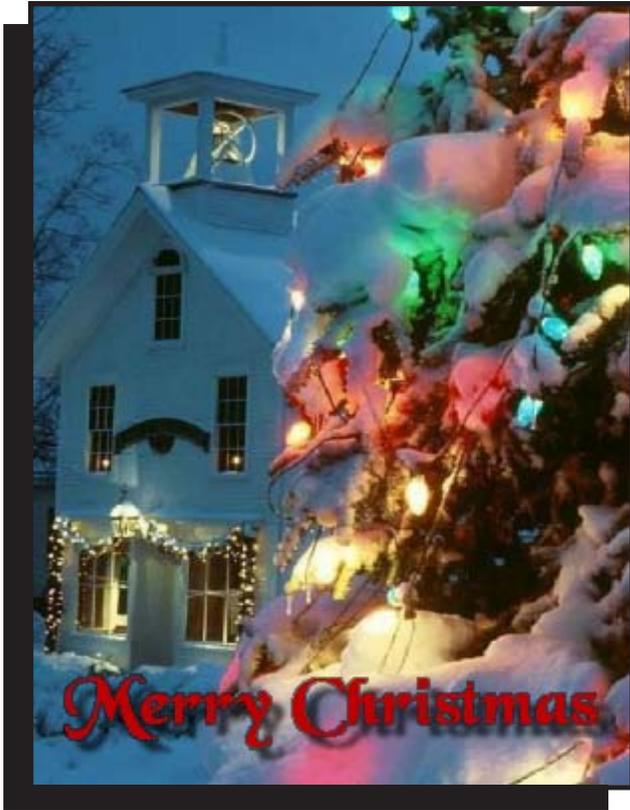




The Trumpet

A PUBLICATION OF THE MOBILE FIRE-RESCUE DEPARTMENT - EST 1888 DECEMBER 2006



Visit Our Website:
<http://www.cityofmobile.org/fire/>

In Memory of



Richard W. Newman
1960-2006

"Quality Professional Services Delivered with Compassion"

Our Mission

The Mission of the Mobile Fire - Rescue Department is to identify and respond to community needs in order to deliver an effective and efficient system of service which minimize risk to life, health, and property from fire, trauma, acute illness, and hazardous conditions.

Inside Features

Make Everyday a Special Occasion.....	Page 2
A Child's Christmas in Wales.....	Page 3
New Chaplain.....	Page 4
Hot Shots.....	Page 5
Apparatus Present and Future.....	Page 6
Christmas Trivia.....	Page 7
Featured Cartoon.....	Page 8

Make Everyday a Special Occasion

By STEVE HUFFMAN

Public Information Officer

Everyday I'm bombarded with e-mail of dubious origin and even more dubious veracity, as I'm sure most of you that use the Internet often do. They're Junk, Spam and Scam e-mail messages that plead with us to find a missing kid or help a sick child, sign a petition to right some terrible injustice, take a stand on an important piece of pending legislation, forward a message to claim free merchandise, or take heed of the latest computer virus. The messages that aren't outright hoaxes are often full of misinformation, and even the ones that have some truth are usually out-of-date by the time we receive them.

They range from some company wanting to sell me some off the market enhancement pills or a better rate on my mortgage to the best porn has to offer, to the ubiquitous Nigerian Scam which is about a wealthy foreigner who needs help moving millions of dollars from his homeland and promises a hefty percentage of this fortune as a reward for assisting him. Which costs its victim anywhere from a few thousand dollars up to hundreds of thousands.

Also those annoying chain e-mails...the ones where if you send it to 100 people Wal-Mart, AOL or Bill Gates will contribute money to some charity or the Make-A-Wish Foundation will donate 7 cents on behalf of some kid that doesn't really exist with an incurable disease...and the ever popular "Penny Brown is Missing" email who again is a child that doesn't really exist.

