



# Scuttlebutt

DECEMBER  
2007

A Squid newsletter for Doc's of all Services!



Happy Kwanzaa

Happy Festivus



From the Staff of Corpsman.com

# Rant from Da-Chief

by HMC Darrell Crone

12 December 2007

Happy Holidays Everyone!

This is my end of year note to you my Corpsman.com Family.

2007 has been an exceptional year of growth for Corpsman.com. In January we had barely surpassed the 350 user mark. Today as I am writing you all we have 1,040 users who have joined the Corpsman.com family. We welcome you all to the brother, sister, mother, father, vet, recruit or just friends to the best Enlisted Force in the United States Military.

Just like our job is different than any other rating, MOS, specialty, Corpsman.com is unlike any other military website out. We are not a corporation with deep pockets trying to schlep you crap. Our site is basically run by 3-4 people who take the time out of their day to support and honor you all. Just in case you don't know us :

Da-Chief - Owner Corpsman.com - Man of many ideas

CrazyCajun - System Operator Corpsman.com - Official batter at knocking down my many crazy ideas to keep me on point!

DeeDee - Editor Corpsman.com Scuttlebutt Newsletter - Mother to HN Reno serving in IRAQ, Air Force Vet...--We don't hold it against her though!

8404 - Un-Official Greeter to everyone @ Corpsman.com -Father to Doc serving on Ships and about to attend Radiology School.

And many, many others.

I thank all of you for our time and effort for helping our growth here at Corpsman.com.

The best part of the growth of our site has been getting to know all of you. Hearing your many stories, questions etc, makes this retired chief's day.

But with rapid growth comes higher costs to do business. I am going to make this “BLUNT”, THIS AIN’T CHEAP!!

I only ask twice a year outright for donations. This is the 2<sup>nd</sup> time of the year, and to be quite frank we could use some help here to keep things going in the direction we are heading. We want to keep a steady course heading out of rough seas. I am sure you understand.

If you can or wish to donate to us, please use the donate button on our site. I guarantee it is mightily appreciated. Our web site does not charge a user to join etc, and we don’t require you to donate or pay, but because things aren’t free in this world to us, I have to do this every so often. (It also keeps me out of the dog house when Da’Wife see’s the bills I pay each month.

That being said, I hope to see you around the scuttlebutt sometime. Attend one of our Tuesday night Chats hosted by DeeDee(2100-2300 EST) in the E-Club Chat area. You can get questions answered or just shoot the B.S.

I also pump out podcasts not on as regular a basis as I would like. I especially want to thank Andi and John for Sponsoring 10 Podcasts this year. Thank you so much guys!!!

Well, we are in the middle of a ice storm right now, and the mid-west has been socked. Week after next the Students at all the Navy Enlisted Med Schools are going to be going home on a very much needed leave period. Everyone please stay safe and practice O.R.M. (Operational Risk Management) while out. Come up with a plan for traveling and also think of the “What If’s”. At a minimum always have your Chain of Commands Phone number in your Wallet or Purse. If push comes to shove email me here and I can get you to the right person.

Stay safe and warm, and remember those serving in harm’s way.

Happy Holidays everyone.

Darrell “Da-Chief” Crone  
HMC(AW) USN/Ret  
Corpsman.com

## COAST GUARD CORNER

375 miles out to sea, and things are just getting started.....just horizon surrounding you as far as the eye can see.....there is a line outside of Sickbay, the galley inspection from yesterday still needs to make it to the XO's desk by evening reports, binnacle is due, the temps just went up 15 degrees as the ship heads toward the Equator. Suddenly the bridge pipes "CORPSMAN LAY TO THE BRIDGE!"

One's heart pounds out of the chest when you hear this pipe, when you come to find out the new Seaman Apprentice was standing his first Helm watch and had a "locked his knees forgot to breathe" event. However upon his fall.....you see he has sliced his head open on the console on his way down to the deck! Upon this new discovery the Captain announces "Doc we just got a report from the C-130 they spotted a migrant vessel carrying 108 Haitians, we will need you to make preparations as they are in poor condition."

"Yes Sir".

To anyone looking from the outside into this picture would be frightened and perhaps a tad leery of such an excursion. But for those of us in the most famed rate that of a "Corpsman" this is what we look forward to, this is why we train, and this is a rather large milestone if you will, of most of our careers.....Independent Duty. If you ask any HMC or HSC to tell a sea story, listen closely as you will see a grin appear (mostly) as it is usually their most fond memories. I once listened to a mentor of mine talk of carrying her duties out as the HSC on board her ship all while being surrounded by hostile Russian vessels, and the story had me at hello. I couldn't imagine! But yet I cannot wait to embark upon the journey into Independent Duty.

What is Independent Duty? It is the longest withstanding tradition in our sea going service medicine. You - the Corpsman - are the SOLE primary health care provider of your "crew" which can vary in size. That is just a gross sum of the job in a nutshell. It is the largest responsibility I personally could think of one could take on, without an MD behind their name.

Coming in the next year I will embark upon this journey, and I am going to take you my audience, my willing readers with me. January 7th 2008 I will report to the USCG Independent Duty Health Services Technician School in sunny California. Upon my graduation we will head east to the USCGC Northland where for the first time in my 9 year career I will walk across the brow of MY ship as "Doc". So please jump on board and join me.

See you in January Shipmates.

V/R,  
HS2 Cassie Brockett  
United States Coast Guard  
Integrated Support Command  
Juneau, AK 99801

## **Army Christmas Operations Order: 12-01-07**

### **Subject: Christmas**

**1. An official visit by MG Santa (NMI) Claus is expected at this headquarters 25 December 2007. The following instructions will be in effect and govern the activities of all personnel during the visit.**

**a. Not a creature will stir without official permission. This will include indigenous mice. Special stirring permits for necessary administrative actions will be obtained through normal channels. Mice stirring permits will be obtained through the Office of the Surgeon General, Veterinary Services.**

**b. Personnel will settle their brains for a long winter nap prior to 2200 hours, 24 December 2007. Uniform for the nap will be: Pajamas, cotton, light, drowsing, with kerchief, general purpose, camouflage; and Cap, camouflage w/ear flaps. Equipment will be drawn from CIF prior to 1900 hours, 24 December 2007.**

**c. Personnel will utilize standard field ration sugar plums for visions to dance through their heads. Artificially sweetened plums are authorized for those in their unit weight control program. Specifications for this item will be provided by the servicing dining facility.**

**d. Stockings, wool, cushion sole, will be hung by the chimney with care. Necessary safety precautions will be taken to avoid fire hazards caused by carelessly hung stockings. Unit safety Officers will submit stocking hanging plans to this headquarters prior to 0800 hours, 24 December 2007, ATTN: DCSLOG, for approval.**

**e. At the first sign of clatter from the lawn, all troops will spring from their beds to evaluate noise and cause. Immediate action will be taken to tear open the shutters and throw open the window sashes. DCSOPS Plan (Saint Nick), Reference LO No. 3, paragraph 6c, this headquarters, 2 February 2006, will be in effect to facilitate shutter tearing and sash throwing. Division chiefs will familiarize all personnel with procedures and are responsible for ensuring that no shutters are torn open nor window sashes thrown open prior to start of official clatter.**

