

IF THE NEWS FITS,
WE PRINT IT!

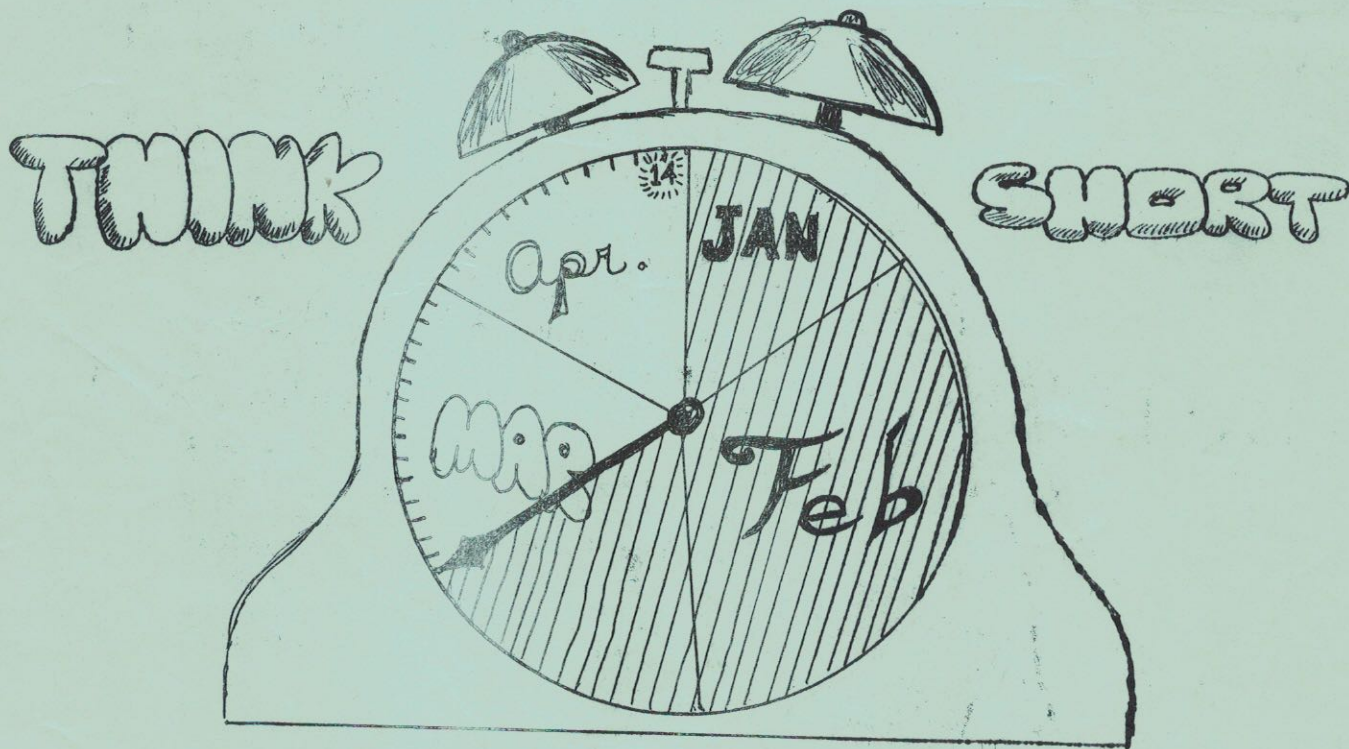
WEATHER
Cool and humid
topside.



PRICE: Whatever's fair!

MARCH 18, 1972

VOL XXXIV No. 3



THE
R A V E N O N

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DUTY QUACK: DR. MILLS

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QUOTH THE RAVEN ON

Well, amigos, another Half-Way Party has come and gone (thank goodness). Now we can all settle down and begin some serious thinking about how short we are. I would like to take this opportunity to offer my gratitude, in my own small way, to all of you who helped to pull the Half-Way Party together to make it the success that it was. It took a great deal of effort on behalf of several tired people to make that Wednesday evening a little pleasant for us all, and then face a field day without strangling one another.

Unfortunately, we have now to face our "mid-patrol slump", a phenomenon that usually strikes general morale a

(cont'd)

fierce blow about this time, and it is more important than usual that the old RAVEN ON with shipwide news, wit, and general slander.

This issue is painfully small for a two-week accumulation time, so I would like to urge everyone to take a couple of extra minutes to slip an article or a comment into my suggestion box. No points will be taken off for spelling, and it will be well worth the effort for you and your shipmates on Saturday night. Besides - it keeps me off the streets and out of bars.

