



Scuttlebutt

JULY 2007

A Squid newsletter for Doc's of all Services!

PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder)

Doc Pardue has become a advocate of PTSD survivors on Corpsman.com. While on Active Duty I could not really speak my mind about how I felt our Government is treating our Veterans. If you have been watching the news of late, you can see that the care of Vets have finally come on the radar in a big way. The Army has been taking the most heat, with its problems at Walter Reed Medical Center. I do feel that there is and was a serious problem with the way the MGT had been taking care of us vets, it seems like we are throw away toys. Break us and someone new steps in. The press (God Love 'em) uncovered the problems with Bldg-18, and forced the administration to do something about it.

But the band plays on.

If you get a chance go to:

<http://www.corpsman.com/forum/showthread.php?p=16489#post16489>

and watch the clip about the Army using it's soldiers up and spitting them out.

I am sorry, wrong is wrong. What is happening with the Army and anyone else not getting the full treatment they deserve from our Armed Forces is just plain shameful.

Our men and women are from an all volunteer force, they were not drafted etc, they came in voluntarily and put their names on the dotted line to support and defend the Constitution of the United States of America. Our Leaders (And I don't mean Civ's) are the ones who are doing this travesty, our own supposed brother and sisters in arms. I honestly don't understand "YES MEN and WOMEN" who will step on their own compatriots to get a promotion.

To me, Throw 'em to the lions, Let God sort 'em out.

Please watch the video, you must have a Corpsman.com Scuttlebutt account (FREE by the way) to view it. Leave us a comment, give us a reason to discuss it.

Till next month.

Darrell Da-Chief Crone

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Mark Your Calendar

Podcast Schedule for July and August

7/30 - 1900 CST - Corpsman.com
End of Month Review LIVE
8/3 - Byte This! NETCAST -
VISTA, Where For Art Thou
8/10 - Veterans Alley NETCAST
8/17 - Gamers Den NETCAST
8/24 - Fantasy Sports Spotlight
NETCAST
8/27 - 1900 CST - Corpsman.com
End of Month Review LIVE
Hosted by Da-Chief with special
appearances by DeeDee & Crazy-
Cajun as well as other Corps-
man.com Members

Scuttlebutt

FW: Ambulance Configuration Forward Deployed

HMC Crone

I read your webpage often (both my wife and I are former Navy Corpsmen - although she was never a Corps"man" - in those days she was a Corps"wave" :-)

My SOCOM POC sent me this ambulance configuration from a deployed Navy HMCS ... is this general knowledge for all FMSS-trained HMs? Good stuff - that can-do, semper-gumby spirit is still alive and well.

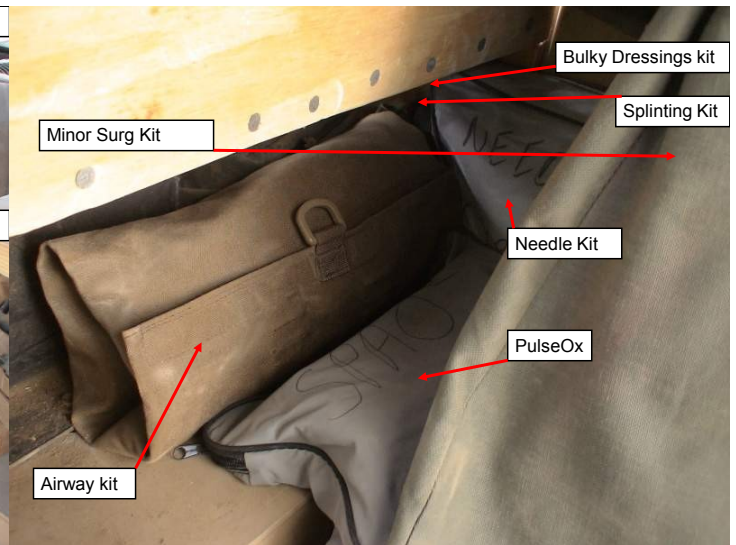
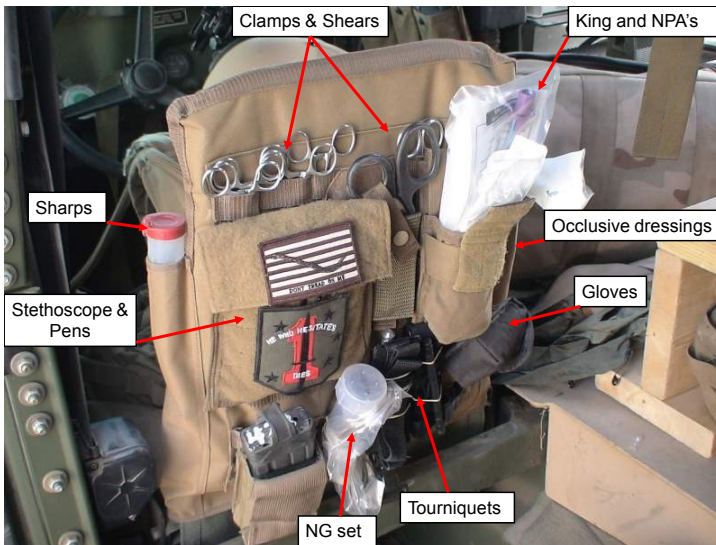
Semper Fi

