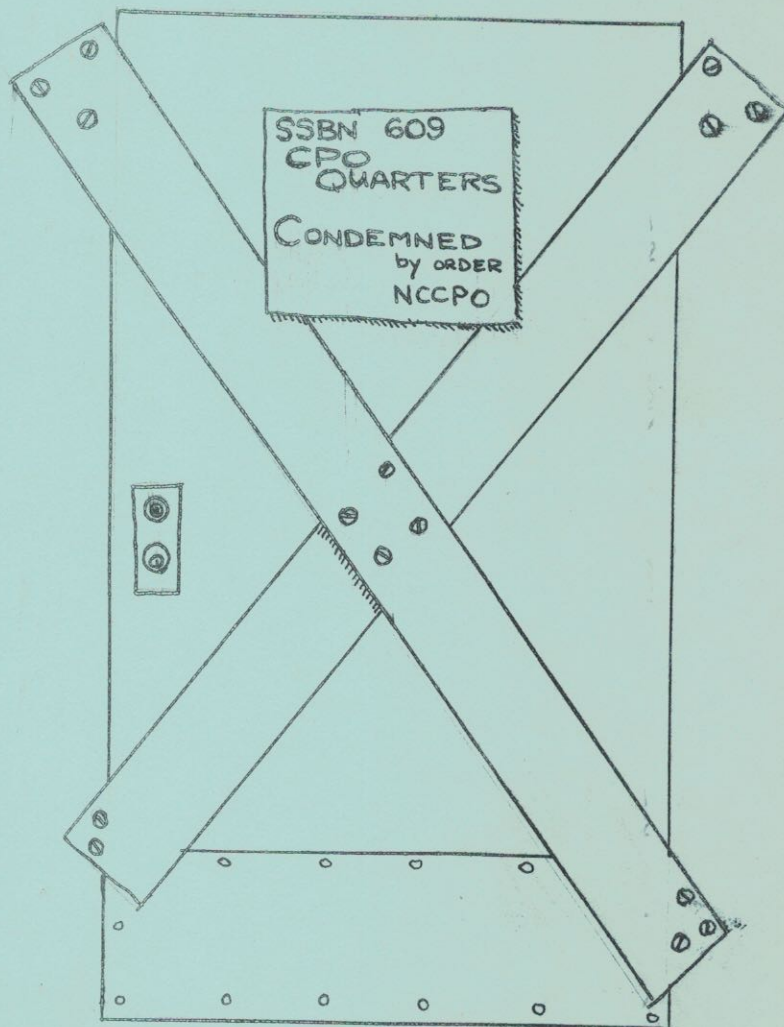


SHAFT

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2

**NATIONAL
CLEANUP of
CHIEF
PETTY
OFFICERS**



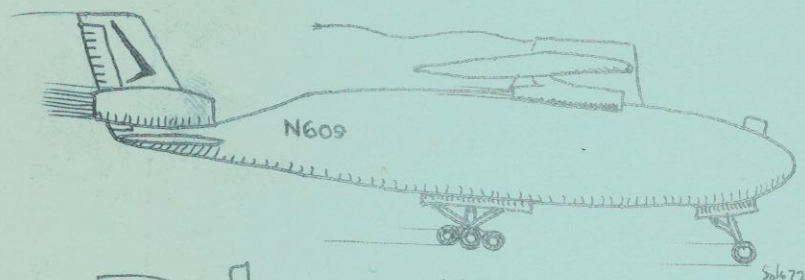
I DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME AWARD

The Bureau of Aeronautics in conjunction with the Shaft Staff take great pleasure in presenting this weeks I DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME AWARD.

This week it goes to none other than our own beloved COB, Red in the Head Burdette. Red has managed to perform 2 magnificent airless surfaces and almost achieve his lifelong ambition of piloting a flying sub. The radio gang also wishes to extend thier thanks for a real clean cutting job on the wire. Nice goint Red, keep up the good work.

We understand Red first qualified as a Diving Officer in 1960, it just goes to show you, old talents can't run these new fangled gadgets.