**f. Prior to 2400, 24 December 2007, all personnel will be assigned "Wondering Eye" stations. After shutters are thrown open and sashes are torn, these stations will be manned.**

**g. The ODCSLOG will assign one each Sleigh, miniature, M-66, and eight (8) deer, rein, tiny, for use of MG Claus' driver who, IAW current directives and other applicable regulations, must have a valid SF 56 properly annotated by Driver Testing; be authorized rooftop parking and be able to shout "On Dasher, on Dancer, on Prancer and Vixen, up Comet, up Cupid, on Donner and Blitzen".**

**2. MG Claus will enter quarters through standard chimneys. All units without chimneys will draw Chimney Simulator, M-6, for use during ceremonies. Chimney simulator units will be requested on Engineer Job Order Request Form submitted to the Furniture Warehouse prior to 19 December 2007, and issued on DA Form 3161, Request for Issue or Turn-in.**

**3. Personnel will be rehearsed on shouting "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night." This shout will be given on termination of General Claus' visit. Uniformity of shouting is the responsibility of division chiefs.**

**CHRISTOPHER "CHRIS" K. RINGLE  
Colonel, USA - OIC, Special Holiday Services**

**Distribution: Everybody Who Still Believes**

**Submitted by Kerry Pardue**



# Belleau Wood by Joseph Gilbert

Oh, the snowflakes fell in silence  
over Belleau Wood that night  
For a Christmas truce had been declared

By both sides of the fight  
As we lay there in our trenches  
The silence broke in two  
By a German soldier singing  
A song that we all knew

Though I did not know the language  
The song was "Silent Night"  
Then I heard my buddy whisper,  
"All is calm and all is bright"  
Then the fear and doubt surrounded me  
"Cause I'd die if I was wrong  
But I stood up in my trench And

I began to sing along

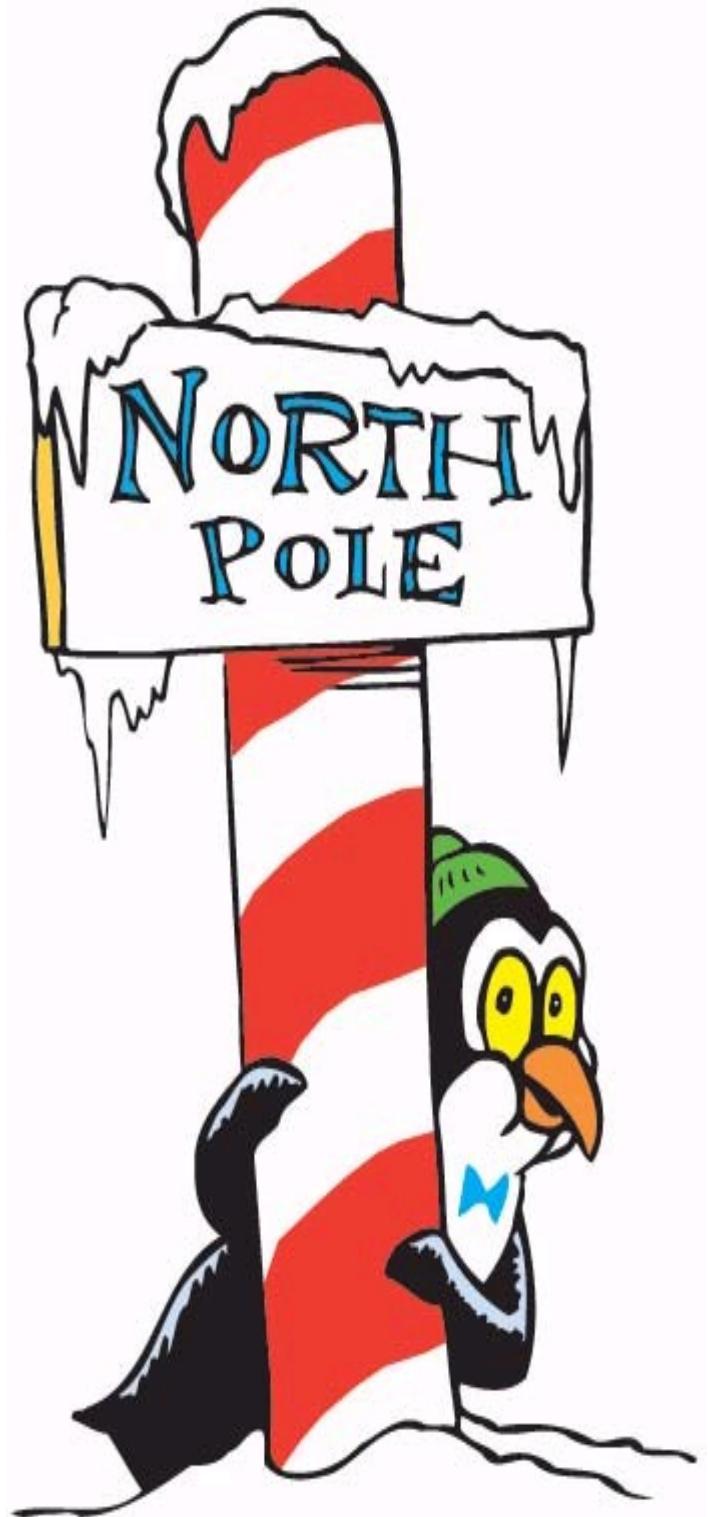
Then across the frozen battlefield  
Another's voice joined in  
Until one by one each man became  
A singer of the hymn

Then I thought that I was dreaming  
For right there in my sight  
Stood the German soldier  
'Neath the falling flakes of white  
And he raised his hand and smiled at me  
As if he seemed to say  
Here's hoping we both live  
To see us find a better way

Then the devil's clock struck midnight  
And the skies lit up again  
And the battlefield where heaven stood  
Was blown to hell again

But for just one fleeting moment  
The answer seemed so clear  
Heaven's not beyond the clouds  
It's just beyond the fear

No, heaven's not beyond the clouds  
It's for us to find it here



# ***A Letter to Santa***

Mr. Santa Claus  
100 Christmas Lane  
The North Pole 00000-0000

December 10, 2007

Dear Mr. Claus,

I am writing this to humbly make some Christmas suggestions for my family, as is so customary this time of year. I apologize in advance, as I know your schedule becomes quite demanding as December nears its conclusion.

This year, I would love to see the Louis Vuitton Locket bag under my tree. However, there are some things I would much rather have. You see, as my husband and I celebrate our wedding anniversary this Christmas, I simply want another year with him, as I always have wished for each year that passes. But this year is a little different for the Fergusons.

As you are well aware, my dear husband John is in the home stretch of the lengthy process that is reenlistment in the United States Marine Corps. You know the Marines, don't you? The hard-chargers that aid you in your daunting task of getting toys to each child every Christmas? He is to become one of them once again, and my Christmas requests follow that theme. My first wish is to see his face light with pride when putting that uniform on again. That should be the easiest of Christmas wishes to grant.

My other wishes are not so simple. I want this Christmas with him to be wonderful, as I know I may not have this time with him next year. There are others that may need him more than I do in the next year. I want my son to see that, while he may have to spend some time away from his father, his Daddy is our hero, as are all of the others in the Armed Forces. I also want those men and women to have a wonderful Christmas. If they cannot spend the time with their loved ones, I at least would like for them to know that we are all thinking of and supporting them each and every day.

