



Scuttlebutt

January
2008

A Squid newsletter for Doc's of all Services!

2008 State of the Site Address

Happy New Year everyone and welcome to 2008 at Corpsman.com

I want to thank you all for your extreme patience during our system hiccups of the last few weeks. As of last night I finally pinned down our problems, and have addressed them.

Basically, We had explosive growth last year. We went from 300 users to 1033 as of right now. During 2007 we switched software packages to a more stable, and easier to manage system. We run Vbulletin as it gives you the users a better more reliable experience. It also lets us (the admins and editors) adapt and manage the site easier. What we are learning though on the fly is how to run our own server. Crazy and myself have quite a bit of computer experience and networking experience, but it was always on the shared level. Now we are running our own server. "WE" are the tech support. Unfortunately there are no instructions when things go wrong and we depend on the web or buying books etc to learn. And learn we have...

What we/I have learned:

When you go from 300 users to over a thousand users, you better have the space needed for databases and backups. We went from a shared 10 gig system to a 10 gig VPN server our own, we then had to bump up to 20 gigs and now reside on a 50 gig system. It is simply amazing how big and abundant the site has become!.

The kindness and generosity of the users of Corpsman.com. When Everything went nuts for us here in late Nov/Dec, you all helped us out to pick up the pieces. I want to thank you all , and wish I could each of you individually.

We can have a CPO Mess online! When I retired from the Navy this was one of the things that I knew I would miss, Our CPO Mess has grown and grown and we are building our own CPO community.

Running a NETCAST/PODCAST is quite the learning curve, but it is something I have learned and love to do.

What are we looking forward to in 2008?

Continued growth, last year we had 445,154 visits. This year we would like to surpass 2000 registered users as well as 1 Million hits for the site.

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Produce a Monthly Call in Podcast and produce 3 other just for news each month for a total of 4 per month.

With continued growth come continued learning. I have decided to not ask for donations but for 1 month a year (Dec). This does not preclude you for donating and we always appreciate when you do. (Just hit the Donate button on one of the web pages.) But we will not solicit donations from you in our newsletters or emails.

If you do donate though I will make you a part of the Canoe Club. What this gives you is special priv's to certain areas etc. We now have a SOS (Shooting the \$hit) area which is a "ANYTHING GOES" type forum. HMC8404 is the moderator for this area to keep things on a even keel. Only 2 rules in there..

1. Don't make it personal
2. No Politics!

The rest is fair game. She wanted a "3" but I told her you could all bash her Steelers anyways.. (Evil Laugh!)

The Canoe Club will be a yearly subscription type thing. If you donate once a year you will have access to it. You will also have access (EARLY) to certain files and other good deals we are cooking up. (Discount).

Another way you can become a part of the Canoe Club is to help us with our sponsors. We have 2 ways of doing this as well.

1. Click on ads when you visit, they are the ones in the Blue box on the top of the pages presented by Yahoo! If you do this consistently drop me a PM and I will upgrade you.
2. Shop at our Amaszon.com Store. This will be revised in the near future but for now you just go to : <http://astore.amazon.com/corpsmancom-20> if you're shopping at Amazon.com anyways and a percentage comes back to the site. I can tell who buys as I get a update from Amazon.com and will upgrade your access accordingly.

Everything else is open to everyone. We could use the Sponsor support throughout the year so if you have the time please visit them. We have a quota we need to meet each day to help off-set costs. So please do.

We could use writers and cartoonists etc for our newsletter, if you submit on a regular basis you too will be recognized with canoe club staff status. Please get with me if your interested. DeeDee is always looking at ways to make this newsletter better and easier to put together.

Happy New Year!! Lets make 2008 the best year yet for Doc's of all services..

Darrell *Da-Chief* Crone
HMC(AW) USN(Ret)
Corpsman.com

JANUARY 29TH 2008 2100-2300 EST

Corpsman.com Presents: January 2008 Call in Netcast!!



To participate
Log into the E-Club
Chat area on Corps-
man.com, DeeDee will
guide you through the
process of logging into
Talkshoe. It would be
beneficial if you had a
Talkshoe account prior
to doing this.. They are
free! Go to [Talk-
shoe.com](http://Talkshoe.com).

