Speaking of â€œSea Storiesâ€•â€¦

Description

Put your coke/coffe/tea/bottled non-spring water down. That goes for adult beverages, too.

Lex comments on Moving AOCS from Pensacola,FL to Newport, RI. Yeah, â€œyour point?â€• you ask? Readers respond with some short and hilarious recollections about their time in AOCS. This one from PeterGunn (no relation to Peter rabbitâ€¦I think):

> PeterGunn // Sep 17, 2007 at 7:57 pm
>
> I can still remember many things about AOCS. Running on the beach in combat boots in August, poopy suits, Gunnery Sergeant Bodine, being Ã¢â‚¬Å“encouragedÃ¢â‚¬Â• by the DIÃ¢â‚¬â„¢s stick on the O-Course, even being evacuated in the face of Hurricane Camille and watching Neil Armstrong land on the moon on the Batt III TV. ItÃ¢â‚¬â„¢s hard to believe, but my experience in AOCS was in 1969, almost 40 years ago.
>
> One of the most humiliating experiences, at the time, seems funny now: RLPÃ¢â‚¬â„¢s are frequent and nasty, room-locker-personnel inspections. During one such RLP, I was in my assigned room with my 3 room-mates, each of us assigned to our own task of preparation (if one person did the same thing for all four of us, folded skivvys and polished brass would be the same for all fourÃ¢â‚¬Â¦ a good thing.
>
> My job was the wall locker (closet for civilians). We had two and I made certain all buttons were buttoned, zippers zipped, and everything hanging straight and in the perfect center of their hangers. We had a DI who carried a cane and he would announce himself by banging it on the door frame of each room. We could, therefore, judge how far down the passage-way he was from our room = how much time we had to get Ã¢â‚¬Å“wired upÃ¢â‚¬Â•.
>
> This particular day, he was at the far endÃ¢â‚¬Â¦ giving us ample time, or so we all thought. To our surprise and my sheer terror, our door slammed open as he banged his cane. The door swung open, trapping me in the wall locker! DI Armstrong commenced to swear and tear my room-mates apart verbally, demanding to know my whereabouts. After many loud outbursts and too much time for me, standing in the closet at attention, the DI opened the door.
> Ready for the inevitable tirade and obligatory PT in the sandpit, I said, Ã¢â‚¬Å“going up, sergeant?Ã¢â‚¬Â•
>
> And then it did beginÃ¢â‚¬Â¦

And donâ€™t miss the SnakeEater telling Lex how to spell, or some commenters trying to unravel a mystery, or how the rank of Master General came to be in the USMC.

default watermark

Disclaimer: If you havenâ€™t served, it really may not seem funny at all. It may even sound juvenile or plain old stupid, and may leave you wondering what kind of meds are these people on?

Enjoy!

Category

1. "Sea Stories"
2. Humor
3. Military
4. Navy

Date Created
September 18, 2007
Author
admin

default watermark