RACK MONSTER....

YES, IT IS NOW BELIEVED THE ECM RACK MONSTER POSSESSSES MOBILE CAPABILITIES. A CANDID PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH IC2 LLEWELLYN HAS REVEALED THE PRESENCE OF RACK MONSTER LIKE OCCURRANCES. HERE ARE THE FACTS LEADING TO THAT MOST LIKELY CONCLUSION.

LLEWELLYN: "I WAS FIELD-DAYING BACK BEHIND THE MACHINERY TWO SUB PUMP HOSE CONNECTION WHEN I FELT HIS PRESENCE BEHIND ME. I SLOWLY TURNED MY BODY AND CROOKED MY NECK FOR A PEAK, BUT WHAT-EVER IT WAS HAD DISAPPEARED, ALONG WITH MY FAVORITE FIELD-DAY SCREWDRIVER AND RAT-TAILED BRUSH."

LEW: "HAVE YOU EVER EXPERIENCED THIS SORT OF THING IN THE PAST?"

LLEWELLYN: "YES, LEW, I HAVE. IT'S HAPPENED NOT ONLY TO MYSELF, BUT DURING THE SHIPYARD, E DIV'S TOOLS AND CLEANING GEAR KEPT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING."

LEW: "I SEE, AND YOU BELIEVE THIS COULD BE THE HIGH-HandED WORK OF THE ECM RACK MONSTER?"

LLEWELLYN: "WE HAVE AGREED THAT TO BE A PRIME POSSIBILITY."

LEW: "BUT HOW CAN THE RACK MONSTER TRANSVERSE THE DISTANCE FROM ECM TO AMR2?"

LLEWELLYN: "THERE'S ONE POSSIBILITY, THE VENTILATION SYSTEM. HE REMOVES THE EXHAUST FILTER FROM BEHIND THE WIRES IN ECM AND CRAWLS THROUGH THE BULK-HEAD FLAPPERS THEN DROPS OUT IN MACHINERY TWO AND SCRABBLES UNDER THE RACKS OR HIDES IN THE PIPING."

LEW: "HAS CAPTURING THE INSPEAKABLE BEAST BEEN ATTEMPTED?"

LLEWELLYN: "YES, A FEW TIMES WITH NO RESULTS. ONE TIME WE POUNDED PETERS TINS. ANOTHER TIME WE ATTEMPTED BLOWING HIM OUT WITH AIR. ONCE WE EVEN TRIED FLUSHING HIM OUT WITH WATER FROM THE AFTER FREE FLOOD THROUGH THE HIGH SALVAGE CONNECTION. STILL NO SIGN...

LEW: "IN YOUR OPINION IS IT POSSIBLE THIS MONSTER COULD TRAVEL THE VENTILATION SYSTEM ELSEWHERE IN THE SHIP? IF SO, WHERE WILL HE STRIKE NEXT?"

LLEWELLYN: "HIS MOBILITY IS ONLY LIMITED TO THE VENTILATION SYSTEM. THIS MEANS HE COULD STRIKE ANYWHERE."

IN CONCLUSION, THIS INTERVIEW HAS SHOWN BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT THAT THIS BEAST ATTACKS WITHOUT WARNING, SO SPEEDILY AS NOT EVEN TO BE SEEN, AND COULD DO THIS ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME. ALL HANDS ARE ADVISED TO BE WATCHFUL AND CAUTIOUS WHEN POSSIBLY IN HIS PRESENCE.

"ZARDOZ"
A MOVIE REVUE
BEFORE A PACKED "CREWS MESS"
LAST SATURDAY NIGHT, THE MOVIE, "ZARDOZ", MADE ITS PREMIER SHOWING (I.E. THIS UNDERWAY PERIOD) ON THE SAND LANCE.

FROM A CRITIC'S STANDPOINT IT WAS THE MOST IMAGINATIVE MOVIE TO DATE.

FOR ABOUT AN HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES
THE AUDIENCE SAT IN AWE
OF THE GRIM VIEW OF THE FUTURE
WITH ONLY INTERMISSION BREAKING THE SILENCE. HOWEVER AFTERWARDS, A FEW CREW MEMBERS DISPLAYED THEIR REACTION BY RIPPING OPEN THEIR SHIRTS AND EXCLAIMING,

"THoughts"

AWAYS FROM A CRITIC'S VIEW, THE CREWS' PERFORMANCE STOLE THE SHOW.
"Well, it get's kind of complicated," he said. "You see this pipe (his hand was on a hydraulic line). There's 2700 lbs of death in there. We both know that if it blew off right now, I'd be dead. But we don't think about it. There's death all around us, every minute, but our mind shoves it forcibly back into our subconscious. Even while we relax playing cards or watching a movie our body feels the tenseness of our subconscious. They push us to our limit always, then stop on the edge... a thin line of balance sometimes. And it's accumulative too, like bits in a bucket. Everything that bothers us is like another bit in the bucket. If the bucket overflows... (he looked at me and smiled)... you go nuts."

