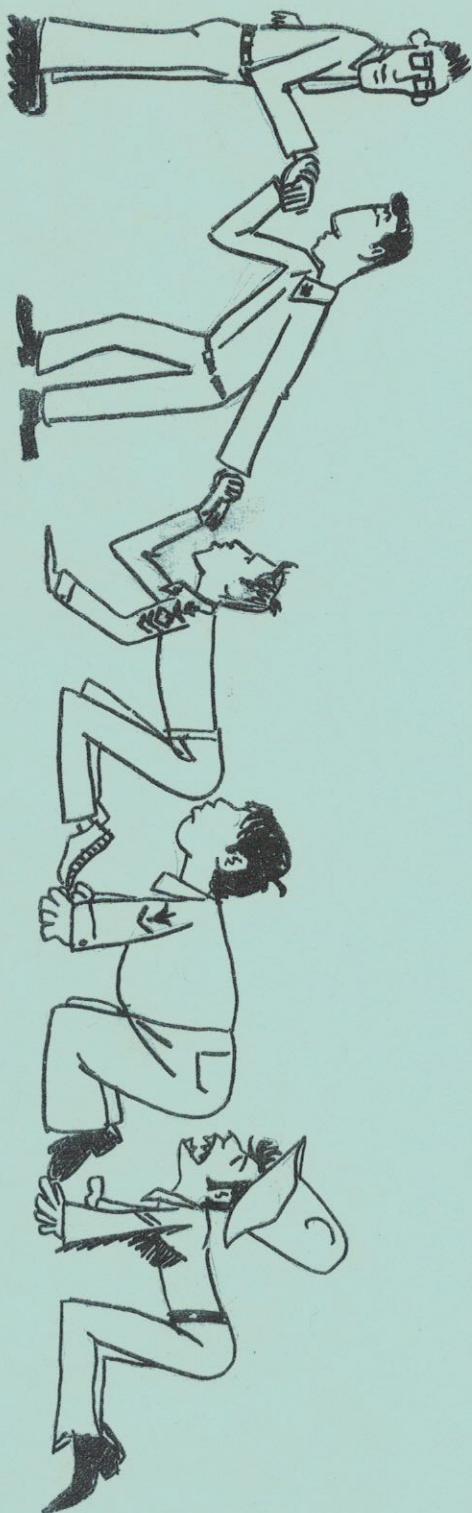


SHAFT

VOL. XXXV
ED. # 5



EDITORIAL

Greetings again, group! This week the Shaft has returned to wine and dine you with the greatest master peices of the literary world (anyway from Big Sam).

This past week landmarked Halfway for Patrol 35 for the Gold. We think it's something everyone has been looking forward to - at least we have. Speaking of halfway. Congratulations are in order for the participants of the "Halfway Party". Well done! It is understood that there are plans in the making for a Fourth of July Party. Anyone having ideas or skits get hot and work them out. The more the better.

And now we're ready to entertain you with our assorted junk and perverted articles. Hold on to you poppy suits and enjoy it.

Cid Infinitum Dinki,
the scribe



"I DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME"

This week the famous and sought after "I do it right the first time award" goes to none other than the handsome, charming, debonair, collegiate, intelligent, honest, benevolent, sweet, endearing, semi-nice guy - The Southern Bell - formerly the Miss USNA '02 and Miss Georgia Peach of South Charleston.

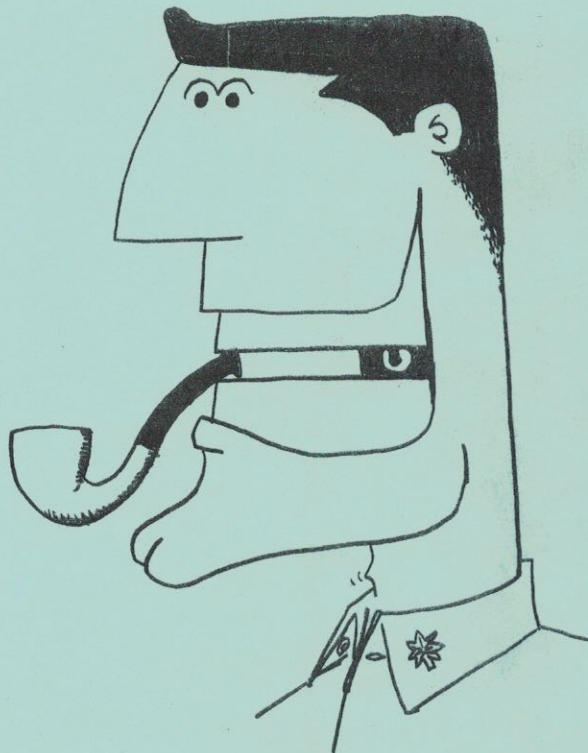
In the face of certain disaster during the Halfway party the XO (formerly *William J.*) in cooperation with a secret agent conspired against the crew in that they wilfully locked their doors to their hobbit holes to prevent intrusion in to their private collection of Zap and Fantastic Four comix books.

