



DECEMBER
2008



Happy Festivus



Happy Kwanzaa

From the Staff of Corpsman.com



Holiday Season 2008

Wow! Has it been a year since I wrote this?

One year ago, DeeDee & Rob were having a “BLUE CHRISTMAS” as their oldest son Dan was serving our great country in Iraq. The husband and wife who take care of us all were feeling a bit down as it was the first Christmas they had experienced when one of their own were away in a dangerous far away land.

Of course Dan came home in April, and was supposed to get out in Sept/Oct of this year, but heck, he liked the great meals the military provides so much, he extended for 24 months!! Also since then, their youngest son Johnathan is now a Depp’er in the NUKE program. (Talk about an egghead!).

What I am getting at is, while we focus on ourselves, time continues marching on.

In the year of 2008 we lost 4 Heroes in combat over in Afghanistan.

HN Mark A. Retmier - June 18th 2008

HN Dustin K. Burnett - June 20th, 2008

HM2 Anthony Carbullido - August 8th 2008 (My fellow Shipmate at NHCS)

HM3 Eichmann Strickland - September 9th 2008

Heroes all and they will all be missed.

There is an upside to this as well. We did not lose “1” person over in IRAQ for the CY 2008. This is not to say there weren’t folks who were injured etc, but this **IS** the first time in a long time no one was KIA in Iraq for 1 year.

I do not want to forget those shipmates that were hurt and injured over in the theater, because they are all heroes as well. Please don’t forget them.

Time Marches on...

Please remember all when at the table celebrating your Christmas Dinner or when you do your toast for the New Year. Here's hoping that next year when I write this I have "0" names to list and remember those who did leave us this year.

Time Marches on...

We have gone from 1,000 users on Corpsman.com to today 14 December 2008 we have 2,175 signed up in our Scuttlebutt forums. We went from around 750 to 1K page views on the front end of Corpsman.com to Weekdays easily going over 3.5K visits.

We have merged with our Sister site, "HospitalCorpsman.org" to provide you all a better service. Who'd a thunk it?

CrazyCajun is celebrating his first Christmas (Well he is on Terminal Leave) retired from the Navy he so mightily supported for 24 years. I remember my first Christmas retired. It is a new and wondrous feeling not having our spouses worrying about what is to come up during the next year. Our Hero Spouses.

Right now as I write this we have over 25 Depper's that Tony (8404) is caring for and nurturing in our forums, "25" Heroes who have volunteered to serve their country. Imagine that in today's society with all the corruption, hate and discontent in the world, 25 folks volunteered to put their country first..

Heroes all...

Time Marches on....

Happy Christmas, and a Happy New Year to ALL!

Please also accept my wishes for a Happy Holiday Season for whatever you celebrate!

Darrell Crone

Da-Chief

Owner Corpsman.com

My Corpsman HM FMF James McRedmond is proudly serving with 2D LAR, 1st Platoon, Charlie Company. He returned home from his first deployment in October. We are so proud of the man that he has become since joining the U.S. Navy. His positive outlook on life is a blessing to us and to all he meets. We are so blessed to have him at home this Christmas and we pray for all our men and women serving this great country here and abroad. A Very Proud Navy Doc's Mom, Deb McClintock