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TALKSHOE™
Chime In

[Corpsman.com Attack of Da-Chief! \(Join in\)](#)

Host: Da-Chief -

You have been invited by Da-Chief to join a live Community Call in show. This will be a "LIVE" NetCast (Podcast).

Corpsman.com users can listen live or Call in with questions as well during the show. We will take any questions live!

You can listen live with our Widget that is on the Corpsman.com Website or download it for later listening. (Post 1 hour after completion of the show.) You can also Chat during the show as well in our E-Club Chat area that DeeDee will be hosting, and if you need instructions on how to get to us live she will assist.

Remember all calls are recorded.

hmc.crone@corpsman.com

Episode: EPISODE-01-08 Corpsman.com Discussions for 2008
Guests: DeeDee, 8404, and others

Call ID: 41837

Scheduled Time: **Date:** Tue, January 29, 2008 **Time:** 08:00 PM EST

How to participate:

Call in:

1. Dial: (724) 444-7444
 2. Enter: 41837 # (Call ID)
- Enter: 1 # or your PIN

Join from your computer:

[Click here to join the call or just listen along](#)
[\(Optional\) Become a TalkShoe member](#)

COAST GUARD CORNER

Independent Duty School Week 1 - The dream is REAL

A long time ago.....nearly 10 years.....the USCGC Polar Star was taking in line six....the final of six large lines...as the tugs pulled us away from Pier 36...Seattle WA where my journey as a US Coastguardsman beganthe year was 1999.....I was just a wet behind the ears brand new gleaming spit polished boots reef tucked Seaman Apprentice fresh outta boot camp.....I watched as the space needle became out of site as we headed away ...we wouldn't see that site for 6 months as we headed to sea.....

The first drill.....was fire drill...and I followed my traffic patterns...and hurried down to my billet....SICKBAY.....I believe to this day fate made me a Stretcher Bearer.....I stood there staring.....the HSC was sitting at her deskhurried us in....but I was just taking in the scenery of sick bay....this all belonged to HER....one single person.....one huge crew.....one HUGE job. But I was in love.

I was in love with the idea of being not only a Corpsman....but to call a ship my own....a sickbay my own....and most importantly a crew my OWN. I dreamed many sunsets out on the flight deck watching the sun sink into the endless horizon on those days out to sea about the day I would be "Doc" of my own ship.

2 years later (the waiting list for Corpsman A School was quite long back then).....I unloaded my sea bag in this very place....Petaluma, CA Corpsman A School....I sweated, bled, stressed , spent sleepless nights studying, memorizing, drilling medical drills, gave injections, gave IV's, received IV's, examined every part of the human body to examine.....when finally 6 months came to an end.....a proud day I tacked on my very first set of third class crows, I had waited such a long time painting, mess cooking, cleaning....for this day. But it was only the beginning.

Fast forward to January 2008.....I have been numerous places since that day.....Air Stations as a flight Corpsman, clinical corpsman, pharmacy corpsman, outpatient supervisor, and a Naval Coastal Warfare corpsman.....but it all was just a prelude to what was to come next. My dream.....of becoming an Independent Duty Corpsman. Last August I had to stare at the orders the detailer gave me....they said USCGC Northland....and I had to check several times to make sure they were indeed MINE! but before the ship , you need a qual code, and to get it, you have to pass school, and school "ain't" easy!

Yes schoolwas another dream of mine....I couldn't WAIT to get here. To transition into what I need to be to walk on board my ship as "Doc".

So here I am....I am here....and sometimes I wake up and remind myself YES I really AM indeed HERE!! its only week one but the fun has begun. Week one - EMT Recertification, met my class mates...just a small bunch of us...but if you added up the time in service of all of us put together you would have quite a number!! EMT Recert is a review....so Friday afternoon FINNALLY they summon us down the hill to our REAL school the real reason we are all here.

The school is brand new as is the building, etc. We all tip toed in nervously as we didn't know what to expect, and took our seats. IN walked a VERY intimidating man.....decorated, and SQUARED away sailor....anchors gleaming off his collar....he gave us a stern look....and introduced himself as the School Chief. Promptly no time was wasted we were given the course PRE Test to gauge where we started so when and IF we graduate they can compare numbers.....this test was not for the feeble....it was HUMBLING to say the least. Then with that several text books were passed out.....an assignment sheet was given.....and lets just say...my free time is no longer my own.

