



Back Row (Right to Left) CWO2 Robert C. Jacobson, SSC Elwood B. Midgett, TN Mario O. Manalac, TN Edward J. Arsenaull, SS2 Teofilo H. Balagtas, SNSS Harry M. Lauder, SS1 Harry E. Wolfe and SSC Genaro J. Boquiren.

Front Row (Right to Left) SNSS Walter L. Goodwin, SS3 Virgil B. Biteng, SS2 Sergio M. Monsale, SS3 Rudolfo E. Dela Torre, SS2 Oscar C. Trinanes and SS1 Luis F. Tunay.

One corpsman? Two corpsman? Three? Four! Where do they put them all? Two snug in they're racks, one on the rec. deck reading paperbacks and one running around trying to drum up some business. In fact, the only time you would see them all up at the same time is during midrats.

Well, partially true. After all the medical problems encountered during the last north trip I assume Washington thought they would do us a favor by over-dosing us with cadusus carrying angels of mercy. Little did they know that now we had no room in sickbay for patients. Not only that, but now we hunted them down rather than waiting for them to show at sickcall. And when they finally arrived there was usually a fight for the body. A suture case or the smell of blood would drive them from they're warm racks and hiding places like a swarm of bees, in most cases only to find a small cut or scrape in need of a band-aid. And to make our floating mayo clinic complete a full fledged, degree carrying (I think) PHS Medical Officer. Naturally it was necessary for us to let him think he was in charge. This simplified matters and made him feel good. Of course friction did occur at times between medical officer and corpsman. Because of his large stature he constantly smashed his head up against our low hanging operating lights. Daily he would insist

they be removed for they were inconvenient to the patient. By the way, I've yet to see a patient hit his head! Next he decided to have all the patients use the side door rather than the main door. So through-out the day the "Use Other Door" sign would shift from door to door, to the dismay of many patients who didn't understand our little musical doors game. All-in-all, sick-bay ran as efficiently as a finely tuned piano with too many keys.



SN Kent on the job