V/R,
PHILIP 'Spike' JONES, Lt Col, USAF, MSC
FACHE, CFAMMA, FACCP, CMRP
Acting Command Surgeon
HQ 3rd Air Force, Ramstein AB, Germany

FLETCH'S AMBULANCE



FLETCH'S AMBULANCE (continued)



If you would like a copy of this PowerPoint file please email editor@corpsman.com and I will happily email it to you.

DeeDee
Editor

Rant from Da-Chief

JULY 2007

I want to open this month with wishing Doc Pardue a healthy return. Doc is having major surgery done on the 26th of July. He has become a mainstay of our organization here at Corpsman.com. More than a mainstay, he is family.

The last few months have been extremely busy for me here at home. I had to go through my VA Physical process, retire, learn to be a stay at home dad, fix the mess from a sump pump failure in our house and fixed our entire downstairs that was flooded, and the band goes on.

What I am trying to say, while looking for a the actual date from a email that Doc-P had sent me, I realized all the email's that I receive, but honestly could never answer even if I had 25 hours in a day. Please don't think that your emails are not important to me. They are. I just want you to know that I receive approximately 75 emails a day from users of Corpsman.com, and the business side as well. I try to answer as many as I can when I can.

This is not to say I cannot do better, I feel I can. So please bear with me while I try to work something out so you get the answer you deserve when you take the time to write us. DeeDee has been doing her best to throw stuff up on my radar when she sees it. I can tell you that Corpsman.com would not be what it is today if not for her and CrazyCajun.

Ok your probably thinking, "Why is he blathering on?". Well I want to thank all of you for Corpsman.com. **YOU** are Corpsman.com, not us, **YOU**. The Doc Pardue's, 8404's, Citrus, NavyCameron, Kaymanism's, Dustmans, the list goes on! You have all put a investment into our site and I wanted you all to know I have noticed and I appreciate each and every visit you give us.

Thanks and have a Happy, Safe, finish to the summer.
Darrell Da-Chief Crone

A cop stops a Ferrari for traveling faster than the posted speed limit. So he asks the man his name.

Fred, he replies.
Fred what, the officer asks.

Just Fred, the man responds.

The officer is in a good mood, really enjoys seeing the Ferrari, and thinks he might just give the fellow a break and write him out a warning instead of a ticket. The officer then presses him for the last name. The man tells him that he used to have a last name but lost it. The officer thinks that he has a nut case on his hands but plays along with it.

Tell me, Fred, how did you lose your last name?

The man replies, It's a long story, so stay with me. I was born Fred Dingaling. I know - a funny last name. The kids used to tease me all the time. So I stayed to myself, studied hard, and got good grades. When I got older I realized that I wanted to be a doctor! I went through college, medical school, internship, residency, and finally got my degree, so I was Fred Dingaling, MD.

After a while I got bored being a doctor, so I decided to go back to school. Dentistry was my dream! Got all the way through school, got my degree, so then I was Fred Dingaling, MD, DDS.

Got bored doing dentistry, so I started fooling around with my assistant and she gave me VD. So now I was Fred Dingaling, MD, DDS, with VD. Well, the ADA found out about the VD, so they took away my DDS. Then I was Fred Dingaling, MD with VD. Then the AMA found out about the ADA taking away my DDS because of the VD, so they took away my MD leaving me as Fred Dingaling with VD. Then the VD took away my Dingaling, so now I am Just Fred.

The officer walked away in tears, laughing.