"What has this to do with sunlight?" I asked.

"Well, it's this sort of thing that makes the AFW pump lines talk to you and the purifier sing."

"The purifier sings?" I asked incredulously.

"That's nothing," he said pausing to put his cigarette out inside his shoe.

"Doesn't that hurt?" I asked. "You get used to it. Anyway," he whispered, "when the TG's are on the jack, you can hear them breathe. Ahh whoosh uck. It's really eerie."

I just looked at him stupidly.

"Can't you see," he said, "your mind is trying to empty the big bucket. It turns all this metal and machinery into something its familiar with - a living organism. That's how your mind allows you to forget about 2700 lbs of hydraulic oil."

"And the sunlight?"

"An extension of the search for familiarity. I knew it wasn't sunlight, but it made me feel good to believe I might have seen it. Somehow sunlight represents freedom from all this. It's what we're all reaching for isn't it?"

"I think I understand."

"Sometimes I wonder if you forward guys see things the way we do."

(continued next page)
No sooner had the standing sand lance record of five persons in the outboard stall of the crew's head been established, MM2 J.R. Smith and cohorts were scheming to increase the total number of bodies to an overwhelming high.

At the stroke of midnight on 26 June, PO Smith selected and led a charge of seven men into the head. Among these were STS2 McCullough, STS3 Perrault, MMF Poley, MM3 Holland, ET2 Lambech, and ET2 Bechtel. When the first six persons were tightly lodged in place, the door was shut leaving only Bechtel to squirm under the door.

Disappointed for not being one of the chosen few, TM2 Ellwood then made a gallant effort by forcing his body into the stall like a human DC plug. Thus, he became the eighth and final member of the group.

Asked later about plans for the future, MM2 Smith was quoted as saying, "How big is the shower?"

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A Letter of Thanks

To the officers and crew of the USS Sand Lance:

We Midshipmen would like to thank everyone onboard for all the help and advice given us during the past month. We realize that we've often been a headache to you, but invariably our mistakes have been corrected and our questions answered with unbelievable patience on your part. Each of us has packed a lot of learning into this cruise, and at the same time enjoyed ourselves immensely. For the rest of our lives we'll remember the Sand Lance as our first home beneath the waves.

Your friends,

Pete Simon
Mark Fischer
Stephen Wilson
Kenneth Reed

Burton
LETTERS TO ANNILBENIS

MY DEAR ANNILBENIS,

SOME OF THE FELLOWS ON THE BOAT HAVE ACCUSED
ME OF HAVING "UNNATURAL TENDENCIES". OFTEN A GROUP
OF THEM WILL POINT AND GIGGLE AT ME, AND SOMETIMES THEY TAKE TO CALLING
ME NAMES. YOU KNOW THE KIND. I THINK THEY RIDICULE ME, BECAUSE THEY ARE
ENvious OF MY GOOD COMPLEXION AND SMOOTH TONGUE.

BUT THERE IS THIS ONE PARTICULARLY NAUGHTY BOY WHO IS REALLY GETTING
ON MY NERVES WITH HIS NASTY REMARKS. AND OOOOH I GET SO FLUSTERED SOME-
TIMES I JUST WANT TO SLAP HIS FACE, AND I WOULD EXPECT I THINK IT MIGHT
PREVENT US FROM ONE DAY BEING "GOOD FRIENDS". BESIDES, I MIGHT BREAK MY
NAILS IF I DID HIT HIM.

MY PROBLEM, ANNILBENIS, IS HOW DO I GET THEM TO KEEP THEIR SILLY MOUTHS
SHUT.

ALSO, ON WHICH EAR DO YOU THINK I SHOULD WEAR MY NEW SILVER EARRING?

LOVINGLY,
IKE BOISSE

DEAREST IKE BOISSE,

THAT WAS A VERY NICE PERFUME
ON THE LETTER YOU SENT ME. TELL
ME, WAS IT "SIN OF PASSION" OR
"AFTERNOON DELIGHT"?