My most important Christmas wish is that they will all be safe from harm. If this is impossible to grant, I would like the Navy Corpsman's hands to be swift and his or her knowledge infinite so that I may see the day my husband will return to me. Also, if you could please only allow my phone to ring in the middle of the night, over this next year, if it is John calling to tell me that he is okay, I will be forever grateful.

I would like John to receive a pair of boots that feel as if the wearer is walking on air, the toughest body armor known to man, the lightest rifle ever invented, and a mortar tube that will fit in his pocket. We would also like for his mother to learn the recipe for red velvet cake that involves no fat, no carbohydrates, and a week's allowance of protein.

Our son Evan would like to receive one week of free reign in Toys'R'Us. However, I am humbly requesting that he receive only socks and underwear.

Sincerely,  
Andrea Ferguson, RRT

# My First Christmas Away From Home

from Doc Pardue

I remember my first Christmas being away from family while in Vietnam. It was Christmas 1968, I had just come in from the field for my last 3 months at our base camp. I was relieved to be in a little safer place. I was surrounded by my fellow Docs who were all short-timers like me. Dr. Adams was our medical officer and Lt. Brown was our medical service officer (admin). One day after sick-call our mail arrived. We always were excited to get mail and was the thing that kept us in good spirits.

On this day I got a letter from my mom, my twin sister, and 2 letters from Stephanie along with two boxes. One from my grandmother that contained a 10 lb cotto salami, boxes of crackers, and cans of cheese. Man we tore into those, everyone had their fill of salami. What a treat. The other box was from Stephanie. Stephanie and I were penpals. We had started writing each other back in August. By now, her letters arrived everyday and she sprayed her letters with Tigeress Perfume. She was living in Baltimore going to school and taking care of her 13 month old daughter. Her first husband was killed in May 1968 while with the 1/7 Marines in Vietnam during Operation Allenbrook.

We were getting very close and we knew each other from our daily letters very well. I was falling head over heels in love with her and couldn't wait for March to get here so I could home and finally meet her. Her box contained a 3 foot tall Christmas tree with lights, decorations, and everything. We put the tree up on the 15, we had the only tree in the base camp.

In the box were also wrapped presents. With a note not to open until Christmas. I waited until Christmas and was like a 5 year old opening her gifts to me. She baked a very moist and tasty no bake fruit cake (which was made with graham crackers and dried fruit and she added a few teaspoons of rum to it). Next was the present that was one of my favorites Salem Cigarettes, I mean fresh packaged smokes. Not like the ones we got in our C rations. There was several smaller packages of Wrigley's double mint gum, a playboy calendar, and a game of checkers.

The presents were not much but to me, they were wonderful, she made my Christmas because she thought enough to do something nice for a guy in another part of the world. It is one of my favorite Christmas.

I did go home in March and went to Baltimore and met her and her daughter Candice. Two days later I asked her to marry me and we got married 6 months later, Candice walked her mom down the isle and gave her away. We have been together now for 38 Christmas...

May you all have a blessed and Merry Christmas from the Pardue's.

Combat Medics  
God's gift to the Infantry





## SO THIS IS CHRISTMAS

In my youth, Christmas was not a real joy filled event in our home. For some reason, it brought about stress for my family and as a child, I never fully understood why. Perhaps I never will. Sure, I had been taught that on this day, Jesus had been born in some smelly hovel of a barn. I had been taught that Mary and Joseph, not yet wed, had a child with out ever having intimacy.

Yet, as most people do, my family got into the commercialism of the day, and showered us with gifts. For many years, even into adult hood and with children of my own (well, step children) I followed that buy, buy and buy some more mentality.

On Easter Sunday 2002, at the invitation of a young girl, my wife and I attended church. It was a beautiful clear and breezy day. Gina had said it was to be outdoors.

It was the most impactful message I have ever heard in a church service.

A little history here is in order:

Gina met us through her job. She worked at Harper Valley Kennels where our dog was quarantined for entry to Guam. We had attended a few churches in Jacksonville Florida through the years, but nothing stuck with us in our hearts. Gina had lost four children in a house fire a few years ago, but now had a wonderful son named Trevor out of wedlock prior to arriving at her church. Little did we know that we would become part of this family very soon.

Well, on Easter Sunday 2002, a guy named Tim Wells and his wife Christina arrived from Hawaii. They had been in the church ministry for about nine years in California and Hawaii. He spoke of how we think if the GOOD list out weighs the BAD list, that many think they'll actually get to heaven. He spoke quietly of his drug addictions and drinking. He spoke of the things he did in his life that were not within the law.

However, once he came to know God, the items on his bad list began to disappear. That the only way to heaven was to recognize the sins we committed, repent and be baptized. That even should we suddenly find an item over on the bad list, that once baptized, if we simply repented and prayed for forgiveness, then that new sin would wash off as well due to the grace.

Mary and I studied the bible ( I had never read it, never) with folks. In June 2002, we both felt ready, but I had one more hurdle. This was post 9/11 and I was still hating. How could I become a disciple of Christ and still hate, I asked? The answer was I couldn't. It took an entire night of talking and coming to grips with this anger and hate I had. Hate for radical Islam, hate for the terrorists, hate for anyone who allowed them to become strong in the first place , and hate for anyone who said "we let it happen".

What I learned, and now hold to be the best solution is this. While it is wrong in the eyes of God to hate any man, it is not so to hate his actions. If a man does something wrong, hate his actions, not him. Rather pray for him.

This I believe is why the former insurgents are now working with us, because someone else besides me has prayed for our enemies to see the truth.

On Christmas 2002, surrounded by church family of nearly 100, I knew. I knew that Christmas didn't have to be stressful. I knew now why there was stress in my childhood Christmases, lack of holding to the ideals of the day.

You see it's not about the presents. It's not about the food. Its not even about Jesus being born. It's about the dawning of a new way of thinking. It's about loving. It's about welcoming some one to your life. It's about hope.

The birth of Jesus symbolizes that. It did so 2007 years ago, and it still does today. Love your enemies, hate their actions. Hold onto the hope, keep loving despite overwhelming odds, persevere, and stay focused.

SO... This is Christmas. It has been a wonderful turn in my life to feel the joy of the season. I have grandchildren, a wonderful wife and good friends around the world. In and out of the church, there are people I always want around me.

Yep, this is what Christmas is supposed to be. To those who read this and do not believe in Jesus, I offer you a great holiday season. You are entitled to your beliefs and I respect them.

Dennis E Lee

USN (RET)

Patriot Guard Rider (West TN- Ride Captain)

VFW Member since 1999



I wanted to give a Semper Fi and Oorah to the Docs and Marines of my former Battalion 3/3 that are currently deployed to that wonderful Sandbox Iraq. I also want to send out a thank you and we appreciate all you do to everyone else that is currently serving in any of our Armed Forces. You and all those that served before you are the reason that this country is great.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and Semper Fi.