THANKS GENE FOR THE LAUGHS

I Knew Fear Today (A Small Sign That I'm Stressed Out)

**By
Sean Dustman**

(I wrote this a couple of weeks before my first deployment to the sand box in February 2004. Your first trip to the warzone and at the time, no one knew what was going on down range. We were the first squadron to take our piece of real estate at MCAS Al Asad Iraq)

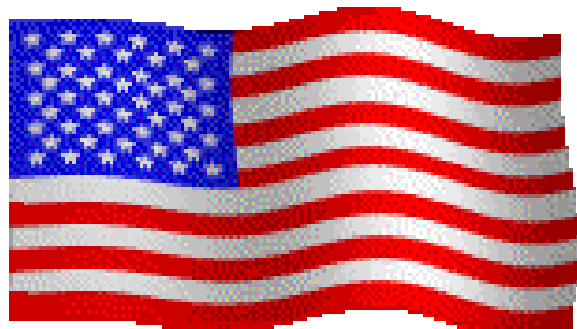
As usual before a great adventure medical was hopping, we were burning out hit lists, giving shots, unloading supplies, all the usual stuff. Belly was on the computer putting together a squadron hit list. The rest of us were off in our own private la la land, doing whatever little mission that we had made our own. She had been working on this all morning not looking up, not talking (strange as that sounds, j/k B) totally focused. She was writing this all on a email draft and had just got done and I asked her to print it out so we could bring it over the squadron (most of the squadron's computers had been embarked so emails wouldn't reach as many people) to get a print out, well the network was down that hooked to the printer so I copied it to Word and saved it to disk to print on my laptop. She got back on her computer to start working on SAM's (idiotic program we use to track shots and such things). Well she asks me if she can close it out and I said sure (my brain wasn't switched on this morning). I put the disk in to open the document and the damn disk won't read. I think to myself that sucks and I turn around to just write it to another disk and the only windows showing on her computer is SAM's and Outlook. "Eep!!!!!" I rushed over and tried to see if the disk would read on her's.... nope. She had closed out without saving, I felt my stomach drop and the feeling of impending doom slip in, I had to have this hit list out. Arrrgggghhh! What was I to do, she was saying something like "OH NO!!!" And I just sat there and stared at the screen, cursing under my breath, I was very close to losing my cool facade. Then it struck me, I had copied and pasted the entire shot list from Outlook onto Word. I clicked on the Word icon, DAMN IT hurry up, friggen slow ass computer! It came up, I hit Ctrl+V and there it was. Whew! Almost lost that one.

Okay, Maybe I was over dramatizing this all in my head but in reality it wasn't that big of a deal, it was just a hit list, I put a new one out every day! I rockclimb, have ran into the tops of mountains while flying at high speeds, dive off 60 foot cliffs and I think today I was more scared over this little hit list then I have been doing any of those other things. It was like the end of the world for a second. I was in shock for a few minutes following this little episode and went out side to smoke a cigarette, noticed my hand shaking. Maybe I need a day off.

MY MOMMY'S RUNNING NAKED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET

I was in the sandbox (Iraq) just doing my time
I looked up and boy was I surprised
I saw a bunch naked women jumping off the plane
Their screaming and ranting got my attention
I looked to the right and Keiv, the camel trader,
Dropped his bottom jaw and fell down on his knees
His lips were moving and no sound did he make
Those women ran pass me in search of the terrorists
That surround our base camp
I have never seen so much exposed white skin
Their boobs hanged down to their waist
I saw things bounce in all directions as they ran
One even had a tattoo of the flag of the USA on her butt
It was just flowing and moving as she ran, I saluted just the same
As they reached the town I heard grown men sobbing
The women kicked their asses
Made a bombing run or two
Saw a blond one dumping pig's blood
My partner looked up and his eyes got big
He kept saying, "Oh no – this couldn't be
My mom is a naked as the day she was born..."
I saw him begin to go blind and he ran inside
As quickly as he could putting on sunglasses
He started yelling, "Mom, get your clothes on, what's daddy going to say!"
She yelled back, "Dear son don't worry;
It ain't your paw who will be fretting
But the preacher when he sees our photos on the front page of the news!"

©Copyright August 2006 by Kerry "Doc" Pardue

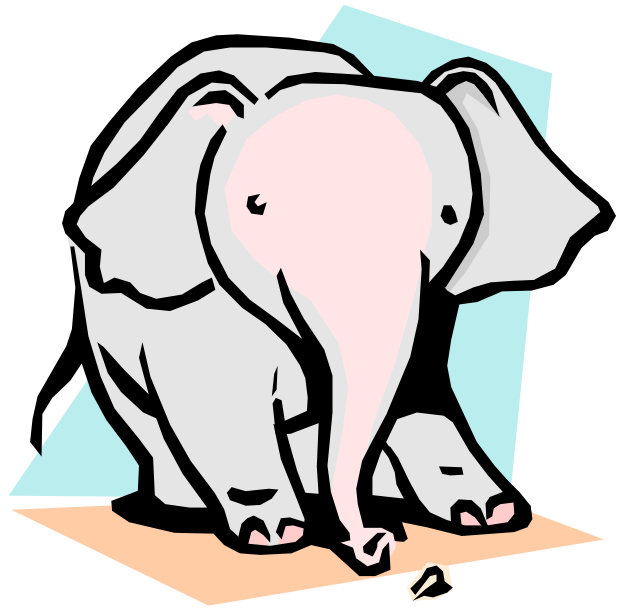


Can't get enough of Doc Pardue's poetry? Check it out online at <http://iwvpa.net/parduek/>