Well gAng, remember to cover your number. You might be next weeks lucky winner.



Red on the Heads'
"Dream Machine"

Cartoon Corner



"But Mr. Hornberger,
the Eng. never said
we had to wear
long pants"

WHO IS HIGHER

ADMIRAL:

Leaps tall buildings with a single bound.
Is more powerful than a locomotive.
Is faster than a speeding bullet.
Walks on water.
Gives policy guidance to God.

CAPTAIN:

Leaps short buildings with a single bound.
Is more powerful than a switch engine.
Is just as fast as a speeding bullet.
Walks on water if sea state is less than one.
Talks with God.

COMMANDER:

Leaps short buildings with a running start and favorable winds.
Is almost as powerful as a switch engine.
Is faster than a speeding BB.
Walks on water in indoor swimming pools.
Talks with God if special request is approved.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDERS:

Can barely clear Quonset Huts.
Loses tug-of-war with locomotive.
Can fire a speeding bullet.
Swims well.
Is occasionally addressed by God.

LIEUTENANT:

Makes high mark when trying to leap buildings.
Is run over by locomotives.
Can sometimes handle gun without inflicting self-injury.
Dog paddles.
Talks to animals.

LIEUTENANT JUNIOR GRADE:

Rns into buildings.
Recognizes locomotives two times out of three.
Is not issued live ammunition.
Can ~~stay~~ afloat if properly instructed in the use of the Mae West.
Talks to walls.

ENSIGNS AND CWO'S:

Falls over doorstep when trying to enter buildings.
Says "Look at the Choo-Choo."
Wets himself with water pistol.
Plays in mud puddles.
Mumbles to himself.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER:

Lifts buildings and walks under them.
Kicks locomotives off tracks.
Catches speeding bullets in his teeth and ~~chaw~~ chew their asses out.
Freezes water with a single glance.
HE IS GOD!

TDU SHOOTER'S TEST

1. Draw the TDU and show all connecting lines. List all valves and show flushing lines and drain lines. NO. List all valves
2. What system is used to flush the TDU? THIS PROCEDURE MAY BE FOUND IN EDOP 1216.01A. OPEN PROPULSION TURBINE GOVERNOR, TO THE ADJUST POSITION. OPEN HMV 1268. PUTTING A PRESSURE IN AFTER TRIM WITH 16001b STEAM SENDING WATER FORWARD. OPEN 99 VALVE ON TUBE 8 ALLOWING WATER TO PASS THROUGH THE TDU THUS BY FLUSHING CANS INTO THE OCEAN. (IF THIS FAILS USE THE TRIM PUMP).
3. Explain in detail a normal TDU loading and shooting cycle. List all steps. STEP 1. HAVE FRED DROWN COOK A MEAL. YOU KNOW THE REST.
4. What safety precaution is taken prior to opening the breech door? ENSURE FACE MASK ON OBA HAS GOOD SEAL. AND CO, XO, ENG AND DCA ARE NOT MANAING STANKE HOODS IN TORPEDO ROOM. (OR ENG DONN STANKE HOOD BECAUSE OF THE STANK).
5. Where does the flushing water come from that is used to flush the TDU? THE OCEAN.
6. What is the significant difference between opening and shutting the TDU Ball Valve? THE POSITION OF THE ACTUATOR HANDLE OR THE PULSE RATE OF THE MESSENGER.
7. Describe the method we use to shut the TDU Ball Valve. THE CARDIAC ARREST METHOD.
8. Where is the Emergency Closure handle for the TDU Ball Valve? ABOVE THE ACTUATOR. ALSO ONE IN SUPPLY.
9. List the interlocks associated with the TDU. OOD, DOW, COW, MR SCHOELLER, CHIEF BROWN.
10. What is differencnt about the open/shut indication on the TDU Ball Valve? BECAUSE ONE IS ALWAYS ON AND ONE IS ALWAYS OFF, WHEN THE ON INDICATION IS ON, THE HOLE IN THE BALL VALVE IS OPEN, IF THE OTHER IS ON, THE HOLE IN THE BALL VALVE IS SHUT OR A LIGHT IS BURNED OUT IN THE SHUT INDICATION.
11. How do you determine a leak rate on the TDU? OPEN THE BREECH DOOR AT 120' AND WAIT TILL CREWS BERTHING IS FULL. DIVIDE 125,000 GALLONS BY TIME IT TOOK TO FLOOD AND YOUR ANSWER IS IN GALLONS PER MINUTE.
12. Why do the TDU cans have to weigh at least 55-60 lbs? BECAUSE SOME ARBITRARY SOB SAID THEY HAD TO!
13. Why are the cans lowered into the TDU? BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T LOWER THEM YOU CAN'T SHOOT THEM OUT.