114 pages of medical terminology is due next week....then a test on those words.....then advanced Anatomy and Physiology.... 15 chapters and the quizzes that go with those by another due date. The kicker here is.....this is just off time homework....he then told us..."this is NOT to interfere with your regular assignments you will be receiving in the coming classes....time management is the key component of a successful Independent Duty Corpsman.....remember that"

With that he were told to have a good weekend.....see you on Monday 0730. Let the fun begin. I haven't been up for air from those books since right now at this moment.....

Until next time Shipmates.....

HS2 Cassie J. Brocket

SUPPORT!(NOT A JOCK STRAP EITHER!)

Corpsman.com Presents: Tech support info!



Corpsman.com wants to provide you outstanding Technical support for our site.

IF you have any questions that have not been answered by this bulletin, please email us below.

Thanks!

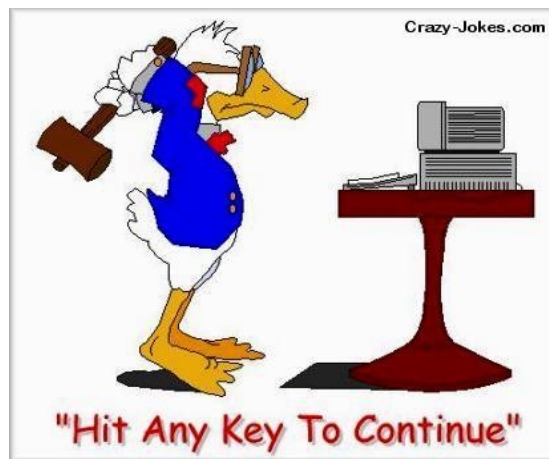
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I know my time is valuable, so I know your time is just as valuable if not more .

One thing I hate is when I need help, and no one is there to assist me..sorta like this..



As Bill Clinton would say "We feel your Pain!"...

So with that I wanted to put out ways you the users of Corpsman.com Can get help fast!

1. **Email:** admin1@corpsman.com
2. **IM:** corpsmancom@aol.com (AIM)
corpsman.com.support@gmail.com(Gtalk)
corpsmancom@yahoo.com (Yahoo Msnger)
hmccrone@hotmail.com (MSN)

Try any of these to get in contact with me. I might be hiding so drop me a line and I will get in contact with you ASAP!

Life as an IA (Individual Augmentee) with the IA (Iraqi Army)

By: HM1(FMF) Brian Schmock

I would have never imagined that I would be training medics in the Iraqi Army if you talked to me one year ago. But, alas, here I am at an austere Iraqi military base, near Mosul called Al Kasik. As mentioned earlier, I live, work and breathe with the Iraqi Army at my side. This is an all Iraqi base, with the exception of the few Coalition advisors that are here, so the comforts that most Coalition Forces become accustomed to, like KBR DFAC's (Army's version of a chow hall), Exchange facilities, barber shops, laundry facilities and many more, do not exist here. We are forced to "fend for ourselves" here. We cook, clean, give each other hair cuts and make do with what we have. In a way, this has brought our team closer together and as some people call it, it's the "Real World" of Al Kasik.



I really had no idea about the Iraqi people, their customs and the true extent of how they lived until I got here. Yes, I did receive cultural awareness and language lessons while training at Fort Riley, Kansas, but to really experience it, you need to live it. From day one of finally getting here to Al Kasik, we, the Coalition, were welcomed with open arms. The very first night that I was here, one of the engineers cooked an immaculate dinner for my arrival and my predecessor's departure. I can't even begin to tell you what I ate, but I believe it was lamb meatballs, fried eggs, that little pizza looking thingy and the best bread that I ever had. And the hospitality didn't stop there. Once done eating, you can drink as much chi or tea as your bladder can handle!! I found out later that it is OK to tell them "La, Shukran" (which is "No, thank you" in Arabic) and they won't be offended. In a war-torn country, this is the last thing that I would have expected from an Iraqi.

To move on to what my real job here is, I was sent here to advise and mentor the Iraqi Army Medical staff at the Troop Medical Clinic(TMC) another Army term. Although the clinic on this base had transitioned to full Iraqi control, there is still the need for Coalition advisement and the more importantly, the need for Coalition aerial medical evacuations for the seriously injured. Because Al Kasik is such an isolated base, ground medevacs can take in upwards of 4 hours to get to the nearest regional hospital.