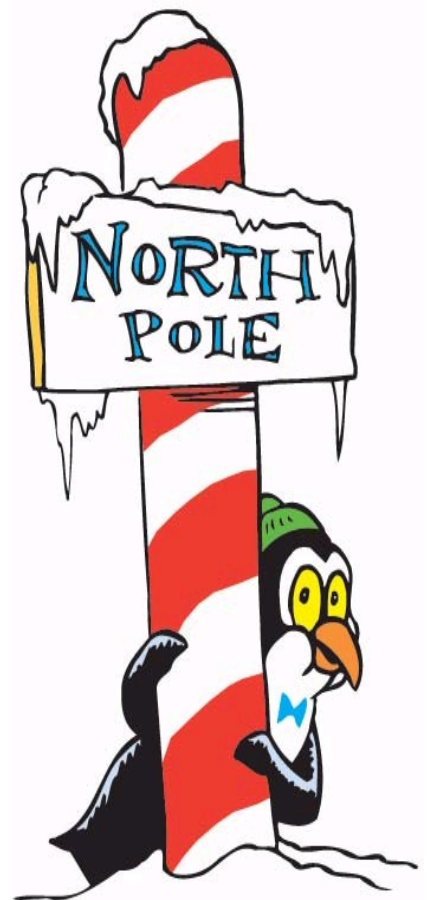
This time thirty-nine years ago, this (then) HM2 was a district medical advisor in IV corps' Long Phu District, on the Bassac River. I had been shot at once (or twice), without incurring any wounds, for which I am eternally grateful, working with a V.N. civilian medical practitioner with the aim of improving the V.N. medical system. I took rides on PCF's, jeeps, with combat gear, did things that I now shudder to think about (Ahhh, the innocence of youth!).

Longed for home, and the luxury of a home cooked meal! (Got that in Sydney, Australia in March of '70.)

Just wanted to wish all our troops, sailors, marines, coast guards a Merry Christmas, and a happy new year.

P.S. Keep your powder dry, and your weapon clean.

Michael E. Lewis
HM1/USN/Retired



Chief:

If you go to Galapagos in WWII, on the net you will find some pictures of "rocks Docs" on Galapagos in 1945, we were the "smart people" before all those "green" tourists. You are welcome to use these photos if you care to. It was a real nice place to be stationed for duty. Not many people have ever heard of Galapagos except in Geography books. All those guys have "passed" I know of except yours truly. I am in my 88th year and, joined up USN, in 1942, in 1943 I married my wife a WAVE in Portland, ME., when I was a boot 3rd class, stationed out in Casco Bay

I had a very good navy career and retired in 1966, at US NAS, NorVA. My wife was a YN, and she went to "boots" at Hunter College in NYC (1942). we are still partners and after 65 years we still like to trade sea stories.

Our son-in law was Master Chief of the USS Eisenhower when she was placed in commission, and my father was in SS service in WWI.

Glad to hear the Corpsman site is doing good, and you and the staff should get a big 4.0 for your effort.

Thanks for your consideration, all the best,
John H. Peck
USN Retired
HM 8406

Attached is a pic of HN Rossie learning how to perform traction during orthopedic tech school at Navy Medicine Training Center TX. the soon to be location of Naval Hospital Corps School on Fort Sam Houston Army Post. HN Rossie is now stationed at MCRD Parris Island South Carolina. He works in sports medicine at the branch medical clinic and is attached to Naval Hospital Beaufort. He performs musculoskeletal exams on marine recruits and applies casts and splints. He performs podiatry cases at the hosp in the OR and is excellent at his job. He's plans are to finish his BA in microbiology and attend medical school at USUHS in Maryland.

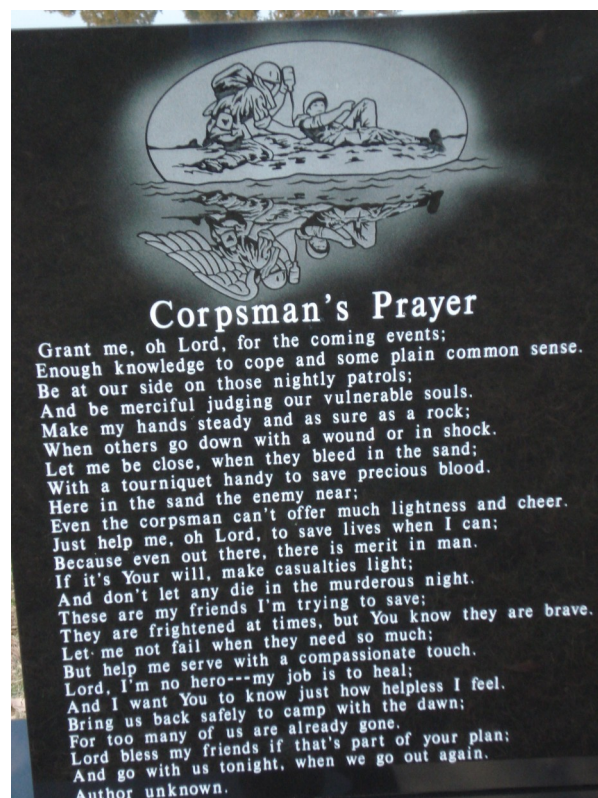
I know you wanted some stuff for the end of the year thing so here it is. If you decide to use it let me know. I have a lot more pics of my fellow corpsman doing medical tasks such as coverages on bases OR pics at the hosp etc.