I especially like the ones that tell you "this email must leave your hands within 24-96 hours. Send copies and watch what goes on in the next four days. You'll have a pleasant surprise". Yeah, you'll get hate mail from your friends demanding you stop forwarding this waste of time to them! It will usually further state that "this is true, even if you're not superstitious". The more people you send it to the better your life improves and your dreams begin to take shape. If only it were that simple!

In fact it's gotten so bad that most Urban Legend web sites have devoted special sections just on Internet Hoaxes!

But I admit that on the rare occasion in the mist of all these e-mails one will come across that gets my

attention and I feel I must share it. Minus the part about having bad luck if you don't forward it to 20 or more people in the next hour.

I received such an e-mail recently and I wanted to share its message with you. I don't know if there is any truth to the story contained in it and it doesn't really matter but the overall message is thought provoking nonetheless. So here it is:

A friend of mine opened his wife's underwear drawer and picked up a silk paper wrapped package.

"This, he said, isn't any ordinary package."

He unwrapped the box and stared at both the silk paper and the box.

"She got this the first time we went to New York, 8 or 9 years ago. She has never put it on, was saving it for a special occasion. Well, I guess this is it.

He got near the bed and placed the gift box next to the other clothing he was taking to the funeral home, his wife had just died.

He turned to me and said, "Never save something for a special occasion. Everyday in your life is a special occasion".

"Never save something for a special occasion. Everyday in your life is a special occasion".

I still think those words changed my life.

Now I read more and clean less. I sit on the porch without worrying about anything. I spend more time with my family, and less at work. I understand that life should be a source of experience to be lived up to, not

survived through. I no longer keep anything. I use crystal glasses every day. I'll wear new clothes to go to the supermarket, if I feel like it. I don't save my special perfume for special occasions; I use it whenever I want to. The words "Someday..." and "One Day..." are fading away from my dictionary. If it's worth seeing, listening or doing, I want to see, listen or do it.

I don't know what my friend's wife would have done if she knew she wouldn't be there the next morning, this nobody can tell. I think she might have called her relatives and closest friends. She might call old friends to make peace over past quarrels. I'd like to think she would go out for Chinese, her favorite food. It's these small things that I would no longer see the friends I would meet, letters...that I wanted to write "One of these days". I would regret and feel sad, because I didn't say to my brother and sisters, son and daughters, not times enough at least, how much I love them.

Now I try not to delay, postpone or keep anything that could bring laughter and joy into our lives...And, on each morning, I say to myself that this could be a special day...Each day, each hour, each minute, is special.

When you use the phrase "One of these days", remember that "One day" is far away...or might never come...No matter if you're superstitious or not, spend some time reading this, pass it on. It holds useful messages for the soul.



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Merry Christmas!



A Child's Christmas in Wales

By DYLAN THOMAS

One Christmas was so much like another, in those years around the sea-town corner now and out of all sound except the distant speaking of the voices I sometimes hear a moment before sleep, that I can never remember whether it snowed for six days and six nights when I was twelve or whether it snowed for twelve days and twelve nights when I was six.

All the Christmases roll down toward the two-tongued sea, like a cold and headlong moon bundling down the sky that was our street; and they stop at the rim of the ice-edged fish-freezing waves, and I plunge my hands in the snow and bring out whatever I can find. In goes my hand into that wool-white bell-tongued ball of holidays resting at the rim of the carol-singing sea, and out come Mrs. Prothero and the firemen.

It was on the afternoon of the Christmas Eve, and I was in Mrs. Prothero's garden, waiting for cats, with her son Jim. It was snowing. It was always snowing at Christmas. December, in my memory, is white as Lapland, though there were no reindeers. But there were cats. Patient, cold and callous, our hands wrapped in socks, we waited to snowball the cats. Sleek and long as jaguars and horrible-whiskered, spitting and snarling, they would slink and sidle over the white back-garden walls, and the lynx-eyed hunters, Jim and I, fur-capped and moccasined trappers from Hudson Bay, off Mumbles Road, would hurl our deadly snowballs at the green of their eyes. The wise cats never appeared.