Feeling that the danger had passed the XO said to the secret agent - "Hey-y'all! y'all want to see one of them there new fangled talkies?" the Secret agent said, "yup!" the XO said, "Y'all unlock yer door y'a hear, and follows me." The secret agent said, "Yup!"

Boy the SB really blew that one. There was standing room only in his hobbit hole provided he could have entered it. Chairs- Chairs everywhere y'all.

Well - the Shaft proudly present the award and says - Y'all do it right the first time again chear?"

SHAFT STAFF



AN EDITORIAL WITH A REPLY TO THE OTHER EDITORIAL

To throw some light on the seatbelt situation in this country:

A study was done on 60,000 accidents of the collision type. This was not a questionnaire but a scientific study on seatbelts.

Up to and including a 60MPH dead stop collision, there were No deaths or permanent disablements for those persons wearing the seatbelt/harness combination.

Down to and including a 5MPH collision there were deaths and permanent disablements. Several deaths were caused at 5MPH.

Does this enlighten any of you non-users? Or do you still desire to take the chance of your girlfriend/wife having scars on her face for the rest of her life?

Take this into consideration:

On a Sunday afternoon drive, this man's car got a flat at 50MPH. The car veered to the right and started into a ditch, it rolled over and came to an abrupt stop into a tree. He was lucky, only got a few cuts and scrapes and six broken ribs.

His wife was thrown clear of the car, some people's excuse for not wearing seatbelts, safety factor, you know. Too bad she went into the next tree. Broke her skull into several pieces.

There two month old baby was also thrown free of the car. About one hour after the accident, the baby was found without a scratch or cut or any broken bones. In fact, the child wasn't hurt in anyway whatsoever. Too bad he landed in a nearby pond and drowned.

Still not satisfied?? Well, that's not my problem... I wear mine even to back out of the driveway to turn the car around.

Here is a silly but effective way to find out just how good seatbelts and shoulder harnesses are:

(This test to be done only by the unbeliever who has a car to spare and doesn't give a shit about broken bones.)

When you and your best friend are in your car, head for a tree or brick wall or something similar at about 15MPH. Don't use any brakes, just smack the tree head on. Think you could withstand the collision, even knowing it's coming? A typical fender-bender accident on a crowded city street would probably be worse.

Goodluck to those of you who put your lives into the hands of all the other nuts on our roads.

Respectfully,

One who cares about the good things in life that are worth living for.

NOTES OF INTEREST

It would seem that Oregon, will be one of the last to fall victim to the current insure of hippies. It seem that our own SA(SU) Leonard Wright and a few of his followers came galping across the plains to find a bunch of pippies congregating there.

Wright claims that he and his friends quickly raped the hippies and took them to the nearest water hole where they proceeded to give them all baths and cut their hair.

It sure is a shame he can't seem to show the same amount of enthusiasm on his own ships quals.

It has been noted that although Billy "B" is still wearing his green sweatshirt there has been a charge. For the last week or so he has been keeping the collar outside the sweatshirt, I wonder why.

An inside informer has told us that our own Howard Boone is undergoing body stretching treatments. Only a very small part of his body is involved though. He lives with Dobson and Pecorelli and has developed an inferiority complex in regard to the old statement about men being created equal.

You know the old saying give a man an inch and he will take a mile, we have a different saying. Give Howard an inch and he'll give you anything.

