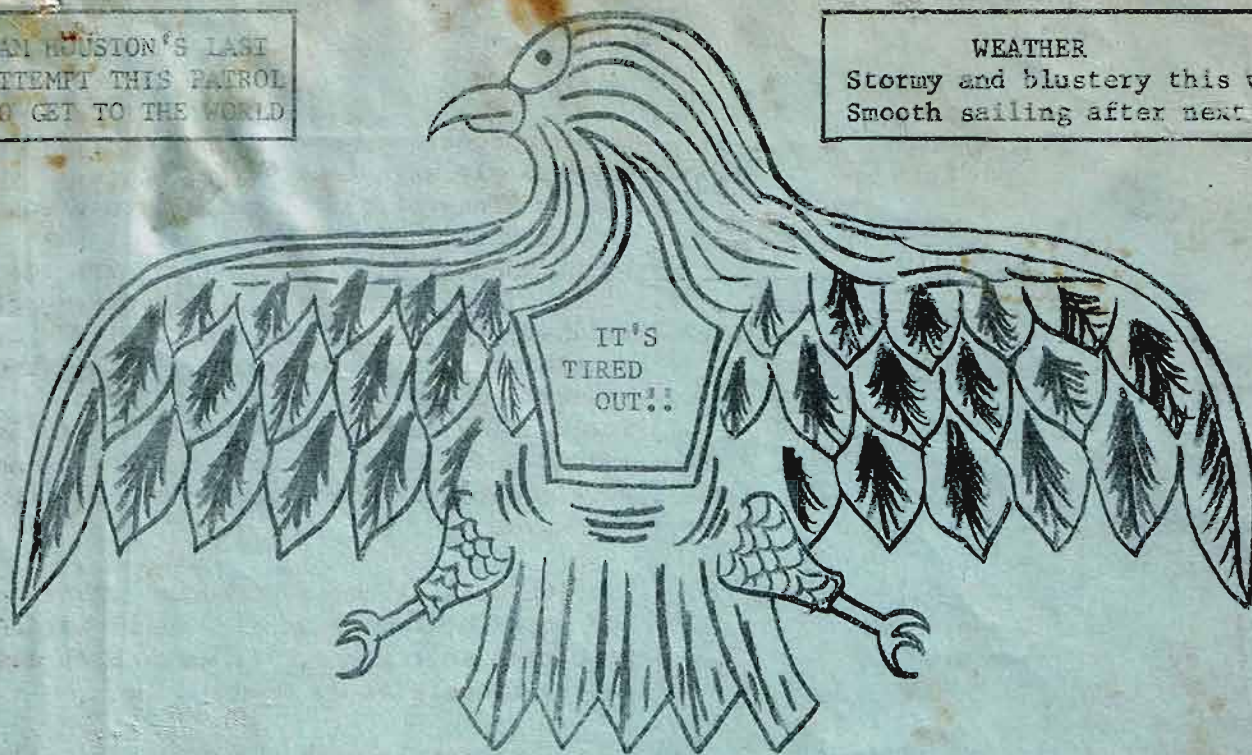


SAN HOUSTON'S LAST
ATTEMPT THIS PATROL
TO GET TO THE WORLD

WEATHER
Stormy and blustery this week
Smooth sailing after next week



YE Ø124---

RAVEN-ON

PRICE: Priceless

OCTOBER 9, 1971

VOL XXX No. 5



This newspaper isn't the biggest,
Its length has been often surpassed.
Yet, this is this runs greatest issue---
You see, it's patrol thirty two's last!!

PORSCHE

THE RAVEN ON

EDITOR: R. MANN

STAFF: J. MEYER
J. W. HOGUE
D. HOWARD
B. McLEOD

R: DR. LAIN

The RAVEN ON is published every once in a while for the furtherment of mental instability, and it has obviously accomplished its purpose. Resemblance of any person mentioned herein to any living person, sane or semi-sane, is a purely coincidental situation which must be rectified.

