

Some of my strangest encounters while in the Navy happened while I was on shore patrol. E-5's and above all have to stand shore patrol while in port. It was fine when we were the only ship in, but when the fleet was in, it was Katy bar the door. The Brits were the real hell raisers. Guess they just stay pissed when they realize that they have enlisted for thirteen years. I was on patrol with Fat Frank, we were in Barcelona on one of those rare cold nights.

We got a call at Shore Patrol headquarters that there was a disturbance at the Kit Kat club. You could hear the yelling and cheering two blocks away. Fat Frank said we are going to need help, I'll be right back. I proceeded on to the club. When I opened the door I could just barely hear Chubby Checkers over the din "let's twist again like we did last summer". The dance floor was completely surrounded by English Tars five or so deep. I pushed my way through the crowd just knowing one hell of a brawl waited on the other side. When I broke through on the dance floor I saw a chair with an English uniform folded neatly with cap on top as if stored in a locker awaiting inspection.

I looked up and saw a completely nude man doing the twist all by himself. Fat Frank came up with two more English sailors and the duty officer, an Ensign fresh out of Annapolis.

The Ensign asked me "Why haven't you stopped him"? "I couldn't figure out where to grab him" I answered. The Ensign shook his head and stepped on the dance floor. He walked up behind the sailor and tapped him on the shoulder. With that the sailor turned embraced the officer and proceeded to fox trot him around the floor even dipped him a couple of times. The Ensign was fighting to get away and had the most pitiful look on his face. He reminded me of the cat that Pepe La Pew was trying to kiss.

The two British shore patrol started for the dancing couple. I said "Hold it, lets try this, no since anyone getting hurt". I walked over to the juke box and unplugged it. The British sailor let go of the red faced officer. Walked over to his uniform and proceeded to dress, then walked up to the Brit shore patrol stuck both hands on in front of him and said "cuff me, I'm a fookin menace" too much rum and my partner can't dance.

I can still hear the laughter.