

The pier we were moored at was a real trick to use as the harbor was not very deep. We were bow in and had to turn like a Y turn in a car once we backed away from the pier. I stayed on the main deck to watch the proceedings as I had nothing to do in X division. I thought we did hit the bottom as strange sensations were transmitted to my feet and huge clouds of sand boiled in the water. When we untied the mooring lines some one fouled up an the heavy line smoked around the bollard on the fore-castle. The whole manœuvre was wild, but no harm done. Off we went to meet the Forrestal in the Arabian Sea.

With everything else going on I was still trying to cross rate put in my appeal and follow the beneficial suggestion. The sea coast by Isas and Afra is real unusual. I imagined this is one of the legendary Scylla and Charybdis places from legendary sailing. The rocks looked real sharp and although the passage is a mile I could imagine a storm wind blowing a sailing ship into the rocks. By this time the command apparently decided I was not as fucked up as I was made out to be and transferred me to deck division, and I started working as if I was a new seaman boatswain mate. The merchant marine equivalent would be able bodied seaman. It is an on the job rating and in a technical way could be looked at as unskilled. I still had my reputation the BTs gave me and now I had new personalities to deal with. Things weren't too cool as some of the guys in deck would pump me to see if I was a narc. Though I got pushed by the BTs I informed on I was not a narc.

I watched the ship almost get blown up one day while we took fuel from the USS Seattle. The robb fitting used to connect the ships dropped hard into the starboard freeboard and broke the holding ring and the fitting seperated from the hose. It was real violent and a spark could have ignited the fuel that sprayed like rain everywhere. I was enjoying the deck watches standing Helm, Lee Helm, Engineer Order Telegraph, JL talker (position board), and Look out. In this capacity you see the sea alot. The Arabian Sea looks very green and never got unusually high, the Gulf of Aden was similar. It seemed we were sailing north towards I ran parallel with the coast as the sea never was oceanlike. The sea life was weirdly primordial. There was one phenomenon that took off perpendicular from the wake in sort of a cloud and left skittery traces on the unbroken surface, but not your regular flying fishes.

One time I held the helm and was one degree off for about ten seconds or so and the Boatswain Mate of the Watch, a real wimp, jumped on me to show what a great supervisor he was. in front of the captain. I told him to get off me or I'll never get the feel of it. One of the ensigns who tried to give me a break jumped in and squared the BMOW away and told him he was being to picky, which he was. Sunrises were beautiful in the calm sea. Clouds made a frame around the sun with the USS Wainwright outlined by the shrouded ball of fire. The pastel rays make the ship look like a construction paper cutout under the purple gray billows. Thunder-heads surround, round and plump looking over the calm mettalic sea green water. Two north Arabian Sea gulls circle the ship and they look different than our seagulls, more streamlined with less wide and straight wings.