14. If the TDU malfunctions, who do you contact? VERA CROTCH-MYER AND ASSOCIATES, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44487.
15. Why do we wait 1 minute before flushing the TDU after equalizing? TO SEE IF IT'S GOING TO WORK OR NOT.
16. Why do we equalize the TDU before opening the TDU Ball Valve? BECAUSE OF LACK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO DO.
17. Where is the hydraulic stop for the TDU to open the Ball Valve normally? What hydraulic system does it come off of? LOOK IN ANY TAB, IT TELLS YOU THERE.
18. What steps are taken if this ball valve cannot be hand-pumped shut? OVER THE IMC "OUR FATHER..."
19. What should the man in charge look for when inspecting the cans before they are loaded into the TDU? PRESSURIZED CANS, AND HALF EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES, ETC.
20. Where is the TDU Ball Valve located? AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT.

PERSONAL PERSONNEL POKERS:

Dear Doug (HUTCHISON),

Really Doug, just because you'll be the junior First Class MT on board doesn't mean you have to do anything so drastic as trying for NESEP again. Joe will let you play LPO when he's asleep.

Love,
OUR MAN-DUSTER DAN

Dear Lawrence IC2(SU),

It has been brought to our attention that you don't particularly like us. Well, guess what buddy! We don't like smart ass, sniffing unqualified pukes like you. If you haven't guessed by now we'll tell you what we've heard. Qual boards for first patrollers are to be held at the end of this patrol. Good luck!

Dear Spade,

My congratulations to you. When I first began this venture to avenge the Black Wizard I had no idea my adversary possessed the stelh and cunning you displayed this past week. I was going about the boat in my usual manner attempting to ferret out information on your identity and your base of operation.

In an effort to obtain information on the identity of the radical left wing extremists involved in the staff of that corrupt rag that you have the unmitigated gall to call a newspaper I have been forced to go to extreme.

My first strong scent came when I located the source of your printing press. I was able to set up an observation post in the upper level missile compartment to observe the comings and goings around the A.B. Dick machine. At the expense of great personal discomfort I was able to assume the identity of a large hydraulic oil pool. This allowed me to blend in perfectly with the surrounding area. You can imagine the amount of discomfort I experienced, especially when those bungling idiot rovers tried to swab me up every night. My efforts proved fruitful though and I believe I have identified two of your members.

One of them runs around with ink all over his hands making strange noises resembling an ape while the other is much more cunning. This nefarious cretin employed a devious scheme to eradicate my observation post. In his own publications he ordered a field day, and I was horrified to see a tidal wave of 409 followed by eager scrubbers coming down the passageway toward me. I was forced to reassume my previous form and was able to escape certain destruction by catching a fast trolley to the operations compartment from where I was able to affect my escape. When I arrived at the entrance to my secret coven I was appalled to find some infidel clearing the verdigras and mung away thus removing the protective camouflage. This infidel was quickly dealt with and the integrity of my coven preserved.

Hear me out Spade! I now know two of your members and will soon have the rest. As I promised you earlier, you and your kind are doomed. My secret society is growing day by day and under my guidance your fiendish followers will soon be eradicated.

