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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:41:03 GMT

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Sunday, November 18th, 7:30 pm

After calling home, Vince left the guest room and turned right. Gordon had said the lounge was at the end of the hall, and to meet them there for the interview. As he hadn't had a chance to call before dinner, Vince had wanted to call before the interview. He was anxious to know how Aaron had done at the meet and what news he had received from the Air Force Academy.

Aaron had been ecstatic when Lana had given him the phone. His swim team had taken first at the meet and the teen had set a record for the 200 Individual Medley. The good news had continued when Vince had asked about the letter. Aaron had been accepted to the Air Force Academy! After promising that they would celebrate when he got home, Vince said good-bye to his family, both Lana and Aaron wishing him luck in his interview.

Reaching the entrance on the lounge, Vince knocked.

"Come in," came Mr. Tracy's reply.

Vince walked into the lounge. Mr. Tracy, Gordon, and Scott were seated in chairs.

"Mr. Crenshaw -- Vince - please have a seat," Jeff said, gesturing to a chair. "I understand you've already spent some time with Gordon here."

"Yes, sir," Vince replied, taking the seat Jeff had indicated. "He was at my shop just last weekend."

"Yes, and I had a great dive, too." Gordon said with a wink. He turned to Scott. "Scott's no mariner, but he's listening in on this today."

"I might have a few questions of my own," Scott said, smiling slightly. "Dad?"

"Right." Jeff picked up his data pad. "Your credentials are very impressive, Vince. What makes you want to move from working for yourself to working for someone else?"

"Well, I'm just starting to feel like the shop is too routine for me and I want to find something that poses more of a personal challenge. I opened the shop because, at the time, I needed a way to support my family that gave me the freedom to control my own schedule. Starting my own business seemed to be the most logical way to go."

Jeff made a "hmm" noise, nodding slightly as he made a note on his data pad. Gordon spoke up. "Why Tracy Industries? Why a job that might mean you'd uproot your family?"

Vince shifted his weight a little in the chair. "When I started this job search, I wasn't sure what kind of a change I was looking for. All I was sure of was that I wanted a job that would put more of the skills I had trained for to use. A friend of mine pointed out your ad for marine product testing. The

prospect of being a part of bringing new technology to the world appeals to me."

He paused momentarily before answering the second part of Gordon's question, trying to decide best on how to answer it. "As for the potential of uprooting my family, my wife and I have discussed it. A move isn't something my family is unaccustomed to. We both really just want me to be in a position where the family can be together."

He noticed Jeff nodding slightly, and continued. "We also feel that if we're going to relocate, that this is good timing when my youngest is involved. She's five and at the age where we'd like to get her involved in an activity with kids her own age. Before we do that, we want to be settled so that she isn't making friends she needs to leave behind." He paused again, a wide, proud smile crossing his face. "My oldest will be leaving for the Air Force Academy come June. We realize a move is going to be hard on him, but given the situation, my wife and I feel that we need to think more of Lea right now."

Both Jeff and Scott perked up. "Air Force Academy?" Scott said, a grin spreading across his face. "Congratulations."

"Couldn't get him to go Navy or WASP?" Gordon asked, grinning, too.

"Thank-you," Vince commented, addressing Scott. From his reaction, Vince was guessing that he was the older brother Gordon had mentioned who had served in the Air Force. He glanced at Gordon as he continued. "I honestly didn't try. He's always been fascinated in aircraft. I'm just proud he wants to follow in my footsteps and serve our country. Navy, Air Force or Army, all soldiers have the same purpose - to serve and protect."

"Agreed there," Jeff said, nodding. He glanced at the pad again.

"Your application said that you were a Navy pilot," Scott suddenly asked. "What did you fly? Did you see any action?"

"I served as a fighter pilot for two years after I graduated from Annapolis. Most of my experience came in the F-14 Beta Tomcat and was limited to security patrols. I did participate in Operation Red Flag during my second year."

"Red Flag, huh? I was an 'enemy' fighter when I was involved." Scott nodded. "The Tomcat's a good jet."

"Did you see any action as a SEAL?" Gordon asked. "I noticed you had a lot of weapons training."

"I served in the Cuba-Haiti Crisis in '63. My platoon was involved in repelling the invading Cuban forces."

"That was a rough patch, there," Jeff said. He gave his sons each a quick glance, one that said, without words, "No more shop talk."

Then he turned back to the pad. "I see here that you received an honorable discharge due to hardship. Could you tell us a little about that?"

Vince hesitated, trying to figure out how to answer that question. His wife's accident wasn't something he liked discussing, especially not with strangers.

"My wife was injured in a water-skiing accident in '65 while I was on leave. As much as I hated leaving the service at the time, my family needed me more." I hope that's enough information for him, Vince thought, fighting the urge to look away from Mr. Tracy and his sons.

The Tracys exchanged glances, and Gordon hesitantly said, "Must have been a pretty bad injury if you felt you had to leave the service. How bad was it?"

"She suffered a spinal injury and lost the use of her legs," Vince replied, fighting to keep his voice steady.

Jeff nodded, murmuring a sympathetic "mmm". "That is bad." He glanced at Gordon. "We had a similar situation involving Gordon while he was in WASP." He straightened and gave a "Hrumph. Well. Let's move on."

Another glance at the pad, and Jeff came up with another question. "If you had a choice of any sailing vessel to command, what would it be?"

"Well, I've had a chance to be behind the controls of many different watercraft between my time in the Navy and personal experience, most of which I listed in my resume. I'd have to say though, that I always enjoyed my experience on the subs the best," Vince replied, a smile coming to his face. "Something about being able to survive under water and be a part of that world always appealed to me. When I first joined the Navy, one of my goals was to be a submarine commander. My career took a little different turn than what I expected, but I don't regret any of the choices I made."

"How do you feel about hydrofoils?" Gordon asked. Scott gave him a quick look, but there was no wavering in Gordon's voice.

"Well, as you probably know, the US Navy started using hydrofoils in the special forces operations in '58. I had several experiences with the Zeus class hydrofoils while serving. Haven't been behind the wheel of one since I left the service."

Gordon nodded. "We've been designing a new prototype hydrofoil - wanted to see how you would feel about testing one out."

The Tracys had a few more questions, which Vince fielded thoughtfully. Jeff drew the interview to a close with the words, "I think we have what we need. Scott, Gordon, any other questions?"

When his sons replied in the negative, Jeff rose. Scott, Gordon and Vince rose with him, and Jeff shook Vince's hand. "Thank you for your interest in the position. Please avail yourself of our facilities during your stay with us."

"Thank you for your time, sir. Right now I think the only thing I want to test out is that bed in the guest room. It's been quite a long day for me."

After shaking hands with Gordon and Scott, Vince turned and left the lounge. Reaching the guest bedroom, he went inside.

I'm not sure how that went, Vince thought, as he started getting ready for bed. He couldn't quite get a read on Jeff Tracy and he hadn't missed the looks that had passed between the three Tracy's throughout the interview. Guess I'll have to wait and see if they offer me the position or not.

Vince's Interview by Tikatu and Icarus1982

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