

SHAFT

VOL. XXXV ED#7



Sorry
C.O.B. doesn't stand for
Christ On Board.

EDITORIAL

This week the SHAFT Staff proudly presents the SEVENTH IN A CONTINUING SERIES of the UN - Patrol 37 SHAFT. We must say that the CNO made a wise decision on the controversial Patrol 37 issue. We understand from one of our reliable Washington sources (Shaft spy and Subversive Material Editor - "Tricky Dicky") that through long and arduous deliberation ZUMMIE collected all pertinent data and based his decision solely there upon. The fact that the Southern Bell sent Zummie a radio message telling him about our predicament and also stating that he would personally beat the crap out of him if Patrol 37 materialized had no bearing in Zumwalt's decision.

At this time Admiral Zumwalt is being considered for the "I do it right the first time" award. The decision is going to be difficult for as far as we can tell by tracing back through our logs Zummie is the only (propective) recipient who has done anything right. This may turn out to be a disqualifying factor, but such things could easily be overlooked in case of a draw for next week's prize.

Having concluded the formal business of the week we are prepared to present to you - our beloved readers - the Shaft in all it's glory. Here's to all our friends out there in reader land - the SHAFT is yours - receive it proudly - read it thoroughly - laugh with it gaily, but not too loud. You might be on the next page.

With deepest love from afar,

Ad Infinitum Juki,
the scribe



MIKE



BILL

8/15

WE

DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

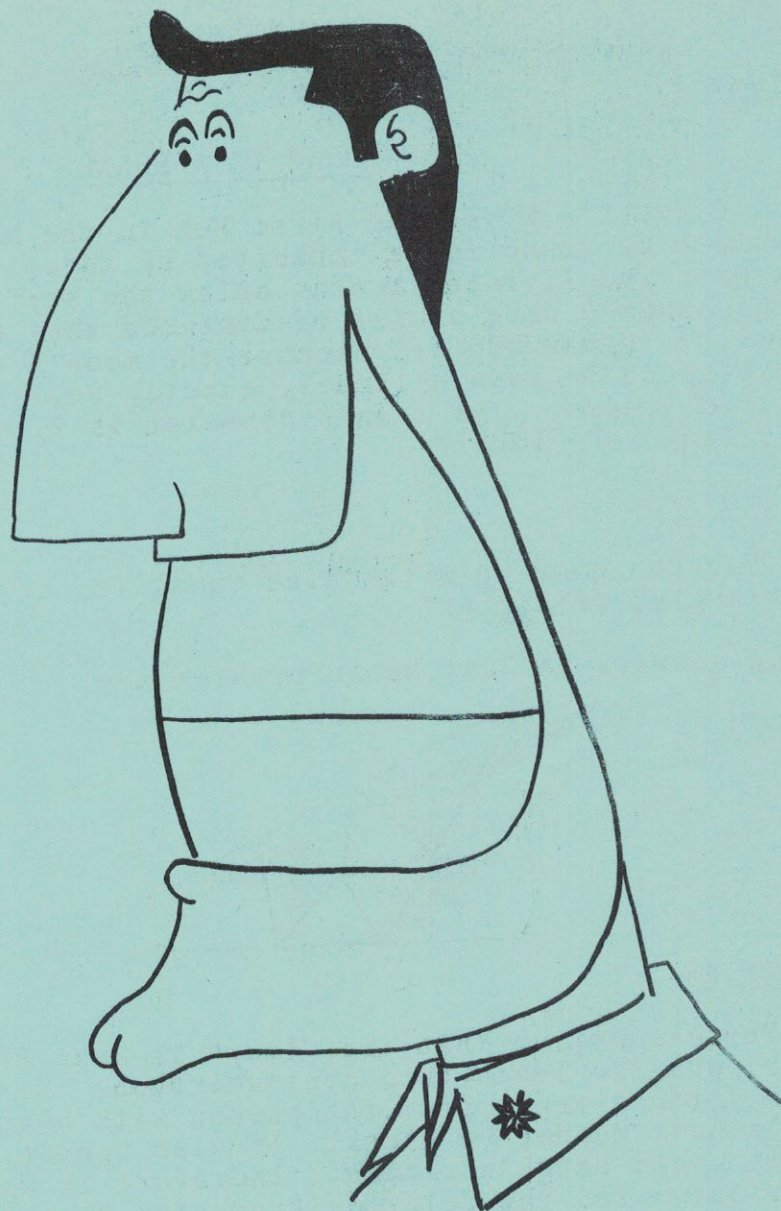
This week we are pleased to present the coveted "I DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME" award to a joint enterprise. About a week ago while doing routines in the Torpedo Room our dynamic duo performed a comedy of errors.