THE PERVERTED SORCERER

Dear perverted Sorcerer,

I thank you for your generosity, but you are premature- my talents have not been truly exposed to you. I found it humorous to watch your exploits in the missile compartment. Yes, I was there! We (my compatriots and I) had you under observation from the time you first entered the compartment.

When you left so hurriedly, I made a chase, but the trolley you escaped on was a trifle too fast for me. Then some bungling FT idiot (MUDDLETON) was taste testing some of his nose pickings and made me nauseous before I could trap you.

We found the poor man you devastated in the operations compartment and broke Dr. Mendadic out of his rack for this poor creature. You NURD!" Why pick on a mere human???? You are truly a low being-even the infamous Black Wizard kept his rath from being placed upon the locals.

At the same time the IC/T2-FA sounded its alarm. We thought you had tried to ravage the launcher watch and proceeded to the scene. The launcher watch had been ravaged alright, but not by you. It seems Red on the Head Overlord of Seamen- had expended all his things to casualty switch in MCC for a fire control problem and was in the process of casualty switching PTCCS A with PTCCSB when he passed gas again. Doctor Mendadic to the rescue again! (The corpsman was in sickbay recovering from a "too much sleep drill" and the XO was administering the critique.)

You seemed to have eluded us this time my friend, but standby-When we get you you'll receive not only the fid, but also the cleat, the hauser, the davit, and anything else the kindly Captain will lendus. And remember- Good Guys always return borrowed items!!!

THE SPADE



Trimmer, a White Albino Monkey residing in Engineerroom Lower Level, who, disguised as Walter Rinehole Dieterle, mild mannered, non-qualified, nuclear trained delinquent machinist mate aboard Sam Houston, roams the Engineerroom Lower Level in search of bilge suction, hotwell levels, and the engineerroom lower level, has brought to our attention a most astonishing disclosure in the nature of auxiliarymen after. Dieterle, who also answers to Schaffler, Buckley, Marks, and Rover (Due to an obvious similarity) reports an odd couple of Peggy Fleming and Zane Gray standing, aux aft and trainee.

P. Fleming is the world renowned olympic gold medalist and world champion skater, Fleming has finished the amateur scene and gone professional.

Peggy, it is said, is teaching young Z. Gray all the fine points to becoming a top-notch, A-1 skater.

A few questions are still left to be answered: Can Zane stand the pain of pretty Peggy's professional status and rigorous training schedule? Will the secret ever be found out as to how Petty Fleming and Zane Gray can so effectively spend six hours on watch without once being seen? Can Dieterle, stronger than a gross of Pollocks, faster than the main coolant loop fast speed transient time, able to leap in a single bound tall main sea water pipes, with the help of the Boston Fire Department (BFD) #1 hook and ladder truck; out-manuever Peggy's crescent wrench?

WRD

To the Shaft Staff,

To the spade, and the rest of the crew, The Wizard is dead, that much is true but I am here to avenge his death, and to rob the Spade of his last breath. (For I am no other, than the wizard's little brother).

So listen Spade, I'm not a nuke, but when I'm done, you'll look like puke. Even though you fight and run away. You'll live to fight me, another day. I'll search you out from bow to stern, and when I find you, this lesson you'll learn. "If you bother me like you did my brother, you'll be running home to your Slimy Mother." So until next week, when again I'll write, look out Spade, cause I'm itching to fight.

LITTLE BROTHER

Dear Little Brother,

I read your letter with great delight. It is true that I did humanity a favor by destroying your alleged cretin cousin, but I was not aware that you even existed. Fancy that! Anyway, it is a pleasure to have a relative of the Black Wizard for a new adversary.


As you may have already read, the SHAFT has kindly reprinted your letter to me - verbatim - that means word for word - mistake for mistake what was most remarkable was your audacity to make such outlandish remarks. Little boy - if you care to fight then come ahead, but you may find me more than you can handle.

You seem to be of the same intellectual level as your "brother", i.e., sub-moron. Do you actually think I could fear a demented ameba such as yourself when I would class the Black Wizard as a retarded paramcium which is significantly on a higher order than you??

Well, osmosis this my little fiend - when I get done handling the peverted soccerer I'll squash you, too.