By Kerry "Doc" Pardue

DADDY, BUY ME AN ELEPHANT

I was browsing in a store today
 Found a photo of a little girl standing next to an elephant
 Reminded me of the time when you were four
 Asking me for an elephant
 Of course the answer was no
 You reasoned and you pried
 Came up with answers to where he would sleep and dine
 For two solid weeks you cried and begged and wept
 Then one day I come home and you changed your request
 Alright, if I can't have an elephant I'll take a Gerbil instead
 Magic words spoken to a dad who was relieved
 Not to hear Please Daddy buy me an elephant once again
 I turned around before I hit the door
 Off to the local pet store
 I brought you two Gerbils and all the stuff
 To fit into cages, spinning wheel, water bottle and food
 As I was leaving on the Gerbil Mission, relieved
 The elephant request was gone
 You looked up at your mother and said, "That's What I Really Wanted.
 If I had asked for that first the answer would have been no."
 So the four year old got over on her father
 And she knew how to win
 Ask for something bigger than what you really want
 Not sure how she learned that but I think her mom taught her well
 All I know is she got over
 She won the bigger prize
 She learned how to control her father
 I've been losing ever since.
 So dads beware when your daughter
 Looks up to you with teary little eyes and
 says
 I want an elephant
 Just go buy a Gerbil instead



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True story



BERNIE, MY CAREGIVER

We have been friends for so many years
 And our age has reached four score and more
 You're still a silly democrat, but I was always much smarter
 My teeth are gone; my eyesight has followed my teeth
 There's one thing I can still do quite well is fill my depends with crap
 I am so glad you are my caregiver Bernie now change me before it dries
 It gives me much pleasure to give a democrat his due
 Watch out now it's going to fall inside your shoe
 So Bernie, come change me and feed me my soup
 Turn on the TV and watch George Bush the 4th
 Lead our Country in all its mighty glory
 George, his daddy, defeated all the Arabs
 Now gas is down to a buck and a half

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Written to Doc Bernie Duff (fellow Vietnam medic)-
 we are on opposite ends of the political spectrum;
 he being more progressive and me more conservative

Following is the link for the Patriot Guard Riders, PGR mission statement. PGR's membership is currently 104,677 nationwide and represents almost all states in the U.S. This is submitted to allow those who are not familiar with the PGR and to let those serving in the Armed Forces that we are here to support them.

Patriot Guard membership is free and strictly voluntary.
Owning of any type of vehicle/motorcycle is not required.

<http://www.patriotguard.org/>

Let's also take time to remember those who have given their lives for our freedom in the defense of our great nation, the United States of America.

Following is a link to the Patriot Guard Riders Video Tribute to our Troops library. There are over 17 inspiring video's depicting what we do and why.

<http://www.patriotguard.org/tabid/226/ctl/ArticleView/mid/665/articleId/90/Memorial-Day-Tribute-Video-Click-to-leave-comments-and-read-video-upload-guidelines.aspx>

Patriot Guard Riders Mission Statement

The Patriot Guard Riders is a diverse amalgamation of riders from across the nation. We have one thing in common besides motorcycles. We have an unwavering respect for those who risk their very lives for Americas freedom and security. If you share this respect, please join us.

We don't care what you ride or if you ride, what your political views are, or whether you're a hawk or a dove. It is not a requirement that you be a veteran. It doesn't matter where you're from or what your income is; you don't even have to ride. The only prerequisite is Respect.

Our main mission is to attend the funeral services of fallen American heroes as invited guests of the family. Each mission we undertake has two basic objectives.

1. Show our sincere respect for our fallen heroes, their families, and their communities.
2. Shield the mourning family and their friends from interruptions created by any protestor or group of protestors.

We accomplish the latter through strictly legal and non-violent means.

To those of you who are currently serving and fighting for the freedoms of others, at home and abroad, please know that we are backing you. We honor and support you with every mission we carry out, and we are praying for a safe return home for all.

Editors note: Patriot Guard Riders section on Scuttlebutt Forums can be found under the Veterans topic and through this link: <http://www.corpsman.com/forum/forumdisplay.php?f=35>

MEMORIALS

HMC (FMF) Paul C. Helms (1930-2006) passed away Oct. 23, 2006
He served with the 1st Div. in Korea 1951 and the 3rd Div. in Vietnam
1965-66

I would like to mention the memorial page on corpsman.com. There are two Corpsman on that memorial who went to bootcamp, Corpsman school and FMTB with my son. Both died of IED attacks in Iraq.

