



# Scuttlebutt

APRIL 2008

A Squid newsletter for Doc's of all Services!

## Happy Mother's Day



### Our Satellites

I just watched a movie this weekend *Martian Child* and it struck a chord with me as it had a widower adopting a young boy from a foster home. The movie dealt with the adjustments of putting 2 people both of different lifestyle and life lessons and the outcome.

This was not the only thing that got me on this track either, there have been several times I have watched this experience happen in the military. The only thing that is different with us is when "1" of us leaves for months at a time our permanent satellites cannot follow our orbit. They cannot, nor will they comprehend, what we have seen or done on this trip.

Every planets trip is different than the other planets making the same journey with you. Some planets don't come home, or don't come home whole. Our Satellites are there waiting for us to come back to the fold as they miss the planetary pull.

DeeDee our editor has been in a holding trajectory for the last 6+ months. She and her family had to send their son off to war in IRAQ. Dan put his boots back on American Soil on Saturday 26 April 2008 @ 1655. If you have been on our site at all in the last year and are a part of the Corpsman.com team, you would hardly know that Dan was over there. Those real close, would know when she was crying during the holidays, or for the first week when he had left. But she kept the orbit in place for when her planet came home. To make matters harder, Dee is a Satellite for her younger son John, as well as a satellite for Rob her hubby and all of us.

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*One of my Satellites she is my dancer..*

Why am I writing this?

For 24 years I was the planet. I never comprehended what the family unit back home goes through when we are gone, nor how they have to deal with us when we get back. I would get back and think I did all the heavy lifting while I was deployed, never realizing all the hurt and work that went on back home. The Satellites had to keep functioning without the earth's pull to guide it. In a way they became the planet and we become the satellite to them upon our return.

**CONTINUES ON PAGE 3**



## Tradition Lives On

by  
Doc Higgins

When we think of traditions we think of the Navy Ball, the Marine Corps Ball, Mess Nights, Crossing the Equator, standing Mail Buoy watch and all of the others. What sometimes we don't realize is that like pushing over a domino our actions become traditions on down the line. Case in point –

On board the USS Guam LPH-9 in 1980 as a young second class, I worked in the Admin office of the Medical Department. Often the Leading Chief for Medical would come to me and tell me to get such and such done. Where upon I would run out and do my best to get the job (and my regular job) done. After about 3 months of working with the Senior Chief he pulled me into his private office and said “shipmate (when he called you shipmate you were in deep sh\*&&) when I tell you to get something done I ain't telling you to do it personally but get those lazy SOBs across the way to do it. If you don't want those stripes I'll take them away from you and give it to somebody that does!”

That lesson really stuck with me and helped me become a leader instead of a worker. I joined a web site for Marines and Corpsmen. Reading an email that I got from a former shipmate and junior troop that worked for me brought home how we start traditions.

This junior troop that worked for me a an HM3 told me how when he worked for me and I had asked him to supervise a group of e-3s and below to get the BAS cleaned up. I walked out and saw him down on his knees doing the cleaning while his troops were standing around smoking and joking. As you can imagine any Chief would do, I politely called him into the office and in very small words commented on his heritage and then went on to explain to him how he could better his leadership techniques. In all honesty I just used the same techniques that the Senior Chief had used on me. I didn't think much about it until I got an email from him. He had really taken my “kind” words to heart. He went on to gain in rank and after getting stuck in a paygrade for longer than he should have he crossdecked to another rate and went on to get his commission. In his letter to me he told me how much my little talk had done for him and helped him to not only be a better petty officer but simply be a better officer.

This shows how those dominos fall!!

Doc Higgins

In this election year remember this quote from the late President Reagan –  
'Politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession. I have come to realize that it bears a very close resemblance to the first..' ~  
President Ronald Reagan

## **OUR SATELLITES (continued from Page 1)**

I started looking at things differently when I met HMC(FMF) Pace from NHCS. He was and is a battle hardened DOC. He takes our job as serious if not more than anyone that I have ever met. The one thing that he told me, was the folks back home just did not understand what he had gone through, hell he didn't even understand what he had seen or done, how do you explain this to your family?