BUT TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS,
YOU SEEM LIKE A FAIRY NICE GUY,
AND I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE SAYING
NASTY THINGS ABOUT YOU. I KNOW
THERE WERE TIMES ON SEVERAL EX-
TENDED MED RUNS WHERE WE WOULD
HAVE GIVEN OUR LAST CIGARETTE
FOR A GUY LIKE YOU ONBOARD.
LEAVE THEM ALONE AND THEY WILL
COME AROUND SOONER OR LATER.
AND TRY WEARING YOUR SILVER EAR-
RING IN YOUR NOSE - IT SHOWS
PEOPLE THERE IS A BIT OF THE
"DARING SOUL" IN YOU, AND THAT
YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO STRAY
FROM THE ORDINARY.

ANNILBENIS

DEAR ANNILBENIS

THIS BEING THE FIRST SUBMARINE
I'VE EVER BEEN AQUAINTED WITH,
LET ALONE BEEN ON, THERE ARE SEV-
ERAL THINGS I'M HAVING AN EX-
TREMELY HARD TIME GETTING USED
TO.

AT LEAST ONCE A NIGHT, SOMET-
TIMES MORE, I FIND MYSELF WAKING
UP AND SITTING UP IN BED. UNFORTU-
NATELY, I NEVER EVEN MAKE IT
HALF WAY UP BEFORE LAYING BACK
DOWN WITH AN ACHING HEAD.

ALSO, MORE THAN ONCE, I'VE
REACHED OUT A HAND TO PULL MY OL'
(ANNILBENIS CONTINUED)
LADY NEXT TO ME. THIS DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH COMFORT EITHER, SINCE I ALWAYS REACH TOWARD THE WALL.
PLEASE GIVE ME SOME ADVICE ANNILBENIS. I'VE ALREADY BEEN CONCUSSED FOUR TIMES AND I CURRENTLY HAVE SIX BROKEN FINGERS AND A JAMMED THUMB. BESIDES RUNNING OUT OF FINGERS, THE DOC SAYS MY NEXT CONCUSSION MAY BE FATAL. WHATS MORE, MY WATCH IS ALMOST OVER!!!!!

SIGNED,
ALL BROKEN UP

DEAR BROKEN UP,
DUE TO THE CONTENT OF YOUR PROBLEM, I NATURALLY ASSUME YOU TO BE A MEMBER OF THE NON-QUAL PUKES ON BOARD. SUFFER NQP, SUFFER.
RARE IS THE CASE WHERE THE EXPERIENCED SUBMARINER HASN'T GONE ABOUT HIS DUTIES WITH A VARIOUS ASSORTMENT OF LUMPS AND BUMPS ON HIS HEAD, BUT IT IS USUALLY A GOOD WAY TO TELL THE EXPERIENCED SAILOR FROM THE NQP. THE FEWER LUMPS, THE LONGER HE'S BEEN ON SUBMARINES.
AS FAR AS MISSING YOUR OL' LADY - IF YOU GET REALLY LONESOME, TRY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH IKE BOISSE FROM THE LETTER ABOVE. IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOURSELF.

ANNILBENIS

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SEE THE JACKALS HOWL
AS SHE DANGLES
ON A STRING DRAPED
IN MISERY
FOR HER BASTARD
CHILD MAN
WHO BITES AT HER HEEL
AND BINDS HER IN
STRANDS OF TEMPERED STEEL
TO MAKE BETTER NEIGHBORS
OF HIS BROTHERS.
NO CARD DOES EARTH
RECEIVE ON MOTHER'S DAY
ONLY THE DEATH ANNOUNCEMENT OF
HER PREGNANT DAUGHTER
IN CALIFORNIA OR THE
RANSOM NOTE FOR HER CHILDREN IN HOLLAND
AND FOR CHRISTMAS
THE EXECUTION NOTICE OF
HER SONS IN SOME
SENSELESS WAR STARTED IN
THE NAME OF PEACE & JUSTICE
WHICH HAVE NO MEANING
TO HER AS THE JACKALS HOWL AND SHE DANGLES
FROM A THREAD CALLED
HOPE.

J.R. SMITH
30 JUNE 1977
SOMEBWHERE AT SEA

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STAFF:
BURTON
EDITOR
LINCOLN
"RACK MONSTER"
WALLIN
"ANNILBENIS" AND
"BEHIND FRAME 57"
LAMBERTH
"ZARDOZ" AND
"RECORD"
BECHTEL
GRAPHICS AND CROSS
WORDS
SMITH
POET
EDRIS
ADVICE