Ropeyarn Sunday â€œSea Storiesâ€• and Open Trackbacks

Description

Freefire zone! Trackbacks (may show up as â€œpingbacks,â€• but they still show up! I think itâ€™s a WordPress 2.1X issueâ€¦)

Last week, the conclusion of Episode 1 of Chief Mac stomps the â€œcompetition.â€•

This week, more of the same. If youâ€™re â€œbehind the power curve,â€• go back two weeks and catch upâ€¦I think itâ€™s a great sea story, but itâ€™s told in partsâ€¦

With the tenor of camaraderie between various vessels of COMSERVRON TWO having taken a turn towards more â€œactive rivalry,â€• we received another tasker to conduct an intrusion drill (Z-5-O) against the USS SYLVANNIA (AFS-2). Chief Mac took this one one, too.

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The Plan: Send the exercise tested ET2 Krutsch to get by the Quarterdeck watch, once more disguised as a Navy Exchange employee bearing delivery items. One other would be the following â€œdistractorâ€• to inject some confusion so Mike could escape the controlled environs of the entry point of the vessel to do his mischief.

This time the â€œdelivery itemâ€• to cause attentive watch standers was one actual birthday cake, to be delivered to the Commanding Officer, CAPT Otto Will, USN. As with the prior event (Iâ€™m sure you have gone back and caught up by now), the Chief purchased the cake and a birthday card, complete with a birthday greeting inscribed on the top of the cake, visible through the clear plastic top of the cake box, real name and allâ€¦.

Mike heads off, in his civvies and hair and beard/moustache pushing the envelope of â€œwell groomedâ€• and climbs the ladder. On arrival, he indicates he has a cake to deliver to a Captain Otto Will for his birthday. Of course he did his best to not act clued in as to the identity of the Shipâ€™s COâ€¦.he stood off to the side of the Quarterdeck area, as directed (but not yet asked for an ID of any sort, nor questioned as to if he might be an intruder). About this time, of course, OS1 Blazak mounted the Quarterdeck, requesting permission to come aboard. His â€œmissionâ€• was to find the leading operations specialist to â€œborrowâ€• some charts. As it turned out, the Officer of the Deck knew OS1, so he played it off as just looking for some info, butâ€¦the personall knowledge of who he was ruled him out as being able to be a bad guy for the drill purposes. However, it allowed cover for Mike to head inboard and begin he search for the COâ€™s Inport Cabin.

He wandered into the deckhouse and central area of the ship, and then to the outbaord side of the main deck. He didnâ€™t know exactly where it was, so he took a chance and asked a sailor where the Captainâ€™s cabin was. At first, he thought he was being led back to the Quarterdeck and the drill would be over, but he was delivered to the Captainâ€™s door and the sailoer knocked, opened the door and announced a visitor the to Captain, who was talking to a Commander and a Master Chief Petty Officer.

Mike was invited in, saying he had a birthday cake for a Captain Will. As most people would be under such circumstances as this the Co was curious as to how this had become his birthday. He looked puzzled, but invited Mike in. Mike set the box on his desk and handed him the birthday card. Capt Will took the card out of the envelope, opened it and proceeded to read.

About this time the smiles began spreading on the faces of the Commander and Master Chief, who were debriefing a human resources assessment training of the ship, so they were not shipâ€™s company, but knew â€œthe drillâ€• all too well (and Iâ€™m sure they were also relieved not to be shipâ€™s company right about then). The Master Chief said: â€œCaptain, I think you should read the back of the card.â€• There, as he closed it and scanned the handwriting on the back of the card, he read â€œThis is a bomb!â€•

Might I just say Mike indicated Captain Will was not amused. But, on top of the card indicating the future failing grade from the Sqaurdon Commander. But, as Chief Mac had a humorous side, when he had the cake decorated, aroound the sides, in scrolled icing was the inscription â€œTick*Tick*Tick.â€•

And so ends the tale of the days when the gentlemanâ€™s approach to â€œrunning drillsâ€• on each other in the Fat Ship Navy took a turn for the better, or worse, depending on which side of the grade sheet you were on.

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Date Created
February 21, 2007
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