

# SEA STORIES



by Bob Fleck  
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*"This is my first sea story,  
and its no shitter--  
(excuse my French)"*

I was nicknamed "Flame Out" on the subs, and here is the truth.

It's 2 a.m., and we are in the Gulf of Tonkin having been there many months. It is HOT, with no showers for weeks. You all know the drill as a pig boat sailor. We are snorkeling--the sea's not too rough. I'm tired and thought I could snorkel at 62 feet. Well, those of you who didn't have the privilege of serving on a diesel boat, the snorkel depth is 58 feet.



So, at 62 feet with the engines running the air was coming from within the boat rather from the snorkel. This is where the fun starts. The engines sucked out the air causing all the crew members to start feeling a vacuum, and their heads started collapsing.

The Old Man came running out of his quarters in his skivvies and was really "pissed off." Remember it's about 2 a.m.

He proceeds to YELL, "Who the Hell is on the planes?" I wake up rather quickly and get us back to 58 feet. By the way, the engines have stopped due to the lack of air--bad scene.

Hence my nickname, "Flame Out Fleck," was bestowed upon me.



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*Green Board - USS Illinois Base, USSVI*