As I said, the Iraqi doctors, nurses and medics have taken full control of the daily operations at their TMC and do a fantastic job at what they do. They take a lot of pride in their duties there, just as we do, but unfortunately, suffer from manpower shortages. But they certainly make up for it in their willingness to do their jobs well beyond what anyone would expect. I can say that I was quite



shocked at their skill level during the first couple of casualties that they received. For me, this was the first time that I had seen casualties from a war and I was barely ready, mentally, for what I was seeing and doing. All of the casualties that they see at their clinic are, of course, Iraqi's. Most from the Iraqi Army or Iraqi Police, but there is a large number of civilians, including women and children. For most Iraqi civilians that live in this area, this is the closest medical facility for them, so most of the time, they are brought to the base for emergency care and then transported to the nearest hospital. Some of the injuries that I have now become, and I hate to say it, "accustomed to" range from blast injuries from IED's, gunshot wounds, broken bones, shrapnel wounds and massive lacerations. These are the types of emergencies that the Iraqi TMC faces on a daily basis.

Now let's back to a happier subject. My time here is nearing an end. In just days, I'll be heading home for R&R and then in a couple months, be heading home for good. I have mixed feelings about leaving here. I have made some great friends here that I likely will never see again in my life. But what makes me feel good is to know that I helped make a difference here in Iraq. Even though we are at war, we're not at war with the average Iraqi individual, but the insurgents that try to keep them down. To help you appreciate the strides that we have done here, my interpreter, Abo Aziz, wrote an article a couple of months ago for our families back home. It gives you an Iraqi's point of view on what the Coalition is doing here. Please enjoy it, and if you would like to give feedback, please email me and I will let him know.

An Example of How the Americans Can Succeed Working with the Iraqis

My name is Abo Aziz, I work as an interpreter at the Al Kasik Troop Medical Clinic(TMC), since the 24th of March 2005, I worked with 17 US officers and NCO's from the Air Force, Navy, and US Army. I would like to say a few things about those who I worked with.

We started working in a small clinic, and lived in the same building, both the Iraqis and the US personnel. We managed to work as one team; also we lived as one family. The Iraqis learned so much from this experience. When we would get a patient and he is an Iraqi (Army or civilian), we all work together as one team. The US medics saved so many Iraqi lives, and they taught the Iraqi medics every thing they know.

A lot of families in the villages around this base will never forget those heroes who saved the live of their brothers or children. They worked days and nights to train the Iraqi Army medics, and to treat and help with all casualties that came to the Iraqi TMC.

They treated children, women, men, and old people. Most of those who worked here are now back at home in the United States and are still contacting me, asking about their Iraqi brothers here, even some of those who left Iraq more than 2 years ago, but they are still concerned about everybody they worked with, and still ask me about their news.

Their work and concern about the patients and Iraqi medics is incomparable. They were the best example of honest Americans, who came to help the Iraqi people as much as they could do. They left the best impression to the Iraqis of how good the Americans can be with their friends.

Our Iraqi medics now are so special and they are the best section on this base, because they didn't just learn the medical knowledge, but they learned the dedication to their job, the honesty of how to do their tasks, and how to do their best in human way to their patients. They learned all this from working so close with the best Americans that came to this base. I am proud to participate in this extraordinary experiment, and I am so proud of those who I worked with, they are my heroes and the heroes of all the Iraqis that worked with them.

On behalf of myself, and the Iraqi people, we thank all of you for everything you did for our people and our country, and God Bless you all.

Thank you for taking the time to read this. If you have any comments or questions, please let me know.
Ma'a salama (Good-bye)

HM1(FMF) Brian Schmock (a.k.a. Crazy Corpsman)
docschmock@yahoo.com

A passing comment a Marine told me

Last semester in college I was a bouncer. I would wear my Navy dep hat because... well I don't own any other hats. From time to time people would get on my case for it, but the only one that ever stuck with me was this.

It was a normal day and a group of guys with military style haircuts were standing there. No big deal, we got a lot of people that came out when they were on leave or if they were in the reserves or guard. One of `em sees my hat and just asked me "Hey are you in the Navy?" Red flags are going up, normally this question was the preface for me getting in a fight with a drunk Army guy who had a complex. I looked him in the face and said, "Well not yet, I ship out to boot in March."

