

by Tom Ramsay, MS1
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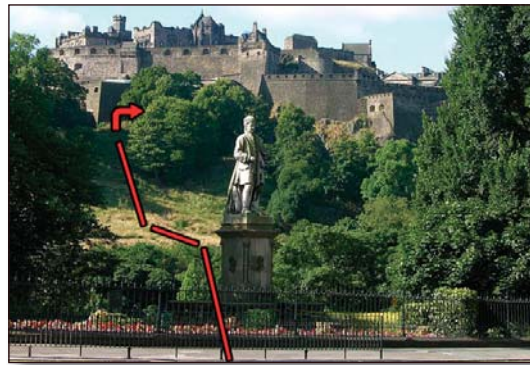


Here in my Ramsay Tartan

I was stationed in Scotland in the 70's at Holy Loch and was excited to take one my shipmates and fellow cook, Al, to see the Ramsay Statue at the Edinburgh Castle. I told him to wear his uniform, because we could get discount tickets for the 70-80 mile train trip.

After impressing him with my forefather's (Allan Ramsay) statue, Al asked if we could see the castle. "Sure," I said. "I know a short cut that will save us lots of time." We then cut through the grass and climbed up the hill toward the castle rather than taking a long zigzag road (Ramsay Lane) to the entrance of the castle.

When we got to the castle, we pulled ourselves up a short wall to jump over. Our uniforms probably saved our lives. When we popped over the wall, we almost "pooped" our pants," because we were looking down the barrel of a VERY, VERY big gun.



Allan Ramsay statue at Edinburgh Castle, Scotland noting Tom Ramsay's path to adventure.

American representatives

Over the wall, the Queen of England was standing about 10 ft. from us ready to accept the colors of the Black Watch, the oldest regiment



in the world. The Black Watch had served Kings and Queens of England for 800 years, and today was retiring its colors. We heard her say, "My American representatives are here." She had her guards seat us at the end of the row. We were the only Americans there for one of Scotland's most historic events.

Al asked me "What should we do?" I said, "Whatever they do, we do." So, for the next three hours we watched a spectacular program with some of the finest bagpipes and marching bands. I am "90 proof" Scottish so I have seen a lot of bagpipe performances. But, this was by far the best.

After the tattoo, we had a few beers to celebrate our good fortune—remember, we thought we were dead men. We then got a hotel room, and the next day headed back to the sub.

Arriving in Holy Loch at noon, we started up the tender's bough, when we were stopped by the tender's security watch, who told us that the Commodore wanted to see us. "NOW!" I thought we were in the shits.

Commodore's greeting

When we got into his office, the Commodore threw a newspaper down that had a picture of us at the Tattoo sitting about six feet away from the Queen. He asked us how we were invited and he wasn't.

I told him, "The Queen liked submarine cooks more." He had no sense of humor and threw us out of his office.



"This is for real!"

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