Their names are: ALDAY, ZACHARY M. HN 06/09/06 and SARE, CHARLES O. HN 10/23/05. Brand new Corpsman. I guess what I'm trying to impress is the importance of NHCS students paying attention, following the rules as it may save their lives. These two deaths really tore up my son and he had to take leave to regain his composure. This is real and not a game. I think some students take this too lightly. Just my observation.

8404

SEARCHING FOR.....

Chief,

My name is John Miller, I am an emergency physician in the Houston Medical Center, but I started out as a Hospital Corpsman in 1973 at Naval Hospital Oakland.

I just found out that the Naval Hospital in Oakland is slated to be demolished! I wish I could find some of my old shipmates from the hospital before that happens. Is there any way you could help me out.

I am nearly computer illiterate, but as I have always heard, if you REALLY need something.....ask a Chief!

Hope to hear from you soon,

Thank you sir,

John Miller

docjohn54@yahoo.com

State-By-State Disability Pay **taken from the Associated Press** **July 19, 2007**

The 50 states ranked from highest to lowest in the amount of average disability pay awarded to injured veterans in 2005, according to the Institute for Defense Analysis. The average pay nationwide was \$8,890.

- New Mexico, \$12,395
- Maine, \$11,734
- Oklahoma, \$11,643
- Arkansas, \$11,412
- West Virginia, \$11,348
- Nebraska, \$10,719
- Oregon, \$10,677
- Louisiana, \$9,815
- Vermont, \$9,682
- Kentucky, \$9,673
- North Carolina, \$9,549
- Arizona, \$9,502
- Texas, \$9,484
- Montana, \$9,460
- Mississippi, \$9,424
- Rhode Island, \$9,337
- Washington, \$9,156
- South Dakota, \$9,125
- South Carolina, \$9,116
- Tennessee, \$9,111
- Idaho, \$9,063
- Hawaii, \$9,047
- Wisconsin, \$8,844
- California, \$8,755
- Alabama, \$8,752
- Missouri, \$8,721
- Minnesota, \$8,709
- Florida, \$8,617
- Nevada, \$8,606
- Colorado, \$8,476
- Utah, \$8,396
- Wyoming, \$8,360
- Iowa, \$8,348
- Massachusetts, \$8,348
- New Hampshire, \$8,317
- Arkansas, \$8,300
- New York, \$8,278
- Pennsylvania, \$8,270
- North Dakota, \$8,237
- Georgia, \$8,163
- Kansas, \$8,052
- New Jersey, \$8,032
- Michigan, \$7,999
- Illinois, \$7,816
- Connecticut, \$7,737
- Virginia, \$7,706
- Delaware, \$7,679
- Maryland, \$7,654
- Indiana, \$7,573
- Ohio, \$7,556

Don't Throw That American Flag Into The Trash!

Do you have a old and frazzled flag that's laying around your office or home and you just don't know what to do with it? Then send it to us! We will properly dispose of it according to federal laws.

Who are we? Visit our website at <http://www.kitchentablegang.org> for details about us and what we are doing to help veterans and our soldiers overseas, and giving proper respect for ol'glory.

The Kitchen Table Gang Trust will retire your tattered, worn out and frayed American flags with full honors! Anything else is desecration!

Just send your flags to the not-for-profit Kitchen Table Gang Trust, 42922 Avenue 12, Madera, CA 93638-8866 and we'll dispose of your flags in a proper and dignified manner with full honors and dignity pursuant to the United States Flag Code Section 8K (PL93-344). The Kitchen Table Gang (formed over 16 years ago) is a "rag-tag" bunch of patriotic military types helping hospitalized veterans and our soldiers and Marines overseas with "Care" packages.

Our flag retirement ceremonies are held on Flag Day, June 14th each year and are conducted by GySgt Daniel Kelley USMC and an all volunteer military honor guard with Boy Scouts assisting. The Kitchen Table Gang Trust also has a nationally recognized educational program for our young people and students, teaching them the history, traditions and respect for our national emblem.

When you send us a flag, please enclose a donation for this service which allows us to continue and expand our many patriotic programs. We do good things with your contributions (just ask any veterans or military service organizations).

We are located at the junction of Highway 41 and Avenue 12 just down from the world famous red, white, and blue barn on the way to Yosemite National Park.

Send us your flags!

Charles Taliaferro
flags@kitchentablegang.org

I am a hospital corpsman

by HMC (SCW) Terry A Garrett

I am a hospital corpsman, a United States Navy Chief. I have been trained to give compassionate and skillful care to the sick, injured and dying. I gratefully provide guidance to those junior and senior to me, so they may achieve greater success than I. I am a Navy Reservist. My job does not stop when the drill weekend is complete. It carries over into my everyday life.

