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on full and your depth gauge

Your accumulator's dry of oil and your air banks all are

It's then you get to wonderin', "is my life's boat rigged for

Your guessing drill commences,

You pace the flooded decks with

To live your life, as sailors must,

There's one you'll have to reckon - that one, my friend, is thee.

Did you lead the kind of life you

The answers to these questions

"am I dead or still alive?"

scorn and curse the flaws of

Into realms of Rex you've stepped, and here you'll make

at the bottom of the sea.

Will your conscience do you justice when the final muster's

should in every port you've

and many, many more,

Are locked in the hearts of sailor men from Cannes to

So, when your day for mast rolls 'round the choice is up to

Sailor chart your course of life

Now's the time to flood your tanks and trim up 'fore and aft.

Your final billet lies below, on

So, be ready when that last

word's passed: Sailor, rest your

"old ocean's" floor.

right now; chart it straight and

It's a trifle late when the klaxon sounds to square away your

your stand.

been?

Singapore.

you,

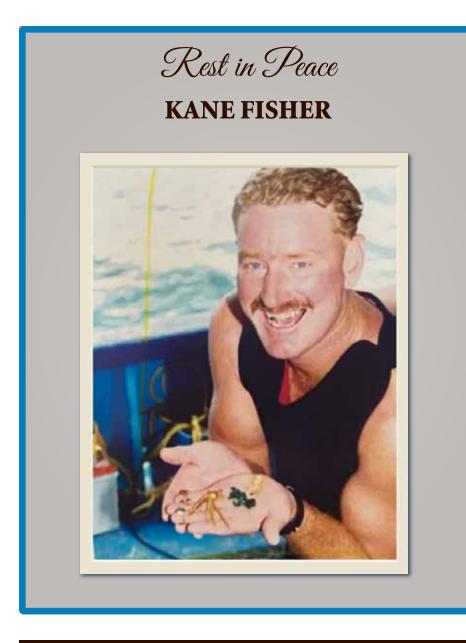
true.

craft

oar.

needles bent,

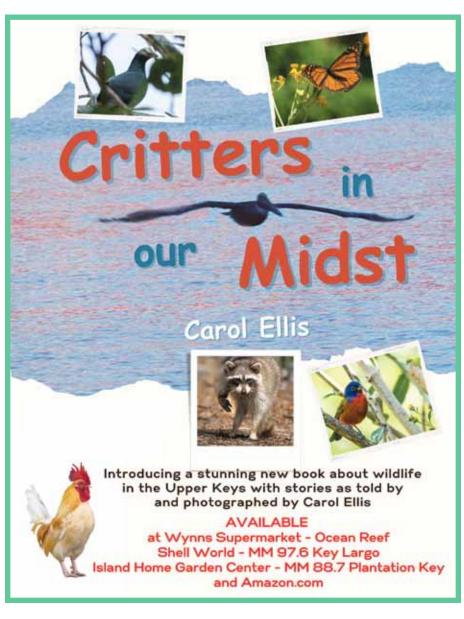
spent,







305-731-9472



Sailor, rest your oar ——in loving memory —— We remember our friends who passed this year... When your final dive is made, and your battery's running low, You'll know there lies a boat for you many fathoms here below, With your annunciators jammed



Geraldine Ataman



Eric Beattie



Ty Burke



Lynn Carpenter



Christopher Elwell





Bernie Kay



Steve Miller



Kane Fisher

Steve Roberts



Janna Robinson



Brian Schofield

