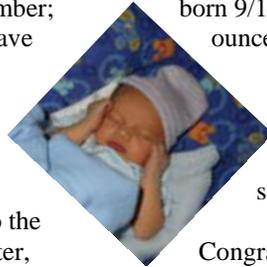




### THIS JUST IN !!!

Looks as if we have a new prospective member; from the desk of Robert Foster ... Well, I have been conspicuously absent from the Reefdiver happenings for a little while, but there is a good reason!

I'd like to introduce the club's newest (honorary?) member/dive buddy/convert to the D(IR)ark side: Isaac Alexander Utrata-Foster,



born 9/15/2005 1:44pm weighing in at 8 pounds 2 ounces.

Isaac will have some notable company, Isaac, Newton, Isaac Asimov, not to mention the first Isaac, who if memory serves me correctly lived to be 180.

Congratulations to Robert and Jennifer.

### OCTOBER'S UPCOMING ENTERTAINMENT

Remember last year's trip to dive on the Yukon in San Diego?  
Want to go wreck diving?  
Do you want a local wreck to dive?

It's not easy to get a ship sunk as an artificial reef, and the Yukon didn't sink by itself (well, not exactly). It was placed there with the efforts of an army of sponsors, volunteers, contributors, and experienced experts pushing a mile high stack of paperwork, negotiating a path through government bureaucracies, blind alleys, and dead ends.

Then, of course, there is the actual transportation, preparation, cleaning, and planned sinking.

Things don't always work out as envisioned, sinkings go awry, etc., but when it's all over and done, divers love these wrecks and destination dive sites. These ships appreciate in beauty over the years, attract fish, plant and invertebrate life as well as tourists. All of this activity provides dive boat captains and crew, restaurants, and local shops with year around business while providing divers a unique and safe dive site for recreation, training, and fun.

It's not easy.

There has been some interest over the years to sink a ship in Monterey.  
It's only been a dream.

This month we can see how it's done with a chronicle of successful, purposeful sinkings and the creation of artificial reefs in various locations.

Carol Rose, President of the Underwater Society of America and local CenCal member will talk about these projects, as well as show video documentation of these works in progress, outlining the complexities involved in these large-scale operations.

Hopefully it will inspire the locals.

**Der Stammtisch**

Gerda and I were riding on the Muni the other day, heading home from an afternoon Hunan Chinese food fix on Columbus when I happened to note the manufacturer's plate above the door. Now I had noticed before that the light rail stock used in our fair city was Italian, more particularly from a company called Breda or *Breda Costruzioni Ferroviarie*. I'm pretty sure every one who lives in the City has noticed that; I mean how many times can your ride around town in a married-pair articulated light rail transit car and not notice that kind of thing? No one is that oblivious, what I had not noticed was the slightly smaller logo nearby ... *pininfarina*. Now those of you who have ever spent time lusting after the full colour images in Road & Track will know what sort of cars the very mention of *pininfarina* can evoke, since the 1930's they have created some of the world's car bodies. From the *Lancia Aprila Coupé* to the 1947 *Cistalia 202 SC* in New York's MOMA these are cars which make the juices flow.



Without *Pininfarina*, what would Dustin Hoffman have been driving in the Graduate? Or what would the rumbled TV detective Lieutenant Colombo have driven if not his 1959 Peugeot Model 403 Cabriolet. As an aside there were some million and a half of these cars built, but only 504 in the convertible version, so while nondescript to most, it was definitely, in Colombo's own words "a very rare car".



So the next time you find yourself willing away time on the Muni, just think of it as a loaner, while your Ferrari F50 is being serviced.

Saturday evening, the first day of a new month, Pazzu (crazy in Italian) our new cat has gone into a deep trance and is chasing down dream birds. Elvis is on the tube in Girls! Girls! Girls! and life is good.

