



# Bells and Whistles

Algonquin Lake in the Hills Fire Rescue Newsletter

October 2008

## Turn Your Clock Back November 2<sup>nd</sup>!

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### Chief's Corner

By Chief Steve Guetschow

I have notified the Board of Trustee's and the Officers that at the conclusion of my current contract, April 30, 2009 I will be retiring from the Algonquin Lake in the Hills Fire Protection District.

I want to thank all of you for your support over the last 12 years. I know that all of you have the ability to provide excellent public service to the communities we serve. There is still work to be done so we will continue to move forward.

### Change Your Clock, Change Your Battery

Fall is here and that means that Daylight Savings Time is drawing to a close. On Sunday, November 2 at 0200 hours we will revert to Standard Time and move our clocks back one hour. As we make the tour around our houses resetting all the clocks, let's please take a moment to practice what we preach and replace the batteries in all of those smoke detectors to insure that our homes and loved ones remain protected. Also, please take a moment to offer your assistance to someone who might not know that those batteries need to be replaced, or who simply can't accomplish that task themselves...a minute of your time just might save someone's life.

#### Bells and Whistles

Algonquin Lake in the Hills Fire Department

##### Station 1

1020 W. Algonquin Rd  
Lake in the Hills, IL 60156  
(847) 658-8233  
fax (847)854-2609

##### Station 2

2440 Harnish Dr  
Algonquin, IL 60102  
(847) 658-8224

##### Station 3

1691 Cumberland Pkwy  
Algonquin, IL 60102

# Duty, Pride, Tradition

Submitted by FF Matt Berg

"DUTY" is defined as at one's post or work, a task or chore one is expected to perform. It is answering the bell and being asked to perform tasks that challenge our physical and mental toughness under extreme conditions. It is our duty to prepare for these tasks through training, leadership, and "Esprit De Corps". It is our moral obligation to be doers in the fire service, to prepare for, come at and meet the enemy..."BATTLE READY". The fire ground is a battleground. It is the "DUTY" of the firefighter to form a barrier with his/her body against fire. Quote: "THAT PAIN MAY CEASE, HE YIELDS HIS FLESH TO PAIN" By Joyce Kilmer KIA in France in 1918.

"PRIDE" is defined as a state of feeling of being proud, a reflection of credit upon oneself. Pride is feeling good after a job well done! It is a feeling of goose bumps as you recount your actions; by going somewhere nobody else can go. By making a rescue and saving a life by being a part of a unit that successfully achieves its goal. Pride is wiping a tear from your eye and swallowing a lump in your throat, as you are hugged and kissed by a loved one, thankful you have returned safe and sound. Pride is a glow in your kids as they brag about you being a firefighter. Pride is wearing your uniform, proud of your colors, proud of your co-workers and fire department. Being a member of "THE NOBLEST BREED".

"TRADITION" is defined as the handing down of statements, beliefs, legends, customs, and information from generation to generation. A long established or inherited way of thinking or acting "Courage in the face of danger is a tradition of the fire service". Firefighters of the past stand by us today, passing on their legacy and dedication to us, and our fire departments. Tradition is the maintenance and connection of values with our heroes, pacesetters, and examples set by our idols! It is our foundation.

"Duty -Pride - Tradition" gives an individual the desire to serve - the ability to perform and the courage to act.

"DUTY" IS DOING IT.  
 "PRIDE" IS WEARING IT.  
 'TRADITION' IS LIVING IT.

Author Eddie Enright  
 Ret. Chicago Fire Department

## New Businesses

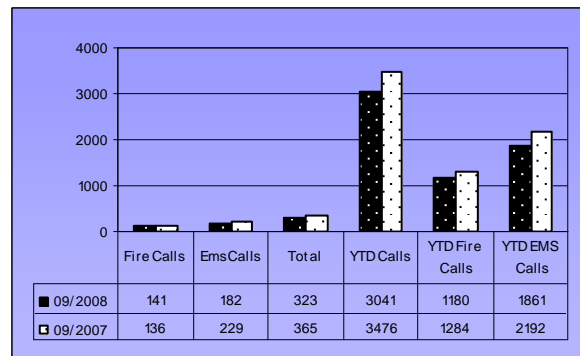
Midas Touch Jewelry- 2370 W Algonquin Rd, LITH  
 KMJ Capital, LLC- 9 Crystal Lake Rd #103, LITH  
 Healthy By Nature Acupuncture-9231 S Route 31,  
 B & N Motor Sport-9100 Trinity, LITH

## Statistics

### September 1-30, 2008

	Fire calls	141
	EMS calls	182
0130		61
	Station One	
0151		87
0141		100
0150		4
0181		40
	Station Two	
0152		99
0142		75
0162		3
	Station Three	
0153		48
0143		56

**Grand Total 323**



## Bear Necessities Run

By Captain Joe Teson

As we have done in the past, by standing on the corners at intersections along the run route for the Bear Necessities Run, we can save the Bear Necessities Organization the expense of hiring police officers. This will add to the amount raised for pediatric cancer research.

The run will take place on Sunday, October 5<sup>th</sup>. We will meet at Eastview School, 540 Longwood Dr, at approximately 0800 for a briefing and be finished by 1030. I need 15 volunteers to assist with this project. Please e-mail me your support.