Calm washes over the guys face and it was easy to tell that he wasn't drunk in the least bit. "Oh" he says, "me and my buddies are in the Marines." We start talking and it comes out that I signed up to be a Corpsman. Instantly I was a hit with these guys, turns out they had been in a combat unit and just got back from Iraq a short while ago.

Before the night ended the guy who asked me if I was in the Navy came up to me, put his hand on my shoulder and looked me dead in the face with the type of eyes that don't look at you, but look through you. "Listen Ryan, take it from me since I have been there. When you are a Doc, you are a Marine, so keep your head down and your bayonet sharp. Good luck." and with that they left.

Keep your head down and your bayonet sharp. Words still with me today, months later, that I think of whenever I am doing training for boot.

I do not post this for the people who have been there and done what I one day hope to do. You all know the risks better than anything I could possibly say without having experienced it. I say this for the people who are thinking about joining but aren't totally sure if it is what they want.

I grew up in a military family, I saw my father who was attached to SOCOM leave with combat load and return months later. Being deployed can be hard on your family. Keep your head down and your bayonet sharp. If becoming a Corpsman is what you want to do then by all means do it, but if you are using the Military to try to get college paid or something of the sort rethink what you are about to sign. Accept the fact that there are real dangers associated with this.

Not trying to preach, just trying to help anyone going through a crisis of conscious. Becoming a Corpsman should be a 100% commitment, because you will have lives you are responsible for. Keep your head down and your bayonet sharp. Words that will stick with me for my entire life.

Thanks to Ryan (indolence) for letting me share this post with you.

A Wonderful Story

Forwarded to me by Doc Pardue

It started last Christmas, when Bennett and Vivian Levin were overwhelmed by sadness while listening to radio reports of injured American troops. "We have to let them know we care," Vivian told Bennett. So they organized a trip to bring soldiers from Walter Reed Army Medical Center and Bethesda Naval Hospital to the annual Army-Navy football game in Philly, on Dec. 3.

The cool part is , they created their own train line to do it. Yes, there are people in this country who actually own real trains. Bennett Levin - native Philly guy, self-made millionaire and irascible former L&I commish - is one of them. He has three luxury rail cars. Think mahogany paneling, plush seating and white-linen dining areas. He also has two locomotives, which he stores at his Juniata Park train yard. One car, the elegant Pennsylvania , carried John F. Kennedy to the Army-Navy game in 1961 and '62. Later, it carried his brother Bobby's body to D.C. for burial. "That's a lot of history for one car," says Bennett.

He and Vivian wanted to revive a tradition that endured from 1936 to 1975, during which trains carried Army-Navy spectators from around the country directly to the stadium where the annual game is played. The Levins could think of no better passengers to reinstate the ceremonial ride than the wounded men and women recovering at Walter Reed in D.C. and Bethesda , in Maryland . "We wanted to give them a first-class experience," says Bennett. "Gourmet meals on board, private transportation from the train to the stadium, perfect seats - real hero treatment."

Through the Army War College Foundation, of which he is a trustee, Bennett met with Walter Reed's commanding general, who loved the idea. But Bennett had some ground rules first, all designed to keep the focus on the troops alone: No press on the trip, lest the soldiers' day of pampering devolve into a media circus. No politicians either, because, says Bennett, "I didn't want some idiot making this trip into a campaign photo op." And no Pentagon suits on board, otherwise the soldiers would be too busy saluting superiors to relax. The general agreed to the conditions, and Bennett realized he had a problem on his hands. "I had to actually make this thing happen," he laughs.

Over the next months, he recruited owners of 15 other sumptuous rail cars from around the country - these people tend to know each other - into lending their vehicles for the day. The name of their temporary train? The Liberty Limited. Amtrak volunteered to transport the cars to D.C. - where they'd be coupled together for the round-trip ride to Philly - then back to their owners later. Conrail offered to service the Liberty while it was in Philly. And SEPTA drivers would bus the disabled soldiers 200 yards from the train to Lincoln Financial Field, for the game.

A benefactor from the War College ponied up 100 seats to the game - on the 50-yard line - and lunch in a hospitality suite. And corporate donors filled, for free and without asking for publicity, goodie bags for attendees: From Woolrich - stadium blankets; from Wal-Mart - digital cameras; from Nikon - field glasses; from GEAR - down jackets. There was booty not just for the soldiers, but for their guests, too, since each was allowed to bring a friend or family member. The Marines, though, declined the offer. "They voted not to take guests with them, so they could take more Marines," says Levin, choking up at the memory.