Have a great Navy day!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

George Rossi



My name is Wes Emch. I am Luke Emchs father. Luke was an FMF Corpsman killed 3/02/70.
 We are dedicating a memorial to Luke and another FMF Corpsman Matt Conte, KIA 2/01/07, in Brimfield Ohio on December 20th.
 We are a very small township and we lost two sons within a month and they were both Copsrmen.
 I have enclosed a few pictures of the memorial. Please let everyone know if they are going to be passing through north-eastern Ohio
 make a quick stop and honor two courageous young men that died fighting for their Marines and their country.
 The memorial is about 1/2 mile south of the intersection of route 43 and interstate 76.
 Thank you
 Wes Emch
 Proud Father of a Devil Doc



You said "anything", so here goes. Not sure if I can promote a new course, but I think it is worthy of publication as I have had many calls about the new course.

"Acadian Ambulance Service Inc. and the National EMS Academy have developed a National Registry Paramedic Bridge Course for Navy Corpsmen, Air Force Independent Duty Medical Technicians, and the Army Combat Medic. The 8-week course is designed to "bridge" the skills obtained in the military and prepare the candidate to complete the National Registry Paramedic exam. The goal is to give credit for the intense military medical training, and support transition to civilian practice as a paramedic. Interested members can contact me for additional details at 800-259-3333 or via the web at www.acadian.com/military."

Thank you,
Terry

Terry J. Broussard
RN, BSN, MPA, Paramedic
Military Veteran Recruiter
<http://www.acadian.com/military.html>
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5MFhjkSSzyA>

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CQ CQ CQ de N5QWA



The Corpsman's Christmas Poem

"'Twas the night before Christmas as I flew o'er the Marine Base,
when I spied a young man who seemed out of place.
His eyes showed compassion, his hair a bit long,
but his head was held high and his body was strong.

His air was confident, his uniform smart,
but what impressed me most was the size of his heart.
For he embodied honor, one of this country's best,
and the words U.S. NAVY showed large on his chest.

As I stood there in wonder and gazed into his eyes,
the words that he spoke took me quite by surprise.
"What's wrong Santa, haven't you ever seen a sailor before?"
I sensed something special and longed to know more.

"To be honest, this field thing wasn't part of my plan,
but God didn't give me a boat or tin can."
The words he spoke next surprised me all the more,
"But I'm as proud of my Navy as I am of the Corps!"

"Don't worry Santa, that I'm a sailor you see,
for when a Marine goes down they will still call on me.
They'll forget I'm a sailor, they'll call in my stock.
At the top of their lungs they'll yell, "Get me the doc!"

"And I'll answer that call, anytime, anywhere.
Though I know I'm a target I really don't care.
I'll face incoming fire as I race cross the land,
and use my very own body to shield a downed man."

"Working long hours and into the night,
my unit's battle is over, but I'm just starting to fight.
For the life of every Marine is sacred to me.
I refuse to surrender them to death, and in that I'll find victory."

"And yet I'll take the time to comfort a dying man,
to sit down by his side, to reach out and hold his hand.
For it takes as much courage to care as to fight.
For just as the poem says, many don't "go gently into that night."

"Santa, it's not any one uniform that makes you a man,
but rather it's those ideals for which you choose to stand.
I draw my line here, it's long and it's plain.
For pain, hurt and suffering are the things I disdain."

