

# The Appalachian Messenger

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## The Rapid Trauma Assessment

By HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF GRID DOWN MEDICINE

Bill knew right away that he needed to get his wife's and kids' minds occupied with the duties of staying alive lest they get paralyzed with fear. He got the kids to find and set up the tents, and his wife began to set up field sanitation and hygiene equipment. A camp had to be built and life, in its new reality, must continue.

He powered up his hand held ham radio and checked in to his local Amateur Radio Emergency Service frequency with a welfare message.

"Do you have injured or need immediate medical assistance?" asked the coordinator. "Not sure yet. My family is fine, but I am going out into my neighborhood to start checking." Bill replied.

"Acknowledged. Please monitor this frequency for further instructions and advise if you need help." The coordinator checked out. He sounded busy.

Bill checked out and switched his radio to the frequency that he and Charlie Franklin use as the unofficial neighborhood watch.

"This is KXXXX calling KYYYY, do you copy?" Bill called out every ten seconds. On the third try, a response came through.

"KYYYY receiving KXXXX. Bill, it's Charlie. Are you guys OK?" Bill heaved a sigh of relief that his buddy and co-conspirator was still breathing.

"Yeah Charlie, we're OK. Not much house left, but everyone is OK. What's your status?"

"We need some help. Eileen is unconscious and I can't wake her. I'm pretty sure my leg is broken and am having trouble moving around. Haven't made it outside yet. We had a tree come down on the house last night. It's bad." Bill could hear the fear in his voice. This was not like him.

"Stay put Charlie, I'm on my way over. KXXXX out."

With that, Bill put his wife in charge of getting camp set up and settled. He gave her a radio tuned into the neighborhood watch frequency with instructions to call if anything came up. He grabbed his medical kit and made his way to Charlie's. There was destruction everywhere. Power poles were snapped in half and wires covered the ground. His neighbors were slowly making their ways out of their bombed-out homes. It felt like he was in a movie, it was all so unreal. Looking at the carnage, he knew that Charlie and his wife were only two of many that were going to need help. It was going to be a very long day.

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No matter what situation you find yourself in, knowing how to give the right assessment is critical. Trauma is all about finding life threats and fixing them immediately. The rapid trauma assessment is designed to do just that. This will follow the civilian model of Airway, Breathing, Circulation, Disability, and Exposing the patient to find injury.

Before we go any further, there are all kinds of assessments that are tailored to the situations at hand. Check out Doc Grouch's primer on History and Physical Exam. What works well in an on-scene trauma scenario is not going to be really smart to do in the grid-down clinic with an ambulatory patient that has a dull stomach ache that's been bothering him for a week.

Furthermore, the Tactical Combat Casualty Care assessment in the Care Under Fire phase is barely an assessment at all other than figuring out if the guy next to you is dying and if he can either help himself or you can do something while simultaneously engaging in a gunfight. We're not going to cover that today. A good TCCC primer can be found at Max Velocity's site. Max is 68W-qualified, so he's up to speed. Check it out.

Now let's continue, shall we?

We are looking for deformities, contusions, abrasions, penetrations / punctures, burns, tenderness, lacerations, and swelling in our patient that are LIFE THREATS. The mnemonic for this is DCAP-BTLS. If you ever say to a medic or a doctor "I'm looking for DCAP-BTLS" you better know what they stand for or you will be doing pushups.

If your patient has a deep laceration on his calf that's already clotted, we don't care about that right now, he's not dying from that. If your patient has a deep laceration on his calf that is spurting bright red blood in a three foot stream, we care about that, because that will kill him.

Continued at: [griddownmed.com/2015/01/22/the-rapid-trauma-assessment-part-i/](http://griddownmed.com/2015/01/22/the-rapid-trauma-assessment-part-i/).

## Crisis Progress Report #2

By ROBERT GORE, Financial Editor

Greek Finance Minister Yanis Varoufakis says his country is bankrupt. Will the bankruptcy be recognized by the rest of Europe? If so, who bears the losses? Stay tuned for how those questions get worked out, but financial markets have already marked down Greek debt, ahead



of ratings' agency downgrades. In a world of minuscule yields for developed nations' debt, where shorter maturities often sport negative yields (creditors are paying debtors to hold their money), the Greek ten-year bond yields over 10 percent.

Greece may not be technically bankrupt, but its debt load is clearly onerous and the plurality of Greeks who voted for Syriza do not want to continue making the drastic reductions in their standard of living necessary to pay it. However, no matter what the resolution with the EU, the standard of living of the average Greek will be further reduced. Debt funds present consumption from expected future revenues; paying it down or writing it off necessarily entails reduced spending and loss recognition by lenders, borrowers, or, as usually is the case, both. Greece's debt-to-GDP number is not that much higher than a number of other countries. The EU is taking a hard line against debt relief because it would put Portugal, Spain, Italy, and eventually, perhaps France, in line looking for the same thing. Greece is the tip of the iceberg in terms of unsustainable public and private debt loads, government spending, and future entitlements, and that iceberg surely includes not just much of Europe, but Japan, China, and the US.

