

Just on a short cruise now 6-8 weeks? to fill-in between other deployments screening some exercise well beyond the horizon We are once again, with No replenishments, but STILL out here alone again in the Western and MIDDLE Atlantic protecting every butt in America east of the Mississippi from some Soviet submarine button push.

But the tension, the "detente" of Power as the strategists called it in the news.
But we knew it with every quiet breath it was a sudden death if the cold war SNAPPED!

Mission:

I must know you are there, you must NOT know I'm here.

I must KILL you before you can launched a nuke on NYC, DC, Philadelphia, Atlanta, St. Louis, all pre-programmed targets, so what if they missed the center, its Tons of miles of OUR country a NUCLEAR wasteland.

Oh, excuse me gotta sling the thermometer, wet dry bulb readings to determine humidity as part of hourly weather observations to code and get radioed in a summary every 3 or 6 hours to NOAA.

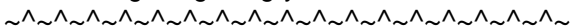
After all what better weather station than a ship in the middle of nowhere that's going to be on location for days or weeks on end. The BOREDOM, the drills that slap you in the face, then again the boredom, then a settling in that we are just doing too good on the contact. The sub is elusive, but cannot escape us. And yes, he still does not know we have him in acoustics, every speed and course changed tracked passively.

A quiet cork we become enjoying the warmth of the sun East of the Gulf Stream, getting a great tan on top of Helo hanger....at lunch or some off-duty or even better some holiday routine on the STEEL BEACH.

We are proud of our mission and it is felt among the crew from the bilges to the mac, every job, every sailor, every officer knowing they are doing their best to "detente" as we know is the best ASW Frigate in the entire Atlantic Fleet. Maybe that's why we get the tough ones way out here.....

just an X on the chart that has no land.

A chart where you just WRITE in the longitude, a plotting sheet for the latitude, no land for hundreds of miles.... out there, a frigate silent and listening, bobbing in the middle of nowhere...getting hungry.



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