We were so still, Eskimo-footed arctic marksmen in the muffling silence of the eternal snows - eternal, ever since Wednesday - that we never heard Mrs. Prothero's first cry from her igloo at the bottom of the garden. Or, if we heard it at all, it was, to us, like the far-off challenge of our enemy and prey, the neighbor's polar cat. But soon the voice grew louder. "Fire!" cried Mrs. Prothero, and she beat the dinner-gong.

And we ran down the garden, with the snowballs in our arms, toward the house; and smoke, indeed, was pouring out of the dining-room, and the gong was bombilating, and Mrs. Prothero was announcing ruin like a town crier in Pompeii. This was better than all the cats in Wales standing on the wall in a row. We bounded into the house, laden with snowballs, and stopped at the open door of the smoke-filled room

Something was burning all right; perhaps it was Mr. Prothero, who always slept there after midday dinner with a newspaper over his face. But he was standing in the middle of the room, saying, "A fine Christmas!"

and smacking at the smoke with a slipper.

"Call the fire brigade," cried Mrs. Prothero as she beat the gong. "They won't be there," said Mr. Prothero, "it's Christmas." There was no fire to be seen, only clouds of smoke and Mr. Prothero standing in the middle of them, waving his slipper as though he were conducting.

"Do something," he said. And we threw all our snowballs into the smoke - I think we missed Mr. Prothero - and ran out of the house to the telephone box. "Let's call the police as well," Jim said. "And the ambulance." "And Ernie Jenkins, he likes fires."

But we only called the fire brigade, and soon the fire engine came and three tall men in helmets brought a hose into the house and Mr. Prothero got out just in time before they turned it on. Nobody could have had a noisier Christmas Eve. And when the firemen turned off the hose and were standing in the wet, smoky room, Jim's Aunt, Miss. Prothero, came downstairs and peered in at them. Jim and I waited, very quietly, to hear what she would say to them. She said the right thing, always. She looked at the three tall firemen in their shining helmets, standing among the smoke and cinders and dissolving snowballs, and she said, "Would you like anything to read?"



If civilization is to survive, we must cultivate the science of human relationships - the ability of all peoples, of all kinds, to live together, in the same world at peace.

-- Franklin D Roosevelt



KUDOS

Firefighter of the Year

John B. Black - Firemedic, RB23

Firefighter of the Month

JULY - Ben J. McKenna - Firemedic, RB23

AUGUST - David Rose - Captain, Communications

SEPTEMBER - Chris Turner - Firefighter, TA17

OCTOBER - Tim Curry & Jayson Nicolas - RB18

Employee of the Month

JULY - Barbara Sanders - Supply Division

Welcome to the newest members of the Mobile Fire-Rescue family. Veronique Holt, Office Assistant I assigned to the EMS Billing Division and Firefighter Andrew J. Morgan assigned to EA14.



New Chaplain



Please welcome to the Mobile Fire-Rescue family, Rev. Mr. Ed Connick as our new Catholic Chaplain. Rev. Mr. Connick replaces Father Steve Williams who served in that capacity for a number of years. Rev. Mr. Connick is a Mobile native and a graduate of McGill Institute and Springhill College. He was ordained on April 24, 1994 as a Deacon for the Archdiocese of Mobile and St. Dominic Church.

He has also been Chaplain and Bereavement Coordinator for Infirmity Hospice Care for the past 4 1/2 years. He also serves as a volunteer Chaplain for the Mobile Police Department and is a member of the International Conference of Police Chaplains.

Rev. Mr. Connick serves on the Mobile Fire-Rescue Department's Critical Incident Stress Management Team and is a member of the International Critical Incident Stress Foundation.

Other memberships include Past President and member of Widowed Persons Services of Greater Mobile, Treasurer for the Bay Area Grief Coalition, Board Member for the Second Wind Dreams (granting wishes for the elderly in nursing homes), and President of Bill Barbour's Friends of Exceptional Children (parties for the mentally and physically disabled).