McKinsey and Co. issued a report this week (see "A World Overflowing With Debt," by Simon Kennedy, SLL, 2/5/15) that put total world debt at \$199 trillion, up \$57 trillion since the end of 2007 and at 286 percent of world GDP compared to 269 percent in 2007. How does the all-time heaviest debt load coexist with all-time low interest rates? Savers and creditors should be in the driver's seat. They are not because central banks have been buying debt in record amounts, preempting what would seem to be the irresistible impetus for higher rates and concerns about deteriorating credit quality. The only wind the central banks have had at their backs has been the ineffectiveness of their own policies. Despite the debt buying, recoveries have been anemic or nonexistent and the default option for financial markets, when confronted with economic weakness, has been to buy perceived high-quality debt.

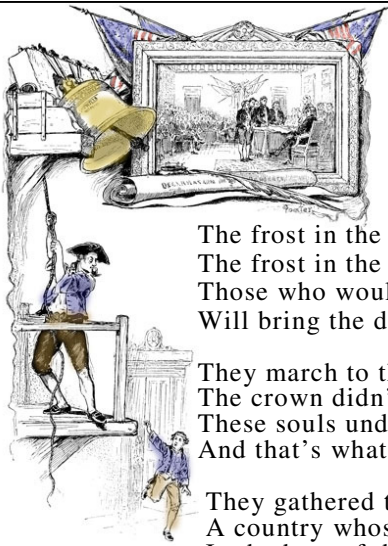
Greek yields demonstrate what happens when the quality of debt is called into question. The last "Crisis Progress Report" delineated the Command and Control Futility principal: governments and central banks can control one or more, but not all variables in a multi-variable system; and its corollary: due to the impossibility of controlling all variables, they will usually lose control of even the variable or variables they have attempted to control. No variable has been more under the thumb of central banks than interest rates. Last week, developed-country interest rates began to rise from microscopic levels. Financial markets have an ugly habit of surprising people when they least expect—and can least afford—it. The last thing the world's massively over-indebted governments and highly leveraged financial systems need are rising interest rates, especially against the increasingly severe global deflationary backdrop. If interest rates continue upward around the world, it may indicate a loss of government and central bank control of that variable.

In other words, the demand to borrow and governments' deteriorating credit quality may be overwhelming private savings and central bank monetization, forcing up interest rates, notwithstanding the still-waxing forces of economic contraction and deflation. This is not to say short any and all debt instruments—SLL has been looking in vain for this credit market phenomenon for years. However, if that is what is happening, it would be the ultimate canary in the coal mine, an unmistakable ratcheting up of the global economic and financial crisis. So keep an eye on interest rates. If they keep creeping up (they may not creep, they may lift off, as they have in Greece) the next few months are going to be interesting.



Thought for the week: To err is human. To blame it on someone else shows political potential.





## THE EXPERIMENT

by Larry Porter  
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### Preparation

The frost in the air comes not from weather.  
The frost in the air comes from the fool crown's tether.  
Those who would dare to bring up a scare  
Will bring the disgusted together.

They march to the tune of a different songbird,  
The crown didn't listen and got the wrong words.  
These souls understood there's a much greater Good,  
And that's what the strong should prefer.

They gathered together to forge a new plan,  
A country whose power was bestowed on man.  
In the heat of the day and with so much to weigh,  
One said, "I don't know if we can."

Undaunted, three souls chose to work even harder.  
Together they formed a triumvirate of ardor.  
The first brought the form, the second transformed  
Ideas aged kept in their larder.

The third of the members interpreted well  
The meanings of phrases so none could dispel  
The message that wrought the authors' true thoughts.  
They now had a story to tell.

The assemblage was gathered and asked to please ponder  
If they'd willingly risk their lives, wealth, and honor.  
Fifty-six men agreed that they had to secede  
From the crown that ruled from a yonder.



The menace marched westward in a wave of bright red,  
And nearing its goal the patriots said,  
"Come on boys, take our toys  
And then we'll cut off all your heads."

When they met the menace, they did the unheard,  
They hid behind trees and true to their word,  
They took off it's head, and left it for dead,  
And a new nation thus had been spurred.

The wise men assembled in secret that year  
Named a man who had fought in the country's frontier.  
Made a name for himself, as a warrior with wealth,  
And his best trait was he was austere.

This great man's poor army was nearly consumed  
And the new country's fate seemed for sure to be doomed,  
The wise men had guessed they'd given their best.  
But the chosen one never presumed.

(Read the rest at [appalachianmessenger.info/the-experiment](http://appalachianmessenger.info/the-experiment))

### CALENDAR OF EVENTS

**Apr 11-12**—Mother Earth News Fair, near Asheville, NC. Over 150 demonstrations & workshops. Call 1-800-234-3368 or see [motherearthnews.com/fair/workshops-north-carolina.aspx](http://motherearthnews.com/fair/workshops-north-carolina.aspx) for more.