David Fries

Former 8404 Corpsman

Hello DeeDee, well Christmas is fast approaching. Again thanks for all the updates and getting our kids names and their families out there.. Special Christmas wishes to you and to our Corpsman HM2 Rocco DeLuca. We sure send him all the love and best wishes for himself and the other guys with him. God Bless all of you. We have heard from our son and he recently met some of the WWE wrestlers. He loved that and he got autographs and pictures for his brother back here in the states who is a big fan. I'm sure there will be a big story when he comes home. Well Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and may we all be blessed in the New Year.

Martha DeLuca

## What Christmas means to me

By  
8404

We all know the story of Christmas. But do we really know the meaning of goodwill towards men/mankind? Tis better to give than to receive?

It's that time of year where most people are anxious and stressed out, attempting to get their families shopping done. You see an increase in road rage and people who are willing to do battle for a *coveted* 'parking' space? You see the Salvation Army buckets and the person ringing the bell, while everyone tries not to look at them and briskly walk by.

It's true, Christmas *is* about a Savior's birth, going to church, on and on, however, I believe it's more. It's the part that wishes to effect positive change in this world. It's some people's inherent need to helping those who are hurting emotionally or physically. They can be young, old, male or female or of any nationality or origin. Incorporating this into our daily lives and doing a small random act of kindness, brings a smile that is so precious of a gift that money cannot possibly buy.

This year, give the gift of **love**, **friendship** and most of all **hope**!

I recall a few Christmases of the past. Specifically, those apart from my family. Looking back, I would usually take another person's duty on Christmas Eve and/or Christmas. At the time, I thought that I was allowing a fellow Corpsman to spend the time with his/her family and it felt good. Now retired (a little over 14 years), I look back on those occasions and realize that while I was helping a shipmate, I was also helping myself cope with the loneliness of being apart from my loved ones. Somehow, those Christmases I recall a bit stronger than some others.

For those still on active duty, perhaps one day, you'll be alone during the Holidays. If so, maybe you can make the day a bit happier by taking another shipmate's duty so he/she can be with their family. In so doing, I can almost guarantee you'll feel a bit happier.

Just a thought.

Semper Fi/Semper Gumby/Semper Squid

Sgt. Rock Doc (a.k.a. Mike Hardester)  
HM1/USN (Ret) - 8404/8485

**Happy Holidays  
and  
Happy New Year to  
Everyone,  
but especially my son  
Dan (Kahuna5150)  
and the corpsman of 1/10  
Fox**

**Love you guys  
DeeDee (MOM)**



# Corpsman Pride

By Kyle “Kaymanism” Murphy

If you are reading this then chances are pretty good that you are either a corpsman, married to one, or know someone who is one. Very often we take for granted what it is we truly do both in our job and in those whose lives we touch every day. This month I wanted to share my experiences with you from my first week at clinics here in San Diego.

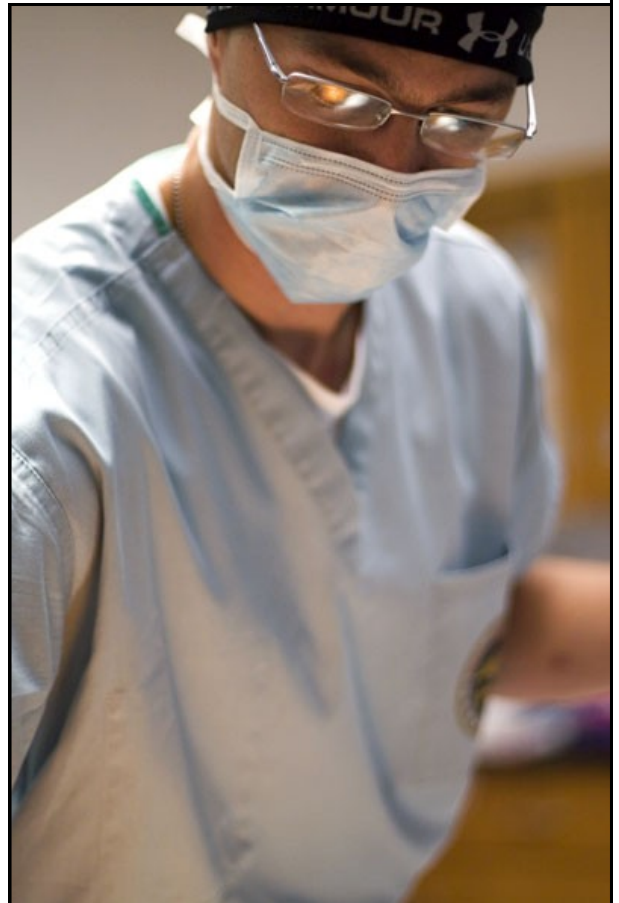
As many of you are aware I am a corpsman with so very little experience. I went straight from boot camp to corps school and then to Surgical Tech (ST) school here in San Diego. Up until this point the only lives I ever touched were plastic dummies that received a fair amount of abuse from me and my fellow classmates. The only stress I had was passing a test to get through to the next hurdle in my career. That seems ages ago now.

Within the last week I have touched someone's spine, held someone's heart, pulled cancer out of a grandmother, and watched as a child was diagnosed with brain lesions that will more than likely leave her paralyzed. I can promise you that NOTHING in any of my life could prepare me for any of this and yet somehow I got through each of these cases as I was supposed to do. Everything the Navy has done to me in the last year, starting with the seemingly monotonous training in boot camp to the arduous didactic phase in ST school, has prepared me to do exactly what I did, and that was my job. However this is still not everything to the corpsman. Especially a Navy Corpsman. And that is when my epiphany struck.

It is my job in the Navy to be trained in all aspects of my job. However it is my love as a Corpsman to ensure that my passion comes through in my job and everything is done perfectly. It is my love as a Corpsman that I realize every person that I touch has a family, a loved one, a friend, SOMONE that counts on them out there. It is my love as a Corpsman that someday it could be my daughter, wife, father, sister out there in their care and I to would hope their love and passion for their work will come through for them. It is my love as a Corpsman that hopes the spine I touched can finally go to work without as much pain as the day before. It is my love as a corpsman that the person's heart that I held, that allowed the doctor to put the final stitches into the aortic valve, will be able to see yet another Army Navy football game. It is my love as a Corpsman that the cancer we pulled out of a grandmother was in time for her to see her grandkids grow not just a little but a lot. It is my love as a Corpsman that makes me cry along with everyone else at the realization of the young girl who will probably not be able to dance at her prom or walk proudly to her graduation.

I started off a sailor. Today I am a Corpsman. Tomorrow I hopefully will not see you or your loved ones on one of our tables. But know this much, if we do, it will be the same if our own loved one was there before us.

Navy training, Corpsman pride!





This was written by call sign "POOLZER" on Corpsman.com. He is a SAR CORPSMAN who will be attached to the ABE LINCOLN next year for a cruise. He is attached with HS-2.