It was cemented to me when I watched what Dee and her family went through sending a loved one away to a very dangerous place and praying that everything would be all right on his return. So far so good.

I put this out because PTSD has been a huge news item in the press lately. Right or wrong, folks aren't getting the help they need. The help is there for both the planet as well as the satellites to get everyone's gravitational pull back in alignment. Don't be afraid to ask for it. But also understand when we come back from this environment, we cannot just flip a switch and become the instant family right off the bat. Everyone has changed during this experience.

If you have any questions about PTSD, and want to remain anonymous, You can email me @ [hmc.crone@corpsman.com](mailto:hmc.crone@corpsman.com) and I will steer you in a direction to receive some help. This goes for all Satellites and Planets out there.

Have a month, and Welcome Home DAN! Your family awaits you.

Da-Chief  
Corpsman.com

## **Folks!! HOT NEWS!!!**

**For all you NCS'ers out there.. We received this today from the Hospital Corps Force Medical Master Chief. READ BELOW!!!**

**I repeat If you're a NCS Hospital Corpsman, Read below!!!!**

### **NATIONAL CALL TO SERVICE (NCS) UPDATE**

Additional opportunities for NCS extensions will be offered between now and the end of FY-08. Any NCS Hospital Corpsman in receipt of orders or with a current EAOS requiring them to report to a Naval Reserve Activity prior to 30 September 2008, regardless of unit assignment, NEC, or previous request disapproval, may submit or resubmit a Personnel Action Request (NAVPERS 1306/7) requesting 24 month extension on active duty to BUPERS 329D. Submit scanned requests directly to PSC Herron at [mark.herron@navy.mil](mailto:mark.herron@navy.mil).

**Those approved will have their orders to the Naval Reserve Activity cancelled.**

**If you wish to go active, and wish to be eligible for the "WHOLE ACTIVE DUTY" GI Bill, You need to get hot on this ASAP!**

**Da-Chief**

# Corpsmen's Memorial Foundation

Mornin' Patriots and Patriettes and Friends -- We are well on our way to establishment of our Corpsmen's Memorial Foundation (CMF), That is the legal title to the fund and also known as the "Marine's Memorial to the Navy Corpsmen." The federal EIN has been obtained as well as a checking and savings account opened at Marine Federal.

We are now accepting donations and they can be sent to --Corpsmen's Memorial Foundation or CMF at PO Box 12641, Jacksonville NC 28546.

We are in the process of getting our 501.3.c tax exempt status but in the meantime we can collect donations. A website will go on line around the mid April time frame and there are flyers being make up at this time.

Last night we held an Executive meeting to discuss where we are in the establishment process and we are moving along well. Our Chairman Doc Des Champs is getting the bylaws written and Joe Houle is working on the request to MC Base for a Memorial Site. We tentatively have a lawyer on board who will fill out the 501.3.c paperwork for us. I am told this process takes about 60 to 90 days for approval, if done right the first time. If the lawyer is not on board I have a friend who has experience filling out these forms. It is imperative that they are correct the first time because if not it will delay the process by a couple months.

As most of you know by now, I am the treasurer, no one else wanted it, and we have \$260.00 in our account right now.

We have a good team working on this extremely worthwhile and long overdue project. Now we need some folks to go out and start raising funds. Since we are not located with the Museum of the Marine anymore, we are not on their construction time schedule. Their completion date is four to five years, we won't need to wait that long. We will need to coordinate with them though, especially if we get the location that we would like to have, so the establishment of our memorial doesn't get in the way of their construction. The desired location is not far from the Museum and is near the parking lot so it may be subject to much construction traffic.

If anyone has any questions, please don't hesitate to call me at one of the numbers above. Our next general meeting will be on 16 April at 1900 at the Valencia Park office complex at the corner of Huff and Valencia Drive.

