fears and beliefs, but they lay hidden under my emotions. That's why God has made me so. Someday I will see before me a wounded marine. I will think of all kinds of things, but my training has prepared me for this moment. I really doubt if I will be a hero, but to that Marine I will be God. I am hoping that no one will die while I am helping him; if so, some of myself will die with him. Love for fellow man is great in my book. It's true they make me mad at times but no matter who it is, if he's wounded in the middle of a rice paddy, you can bet your bottom dollar that whatever God gave me for power, I will try until my life is taken to help save him, and any other.

Five months later, on 28 May 1969, HM2 Pyle was killed in action.

As Americans we would do well to learn from their struggles and the men they loved. From faceless heroes came priceless information which revolutionized the world of medicine and surgery. To this day there is no medical practice or attendant service which has not been touched and enhanced by Combat Medicine.

Medical Excellence

Yet, what is so unique about Combat Medicine that it eclipses all other forms of Emergency Medical Technique? Probably the best way to answer this is to tell what the field is *not*.

Combat Medicine is not just First Aid, First Response, or any of the other euphemistic terms for, "keep 'em alive until the doctor arrives." Neither is it Alternative Medicine which is suddenly being "rediscovered" by the masses. It is definitely not crude or improvised, unless the saving of lives can be considered crude. Combat Medicine is the very best of all of the above, and without question, it is much, much more.

Field Corpsmen are trained to not only respond, but to be the *only* response in obstetrics, mass casualties, surgery, pharmacy, orthopedics, nutrition, and sanitation - even pest control. When there's no 911 to call, ambulance, medevac, aid station or emergency room, whether on a hunting trip or atop Mt. Suribachi, the basic principles of Combat Medicine cannot be equaled when it comes to the survival of the patient.

What is accomplished in the field is often done without the aid of the marvelous life-saving machinery found in sick-bays, emergency rooms and ORs. Combat Medicine is a technique borne by the heart, mind and hands of the individual responder which insures the survival of the sick and injured.

In its simplest, the Navy takes a man or woman, gives them a few weeks medical training, a medical bag and puts them in the field with the Marines. The Navy and Marines will expect the Corpsmen to perform their duties by caring for the sick and injured in a manner which exceeds the success rate of any civilian hospital or trauma center. They will accomplish this in all weather, terrain and, if called upon, while under fire.

My Pleasure and Honor

I had the pleasure and honor of serving as a Combat Corpsman with the 1st Marine Division, 1st Reconnaissance Battalion--RVN, 69-70. I served on other bases in hospitals and dispensaries around the world, but it was as a Recon Corpsman that I came to realize what we did affected the future in ways we might never understand or suspect.

I had been medevaced to Guam to recover from a concussion and hearing loss. While awaiting orders back to my Recon unit, I was working in a dispensary. As is par for the Navy, my Chief "suggested" that I, without delay, go get my hair cut.

So I, without delay, went to a small PX where Marines and Corpsmen took their turn being shorn. My barber, who looked to be from Guam or Okinawa, began snip-snipping away with his long scissors. He was one of ours, a U.S. Navy "Steward" with the rank of 1st Class (E-6). I had a name tag that said "Fenwick" and was wearing my insignia and rank. Suddenly the man stopped cutting my hair and pointed his scissors at me. I swear they were pointing at my throat and he wasn't smiling. In a strong voice he asked, "You Ralph Fenwick's boy?" My mind was racing as I tried to figure out what my Dad could have possibly done to make some guy point scissors at me.

I finally said, "Yes, I am."

The Navy Steward said, "Tell your Daddy I said, 'Thank you.' " He then went back to cutting my hair. I mumbled that I certainly would. I could breathe again and was happy just to be alive.

After a few moments, I asked, "Do you mind telling me what I'm thanking him for?"

He paused, pointed those scissors again and said, "Your daddy liberated me from a Japanese POW camp!"

When I went back to the dispensary I called my father in Oklahoma and told him what had happened and asked if he remembered the man's name. He didn't remember and as he put it, "Oh hell son, we did a lot of things and I don't remember the names."