Error #1 - TM2(SS) Strode laid the test cable to a fish on the track of a skid loaded fish.

Error #2 - TM2(SS) Alix moved said skid loaded fish over the test cable thereby causing a slight separation between the two ends of the cable.

They were both quick to make a corrective action however and a new test cable was broken out.

Error #3 - To ensure that the previously mentioned slightly defective cable wouldn't be used again our boy Alix produced a hammer with which to bend over the prongs on the connection. The error was noted when they suddenly realized that the cable end that had been mangled was not that of the old test cable, or even the new test cable. That only leaves one more cable and it is designated by the first letter of the alphabet. Nice going guys, keep up the good work.



“We’re really going
I think....”

Sols

BRAIN TEASERS

Problem #1

HOW LONG IS A LUNAR

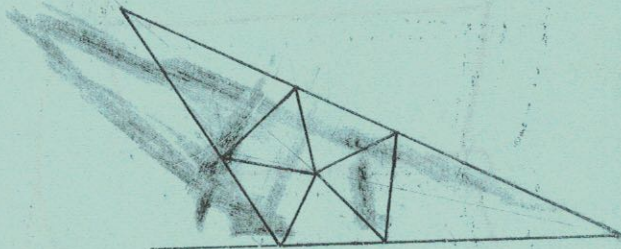
In H. G. WELL's NOVEL *The First Men in the Moon* our natural satellite is found to be inhabited by intelligent insect creatures who live in caverns below the surface. These creatures, let us assume, have a unit of distance that we shall call a "lunar." It was adopted because the moon's surface area, if expressed in square lunars, exactly equals the moon's volume in cubic lunars. The moon's diameter is 2,160 miles. How many miles long is a lunar?

PROBLEM #2

Can you come up with three equal (in area) rational-sided right-angled triangles?

The answers to last weeks problem are:

PROBLEM #1

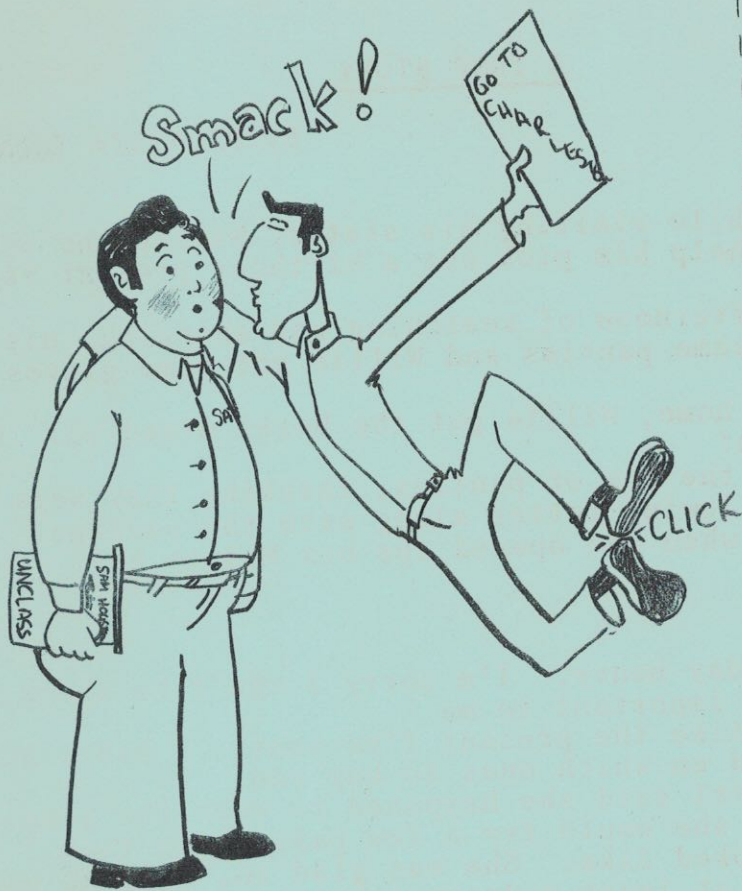


7 TRIANGLES IS THE
LEAST # WE HAVE
FOUND.

PROBLEM #2

The assumption that the "lady" is Jean Brown, the Stenographer, quickly leads to a contradiction. Her opening remark brings forth a reply from the person with black hair, therefore Brown's hair cannot be black. It also cannot be brown, for then it would match her name. Therefore it must be white. This leaves brown for the color of Professor Black's hair and black for Professor White. But a statement by the person with black hair prompts an exclamation from White, so they cannot be the same person.