Semper Fi, John

MSgt John Cooney USMC (ret)  
1006 Oak Dr, Jacksonville NC 28546  
910 455-1353, cell 910 381-1353

Military Order of the Purple Heart  
Chief of Staff, Department of NC.  
Adjutant, Beirut Memorial Chapter 642

[www.ncmoph.org](http://www.ncmoph.org)

## CORPSMAN COINS

I am forwarding this email to you all. Senior Chief Johnson, Instructor @ NHCS (Naval Hospital Corps School) is selling coins to benefit the "WOUNDED CORPSMAN PROJECT" as well as try to offset some costs to the Corpsman ball up here in Great Lakes. Please read below, I will say, HMCS Johnson, who has been to Iraq twice I believe now, is a stand up guy, Please if you can and want a Coin, contact him to purchase one..

The email is below..

Darrell,

If there is any interest from the Corpsman.Com world. I have birthday coins for sale. I have been sending these coins out to various MTF's to our wounded corpsman on wards etc. We are using some proceeds to offset the wounded corpsman project and defray some cost on the upcoming HM ball. I make no profit from these coins; all proceeds are invested back into the project.

Cost is \$10.00 each, \$2.00 to ship. They can send a check or MO for \$12.00 to the following address:

Dave Johnsen  
1130 Bob Ofarrell Lane  
Beach Park, IL 60099

Regards,  
HMCS (FMF) David R. Johnson  
Senior Enlisted Advisor Lab Cadre  
Naval Hospital Corps School

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

or

[djohnsen@hotmail.com](mailto:djohnsen@hotmail.com)



One recipient at BMAC, San Antonio.



Here is what the coin looks like.

April 6, 2007

Dear Corpsman.com Family,

Whew! Someone joked today that I have never before been speechless, but I am now. I have never been so humbled as I have been over the past several weeks, so I feel like I have to say something about what I have gone through. For now, I am nameless to all but a few.

On March 14<sup>th</sup>, 2008, I was sleeping off a night shift for which I had been called in, only to be awakened by blinding pain in my forehead. With the pain came nausea and vertigo, and my husband had to help me to the restroom, which is when I started to black out. He insisted I go to the emergency department, which I stupidly tried to avoid, considering I was to report to work just a few hours later. But he talked me into it, which is when our wind was knocked out of us. It was a brain tumor. They found it on a run-of-the-mill head CT. It was not the first I had heard of this. They had found it originally when I was 17 years old, when a CT was done after hitting my head in a car accident. But then it was so small that they even said it could possibly just be artifact. This was most definitely not the case now. What started out as the size of a pea or kernel of corn was now the diameter of a quarter.

In the days since then, I have had head scans too numerous to count anymore. With each test came visits to a neurosurgeon. The treatment plan was to rule out any differential diagnoses which could be causing the symptoms, since the nature of the tumor only necessitates its removal in the event that it is causing symptoms. So along with the head scans, there have been literally countless drugs. These were everything from antibiotics and decongestants to ensure it was not a sinus infection, to steroids and very strong anti-inflammatory drugs in the hope that it would shrink. Unfortunately, the only thing that took away the pain so I could even halfway function was narcotic painkillers. You cannot work as a healthcare professional under the influence of narcotics, and the pain, along with the nausea and dizziness it brought rendered me unable to function without the meds. I had no choice but to contact my employer for suggestions of a solution.

It was recommended that I apply for FMLA by our VP of Human Resources, which I did. I was approved, and my neurosurgeon's office kept my employer informed with weekly updates on my treatment and testing. Of course all of this occurred while I was literally bed-ridden. But then On April 2, 2008, almost immediately after I had returned from the hospital from the most recent scan, there was a knock at the door. It was our mailman with a certified letter telling me I had been terminated for "violation of the attendance policy". I didn't understand how that could happen while I was on FMLA, but it did, and they were not going to budge. I am being forced to pursue legal avenues to resolve it.

In the course of all of this, my computer ceased to function. But being out of work without pay for weeks, added to the already mounting expenses of all of those medications and tests, I could not afford to do anything about it, let alone buy another machine.

So here I am now. A strong female who is the sole provider for her family. Standing in line to get help with food for my son. Praying that the electricity does not get turned off. Wondering how my husband is going to physically get to that temporary job he had to take in order to do something, anything, for our family.