## Personnel Status

### New Hire

### Resigned

Nate Neilan, FF/PM part time

### Work Comp Leave

Kim Matz

EMPLOYEE TOTAL                      79

Officials 6

#### **Full time 50**

Firefighter/paramedics - 30

Firefighter/EMT - 11

Firefighter - 3

Salary - 4

Civilian - 2

#### **Part time 23**

Firefighter/Paramedic - 5

Firefighter/EMT - 12

Firefighter - 0

Paramedic - 3

Civilians - 3

## Birthdays

October 2<sup>th</sup> Joshua Roberts

October 6<sup>th</sup> Bill Pelinski

October 6<sup>th</sup> Tom Stubbs

October 7<sup>th</sup> Kim Matz

October 8<sup>th</sup> Ryan Artner

October 11<sup>th</sup> Dan Pressler

October 13<sup>th</sup> John-Paul Kilanski

October 30<sup>th</sup> Mike Kern

## Anniversaries

In October, the following people are celebrating an anniversary on the Algonquin/Lake in the Hills Fire Department.

Kristy Huddleston	15 years (FT and PT)
Steve Guetschow	11 years (FT)
Julie Didier	13 years (FT and PT)
Wendy Hoover	10 years (FT)
Tim Littlefield	10 years (FT)
John Knebl	10 years (FT)
Steve Witkus	8 years (FT and PT)
Kim Matz	5 years (FT)
Dan Pressler	2 years (FT)
Mike Murphy	1 year (FT)
Tim Monahan	1 year (FT)
Scott Olsen	1 year (PT)

## Reflections

### **Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep**

*From Chicken Soup for the Soul: Woman to Woman*  
By Diana Dwan Poole

Growing up, I wanted to be a doctor, but money was scarce, so I went to nursing school. In 1966, during my senior year, an Army Nurse Corps recruiter came to talk to us. It all sounded so exciting: I would have a chance to travel, it paid well and, most important, I was assured that I wouldn't have to go to Vietnam if I didn't want to—which I didn't.

I signed up. After basic training, I was assigned to Letterman Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco. During my two years at Letterman, I received orders for Vietnam three times. The first two times, I said no. But the third time, I decided that my two years of experience would probably be a huge asset over there.

We landed in Tan Son Nhut Air Base, and when the airplane door opened, I nearly fell backward, overwhelmed by the heat and the stench. Suddenly, all my experience seemed trivial. Being twenty-three years old seemed very young. I was scared, but there was no turning back.

After our debriefing, I was assigned to the Sixty-

seventh Evac Hospital in Qui Nhon. When the helicopter landed on the hospital tarmac, my things were set on the ground. I climbed out, straightening my skirt. The soldiers in the helicopter yelled, "Good luck, Captain" as they took off.

I was in my class A uniform, which meant I was also wearing nylons and high heels. Nothing could have been less appropriate for the surroundings. Miles of barbed wire, topped by concertina wire, encompassed the hospital compound and the large adjoining airfield, along with acres of hot concrete. I squared my shoulders and marched inside the grim cinder block building in front of me. I was told to get some sleep, because I started tomorrow. I gratefully fell into a bed, and in the morning, I donned my hospital uniform—fatigues and Army boots—just like the soldiers.

Because I was a captain, I was made head nurse on the orthopedic ward, which primarily held soldiers with traumatic amputations. I took my role very seriously and had a reputation for strictness.

Being a nurse in the States for two years did not adequately prepare me for Vietnam. I witnessed a tremendous amount of suffering and watched a lot of men die. One of my rules was that nurses were not allowed to cry. The wounded and dying men in our care needed our strength, I told them. We couldn't indulge in the luxury of our own feelings.

On the other hand, I was always straight with the soldiers. I would never say, "Oh, you're going to be just fine," if they were on their way out. I didn't lie.

But I remember one kid who I didn't want to tell. The badly wounded soldier couldn't have been more than eighteen years old. I could see immediately that there was nothing we could do to save him. He never screamed or complained, even though he must have been in a lot of pain.

When he asked me, "Am I going to die?" I said, "Do you feel like you are?"

He said, "Yeah, I do."

"Do you pray?" I asked him.

"I know 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"Good," I said, "that'll work."

When he asked me if I would hold his hand, something in me snapped. This kid deserved more than just having his

hand held. "I'll do better than that," I told him.

I knew I would catch flak from the other nurses and Corpsmen, as well as possible jeers from the patients, but I didn't care. Without a single look around me, I climbed onto the bed with him. I put my arms around him, stroking his face and his hair as he snuggled close to me. I kissed him on the cheek, and together we recited, "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Then he looked at me and said just one more sentence, "I love you, Momma, I love you," before he died in my arms—quietly and peacefully—as if he really were just going to sleep.

After a minute, I slipped off his bed and looked around. I'm sure my face was set in a fierce scowl, daring anyone to give me a hard time. But I needn't have bothered. All the nurses and Corpsmen were breaking my rule and crying silently, tears filling their eyes or rolling down their cheeks.

I thought of the dead soldier's mother. She would receive a telegram informing her that her son had died of "war injuries." But that was all it would say. I thought she might always wonder how it had happened. Had he died out in the field? Had he been with anyone? Did he suffer? If I were his mother, I would need to know.

So later I sat down and wrote her a letter. I thought she'd want to hear that in her son's final moments, he had been thinking of her. But mostly I wanted her to know that her boy hadn't died alone.