QUOTH THE RAVEN ON

Well, friends and neighbors, the last RAVEN ON is finally a reality. Patrol #32 is almost history. Since this issue is going to be extremely short, I might as well fill up all the space I want with some of my own various observations; whether or not you read them is up to you.

We have almost completed a real bear of a patrol, and it has taken its toll on men and machines. Consequently, the men must suffer to make up for the machines' problems. As an end result the fight to maintain morale has been a veritable battle. It is really amazing to me that so many people can spend so many extra hours on maintenance and various other "extra curricular" activities and still remain able to laugh at the discomforts (at least to some degree) as we have so far managed to do in the Half-Way Party, the RAVEN ON, and other assorted little "stabs" taken at general conditions.

(cont'd)

To consider performance for a moment, many people have really "busted tail" this run in areas of qualification, maintenance, and required responsibilities. I have unfortunately heard the comment far too often, "What's the use?...you work your tail off yet nobody appreciates it.", or something similar to that. I wish I could understand why this situation is so. Not meaning to step on anyone's toes, it almost seems as if exceptional performance were considered commonplace and accepted as the norm.

Oh well, I could probably ramble on and on without solving any of the world's problems, so I guess I'll keep quiet and let everyone else do the talking.

I sincerely wish that this last issue were twice as big as it is, but unfortunately the old RAVEN ON has found slim pickins' this run, and we will have to make the best of whatever we can scrape up. So with that in mind, here is the finale....to all of you who are not coming back for next run, good luck and happy times; to all of you who will make more patrols, I'll be here to gripe with you again. See you next time!

-EDITOR-

OVERHEARD DURING THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S INSPECTION IN LLMC

TML(SS): All these boxes are full of paper.

X. O. : AN---O, paper doesn't come in cans!

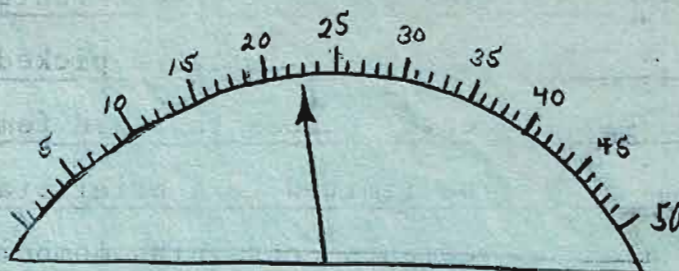
TML(SS): This is waterproof shit paper!!

QUESTION OF THE DAY: Does SEMPER really tease his hair???

DINGY DIVES IN NEW ENGLAND

GENERAL RATE
ACAE

(enter number
taken from
this scale)



BAR NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

(name and approxament papulation)

STATE

HIGHWAY NO.

BARTENDER (indicate if male or frmale and approx. age if female)

BARMAIDS (indicate number, age and apearance rated by a number on a scale of 10---include other data; friendly , boring, moraly interesting, etc. etc.)

DRINK PRICE
ENTERTAINMENT

BEER

DOOZE

WINE

(if avialable please coment. wuality, type, etc. etc.)

FOOD

(availability, edability, etc. etc.)

CUSTOMERS

(boring, friendly, none present, fighters, faggots, etc. etc.)

CUILDING CONDITION

(remarks such as filthy, falling down, should be investigated by lealth dept., etc. etc. are acceptable, but please clarify these comments)

SANITARY FACILITIES

(very clean, marginal, filthy, ooc, stand-up facilities only, afraid to enter, none available, etc.)

TIME ARRIVED

(included dates)

TIME DEPARTED

CONDITION OF PARTY (ARRIVING)

(sober, hung-over, drunk, etc. etc.)

CONDITION OF PARTY (DEPARTING)

(sober, getting well, drunk, very drunk, asked to leave, physicaly removed, etc. etc.)