I started applying for jobs all over the United States in the hopes that I will get some sort of bite. But it is very difficult to appear professional and tell a prospective employer that you do

not have internet access. It is even more difficult when they find out that the only job you have had in your field you were terminated from. I had absolutely no hope. I was crushed. But I borrowed a computer to try to get some applications completed anyhow. Going to the local employment office was out of the question with the lack of money and the cost of fuel.

I have been trying to stay positive. I have always believed that it is not our catastrophes that define us, but rather how we handle them. There is a lesson to be learned in everything that happens to you, whether it be random or a result of poor choices. You just have to open your eyes and look for them. I didn't have to look far.

I learned how much I need my husband. For you males, this may be difficult, but often strong women forget how much we need you guys. This won't gain me any points with the feminist crowd, but it is true. Through each and every head scan, the only thing that could get me through them was my husband's hand on my ankle letting me know he was there when I could not see him. He did this for every one of them, even the ones which took hours. Actually one had to be redone because I started laughing in the tube when he started tapping my leg to the beat of the magnets of the MRI. But what more do I need to show me that, like everything else that comes our way, we can get through this too?

I learned never to judge others. I should have known that already, and I tried to be as good a person as I could. But this is the simple truth: you never know about someone until you have walked in their shoes. As I went through the humiliation of applying for public assistance programs, and I felt ashamed wondering if these people realized that I paid over \$18K in taxes last year. That I was not there simply because I didn't want to work? After all, while there were tear tracks on my face, my reasoning was not tattooed on my forehead like a big arrow pointing to the exact location of the offending mass.

And you guys.....my entire reason for writing this....How do you say thank you when thank you is just not enough? How do you when what you have been given has so much more than just a monetary value attached? From the moment Chief told me he was going to try to help and I tried to protest, to the moment I was told by Tony that a computer was being sent to my house, I have cried. I knew you all were awesome. But in a world that seems so cruel and harsh, the most beautiful thing in it is the kindness in the hearts of this community. I never dreamed that someone who has never seen my face would step up to do something like this. I will no longer have to worry about the whether I have the gas in my car to go and fill out applications. I can do that from home now. When I do find a position, I can complete necessary licensure from home also. Doc Pardue, you have given me the greatest tool to utilize in order to get my life back, and I will never forget it. Cal Lindberg, you made it possible for me to get to a job interview that yielded an offer of employment. And to all of you who volunteered time or connections or goods and services will be in my thoughts forever. Even if a package does not have your return address on it, the intention was there and I will never forget that either. It was said to me that a Doc never leaves a man behind, and I knew it, but can we ever say we get it unless we have been there? Well today, that is what I saw. A community of Docs, still helping out a Marine and his family long after he hung up the uniform for the last time. And our lives are better for having been able to call you "friends".

With Love,

A Very Grateful User

# ENGAGED TO A “DOC”

After some computer issues, I've finally outsmarted the new laptop to be able to get online again. I apologize for missing last month's newsletter due to these issues. This has also held up my cafepress shop of corpsman shirts from getting up and running but that will be up soon as well.

This will be my last submission before I can write with my fiancé home. I'm scrambling to try to get everything ready for his return and making sure I don't forget anything he needs me to bring. He is now at a camp where they have better internet access so I've been getting to talk to him a lot longer the past few days. There is a lot to catch up on and I'm sure I'll be hearing more once he's back.

I got a message within the last week informing me that his orders have been messed up. He had already done 2 years of sea duty in Japan. With a rotation of 3 and 3, he should have had a year left upon arriving back. He has been in Iraq for 7 months and left 5 months after he got back. When he went to find out about what jobs he would be eligible for, he was informed that his orders had been written as three years in North Carolina. Had they been correctly written, he would have been ineligible for this deployment. In short, he never should have been deployed to Iraq and is up for shore duty in May.

I'm supposed to be leaving to get to Camp Lejeune in less than a week and still don't have a definite return date or time. It's changed about a dozen times in the last few days and has gotten me and many others rather frustrated and upset. I have a hotel booked but if I need to change them to an earlier date, it would be nice to know in advance so that I don't get stuck without a room. Because of having a child and taking my dogs, the hotels I can stay at are limited and the barracks isn't an option.