With that in mind, I submit to you this week's collage of literary offerings, both humorous and not quite so humorous.

ED

* * * * *

OVERHEARD IN RADIO RECENTLY

TEUTON: I am not easy!

SHEETZ: What?

TEUTON: I am not easy!....E+A-S-Y!!!

(WAY TO GO, NERD)

* * * * *

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

I know, I know; you're thinking, "Here comes the same old shit again this patrol". Well, you're right! My thanks go out to the cast and production people of the Half-Way Party for a very enjoyable evening. Too bad it was my last one!
EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT!!!

THANK YOU
B.K.K.

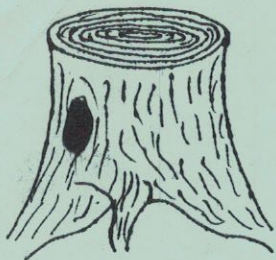
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" AN EXCERPT FROM THE MIND OF J. HARMAN "

"Pam, my darling, my wife, my very life. I want to talk to you as I often do out here, but cannot write down my thoughts-my hand just won't write fast enough to keep up or put the proper emphasis where it belongs. It would be much different if I could talk to you in person. What I have to say, this time, has a great deal to do with so many lives and, if it be known, even ways of living (if you can call this, in truth living!) It's so hard to do your best at a job just because they have you tied by contract and the threat of taking food out of the mouth of our child. Somehow, I can't really believe they put people in prison because they quit their job, even though I've seen it time and again. I cannot understand how people can delude themselves into thinking they are truly happy and secure with that kind of threat hanging over their head. I could be stupid I suppose. Sweet heart, I want so much to tell you I won't come back out here and I'll stay home to be a good husband to you and father to Christine and our unborn child, but I cannot do that. I am afraid. I am a coward. If you recall, when we first got married I told you I had three years and 6 months to go and I was going to do the best job I could until my contract expired. You agreed whole heartedly and understood that I had given my word. At that time, I was proud to be in the service of the United States Navy and actually looking forward to getting my first assignment to a fleet ballistic submarine as a nuclear reactor mechanical operator. Only you knew of my utter frustration at spending 2 1/2 years in intensive training, qualifying in Idaho and being sent to New London, only to wind up behind a desk instead of achieving my ultimate goal- becoming a member of the elite corps of submariners. Another giant step backward for the navy. Then, the bitter defeat as I got a denial from Washington on my visual waiver request and again ended up pushing a pencil aboard the conventionally powered Detroit. Only with the aid of Commander Harry Davis, himself a seventeen year sub sailer and former whitehat, did I finally attain a direct input to Sam Houston. Many, many nights Harry and I talked, from Seattle to Acapulco to Rio to Newport, of the history of submariners and many were the doubts I had about filling the shoes of men like Harry. I can still remember how truly ecstatic we both were as I told you of my orders that rainy afternoon on the pier in Newport. For me it ment the realization of a goal which took 4 long, hard, well traveled years to achieve and for you it meant coming home to Norwich after a year of 5 total household moves, 70 thousand miles, Disneyland, Portland, San Diego, Mexico, San Francisco, Seattle, a baby in Bremerton, and a thanksgiving in Newport. I was greatly enthused and highly motivated as I was tolled over the side of Detroit as a plank owner, for at last, I would find my chance to truly show all the people who had helped me along the way, that I could be as much a man as any of the great men who had gone before me in submarines. Well, you know who the man was that drove my ambition into the ground and you also know why I no longer wear my uniform (with the good conduct ribbon earned in January of 1971 and still not presented, as if it matters) with pride. You also know how strongly I believe in the need for Sam Houston to make deterrent patrols and stay operationally ready to blow the world to kingdom come, for the sake of maintaining Peace. And, yet, less than a year and a half after coming to "BIG SAM",

I have come to the irrevocable conclusion that the Squadron, ORSE, NPEB, NTPI and all the other controlling factions, including a small minority of those who serve with me even today, have strived for and achieved, whole heartedly, the mockery that today takes the place of the glorious, traditional gallantry and stealth of the "SILENT SERVICE" of years gone by. We no longer deploy on deterrent patrols. We no longer have the pride of knowing we are an effective deterrent against the aggressions of our enemies. We are, in truth, a bumbling, monstrous nuclear power training facility destined to achieve the unachievable, attain the unattainable which is: To put feathers in the right caps and cards in the right service jackets! How do we do this? By competing successfully against other ships to determine whether we can make our reactor and ship 'sit up', 'lay down', 'heel', and 'roll over' better than anyone else. It is readily apparent that somebody, somewhere along the way, has 'lost the big picture'! Just why are we here? What is our function? Today's watch words are 'You're not playing the game' and 'This can be fun, if you let it!' Am I here to play games? Do I see you, hold you, kiss you and make love to you only six months a year to 'have fun' and 'play games'? This is one of many reasons why I am leaving the time honored naval service so that I can once again be 'free' to lead a productive life instead of treading water as I've done for the past five years. I will come home to you and the children, for the last time this year and I will never leave you again!