If you should need the services of Chaplain Connick you can reach him through Fire Alarm or Chaplain Percy Harris.





Novelties That Kill

There has been a growing concern among fire and medical professionals nationwide about the increasing number of novelty lighters resembling toys being imported into the United States.

We know there have been fires and burn children playing with novelty lighters that resemble toys. For example a young child playing with a lighter that resembled Santa ignited his mother's bedding. Burn injuries she sustained in the fire required admission to an Oregon Burn Center.



Lighters or Toys?

We know that children and youths use lighters more frequently than they use matches and that children ages five and under find it easier to light a lighter than to strike a match.

While this problem has several dimensions, including caregiver supervision, availability of lighters in the community, it seems especially irresponsible to allow the sale of fire tools that are, by their very design, an attractive danger to children.

Can you tell which is a lighter and which is just a felt-tip marker?

Would a child who is too young to read be able to tell the difference?



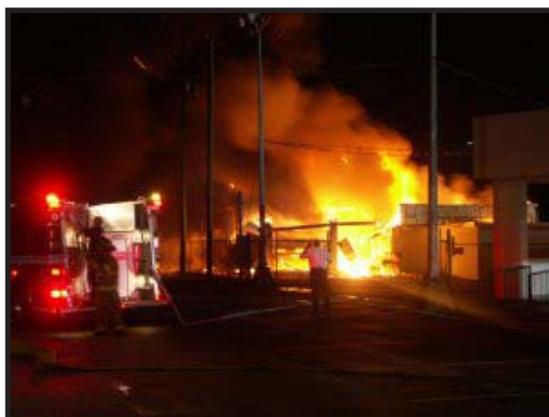
3rd Alarm House Fire August 3, 2006
110 Jordan Lane



Photos By STEVE HUFFMAN, PIO



2nd Alarm Building Fire September 19, 2006
Grady Buick Automotive



Fire Apparatus Present and Future

Mobile Fire-Rescue Department has received some new equipment in recent months and has a new Pumper that was built at Ferrara Fire Apparatus, Inc. in Holden, Louisiana and delivered on October 24, 2006.



Photos Courtesy of FERRARA FIRE APPARATUS

A little background on Ferrara with the history of Ferrara beginning in 1977. That was the year Mr. Chris Ferrara, President and CEO of Ferrara Fire Apparatus, Inc., a pipefitter/fabricator for one of the nation's largest petrochemical refineries located in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and a volunteer firefighter at Central Volunteer Fire Department, built his first fire truck.



In the old days, it was not called the Holiday Season; the Christians called it 'Christmas' and went to church; the Jews called it 'Hanukkah' and went to synagouge; the atheists went to parties and drank. People passing each other on the street would say 'Merry Christmas!' or Happy Hanukah!' or (to atheists) 'Look out for the wall!' -- Dave Barry "Christmas Shopping: A Survivor's Guide"

Also on the horizon is a new ladder truck . E-One Fire Apparatus in Ocala, Florida was the winning bidder and construction has begun. Delivery is scheduled for early 2007. The truck will be very similar to Truck 4.

The department also received three new Squad Quick Response vehicles built by E-One Fire Apparatus. The trucks are built on a FORD F-550 Chassis and are assigned to Melton Station, Freeman and Seelhorst Stations.



Photo By STEVE HUFFMAN, PIO



Thank You



July 13, 2006

Dear Chief:

I want to thank you for sending your fire-rescue team out to our church block party July 12th. All your men were helpful and cooperative in answering questions from the crowd and letting them "play" on the equipment. The kids, as well as the adults, thoroughly enjoyed it.

Thanks again for your support that helped to make our block party a huge success.

Sincerely in Christ,

Rev Dave Edwards
Pastor

Chief Byrd:

I am writing to commend Engine 22, 1st shift: LuQuire E22, Crawford E22, Izzy, and Reusser, for their exemplary performance of their duties.

