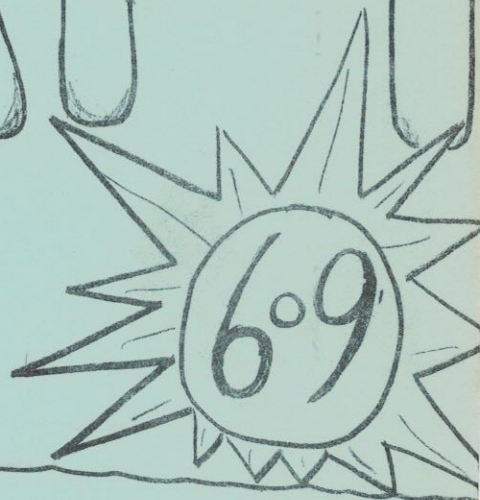


# SHAF T

VOL. XXXVII  
EDITION. 4



" YESSIREE folks!! You too can  
MAKE PATROL 37 FOR THIS YEAR'S GIFT  
TO FAMILY & FRIENDS — SEE THE  
SOUTHERN BELL FOR MORE DETAILS."



## EDITORIAL

It's Saturday evening again - another week down and one less to go. It's also time for one of the unauthorized publications to come out again.

We've been pleased by the response of the crew in turning in articles to the SHAFT, and our thanks go out to you. Remember - our smut is your smut!

It seems the authorized publication has finally gotten the idea that the SHAFT spreads the word. We might be number two in authorized pubs (number 1 in unauthorized) but we'll try harder.

Don't forget Half-way is the 9th so if you have anything you would like to present to the crew at the party see MML THOMAS (The Mouth). After giving you a demonstration in pipe sucking he'll consider your suggestion.

*Ed*  
*Finishum Linki*  
*The Subg*

## Coming Attraction

Time: Mon. 5 June 72

Place: Local Theater

Stars - none other than



Performances: ONE (they hope)

## Cartoon Corner

To Mr. Romberg:



KEEP ON  
TRUCKIN'



## I DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME AWARD

This weeks wonderful "I do it right the first time award" goes to none other than Mrs. Romberg's little boy Wayne. As you know the competition for this award is indeed keen, therefore the recipient can feel justly proud.

Mr. Romberg, you can take great pride in the knowledge that of all the screw ups made last week you alone have been singled out for this great honor. Your great knowledge of MC systems and the dynamic manner in which you take charge has earned you this award. Please wear it in good health for the next week and be kind enough to return it to MCC by Saturday morning. Oh yes, we also heard about your offer to buy cokes for everyone the next time you use the wrong MC. Better watch yourself.

SHAFT STAFF

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## NOTEWORTHY EVENTS OF THE WEEK

1. The Captain celebrated his (29?) birthday.
2. The Captain ordered a field day.
3. The Captain held a material inspection.
4. The Captain won the Cribbage Tournament.
5. The Captain qualified the Doctor a real live Diving Officer.
6. The Captain is a hot contender in the Acey Ducey Tournament.
7. The Captain made Billy "B" an E-8.
8. The Captain held 11 drills this week.

Thank goodness he only celebrates one birthday a year.

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Special congratulation are in order for SA(SU) WRIGHT in being successful in turning TM2(SS) ALIX into an even bigger fish than he was himself.

Can you imagine anyone that has been qualified in submarines for almost an entire enlistment falling for the Stenike Hood Deflator trick. Nice going Alix.

SHAFT



A NOTE FROM THE CHIEF OF THE BOAT

GENTS:

Every one loves a practical joke at times. Most times they are funny, but some times they are carried too far! Good, bad, or indifferent the latest practical joke has gone to far. In fact, it became assinine.

This is an all out appeal to the person who copped the picture of GORDON'S wife to return same to him immediately. If you aren't man enough to return it to him personally then place it in my basket or the XO's basket, and the matter will be dropped.