Bennett's an emotional guy, so he was worried about how he'd react to meeting the 88 troops and guests at D.C.'s Union Station, where the trip originated. Some GIs were missing limbs. Others were wheelchair-bound or accompanied by medical personnel for the day. "They made it easy to be with them," he says. "They were all smiles on the ride to Philly. Not an ounce of self-pity from any of them. They're so full of life and determination."

At the stadium, the troops reveled in the game, recalls Bennett. Not even Army's lopsided loss to Navy could deflate the group's rollicking mood.

Afterward, it was back to the train and yet another gourmet meal - heroes get hungry, says Levin - before returning to Walter Reed and Bethesda. "The day was spectacular," says Levin. "It was all about these kids. It was awesome to be part of it."

The most poignant moment for the Levins was when 11 Marines hugged them goodbye, then sang them the Marine Hymn on the platform at Union Station. "One of the guys was blind, but he said, 'I can't see you, but man, you must be f--- ing beautiful!'" says Bennett. "I got a lump so big in my throat, I couldn't even answer him."

It's been three weeks, but the Levins and their guests are still feeling the day's love. "My Christmas came early," says Levin, who is Jewish and who loves the Christmas season. "I can't describe the feeling in the air." Maybe it was hope.

As one guest wrote in a thank-you note to Bennett and Vivian, "The fond memories generated last Saturday will sustain us all - whatever the future may bring."

God bless the Levins.
And bless the troops, every one.

ENGAGED TO A “DOC”

For those of you who don't know me, my name is Amanda and I'm engaged to a FMF corpsman. My fiancé's name is Shane and he's been in two and a half years. Chief asked me to start writing about being engaged to a corpsman so now you're stuck reading about me!

Shane and I have been together for a year on January 27th. We met while he was finishing his second year in Okinawa. He came home April 7th and spent a month on leave with me and my daughter before reporting to Camp Lejeune. Upon arrival, he was told not to bother unpacking because he was being deployed to Iraq in three months. I remember the call and thinking “Didn't I just get done with one of those?!” He took more leave and drove home every weekend possible to spend as much time with us as he could.

His unit deployed to Iraq on September 17th and I was there to see him off, tears streaming down my face and all. I still cry when I think about that day (including as I write this). I drove home with every horrible possibility running through my head. I got a call from each of the stops on his way to Iraq and would cry when he said he had to go. No matter how hard I tried to ignore it, I knew that could be the last time I heard from him.

We keep in touch through phone calls and yahoo messenger. I usually get a brief call towards the beginning of the week and instant messages towards the end. There are weeks he has patrol or they can't get into town so I don't hear from him which sends my stress level through the roof but I keep busy to keep my mind from thinking the worst. And for anyone who hasn't already discovered it, Motomail is a WONDERFUL thing.

About a month ago, I got one of those phone calls you dread getting. “Baby, how much do you pray for me?” “Shut up!” “No...I'm serious. How much do you pray for me?” “More than I'll admit to you. Why?” “Keep praying 'cause apparently it's working.” “What are you talking about?” “An IED missed hitting my truck by less than 30 seconds.” I instantly felt sick. Two “humvee killers” strapped with a super-charger exploded next to the truck behind his. Thank God it was buried a foot too deep, spraying that truck with sand and debris rather than hurting anyone. I can't count the times I broke down knowing how close I came to losing him.

Now comes the emotional part (for me). In the year we've been together, we have spent Easter and my birthday plus two anniversaries together. We spent our 6 month and now our 1 year anniversary apart and we're going to miss his birthday, Valentine's Day (again), and possibly Easter apart as well. I have to explain to a little girl why she can't call or go see him and listen to her cry when he doesn't tuck her in. Every time we get in the car, she thinks we're going to see him. The only person she really wanted at her birthday party was him.

I'm a corpsman's wife without the title. The Navy doesn't acknowledge me, but for one corpsman in Iraq, getting home to me is all there is. I proudly wear his dog tags and ring. I put on a happy face to hide the mess I really am. I stand strong and pray a lot. I send him what I can with the little money I have. I live for phone calls at 6am and mushy messages left on my yahoo. Why? I'm engaged to the man of my dreams and it just happens that he's also my Hero.

