



VOL I NO. 1  
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### A FAREWELL KEGGER

*Thoughts*

STAFF:	Burton	- editor
	Wallin	- psuedonyms
	Bechtel	- graphics
	Lamberth	- reporter
	Rice	- religion
	Catella	- cartoonist

## THE ORIGINAL SANDLANCE PERIODICAL

The traditional "kegger" has known success in many bars. "The George Washington Tavern" and "Tides Inn" in Norfolk, "The Oasis" in New London, "The Annex" in Charseton are all familiar barroom scenes where we have toasted to the fraternity of submariners in our sailorly fashion.

It was at just such an occasion last week that a torpedoman of rotund stature and robust character retired from Sand Lance life. He had been an active participant at these social functions, as his love for beer and jovial times were well known. Now this was his kegger. He was the host, for it was his last with the Sand Lance.

To the casual observer the scene might seem identical with any other kegger. The crowded tables were adorned with pitchers of beer, ashtrays, and the remnants of beer not able to make the journey from glass to mouth. Constantly one heard the crack of pool balls, and the players chastising the inobediant balls with strings of obscenities. And at one time or another there would be someone "making a run" on the lone girl sitting at the table in the corner. Of course, there was always the ubiquitous juke box wailing its overplayed selections to give the scene an underlining effect.

Yes, to the observer it might seem too common a place and the atmosphere

I hadn't seen it in over a week, and though I had known it for twenty-one years it seemed strangely unfamiliar...But there had been no alterations in its seemingly eternal pattern, no sign of decay. Physically, it was exactly the same as I had always known it.

Was it because I took its perpetual existence for granted and now realized its finite limitations?

No that wasn't it for it was the one thing I could take for granted.

Then it must be me. That's it! I was not taking its presence so much for granted as I was taking my presence for granted. The irony of the contrast had been too obvious for me to notice, and I now realized the unfamiliarity was within myself.

And the revelation felt discomforting as I emerged from my coffin of hy-80, high-tensile steel.

BURTON

too stale for the goodbyes of parting friends. Another might want a fanfare or a tear in the eye. But to TM2(SS) Michael Brown a cold "grog" in the hand, a few good laughs with his buddies, and a chain of fond memories was all the farewell he wanted.

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## "DEEP THOUGHTS" DEBUT

We introduce to our readers a entertainment publication of dubious worth. "Deep Thoughts" is a Sand Lance venture that will exist solely from the inputs of its readers, i.e. the crew members of the USS Sand Lance. Therefore, your literary works are earnestly solicited.

However, we feel obligated to mention some necessary points of caution to our esteemed contributors.

Any slanderous commentaries wherein the character of another individual is openly questioned will not be accepted for printing in this periodical. Besides the fact that such articles are journalistically unethical, they are also usually of poor literary value.

This paper will not be a vehicle for abridging the chain of command. Any requests or criticisms regarding the ship's operations or administration should follow their normal military course. Being on a United States' warship we are not entitled to "freedom of the press". Therefore, we will decline any articles that by their nature should be submitted through the chain of command. To not do so would not only be stupid, it would be useless.

To function solely as news source in this small community would be slightly impractical. Not only is the frequency of publication a matter of question, but it is also felt that in our milieu "word of mouth" is a much speedier news media than the "printed word".

We by no means imply that informative articles of interest will be rejected. We want them. It is just that we feel our "calling" is towards the entertainment field. And it is to this calling that "Deep Thoughts" is dedicated.

the editor

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## RACK MONSTER INVESTIGATED

New evidence gathered by this investigative reporter leads us to believe the rumors of a rack monster hiding out in ECM are true! (Why do you think they keep it locked?)

A bit of luck enabled me to interview one of the ECM Techs (or "keeper of the keys" as we like to call them) last Thursday just before he picked up his Tech manual ("Children of Dune") and began his watch. Fear of retaliation by the Rack Monster convinced me to grant the Tech's wish to remain anonymous, and he shall hence forth go by the code name "Lizard".

"Lizard, can you give the readers a little background on the so-called Rack Monster?"

"Well, Leo," he began, "I first began to suspect a Rack Monster present several months ago when various tools or items were dropped on the floor in ECM only to disappear beneath the racks of equipment never to be seen again."

"I see. Have any of these items ever reappeared?" I asked.

"Only once, Leo. We took a hard port roll out to sea once and P02 Mathison's sleeping pills came rolling out."

"To what do you attribute this unique exception?"

Lizard leaned close to me and whispered, "The Rack Monster never sleeps. He's always ready to gobble up anything in reach of the rack."

"One last question, Liz. Do you believe the Rack Monster in ECM poses any threat to human beings?"

"Human beans?"

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Well, we dove to 400ft at full speed. Made our approach runs and shot the torpedo. Boy we were beat. We gave it our best. And when we hit the beach we had better have some good beer....

GROG...the epitomy of great beer"



Distributed by Lizard Brewing Co.

LETTERS TO ANNILBENIS

"a sand lance sage"

Dear Annilbenis,

I hav a problim. Everbodies in my divishun call me a grit. I dont even wear cowboy boots cept in the privace of my own home. I lik Elton Johns and I hav a good commanding of the English langwi. I dont even lik the serial grits.

Of corse I jus laf when they call me grit but I still dont lik it. Sometimes I git the feeling that they dont respeck me. I want to be cool lik everybodies else. Can you help me?

Respeckfully,  
A Ungrit

Dear A Ungrit,

You failed to mention if you liked horses or not, but nontheless you seem to have no visible handicaps. I'm sure the lack of respect is a mere oversight on your division's part. Sometimes their attention can be brought to this matter by buying them alot of drinks or giving away money. Have you tried assuming their work loads or shining their shoes? No one likes a slougher. And as far as being cool is concerned, after sixty years in the Navy, I've found the best way to be cool is to dress briefly, have a large fan blowing on your private parts as you sit in an easy chair with your feet in a bucket of ice, sipping a Mint Julep while watching American Bandstand on TV. Now that's cool.

P.S. And if that don't work, you can send for my free booklet "Cool Like Me" in two parts with an introduction by FTG2 Mark Johnson. Why wait? Send now!

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THE SPIRITUAL PAGE

by Robin Rice

"But as many as received Him, to them He gave the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in His name." (John 1:12)

We must receive Christ to become the sons of God. By receiving Christ, we are inheirent to all the power of God...To all His glory in Heaven...There is a difference between believing in Christ and receiving Christ. There are a lot of people now days who believe in God but have never received Him into their hearts. They won't make it to heaven because of it. Someone can offer you a check for a million dollars. They can even show it to you, but unless you actually receive it into your possession, it isn't yours. The same is with salvation. Unless you receive Christ into your heart, He and salvation isn't yours! God will not force you to do it. He has given you the truth in His word. He sent His only son to die for you, and he has given the testimony of the saints. He has given you a free will, to make a free choice. You must make the decision. Nobody can make it for you.

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FLASH!!!

A new Sand Lance record was established on the eve of 24 June when a party of five, spearheaded by MM2(SS) J.R. Smith, successfully fit into the outboard stall of the crews head and shut the door. Bravo Zulu guys!