*J. T. Burdette S. STCS 158*  
J.T. BURDETTE  
COB

\*\*\*\*\*

QUAL, QUES,

1. What is a Herme (Herm)
2. How is it used
3. How long does it last
4. Where does it go when it's used up
5. How long does it take to ripen up

\*\*\*\*\*

BILGES WATCH

The following people should keep a closer look in their Bilges:

WILSON  
ROLLIN  
ELLISON  
EDWARDS  
OBERHOUSE  
MIDDLETON  
HOOVER



Well Gang:

It seems that Chief Santee has discovered a good way to help stretch his patrol conservation program for cigarettes. On the mid watch Monday, 29 May, he caused blisters on the feet of the messenger watch because of the numerous trips he had him make to various aprts of the ship. This poor harried messenger would appear in some compartment and request not one, but two cigarettes at a time.

Apparently, the Chief didn't like some of the brands because when the watch got to crew's mess he had the audacity to request Winstons, finding none he just took a variety of different brands up to the BCP. A reliable source ahs told us that the Chief was disappointed at the absense of Winstons, but eagerly smoked them all anyway.

Wt seems to us the easiest thing would have been to send the messenger to the goat locker to get the Chief a pack of his own, but then that would have shot his conservation program in the ass. The estimated smoking rate of the Chief was placed at one cigarette every 9-11 minutes. Nice going Chief, but I fear you will soon run out of muulets to supply you at that rate.

#### CANCEROUS MAXIMUS

\* \* \* \* \*

#### GEOGRAPHY OF A WOMAN

FROM 13 to 18- She's like Africa; virgin and unexplored

FROM 18 to 35- She's like Asia; Hot and exotic

FROM 35 to 45- She's like America; Fully explored and free with her resources

FROM 45 to 56- She's like Europe; Exhausted but still with points of interest'

FROM 56 on---- She's like Australia; Everyone knows its down there but nobody gives a damn.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a young girl from Dambuse,  
Whose thing was all sloppy with juice.  
Her boyfriend named Roy  
Said, "It sure is a joy,  
Too bad it's so terribly loose!"

LIBRA



Well Spade:

It seems that my efforts to rid humanity of you have failed for the time being. Apparently the curse placed on you last week was a mild one. That's what I get for letting an apprentice do a real sorcerers job. I did take pleasure in hearing of your somewhat acute bowel distress though. I had decided to put an end to you and your accomplice the Southern Bell but this action on my part almost had disastrous results. I was lurking outside the Southern Bells door when that bungling idiot Mottin came flying down the ladder from Control and almost crushed me with an arm load of freshly rolled TDU cans. The resulting noise would have waken the dead. I feared I had fallen into one of your evil traps and barely had time to thrash the infidial before I heard the inner door of the Southern Bells stronghold opening. I began to make my escape. I had planned to escape via crews berthing but when I rounded the corner the two look alikes, Red on the Head and Middleton were standing there admiring one another and blocking the dark passageway. I was forced to ascend into Control and make my escape aft. With Control rigged for black it was easy to slip thru unseen. As I continued on my journey I encountered a somewhat oily rain as I passed thru Sherwood Forest but soon found myself at the entrance to Disneyland. Once inside it was easy to loose myself in the confusion. As a matter of fact confusion is hardly the word for it. One bungling idiot was spilling water around from a little plastic bottle and screaming spill, while everyone else began running in all directions. The Eng was standing there writing another best seller and keeping track of the time. It looked like he was waiting for a bus or something. I slipped past him and run head on into another of your accomplices standing there looking at dirty pictures in his usual love sick frame of mind. I quickly thrashed him about the head and shoulders and slipped away still further aft. I entered the steaming jungle and knew I would have to make a stand. I was firmly intrenching myself when I heard a terrible sound from the upper level. I soon found it to be a guardian angel of sorts. B.J had mistakenly identified you as a talent scout and began another of his hideous auditions in his never ending struggle for fame. This was all I needed. I jumped out of the lower level and struck out forward again. There was a mass exodus in progress to critique the latest floser and I was able to mingle and make good my escape. That was a close one for me Spade. I can assure you it will not happen again. Until next we meet Spade, Beware:

*Perverted  
Spencer*



DEAR PERVERTED SORCERER,

You are indeed a foul, cruel, and deceptive creature. The Black Wizard (in his own demented way) would be proud of your ghastly deeds.