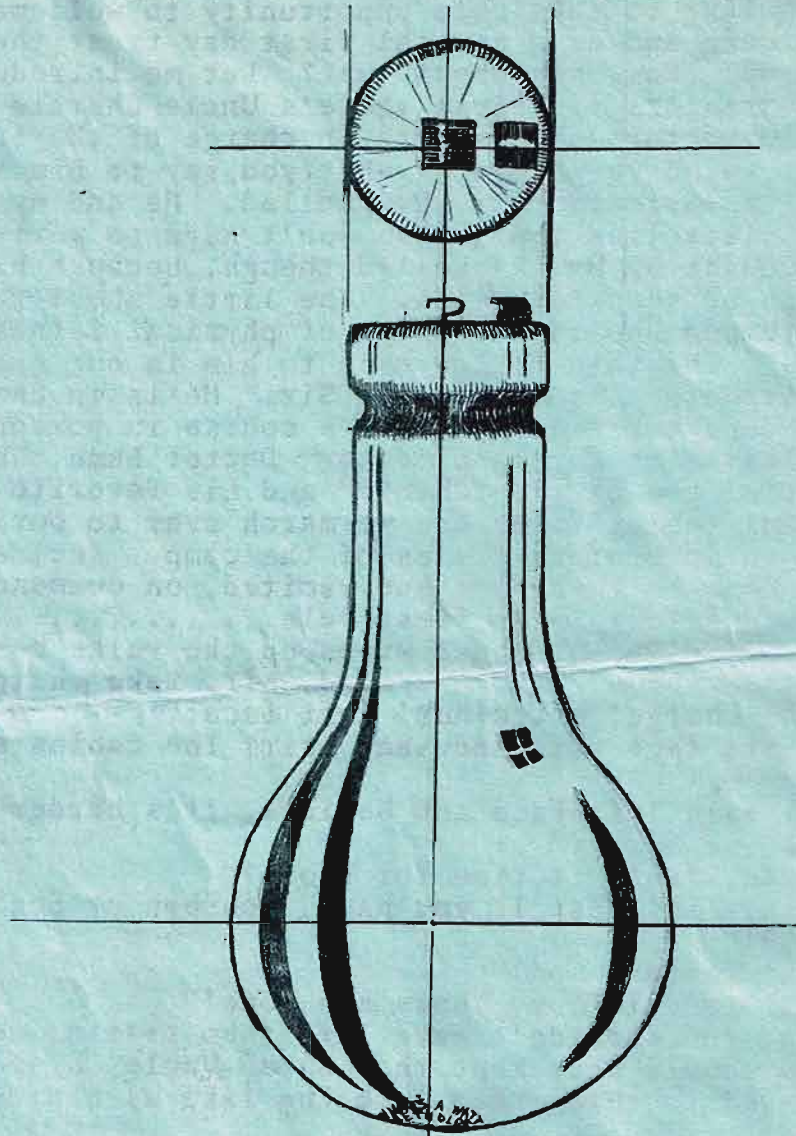
SEX

(made out, missed out, blew a good chance, no chances, faggots only, etc. etc.)

COMENTS: (This section should contain remarks from each member of the party. Strays picked up along the way may not make entry unless they are female;coments of this nature will be limited to a brief statements of thier background. Coments conserning members of the basic party will be permitted only if of a highly complimentary nature. In the event that a member of the party does not make an entery at this point, one of the below listed statements will be entered.)