Rumor has it that Lennex and Riddle are going to start a reading course for the chiefs quarters. They were working on the drain to the chiefs head the other day and had removed the stop valve, They had previously posted the CPO head with numerous signs and warnings all to no avail. At last three of the goats managed to relieve themselves much to the dismay of Byron and Fast Eddie,

Dear Wife,

During the past year I have attempted to seduce you 365 times and I succeeded 35 times. This averages once every 10 days. The reasons for my failures are:

We'll wake the children.....	7
It's too cold.....	20
It's too hot.....	25
I'm too tired.....	104
Pretending sleep.....	30
It's too early.....	16
Window open, neighbors will hear.....	9
Backache.....	12
Headache.....	12
Giggles.....	7
I'm too full.....	4
Baby's crying.....	11
Not in the mood.....	19
Flags flying.....	17
Company's in the house.....	2
Your messing my hair.....	10
Your too drunk.....	7

Now, dear, do you think we could improve our record this coming year?

Hopefully,
Your Husband

My Darling Husband,

I am quite aware that you attempted to seduce me 365 times last year and your score of 35 is probable right, but I am sure you will read and consider some of my complaints also. To begin with, those excuses I gave you were meant to inspire you, not necessarily to stop you. Let's consider the first reason, We'll wake the children. When we were single and I lived at home, we sometimes didn't use the couch because we were afraid we'd wake my parents, but you didn't take "no" for an answer then. You suggested we go for a ride, or use pillows on the floor. What's the problem now? We still have a car and pillows. Second. It's too cold. Remember those sub-zero nights in your convertible with those leather seats? Why you even offered to lay your coat on the seat for me and now you accept too hot or too cold for an excuse.

All the other excuses were superficial, except that one I believe you really underrated, ~~NOT IN THE MOOD!~~ During our first years, you'd spend hours and even days getting me in the mood, but now you just pat my "Chuck" and say, "How about a little tonight?" WHAT ELSE DO YOU EXPECT BUT EXCUSES?

When we were dating you came to see me all shined up, clean shaven and you spent money to entertain me, now we stay at home, you seldom bathe never use after shave cologne and expect me to

accept love from a cactus beard in a room filled with the aroma of beer farts. Yes, I think we can improve our score this year. If you will just spend the time it took you to prepare your report combing your hair or bathing with me, like we were doing the night my parents came home early and you had to crawl out the bathroom window you'll find that I will remember where to hide the soap and Hang the washcloth.

Your Loving,
Wife

There seems that there are a couple of auxiliariymen, one qualified, and one non-qual, that claim the fwd torpedomen have been putting out bum dope as far as what hydraulics the emergency flooding control accumulator is charged from. (Qual Question of the Week). What hydraulics is the accumulator charged from. Answer is of course Main Return Header. "A: Gang heavies argue that its charged from main supply header through two (2) bleeder check valves. From the torpedomen, READ YOUR EDOP GUYS" EDOP 704 pg. 4. It specifies Main return header. If there is still any doubt come up to the room, and the room watch will take you guys by your hot, heavy, little hands and he will get you a little bit heavier on YOUR GEAR!!!

QUALIFIED on SAM HOUSTON

P. 3. Rumors say "A" gang lost a six pack.

It was noted in the RMTM in "The fanny side" a very strange poem (call it that if you wish) appeared. Nice job "Freak", but to bad you ran out of things to say. Also... too bad you don't know what the hell you're talking about you freaky shit bird - SAM HOUSTON "our boat" was not built by ELECTRIC BOAT. Would you believe it was built south of the Mason-Dixie line in Newport News, ??? You'd better because it was and if your don't believe it look at the plaque in Crew's Mess you dumb puke.

A REPLY READER

Is it true that the XO insulted Moby's Mother?

Well, Spade,

It would seem that it has been an eventful week. I took great pleasure in watching the fiasso that took place behind the scenes of the Halfway Party. Your partner in crime, the Southern Bell and his followers sure caught hell.

I shall have to learn the identity of the vandals, they should come in handy as members of my organization. I have been thinking of starting a riot squad for quite a while. They should be very efficient in helping to rid the boat of your pestilence. The treatment your pal the Southern Bell got was nothing compared to what I am going to do to you.

Under my expert hand my riot squad will strike out at the oppression you and your kind are forcing on the poor underprivileged crew.