I was in the Southern Bell's humble abode enjoying tea and crumpets, and my gracious host's company when from the outer passageway a frantic, plaintiff scream could be heard.

I ran out and found the mutilated body of Mott the Spot crumpled on the deck. Before you have always attacked the innocent but now you have attacked the innocent and the ignorant. You dastardly NURD.

I immediately followed your tracks aft through the enchanted forest and continued through a strange tunnel that emitted a glowing light and strange gurgling sounds. Cautiously, I proceeded knowing at any moment you could spring out at me. It seemed like miles but I finally came to the twin islands owned by His Holiness, William, the Scubby-doo. I found him drifting about in his usual manner. He had been on his way to visit a relative at the EPCP (Equestrian Populus Condominium Project) when he was waylaid by you. Such a nice boy, too. Anyway, Maryanna has taken charge of him and has matters in hand.

Continuing on, I found your tracks again in the steamy forests. Here again I was detained, or rather side tracked by B.J., the mouth. I knew him to be one of your cohorts and was prepared for him. When he began his chant I immediately lashed myself to the nearest TG-TG tie and braced myself for his song. Those poor nukes are right. When he speaks, the twang of his voice is revolting, but his singing you just want to puke.

In a short time he left to bungle something else and I made for the next obvious place-the Bay of Condensate. In this damp, dark, mungy hole I lost any possible track there could have been. I went to shaft alley, but it had accumulated a lot of oil since my last visit (XO note) and all hope was gone.

Resigning myself to the fact that this chase was at a close, I made my way forward again and checked Willie to be sure he was doing well. Since he had only completed his second lesson in "How to make it with the Haggie-Baggie of your choice and keep the cost down" (formerly entitled "How to know when you've been whipped by a two legged cat and admit it.") NAVPERS 69696-9C, I was obviously worried. But he was doing fine by the gleam in his eye.

I had lost you again Perverted Sorcerer, but my chance will come again.

At least His Holiness, William, the Scubby-doo is happy again. Better to make Maryanna time than to be a Patsie-huh, BILL????????





ARTICLE REPORTED BY REPORTER ART TICKLE CONSULTANTS AND MISS NOMEN

In lieu of increasing concern about stowage and mechanical shock there has been greater vigilance and observation in this line towards related discrepancies aboard SAM HOUSTON. In all the proposed remedies and solutions for coffee cups and spoons, notebooks, pencils and other major critical equipment, no one (including the elite, upper echelon of middle level Ops, Port side) has given any consideration to the 139 odd (some very odd) missile hazards walking around unattached not bolted down, insecure, ah, unsecured personnel of the HOUSTON. To help rectify this shortcoming a few solutions are proposed:

1. Seat belts for all comodes and mess deck benches (sometimes the two are indistinguishable). Each mess deck table should be equipped with 10 sets of seat belts to accommodate the entire crew at one setting of chow to eliminate undue work for mess cooks, poor souls.

2. Special shoes should be issued to the crew specially equipped with suction cups. Sorry, Captain!

3. Poopie suits should be altered and mandatory to include two safety lines. The ship should be dotted with welded in place rings for attaching the safety lines. Everyone will have to have both lines fastened at all times unless (1) in transient when both suction-cupped feet will have to be flat on the deck and one safety line fastened or (2) be seated with a seatbelt on and at least one safety-line fastened.

4. Everyone should have to wear football helmets with full linemen cage-time face masks, mouthpieces, nose and earplugs, and two sets of thermal underwear in addition to special padded poopie suits for maximum personal protection.

5. All personnel should be required to use "soap on a rope" for showering. While in the shower a safety line should be run from your neck to the shower nozzle.