- A.-----NOT AVIALABLE FOR COMENT
- B.-----WILL NOT COMENT
- C.-----IS UNABLE TO SPEAK
- D.-----IS IN JAIL
- E.-----IS SHACKED UP
- F.-----OTHER (REQUIRES EXPLANATION)

INVENTION OF THE PATROL



SNAP-IN, ROTATABLE, SLIDING BRASS CONTACT BULB

This unique bulb is very simple in construction and much cheaper than conventional bulbs due to the fewer number of parts required. It can be adapted to your conventional sockets by simply twisting the glass out of the screw-on cap and leaving the cap in the socket! Every sub especially FBM's should have at least one. Never again will you have to worry about twisted out caps or broken bulbs shocking you as you tediously try to remove them from their sockets. With this bulb all you have to do is push it in and pull it out, something every sailor knows how to do (with the exception of Sliss)

SAM HOUSTON SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS

"Hi there boys! My name is Whitetusk, but you can all call me by my first name.....CHIEF!! While all of you are standing here at attention, I would like to take this opportunity to welcome you to Sam Houston Summer Camp and as a special first day treat there will be no cabin clean up! Now, how about that? Let me introduce you to some of your camp counselors.....First there's Uncle Charlie Chief who is our playground director. He is also in charge of the ice cream and candy machines, so be very careful what you say to him. Next there's the assistant camp director, Mr. Rayknolled. He and myself are in charge of camp discipline (sp?) You don't have to worry too much about getting caught by Mr. Rayknolled though, because his bright red baseball cap can be seen for miles. The little short fellow on the end is Uncle Stumped who is in charge of physical fitness and camp training drills. The thin fellow next to him is our own former Marine Corps Drill instructor, Mr. Andysand, Sir. He is in charge of our "better ideas" department and teaches a course in personnel management. Last, but not least, is our camp doctor, Doctor Lame. He is officially titled, "Keeper of the Sacred tablets" and his favorite expression is, "Here, kid, wanna tablet?" Before we march over to our cabins and unpack, I want to go over the rules of the camp. Incidentally, all of these rules must be memorized and recited, on command, when asked by any of the counselors. The first rule.....etc., etc.

(LATER ON) "Well that about wraps up the rules here, so lets march over to the cabins. Mr. Andysand, sir, take charge!"

"I have the charge! atten-hut! left face!"

"But why left face, Mr. Andysand, sir? The cabins are over to the right!"

"Because I said left face and besides, It's harder this way. HAW, HAW, HAW!"

"Doctor lame, Isn't it time for shots?"

"It certainly is! What'll you have, Bourbon or Scotch?"

"HELP! HELP!"

"What's the matter, son?"

"Uncle Charlie Chief, my shoes are gone!"

"Well son, you shouldn't have left them sitting neatly beside your bunk. You should have kept them on so Uncle Chief Whitetusk wouldn't be forced to throw them into the lake with a cement block tied to them."

"But I was mess cooking when they said we're having an inspection in two minutes and i just couldn't run off and let the soup boil over."

"That's unfortunate, but think of some of the other guys. They were still in their shoes when they were thrown into the lake!"

"I guess I am lucky at that. You sure have good logic Uncle Charlie Chief."

(LATER) "Golly, Mr. Rayknolleds, I just saw Uncle Stumped and he had a black dishrag on his head. What does that mean?"

"Boy, Uncle Stumped is going to hold a safety drill!"

"Gee, what's he gonna do?"

"Let's see here.....Today he's going to set fire to the bunkhouse and see if the guys who are inside can put it out without even calling on the Junior Woodchuck Smokey Bear Assistance Team!"

on "WOW!"

"Oh, that's a long back to camp GATO, I've got to go now. I'll be back to see you later. Bye-bye!"

"Oh, that's nothing. Back at camp GATO, he once broke a dam up-river and flooded the entire camp and the neighboring town during the noon meal!"

(LATER) "Well boys, here we are on our "SNEAK ATTACK" mission to surprize and overwhelm the town of Wounded Knee, South Dakota. It is of the utmost of importance that from here on in we maintain absolute silence! No noise of any type or we'll be detected. Now, let's go."

(WHISPERING) "Uncle Chief Whitetusk, We've crawled through 15 miles of rough terrain and are almost in position to attack. When do we go in?"

"Not until dark on the day after tomorrow. Uncle Stumped has a few drills for us until then."