**Moral of the story.. always, always be ready for what your trained for....**

Last week (Nov 11th) my helicopter and our wing (2 pilots, 3 crewmen, 2 pax) were heading back to the USS Lincoln from a CSAR exercise in

EL Centro, CA when our wing called in with (\*)trouble. We turned as the MAYDAY call was put out, cleaning the cabin up as they went into the water. In under a minute the aircraft was fully submerged and gone, all 7 made it out. As it was lowlight (very little moon), the seas were pitch black, which made the reflection off their helmets hard to see until our lights illuminated them up like daylight. Within 40 minutes we hoisted all 7 up, then our rescue swimmer back up and I did my evals on each of them as they came. No injuries (at that time) so it was just treating cold water and shock as we flew back to the Lincoln. 9 minutes later we were on a solemn deck with hundreds of people waiting for us. After shutting down, I triaged them off to the dozens of ships HMs that were standing by and got them down to medical into warm showers and dry clothes. After that it was it was medical mishap time mixed with the rest of our squadron checking up and getting stories and hugs from their safe brothers. 5+ hours later we finished our mishap stuff and got the last guy off to bed.

Very trying night as the flight was hitting the 6 hour mark after a 2 pax recovery at el centro. The crew recovery went textbook training; we had the CO as our pilot, our OPs O as our co-pilot, one of the most solid and endurance built rescue swimmers (whom was in that water doing the rescues the entire time) another solid crewman and their only squadron HM as 1 crew. The time between their helo hitting the water and us touching down on the boat was under an hour.

Some bumps and bruises and a few other minor injuries popped up after the fact, but overall it was a very lucky and amazing crash that 7 walked (swam) away from.

Within 36 hours my crew was up flying missions again. The 7 involved await the JAG board to up them, the crash was mechanical, so they will be back up soon after it convenes.



# HOW TO SIMULATE SHIPBOARD LIFE - NAVY STYLE

Purloined by Jack from the Internet

<http://www.jacksjoint.com/navylife.htm>

*Speaking today on behalf of those that think the Navy lives a "TOP GUN" existence. You know those people that have watched one too many episodes of JAG, and think that Navy life is glamorous! Here are a few suggestions on how to experience the real Navy life, right in the comfort of your own home.*

Buy a dumpster, paint it gray and live in it for 6 months straight.

Run all of the piping and wires inside your house on the outside of the walls.

Pump 10 inches of nasty, crappy water into your basement, then pump it out, clean up, and paint the basement "deck gray"

Every couple of weeks, dress up in your best clothes and go the scummiest part of town, find the most run down, trashy bar you can, pay \$10 per beer until you're hammered, then walk home in the freezing cold.

Perform a weekly disassembly and inspection of your lawnmower.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays turn your water temperature up to 200 degrees, then on Tuesday and Thursday turn it down to 10 degrees.

On Saturdays, and Sundays declare to your entire family that they used too much water during the week, so all showering is secured.

Raise your bed to within 6 inches of the ceiling.

Have your next door neighbor come over each day at 5am, and blow a whistle so loud that Helen Keller could hear it and shout "Reveille, Reveille, all hands heave out and trice up"

Have your mother-in-law write down everything she's going to do the following day, then have her make you stand in the back yard at 6am and read it to you.

Eat the raunchiest Mexican food you can find for three days straight, then lock the bathroom door for 12 hours, and hang a sign on it that reads "Secured - contact OA DIV at X-3053"

Submit a request form to your father-in-law, asking if it's ok for you to leave your house before 3pm.

Invite 200 of your not-so-closest friends to come over, and then board up all the windows and doors to your house for 6 months. After the 6 months is up, take down the boards, and since you're on duty, wave at your friends and family through the front window of your home...you can't leave until the next day.

Shower with above-mentioned friends.

Make your family qualify to operate all the appliances in your home (i.e. Dishwasher operator, blender technician, etc.)

Walk around your car for 4 hours checking the tire pressure every 15 minutes.

Sit in your car and let it run for 4 hours before going anywhere. This is to ensure your engine is properly "lit off".

Empty all the garbage bins in your house, and sweep your driveway 3 times a day, whether they need it or not.

Repaint your entire house once a month.

Cook all of your food blindfolded, groping for any spice and seasoning you can get your hands on.

Have your neighbor collect all your mail for a month, randomly losing every 5th item.

Spend \$20,000 on a satellite system for your TV, but only watch CNN and the Weather Channel.

Have your 5-year-old cousin give you a haircut with goat shears.

Sew back pockets to the front of your pants.

Spend 2 weeks in the red-light districts of Europe, and call it "world travel"

Attempt to spend 5 years working at McDonalds, and NOT get promoted.

Ensure that any promotions you do get are from stepping on the dead bodies of your co-workers.

Needle gun the aluminum siding on your house after your neighbors have gone to bed.

When your children are in bed, run into their room with a megaphone, and shout at the top of your lungs that your home is under attack, and order them to man their battle stations.

Post a menu on the refrigerator door informing your family that you are having steak for dinner. Then make them wait in line for at least an hour, when they finally get to the kitchen, tell them that you are out of steak, but you have dried ham or hot dogs. Repeat daily until they don't pay attention to the menu any more they just ask for hot dogs.

In the middle of January, place a podium at the end of your driveway. Have you family stand watches at the podium, rotating at 4-hour intervals.

Lock yourself and your family in your house for 6 weeks. Then tell them that at the end of the 6th week you're going to take them to Disneyland for "weekend liberty". When the end of the 6th week rolls around, inform them that Disneyland has been cancelled due to the fact that they need to get ready for E-cert, and that it will be another week before they can leave the house.

**Thanks 8404 for this little tidbit**



### **Merry Christmas, My Friend**

**'Twas the night before Christmas, he lived all alone,  
In a one-bedroom house made of plaster and stone.  
I had come down the chimney, with presents to give  
And to see just who in this home did live.**

**As I looked all about, a strange sight I did see,  
no tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.  
No stocking by the fire, just boots filled with sand.  
On the wall hung pictures of a far distant land.**

**With medals and badges, awards of all kind,  
A sobering thought soon came to my mind.  
For this house was different, unlike any I'd seen.  
This was the home of a U.S. Marine.**

**I'd heard stories about them, I had to see more,  
So I walked down the hall and pushed open the door.  
And there he lay sleeping, silent, alone,  
Curled up on the floor in his one-bedroom home.**

**He seemed so gentle, his face so serene,  
Not how I pictured a U.S. Marine.  
Was this the hero, of whom I'd just read?  
Curled up in his poncho, a floor for his bed?**

**His head was clean-shaven, his weathered face tan.  
I soon understood, this was more than a man.  
For I realized the families that I saw that night,  
Owed their lives to these men, who were willing to fight.**

**Soon around the Nation, the children would play,  
And grown-ups would celebrate on a bright Christmas day.  
They all enjoyed freedom, each month and all year,  
Because of Marines like this one lying here.**

**I couldn't help wonder how many lay alone,  
On a cold Christmas Eve, in a land far from home.  
Just the very thought brought a tear to my eye.  
I dropped to my knees and I started to cry.**

**He must have awoken, for I heard a rough voice,  
"Santa, don't cry, this life is my choice  
I fight for freedom, I don't ask for more.  
My life is my God, my country, my Corps."**

With that he rolled over, drifted off into sleep,  
I couldn't control it, I continued to weep.

I watched him for hours, so silent and still.  
I noticed he shivered from the cold night's chill.  
So I took off my jacket, the one made of red,  
And covered this Marine from his toes to his head.  
Then I put on his T-shirt of scarlet and gold,  
With an eagle, globe and anchor emblazoned so bold.  
And although it barely fit me, I began to swell with pride,  
And for one shining moment, I was Marine Corps deep inside.

