



When we arrived at Cam Ranh Bay to load ammo during our second patrol in area Seven it was big time. We finally arrived at a place we had seen on the newsreels back home. We loaded aboard 350 rounds of projectiles and a like amount of powder. After we finished the ship supplied beer for each one of us to drink on the dock. We stood in the pouring rain drinking beer when a strange thing happened. The ship began to drift away from its moorings.

"NOW ANY BOATSWAIN'S MATE ABOARD LAY TO THE FANTAIL ON THE DOUBLE."

The OOD seemed a little worried when the brow almost fell into the water. It was a little tense for a while until the crew pulled in on the lines and all was well.

