

Looking Back on Shore Patrol

It was aboard the U.S.S. Bordelon DDR 881, tied up at the convoy escort piers at Hampton Roads, VA. I had just made petty officer. It was destroyer squadron four's time to provide shore patrol for the local area of canteens, Officers Clubs and Navy housing for the base. I was assigned to patrol the parking lot of the Officers Club from 2200hrs. (10pm) to 0200 hrs (2am) in the morning. I was provided with a shore patrol armband, a flashlight and a Colt45 on a belt with a nightstick or baton. The pistol was just for looks, I had no bullets!

It was about midnight as I slowly walked through the rows of parked cars.

What was that? A noise coming from a car nearby. I stopped dead in my tracks and listened intently. It was a very dark night and I could hear the music of the band faintly coming from the club. I remained where I was standing in the darkness, not moving.

There it was again, a giggle, a woman's voice. "A-HA", I thought, "what do we have here?" There it was! The car moved, there was someone inside. I silently crept up to the side of the car, another sound, a moan perhaps. I must check this out, I thought to myself, after all, I am the Law in this parking lot. It was the moment of action, and there it was in the beam of my trusty flashlight, the sleeve of an officer's jacket, a Lt. Jg. draped over the front seat. I shined my light into the back seat, and there he was, along with an enlisted young lady in a very compromising situation. I turned the light off and very quickly backed away. In a very, very loud voice, I shouted, "Carry On, Sir!" That was the very last time I had shore patrol duty in Norfolk, VA.

Another tale-Another Time