6. All unread/unwanted/discarded copies of "REPLY" should be properly secured (i.e., destroyed).

7. Everyone should be required to add to their daily minimum required diet five .25 lb lead pellets to insure proper gravitational effects on the feces for vertical shock considerations.

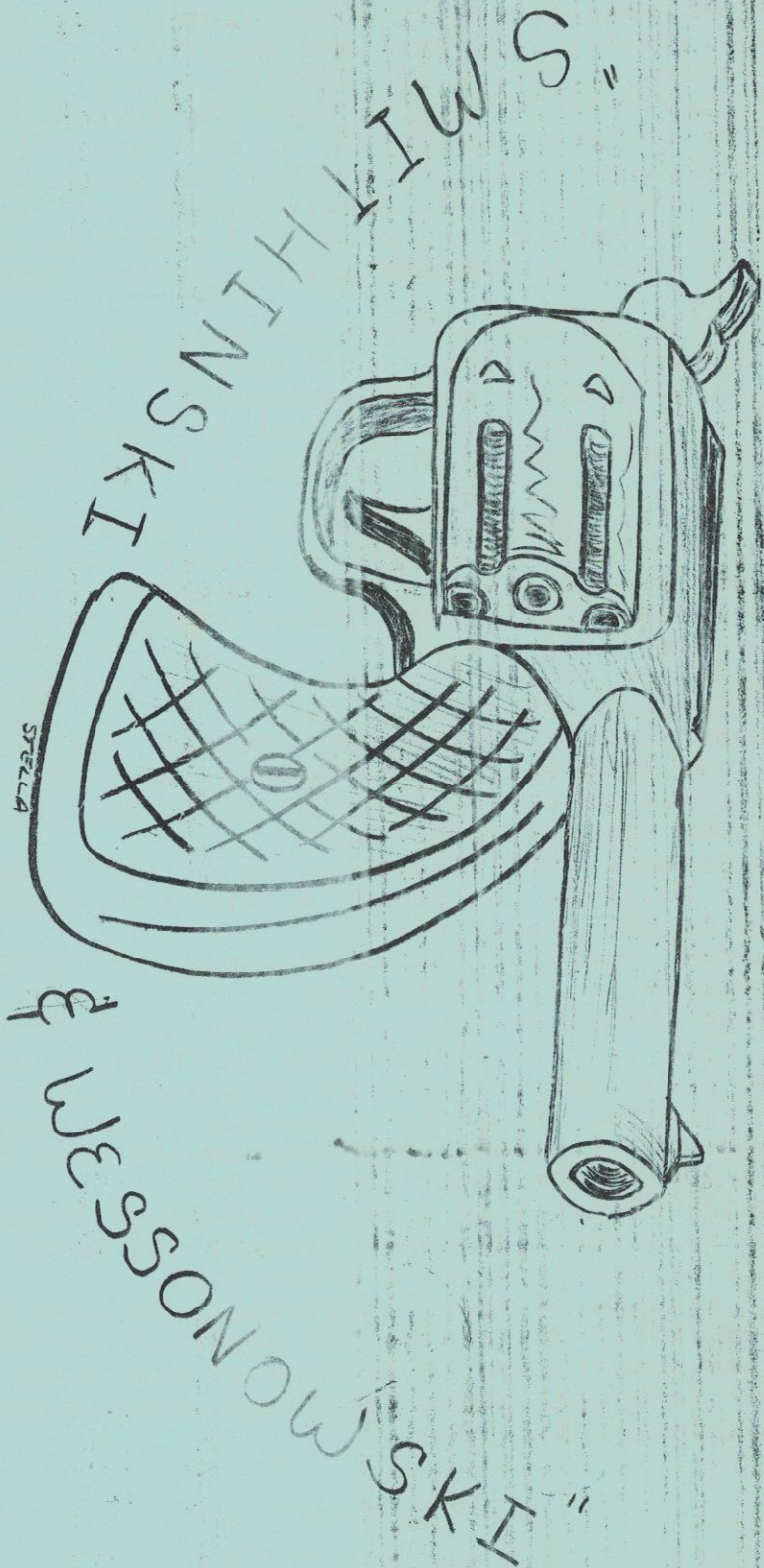
8. All cigarettes should be individually connected by white line or locking wire from the cigarette to the left hand's thumb. A few areas we don't have solutions for are:

a. Messcooks cannot find a way to tie down doughnut holes.  
b. No way to secure Neutrons, Gammas, and Betas flying around loose in Slyman Tripover's Disneyland.