I didn't want to leave him so quiet in the night,  
This guardian of honor so willing to fight.  
But half asleep he rolled over, and in a voice clean and pure,  
Said "Carry on, Santa, it's Christmas Day, all secure."  
One look at my watch and I knew he was right,  
Merry Christmas my friend, Semper Fi and goodnight.

The piece is attributed to James M. Schmidt, then a Lance Corporal in the U.S. Marine Corps, stationed in Washington D.C. The piece appeared in "Leatherneck" (Magazine of the Marines) in 1991.  
Source verified: <http://www.snopes.com/glurge/soldier.htm>

Editor note—this poem was sent in by two members - I can see why -  
Thanks 8404 and Baldheaded Squid



# **US MILITARY DOC'S**

## **KIA 2007**

"Not for fame or reward, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedience to duty."

--Inscription at Arlington Cemetery

"Each of these heroes stands in the unbroken line of patriots who have dared to die that freedom might live and grow and increase in its blessings."

-- Franklin Delano Roosevelt



## **In Remembrance of those we lost in 2007**





**Charles D. Allen**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**SSGT / USA**  
**01/04/07**



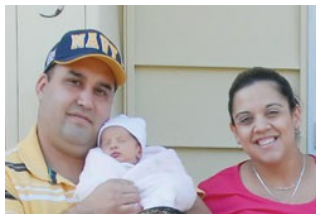
**Phillip D. McNeill**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**SGT / USA**  
**01/20/07**



**David T. Toomalatai**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**PFC / USA**  
**01/27/07**



**Matthew G. Conte**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**HN / USN**  
**02/01/07**



**Gilbert Minjares Jr.**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**HM1 / USN**  
**02/07/07**



**Manuel A. Ruiz**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**HM3 / USN**  
**02/07/07**



**Branden C. Cummings**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**PFC / USA**  
**02/14/07**



**Matthew C. Bowe**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**PFC / USA**  
**02/19/07**



**Rowan D. Walter**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**PFC / USA**  
**02/22/07**



**Joshua R. Hager**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**SSGT / USA**  
**02/23/07**



**Jonathan D. Cadavero**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**SPC / USA**  
**02/27/07**



**Lucas Emch**  
**KIA / IRAQ**  
**HM3 / USN**  
**03/02/07**



**Ryan M. Bell**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
03/05/07



**Ryan D. Russell**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
03/05/07



**John S. Stephens**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SFC / USA  
03/15/07



**John E. Allen**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SGT / USA  
03/17/07



**Anthony A. Kaiser**  
KIA / IRAQ  
PFC / USA  
03/17/07



**Joshua M. Boyd**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
03/14/07



**Benjamin L. Sebban**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SFC / USA  
03/19/07



**Nicholas J. Lightner**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SGT / USA  
03/21/07



**Lance C. Springer II**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
03/23/07



**Gabriel J. Figueroa**  
KIA / IRAQ  
PFC / USA  
04/03/07



**Joseph H. Cantrell**  
KIA / IRAQ  
CPL / USA  
04/04/07



**Conor G. Masterson**  
KIA / AFGHANISTAN  
PFC/USA  
04/07/07



**David A. Stephens**  
KIA / AFGHANISTAN  
SGT / USA  
04/12/07



**Garrett C. Knoll**  
KIA / IRAQ  
PFC / USA  
04/23/07



**Michael R. Hullender**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SGT / USA  
04/28/07



**Dan H. Nguyen**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
05/08/07



**Ryan J. Baum**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SGT / USA  
05/18/07



**Joseph A. Gilmore**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
05/19/07



**Marquis Jermaine McCants**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
05/20/07



**Jonahtan D. Winterbottom**  
KIA / IRAQ  
CPL / USA  
05/23/07



**Darren P. Hubbell**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SSGT / USA  
06/20/07



**Nathan L. Winder**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SFC / USA  
06/26/07



**Shin W. Kim**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SGT / USA  
06/28/07



**Daniel E. Gomez**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
07/18/07



**Jun S. Restrepo**  
KIA / AFGHANISTAN  
PFC / USA  
07/22/07



**Daniel S. Noble**  
KIA / IRAQ  
HN(FMF) / USN  
07/24/07



**Joshua S. Harmon**  
KIA / IRAQ  
CPL / USA  
08/22/07



**Michael J. Tully**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SFC / USA  
08/23/07



**Javier G. Paredes**  
KIA / IRAQ  
CPL / USA  
09/05/07



**Jonathan Rivadeneira**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
09/14/07



**Graham M. McMahon**  
KIA / IRAQ  
CPL / USA  
09/19/07



**Charles Luke Milam**  
KIA / AFGHANISTAN  
HM2(FMF) / USN  
09/25/07



**Mark R. Cannon**  
KIA / AFGHANISTAN  
HM3(FMF) / USN  
10/02/07



**Rachel L. Hugo**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
10/05/07



**Hugo V. Mendoza**  
KIA / AFGHANISTAN  
SPC / USA  
10/25/07



**Carletta S. Davis**  
KIA / IRAQ  
SSGT / USA  
11/05/07



**Daren A. Smith**  
KIA / IRAQ  
PVT / USA  
12/13/07

## **DOC's Killed in Theater 2007**



**Christopher K. Boone**  
IRAQ  
SPC/ USAG(Georgia)  
02/17/07



**David L. Watson**  
IRAQ  
SPC / USA  
09/22/07



**Ashley Sietsema**  
Kuwait  
SPC / USA  
11/09/07



# Wheeler Lipes

## Pharmacist Mate, United States Navy

dies at age 84  
April 19, 2005  
Charlie Hall  
Courtesy of the Sun Journal

New Bern, North Carolina, resident Wheeler Lipes, who performed an extraordinary life-saving operation aboard a submarine in World War II, lost his own battle with cancer Sunday night.

Lipes, 84, performed an emergency appendectomy on sailor Darrel Dean Rector aboard the USS Seadragon 120 feet under the Pacific Ocean near Indochina in 1942. It was a historic and controversial surgery in that Lipes was not a doctor, but a pharmacist's mate.

He was finally honored by the Navy in February in ceremonies at Camp Lejeune with the Navy Commendation Medal.

Lipes, who lived off Madame Moore's Lane with his wife, Audrey, said at the time he was gratified to finally receive recognition for the surgery, which was later the subject of a Pulitzer Prize-winning story, along with numerous book and magazine articles. It was also the subject of a Navy film, and the surgery was depicted in several Hollywood films. One of his final wishes - to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery - was granted, according to Barry Miller, a family friend and fellow member at Doric Masonic Lodge. Lipes was honored last year as a rare 60-year-member of that lodge. He was also recently registered in the World War II Memorial.

"What a fascinating life he had," said Miller. "He was a fascinating gentleman. I could listen to him talk for hours."

Miller said telephone calls wishing Lipes well had come in from all over the country in recent days.

Jan Herman, historian of the Navy Medical Department, was instrumental in seeing that Lipes was finally recognized.

"I found that he had never gotten any kind of recognition from the Navy," Herman said in February. He had interviewed and videotaped Lipes several times for the Navy. "He had been in the newspapers and when the war wasn't going very well for us in the Pacific - here was this 23-year-old kid who did this great thing - saved a guy's life under these very harrowing circumstances."