By: Amanda

Lovinadoc@corpsman.com

This came thru a doc, thought it could go in a newsletter. - Ben Psencik

(Editor - Thanks for sending it)

Subject: Our Doc

This was sent to me by a Marine friend of mine. I hope you like it as well.

I thank God that I was never in that position, but many of my shipmates were, there are 620+ names of Hospital Corpsman on the Wall.....

To err is human, to forgive divine - neither are Marine Corps policy!

Too many times we as grunts forget to thank our Doc for being one of us. The following was sent to me to pass along to you, our Docs and their families. Remember you are one of us and that is exactly how we feel.

Thank you Doc's and your families

The ideal squad is 13 men and a Corpsman. The Corpsman is a Navy enlisted man who has medical training and is skilled enough to get you and what ever pieces that were left of you back to a hospital. Although he's a Navy man, he has the respect of the Marines and is thought of as one of them and is known to everyone as Doc. He's the one that responds to the call Corpsman up! He is the one who'll run to you when you've taken one in the chest, the wind is knocked out of you and you're trying your damn best to move so the people behind you know you're still alive, yet not so much as to have Charlie pump more rounds into you.

He is there when there is complete chaos: automatic rifle fire, hand grenades exploding, M-79 rounds being lobbed into the brush a few meters in front of you and more noise than anyone ever hoped to make on the fourth of July. When it seems like you have been lying there forever, he is the one that has exposed himself to enemy fire to run up to you to scream in your ear, WHERE ARE YOU HIT??!!! If you're lucky, you can point to the place because you sure as hell can't talk. You're gasping for air because it's leaking out your lung like a tire with a hole in it. You're trying to stay out of shock and feel like your whole body is on fire. You're wrenching with pain. And bullets bounce all around your head and body because they are now trying to kill you and the Doc.

For some strange reason, God knows where the courage comes from, the Corpsman seems immune to or oblivious of all that is going on around you. His only focus is you. In the movies a guy gets hit once and that's about it, in Vietnam, there wasn't any limit to the number of times in one fire fight you could be hit. Hell, you could get hit a dozen or more times if someone possessed little else to do but try to nail your young butt. It should be easy for you to see how panic and fear can work on a guy that has been wounded and is basically helpless and the people keep shooting at him (it's not fair). Fear that every round that just misses you means the next one won't. And lying helpless and unable to move or breath can cause a panic that does it's damndest to conquer your soul and leave you pissing all over yourself in fear.

The corpsman yells for a medevac to be called. One is called by a good radioman while someone else is calling in a fire mission that may take twenty minutes before the first round comes in. A lot can happen in twenty minutes, your whole outfit could be wiped out. If the ambush is big enough and you're caught in a cross fire it could take a lot less than twenty minutes.

The action is hot, bullets burn your skin. They get close enough to feel without actually hitting you and that's close. The dirt and sand are red hot as bullets kick it in your face. You think, God that was close!! Please God just get me out of this one. I promise to be good from now on!! Suddenly, someone is dragging you by your collar or some piece of clothing, you're not sure what is going on but you do know that the pain is bringing you close to unconsciousness, your whole body is shaking uncontrollably, your chest has a hissing sound coming from where you think your lung is, it's spouting air and filling up with this warm substance that makes it harder to breath, you're sure that blood is now filling your lung up to the point of collapsing. Fear and panic is gone and replaced with shear terror and shock. Yet this Navy guy keeps miraculously dragging your body towards safety, while half the enemy force are trying to nail him.

Mother Up! You hear through your fog, you know another one of your friends has just taken a hit and could possibly be worse than you are. Coming screams the Doc. He tells someone to keep pressure on the rag covering your chest and not to take his hand off of it. He turns and heads in the direction of the last caller, while the enemy continues to do their best to nail him before he can reach his next casualty.

Maybe this is why we considered the corpsman to be one of us, although they never went through boot camp at Paris Island or San Diego, they were Marines at heart, and damn good ones. Only a fool or a hero would leave a place of safety to throw his body in harms way for someone he may not even know. I never met a Corpsman that I thought was a fool. To me a hero does things that his logical mind is telling him not to do. His logical mind says to stay put, get further down, but above all don't get up and go where someone else just got shot! The hero ignores what his mind is telling him and goes forward in the face of the enemy fire. His only thought is to get to the guy that has called for help. He will get to him!! He may get shot himself but he will not let that guy die by himself. Sometimes they aren't alive when he gets there, but he's there and exposed to the same fire that killed the man he came to rescue. He goes from wounded to wounded doing what he can to save their lives, doing what he can to give them a little more time. Time to get them back to an aid station where they may be saved. Let me be point man any day over being a corpsman in a Marine infantry outfit. At least I can take cover and return fire.