J. HARMAN



THE
STUMP
HOLE

Here are some famous quotes I've always liked:

"You cannot make a revolution wearing silk gloves."

JOSEPH STALIN

"The moving finger writes upon the wall, and having writ, moves on; and all your piety nor wit can call it back to cancel half a word of it."

THE RUBAIYAT
OF OMAR KAYHEM

"The terrible thing about war is that it uses mankind's best to do mankind's worst."

ANONYMOUS

"I've never thought much about becoming a saint. I've been too busy learning how to be a man."

from THE PLAGUE
by ALBERT CAMUS

"The position is ridiculous, the pleasure is but momentary, and the expense all out of proportion to the gain."

DUKE OF WELLINGTON
on the subject of
intercourse

"And when the great Scorekeeper in the scorebook writes your name, it's not whether you won or lost, but how you played the game."

GRANTLAND RICE

(cont'd)

"Bullshit!"

WOODY HAYES

(The above two quotes hang above WOODY HAYES' desk in his office at Ohio State.)

"There are no great men. Only great events in history into which ordinary men, like you and me, are thrust to do the best we can."

FLEET ADMIRAL
WILLIAM F. HALSEY JR.

* * * * *

A GUEST EDITORIAL

This editorial is devoted to extracting the virginity of the brand new COMM officer that shy, unassuming, dimpled impish-grinning product of the long green table: LT (Junior Grade) WALSH, who, as all of you readers know has freshly assumed the duties as Big Sam's communicator. He has replaced LT (Full Grade) HARRY F. O'NIEL, who, as you know, has spent the past few patrols wandering around Radio Central, and now has joined the ranks of those immortal throttle throttlers in and near the area of Maneuvering.

We would also like to take this opportunity to extend our condolences to both "M" Division and Radio Gang for their hour of sorrow, but as we, the editorial staff, see it, neither work center has emerged as the big winner in this horse trade.

It will take time, we understand, for the swap to become workable and productive, and in the meantime we will be closely watching the development of the new COMM/ENG officers.

(cont'd on next page)

(GUEST EDITORIAL, cont'd)

To O'NIEL, and likewise to LT (Junior Grade) WALSH, the staff sends their congratulations for finding their respective work areas after only a week on the job.

Until new developments arise in this area, this is the Scooper, reporting the news, the whole (distorted) news, and nothing but the news.

V/R
SCOOPER

* * * * *

And, to FINNEY RM1, who was the victim of a merciless wire-job last Casino night, we have taken up a collection and can finally announce that he is the Grand Prize winner in a local raffle, and as such will be given, upon returning to the States, a free, all-expense paid one hour trip to glorious Ledyard. Congrats, you old mild-mannered Viking!

V/R
SCOOPER

* * * * *

WIRE JOB

DEFINITION= A PERSON OR A GROUP OF PEOPLE, STRIVING BY ACTION OR DEED, TO PLACE ANOTHER PERSON OR PERSONS IN A POSITION FROM WHICH THERE IS NO POSSIBLE CORRECT METHOD OF RECOVERY.

It has become more obvious as each day passes that this patrol has acquired a wire job syndrome. Even the lowliest seamam is joking about how he put so-and-so in a particular position, and then watched him struggle to extricate himself.

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This condition exists not only in the lower rates, but extends to rather high areas of the command.

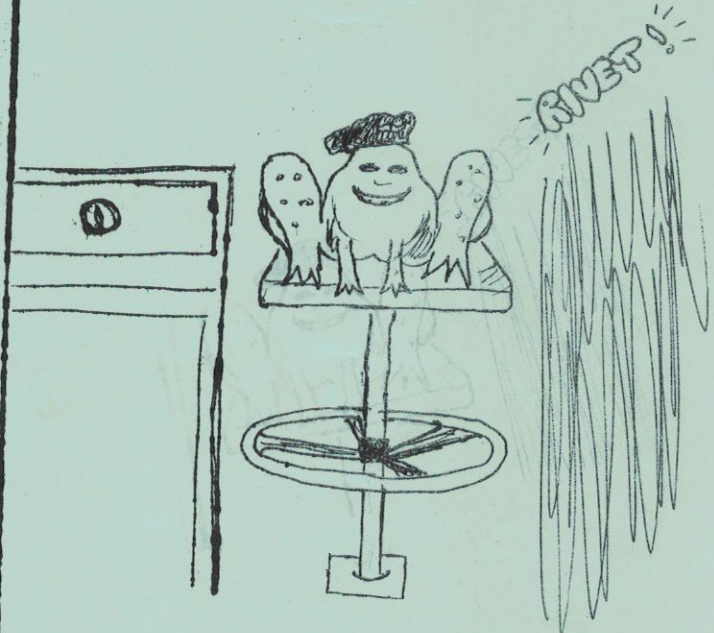
It has been this observer's impression that we are/were a 140-man team, all striving toward a common goal; the completion of a successful patrol. If we allow the sadistic and sarcastic impulses of our nature to controll us, we will eventually pull this submarine apart.