Muster your forces Spade, the battle is at hand. I am going to employ every type of warfare known to man in order to stamp your ass. You have managed to hide your identity from me thus far Spade but I am going to ferret you out. Commencing this week one of your group is going to experience my wrath each day until you come out in the open and face me in combat. I would say man to man but you can hardly be called a man you ludicrous idiot. Remember Spade one of your group gets it each day till we finally meet.

Samuel
Sorvino

Dear Perverted Sorcerer,

I am sorry to say your plans for a riot squad can never be fulfilled. The demented souls who played such a foul and unthinkable deed upon the Southern Bell during the Halfway Party should have thought twice before acting so rashly. Anyway, they have been ferretted out and are in total isolation now awaiting excommunication. We are now waiting for His Holiness, William, the scubby doo to find his breivary so he can perform the ceremony.

You know perverted sorcerer I really thought you were intelligent at one time but now I see just how stupid you really are. As many times as you have attempted to foil my plans for justice and the American way of life and to live up to my Beloved TL-29 it seems that you've always fallen short. You are not only a disgrace to the good wizards of the world, but also rumor has it the evil, foul-minded wizards are now contemplating removing your facilities and banning you from the Eastern Right of the Western Wizard's Associated, Inc. I really hope they do for then my job of elimanating the sleezy, slimey being of yourself from this sacred ship.

At the Fourth of July Party the wonderful men of Big Sam are planning to have a living monument of the Magnificent Freedom fighter TL-29. Even you are invited Perverted Sorcerer, and may this memorial always remind you that your time is short and that I shall reap the harvest of victory over your corrupt soul.

So now perverted Sorcerer I leave you with these words of wisdom - Relent or Repent, Your doom is at hand.



A SPANISH LOOK AT A PROBLEM

When I first came aboard, I looked around for a division to make for.

I noticed one division who seem to be extremely tight. Matter of fact it looked like the men actually enjoy working. No one seemed to mind the little jobs or the big jobs. It looked like they didn't mind staying up working on gear.

After 4 patrols, the reason hit me. The whole secret behind this division high morale, was the chief.

If any of his men got in trouble, he stood behind them. He was there if they needed him. If while working on a job his men got in a fix, he would be there jolly on the spot. If he couldn't fix it, he would turn and ask for help.

Why should I look at the past. The past is long gone and so is that chief and so is my desire to strike for that division. The "now" story is simple. From what I overheard, the new chief isn't a worker, he is a politician. From what I overheard from a couple of chief and some of the guys one day, it seems like his division run into a fix over a couple pieces of equipment and his men turn to him for help. He sat back and give his men some verbal aid, but he didn't go and look at the equipment.

As his men again and again run into trouble on the same piece of equipment, his men is frustrated turn to other division's chiefs. Their general comment is why should we help you if your chief is in the rack? Why doesn't he look at it?

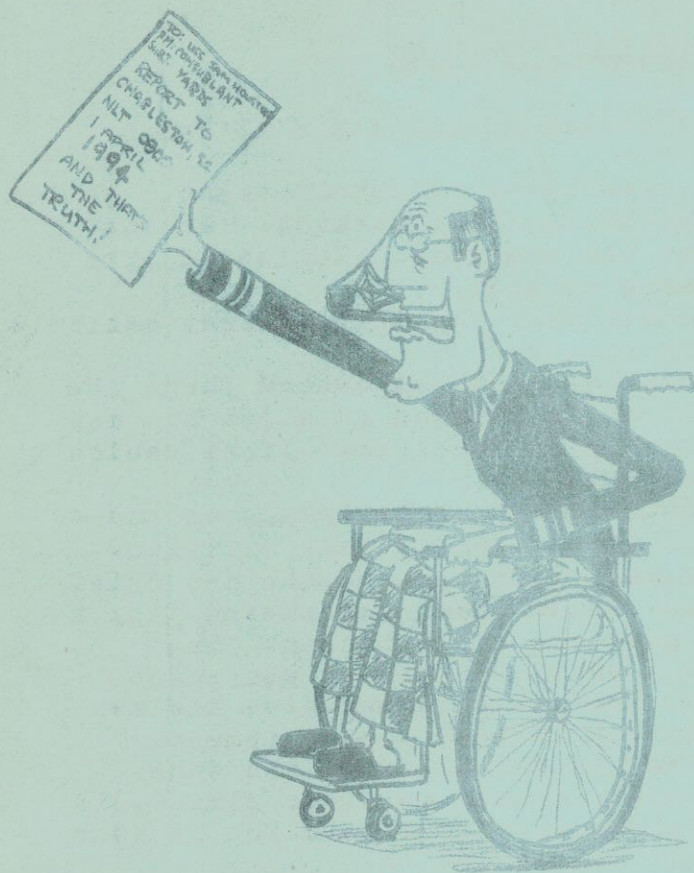
A LOOK AT A PROBLEM FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