Herman went to his boss - former Surgeon General of the Navy, Vice Admiral Michael Cowan - and they went through the various channels to finally get recognition for Lipes.

Performing the operation in adverse conditions - on a dining table - was remarkable. The patient was longer than the table, so a nearby cabinet drawer was opened and Lipes put the patient's feet in the drawer. Also, the table was bolted to the floor, so Lipes had to stand with knees bent during the two-hour operation.

He used makeshift instruments - bent spoons for retractors, alcohol from torpedoes for sterilization and hemostats for knife handles to hold the operation blades. He and the assisting sailor wore sterilized pajamas for operating room gowns.

After nearly two hours, the appendix was not in the accustomed place. But, Lipes felt around and discovered the poisoned appendix behind the caecum.

Lipes removed a massive, five-inch appendix, which had several inches of blackened tissue.

"I always thought he was the guy who had the courage," Lipes said of the young sailor in a February interview with the Sun Journal. "I've asked myself would I have gotten up on that table and let someone do the same thing to me. He was one of the most courageous people I've ever met."

The emergency procedure was recounted in reporter George Weller's Pulitzer Prize-winning article in the now-defunct Chicago Daily News, and inspired a movie starring Cary Grant and a Navy-produced film titled "The Pharmacist's Mate." But there was also anger over Lipes' actions among physicians from the Navy Medical Corps and talk of a court-martial by the U.S. surgeon general, who was forced to set protocols for appendectomies on submarines. Lipes went without honors until Jan Herman, historian of the Navy Medical Department, began looking into his case. He received the Navy Commendation Medal in February.

Lipes retired to North Carolina in 2002 after a long career as a hospital administrator. He will be buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

**Thanks to 8404 for sending in this story**



# **When were you in the war...**

A couple of years ago someone asked me if I still thought about Vietnam. I nearly laughed in their face. How do you stop thinking about it? Every day for the last thirty-eight years, I wake up with it, and go to bed with it. But this is what I said. "Yea, I think about it. I can't quit thinking about it. I never will. But, I've also learned to live with it.

I'm comfortable with the memories. I've learned to stop trying to forget and learned instead to embrace it. It just doesn't scare me anymore."

A psychologist once told me that not being affected by the experience over there would be abnormal. When he told me that, it was like he'd just given me a pardon. It was as if he said, "Go ahead and feel something about the place. It ain't going nowhere. You're gonna wear it for the rest of your life. Might as well get to know it."

A lot of my "brothers" haven't been so lucky. For them the memories are too painful, their sense of loss too great. My sister told me of a friend she has whose husband was in the "Nam" She asks this guy when he was there.

Here's what he said, "Just last night." It took my sister a while to figure out what he was talking about. Just last night. Yeah, I was in the Nam. When? Just last night. During sex with my wife. And on my way to work this morning. Over my lunch hour. Yeah, I was there.

My sister says I'm not the same brother that went to Vietnam. My wife says I won't let people get close to me, not even her. They are probably both right.

Ask a vet about making friends in Nam. It was risky. Why? Because we were in the business of death, and death was with us all the time. It wasn't the death of, "If I die before I wake." This was the real thing. The kind where boys scream for their mothers. The kind that lingers in your mind and becomes more real each time you cheat it. You don't want to make a lot of friends when the possibility of dying is that real, that close. When you do, friends become a liability.

A guy named Wayne was my friend. Wayne is dead. What was left of him was placed in a body bag one sunny day, February, 1969. We'd been talking, only a few minutes before we got hit, about what we were going to do when we got back to the world. Now, this was a guy who had come in country the same time as myself. A guy who was loveable and generous. He had blue eyes and sandy blond hair.

When he talked, it was with a soft drawl. Wayne was a fun guy and he knew it. That was part of his charm. He didn't care. Man, I loved this guy like a brother. But, I screwed up. I got too close to him.

Maybe I didn't know any better. But I broke one of the unwritten rules of war.

"Don't Get Close to People Who Are Going to Die".

Sometimes you can't help it. You hear vets use the term "buddy" when they refer to a guy they spent the war with. "Me and this buddy of mine . . ."

"Friend" sounds too intimate, doesn't it? "Friend" calls up images of being close. If he's a friend, then you are going to be hurt if he dies, and war hurts enough without adding to the pain. Get close; get hurt. It's as simple as that.

In war you learn to keep people at that distance my wife talks about. You become so good at it, that thirty years after the war, you still do it without thinking. You won't allow yourself to be vulnerable again.

My wife knows two people who can get into the soft spots inside me. My daughters, I know it probably bothers her that they can do this. It's not that I don't love my wife, I do. She's put up with a lot from me. She'll tell you that when she signed on for better or worse she had no idea there was going to be so much of the latter. But with my daughters it's different.

My girls are mine. They'll always be my kids. Not marriage, not distance, not even death can change that. They are something on this earth that can never be taken away from me. I belong to them. Nothing can change that.

I can have an ex-wife; but my girls can never have an ex-father. There's the difference. I can still see the faces, though they all seem to have the same eyes. When I think of us I always see a line of "dirty grunts" sitting on a paddy dike. We're caught in the first gray silver between darkness and light. That first moment when we know we've survived another night, and the business of staying alive for one more day is about to begin. There was so much hope in that brief space of time. It's what we used to pray for. "One more day, God. One more day." And I can hear our conversations as if they'd only just been spoken I still hear the way we sounded, the hard cynical jokes, our morbid senses of humor. We were scared to death of dying, and trying our best not to show it.

I recall the smells, too. Like the way cordite hangs on the air after a fire-fight. Or the pungent odor of rice paddy mud. So different from the black dirt of New Jersey. The mud of Nam smells ancient, somehow. Like it's always been there. And I'll never forget the way blood smells, stuck and drying on my hands. I spent a long night that way once. That memory isn't going anywhere.

I remember how the night jungle appears almost dream like as the pilot of a Cessna buzzes overhead, dropping parachute flares until morning. That artificial sun would flicker and make shadows run through the jungle. It was worse than not being able to see what was out there sometimes. I remember once looking at the man next to me as a flare floated overhead. The shadows around his eyes were so deep that it looked like his eyes were gone. I reached over and touched him on the arm; without looking at me he touched my hand. "I know man. I know." That's what he said. It was a human moment. Two guys a long way from home and scared shitless. "I know man" And at that moment he did. God I loved those guys. I hurt every time one of them died. We all did.

Despite our posturing. Despite our desire to stay disconnected, we couldn't help ourselves. I know why Tim O'Brien writes his stories. I know what gives Kerry Pardue the words to create poems so honest I cry at their horrible beauty. It's love. Love for those guys we shared the experience with.

We did our jobs like good soldiers, and we tried our best not to become as hard as our surroundings. We touched each other and said, "I know." Like a mother holding a child in the middle of a nightmare, "It's going to be all right." We tried not to lose touch with our humanity. We tried to walk that line. To be the good boys our parents had raised and not to give into that unnamed thing we knew was inside us all.

