

Ropeyarn Sunday "Sea Stories" and Open Trackbacks

Description

Someone must be writing good material out there..

Anyhow, while I'm waiting, here's more of the story I left you hanging with [from last week](#):

Now, the tables had turned and it was going to be the crew of the USS SEATTLE (AOE-3) that would be holding the other end stick during an intrusion drill. Not to fear, OSC Mac, who had done some work with the SEALs in the South East Asian War Games, was in control. I was still and Ensign in training, so I didn't comprehend all that was going on. Anyway, the Chief concocted a wonderful plan. Step one was to get three believable "intruders".

- #1: ET2 Mike Krutsch. Disguise? Jeans, flannel shirt, hair pushing the regs. Story? Navy Exchange delivery guy with flowers for the SEATTLE XO.
- #2: OS3 Tom Mazzula. Disguise? Not really, he just wore his dungarees, but he had a plastic baggie of "green vegetable matter" partially hanging out of his pocket.
- #3: OS2 Relph (I'm not completely sure I have this one right). No disguise either, and nothing special in hand/on his person.

The Plan: ET2, with a 3x5 card made black with magic marker, covering his red base sticker on the bumper of his personal Vega, drives down the pier (you actually could do that in those days), parking at the foot of the brow. Using his "excuse" of having to deliver the flowers, he would attempt to gain access to the ship. OS3 would, as soon as Mike got almost all the way up the ladder (about 30 feet long), would commence towards the quarterdeck, acting stoned/drunk. As he got the the top of the brow, OS2 Relph would also head aboard the ship. Saturation of the attention of the three watchstanders was the plan, in hopes of getting at least one past the security of the ship.

Well, the results were in quickly, once the "Plan" was put into motion. Krutsch parked right at the foot of the ladder and was hailed from the Quaterdeck. He replied he had flowers (Holding the box high) (oh, yeah, Chief Mac paid for the flowers), and was waved to come up. They never asked for any identification, but then a guy looking kinda drunk was coming up the ladder just now. All attention focused on Mazzula. Mike stood by, then quietly wandered aft on the main deck area and proceed to head for the after superstructure area, where the Executive Officer's stateroom was. IN the background, imagine the hoots and hollers of the OOD, POOW and Messenger when they "caught a doper!" red-handed. Oh! OS2 Relph came up just as the commotion was in full swing and, not being fully questioned, inquired as to what happened. "WE just caught this guy!" (Holding up baggy of green vegetable matter as proof of the valiant response. Relph sidled off to the side, out of the gaze of the watchstanders).

Oh, yes! I almost forgot. SEATTLE was one of those ships that we could not confirm or deny the presence of nuclear weapons aboard. Why does that matter? You had to have two response teams on call, the Security Alert Team (SAT) and Backup Alert Force (BAF), who would "respond to intrusion attempts and were 1) armed and 2) trained specifically in the use of "lethal force" rules of

engagement (ROE).

Mike Krutsch made it to the XO's office/stateroom and, finding no one in the space, left the box of flowers (with included note "THIS IS A BOMB") on the desk of the Executive Officer of the USS SEATTLE (AOE-3), having never been challenged by any of the crew on his way through the ship, looking like a civilian or over scruffy sailor in civies. He then wandered back to the Quarterdeck area, at which time, the faces of the watch team went white, realizing they had been penetrated in a most unkind manner. "SECURITY ALERT! SECURITY ALERT! QUARTERDECK! AWAY THE SAT! AWAY THE BAF!" sounded on the 1MC General Announcing System. Mike, all grins, when asked if he was an intruder, answer "Yes" (the game rules) and then, realizing, as armed sailors came running, there was someone else unaccounted for.

"Are you working alone?" "No." "SECURITY ALERT! SECURITY ALERT!" They finally found OS2 Relph in the forward part of the ship, where he had wandered off to.

Well, they were mightily embarrassed at being humiliated, but it was nothing more than payback, with attitude. The Command Duty Officer was obligated to sign three Z-5-O letters, with two having to be indicated that they had been penetrated and failed the drill. And, our manliness was feeling more intact, having paid the SEATTLE crew back in spades.

Oh, Chief Mac didn't just roll over and go back to sleep after this operation. Come back next Wednesday for the follow on report of sailors in port running drills.

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