(WHISTLE SHRILLS THROUGH THE WOODS AND DRUMS START POUNDING)

"POISON IVY DRILL! POISON IVY DRILL!"

"There goes Uncle Stumped again"

"Now hush up that chatter. Do you want someone to hear you?"

"No Uncle Chief Whitetusk. Can I change clothes now. I'm full of mud and water from crawling the last 15 miles."

"Try to change clothes and I'll beat you with a razor strap. I gave you one pair of pants and I can't see why you can't keep them clean. I don't soil mine, even when I'm riding in that dirty old jeep!"

THIS SPACE INTENTIONALLY
LEFT BLANK BECAUSE WE
DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO
PUT IN IT.

7.

verified

date

Adis

9/10/71

"THINK"

The time draws near for Sam Houston to again change crews. One is in a hurry to go home after a rigorous patrol and the other is not in a hurry to prepare for another patrol.

It behooves us, the ones in a hurry to go home, to relay all information to those that replace us. No matter how we feel about our counterparts, they deserve a complete and accurate turnover. The "Let them find it" attitude will not be in our best interest.

Sam Houston is a large and complicated ship which has become a small and compatible community. This community will shortly cease to exist. Our trials and tribulations will soon be replaced with loved ones and thoughts of relaxation. However, Sam Houston must turn around and answer heavy demands. Turn over, complete and accurate, is the only way to insure she is able to do so.

Patrol 32 will shortly end. To those leaving our small community, "Well done true and faithful companions." It was a hard patrol but not unnecessarily hard. To those remaining for patrol 34, rest and prepare for it as it will be upon us before we are ready. What will it hold in store for us?

WONDERING

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S QUESTION "WHAT IS A WALLY-SEA-GAP?"

A Wally-sea-gap is not a man
It's just a malformation,
With do me this and do me that
And this needs calibration
I know not what others say
But from this watch station
The day that Wally-Sea-Gap leaves
There'll be a celebration

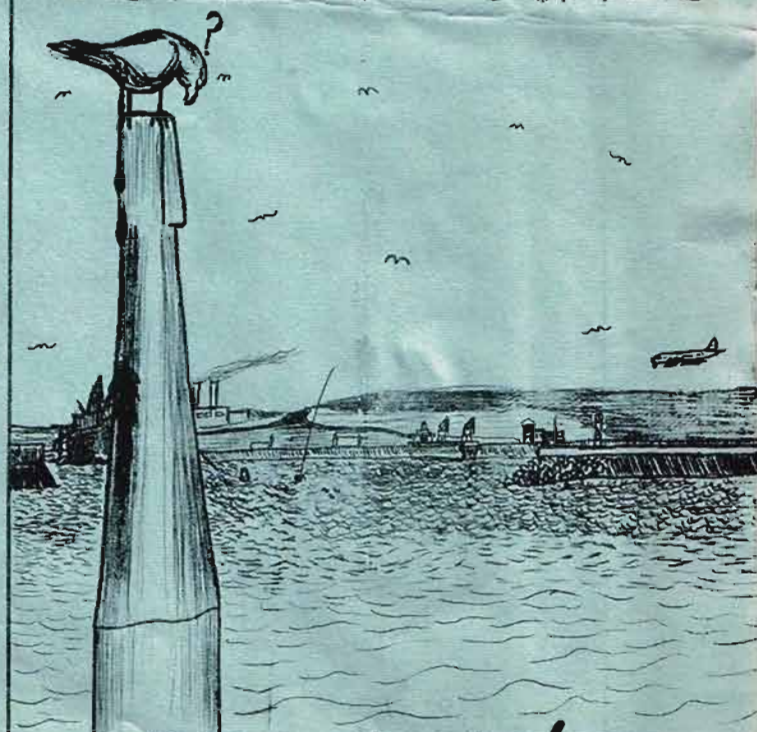
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FROM THE " ENOUGH IS ENOUGH" DEPT:

*That the XO "borrows" pens and pencils from everyone is one thing, but this week he's gone one farther. In the middle of a drill he "borrows" chief sugar bear's only cigar - never to be returned.