The next time you have an opportunity to help or hinder another crewmember, just think, "Why do I desire to make him appear as a dunderhead?" If the only reason is to make him appear to your seniors as incompetent, then this is no reason.

Eventually, there should not be any thought process involved. You will automatically strive to assist those presented with a problem, and not hinder them.

MMC(SS) HARRY R. GILGER

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WELL THE RUNT FINALLY MADE OUT LIKE
A BANDIT. HE EXTENDED ON BOARD "BIG
SAM" (HA, HA), AND THAT VERY SAME
NIGHT (AT MID-NIGHT NO LESS) HE GOT
TO FIELD DAY AMR-2 LOWER LEVEL. YES
SIR RUNT, "BIG SAM" REALLY LOOKS
OUT FOR YOU!!!

IS IT TRUE THAT TN2 (SU) IS
INCOMPETENT, OR IS THAT JUST A
RUMOR HE IS SPREADING.

OVER HEARD IN THE ENGINE ROOM ON OR
ABOUT 7 MAR 72. WAS MOTHER THOMAS'
ULTIMATE DREAM.
"I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WARM TIT FILLED
WITH COLD BEER"

IS MOM THOMAS' FIRST NAME MOTHER OR
MUTHER?

OVERHEARD IN AMR-2 U.

KEARNEY: WHAT'S A DAVIT?

DEMPSEY: THAT'S WHEN YOU REPLACE
THE DIRT YOU FORE UP ON A
GOLF COURSE.

KEARNEY: OH? WOW!

FRANCO: YOU GOTTA BE SHITTIN ME!

KING'S REACTION TO TOUCH-- OH! THAT
FELT SO GOOD-- I WANT TO GO HOME. I'M
TIRED OF PLAYING SUBMARINES. IT'S
NOT EVEN COOL ANYMORE.

LAMONTAGNE OMOW(01) ON LOG ENTRY:

1755 LT PARKINSON RELIEVED LCDR
SCHMIDT OF THE DECK AND COC"

IF A GANG NEEDS TO SHITCAN GENERATOR
CELLS, CONTACT OM(CSS) QUAN-- HE
ROLLS THEM LONG AND THIN!

OVERHEARD IN AMR2 LL.
KOWALSKI: YOU KNOW JAKE I LIKE THE
NAVY AS MUCH AS I DO A
GOOD PIECE OF ASS.
JAKE: YOUR SHITTIN ME.
SKI: NO REALLY THERE BOTH THE
SAME--THE CLOSER YOU GET
TO YOUR DISCHARGE THE BETTER
IT FEELS

CHILDREN'S GAMES

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, I PLAYED GAMES
LIKE A CHILD.

WHEN I WAS OLDER, I PUT MY CHILDREN'S
GAMES ASIDE.

NOW I'M ABOARD A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE
AND ONCE AGAIN, "I PLAY GAMES
LIKE A CHILD."

HOW OLD IS A CHILD ANYWAY?

D.L. VANCE

THOUGHTS OF THE WEEK

Is there any truth that HARMAN let
"The Big O" get to him?

Is there any truth to the rumor
that MR. OLIVER makes JOHN CANAAN look
like Dale Carnegie?

There is no truth to the rumor
that SLISS is being considered for
O.C.S.; however, the Naval Academy
has not been ruled out.

There is no truth to the rumor
that the ENGINEER is a descendant from
a family of noble Yugoslavian dwarves.

Once a loser, always a loser!

"YOUR LITTLE WORLD"

Your back should have circles
all painted in red,
for the knife that is poised
there
is for something you've said.

In jest was it mentioned
who cares anyway,
for you must be paid back
if not tomorrow, then someday.

It's really too bad,
and a sorrowful shame,
but "protect your own ass",
is the name of the game.