It made me think about who I might be working on. It might be Marine, or child or an old woman who needs a bandage on her hand. It might also be a future George Washington or someone's grandmother who was thought to be lost. And to "Ralph Fenwick's boy" they are just a swirl of faces or some injury that needs tending.

Passing on the Spirit

I teach now. I founded Medical Corps in 1995. The "Corps" in Medical Corps is named after the Marines--just because I could do it. We teach Combat Medicine to the public, the military and our private contractors. We are the only people in the world who do this. I always ask if there are any Marines in class and there always are. There are also Air Force, Army, Navy and Coast Guard. Doctors and nurses, mothers and fathers, missionaries and policemen will be there too.

I look at the class. They are a sea of bright smiling faces and they expect something from me because I am a U.S. Navy Combat Corpsman.

Reunion Notice

The American Association of Navy Hospital Corpsman (AAoNHC)

Annual Reunion

September 17-21, 2008

Corpus Christi, Texas

Contact Gene Pasahow (P) 361 852-8416

Email: epasahow@stx.rr.com or visit AAoNHC.org

All Corpsman (past & present) are welcome. Would love to have you join us.

Best wishes,
Awtrey Peace
HMC USN (Ret)

Bits and Pieces

Grandfather

There was a grandfather, his little grandson often came in the evenings to sit at his knee and ask many questions that children ask. One day the grandson came to his grandfather with a look of anger on his face. Grandfather said, "Come, sit, tell me what has happened today."

The child sat and leaned his chin on his Grandfather's knee. Looking up into the wrinkled, nut brown face and the kind dark eyes; the child's anger turned to quiet tears

The boy said, "I went to the town today with my father, to trade the furs he had collected over the past several months. I was happy to go, because fathere said that since I had helped him with the trapping, I could get something for me, something that I wanted.

"I was so excited to be in the trading post, I have not been there fefore. i looked at many things and finally found a metal knife! It was small, but good size for me, so father got it for me."

Here the boy laid his head against his grandfather's knee and became silent. The Grandfather, softly placed his hand on the boys raven hair and said, "And then what happened?" Without lifting his head, the boy said, "I went outside to wait for father, and to admire my new knife in the sunlight. Some town boys came by and saw me, they got all around me and started saying bad thing.

They called me dirty and stupid and said that I should not have such a fine knife. The largest of these boys, pushed me back and I fell over one of the other boys. I dropped my knife and one of them snatched it up and they all ran away, laughing." Here the boy's anger returned, "I hate them, I hate them all!"

The Grandfather, with eyes that have seen too much, lifted his grandson's face so his eyes looked into the boys. Grandfather said, "Let me tell you a story. I too, at times, have felt a great hate for those that have taken so much, with no sorrow for what they do.

But hate wears you down, and does not hurt your enemy. It is like taking poison and wishing your enemy would die. I have struggled with these feelings many times. It is as if there are two wolves inside me, one is white and the one is black. The White Wolf is good and does no harm. He lives in harmony with all around him and does not take offense when no offense was intended. But will only fight when it is right to do so, and in the right way.

But, the Black Wolf is full of anger. The littlest thing will set him into a fit of temper. He fights everyone, all the time, for no reason. He cannot think because his anger and hate are so great. It is helpless anger, for his anger will change nothing.

Sometimes it is hard to live with these two wolves inside me, for both of them try to dominate my spirit." The boy, looked intently into his Grandfather's eyes and asked, "Which one wins Grandfather? The Grandfather, smiled and said, *"The one I feed."*

A lesson taught from an Elder

Thanks to Doc Pardue for sending this in.