The COB should receive an award for keeping the troops informed of the real intentions of the wardroom. His information about the Capt's inspection, as he explained in maneuvering, was only wrong on where the inspection would start and that Crew's Berthing would not be inspected until Tuesday. Two out of two, not bad!

BETTER TIMES



ARE COM'IN

THE "GAME OF THE NAME" BY JAY HARMAN (ALIAS "JIM NASIUM"):

There once was a Young Mann who followed the Dow-Jones Industrial Average and often contemplated the wealth of Howard Hughes. When he wasn't occupied with business, however, he liked to hunt. On this fine day he decided he would try to Snare a Martin. His Lungs were a bit congested from the city smog, so he decided to take a ride down the Lain in his Surry. He stopped off at the Taylor shop, picked up his hunting jacket and bought some traps which came to a Buck. Coming to an intersection of many Rhoades, he became confused as to how he should Cope with this new problem. By pulling into a Ski resort and asking directions, he soon found out he could go in a Woodward direction by going past the White Holmes on the right, adVance to the Reynolds Aluminium Plant (which is just past the Mills) and when he came to a Barry patch and a Braying donkey he could start hunting. The man had told him that nobody Gibbs a damn if he grabbed a Holt of anything there. He set his traps and waited. One of them snapped and he rushed over to find he had caught a chicken. Just then a Weller (digger of wells) came running up and said, "mah goodness, that certainly is a big Cackler you have there. I was just laying in my Ham-mack when I heard the trap, so I thought Ide come over." Well, our hero took his chicken and headed home. As he left, he said to himself, "oh well, toMorrow's another day!"

---- That's all folks! -----

Panel Puke overheard in Maneuvering talking about his division officer: "I don't like him. His beard looks like a collection of public hairs from women over 40."

Question of the day-

Why do most chiefs and the Eng wear a kakkie belt?

Answer-

To tell if their walking or rolling.

Overheard in Maneuvering- Eng on watch:

Conn- Maneuvering: Could you give us a-bout a 5 degree down?

Maneuvering-Conn: 5 degree down aye, why?

Conn- Maneuvering: This is the Eng and I have just been relieved so I want to get forward.

Grand pappy Emil the head of the clan
Roars like a lion as only he can
Kinda short and squatty in his own way
But he's big and bad in his black beret

Halfway Party had him down pat
But poor Ensign Oliver just couldn't be that fat
He tried real hard to play the part that day
But he looked unnatural with that black beret

Kinda broad at the shoulders and broader at the hips
With a barrel in between that a girdle couldn't fit
With the words we've heard him more than once say
"Back on the Gato with my black beret"

Drills are slower with equipment going down
Detections almost certain with all those drilling sounds
But the end is nearing and the Orse is on its way
When we pass the final test we'll thank the Black Beret

FRANCO & ROGERS

You know I've discovered lately, that just because the power plant casualty alarm is pink, that doesn't mean that all the nuc's accept pink as their true color. I noticed Franco the other day as he tried to impress the fact that he accepts blue as his true color, as is the color of his nylon skivvies. Is ther a plot to get the entire crew to wear blue nylon skivvies? Are Franco and Rogers heading this dastardly plot?

Then another note about Franco: His body is beautiful. Ask him, he'll tell you it's beautiful.