While looking at the old and new my heart is troubled at what I see. Not in the worker level - In the Leader - Supervisor - helper level. I catch the mighty shock and the wrath of evil that descend down from above and I continuously take it in stride. I understand the guys problems and try to help them. When their on a job and in a jam they know that I am there to help them and assist if need be. But, why can't the other Super's be like me. Why should I help his men when he's in his rack and I should be. Why do they seek my knowledge and not his.

Was his change so fast for them to absorb or what? I don't mind helping. They are a great bunch of guys but we have to lead them back on the right track.

Help them when they need it. Be their politician - leader - supervisor but also help them when they need it. Be their friend but be willing to assist.

From the Spaniard I ponder what Chief that chief is talking about.



"WE'RE GOING, WE'RE REALLY GOING! YIPPEEE..."

CARTOON CORNER

by
Sole



THE YEAR 1975

A law has been passed requiring every couple married five years to have a baby.

If the couple is unable to have a child, a government man is sent to their home to visit the wife, and he is to be the means whereby she becomes a mother.

It is the morning of the fifth anniversary of a childless couple.

HUSBAND: "Well, goodby dear, I'm off to the office. I suppose the government man will be here shortly. Be courteous, but impersonal!"

The husband leaves the house with bowed head. The wife pretties herself and powders her nose. (Doorbell rings!) She is expecting the government man, but instead..... it is a baby photographer soliciting business, not knowing there is no baby in the house. The following conversation takes place, the wife continuing to think it is the government man who has called.

WIFE: Good morning!

PHOTOGRAPHER: How do you do? You do not know me but I represent.....

WIFE: You need not to explain Mr.

PHOTOGR: Jones is the name Madam and I make a specialty of.....

WIFE: Yes of course. Won't you come in and sit down?

PHOTOGR: Thank you. Your husband probably told you that.....

WIFE: Yes we agreed that it's the best thing to do.

PHOTOGR: Well in that case, I might as well get busy.

WIFE: Why ever an -- I'm not familiar with the way you work, where do we start?

PHOTOGR: Just leave that to me Madam, I recommend two in the bathtub, one or two on the sofa and a couple on the floor.

WIFE: Bathtub, .. sofa, .. floor, good heavens!

PHOTOGR: Well my dear lady, even the best of us can't get a good one every time, but one of six is bound to be a honey. I usually have the best luck in the bathtub.

WIFE: Forgive me, but it does seem a bit informal.

PHOTOGR: The charm of the whole thing is, it's informality. Perhaps you would like to see one of the samples of my work?

WIFE: Samples of your work? Well go ahead.

PHOTOGR: (Opens an album of baby pictures and shows her).

Look at this baby, it's a good job, it took four hours isn't it a beauty?

WIFE: Four hours? Well yes it is a lovely child.

PHOTOGR: For a real tough assignment, look at this one, believe it or not, this one was done on a fifth Avenue bus.

WIFE: (Gasping) A fifth Avenue bus?

PHOTOGR: It's really not so hard when you know how, and a man in my line, when he knows how, finds it a pleasure.

WIFE: Yes I suppose so.

PHOTOGR: Now here is one I made in Mary's window at high noon.
Yes Madam only one shot was necessary,

WIFE: Er -- Ah -- Isn't Mary window a little public?

PHOTOGR: Well the mother was a movie actress and she wanted the publicity and she got it. (Turns page) here is my best job.

WIFE: (Gulp...) Twins?