YOU KNOW YOU ARE GETTING OLD WHEN –

By Doc Higgins

You know that you have been in a while when –

1. Your new doctor reports aboard and he is younger than you are
2. You have a new member report into your unit and his/her date of birth is after you joined the Navy.
3. The first ship that you served on is now an artificial reef off the East Coast.
4. When you came in you knew that if you stayed in long enough that you would end up being stationed in Norfolk, Washington DC, or San Diego. But now you have been in long enough to know that you may get stationed somewhere else besides Norfolk, Washington DC or San Diego.
5. You read in the paper that the new construction you helped launch is being turned into a museum.
6. You realize that that new rifle (M16) has been around longer than your kids.
7. You remember “Gorilla cookies”
8. You cooked coffee on the cans of peanut butter in the C-Rats packs.
9. You hear junior troops talking about the “OLD NAVY” and they are referring to you.
10. - -----

Law of the Garbage Truck

One day I hopped in a taxi and we took off for the airport . We were driving in the right lane when suddenly a black car jumped out of a parking space right in front of us. My taxi driver slammed on his breaks, skidded, and missed the other car by just inches! The driver of the other car whipped his head around and started yelling at us. My taxi driver just smiled and waved at the guy. And I mean, he was really friendly.

So I asked, 'Why did you just do that? This guy almost ruined your car and sent us to the hospital!' This is when my taxi driver taught me what I now call, 'The Law of the Garbage Truck.' He explained that many people are like garbage trucks. They run around full of garbage(frustration, anger, and disappointment, etc.). As their garbage piles up, they need a place to dump it and sometimes they'll dump it on you. Don't take it personally. Just smile, wave, wish them well, and move on. Don't take their garbage and spread it to other people at work, at home, or on the streets.

The bottom line is that successful people do not let garbage trucks take over their day. Life's too short to wake up in the morning with regrets, so... 'Love the people who treat you right. Pray for the ones who don't.'

Life is 10% what you make it and 90% how you take it!

Author unknown

The difference between the North and the South - at last, clearly explained...

The North has Bloomingdale's, the South has Dollar General.
The North has coffee houses, the South has Waffle Houses.
The North has dating services, the South has family reunions.
The North has switchblade knives; the South has Lee Press-on Nails.
The North has double last names; the South has double first names.
The North has Indy car races; The South has stock car races.
The North has Cream of Wheat, the South has grits.
The North has green salads, the South has collard greens.
The North has lobsters, the South has crawfish.
The North has the rust belt; the South has the Bible Belt.

FOR NORTHERNERS MOVING SOUTH . . .

In the South: If you run your car into a ditch, don't panic. Four men in a four-wheel drive pickup truck with a tow chain will be along shortly. Don't try to help them, just stay out of their way. This is what they live for.

Don't be surprised to find movie rentals and bait in the same store... do not buy food at this store.

Remember, 'Y'all' is singular, 'all y'all' is plural, and 'all y'all's' is plural possessive.

Get used to hearing 'You ain't from round here, are ya?'

Save all manner of bacon grease. You will be instructed later on how to use it.

Don't be worried at not understanding what people are saying. They can't understand you either. The first Southern statement to creep into a transplanted Northerner's vocabulary is the adjective 'big ol' truck' or 'big ol' boy.' Most Northerners begin their Southern-influenced dialect this way. All of them are in denial about it.

The proper pronunciation you learned in school is no longer proper.

Be advised that 'He needed killin' is a valid defense here.

If you hear a Southerner exclaim, 'Hey, y'all watch this,' you should stay out of the way. These are likely to be the last words he'll ever say.

If there is the prediction of the slightest chance of even the smallest accumulation of snow, your presence is required at the local grocery store. It doesn't matter whether you need anything or not. You just have to go there.

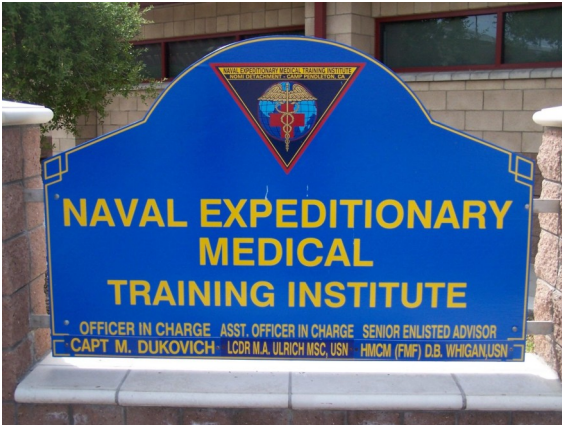
Do not be surprised to find that 10-year olds own their own shotguns, they are proficient marksmen, and their mammas taught them how to aim.