I know very well that I may lose my life,
so that a Marine may see an unmet child and young wife.
So Santa, it really doesn't matter if they don't like my hair.
I'm a Navy Corpsman, their Doc, and I'll always be there."

"I follow the brave docs who have come long before,
from Belleau Wood, Iwo, and Lebanon's shore.
As history proudly shows, they all gave their best,
and for those who have died, surely they're blessed."

"At Inchon, the gulf and times during Tet,
our brothers have fallen, but we carry on yet.
For we carry their honor and legacy still."
As I held back my tears it took all of my will.

I had to leave him there for I had other plans,
but I knew in my heart that the Corps is in good hands.
As I flew away I heard his laughter, it rang so loud and clear.
"Hey Santa, how 'bout a nice pair of boots for the 26 miler next year?"

AUTHOR NOT LISTED....

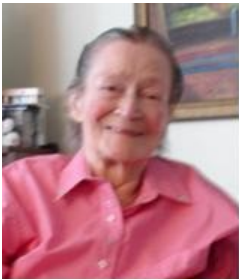
Dear Family and Friends,

We hope this Christmas Season finds all of you healthy and happy as you celebrate the birth of Our Lord this next week. It is a time to thank God for all the many Blessings we have received.

Our wish for you is good health and prosperity throughout the new year.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to one and all,

Ginny & John Howery



Looking back on 2008 we find ourselves filled with mixed emotions. We spent the late spring and summer in the Fairfield, CA area where we could be close to Ginny's Mom and the rest of the Huber Family. We were there to celebrate her 92nd birthday in July with the rest of our brothers and sisters, and to be close enough to visit Mom on a regular basis during the summer. A short one month and one day later God chose to bring her into Eternal Life with Him.



Ginny enjoyed attending the Retirement Celebration for her sister Carol, a teacher with the Vallejo Unified School District. Carol is not letting any grass grow under her feet as she keeps busy with a wide variety of clubs, activities, and travel.



We had the chance to visit Matt in San Diego prior to his last cruise for the Navy. Matt is now out of the Navy and looking forward to starting college in January. He spent a few weeks with us here in our new winter home in Arizona. Both of our boys joined us this year for our first Thanksgiving in our new home.

We are very proud of our son James who earned his Master of Science Degree in Safety from Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University. He did his thesis on The Geometry of Mid-Air Collisions. James showed us around the "Lab" below.

We wish all of you a very Blessed Christmas & Prosperous New year

*Hugs to all,
Ginny & John*



Safety Center
Crash Lab
at ERAU



The following is a Christmas story, it happens to be my favorite one, it is the story about life and learning our value among the family of God. The story is very simple with lots of symbols showing Christ. Enjoy...**Merry Christmas**

Doc Pardue

BARRINGTON BUNNY

by Martin Bell ("The Way Of The Wolf" | 1970 | Seabury Press)

Once upon a time, in a large forest, there lived a very furry bunny. He had one lop ear, a tiny black nose, and unusually shiny eyes. His name was Barrington. Barrington was not really a very handsome bunny. He was brown and speckled, and his ears didn't stand up right. But he could hop, and he was, as I have said, very furry.

In a way, winter is fun for bunnies. After all, it gives them an opportunity to hop in the snow and then turn around to see where they have hopped. So, in a way, winter was fun for Barrington.

But in another way, winter made Barrington sad. For, you see, winter marked the time when all of the animal families got together in their cozy homes to celebrate Christmas. He could hop, and he was very furry. But as far as Barrington knew, he was the only bunny in the forest. When Christmas Eve finally came, Barrington did not feel like going home all by himself. So he decided he would hop for a while in the clearing in the center of the forest.

Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. Barrington made tracks in the fresh snow. Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. Then he cocked his head and looked back at the wonderful designs he had made.

"Bunnies," he thought to himself, "can hop. And they are very warm, too, because of how furry they are." (But Barrington didn't really know whether or not this was true of all bunnies, since he had never met another bunny.)