c. Proper stowage of penal erections. We have several methods of temporarily decreasing the magnitude of this problem area (though some aren't readily at hand at sea, some are right at hand). (For technical consultation and evaluation contact our resident professional, B.J.).



FOR SALE





DEAR QUALIFIED READER,

Bravo on your article which appeared in last's week SHAFT. I hardly agree with most everything you said. Even the part about being a "non-qual wise ass" but, then I have to be when there are so many "qualified wise asses". As R. W. Groves put it "That is how I got my persecution complex."

However, dear reader, there seems to be a gross misconception about my statement about brow-beating. Lordy-me, that certainly brought a flurry of comments from all the qualified people.

Comments ranging from one interpretation that "non-quals wanted to be lead by the hand through the compartments" to "non-quals want only sleeze sigs." Obviously, it was quite a while since you were a non-qual. In case you've forgotten, a sleeze sig from a qual P.O. never got you anywhere except in the "deep darks" when it came time for your chief's sig. I don't know how the rest of the non-quals feel, but as for myself I feel that the harder the time I get from the qual P.O. the easier qualifying is going to be when it comes time to tie all of the systems together for the compartment check-off. But, that is neither here nor there.

I further agree with you that 90% of the qualified people on here will give you a helping hand if you need it. Also, I agree that to possess a set of dolphins is indeed a thing to be proud of as it denotes a vast amount of time and effort to acheive a personal goal. But I think you will agree that there are some "bad apples" in the qualified barrel.

Therefore, I say now to those people who felt personally about what I wrote that I apologize.

I further feel that as a non-qual I might have gotten a little carried away and overloaded my ass, but I still feel that what I had to say had some validity, but was based on personal experiences and therefore, were clouded by personal feelings.

In view of what has transpired over the last week and having come to the realization that perhaps I need to re-evaluate several points of veiw I announce that I am hanging up my pen until after I become qualified and look at life from "the other side of the fence."

RESPECTFULLY,  
THE SILVER TONGUED BARB  
R.J. Adamson



PRIMROSE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Dear Mother and Dad;

It has now been three months since I left for college. I have been remiss in writing and am very sorry for my thoughtlessness in not having written before. I will bring you up to date now, but before you read on, please sit down. You are not to read any further unless you are sitting down. Okay??

Well, then, I am getting along pretty well now. The skull fracture and the concussion I got when I jumped out of the window of my dormitory when it caught fire shortly after my arrival here is pretty well healed now. I only spent two weeks in the hospital and now I can see almost normal again and only get those sick headaches once a day. Fortunately, the fire in the dormitory, and my jump, was witnessed by an attendant at the gas station near the dorm, and he was the one who called the fire department and the ambulance. He also visited me in the hospital and since I had nowhere to live because of the burnt-out dormitory, he was kind enough to invite me share his apartment with him. It's really a basement room, but it's kind of cute. He is a very fine boy and we have fallen deeply in love and are planning to get married. We haven't set the exact date yet, but it will be before my pregnancy begins to show.

Yes, Mother and Dad, I am pregnant. I know how much you are looking forward to being grandparents and I know you are anxious to see the baby and give it the same love and devotion and tender care you gave me when I was a child. The reason for the delay in our marriage is that my boyfriend has a minor infection which prevents us from passing our premarital blood tests and I carelessly caught it from him. This will soon clear up with the penicillin injections I am taking daily.

I know that you will welcome him into our family with open arms. He is kind and, although not well educated, he is ambitious. Although he is of a different race and religion than ours, I know your oft-expressed tolerance will not permit you to be bothered by the fact that his skin is somewhat darker than ours.