You want to know what frightening is? It's a nineteen-year-old-boy who's had a sip of that power over life and death that war gives you. It's a boy who, despite all the things he's been taught, knows that he likes it. It's a nineteen-year-old who's just lost a friend, and is angry and scared and, determined that, "Some \*@#\*'s gonna pay" To this day, the thought of that boy can wake me from a sound sleep and leave me staring at the ceiling.

As I write this, I have a picture in front of me. It's of two young men. On their laps are tablets. One is smoking a cigarette. Both stare without expression at the camera. They're writing letters. Staying in touch with places they would rather be. Places and people they hope to see again.

The picture shares space in a frame with one of my wife. She doesn't mind. She knows she's been included in special company. She knows I'll always love those guys who shared that part of my life, a part she never can.

And she understands how I feel about the ones I know are out there yet. The ones who still answer the question, "When were you in Vietnam?"

"Hey, man. I was there just last night."

Kerry 'Doc' Pardue

## Adopt-A-Doc 2007

Thank you to all the Doc's who volunteered, or got drafted by me, to have care packages sent to them. And a VERY SPECIAL THANK YOU to all the people who adopted these Doc's.

Wes Emch (Luke's Dad)

Andrea Ferguson (AndiRRT)

Sandy Lowery (ladybird\_9\_2)

Victoria Gugino (alwaysadoc84)

Ben Psencik (psencik1950)

Jane Neal (gijane)

Margaret Helms (HMCPaul)

Mary Quasarano

Annette Brewster

Matt Brett (desertdoc)

Michael Vaughn

Elizabeth Baker

Kat Waters

Caryn Hays (hcmompac)

Jerry Morgan (FutureDoc)

John Howery (olddoc1)

Blue11288

Kristina Nanninga (DocNanninga)

Stephen Higgins (baldheadedsquid)

Charles Henke

Sean Pergerson (DocPergs)

Ralph Gall (nprac4)

Rich Bergen

Chelsea Turner

G. Powers (dave)

Debbie

David Routon

Allie Hamley

Sam Gaborni

Dennis Lee (puckmedic)

Salina Vavrina

Eric Walter

Hannah Vercimak

Bill Newman (Tree)

James Lucas (jl0861)

B J Lee

**THANK YOU**

**FROM ALL THE "DOCS" YOU ADOPTED.**

From Doc Pardue

There is a new book out that I contributed a story to, **Chicken Soup For The Nurses Soul, a second dose**. The story is entitled, Thanks to the nurse who served in Vietnam, on page 297-298. Would make a great gift.

# FROM HOSPITAL CORPSMAN MONTHLY

Office of the FORCM  
Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Washington, DC

## FIRST MARINE DIVISION FCPOA TO HONOR FALLEN CORPSMAN

In honor of the Hospital Corpsman who had been killed in action during Operation Iraqi Freedom and Operation Enduring Freedom, the Camp Pendleton FCPOA began planning and coordinating efforts to create a lasting memorial to these heroes. Field Medical Training Battalion West approved using school grounds to locate the memorial. The memorial will be a four-sided, black granite obelisk, approximately 5' tall designed by HM1 Christopher Johnson and HMC Chris Pierson. So far they remain \$4500 short of their fundraising goal. If you or your organization are interested in donating, contact HM1 Johnson at [Christopher.l.johns2@usmc.mil]

## Hospital Corpsman Earns Silver Star for his Actions in Iraq

On October 22, 2007 HM3 Joshua Chiarini, a native of Coventry, RI, received the nations third highest award for combat valor in a statehouse ceremony attended by the Rhode Island Governor, two U.S. Senators, and several state legislators. On Feb 10, 2006, Chiarini was riding in a Marine patrol when an IED detonated near the lead vehicle. After the occupants of the lead vehicle dismounted to provide cover fire, a second larger explosion ripped through the dismounted Marines who were then pinned down with small arms fire by insurgents. Not fully aware of the situation ahead, Chiarini could hear the small arms fire and grenades ahead. When his driver balked at driving into the melee, he grabbed his rifle and medical bag and ran forward as insurgents fired at him from rooftops. He ran about 200 meters to the wounded Marines. One by one he directed the less seriously injured Marines to the armored Humvee while lying down covering fire. He then carried the most seriously wounded Marine to the rear, turning his body several times to lay down cover fire. Once the Marine Quick Reaction Force arrived and took charge of his patients, HM3 Chiarini once again grabbed his rifle, killing several insurgents. All of the wounded Marines survived. HM3 Chiarini said that his greatest reward came not from receiving the Silver Star but in a Camp Lejeune NC pool hall where he saw one of the wounded Marines several weeks later. "Doc, I knew everything was going to be okay when I saw you come through the smoke." the Marine Corporal named Redhead, told him.

## Force Master Chief is Looking for Stories About Sailors

Everyday, Hospital Corpsman are making a difference. On the battlefield, ships and squadrons, they are asked to provide lifesaving care to their wounded brethren and to emergencies with no regard for their own safety. Often, their presence in any situation provides Sailors and Marines the confidence to complete their mission knowing they will be taken care of if they are injured. In garrison, they tirelessly get the unit ready for war. In clinics and hospitals, they provide critical support to service members, retirees, and family members. Where ever they are assigned, they make a difference. Unfortunately, many of these extraordinary deeds which would be remarkable to anyone outside of the Navy are overlooked as normal. The stories are out there and it is time that we start to put them out for everyone to hear. The Hospital Corps Monthly newsletter is a wonderful medium to get their stories out there. If you or someone at your command know of a Corpsman who deserves recognition, send us a story. Send us stories about what is happening at your commands, personnel receiving awards, graduating students, etc. and we will get the information out to the masses.

Please send your submissions to:

HMC (FMF) Matthew Lubold

2300 E St, NW

Washington, DC 20372-5300

Phone:

(202) 445-0503

Email:

matthew.lubold@med.navy.mil

**Editor Note: Also send to editor@corpsman.com for inclusion in Scuttlebutt :)**

# Adopt-A-Doc

The holiday season brought out a lot of support for this project—but we need to remember that these docs are still deployed after the holiday season has gone. Don't forget they need your support and care packages throughout their deployment.

## IF YOU ARE DEPLOYED OR KNOW SOMEONE WHO IS DEPLOYED

Please email me mailing addresses and a wish list that I can forward to a member who wants to send out packages.

You know this is taking off when I can say that people who I have talked to that are friends are emailing me and asking to "adopt" someone to send packages to - C'mon this isn't just limited to members of this site - This is going to get bigger as people spread the word.

**Senders** - please email me your name and mailing address

**Recipients** - Address & wish lists should be emailed to me at this address -

[deedee@corpsman.com](mailto:deedee@corpsman.com)

Please use the subject Adopt-A-Doc and either *Sender* or *Recipient* so I know where your message belongs

Looking forward to an overflowing inbox

DeeDee

Editor Scuttlebutt &

VERY PROUD Mother of a Corpsman—who just happens to be deployed

VISIT US ON THE WEB:  
[WWW.CORPSMAN.COM](http://WWW.CORPSMAN.COM)

Have a web site you would like to share?  
Have something/someone you are looking for?  
Have a special talent you would like to tell us about?

C'mon email me - [editor@corpsman.com](mailto:editor@corpsman.com)  
I can make sure it gets into the next edition of Scuttlebutt