

NOTICE

It is a given that all newspapers survive, on you guessed it -- NEWS. The SAMP.S.O'NITE is no different. If we are to have more frequent publications, we need news also. Hopefully the following will inspire shipmates to write in about their times and experiences while on or off Sampson.

"Fright Night"

Long ago on a summer night in 1962, (must have been summer as we were in whites. A usual night out in Boston was in the making or should I say an unusual time was beckoning. After drinking underage for many hours, A & B returned to their Locker Club above the notorious Palace on Washington Street in the Combat Zone. This particular locker club was most convenient, as mentioned the Palace was downstairs, the Golden Nugget around the corner and Jerome's a few doors down. Down the block was a C & W Honky Tonk that I think was called the Novelty. Anyway, after an evening of imbibing, A & B returned to the locker club to change back into uniform, and came upon a shipmate we'll call C, getting the hell beat out of him in the head of the club. A & B intervened and physically persuaded the unknown assailant to cease pummeling C. C was only about 5'2", but 5' of that was mouth as that's why he probably ended up in the present condition. All the way back to the ship, C kept ranting how he had things under control and didn't need A & B to butt in. A & B felt his attitude amounted to being quite ungrateful and they let C know it in no uncertain terms about their feelings. After returning to the quarterdeck of the Sampson, the trio headed up the starboard side with intentions of going to the mess deck. The argument started really heating up and C kicked B in the groin. At that, A suggested that he and B should throw C, the ungrateful little b---strd over the side. A & B picked up C and proceeded to dangle the SOB over the side, when all of a sudden C was flying through the air. The eyes on A & B were as big as watermelons as both couldn't believe what they were seeing? Apparently A let go and figured B would hold on and B must have had the same idea.

All that was visible was a little sailor hat floating in Boston Harbor. Oh what seemed like an eternity passed before C broke the surface. Holy s---t was exclaimed because if God forbid he didn't surface, it was life in Portsmouth for something gone wrong. C started yelling like crazy and A & B were trying to shut him up. The PO3 on watch came running up and saw what was happening and said "you crazy S.O.B's, I'm getting out of here" Luckily the O D wasn't around, maybe left for wardroom coffee or the head because he never showed. A & B told C if he shut up they would pull him up

with one of those rope fenders that were hanging over the side. He agreed and dogpaddled over and was pulled up. His whites (if you could call them that) were mostly black and he was crying, screaming, nose running and promising A & B that they would pay. Now that C was safe on board, A & B got to take a real good look at him and A & B were rolling around the deck laughing and shaking so hard that peeing in their pants couldn't have been far off. The trio then headed for the mess decks. Each time C took a step, streams of dirty water squirted into the air. The laughter started again and one thing for sure, both A & B were glad it was around 03:30 and everyone onboard was sleeping.

Since B & C bunked aft, A missed out on what happened when they went down to their compartment. The next morning A was told that on top of the s—t can rolled up was the worst set of whites you could ever imagine. C swore he would never talk to A & B again and he sure wasn't about to admit to anyone what happened to him as he would never hear the end of it. The PO on watch couldn't mention it either as then he might be implicated for dereliction of duty. A, B, & C were eventually discharged. C got out first and A & B were left and since then have laughed uncontrollably about it over the years. Guess A & B were also thanking their lucky stars that this didn't turn into something bad. But then again, aren't sailors supposed to know how to swim?

This tale is for you to believe or disbelieve. Only A & B could confirm this as C probably to this day isn't talking! The names of A, B & C have been omitted as partial ignorance of Maritime Law and the statute of limitations. Perhaps if you could figure out who A & B were, maybe with some prodding you never know.

Anonymous