The Corpsman is special. The Navy offers a lot of other programs that are a hell of a lot less dangerous. Corpsmen knew going in that they will be placed in harms way. They knew that they would be assigned to the heaviest fighting areas in Vietnam, yet they volunteer anyway. They cared about human suffering and wanted to do all in their power to aid, and were willing to give their lives to their calling.

Check out the Wall, you'll find a lot of corpsman on that wall. They gave their all. Many of us, who were fortunate enough to return home, did so because of their unselfish acts of heroism. In many cases they did so without any medals or rewards except the personal feeling of having done their job and done it well. Because of them, thousands of Marines today can greet each other and say welcome home.

When you go to see the Wall, a tribute dedicated to the Vietnam Serviceman who paid the ultimate price for their country, you will see a statute dedicated to the grunts. You will see an area dedicated to the nurses who served their country. What you won't see is a tribute to the Corpsman. A tribute to the men who risked their lives by exposing themselves to tremendous enemy fire, by running, by crawling, and by inching their way into the thickest of the thick of fighting, to answer a call for help. They sacrificed their safety to save others lives. I wonder why there are no special honors awarded to these individuals. These men who prevented so many of us here today from having our names on the Wall.

There is a place where a statue could and should be placed. A statue of a single individual, loaded down with his medical gear. A statue representing those that were always ready and willing to give their lives in the hopes that they might save a life. Corpsman are a special and distinct breed of men who stand out proud and strong. Their everyday acts of bravery and heroism deserve to be recognized by their brothers in arms. They gallantly served, and were unselfishly willing to give their all. Because of them, many of us were given the opportunity to make a difference in the world.

There may never be a statute in honor the Corpsman who served our country so well. And who were so important to the Marines in the field. Statute or not, I would like to personally salute you and to say to you: Semper Fi. Marine, as the title is well earned, and the honor long overdue. Thank you for your willingness of service, and self sacrifice, so that many like myself today are able to say, welcome home Doc, a job well done.

Editor note - as of publication time Author Unknown - if you know who wrote this please let us know.

Bury me Next to a Marine

Bury me next to a Marine,
When my time has come to an end,
So I can spend eternity,
Beside my brother and friend

I've served beside them for years
And they've inspired me every day.
They've never asked for anything,
So a debt I can never repay.

None of them served for glory,
None for money or fame.
But they've served in every clime and place,
Heroes with but one name.

No one will ever outdo them,
Their honor is never outdone.
They will all go down in history,
As America's favorite sons.

Marines will never fail you,
And their guard will never cease.
Please bury me next to a Marine,
So I may rest in peace.

by
HM2(FMF) Robert L. Owens
August 31, 2007

CLASSIFIED ADS

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Looking forward to hearing from you,
ladybird_9_2

Have something for
sale, trade, barter?
Email your information
to
editor@corpsman.com
and it will be included
in our next edition of
Scuttlebutt

Caduceus, Globe and Anchor

Hi all!

I recently finished a going away gift for a Corpsman at an I&I unit near mine. I wanted to get it out and visible to the Corpsman community, since I haven't seen anything like it before. If anyone likes it, feel free to email me. I do all sorts of plaques and gifts for the Marines and Corpsman at my unit. Drop me a note and let me know what you think!

<http://woodworks.wordpress.com/2008/01/22/walnut-and-curly-maple-corpsmans-caduce-globe-and-anchor/>

Semper Fi
Trev

CANDLES

Homemade Candles are now available to the members of Corpsman.com - I have lots of scents, colors and styles to choose from as well as many glass containers that can be made into candles - prices vary accordingly - shipping is \$10 per order as I will use Priority Mail through USPS to get your candles to you.

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Adopt-A-Doc

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@corpman.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:
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Have a web site you would like to share?
Have something/someone you are looking for?
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C'mon email me - editor@corpman.com
I can make sure it gets into the next edition of Scuttlebutt