It is necessary to assume, therefore, that Jean Brown is a man. Professor White's hair (for then it would match his or her name), nor can it be black because he (or she) replies to the black-haired person. Therefore it must be brown. If the lady's hair isn't brown, then Professor White is not a lady. Brown is a man, so Professor Black must be the lady. Her hair can't be black or brown, so she must be a platinum blonde.



Cartoon Corner

by
Sols

"Sorry Captain,
I can't approve
your leave. You
don't have enough
time on the
books."



YARD
LIST
HAHN
XO
COB
MOTT
the
SPOT

"You old
HOG-----!"

A TRUE STORY

By MAGNOLIA THUNDERPUSSY

One day, while visiting his sister, Willie the Scubby-doo asked if she'd help him pick out a birthday present for his sweet Marianna.

After an afternoon of searching and shopping, his sister bought herself some panties and Willie got some gloves for Marianna.

On the way home, Willie got the boxes mixed up! Way to go... Scubby-doo!

He wrapped the box of panties, thinking they were his gloves, and sent the following letter along with the package. You should have been there when she opened the box Willie boy!

Dear Marianna,

Happy Birthday honey. I'm sorry I can't be there, but these patrols are more important to me.

I hope you like the present I've sent. I had a hard time making up my mind on which ones to buy you.

The sales-girl said she happened to wear the same size as you. I asked if she would try a few pair on so that I could see what they looked like. She was glad to, and she must have taken on and off at least a dozen pairs, just for me.

I helped her put on and take off several of the zippered type. But I kept getting her hairs caught so I decided not to get you that kind.

The ones with buttons were fascinating! Especially when she'd leave the buttons undone and the sides would hang down.

She caught her ring on one real tight pair, and I had to slip my hand down inside them to unhook it. She giggled and said it tickled. Her skin was so smooth too.

The last pair she tried on were the ones I knew I wanted. I decided to thank her for them as any gentleman would, so I kissed her through them once on each side. She loved that.

I hope you will wear them for me when our busses pull in. I'm sure everyone who sees them will see that they are beautiful. And what they cover is also beautiful.

I'll be the first to take them off you, as soon as we get to the car. we wouldn't want them soiled you know.

You may wear them between now and then if you'd like to show them off. But don't get excited and get them sticky or anything... they've not wash and wear.

Be good till I get home dear.

LOVE,
WILLIAM

Red's

Friends



RED LOVES US ALL BECAUSE:

WE ARE SMALL CREATURES OF
GOD; LOVEABLE, CUDNLEY, FRAGILE,
AND KINDLY. BUT MOST OF
ALL BECAUSE WE ARE
TOO IGNORANT TO
DISCRIMINATE HIS SEA STORIES
FROM HIS BULLSHIT!!!



THE SEAMAN GANG

SOME THINGS FROM BACK AFT

Again peering to those dusty pages of the Shaft:

Mr Foreskin notice a question. "If underdog is underdog and his child is underpuppy, what does that make his wife?"

His answer: In that underdog, or Dog as he is known to some, does in fact have or has produced said underpuppy, the conclusion can only be drawn that the wife underday must, at one time, have been underdog. It now appears that there exists not one but two persons of the same title and lineage, one or both of which has produced the a fore-mentioned off spring. Reflect a monent on the dual union; it appears a normal heterosexual coupling has branspided leading to the procreation of subject pup. However, if one perceives the improt of the singular case, one's conclusion can only be to portend the existence of a hermaphroditic narcissit. If this is indeed the case, one can only marvel at the wonders of modern science. All praise and glory be to the neutron!

* * * * *

On another infamous walk thru the Eng space, the following question was asked.

What would happen if you place a bottle of gin in the Rx Compartment in such way as to leak slowly upon the Rx while is was critial?

Answer: You would get a slow gin fiss. Right Mr. Toot.

* * * * *

There is a new PM conducted on the midwatch on Sunday as part of shifting running equipment. It's called test the stern planes in emergency. Except the stern planes our shifting to emergency from the enginerroom vise control.

