Ropeyarn Sunday â€œSea Storiesâ€• and Open Trackbacks

Description

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Last seen about 2100, heading for my stateroom at the end of the second 8 hours of the day behind me.

Step in, close the door (itâ€™s been open since just before breakfast), walk over and turn on the idiot box mounted on the aft bulkhead to see whatâ€™s playing on the two channels. Settle on one of them. Bend down, retrieve the plastic bottle of squeeze cheese (courtesy of mother-in-lawâ€™s care packages) from the small refrigerator. Grab bag of toastitos, reduced to generally more smaller pieces than large due to handling in shipment, but, a little bit of â€œthe Worldâ€• in my hands.

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Park in the chair at my desk, rest my feet on the surface, just inside the stateroom door and begin to consume the chips garnished with cheese. Watch the movie semi-mindlessly, while still considering what there is left to get done. After a sufficient amount of my snack to slow down for a few minutes, sit properly and begin to sift through the mail and other items in the in box. Read, think, consider, jot a few things on the AW-SHOOT list by hand (will enter them first thing in the morning), and clear the box. File action stuff in the notebook (supporting â€œlinkedâ€• information for the tickler), or the desk drawer folders. A few hours of this and itâ€™s taken care of for the night.

About 2300, retrieve the data from star sightings from earlier in the evening. â€œReduceâ€• the info by hand (means doing lots of math) until the sighting angle and distance towards or away along that line. Repeat until all 5 or 6 stars are figured. Get out the plotting paper and plot the assumed position, then the lines of position and the distances as computed. Early on, this was then â€œscratch my head time to figure out what Iâ€™d use as the â€œfix.â€• Later on, my use of the sextant became more precise and the answer to the point was much easier to determine. â€œGrowlâ€• the Bridge and ask the Quartermaster of the Watch to get me the position from closest to the star time fix. Plot the Shipâ€™s position from other means (electronic usually) and determine how far off I was in my navigation efforts.

By now, itâ€™s right about midnight. The watch has turned over (2345) and the 00-04 (Midwatch) personnel should all be on station. Get up and head by Radio (port side, enroute the Bridge), grab any new traffic, scan the space for anything that seems to be out of the ordinary. Head to the Bridge, then down to CIC, then down and aft to Central Control Station (CCS). Wander about the aft end of the ship below deck in the red lit spaces, then head back to my stateroom, assured itâ€™s just another routine night.

About 0100, climb into the rack. The day is done.

Maybe that wasnâ€™t very exciting, but it was a day in the life of an FFG-7 XOâ€™s day on a deployment to the Middle East when there were no wars going on in the neighborhood.

Category

1. "Sea Stories"
2. Military
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