

"Once upon a time there was a church that became a submarine. It wasn't as difficult as it might seem. One day it just shut the hatch on the outside world and submerged into its own sea. Occasionally it ran up the periscope to see where it was going.

Once the captain got a real vision through his periscope. But when he demanded that they get back to the surface fast the crew quickly developed the bends. So the sub stayed down.

While submerged, there was a lot for the crew to do. In fact, they were kept on the alert and asked to make maximum efforts. They tinkered with the machinery constantly. They overhauled their kitchen. They inventoried their ammunition at least once a week, but they never used it. They paid salaries to the officers and went through endless drills, occasionally interrupted by prayers that no depth charge would disturb their isolation.

The air got stale, so did the routine. But they put up with it because the alternatives were too demanding. Several committees even decided the stale air was good for them.

One of the members who had sneaked a look through the periscope suggested a change in course and the giving away of their surplus supplies. He was immediately charged with mutiny.

The last entry in the captain's logbook read, "Have probably set a new record for being submerged and maintaining predetermined course. See no reason why we should change directions. Crew continues to give maximum effort. We sighted an enemy, and I appointed three committee members to study the situation."