I am sure you will love him as I do. His family background is good too, for I am told his father is an important gun-bearer in the village of Africa from which he comes.

Now that I have brought you up to date, I want to tell you that there was no dormitory fire, I did not have a concussion or skull fracture, I was not in the hospital, I am not pregnant, I am not engaged, I do not have syphilis, and there is no black man in my life. However, I am getting an "O" in history and an "F" in science and I wanted you to see these marks in the proper prospective.

Your Loving Daughter



## SHAFT INTERVIEW

Good evening folks, tonight we are pleased to have as our guest the famous (or rather infamous) Wayne D. Romberg, Sonar officer on Big Sam.

Shaft : Good evevning, sir.

Romberg: Hi Shaft!

Shaft : You have certainly become a celebrity lately sir. What brought all this about?

Romberg: OK, it's nothing new. I have been screwing things up ever since I came aboard and they are just now beginning to group all the things I have done together and get some estimate of my true potential.

Shaft : What did you do to win the coveted "I do it right the first tome award" this week, sir?

Romberg: Nothing right in the last four weeks!

Shaft : That's remarkable, sir! Is this a new pattern in your behavior?

Romberg: Oh, heavens no! I have been screwing up ever since I came on board.

Shaft : How is it that we never heard about it before, sir?

Romberg: Well, I wis aft until this patrol as you know, therefore many of my exploits never reached the ears of the forward types before.

Shaft : Would you care to tell us about some of them?

Romberg: Sure, be glad to. Let me see now, oh yes!.. It all began back with patrol 29. That was a great patrol! I volunteered for that one. My wife still doesn't know I didn't have to make it. Yes, I was a real ball of fire back then.

Shaft : Did you make many mistakes starting out?

Romberg: Oh heavens yes, I never did anything right.

Shaft : What did the engineer have to say about that?

Romberg: Oh, he never knew most of it. The rag hats thought that I was a good guy and they used to cover up for me.

Shaft : That certainly was fortunate for you sir.

Romberg: Yes it was, and it only lasted for that patrol though, after that I knew my way around and have been getting even with those damned enlisted men ever since.

Shaft : That seems strange sir, why?

Romberg: Are you kidding? As screwed up as I was they would have thrown me out of the Navy and I wouldn't be here wearing this stupid award now.

Shaft : You have a point there sir, how did you finally end up forward as Sonar officer?

Romberg: The Engineer Shit canned me!+

Shaft : Really?????

Romberg: Yup! Last patrol with me as MPA wa s the final straw. The poor man just couldn't take anymore. Hell, look at Buckley. He wasn;t always like that. Yes, I sure left my mark in big Sam's history.

Shaft : But how did you end up with Sonar?

Romberg: All the forward divisons held a competition, and Sonar lost and got me.



SHAFT INTERVIEW CONTINUED:

Romberg: Oh, about the same. I still get into just as much trouble as before, but the ENG. doesn't keep me awake all night now anyway.

Shaft : What are your plans for the future, sir?

Romberg: Stay in the Navy, of course. With a past like mine what choice do I have?

Shaft : Well, good night sir, it sure has been interesting!

Romberg: So long Shaft.

GOOD NIGHT FOR NOW FOLKS. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK WITH ANOTHER  
ON THE SET INTERVIEW FROM THE SHAFT.

SHAFT

\* \* \* \* \*

WE ARE GETTING SHORT

3,405,600 seconds  
56,760 - minutes  
946 - hours  
65 - Showings of movies  
49 - 3 section watches  
40 - days  
37 - 4 section watches  
27 more days on alert  
19 - Birthdays  
6 - Sunday services  
5 - Weekends  
5 - Card nights  
4 - Field days  
3 - Fam Grams  
2 - Duty Days  
1 - Film Bungee Change  
1 - Bing Game  
1 - Surface  
1 - Manovering Watch  
1 - Change of Command  
1 - plane ride



Red Loves



M

E

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