**April 16**—The Well Armed Woman, local Chapter meeting at 6 pm at The Christian Martial Arts Center, Murphy NC.

**April 18**—NRA Women on Target Instructional Shooting Clinic, Murphy, NC. Contact Carrie Brekke, 706-896-6075 (please no calls after 7pm).

**April 18**—Practical Preparedness Medical Training, \$25. Murphy NC. E-mail [lucy@appalachianmessenger.info](mailto:lucy@appalachianmessenger.info) for further information.

**April 21**—Mountain Country Rod & Gun Club. Meeting 7-8:30 pm at Penland Senior Center, 69 Alpine St., Murphy, NC.

**May 29-31**—Heritage Life Skills, Waynesville NC. Two days of workshops & speakers including author of "Going Home" series, Angry American and Survivor Jane. Call 828-456-5310 or see [carolinareadiness.com](http://carolinareadiness.com) to sign up.

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## THE NEW PARADIGM

(a short story)

by

Francis W. Porretto

Smashwords Edition

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### Continued from last issue....

"I have investigators of my own, Lieutenant. Good ones. And Arthur Giordano is a client of Integral Security. I protect my clients—from public as well as private threats."

*Hope Art's got his ear to the door.*

It wasn't a standoff in the usual sense. The Integral personnel outnumbered the SWAT team members, were exquisitely well placed, and toted rifles that overmatched any known body armor. The excellence of Integral's forces, an order of magnitude beyond the capabilities of the county police, was well known. Should matters come to a head, their standing orders were to gun down the entire SWAT detachment...even if it should cost Conway his life.

*Might be for the best if it did.*

He did his best to appear utterly unconcerned.

Reynolds turned to his men, growled "Mount up," and waited as they complied.

Before he departed, he awarded Conway a final scowl.

"We'll be back," he said.

Conway nodded. "We'll be here."

#

Conway watched the last of his Humvees pull away, turned to Giordano, and shrugged expressively.

"Hell of a start for your Saturday, eh?"

Giordano was still visibly adjusting to what had occurred on his front porch.

"Kevin, what was that—"

"About you being an Integral client?"

Giordano nodded, eyes wary.

"Call it a conversation filler. A moment, please." Conway pulled out his cell phone and hit a speed-dial button. "Larry? All secure. You're in command until I get back. Send a car, would you please? Thanks." He closed and pocketed the phone and glanced at Giordano's mug. "Might I impose on you for a cuppa? It's been a difficult morning."

Giordano gestured him inside. Presently they were seated at the dinette table in Giordano's modest kitchen, each with a mug and a doughnut.

"Look," the retiree said, "I appreciate what you did, but you know very well I can't afford—"

Conway waved it aside. "Very well indeed, Art. But *you* know just as well that my sort of operation costs serious money. I have to keep a sizable standby force, a drone in the air around the clock and people to monitor the feed from it, and a police informant on the payroll. The county could bankrupt me simply by staging these raids continuously, two or three at a time, such that all my forces had to go to stopping them." He grimaced and sipped from his mug. "Integral doesn't have the taxing power. Not that I want it."

Giordano said nothing.

"Have you given any thought to what I suggested at the civic association meeting?"

"Kevin," Giordano said, "there aren't enough of us willing to buy in just yet. We're already paying some of the highest property taxes in New York. We can't afford you. Not if what you charge your condo clients is any indication."

"I understand, Art. Believe me, I do. But there are ways to lower the cost quite a bit, if you and your neighbors would be willing to help."

"No one," the retiree ground out, "is ready for the sort of surveillance setup you proposed. Cameras all over the place. Hard lines to your office. Rotating foot patrols with walkie-talkies. For God's sake, Kevin, we're a bunch of private citizens who just want to be left alone, and we're already dealing with a sense of being watched wherever we go!"

A car pulled audibly into the driveway. Conway nodded, finished his coffee, and gently set the mug down before him.

"That's the heart of the problem," he said. "Not only are you being watched—that raid was because an Onteora cop spotted you at the range in Hamilton you visited a week ago—you're paying through the nose for it. And here I am, struggling to protect you from those watchers, pleading that you pay *me* for the privilege." He grinned humorlessly. "You'd have every right to suspect that the cops and I are in it together." Giordano shook his head. "Never."

"Well, that's a comfort, at least." Conway rose, and his host did the same. "But please, Art, think about what would have happened if my guys hadn't been here. The standby forces and support personnel that made that mobilization possible cost me about a million dollars a year. That halves Integral's annual pre-tax profits. Imagine if the county were to get really aggressive about the firearms laws, and I had to double or triple those forces. How long do you suppose I could stay in business?"

"The state police aren't willing to get involved with the firearms laws...for now, at least, and thank God for that. But that could change. I doubt I could deter them with nothing but Integral's forces and resources. There'd be blood spilled. Likely some of it would be mine. The only way to avert that beforehand is to turn communities like Foxwood into self-protecting bastions, places where only the newest, dumbest rookie would dare to throw his weight around."

Conway put out his hand, and Giordano took it.

"My ride is here. Think about it some more? Please?"

The retiree nodded.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.....