I've already gone through the worrying about if things will be the same as when he left and how we'll adjust to being back together. I've played out all the worst case scenarios in my head and woken up freaking out or crying because of nightmares. I've finally gotten to where I have accepted that things are going to play out on their own. I know that he loves me and I love him so we should be fine as long as we communicate with each other.

My fiancé and I kept notebooks that every day we would write one side of a page. When he gets home, we'll exchange books and be able to read what the other wrote for each day we were apart. Some days I wrote what I was feeling; others are what I did for the day. The goal is for the books to help keep up connected. By writing what we feel is important for the day, we can be included in each other's lives despite miles between us.

My advice to any girlfriend, fiancée, or wife having now essentially made it through an Iraq deployment is to communicate as much as possible. I know that internet and phone calls are few and far between but appreciate the time you do get to talk to them. Let them know your emotions and keep them updated on your life. As stupid as it may seem at the time, it may help them through a rough day in the future. The more you stay connected, the faster and easier the time apart seems to go.

By: Amanda

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



# HOSPITAL CORPS MONTHLY

Feb - Mar 2008 issue

**Office of the FORCM**

**Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Washington DC**

## *Sailors of the Year are honored across the Fleet*

HM1 Coslett, USS Underwood FFG-36, Ship SOY  
HM2 Kelly Morrison, BMC, Mayport FLA, JSOY  
HM1 Andrew Chubb, USS Defender, SOY  
HN Jessica Zeller, NHC Quantico, JSOY  
HM2 Lorch Toloumu, Navy Region Hawaii, JSOY  
HM1 Tina L Close, NHC Cherry Point, SOY  
HM1 Rex Valencia, Public Health Center, SOY  
HM1 Givens, MESG2, Shore SOY  
HN Holly Eve, 3rd DENBN, Shore BJOY  
HM3 Grace Villarica, 3rd DENBN, Shore JSOY  
HM1 Tanya Campbell, 3rd DENBN, Shore SOY  
HM3 Ashia Gordon, NNMC, JSOY  
FC1 Sarah Mount, NNMC, SOY  
HM1 Eliot Franklin, BUMED, SOY

HM2 James Gibson, DESRON 14 Medical JSOY  
HM1 Jeffery Case, USS Avenger MCM1, SOY  
HM1 Dante Cooley, NHC Quantico, SOY  
HM1 Itielu Tilo, NHC Hawaii, SOY  
HN Ezekiel Gonda, NHC Hawaii, Bluejacket OY  
HM1 Angela Bergum, Worldwide Public Health Center, SOY  
HM1 Timothy Shaffer, HSV 2 Swift, SOY  
HM3 Estrellado, 3d DENBN Sea BJOY  
HM3 Travis Pollen, 3rd DENBN, Sea JSOY  
HM1 Tonya Hall, 3rd DENBN, Sea SOY  
HM2 Lewis James, NNMC, SOY  
HN Brent George, NNMC, SOY  
CS1 Russell Burns, NME, SOY  
HM1 Gregory Highfill, NMW, SOY

