

When I was in USS BERKELEY, 1991-92, we had 2 sonar tech Chiefs. I had knocked and stepped into the CPO Mess one afternoon in San Diego to talk to our Command Master Chief about something, and the 2 STCs were having a really heated discussion about some arcane bit of sonar theory.

Their argument eventually heated to the point of proposing bets on the correct answer, and finally one of them said, "OK wiseass, I know this shit is in STG 3 & 2, let's get it up here!"

The other one says "Fine," then reaches over his shoulder for the J-dial phone; calls down to Sonar Control; and says, "Stevens? Grab ST 3 & 2 and come see me in the CPO Mess, ASAP."

We sit for maybe 5 minutes, they're still ragging each other, and then comes a respectful knock at the door.

One of the ST Chiefs yells, "Enter," the door opens, and there stands an STG1 -- with an STG2 and an STG3 behind him -- and the First Class says, "Uh, what'd they do, Chief?"

The CMC (MCPO Alvin C. Ellis, a superb man) and I just looked at each other for a second and then, unrehearsed, we each bent over and began mildly banging our foreheads on the table.

Without raising his head Master Chief Ellis said, "Mister Dill, would you mind if we did this later? I feel some really urgent counselling coming on." "Aye, Master Chief, I understand and concur. Thank you."

I herded the First Class and his two junior techs out ahead of me. In the passageway I told the PO1, "You might want to dismiss your guys, here, and then go see if the paint's dry on the bullnose or something, come back in about 10."