When it got too dark to see the tracks he was making, Barrington made up his mind to go home. On his way, however, he passed a large oak tree. High in the branches, there was a great deal of excited chattering going on. Barrington looked up. It was a squirrel family! What a marvelous time they seemed to be having.

"Hello, up there," called Barrington.

"Hello, down there," came the reply.

"Having a Christmas party?" asked Barrington.

"Oh, yes!" answered the squirrels. "It's Christmas Eve. Everybody is having a Christmas party!"

"May I come to your party?" said Barrington softly.

"Are you a squirrel?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"A bunny."

"A bunny?"

"Yes."

"Well, how can you come to the party if you're a bunny? Bunnies can't climb trees."

"That's true," said Barrington thoughtfully. "But I can hop, and I'm very furry and warm."

"We're sorry," called the squirrels. "We don't know anything about hopping and being furry, but we do know that in order to come to our house, you have to be able to climb trees."

"Oh, well," said Barrington. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," chattered the squirrels.

And the unfortunate bunny hopped off toward his tiny house. It was beginning to snow when Barrington reached the river. Near the river-bank was a wonderfully constructed house of sticks and mud. Inside there was singing.

"It's the beavers," thought Barrington. "Maybe they will let me come to their party." And so he knocked on the door.

"Who's out there?" called a voice.

"Barrington Bunny," he replied. There was a long pause and then a shiny beaver head broke the water.

"Hello, Barrington," said the beaver.

"May I come to your Christmas Party?" asked Barrington.

The beaver thought for a while, and then he said, "I suppose so. Do you know how to swim?"

"No," said Barrington, "but I can hop, and I am very furry and warm."

"Sorry," said the beaver. "I don't know anything about hopping and being furry, but I do know that in order to come to our house, you have to be able to swim."

"Oh, well," Barrington muttered, his eyes filling with tears. "I suppose that's true ... Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," called the beaver. And he disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

Even being as furry as he was, Barrington was beginning to get cold. And the snow was falling so hard that his tiny, bunny eyes could scarcely see what was ahead of him. He was almost home, however, when he heard the excited squeaking of field mice beneath the ground. "It's a party," thought Barrington. And suddenly he blurted out through his tears, "Hello, field mice. This is Barrington Bunny. May I come to your party?"

But the wind was howling so loudly and Barrington was sobbing so much that no one heard him. And when there was no response at all, Barrington just sat down in the snow and began to cry with all his might.

"Bunnies," he thought, "aren't any good to anyone. What good is it to be furry and to be able to hop if you don't have any family on Christmas Eve?" Barrington cried and cried. When he stopped crying, he began to bite on his bunny's foot, but he did not move from where he was sitting in the snow.

Suddenly, Barrington was aware that he was not alone. He looked up and strained his shiny eyes to see who was there. To his surprise, he saw a great silver wolf. The wolf was large and strong, and his eyes flashed fire. He was the most beautiful animal Barrington had ever seen.

For a long time, the silver wolf didn't say anything at all. He just stood there and looked at Barrington with those terrible eyes.

Then slowly and deliberately the wolf spoke. "Barrington," he asked in a gentle voice, "why are you sitting in the snow?"

"Because it's Christmas Eve," said Barrington, "and I don't have any family, and bunnies aren't any good to anyone."

"Bunnies are, too, good," said the wolf. "Bunnies can hop, and they are very warm."

"What good is that?" Barrington sniffed.

"It is very good indeed," the wolf went on, "because it is a gift that bunnies are given, a free gift with no strings attached. And every gift that is given to anyone is given for a reason. Someday you will see why it is good to hop and to be warm and furry."

"But it's Christmas," moaned Barrington, "and I'm all alone. I don't have any family at all."

"Of course you do," replied the great silver wolf. "All of the animals in the forest are your family." And then the wolf disappeared. He simply wasn't there. Barrington had only blinked his eyes, and when he looked — the wolf was gone.

"All of the animals in the forest are my family," thought Barrington. "It's good to be a bunny. Bunnies can hop. That's a gift." And then he said it again. "A gift. A free gift."