The family trip, to the mountains of Seneca Rocks, West Virginia, for a day of peaceful serenity, suddenly becomes “Mom, The HMC”, first one on the scene, responding to a car wreck, encountered along the twisted highways. An outing at the flea market, as the call comes over the PA, “we need a nurse or a doctor in aisle three”, and again “Mom, the HMC” responds. I do CPR, for fifteen minutes, as I wait for further assistance from the local EMS

The questions and needs from the family are constant, “What is this medicine, should I take it? Do I need this test? Can you talk to the surgeon for me? My blood sugar is only 64, what should I do? Would you stay with me tonight at the hospital, I don’t want to be alone”. “Mom, The HMC”, will be there, as always, and more importantly, because she wants to.

I have always believed I can make a difference. In October of this year, I was called upon at 1:00 am by my son’s friend to “Oh God, please come quick, it’s bad”. Knowing my son and his friends were out “mudding” and having a bonfire, and he wasn’t the one asking for help, I knew it was not good. It was about my baby, my only son. Somehow, I arose from bed, pulling off my nightgown, and reached for the first outfit I could find. It was my Navy PT sweats. Nothing prepared me for what I was about to face.

I saw my son lying on the ground, face up, and motionless. The peaceful look on his face was too much to bear. I knew this look. I had seen it before. Yet, as I turned to see his two friends, one in fetal position, bloody and distorted, the other, crying out to not hit him anymore, his eyes with a distant stare, and no recognition of his surroundings. I knew, I had to do something, anything, I just had to move. Thank God for my husband who, has seen me in motion as “Mom, The HMC”. I began to bark orders for him to hold RJ, and give him comfort, that we were there. I turned to Alex and swept the clots of blood from his mouth, reassuring him, I was there, to not move and it would be okay. As the EMS arrived, and moved to my son first, a small and humble voice spoke and said, “I know, I’m a Doc, I need you over here.” They life-flighted Alex and transported RJ, and I looked on as they covered my son with the all too familiar white sheet.

I lost my son that night, to a violent act of manslaughter; his friends have survived physically, but will continue to relive that night over and over.

If I am faced with a traumatic situation again, I pray for the strength, and the knowledge the Navy has taught me, to respond one more time as “Mom, The HMC”.

found this over at NTWS website, some powerful words that some of us here can relate to, this is the thread <http://navy.togetherweserved.com/usn> (membership required) and the following is the post by HM1 James Sabo (reprinted with his permission)

from my Myspace blog posting. I was going to delete it, but let my medicated-drunken words stand.

Monday, April 16, 2007
welcome to being a combat vet!
Current mood: annoyed
Category: Life

The only reason I am doing this is maybe another vet is out there, will read it, and realize they aren't the only one.

Guess what - no music was playing, no slow motion, no thoughts of medals or glory. ANYONE tells you that while telling a story, or starts their "combat" story off "There I was..." is probably full of shit (got that line from one of my most dear friends I met in Kilo, SGT Phil).

Well, let's start off with sleep, or lack thereof.

Ambien inducted sleep, every night. EVERY night. Sometimes mixed with alcohol depending on the severity of the day. And throw in the other handful of meds that keeps changing every 2-3 months when they don't work anymore - hey, try this one.

Dreams last night included: being at a children's gym with my kids, an older vet having a gun and holding us hostage. Myself and one of my buds from Iraq had to "erase the problem" Nice and graphic

another part was that I was running thru a bad neighborhood around 2-3 in the morning just trying to get home. Trying to avoid bad areas, cars, people out. A small boy started following me, and it escalated into me beating the hell out of him for miles but he wouldn't stop, no matter what I did or used on him. Ended with me waking up in sweat, again. Or time my dear friend and fellow doc was burned and melted right in front of me including smell and sensation of heat.

I went to the Jerry Seinfeld show in town also, and spent 3/4 of the time waiting for a mortar to explode about 10 feet from my face. and that's something I really enjoy. Now factor that into my day to day routine crap.

Waking up to: 50 cal fire, having your neck sawed by a knife, friends/family mutilated in front of you, smell of burning flesh, mortar/rocket POO, sooo many other variants and new stuff that you say "what else is there" then it happens. Your mind is a very creative thing.

arousal from sleep - nice way of saying: grabbing loved one by throat, punching, kicking, choke-hold, or just screaming like a school-girl.

I am scattered and rambling in my thoughts now because of what I wanted to put has turned into a flow of crap that I hold in every single day. also partially due to two concussions over one month period.

some co-workers that can give a shit less, or worse try to make you feel guilty or arrogant because of what I did - and I didn't tell 99% of them even a sliver of what we did or saw. I really appreciate the few that have told me "thanks" and seem genuine. Cool chick at Medic 2, you're awesome. and the guys should know who they are. This ain't a "shout out" show on hip-hop radio.

