Ropeyarn Sunday â€œSea Storiesâ€• and Open Trackbacks

Description

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LCDR Hobbs, at the end of last week, had just finished shredding one overly full of himself Fleet LT, and a fine job she did, merely by directing his attention at the time honored (and higher authority directed) manner in which qualifications were to be documented.

Lunch happened and then the crew of the WAINWRIGHT mustered the Combat Systems Training Team (CSTT) to brief the drills they would run on two sections of the crew. For you readers who might not have had the pleasure of a Combat Systems Assessment (CSA), the drills were run just like the Engineering Casualty Control Training Teams (ECCTT) did in days gone by. My team listened to the setup for the scenarios, the safety checks, and the training objectives. We took notes now, and wouldnâ€™t say anything until the drills were all over and debriefed. Kathy sat in with us, as we listened carefully to all that was said. She tagged along behind me, as I went with the CSTT Leader and found a fairly unobtrusive place near the Tactical Action Officer in the Combat Information Center (CIC). The afternoon drill set was run and copious notes taken, by my team and the CSTT. Evening meal was quickly eaten and the Wardroom set up for the next briefing. We did it all over again, ending the second drill set near 2200. At this point, my team and I split off to have our discussion on how the crews performed, and early comments on the CSTTâ€™s performance.

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About an hour later, we and the CSTT, the CO and XO all met in the Wardroom to hear the evaluation of the two drills. CAPT Fahey offered LCDR Hobbs a tour of the Main Spaces (Main engineering spaces) and she accepted, with one of the Engineering Department Officers leading her below to the hot places where the Snipes lived and worked. We went on with the debriefs.

I canâ€™t recall the exact issue, but something hadnâ€™t gone well and â€œIron Mikeâ€• made it clear he wasnâ€™t going to consider it acceptable. Pretty striking, yet dead on target one way commentary flew for a few minutes, then it was back to work. Kathy returned about an hour later. We were still at it.

Sometime around 0100, she leaned over and whispered â€œI had no idea this took so long.â€• IN the grand scheme of things, that had been my point, for her to understand a little extra long smoke break at the office was already comped by the time put in at sea for those who did the CSAs and many of the training evolutions of the rest of the command.

Sometime around 0200, we headed off to get a few hours rack time, with an on the deckplates for the Detect to Engage runs at 0630. She was there, ready to observe on time later that morning. She didnâ€™t just watch, she hung over in â€œTracker Allyâ€• with OSCM(SW) Roddy, asking some questions. While she didnâ€™t have all the terminology down, the questions were all thought provoking and more detailed than we ever might have expected.

To wrap this several week â€œsea storyâ€• up, we got to the piers in Norfolk and picked up to head back to the office at NAB Little Creek late in the day. Arriving there about sunset, we had put in about 38 hours from the time we arrived for our boat the prior morning. To my team, it was normal. To LCDR Hobbs, it was an appreciation for the effort of the guys on â€œshore duty.â€•

For me: I came to look at the women around me very differently. From then on, I realized hard workers come in all shapes, sizes and genders. So did whiners and complainers. No longer did I just act polite to LCDR Hobbs in the building, I treated her as a professional, like she always had been, before I had managed to accept that premise.

Category

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admin