On into the night, Barrington worked. First he found the best stick that he could. (And that was difficult because of the snow.) Then hop. Hop. Hoppity-hop. To beaver's house. He left the stick just outside the door. With a note on it that read: "Here is a good stick for your house. It is a gift. A free gift. No strings attached. Signed, a member of your family."

"It is a good thing that I can hop," he thought, "because the snow is very deep." Then Barrington dug and dug. Soon he had gathered together enough dead leaves and grass to make the squirrels' nest warmer. Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. He laid the grass and leaves just under the large oak tree and attached this message: "A gift. A free gift. From a member of your family."

It was late when Barrington finally started home. And what make things worse was that he knew a blizzard was beginning. Hop. Hop. Hippity-hop. Soon poor Barrington was lost. The wind howled furiously, and it was very, very cold. "It certainly is cold," he said out loud. "It's a good thing I'm so furry. But if I don't find my way home pretty soon, even I might freeze!"

"Squeak. Squeak...."

And then he saw it ... a baby field mouse lost in the snow. And the little mouse was crying. "Hello, little mouse," Barrington called. "Don't cry. I'll be right there." Hippity-hop, and Barrington was beside the tiny mouse.

"I'm lost," sobbed the little fellow. "I'll never find my way home, and I know I'm going to freeze."

"You won't freeze," said Barrington. "I'm a bunny, and bunnies are very furry and warm. You stay right where you are, and I'll cover you up."

Barrington lay on top of the little mouse and hugged him tight. The tiny fellow felt himself surrounded by warm fur. He cried for a while, but soon, snug and warm, he fell asleep.

Barrington had only two thoughts that long, cold night. First he thought, "It's good to be a bunny. Bunnies are very furry and warm." And then, when he felt the heart of the tiny mouse beneath him beating regularly, he thought, "All of the animals in the forest are my family."

Next morning, the field mice found their little boy, asleep in the snow, warm and snug beneath the furry carcass of a dead bunny. Their relief and excitement were so great that they didn't even think to question where the bunny had come from.

And as for the beavers and the squirrels, they still wonder which member of their family left the little gifts for them that Christmas Eve.

After the field mice had left, Barrington's frozen body simply lay in the snow. There was no sound except that of the howling wind. And no one anywhere in the forest noticed the great silver wolf who came to stand beside that brown, lop-eared carcass.

But the wolf did come. And he stood there. Without moving or saying a word. All Christmas Day. Until it was night.

And then he disappeared into the forest.

*Excerpted from: **The Way of the Wolf** by Martin Bell, copyright 1970, published by Ballantine Books, New York, N.Y. Used by permission.*

Martin Bell's official website is here: [Barrington Bunny](#).



Dee Dee:

Thank you for your exquisite work on Corpsman.com. I have this link to share. You decide with the owners of the site if they want to post it or not. Many thousands of HMs went through Devil Doc School at that base and it seems there were problems with water contamination. The following link explains.

Thanks again and Happy belated Thanksgiving to you and yours from

Michael J. Sanchez

HM2 (FMF) USN Retired

San Francisco, CA

http://www.atsdr.cdc.gov/HAC/PHA/usmclejeune/clej_toc.html



Dee Dee,

I sent a CORPSMAN CHRISTMAS to Da Chief and he distributed it.....Soon the Holidays will be over.....by the way, HAPPY HOLIDAYS to you and your Family and please pass it on to the CREW.

Anyways, here is a "HOSPITAL CORPSMAN PRAYER" from the Green Side that may be good for your next SCUTTLE-BUTT in the New Year.....by the way, HAPPY NEW YEAR to you and your Family and please pass it on to the CREW.

By the Way, next week marks my 62nd birthday and our 40 year wedding anniversary to my lovely wife. She married me as soon as I returned to the World from front line Marine field assignments with India 3/26. Our first year of marriage as an HM2 was spent renting a room in an off-base house near St. Alban's Naval Hospital, Long Island, NY. I worked as an OR Tech and she got a GS -5, at the same hospital as a Lab Tech, making more money than me! Her greatest joy was sending Snotty Officer's Wives to back of the waiting line....with her as a civilian, RANK DID NOT HAVE PRIVILEGE.

