

Ropeyarn Sunday “Sea Stories” and Open Trackbacks

Description

There we were at NAVSCOLDIVSALV...praying we one day would be worthy of the title “Diving Officer.”

It was cold, it was wet, the MKV gear was not for the faint of heart, yet, in our (mostly) youthful exuberance, seemed to be worrying about the next meal.

Those days on the Diving Stations on the barge moored in the Anacostia River were long, beginning about 0600, ending about 1630, with a set of calisthenics on each end, and diving once, maybe twice each work days wearing a spun copper hat, and the rest of the grab to round out 198 lbs...no typo there...oh, and did I mention the Potomac had frozen over? The “playground” we were using refsed to, due to the copious amounts of entrained matter...today we would call it grossly polluted....

One day, while on momentary break for lunch, one of our hopeful number surveyed his tuna sandwich with some (but not enough) suspicion, as it had resided since just before 0600 that morning, in the locker room, which, was well heated with steam. Anyhow, Cloe decided he was hungry (the days were tough on us growing boys), so he hammered the sandwich, not giving it much thought for the environmental “issues.”

He had been tending all morning, and had yet to make his one dive...and later he did. The dives by then lasted about an hour, less if you had lots of manual dexterity and a capable mind for visualization, since no light penetrated the pollutionsilt.

“Topside, Red Diver. I think I’m gonna be sick!” came the message from 30 some feet bleow about 20 minutes into his dive.

“Red Diver, Topside. You better not puke in your helmet.”

The hand signals from the instructors let us know to heave around smartly on his umbilical and comm line, so as to get him to the ladder very soon. We got him up and on the bench, disaster, of the most smelly kind, was averted, but not before we all got a good laugh out of it and the rights to bring the subject up regularly...which we did...

Moral of the “sea story:” You know, don’t leave you mayonnaise laden sandwich sit out in the heat, even if it is cloder than the inside of your refrigerator outside.

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