Men worry and sweat
over things petty and small
and when things don't go right,
what's the time of their call.

"You won't get me in trouble",
is their byword for all,
but listen very closely,
it's a plead not a call.

"He did it, not me",
I've heard again and again,
but that's nuclear power,
and their master lesson plan.

Mistakes will be made,
It's human, you know,
why exploit those who make them?
It's hatred you'll sow.

If you must always,
look around, look behind,
don't worry, It's the lot of some men
themselves trying to find.

Since men must work together,
wouldn't it be grand,
if aboard this "Little World"
More than one could understand.

The conclusion is simple,
there can be no other,
treat each man as your equal,
for aren't you all brothers.

D. L. Vance.

DATELINE: Bridge access trunk

Now a word here for "EL SLICKO"
Remember that fateful evening
during upkeep when the floating
wire flow control valve got as fed-
up with RML Finney as the rest of
us?

Does anyone recall ever seeing
Finney moving as fast as he did
that night?

The mystery surrounding that
fateful "BURP" will probably remain
a dark secret in Finney's life.

An extensive amount of snooping
on the part of this reporter failed
to reveal why Finney exited the
bridge access trunk at a speed still
unmatched by this nations fastest
fighter planes.

The benefits reaped by this mishap
are two-fold:

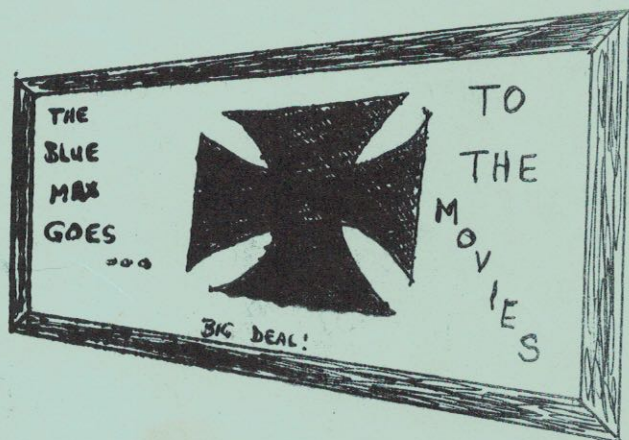
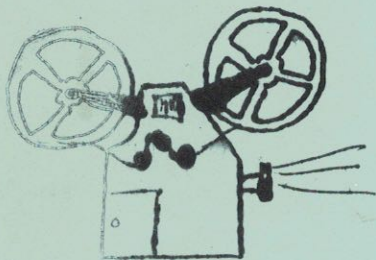
1. Finney had to take a shower.
2. He finally got his hair to
lay-down.

V/R
SCOOPER

OVERHEARD IN MANOVERING

BIG "O" to "JC": What now my love?

"JC": "You gotta be shittin me"



HERE WE ARE AGAIN, MOVIE FANS! BREAK OUT THE POPCORN AND FILL YOURSELF WITH NO-DOZE!

- MAR 19 WHO'S GOT THE ACTION ★ - Dean Martin and Lana Turner in one of those horrible movies Dean Martin made before he was making a lot of money and started making those horrible movies.
- MAR 20 THE WILD COUNTRY ★ - Steve Forrest and his family leave Pennsylvania for the Oregon trail. Jack Elam is in it - classic bad guy.
- MAR 21 BUTTERFIELD 8 ★★ - Liz Taylor as a high-class call girl, Laurence Harvey as her lover. Good drama and an academy award for Liz.
- MAR 22 SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SHERIFF ★★ ½ - A funny western with James Garner as a sheriff who has some weird methods of keeping law and order.
- MAR 23 SKIDOO + - Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing, and Groucho Marx(?!). Jackie, a former "torpedo" for that Sicilian organization with a lot of doubt, is called back to active duty to bump off a "stoolie" in jail. Some good looking girls, a funny jail break with all the guards on LSD, and an unbelievable plot.
- MAR 24 ANNE OF A THOUSAND DAYS ★★ ★ - An excellent movie of the life and times of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. Richard Burton and Catherine Bijold were nominated for academy awards. Well worth watching.
- MAR 25 AIRPORT ★★ ½ - The best selling movie of last year, it has "everything". Written from Arthur Hailey's best seller at a cost of millions. It stars Dean Martin, Burt Lancaster, Barry Nelson, Van Heflin, Jean Seaberg, Jacqueline Bisset, Maureen Stapleton, Helen Hayes, and George Kennedy. While pilots Dino and Barry cope with a bomber on board their 707, Burt handles the crêpes at the airport. Helen Hayes and George Kennedy steal the show.