Ropeyarn Sunday â€œSea Storiesâ€• and Open Trackbacks

Description

Certainly these days try a mental capacity. Between the anniversary of 9/11 and the reports to Congressâ€¦Iâ€™m digging deep for something to write aboutâ€¦

My first trip to the wonderful garden spot of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to spend some time with my soon to be new friends from Fleet Training Group was sometime in late 1977. Still a wet behind the ears Ensign at the time, I had several months of â€œMac-inizingâ€• to my credit and junior officer upbringing, so some basic philosophical foundations were already solidifying.

I was the Combat Information Center Officer (CICO), and therefore played a major part of the daily details of the events. Between being the RADAR Navigation Piloting Officer for entering and exiting port and anchorage, the â€œwarâ€• that virtually happened around our fine vessel was recorded, evaluated and disseminated from my little domain of CIC. Much of the pretend world, fondly called â€œscenariosâ€• for us big boys playing, had to be acquiesced to by myself and my crew, and a little ad-libbing had to be inserted at times, just so there was a bit of consistency in the reporting of the things that most likely would have occurred in the real world, had we been i a real shoot â€™em up.

default watermark

I recall a Coast Guardsman, an RD1 by rate (equivalent to the now Operations Specialist (OS) rating in the Navy), was assigned as the chief observer for our world. There was something, and Iâ€™m not sure what, that caused me to have to â€œmake some sâ€” upâ€• for the story to hold together, and I guess I, having had a number of long, hard days already, decided to make it good, much to the exasperation of the RD1, USCG in our midst (the master of our grades for the Division), and he requested a meeting with me on the weather deck, outside of CIC.

I think it was a compliment, but he didnâ€™t have that sort of look on his face when he said: â€œYou know what your problem is, Ensign? You play too real!â€• I actually had visions of if I could toss his short little form clear of the kingpost for the STREAM rig, leaving only the impact with the water about 40 feet below to leave any marksâ€¦for I was a little upset, not fully appreciating I was being accused of getting into the game more throughly than the instructors themselves.

Must have been the rapid fire questions to force him to fill in the blanks to keep things goingâ€¦.

Chief Mac and I laughed about it all later.

Category

1. "Sea Stories"
2. Military
3. Military History
4. Navy
5. Open Trackbacks

Date Created
September 12, 2007

Author
admin

default watermark