

Another day had begun on Market Time. One more day of a long patrol to be X'ed off on calendars around the ship. A day of hard work under a hot sun. A day of sweat, dirt, exhaustion, and general discomfort. In addition to the normal chipping, painting, and routine maintenance there might be an Unrep scheduled. Or there might be a gunfire support mission, or a boarding of a suspicious junk, or a rendezvous with a Swift boat or an 82 boat, or possibly even a Sar case or a Medical. Whatever each day on Market Time would bring, one thing was always certain: it would be a busy day.