If in doubt about this PM ask Zane Gray about it.

BoBo

GALIMORE
MEADOWS
ASHWORTH
TIBETS
SOLBERG
PECORELLI
HORNBERGER
HOEY

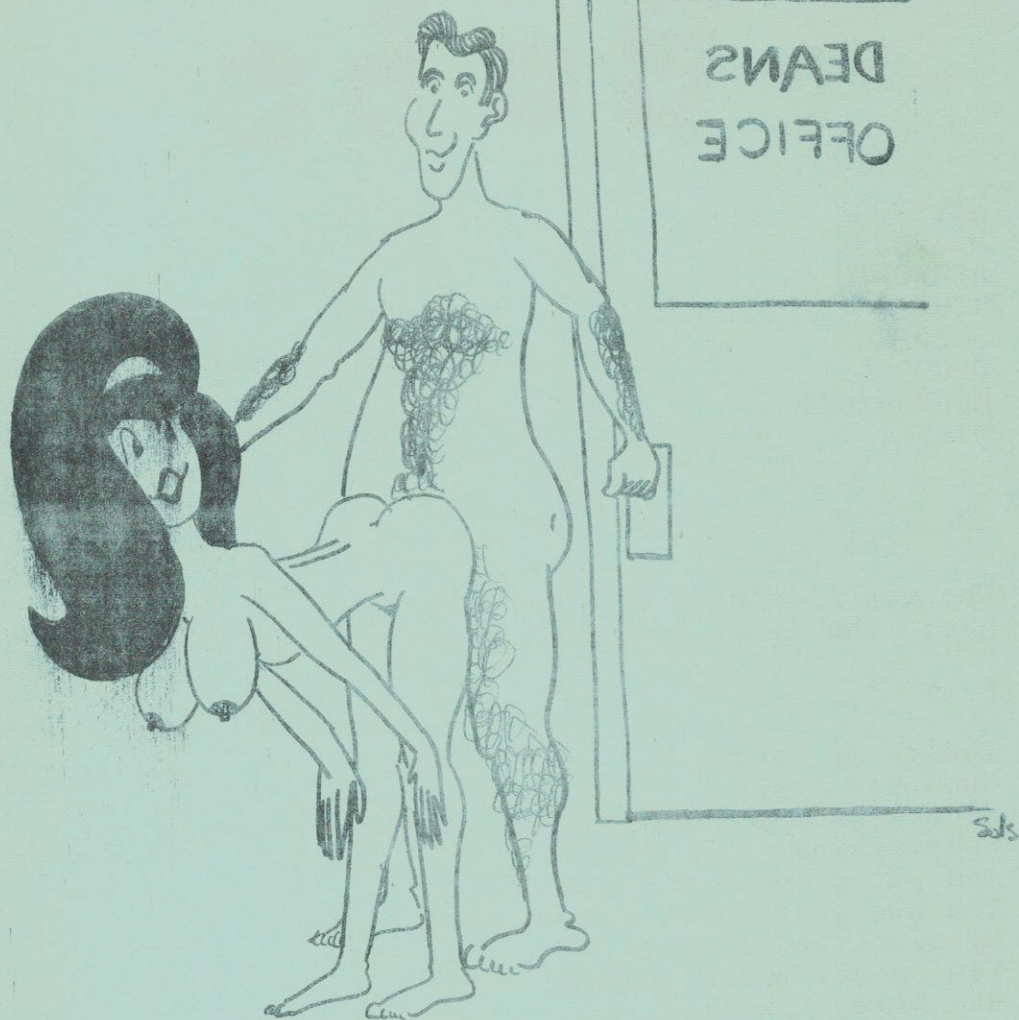
LAMBERT
SNYDER
FLOORSHINE
MENICK
BAILEY
UNDERDOG
CONVEY
ADAMSON

ED. NOTE - ???

Who was Alexander Gram Bellski?
Ans: The first telephone pole.

* * * * *

You're my laughter,
When I'm happy.
Understanding when I'm sad
Company when I'm lonely.
And patience when I'm mad!
You are gentleness and happiness
My heart and I agree -
You're all these things
and more, Sweetheart
You're everything to me!



She was a virgin in her freshman year,
 She was a virgin an her consience clear,
 She never ~~umped~~, or ~~umped~~, or played aroud,
 She was the envy of every college girl in town.
 And then along came a man from Trinity
 Who took away her dear virginity
 She did it ~~once~~ - twice - three times and more
 Now she's the college
 (You all guess the ~~answer~~)

SHAFT INTERVIEW

This evening we are pleased to have with us Mar. John J. Christopher, Jr., Leading Petty Officer of the Sam Houston Supply Department.