A Navy Lt Col. Nurse Supervisor stopped us in the hall of the Naval Hospital while I was in uniform HOLDING HER HAND! The Nurse said she could put me on REPORT for PUBLIC DISPLAY OF AFFECTION! My wife did not know what being PUT ON REPORT was and thought it was a GOOD THING.....so she said to the Officer Nurse, " Oh that would be very nice of you"!

Dave "DOC" Steinberg & Sharon.....who would later ask me where I was going...and what was this DUTY WEEK-END THING IN THE OR ????.....You did not tell me that we would ever be apart again after your year in Nam! Opps....it's Friday night and I'll see you again Monday morning! At least it was only every 6th weekend.

Dave "DOC" Steinberg

"Hospital Corpsman Prayer"

Grant me, oh Lord, for the coming events;
Enough knowledge to cope and some plain common sense.
Be at our side on those nightly patrols;
And be merciful judging our vulnerable souls.
Make my hands steady and as sure as a rock;
when the others go down with a wound or in shock.
Let me be close, when they bleed in the mud;
With a tourniquet handy to save precious blood.
Here in the jungle, the enemy near;
Even the corpsman can't offer much lightness and cheer.
Just help me, oh Lord, to save lives when I can;
Because even out there is merit in man.
If It's Your will, make casualties light;
And don't let any die in the murderous night.
These are my friends I'm trying to save;
They are frightened at times, but You know they are brave.
Let me not fail when they need so much;
But to help me serve with a compassionate touch.
Lord, I'm no hero -- my job is to heal;
And I want You to know Just how helpless I feel.
Bring us back safely to camp with dawn;
For too many of us are already gone.
Lord bless my friends If that's part of your plan;
And go with us tonight, when we go out again."

Hospitalcorpsman.org and Corpsman.com Merge

December 9, 2008

PRESS RELEASE: CORPSMAN.COM, GREAT LAKES, IL

We are merging with the awesome study site, hospitalcorpsman.org. I am purchasing the site due to a conflict of interest with the original owner. We are taking it over to keep the same level of care that ENS Howell has always showed to his fellow Enlisted Shipmates.

I want to stress, that we were not trying to take over his site, actually he came to me due to some "STUFF" that was thrown at him by Big Navy. We are willing to help and actually he and I have helped each other throughout the years anyways.

So expect some hiccups as we transfer the domain over here to our server but the site will still be up and will become a part of Corpsman.com. I will keep the original setup that The Ensign had created himself.

Feel free to ask any questions, and we will answer them as fast as we can.

Once again, welcome aboard hospitalcorpsman.org!

The message below is from Ens. Howell Owner of hospitalcorpsman.org

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!!

Shipmates, due to some unforeseen circumstances, this website will soon be merging with www.corpsman.com. Corpsman.com is ran by HMC(Ret) Darrell Crone, HMC(Ret) Tracy Barling, and Dee Dee (Mother of an active HM). This will allow HospitalCorpsman.org to grow and continue to provide Hospital Corpsman with advancement aid.

The staff at Corpsman.com works hard and will continue to work hard for you. By taking on this site, corpsman.com will need to upgrade computer hardware and software. I ask anyone that utilizes this site to donate anything you can, [via PayPal](#), to assist www.corpsman.com improve this service, even if it's only a dollar, as it all adds up in the end. I have started with a donation of \$20 to get the ball rolling.

I owe a big thanks to the Hospital Corpsman community for making this website such a success. Corpsman.com will build upon this success for the many advancement cycles to come!!!!

Welcome aboard once again, Hospitalcorpsman.org!!

We will strive to keep the same level of commitment you have shown throughout the years.

Thanks!!