Signed: The Ever-Watchful Eye

OVERHEARD IN CONTROL

From one "WISE" FTG2

"My wife is good, but I'm better"

THE RAVEN ON STAFF

TAKES GREAT PLEASURE ON THIS OCCASION TO COMMEND

LCOR J. G. REYNOLDS

FOR HIS GREAT CONTRIBUTION TO THE HUMAN RACE AND ELECTRONICS INDUSTRY AS SET FORTH IN THE FOLLOWING CITATION:

This past week Sam Houston encountered history in the making. We have it from a very reliable source, if you can credit Bevo, who shall remain anonymous in order to protect the innocent and guilty alike, as such, that our very own X. O. has fallen upon a "Better Idea." We wish to throw light on the circumstances of his discovery:

While observing a drill in ULAMR2, the Captain and the X.O. (Commonly known as number one and number two), stumbled upon the collision alarm indicator light. The Captain, being of suspicious mind and curious body, then grasped the bulb in hand and started turning it. Ever on the alert for inconsistency, he immediately determined with a minimum of calculatory effort that the object of his turning endeavor was failing to unscrew. Forthwith and to wit he questioned the X.O. on the matter. (We personally believe the problem would have been rectified had Jakubisyn and Kowalski been there, in good "Pollack form", to turn the chair the Captain was standing on.) However, Houston's master inventor was realizing a vent on his imagination. And when the C.O. asked for it---the X.O. gave it to him. "Captain, that's a snap-in, rotatable, light bulb with sliding brass contacts!" Well of course the bulb in question certainly was and is no such thing as the X.O. had so "Snowingly" described, but that's not the point. The point is, it should be. Just imagine how long people, military and civilian alike, have been screwin' and unscrewin' when, had Mr Reynolds come before Mr. Edison, they all could have been snappin', rotatin' and slidin' their brass contacts! (!EROTICA BRAVO!) Well better late than never we say and we wish to express our heart felt grattitude to the X.O. for really taking us out of the dark ages, by presenting him with the coveted "Invention of the patrol" certificate.

Bravo Zulu X.O.! Keep up the good work and don't forget about the bennie-sug program.



PATROL #32 EXCEPTIONAL ABILITY AWARDS

Each patrol at this time, awards are handed out to certain individuals who excel in one way or another (usually another). This patrol being no exception, here are the presentations for this run's outstanding performers:

KOLB - for his ability to shift propulsion to the EPM with his shoes tied together.

HAVRILLA - for his ability to smile under the onslaught of vicious whipped cream.

SPARKMAN - for his ability to shift propulsion from the AMR 2 head.

DOW - for his ability to always say the right things to the STUMP.

STUMP - for his ability not to deck DOW on sight.

ANDERSON (resident marine) - for his ability to be so well-liked by ELT's, ERLI watches, and MUNRO.

KEARNEY - for his ability to exist in the wrong places at the right times.

WELLER - for his ability to lead.

MR. IDE - for his ability to control everything so well.

SECTION II (aft) - for their ability to control MR. IDE.

AGENT 31 - for his ability to use the MC system properly.

BOWEN - for his ability to be getting transferred (as usual).

SURREY - for his ability to maintain 4 (count 'em), 4 protected busses at once.

MANN - for his ability to be his normal, jovial, smiling self.

SNARE - for his ability to write plainly and legibly.

SNARE - for his ability to blow his cool over the X-60J phone.

SNARE - for his ability to remain alive in Section I.

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE AWARDS

"SCREW IT UP REGULARLY" award to the "WELLIVER".....because.....

"SPORTS CAR HAIRCUT" award to CHIEF GILGER for his extensive whitewalls.

"I'M IN CHARGE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?" award to STUMP for the major hydraulic trickle in the TDU, the rain in AMR 1, and other assorted non-casualties.

"HAIRDO OF THE MONTH" award to SEMPER.....who else?

TO TOM SPARKMAN EMI (SS)

Even though your lust and passion for pop corn is exceeded only by that for sex and ice cream, I would at least like to thank you for the thankless job of furnishing hot, buttered pop corn on several occasions during movies.