## **Naval Hospital Corps School instructor selected as NMSC, BUMED 2007 SOY**

NMSC's Regional Sailor of the Year, a Naval Hospital Corps School instructor, was recognized in Washington, DC, on Jan. 24 as the BUMED Sailor of the Year for 2007. Hospital Corpsman 1st Class (SW) Ashley Lee Thomason was introduced as Navy Medicine's SOY by Vice Adm. Adam M. Robinson, Surgeon General of the Navy, during the Surgeon General's 2008 Leadership Conference. "I was very excited, but I was also in disbelief at the same time," Thomason said. "I still cannot believe that I have been selected as BUMED SOY." The Excel, Ala., native said his selection as the NMSC and now BUMED SOY was "a culmination of my efforts as well as all those people who have mentored me and all those subordinates who have worked so hard for me." Thomason said his near-future plans are to continue to prepare for chief petty officer as well as the next level of competition at the Vice Chief of Naval Operations board. "My goal from day one in the Navy has been to make master chief and to retire after 30 years of naval service," Thomason said. A veteran of only six and a half years, Thomason first earned SOY at Naval Hospital Corps School, an echelon-5 command, where he's been stationed for 13 months. He then competed at the echelon-4 level and was selected to represent the Navy Medicine Manpower, Personnel, Training and Education Command. Thomason traveled to Jacksonville shortly after the New Year to compete against SOYs from three other NMSC echelon-4 commands – Navy and Marine Corps Public Health Center in Portsmouth, Va.; Naval Medical Research Center in Silver Spring, Md.; and Naval Medical Logistics Command at Fort Detrick, Md. – as well as the NMSC headquarters SOY here. He then competed in Washington, DC, at the BUMED echelon-2 level against the regional SOYs from Navy Medicine West in San Diego, Navy Medicine National Capitol Area in Washington, DC, and Navy Medicine East in Portsmouth, Va.. He was selected Jan. 23. Naval Hospital Corps School is Thomason's third duty station. His previous tours include Naval Hospital Cherry Point, N.C., and USS Carney (DDG – 64), home-ported at Naval Station Mayport, Fla. As an instructor, Thomason is responsible for training, molding and mentoring 430 students through the basic hospital corps school curriculum. "I instruct classes of 65 students quarterly on basic hospital corpsman fundamentals, emergency care and nursing procedures," Thomason explained. He also serves as the school's command color guard coordinator. "As Corps School's command color guard coordinator, I am responsible for training and leading 120 color guardsmen in performing various military ceremonies throughout Navy Region Midwest," Thomason added. Aside from making master chief, Thomason also intends to pursue higher education and earn his bachelor's degree.

# COAST GUARD CORNER

I apologize for my tardiness....I didn't realize how difficult it was gonna be to keep up! :) I graduated from school last Friday! [April 11th] the last month of school was "Hell Month" they cranked it up on us hard.....so I barely had time to do anything! :) but I made it.....we lost a couple students....but I am proud to have graduated an elite program.

SO here it is.....

They posted the exam schedules at 0700 that morning.....that day was comparable for all of us to D-Day.....this was the day that we had all been sweating over.....either we showed up today and performed...or we went home.....we had spent the past two weeks preparing for this day.....a test was given every day....Hell week....you were thrown in front of the instructor with the task of flawlessly performing physical exams on a system, as well as diagnosing issues patients would present with. Countless lectures from Medical Officers, endless nights studying the books on performing different exams.....practicing on your shipmates....playing patient for your shipmates....plenty of mid-night oil was burned here...

I quickly found my last name slated.....for 1030 with HSC "K".....the School Chief would be grading me.....so I had three and one half hours in the holding area to ponder the coming time slot.....my heart pounded as though it would come right out of my chest...I sweated.....I drank coffee...I wished that I smoked .....the task at hand ....the final exam was to perform a Head to Toe exam on a patient in less than 45 minutes without error. Let me tell you this is no easy feat, there is no books to look at, no references to be used....just you, yourself, and you in the room with your patient....oh yeah and the instructor sits in the corner of the mock sickbay clipboard in hand awaiting your every move.....

I found myself at 1030.....I waited .....ok ...I PACED outside Sickbay #1 (there are 6 mock sickbays in the lab area of the school where we perform our practical's such as intubations, IV's, and patient care) I was given the green light to go in.....what happened next is somewhat of a blur.....as adrenaline kicks in.....it teamed up with my brain thankfully, and before I knew it....at 40 minutes I was finished.....I knew I nailed every single item on that 10 paged monster of a packet they used to grade us.....

The next exam was in the afternoon....they called us back individually at any point...and threw us into a scenario...it could be anything....we had to manage it, treat it, diagnose it, without any assistance.....my lovely scenario was a female STD case.....you gotta love it. Did someone say Doxycycline???