God Bless my mother-in-law, Eileen, Paula, Tom, Shawna - thank you for taking care of my wife/kids and hope it was a help to you two E and S.

friends that don't keep in touch - over there while deployed or even now. I had two small children under 4 at the time, and a pregnant wife not to mention a father that could barely care for himself and I was the lone caretaker (whom passed away while I was in theater). think anyone was over seeing if she/they were OK? maybe 1 or 2 phone calls early in the deployment to them, then nothing. thanks

or the insane thinking of if I was able to email once every now and then from our closet of a computer room on base that you took your life into more dangerous hands walking there in full flack/kevlar, then it's my fault I didn't keep up on day to day bullshit at home. thanks again.

came home from 3 days at lejeune when we hit the states. went home alone in uniform on plane. no-one gave a shit. at airport, my wife and 3 children were there. thats it. nobody saying thanks, or get off the plane first, or whatever. thanks again

I didn't do all of this for "thanks" honestly, I was always ashamed that I didnt join the service (dad was in WWII, uncle a mospquito pilot and DFC awardee in Korea and my brother Doug whom wasnt afraid of anything. He was brought up on John Wayne movie, and Combat and Rat Patrol shows. He would have gone in an heartbeat (Vietnam), but in that same heart beat he wrecked his motorcycle and had too many pins in his leg to join. So he join another group, bikers, then years later by 1998 he ended up dead from a GSW in head in an alley in McKeesport. so after 9-11 I said is was enough. I joined because I had a crap-load of paramedic experience and knew our men and women needed front-line medics/ corpsmen. I wanted to be with the Marines, and after learning exactly what the FSSG was all about, joined a rifle company with two other great guys. I joined at 31 years old and one child at the time.

so you can shove your "thanks" now because I dont want them. I want everyone to know that vets have been doing this for a very long time, and quit ignoring them or treating them like crap. I see it with the Vietnam guys, and my friends. give them a break, and they would probably like to have your "thanks".

Me, I'll just exist day to day like nothing has changed like I have been, driving my 8 year old pick-up with a state issued "Purple Heart Combat wounded veteran" licsense plate and not care if that upsets you for whatever reason.

* quick background. In Iraq with Marine Infantry company, lost 48 in out battalion - several my friends. Was at a base for half my time that was shelled almost every day, even several times a day. Constantly told of impending insurgent attacks to overrun our forward operating base. In an ambush in a school house in Hadithah, used a KIA Marine for cover with another, and was casevac'd in Army Blackhawk; was wounded in Hit a month before from a 60 mm mortar that landed 10 feet behind me (as stated by witnesses) that tore thru 3 other Marines before getting to me. That was one wek after I received notification that my father died, and told the company that I did not want the funeral leave because I was needed there.

what else, put out civilian corpses that were on fire with a canteen, bound with wire behind their backs and riddled with bullets [was a peace keeping convoy that got lost thru the City of Hit - some of the guys said it was on the web posted by insurgents] putting 2 bodies in a bag, lifting them onto AAV's with blood and body juice dripping down on us. leaving the last body there because it was rigged with an IED.

I could go on, but if you haven't experienced it then its just words in a stupid blog I dont expect you to know what it is like to wear long sleeves, bloused pants, flack jacket, neck and groin blast protecters, kevlar helmet, eye protection, 40 pounds of gear, a pistol, M-16 and 9 pouches of ammo in 120 degree heat worrying if this is the pile of garbage that will blow off your leg.

Or riding in a sizzling AAV or HUMVEE just waiting for the mine to rip thru the vehicle and you and your buddies. Raising sights and barrel to a "target" - man, woman, child. No restart button there. That split-second of your life is a keeper.

Or writing your "death letters" for your loved ones, to be delivered when your gone. Write one for your newborn daughter you got to see for a few hours. Two other daughters that dont understand whats going on, past people you have wronged that you want to say sorry to and love you to, wife of 10 years, dying father. Write all of those and tell me if you are sane that night.

I just hope you dont give me crap about it or my combat brothers and sisters. give a crap about their families and loved ones, about the plots in the cemetary, about Memorial Day and Veteran's Day. care when a number is shown at the bot-tom of the screen about wounded or killed. They are people, they were my friends and me. They are ours.

So to all that are combat vets, welcome. I hope your saga is better and not as involved. But if it is, there are many of US out there so don't let them make you feel small. And for the ones that give me crap (mostly not to my face) - when I drive past a verterans memorial around all these communities, I think of what more I could have done or still should be doing. What are you thinking of????