SHAFT: Good evening Mr. Christopher.

Christopher: Good evening Shaft. Please call me Chris.

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

CHRIS: The pleasure is all mine Shaft.

SHAFT: How long have you been in the Navy Sir?

CHRIS: Around 9 years.

SHAFT: You must have gotten around quite a bit is that time sir.

CHRIS: Yes, I am quite well traveled.

SHAFT: How long have you been on Big Sam sir?

CHRIS: This is my third patrol.

SHAFT: How do you like it here sir?

CHRIS: Oh, I like it quite well but it does have a few disadvantages.

SHAFT: Could you elaborate on that point a little more sir?

CHRIS: Oh, like take the way we go back to the states. I am used to shore duty where you just command a truck to haul all your contraband home. On here you have to pack everything in sea bags.

SHAFT: That surely must cut down on your trade?

CHRIS: No, not really. The day we get in from patrol I walk a chit thru supply and pick up about 25 new sea bags and just fill them up and put them in with the baggage.

SHAFT: Doesn't the boat even question the number of bags?

CHRIS: Heck no, it's the COB that counts them and everyone knows he can't count that high.

SHAFT: What about all the extra weight doesn't the baggage get weighed?

CHRIS: Oh sure, but that's no problem either. The Engineer always lugs all those stupid RPMs back with him each time and since everyone knows the Navy writes about two new books a month to tell you how to run the same gear you have run for years with no instructions at all they just figure the extra weight is all books.

SHAFT: Not bad. What do you do about all the bags when the plane lands?

CHRIS: That is the best part. The baggage detail lugs it all into the office for me where I have my men pick it up.

SHAFT: How many men do you have?

CHRIS: Only two. One LTJG and one SN.

SHAFT: We thought that the LTJG was your boss?

CHRIS: Heck no. It may look that way on paper but it sure doesn't work that way. Just look at the watch bill. They are both on it but not me. Does that look like I work for him?

SHAFT: No, I guess you are right. What do you do with all your time on patrol?

CHRIS: I sleep about 18 hours a day and spend the rest eating and watching movies, I never miss either.

SHAFT: Are you going to the yards with the boat?
 CHRIS: No, I had hoped to but the bureau gave me orders to an SSN.
 SHAFT: How do you think you will like that duty?
 CHRIS: Oh, I guess it will be OK once I get my own system set up.
 At lest I won't have to transport all my goods by air.
 SHAFT: What about requalification?
 CHRIS: No problem at all, I just hand out A-1 jackets and little
 goodies like that and presto I am qualified.
 SHAFT: Well that is a bit unorthodox but I guess it words.
 CHRIS: You bet your ass it does.
 SHAFT: What are your plans for the remainder of patrol?
 CHRIS: I plan to get lots of sleep and do exercises with my right
 arm.
 SHAFT: Why only your right arm?
 CHRIS: So I can whip the hell out of Beckman to get all the patrols
 chits typed up so I can take them in early on the tug boat.
 SHAFT: Well we sure have enjoyed this, it has been very enlightening.
 CHRIS: Well thanks for inviting me but I really must run now, I
 have been up for about an hour now and am getting a little
 tired.

Well that is it for this week and well be back again next
 week, we hope, for another Shaft Interview.

* * * * *

There seems to be a Steward on board, (soon to be a CVA
 type skimmer I'm told), that kiles to go around tacking dolphins
 on some of our newly qualified shipmates. From past experiences
 in the art of tacking dolphins, I have found it very satisfying in
 just tacking them hard enough to let my shipmate know he has been
 tacked, and not hard enough to break his dolphins or drive them
 though the clips and into his shest. Most people that have gone
 through Qualification, and recieved their dolphins, prize them a
 great deal, and don't like to have them broken as soon as they've
 just recieved them. True, the type of dolphins, Red on the Head,
 gives out aren't the most sturdy type made but its the meaning
 of them that counts. So in the future MARTIN, I suggest you don't
 use your vast knowlege of Karate to tack on dolphins, or an old
 salty, submarines such as yourself might find his dolphins tacked
 to his forehead with no clips installed, by one of our newly
 qualified shipmates you might be trying to tack dolphins on.

QUALIFIED, TACKED AND UNINJURED