

Aphasia Insights!

March 2020
Volume 2, Issue 04
March 26, 2020

"I can imagine no more rewarding career. And any man who may be asked in this century what he did to make his life worthwhile, I think can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction: 'I served in the United States Navy.'"

President John F. Kennedy, August 1, 1963 in Bancroft Hall at the U.S. Naval Academy, Reef Points, USNA, Annapolis, MD.

Stroke Educator, Inc. is committed to educating the wider public about stroke and the 50 state *"Aim High for Aphasia!"* Aphasia Awareness Campaign.

Stroke Educator, Inc.
541 Domenico Circle
St. Augustine, FL 32086
207-798-1449
tbroussa@comcast.net
www.strokeeducator.com

Submarines and COVID 19 have a lot in common--shortage of toilet paper!

By Tom Broussard, Ph.D.

I know, dark humor is better than no humor at all! I converted to Supply Corps after three years as an engineer (Boiler Officer, Repair Officer and then Damage Control Assistant-DCA) in the USS JOHNSON (DD-821), a destroyer.

I graduated from the Navy Supply Corps School (NSCS), Athens, GA (otherwise known as "Pork Chop University") in September 1976 and then transferred to the Submarine School, New London, CT. The next stop was Holy Loch, Scotland in October 1976 to the submarine tender.

I had been to sea many times before but never in a submarine. It was also my first time as a Supply Officer at sea with the USS SAM RAYBURN (SSBN-635B).

We "turned over" the crew in two days. The Gold crew "Chop" (the other crew's Supply Officer) told me the details (and peculiarities) of

what it would take to load the new provisions. I was the "Blue" crew Supply Officer.

There is never enough room in a submarine especially for food including fresh vegetables, eggs, meat, canned goods, etc. We had a freeze box (for meat) and a cool box (for vegetables, eggs, etc.).

Stowing the canned goods was always interesting. The first step was unpacking #10 cans. We

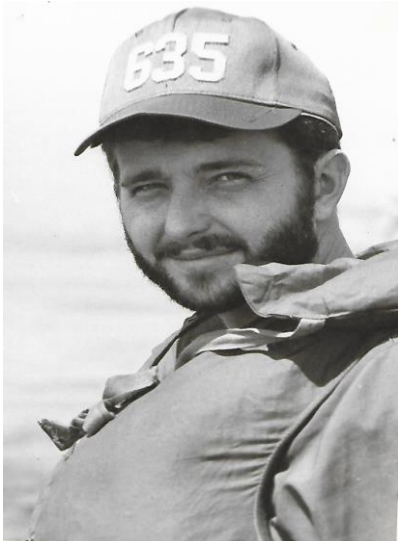
would break up all the cardboard boxes and line up the #10 cans on the floor of the mess deck, chef's mess deck and the study

room. (We actually did have a study room, about 6'x 6' with a small table and lockers, packed full of Playboys and other girlie magazines.) (Sorry, that was 44 years ago...)

Then we would lay the cardboard on top of the cans. That would be the "floor" of the various mess decks until we used up enough food and started using the food from the big cans.

Storing the toilet paper was a different matter. By the time we were done outfitting the sub, there





was no place to put the toilet paper. Think about it...needing toilet paper (TP) for a crew of 120 submerged for 90 days. It is equivalent to about 120 two drawer filing cabinets.

I never knew how to store TP until the Gold Supply Officer told me how it works. The Gold and Blue crews' change command about once every 100 days. Each year about a third of the crew were new, a third were onboard for two years and another third for three years.

The new members of the crew were usually assigned to "work parties" to hand carry all the provisions down below. The final trailer arrived with nothing but TP.

At that point, I told the group that there wasn't any space left onboard to stow the TP. I told them to take what they wanted and store them as best they could. It was quite a scene. The crew couldn't believe it and grabbed it all. By the end of the day, all the TP was stowed onboard.

Of course, the rest of the ship knew the deal. The TP was packed into every possible place; every rack (bed) was filled, TP was stuffed between pipes, above lights, and beneath lockers. Half of the study room was filled with TP.

What the new recruits didn't know was that *they* thought that the TP was just for them. They didn't realize *that* until their first day at sea.

As each department crew reported for their first day at work, their chiefs and officers reviewed their responsibilities and ended with, "Do you have any toilet paper? Bring me a couple of rolls." Hence the beginning of life (and a little bit of socialism) at sea.



Signed: *The Johnny Appleseed of Aphasia Awareness.*

Memoriam

Captain Robert F. Kelly, Jr., USNA 1961, passed away on August 2, 2019 in Fairfax, VA.

Commanding Officer
USS SAM RAYBURN
(SSBN-635 Blue)