

Information You Always Wanted to Know On Aye

Several U.S. Navy "tin can" sailors gathered at Punta Gorda's Veterans Memorial Garden the other day to commemorate shipmates and also a distinctive class of ships that helped win the Planet War II combat of North Atlantic. Having served briefly, and proudly, in the Destroyer Escort fleet, I attended the ceremony to share memories - convoys, German submarine encounters and shakedown cruise mishaps. Entire world War II commenced in 1939 with all the German invasion of Poland. None from the allies had been prepared. France surrendered. Russia and Britain retreated. The United States geared up for war production to aid the beleaguered nations. Most immediate require was protection of ships carrying munitions to Britain, an island country accessible only by sea. U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt "loaned" it 50 overage destroyers to guard war shipping. He also commenced a crash program to create "escort destroyers." This new form of fighting ship -- designated DE for Destroyer Escort - was smaller, thinner skinned, driven by slower diesel-electric engines and carried less top-side armament. Nevertheless, DEs had been fitted with the latest anti-submarine equipment and could possibly be created in eleven months for one-third the expense of the standard destroyer. The ships varied slightly in dimensions but usually were 308 feet long, 36 feet wide and 12 feet in draught. Common complement was 15 common officers, 20 petty officers and 180 seamen. In all, 563 DEs were being built. Seventy-eight were transferred to Britain. Three had been presented to China, six towards the Free French navy and 12 sold or leased to Brazil. The latter maintained a critical staging area at Recife for convoys to Dakar and the allied North Africa campaign. As new DEs were being completed, crews for them had been transferred from other duties, or from boot camps, to six weeks in the Norfolk Destroyer School for getting acquainted with all the specifics of your certain ship. Thus, it was a green crew that took possession with the U.S.S. McCann DE-179 along at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in October 1943. If you want for getting one of the most out of one's Cayman Islands holiday, then practise your Captain Jack Sparrow impersonation and go to during 'Pirates Week'. This can be held every year in late October or November, and despite its name, it usually lasts for 10/11 days. As a petty officer, yeoman 1st class, I was one particular of 3 assigned to prepare and safeguard the mountain of records essential to a contemporary fighting ship. My fight station was the bridge. My duty was "captain's talker" to relay orders via an inter-com system to stations beyond the bridge. DE 179 was commissioned - "given life" by Navy custom - on Nov. 10, 1943. We instantly set to sea for a shakedown cruise. The Cayman Islands, often referred to as "Tortuga", after the Spanish for turtles, has a mythic status being a hangout for pirates and privateers. Those of us who had never noticed the ocean had been astonished at the beautiful, dark blue color of the deep sea. We arrived for the Bermuda fleet maneuvers and firing assortment for battle practice. "Piece of cake," we told each other. This myth has increased considering that the start off of Pirates Week. It started out in 1977 by Jim Boddin, the Minister of Tourism, not to 'celebrate' actual pirate history, but like a method to boost tourism in the course of the low season. It has grown into a main event with music, street dances, costumes, games, food and drink, Kids Day, a glittering parade, sports events, Heritage Days, fireworks and most importantly a "pirate invasion" from the capital George Town. Two pirate ships, containing dozens of pirates, land along at the harbour and thousands join in as they parade by means of the town. Our drills were cut short to carry out our very first assignment - escort a crippled Liberty Ship freighter to Norfolk. We came abreast of our charge by early evening in a gathering storm. By moonless midnight we were fighting for our lives in the worst North Atlantic storm of record. It was reported that 13 ships sank. We lost sight from the Liberty Ship and by no means learned its fate. Our conning bridge was open on the elements - a cost-saving arrangement but damned uncomfortable for sailors required to stand duty there. The bridge parapet was 65 ft above the water line, and we were taking waves into the bridge. Every Navy ship during fitting out is tested for its capsizing point measured by a plumb bob hanging more than a protractor. The McAnn's capsize was 47 degrees. We exceeded capsize numerous times - once "losing feet" that is an eerie, floating feeling signaling roll over. We ended up saved by sliding down the back with the wave. In the midst from the storm fury, our whole electrical process was disabled - lights, intercom, radio, radar, SONAR, depth finder, gyro compass - everything. The only navigating support out there was our magnetic compass and hand-held sexton. At daylight, we establish by sexton that we have been far south and east of our intended route. The captain ordered due west 270 degrees to locate shore line. All hands maintained combat stations, four several hours on, four hours off. As we proceed at fifty percent speed, the forward lookout reported, "Object dead ahead." "Aye, aye," acknowledged the officer-of-the deck as he turned his binoculars forward. For a half-hour we watched the object - a large 40-foot sea-buoy - as we drew near. The helmsman became alarmed and kept asking to get a repeat in the heading. Each time the answer was "Steady as she goes." As have been about to crash head on, the deck officer ducked at the rear of the parapet, buried his head in his arms and cried, "Oh, my God!" At that moment, the captain came on the bridge, saw the problem and yelled, "Hard right!" I was only a half-syllable at the rear of the captain in repeating the order, and the helmsman was only a 50 % syllable behind me in obeying. The ship veered just enough to side-slip a direct crash. However, it took a glancing blow from the buoy which left a dent and long, red streak on our hull. The hapless officer - formerly a pay officer at a shore base -- mentioned he had been afraid to adjust the captain's purchase for just a 270-degree course. The captain chewed him out using a wide assortment of explicit language and confined him to his quarters. Up coming morning we ran into dense fog. The captain ordered idle speed, bells and also a sharp lookout. Quite soon the aft lookout noted our screws were "kicking mud."

About the Author

There is tons of information online dealing with aye including the latest work by Jennifeer Chase dealing with [Aye-aye Lemur](#) and [Aye-aye Lemur.nGet a Unique Version of this Article Article Marketing](#)

Source: <http://www.kiarticle.info>