Da-Chief

DARRELL CRONE

HMC(AW) USN (RET)

OWNER CORPSMAN.COM

[HTTP://WWW.CORPSMAN.COM](http://www.corpsman.com)

EMAIL: HMC.CRONE@CORPSMAN.COM

NAVADMIN 318/08

RELEASED BY ADMIRAL G. ROUGHEAD, CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

RAAUZYUW RUEWMCS0000 3102047-UUUU--RUCRNAD

ZNR UUUUU

R 052047Z **NOV 08**

FM CNO WASHINGTON DC

TO NAVADMIN

BT

UNCLAS//N05000//

NAVADMIN 318/08

MSGID/GENADMIN/CNO WASHINGTON DC/N00/NOV//

SUBJ/NAVY ETHOS//

GENTEXT/REMARKS//

1. IN THE 2007-2008 CNO GUIDANCE, I DIRECTED THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NAVY ETHOS THAT WOULD REFLECT THE VALUES INTEGRAL TO MISSION ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR ACTIVE AND RESERVE SAILORS AND NAVY CIVILIANS, NO MATTER THE ASSIGNED UNIT, COMMAND, OR COMMUNITY.
2. AFTER GATHERING INPUT ACROSS THE NAVY FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS, THE NAVY ETHOS HAS BEEN APPROVED. THE FINAL PRODUCT IS THE RESULT OF COMMENTS FROM THOUSANDS OF ACTIVE AND RESERVE SAILORS AND NAVY CIVILIANS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE ON THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES AND VALUES THE NAVY EMPLOYS DAILY TO WIN WARS AND BUILD AND MAINTAIN SECURITY AND STABILITY.
3. AN ETHOS IDENTIFIES DISTINGUISHING CHARACTER, CULTURE, OR BELIEFS OF A GROUP OR INSTITUTION. NAVY ETHOS IS DESIGNED TO COMMUNICATE A SET OF BELIEFS APPROPRIATE AND IMPORTANT TO THE MORE THAN 400,000 MILITARY AND 180,000 CIVILIAN PERSONNEL WHO SHARE A COMMON BOND OF SERVICE IN THE NAVY, REGARDLESS OF BACKGROUND, PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, OR POSITION.
4. THE NAVY ETHOS:
 - WE ARE THE UNITED STATES NAVY, OUR NATION'S SEA POWER - READY GUARDIANS OF PEACE, VICTORIOUS IN WAR.
 - WE ARE PROFESSIONAL SAILORS AND CIVILIANS - A DIVERSE AND AGILE FORCE EXEMPLIFYING THE HIGHEST STANDARDS OF SERVICE TO OUR NATION, AT HOME AND ABROAD, AT SEA AND ASHORE.
 - INTEGRITY IS THE FOUNDATION OF OUR CONDUCT; RESPECT FOR OTHERS IS FUNDAMENTAL TO OUR CHARACTER; DECISIVE LEADERSHIP IS CRUCIAL TO OUR SUCCESS.
 - WE ARE A TEAM, DISCIPLINED AND WELL-PREPARED, COMMITTED TO MISSION ACCOMPLISHMENT. WE DO NOT WAVER IN OUR DEDICATION AND ACCOUNTABILITY TO OUR SHIPMATES AND FAMILIES.
 - WE ARE PATRIOTS, FORGED BY THE NAVY'S CORE VALUES OF HONOR, COURAGE AND COMMITMENT. IN TIMES OF WAR AND PEACE, OUR ACTIONS REFLECT OUR PROUD HERITAGE AND TRADITION.
 - WE DEFEND OUR NATION AND PREVAIL IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY WITH STRENGTH, DETERMINATION, AND DIGNITY.
 - WE ARE THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

5. RELEASED BY **ADMIRAL G. ROUGHEAD, CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS.**//

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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.

Senders - please email me your name and mailing address

Recipients - complete mailing address (including return date) & wish lists should be emailed to me at this address - 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

Have a web site you would like to share?
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Have a special talent you would like to tell us about?

C'mon email me - editor@corpsman.com
I can make sure it gets into the next edition of Scuttlebutt