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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:14:26 GMT

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Sunday, November 11th, about 1:30, Tracy Island( Saturday, November 10th, about 2:30, Oahu, Hawaii)

Vince had pulled the shop's gator around to the front of the store. He was currently loading the tanks of air for the group of WASP officers' dive. The former naval officer had just placed the tenth tank of the gator when his cell phone vibrated. Taking it from its clip, he looked at the screen and smiled.

"Hey, honey. How's LA?" he asked, answering the phone. Lana had been calling daily just to check up on things and talk to her family. Their conversation last night after she had talked to the kids had been a long one, as Vince had filled her in on his conversation with Aaron.

"Rainy," came the reply. "We're going to get soaked going from the hotel to the book store."

"Sorry to hear that," he told her. The two chatted for about five more minutes before saying good-bye after confirming her arrival time for the next day. All of them were looking forward to having her home.

As he put the cell phone back on the clip, he noticed two familiar cars pulling into the parking lot. It appeared as if Pat and his group had returned.

"Welcome back," the shop owner called out as the group got out of their cars. "Did you enjoy lunch?" Vince had recommended that they go get something to eat at the Saltwater Cafe.

Gordon nodded. "Fantastic. Thanks for sending us there. Hope we're not late," he said, glancing at his watch. "We swung by the hotel and base to grab our equipment." He nodded at Mike and Ernie who were pulling a couple of large duffel bags out of the trunks of the cars. "Where do you want us?"

"Glad you enjoyed it," Vince replied. "Just load the gear on the gator and I'll get it down to the boat for you. I've got two tanks ready for each of you, just in case. You didn't specify if you were planning one dive or two."

"We hadn't really thought about it." Gordon looked up at his friends, who shrugged. "I guess we'll play it by ear." He grabbed a bag from Pat and they loaded them in the back of the small tractor.

"Are we all set?" Mike asked.

"Can we change into trunks on the boat, or should we do it here?" Pat asked Vince.

"Well, there is a place on the boat you could change or you could change here. Depending on what dive site you go to, really. There are areas out there that the water is choppy and you'd be best having everything ready to go before you leave dock. Any of you know the area well?"

Jerry nodded. "I've lived on the islands for the past ten years. Done a fair amount of diving."

"And with our jobs, we'd rather have something a little challenging, right guys?" Mike said to the rest of his friends. They nodded.

"Something challenging, but where we can see something too. Besides just fish," Gordon added.

"Oahu has quite a few old shipwrecks and a few plane wrecks that are interesting to dive to. To the West there is the Mahi shipwreck. Along the south shore you have the Yo-257 and Sea Tiger wrecks. A Little further east there is the Kahala Barge, though you need to watch the currents in that area," Vince told them. He paused debating on whether to mention the other popular wreck. Though he had taken several groups of advanced divers there, he didn't feel comfortable suggesting it to a group going out by themselves. The last group who had gone on their own had required assistance when one of the divers had gotten separated from the others trying to return to the boat after the dive. He sighed. These were WASP officers after all. "I don't usually suggest this to groups going out by themselves, but there is the Corsair Plane wreck. Definitely an advanced dive and surface conditions are not the best. I usually prefer to supervise groups going out to the site."

Jerry nodded. "I've heard of it. Sounds like that's what we're looking for."

Gordon's eyes lit up. "Then what are we waiting for!" The five men went inside and changed, pulling their dive suits over their swim trunks. Pat was finished first and while he waited for the others, headed back out front, where the shop owner was making sure gear was secure on the Gator.

"I can tell you kind of reluctantly suggested Corsair to us."

Vince turned from his task to look at the WASP captain. "I've had some bad experiences out there, that's all. I'm sure you are all quite capable divers but things happen. You may want to keep an eye on that red-haired fellow in your group. Doesn't seem to take much seriously from what I've seen and conditions can be rough out there."

Pat smiled. Gordon could come off that way, though the captain knew he could also be quite serious when the situation required it. "He'll be okay. If it'll ease your mind you can tag along with us, if you're not busy."

"My group for later this afternoon cancelled, actually," Vince told him. "If you really don't mind, perhaps I will join you." That settled, Vince headed inside to make arrangements. It wasn't long before they were heading down to the boat and were soon skipping across the waves.

On the way to the site, the men joked good-naturedly with each other, swapping stories of their time together in WASP, and telling Gordon about the latest talk on base.

Vincent raised an eyebrow in surprise. "I thought you were all stationed together?"

Mike shook his head. "Gordo here decided to leave us for...golden pastures!"

Gordon elbowed his friend in the ribs. "Jerk. You know that's not true."

"Oh, so you're denying it?" Mike teased.

"Well, there was also that little incident with the hydrofoil," Jerry piped up.

"Right, we can't forget that," Ernie added with a grin.

"You know, I just might feed you guys to the sharks when we get downstairs," Gordon told them sternly.

The men laughed and continued on with their light-hearted teasing, Gordon giving back as good as he got.

Vince watched them thoughtfully, having turned the seat next to Pat, who was driving, around to face the back of the boat. He was trying to put his finger on why the Gordon fellow seemed so familiar. It had been bothering him most of the day. Suddenly it dawned on him. "Wait a second," Vince said, as it finally clicked. "You're that Olympian swimmer that my son is so enthralled with. I was trying to figure out why you seemed familiar and it's because I've seen that poster Aaron has of you winning the Olympic gold medal for the past six years or so."

Gordon groaned and blushed as the others burst out laughing. He smiled thinly. "Yeah, that would be me."

Vince looked around trying to figure out why the others were laughing.

"Your son already made the connection this morning," Ernie said, getting control of his laughter.

"Yeah, and Gordon here high-tailed it out before he could ask for an autograph," Jerry added.

"Knowing Aaron he probably would have gotten around to it before long, too," Vince commented. "You're probably lucky he was up at Pipeline for a surfing competition when you came back."

Vince looked over his shoulder to see where they were at. Seeing as they were approaching the area of the Corsair, Vince decided it was time to give the guys a little bit of information about the site.

"We'll be at our destination soon," Vince told them. "As you can see, surface conditions are rough out here and almost always are. Currents on the surface can be tricky so be careful. One thing I want to stress, hang onto your fins until you are on the boat. You don't want to toss them on board and then find yourself separated from the boat and need them."

Vince then started telling them about the location they were headed to. "The Corsair has been here since 1946. Story has it, the pilot ran out of fuel on a training mission and had to abandon the aircraft. Amazingly, the plane settled intact 107 feet below the surface," Vince told him. Gordon and his pals had grown quiet and were all listening to the shop owner. Vince explained what they could expect to see and then started going over more safety instructions as Pat slowed the boat near the mooring above the wreck.

He watched as the men checked their own equipment, then each others'. Gordon walked to the edge of the boat and sat down, grinning up at his friends. "All right, gang. Let's dive."

Gordon Goes Diving by Lillehafrue and Icarus1982

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