

Cold War Easter Bunny:

My ship hunted Soviet Subs doing the last years of the Cold War when Technology enabled Nuclear Destruction of any Target East of the Mississippi from a Soviet Sub hiding well out in the Mid-Atlantic Ocean.

Our Ship HAD to maintain contact with ANY THREAT without letting the Sub know we knew it was there, and of course all measures were taken to prevent it from disclosing our presence and tracking.

Extreme measures were taken aboard ship to reduce NOISE since the super-secret acoustic technologies were in “détente” mostly PASSIVE instead of the familiar PING.

All personal aboard were issued “sneakers” to wear instead of standard “boon Dockers” boots, except for snipes that needed boots for safety. ALL hatches had “shhh” paper signs to close them “quietly”. All deck maintenance and engineering work was suspended from scraping paint to pumping bilges unless it had immediate OOD approval.

We were ALL EARS with the latest Passive Sonar technology.

Replenishments were delayed and rescheduled!!!!

Fuel was conserved, lots of hours DIW (dead in the water, or on bare steerageway), Evaps were on minimum, water for showers, nope, maybe water for drinking was scuttlebutt at a minimum, if you had a straw to pull it up the pipes....

Everything was to live now as a ghost instead of being one later.

I simply remember being very sticky dirty and thirsty most of the time, and always talking in whispers.

Every Soul on Board lived the Quiet Nightmare to Survive
The BUTTON to push it First instead.

Well, we had hot SUB contacts and no ship that could replace us, so we went beyond our reserves having cancelled several Underway Replenishments because we could NOT afford the noise of another ship close by and lose our sacred and Secret sub contacts.

Our mess cooks were the greatest all the time, but soon enough we got really low on all stores, and they did their best to serve up the last meat on-board, which were cases of “Pel-Frez” rabbit. So no bacon, no beef, no chicken, just rabbit every meal as best our cooks could disguise it, and of course come Easter, we had been only on rabbit meat for a weeks,

AND it was still our Elmer ASROC holding the Shotgun on the Sub!

SUBmitted,
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