I miss you, Joe and Jeff; and every one of those names on the list. My Brother "4 Corpsmen of the Apocolypse" - you should already know what I want to say so I ain't typing it.

Scuttlebutt Sports

MLB Standings

As of 7/22/07

American League

	W	L	GB
<u>EAST</u>			
Boston Red Sox	59	39	—
New York Yankees	51	46	7.5
Toronto Blue Jays	48	50	11.0
Baltimore Orioles	44	53	14.5
Tampa Bay Devil Rays	38	60	21.0

CENTRAL

Detroit Tigers	58	38	—
Cleveland Indians	58	40	1.0
Minnesota Twins	51	47	8.0
Chicago White Sox	43	54	15.5
Kansas City Royals	43	54	15.5

WEST

Los Angeles Angels	57	40	—
Seattle Mariners	54	41	2.0
Oakland Athletics	46	52	11.5
Texas Rangers	42	56	15.5

National League

	W	L	GB
<u>EAST</u>			
New York Mets	55	43	—
Atlanta Braves	52	47	3.5
Philadelphia Phillies	50	48	5.0
Florida Marlins	48	51	7.5
Washington Nationals	42	56	13.0

CENTRAL

Milwaukee Brewers	55	43	—
Chicago Cubs	51	46	3.5
St Louis Cardinals	45	50	8.5
Houston Astros	42	56	13.0
Pittsburgh Pirates	41	56	13.5
Cincinnati Reds	41	58	14.5

WEST

Los Angeles Dodgers	55	44	—
San Diego Padres	53	44	1.0
Arizona Diamondbacks	52	48	3.5
Colorado Rockies	49	49	5.5
San Francisco Giants	41	55	12.5

Take me out to the ball game :)

CORPSMAN.COM FANTASY BASEBALL STANDINGS (Week Ending 7/22/07)

Team	Wins	Losses	Ties	Games Back	Owner
Pardue's Medics	97	54	9	--	Doc_Pardue
CT Country Ham	87	69	4	12.5	Puckmedic
Chicago Stompers	65	85	10	31.5	Da-Chief
Dee's Bad News Bears	55	96	9	42	DeeDee

Fantasy Football 2007

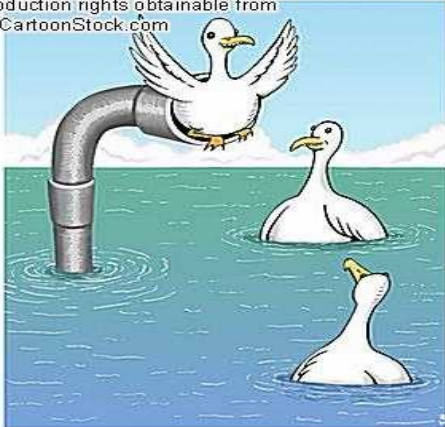
Yep - you heard it right - Corpsman.com is having a Fantasy Football League for the 2007-08 NFL Season. If you are interested in having a team - please contact Da-Chief at hmc.crone@corpsman.com and let him know so he can get everything set up.

Podcast Schedule for July and August - - - Hosted by Da-Chief

7/30 - 1900 CST - Corpsman.com End of Month Review LIVE
8/3 - Byte This! NETCAST - VISTA, Where For Art Thou
8/10 - Veterans Alley NETCAST
8/17 - Gamers Den NETCAST
8/24 - Fantasy Sports Spotlight NETCAST
8/27 - 1900 CST - Corpsman.com End of Month Review LIVE

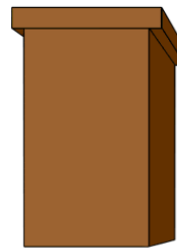
Bits and Pieces

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Seagull humour

... OKAY CLASS, NOW REMEMBER, WITH THE EXCEPTION
OF ENSIGN HARM'S ZINGER FROM YESTERDAY,
THE ONLY STUPID QUESTIONS ARE THE ONES
NOT ASKED.



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WANTED - Scuttlebutt is searching for someone with artistic talent interested in creating cartoon caricatures of the staff of Scuttlebutt - That's right you get to draw pics of Da-Chief, CrazyCajun and DeeDee. Submissions should be emailed to editor@corpsman.com

Have a funny you want to share? Email it to editor@corpsman.com and see it in the newsletter

Recommended Websites

Corpsman.com Amazon.com Store Affiliate - <http://astore.amazon.com/corpsmancom-20>
Send your recommendations to editor@corpsman.com to be included in next months edition

WORD OF THE MONTH

Thrombocytopenia: is the presence of relatively few platelets in blood.

At the suggestion of Red Headed Doc - we are proud to present the WORD OF THE MONTH - If you have a word you would like to submit please email it along with the definition to editor@corpsman.com by the 5th of the month

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