I'll accept you'r challenge if you honestly feel competent enough to with stand my on slaughts, but remember this!! Get smart now before I give you an education you won't soon forget. I strongly suggest that you place your pacifier back in your mouth and climb back into the crib again before your mother find out that you've crapped your pants.

I remain,

He 

IN MEMORIAM

The SHAFT sorrowfully extends condolences to the friends and family of the as of yet unknown officer who was lost at sea on MAY 15, 1972. In the line of duty this officer was assuming his watch station in the Wardroom head aft throne relieving himself of hot air and whatever.

Needless to say, nothing remained but his poopysuit and shoes were found hours (15hrs and 25mins to be exact) later by a fellow officer whose habit it is to peep over stall doors so as to keep track of ships happenings and evolutions.

Since some of the officers have not been out of their racks since May 15 it is not positively known who the officer was. An investigation is in progress.

The award of Purple Heart and several Viet Nam ribbons is expected for this valiant contributor to the war effort.

HONESTLY, XO, WE DIDN'T DO IT!!!

Groves
Gram
Powell

P.S.

...,but we know who did.

SHAFT INTERVIEW

This week the Shaft interviews none other than RMI Richard J. ADAMSON.

SHAFT: Good evening, Mr. Adamson.

ADAMSON: Good evening, Shaft please call me Satch.

SHAFT: That's a strange nickname, where did it come from.

SATCH: It goes back quite a way really, all the way to the begining of last run. It is short for Satchelbutt.

SHAFT: Where did you ever pick up that handle sir?

SATCH: Well, I used to be a surface craft sailor before I began my long submarine career. I thought I could sit on my ass here the same as I did on surface ships and with a few minor exceptions I do just that.

SHAFT: I take it you have been on submarines quite some time then.

SATCH: Oh yes, this is my second run.

SHAFT: You must be qualified by now then.

SATCH: Well almost, I got a couple more sleeze signatures this past week to keep my off the dink list.

SHAFT: I didn't realize they did that sort of thing.

SATCH: They don't for everyone, but I am such a pain in the neck they sign my card just to get rid of- me.

SHAFT: If sounds like you really have the boat eating out of your hand sir.

SATCH: I am working on it. I no longer wait in chow lines or partisipate in all hands working parties.

SHAFT: Did you notice much difference in rating priviledges or authority when you left surface craft for submarines.

SATCH: No not really, when you posses the amaizing abality to lead men the way I do, you can make your own rules.

SHAFT: How do the living quarters compare?

SATCH: Well, they are a little substandard now but I plant to take over the Wardroom this run and make it a first class lounge.

SHAFT: How do you think the officers will like that?

SATCH: With my silver tongue I'll have them thinking they got a good deal. I also have my eye on the CO's stateroom, it's more to my liking than my present accomidations.

SHAFT: Well sir you certainly do have some great asperations.

SATCH: Naturally, a man of my talents and dynamic personality desevers the best.

SHAFT: You certainly do sir. I can't help but think you are going to get just that. The very best everyone is able to throw at you. I only wish we were all going to be present at your qual board. That seems like the ideal place to throw a lot of things at you.

SATCH: They wouldn't dare.

SHAFT: Want to bet? Well, good nigh sir it has been very interesting. See you readers next week with another in our series of Shaft interviews.

YOUR MAILMAN

For my service you don't pay
Sometimes I come twice a day
I'm you mailman
I can come in any kind of weather
cause you know my bag is made of leather
Im you mailman
Rain or Sleet or hail or snow
When I come I'll let you know
Im you mailman
You can trust me I';; deliver
When I come I'll make you quiver
I'm your mailman
You can tell that I'm not married
Cause my load is all hand carried
I'm you mailman
Sometimes it is bad news I may bring you
But the way I bring it, seems to please you
I'm your mailman
Bolt your windows, lock your locks
And I'll slip it in your box
I'm your mailman

Sometimes I remind you of your zip code
Cause I make sure you always get the Full Load
I'm your mailman