PHOTOGR: Yes Madam it took from two in the afternoon till five.
These are the handsomest boys you ever saw. I knocked
That job in central park one snowy afternoon last winter.
I never worked under more difficult conditions what
with people four and five deep pushing to get a look.

WIFE: (Shaking) People four and five deep!

PHOTOGR: Yes Madam, people everywhere. Just imagine, more than
three hours under handicaps like that, two cops had
to help me. I could have gotten a few more shots in,
but the squirrels started to gnaw at my equipment.

THE LADY FAINTED!!!!!!

* * * * *

A BEWARE NOTE

Non-quals are a very shifty lot. But there is a non qual
whom is sly and sneakier than the others.

He fly's light into check off, and obtains max hold questions.
This is all well and good for I did it a couple of times when
I was getting qualified.

But he goes a step further and recopied the questions. Of
course, he arbitrary leaves some of the questions off.

This note is just a warning to the qualified personnel
on board. So beware of certain non-qual which have to copy
questions.

* * * * *

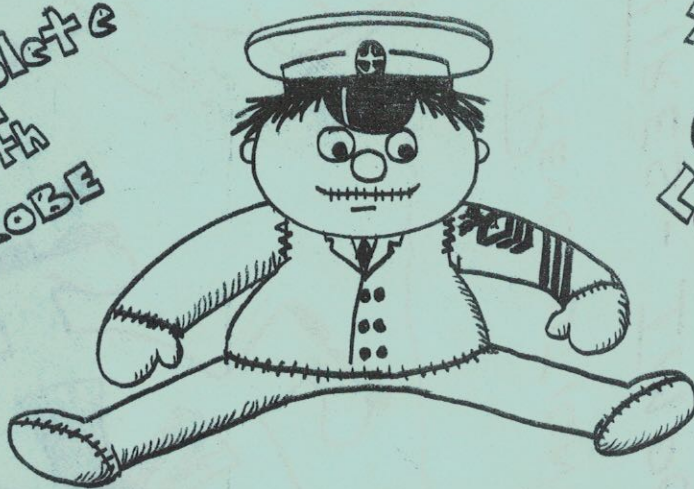
THE GREEN PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN

Last Tuesday, the "Green Phantom" had the dive when "Daniel
Ward" came into control puffing a big sweet smelling cigar. Right
away our man for clean air got on Old Daniel. "Ward, I may have
a little trouble with Crepeau; but I sure won't have any trouble
with you. You're so skinny when you stand sideways and stick
your tongue out you look just like a zipper." All through this
stood Daniel puffing his stoogie into the Phantom's face. Daniel
and cigar smoke +100 - Green Phantom - polluted air.

Coming Soon

The All New Raggedy Waldo Doll

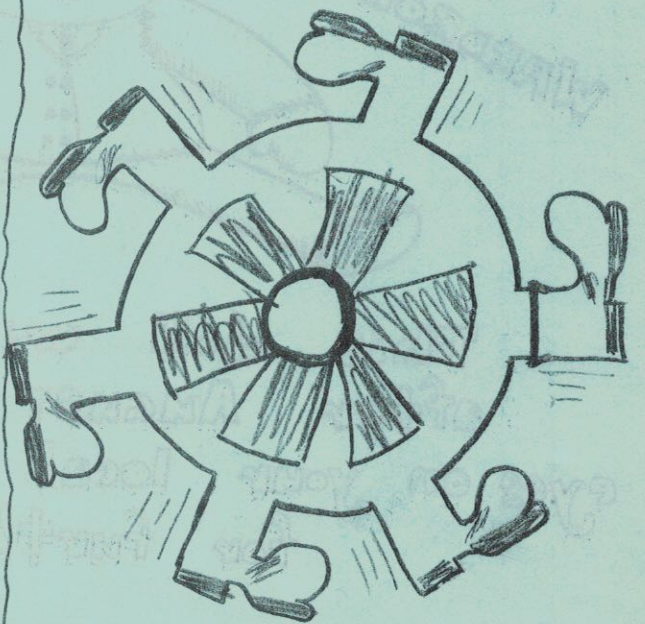
Complete
with
WARDROBE



The All NEW
C.P.O.
Look

This doll will be out sometime
after August 1st. So keep your
eyes on your local AMR#1 workbench
for further details.

