



## About This Department...

*“Lucky Bag” replaces the “Shore Things” and “Short Takes” that have appeared in previous issues. As defined in the Naval Terms Dictionary, “Lucky Bag” is a container or storage for articles found adrift. In this case, the term simply refers to a collection of articles that aren’t quite long enough to be run as individual features.—Ed.*

## Goggles: The Most Important Tool I Own

By AMSC(AW) Apolinario Salandanan,  
VAW-117

One weekend, my daughter and her classmate asked me if I would use my electric grinder to help them with a school project. They wanted me to carve a miniature dollhouse, and they wanted to watch.

Before I started, I donned a pair of safety goggles and made them wear goggles, too. They giggled at first because they felt the goggles made them look silly, but their giggling soon ended. I had finished rough sanding a piece of wood and decided that a more decorative edge would look nice on the side.

As I was grinding the edge, the material disintegrated, and parts hit the bridge of my nose. Several small pieces flew in different directions. My nose had a small cut, and



my goggles got scratched, but my eyes were OK.

My daughter and her friend learned an important lesson that day without anyone suffering. I’m just glad I made them follow the same rules I apply for all observers. 🚫

## Simple Challenge, Major Injury

By Dexter Noonan,  
NSGA Winter Harbor, Maine

One sunny Saturday afternoon, a Sailor and his roommate decided to go for a jog in the neighborhood. They returned exhausted, but one challenged the other to a wrestling match, and the action began. Both Sailors had wrestled in high school.

It wasn’t long before one emerged the victor. He had pinned his worthy opponent’s shoulders to the ground, but there was a problem. In the process, he had sprained (so he thought) his ankle.

The next morning, the injured Sailor awoke to find his foot and ankle had swollen to twice their usual size. He decided he had a serious problem and headed to a local



hospital, where a doctor determined emergency surgery was required.

During the surgery, the doctor had to put plates on both sides of his ankle to hold everything in place. He also put on a cast and gave the patient a set of crutches, then sent him home.

What did the Sailors learn from this experience? Know your ability, and evaluate the activity before you start to make sure it's safe. *[Is horseplay or roughhousing ever really safe? Statistics show such activity nearly always leads to trouble.—Ed.]* That's why we have risk management. Wrestling is a high-risk activity that requires a warm-up period and supervision. You also need to use mats. 

## Off-Roading on Two Wheels

By T. J. Flannery,  
VAQ-131

I had returned from my first cruise. My shiny new Harley-Davidson had arrived about two weeks before, and I was feeling salty about my riding skills. After all, I had put a whopping 100 miles on the bike.

A squadronmate, who also had bought a Harley, invited me to go for a ride through the Cascade Mountain range. We got up early one morning, started our machines, and headed for one of the most scenic parts of the country. It was a beautiful ride along an awesome single-lane highway.

After the last gas stop, my friend took the lead, and we headed home. With 40 miles to go, we were enjoying the narrow, winding road. Several yellow, advisory, speed-limit signs were posted at every corner along the route, but we had exceeded the limit about 10 to 15 mph around each one without incident.

Feeling like I had it all figured out, I saw a sign ahead warning that 20 mph was the maximum safe speed. The needle on my speedometer was at 35 when I glanced down, but I figured it was no problem. I had

barely finished that thought when my friend's taillight flashed in front of my face. A split second later, I saw smoke coming from his back tire, and I applied my brakes. "Oh #%\*&!" I thought, as my friend went careening into a field ahead.

I was a little better off since I had the warning of his taillight and only went about 10 feet into the field. My buddy had gone about 20 feet into the short rye grass. Because the field was level, the road wasn't wet, and there wasn't a ditch, we got back on the road without damage to our bodies or our bikes.

A couple miles down the road, we stopped to clean our shorts—'er bikes—and discussed what had happened at that corner. We agreed we had convinced ourselves the corners could be taken above the recommended limit, but that wasn't true. Those signs were there for a reason: Some fool before us probably had done the same thing and perhaps had died. We learned our lesson that day and now take all yellow traffic signs seriously. 