In the South, we have found that the best way to grow a lush, green lawn is to pour gravel on it and call it a driveway.

AND REMEMBER: If you do settle in the South and bear children, don't think we will accept them as Southerners. After all, if the cat had kittens in the oven, we ain't gonna call 'em biscuits.

THANKS Pardue for clearing that up :)

T-Triple-C It's not elective Surgery....



I had an opportunity to attend the Tactical Combat Casualty Care (TCCC) Instructors Course this past week at the Mighty Camp Pendleton.

This course and training is a very hot subject with Big Daddy Navy, BUMED and the Navy Surgeon General right now.

Combat medicine is constantly evolving. The Navy and all our sister services are constantly striving to find new ways to help our fellow Sailors, Marines, Airmen, and Soldiers.

I am one of two reservists to be instructor qualified for this new discipline. I have been trained in the civilian discipline of EMS and it is currently my regular job when not doing the nations work as a Navy reservist.

It is my understanding that students coming from FMTB are getting a taste of the new curriculum, but not the whole course. It is now mandated by the Navy, that ALL corpsmen E-7 and below are TCCC trained per BUMED Instruction 1510.23B.

While I was at the Navy Expeditionary Medical Training Institute (NEMTI) at Camp Pendleton this passed week, we went over why this training is so important for patient survival in the battlefield. We as Corpsman have been trained for the most part using the civilian Emergency Medical Services (EMS) and the Pre Hospital Trauma Life Support (PHTLS) mind set.

That discipline does not always apply to the battlefield and patient survivability. We are taught the ABC's of medicine.

With TCCC, there is a new rule, it is the CAB's.



Circulation then Airway and Breathing.

Most of our Marines, Soldiers, Sailors and Airman that are injured down range are dying of blood loss related wounds. Deaths, and severe long lasting injuries *ARE PREVENTABLE* with management of those wounds with proper training.

This training is critical yet it is very basic, everyone, even the Marines and Soldiers should have this training added to their Combat Life Saver (CLS) skills tool box.

There are 3 phases in the TCCC curriculum.

1. Care Under Fire
2. Tactical Field Care
3. CASEVAC.

Each phase has a purpose. But the most important part to remember is “ THE MISSION COMES FIRST “. I have already had the Army’s Version of TCCC, they call it (CMASST), Combat Medic Advanced Skills Training. I knew what to expect before going to the TCCC course this week.

Both courses are the same just different names. We had to go through the course again, but as we were going through the course, the Instructor Trainers would point out why this particular part of the course is important and why we need to point it out to our future students.

I am in the process of trying to get my 9502 NEC as a Navy Instructor. I went to this course because I love to teach and share knowledge. I teach EMS on the civilian side, so this was a no brainer for me to get involved with teaching Corpsman related or medical related courses.

This course is good knowledge for anyone getting ready to deploy in theatre. I highly recommend it. If you have any questions about TCCC please contact 0311_DoC @ 0311_DoC@corpsman.com





Have something for sale? Barter? Giving away?
Looking for Something? Someone?
Have a job opening that someone here may be qualified for?
Looking for a line on a job?
Have an interesting story or information to share with EVERYONE?
Have kudos for someone you want to tell the world?

Email to editor@corpsman.com and read it here in the next edition of Scuttlebutt

Thanks to EVERYONE who sent in contributions for this edition of Scuttlebutt - I may organize it and make it look nice but without YOU there wouldn't be a newsletter to publish each month.

**Thank YOU,
DeeDee (Editor)**

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