IF YOU SEE IT
CALL YOUR DEALERS
TO PUT IT ON



REVOLUTIONARY NEW SNOW
TIRES - IMPORTED DIRECTLY

FROM ITALY --- DAGO THRU SNOW;
THRU MUD; DAGO THRU RAIN; AND WHEN
DAGO FLAT DAGO;
WOP! WOP! WOP! WOP!

INTERVIEW

This week we are pleased to have with us Mr. Byron C. Lennox, one of Big Sams most noted (notorious) Auxilliarymen.

SHAFT: Good evening, sir.

LENNOX: Evening, Shaft.

SHAFT: It certainly, is a pleasure to have you with us tonight.

LENNOX: I am glad to be here Shaft.

SHAFT: How long have you been aboard sir?

LENNOX: This is my third detergent patrol.

SHAFT: How do you like it aboard Big Sam?

LENNOX: Actually, I like it very much, but I can't go around letting on that I enjoy it.

SHAFT: Why not sir?

LENNOX: Well as you know before coming to Big Sam I was attached to a diesel boat and before that a long list of other diesel boats and to a large number of the jails located in their home ports. This earned me the name diesel boat and I am trying hard to regain this title.

SHAFT: What do you mean by regain Sir?

LENNOX: Well, last patrol someone started calling me Ass Eyes and I am having a hell of a time getting rid of the name.

SHAFT: How did you come by that name sir?

LENNOX: I guess I go around with my head up my ass most of the time.

SHAFT: Why do you go around like that sir?

LENNOX: I hate to face reality.

SHAFT: What is this reality you can't face?

LENNOX: My boss, I think you have heard of him, (The Green Phantom)

SHAFT: Oh yes, we know of him. It must be hard working for such a demanding person.

LENNOX: Terrible.

SHAFT: How do you manage it?

LENNOX: Oh, I just go about my business and try to stay out of the Phantom's way.

SHAFT: That must be quite a chore, the boat isn't that big.

LENNOX: No, but it isn't all that bad. You just have to make sure you are never where you're supposed to be.

SHAFT: Could you give us an example of that?

LENNOX: Sure, like when I am the Aux Forward, instead of being in Control like I am supposed to be I hide in the Torpedo Room or sick bay or MCC. The Phantom plays hell finding me and when I am off watch I just sleep in someone else's bunk.

SHAFT: Sounds like a good system, the patrol is past the halfway point now so it looks like you have it made. What are your plans for the import?

LENNOX: That begins a complete change of life for me from the present. I think I will just spend the first day laying around the house resting then just play it by ear.

SHAFT: Where do you live?

LENNOX: With several other members of the crew in a little house on Drawbridge Rd. in Preston, Conn.

SHAFT: Isn't that where the Happyland Heroes live?

LENNOX: Yes, I am one of them.

SHAFT: My god, I had no idea. That must make life interesting.

LENNOX: No, terrifying would be a better way to put it.

SHAFT: Why do you say that sir?

LENNOX: Are you kidding, Groves has a 45 automatic, Tibbetts has a 44 magnum and Rust keeps a quart of Wild Turkey in his hand. With that combinations anything could and usually does happen. To maintain a balance of power I went and bought a 45 myself.

SHAFT: That must even the score up doesn't it?

LENNOX: Not really, they are better shots than I am. Groves has blown the house full of holes, Moby keeps the neighbors awake at night and Rust is apt to do anything, it all depends on how much Wild Turkey he drinks, all this is bad, but to make matters worse Buzzard shows up every day or so and shoots the hell out of everything with his guns.

SHAFT: My god, how do you protect yourself?

LENNOX: I run.

SHAFT: Where?

LENNOX: To the Brookside, the owner makes them check in their iron when they come in there.

SHAFT: With all this time at Battle Stations have you any free time?

LENNOX: Oh yes, the fire fights are usually short.

SHAFT: What other interests do you have?

LENNOX: I spend a lot of time with my horses.

SHAFT: How many do you have.

LENNOX: Two right now but I am expecting to receive a baby horse gram soon.

SHAFT: You must really be anxious to receive word sir.

LENNOX: Yes, I am making plans now to bring the horses back to Conn. from N.Y.

SHAFT: Where will you keep them?