On Thursday, August 17 evening I slid off the side of my bed on to the floor and was unable to get up. I am a 79 year old widow and am extremely large. I was not hurt. I told the dispatcher to please send 3 or 4 large men and she did.

They came promptly and took care of the situation quickly. I was back on my feet in no time. Their professional manner made me confident that I was in good hands.

They refused remuneration, assuring me that it was all part of their job. Mobile can be proud of such fine young men. Thank you,

Sincerely,
Andree B. Williams

September 1, 2006

Dear Chief Byrd:

I wanted to express my appreciation again for the removal of the tattered American flag from our tower. Everyone was diligent and careful not to further damage the flag despite the height and difficulty of the entanglement.

Thanks again for your assistance and dedication.

Sincerely,
Douglas E. Estle
Principal, Murphy High School

Christmas Trivia

* In 1895 a New England Telephone employee, Ralph E. Morris, while looking at the newly installed string of lights made for the telephone switchboard decided to take some home to decorate his tree with. And/or it may be attributed to Thomas Edison's partner, Edward Johnson for inventing the first string of lights around the same time Ralph, for safety reasons. The new lights proved safer than the traditional candles, which often started fires by falling in the dry Christmas Trees.

* Alabama was the first state in the US to declare Christmas a legal holiday in 1836. Louisiana and Arkansas followed suit in 1838. Oklahoma became the last US State to declare Christmas a legal holiday in 1907.

* In 1882 Thomas Nast drew a cartoon showing Santa sitting on a box addressed "Christmas Box 1882, St. Nicholas, North Pole". Nast just figured it was a good place for Santa to live.

* Merry Christmas! When the phrase was coined, merry meant blessed and peaceful, "or Blessed and Peaceful Christmas". The phrase "God bless ye merry gentlemen" when written, meant "blessed peaceful" gentlemen.

* In 1947, Toys for Tots started making the holidays a little happier for children by organizing its first Christmas toy drive for needy youngsters.

* In 1996, Christmas caroling was banned at two major malls in Pensacola, Florida. Apparently shoppers and merchants complained the carolers were too loud and took up too much space.

* Santa's Reindeer are Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner and Blitzen.

* The use of a Christmas wreath as a decoration on your front door, mantel or bay window symbolizes a sign of welcome and long life to all who enter.

* Due to time zones, Santa has 31 hours to deliver gifts? This means that he would have to visit 832 homes each second!

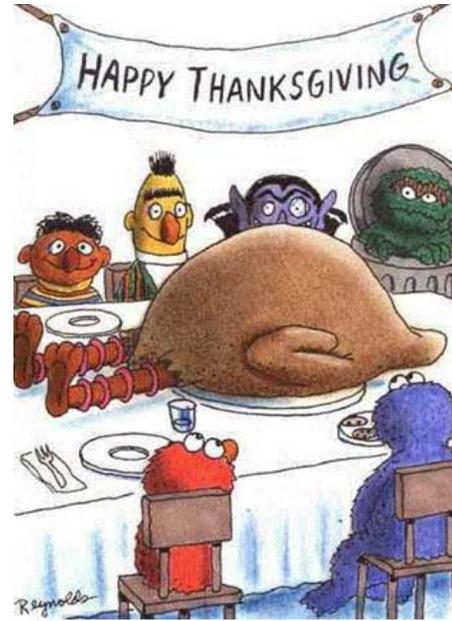
* According to the National Christmas Tree Association, Americans buy 37.1 million real Christmas trees each year; 25 percent of them are from the nation's 5,000 choose-and-cut farms.

* People who kissed under the Mistletoe were to end their grievances with each other.





"Well, Biff, it's that time of the year again. No more cold walks to the corner fire hydrant."



The Trumpet is the official newsletter of the Mobile Fire-Rescue Department. To submit articles, ideas, or photos for publication, please contact (251) 208-2857

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