THANK YOU,
JIM HOGUE
"Me, too" JJF
"Me, too" -ED-

* * * * *

FOUND ON INSPECTION REPORT OF XO's ROOM

1. Large body adrift in bunk (with wings)
2. Too much paper
3. Bomb adrift

* * * * *

FOUND IN THE MLMC HEAD

1. Metallic containers of (you guessed it), shit paper
2. Can opener

* * * * *

OVERHEARD IN THE ENGINE ROOM

WALLY: I want to be COB.....I WILL BE COB! I'm going to turn this left-handed boat into a right-handed ship!

OVERHEARD IN MANEUVERING (as usual)

STUMP: Going to sea is better than sex.

SURREY (who is getting married soon):
Is that true, SNARE?

SNARE: (morale factor =-4.0): No, they're about the same... either way you get screwed!

MORAL: A stumpy ENGINEER is not as good as an illustrated marriage manual. right, SURREY?

* * * * *

HEY, SKEENS

What are your plans for Thanksgiving this off-crew??? Just inquiring.....

TURKEY WOMAN

* * * * *

A NEW GAME.....

Ever heard of the game "ROUND ROBIN"? That's where OOD/UI LTJG WALSH pitter patters back to Maneuvering to relieve EOCW LT IDE who then pitter patters forward to relieve the OOD, the DO, the COW, and then pitter patters back to relieve EOCW LTJG WALSH (all within the space of a ten minute period).

Good footwork, MR. OOD COW DO EOCW IDE!

* * * * *

ONLY SIXTY-FIVE MORE SHOPPING DAYS 'TILL CHRISTMAS!

THE
STUMP
HOLE



"GETTIN' SHORT"

Only a few days to go. Around the ship, people are beginning to keep track of time in minutes, seconds, watches left, number of readings to take, drill periods (what!), and other systems impossible to describe. Gettin' short is a happy time.

Gettin' short is also a dangerous time! The thought of reunion with family, having that tall, cool one, or whatever, occupies more and more of our thoughts. It can make us less attentive to our duties as watchstanders and turn our compatable home against us on a moment's notice. Let's all continue to stand a taut watch and get shorter, and shorter, and.....

TO THE IMPOTENT:

Your feeble words of last week (after 4 weeks, to think of them) were a joke. I'm still drilling - you're still watery. There have always been doers and writers. I have had enough of your nonsense: I challenge you to appear topside on 17 Oct 71 at high noon. Knowing your past performance record, I expect a "no-show" from you.



* * * * *

GOLDIES HAVE NO MORE FRIDAYS

Quest: What capable and competent group of people is responsible for the maintainance of and re-winding of all ships clocks??

Ans. : The Quarter-Masters !!

Quest: What incapable and incompetent group of people let thier clock run down and stop??!!

Ans. : The Quarter-Masters!!

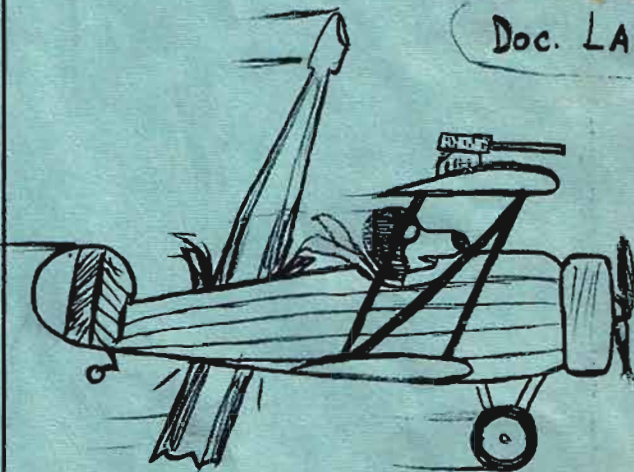
* * * * *

Hey Kowalski !! We heard you're going to your old stomping grounds in Charleston. Something about welding re-qual. Some guys get all the breaks!!

Signed. R.B.

* * * * *

CURSE YOU,
Doc. LAIN!



* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This paper is due largely to the efforts of JACK MEYER, who did most of this week's typing. Thanks, Jack!