LENNOX: We have a large shed behind the house, then of course there is always the house itself.

SHAFT: You don't mean in the house do you.

LENNOX: Sure, that crazy corpsman brings the neighbors horse inside all the time just ask Mr. Hornberger, he has seen it.

SHAFT: Don't your neighbors mind all this?

LENNOX: No the neighbors are no problem at all, Moby in my biggest problem.

SHAFT: Why is that?

LENNOX: It cost me a small fortune to have chastity belts made for the horses, I only hope I can get one made for the new colt before Moby gets to it.

SHAFT: Well you certainly do lead an interesting life sir, what are your plans for the future?

LENNOX: Stay alive and keep Moby away from my horses.

SHAFT: Well thanks very much sir, we have enjoyed the interview.

Well, so long till next week folks when we will be back with another of our interesting Shaft interviews.

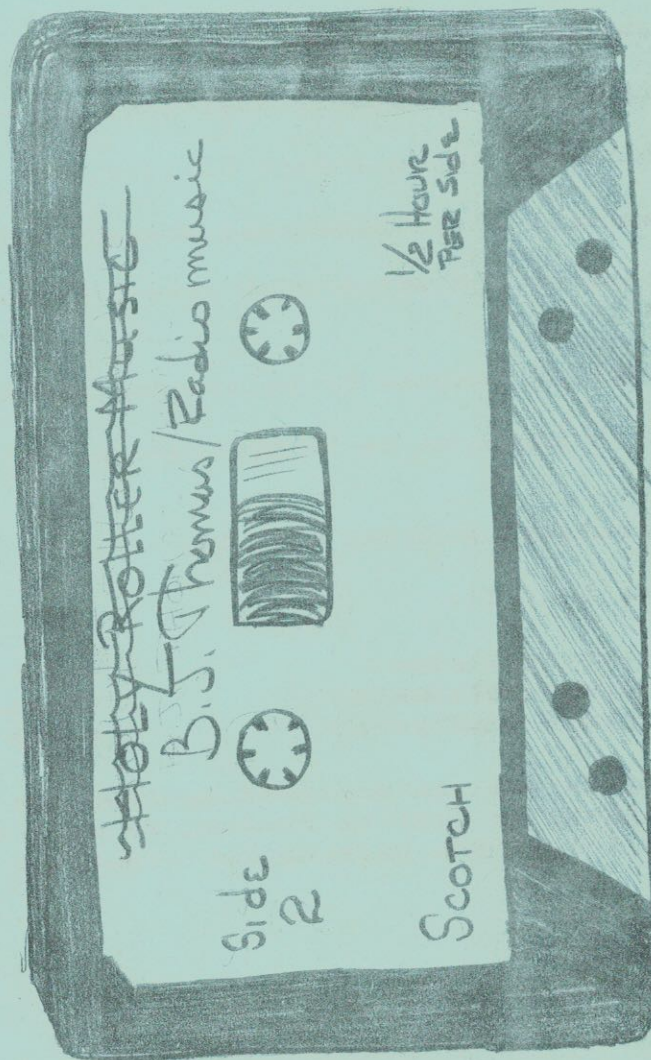
TO THE MANAGEMENT

We, the Polish Employees demand the following corporate policy changes to be made:

1. The immediate hiring of two Polish Vice Presidents; one from Hamtramck, and the other from Dearborn.
2. Draft beef in the coffee machines.
3. Vending machines to offer Kielbasa, Czernina, and Polish baked goods.
4. Kowalski sausage at the company picnic.
5. Bowling shirts and acceptable wear during working hours.
6. Pulaski's birthday to be a paid holiday.
7. P. A. system must play Polkas and Oberek all day long.
8. Company telephone operators must answer "Dzien Dobry" on all incoming calls.
9. Two pink flamingo statues to be erected on the front lawn.
10. A large Polish Eagle is to be printed on the company water tower.
11. Dingus day a legal holiday with pay.
12. New vacation benefits:

After one year employment	1 Week in Dearborn
After two years employment	2 weeks in Hamtramck
After five years employment	5 weeks in Warsaw

If these demands are not accepted by the time the "Helen and Chet" Polka party is over on Sunday, we will call a protest march, and march around the parking lot chanting: "POLISH POWER".



1974-1975