

Ropeyarn Sunday “Sea Stories” and Open Trackbacks

Description

Certainly these days try a mental capacity. Between the anniversary of 9/11 and the reports to Congress...I'm digging deep for something to write about...

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 “[Mac-inizing](#)” 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 “war” 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 “scenarios” 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 in a real shoot 'em up.

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 I'm not sure what, that caused me to have to “make some s— up” 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 didn't have that sort of look on his face when he said: “You know what your problem is, Ensign? You play too real!” 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 marks...for I was a little upset, not fully appreciating I was being accused of getting into the game more thoroughly than the instructors themselves.

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

Chief Mac and I laughed about it all later.

Category

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