That afternoon after all students had tested .....there were some individuals whom were pulled from the class.....the rest of us remained seated.....in marched the instructors.....they lined up at the front of the class...and informed those of us still seated were moving onto the last phase of school....clinical rotations.....the class was divided into separate groups...some went to Travis Air Force base, some went to another large Coast Guard clinic in Alameda, CA (That is where I went) others stayed at the Training Center working at the very busy clinic there. So off we went....for a 10 day adventure ....we ran around like chickens with no heads.....seeing the different medical officers scheduled patients, we saw everything from fractured collarbones, STD's, Depression, sutures, cysts (I &D's), torn ACL's, separated shoulders, ruptured Achilles, and your fair share of the

**CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE**

## **COAST GUARD CORNER (con't)**

norm....URI's, Gastroenteritis, etc....we wore these white coats that identified us as IDC's, which was rather a red target for the Medical Officers.....they drilled us, and it was good...no it was AWESOME. A terrific experience to ice the cake on what we had just trained so intensely on.

The final week was just admin....then Friday morning....we arrived at the chapel in our dress uniforms....our friends, mentors, and family were seated.....the moment was surreal, we had guest speakers including Master Chiefs of our rate.....then they administered the Independent Duty Corpsman Oath with that we one by one walked across and obtained our certificates. Then Class 02-08 (our class is numbered by we were the second class of the fiscal year) was dismissed for good.

So walking around , having made it.....feels unbelievable to finally be something I have always wanted to be, to have those letters behind my name to add to my title.....but its not about that...its about what is ahead as school is just the beginning.....

So now what..?? next phase....reporting to the ship....CGC Northland WMEC 904.....I am being promoted to first class on May 1st.....then I PCS.....to walk across her bow as the "Doc" is the defining moment that makes this all worth while.....until then shipmates.....stay tuned.

HS2 C.J BROCKETT  
CLASS 02-08  
USCGC NORTHLAND

# I Got Your Back

I am a small precious child  
my dad has been sent to fight,  
the only place I'll see his face  
is in my dreams at night.  
He'll be gone to many days,  
for my young mind to keep track.  
I may be sad but I'm proud  
My daddy's got your back.

I am a caring mother  
my son has gone to war,  
my mind is filled with worries,  
that I have never known,  
everyday I try to keep my  
thoughts from turning black.  
I may be scared, but I am proud,  
My son has got your back.

I am a strong loving wife,  
with a husband soon to go.  
There are times I am terrified  
in a way most never know.  
I bite my lips and force a smile.  
As I watch my husband pack,  
MY heart may break, but I am proud  
My husband has got your back.

I am a United States Navy Corpsman,  
Serving proudly, standing tall.  
I fight for freedom, yours and mine  
By answering this call,  
I do my job knowing  
thanks is just not enough.  
So say a prayer, that I'll come back  
It's me who's got your back....

Author Unknown

Thanks to 0311\_Doc for sending this in

# Classified Ads

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](mailto:editor@corpsman.com) and read it here in the next edition of Scuttlebutt

## Searching for.....

### **Long shot - trying to identify dustoff/medevac crew**

If anyone knows dustoff/medevac pilots or crew who flew near Lai Khe in III Corps in December 1969, please ask them to contact me ([tgarlock@mindspring.com](mailto:tgarlock@mindspring.com)).

My cobra helicopter was shot down in a firefight near Lai Khe Dec 17, 1969 and we went down hard. I had a broken back, legs paralyzed (until after surgery) and the broken bird had to be destroyed by rocket fire from the air to keep the weapons, ammo and radios out of enemy hands.

I would like to know who was flying medevac to pick me up. It is not an entirely rational desire, and I have passed on similar messages myself from grunts who want to find the medevac crew who saved their ass, while I knew the chance of finding them was small.

In my case, maybe a broken cobra on the ground would stand out in memories among so many missions. Maybe someone even took a photo.

Please pass it on, and to all dustoff/medevac pilots and crew who see this message, you will never know how many guys think of you with gratitude for the rest of their life.

Terry L. Garlock

#### **Scuttlebutt Staff**

**Editor: DeeDee Reno**

Contributing Writers:

Darrell Crone      Stephen Higgins

John Cooney      Dave Johnsen

Cassie Brockett      Amanda

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