**Continue on page 3**

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**Payments for membership and activities  
should be mailed to:  
Pierre Hurter  
515 Diamond Street  
San Francisco, CA 94114**

## REEFER'S RAP 2005

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
01 - New Year's Day - Breakwater 05 - Officers Meeting 15 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's	02 - Officers Meeting 12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's	02 - Officers Meeting 05 - Birthday Beach dive - Gerda 12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
02 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 06 - Officers Meeting 09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) – Sat 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's	04 - Officers Meeting 07- Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's 21 - 22 Scuba Show 2005 Long Beach Convention Center 27 - 29 Channel Islands Aqua Safaris – 831-479-7380	01 - Officers Meeting 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sun 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Closer
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
01 - Channel Island Payment Due 06 - Officers Meeting 09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's	03 - Officers Meeting 04 - Pt. Lobos Dive 13 - 16 - Channel Islands 17 - Kayaking the Caves of Santa Cruz Island - Norm Knutson 19 - 21 Camping - Salt Point Marc Linowitch	04 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sun 07 - Officers Meeting 09 - 11 - Lake Tahoe Dive Norm Knutson 17 - Monterey Beach Cleanup Debra Gilmore 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Opener
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
05 - Officers Meeting 08 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. 14 - 16 - Camping at Van Damme with Sacramento Seahorses 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's – Officer Nominations !!!	02 - Officers Meeting 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Elections!!! 19 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. Pierre - 415.285.6293 26 - 27 - Abalone Closer Loretta 415.305.7517	07 - Officers Meeting 10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293 * 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Christmas Party!!!

**Stammtisch from page 2**

Well not all good, the gnomes of technology are feeling in a playful mood too. Our computer screen flickered to life as it usually does, the reassuring ubiquitous corporate logo filling the screen, lulling me into a false sense of complacency. Then the first message an inkling of what was to come ... can't find ... corrupt operating system ... then the torrent, a blue screen filled with messages scrolling by, seemingly going faster and faster, spilling across the screen and finally, spent and exhausted, the blue screen of death. Those of you, who know and love computers, will recognize the moment when you have to make the painful decision to pull the plug. Fortunately, we've been down this road before and I have a highly developed non-volatile memory backup, a classic yellow No. 2 and a legal pad.

While I'm on the topic of technology, I had a meltdown of my own the other night. For our combined meeting with the Marin Skin Divers, I was ready to show a DVD of our Mexican adventure, really. I'd figured out F6 to toggle screens from laptop to projector, I had all of the appropriate cables, USB connectors and a handful of adaptors, just in case. Everything was in place; all was ready, waiting for the final implementation phase. That's when it started to fall apart, a series of unfortunate circumstances leading to a complete laptop meltdown ... was it a failure of imagination or a loss of nerve?

An article in the San Francisco Comical about how the Swedes celebrate the end of summer ...

crayfish, some 4,000 tons of them, reminded me of our very own end of summer bacchanal. As has been our habit for the last few years, the weekend after Labor Day found us playing hooky from work and heading for Lake Tahoe for Norm's annual campout. We had a great turnout, with Marc, Tina, Andrew and Tamara staking out one end of our chain of campsites and Norm, Lupe and their extended clan anchoring the other end.

Saturday morning after an espresso brought me slowly awake; I rounded out the morning ritual with fried eggs and bacon. There's something about the smell of bacon in a cast-iron skillet which tends to rouse people from their deepest hibernations.

Following breakfast we headed for Lister Beach and our rendezvous with the Sacramento Seahorses. From the beach we swam or paddled toward Rubicon Point named by Lieutenant M.M. Macomb for the river crossed by Julius Caesar on his way to victory at Pompeii.

Our dive was probably not as historic as the first crossing of the Rubicon, but non the less we had a good time. The dive itself is not necessarily the most stunning I've done, but there is something ethereal about swimming around, under and over these huge granite blocks and outcroppings, knowing that the water drops off sharply to over 800 feet deep. I was having a great time, trying out my new fins,

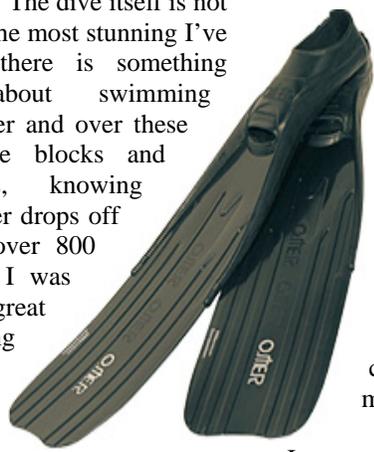
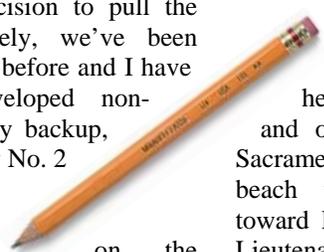
impossibly long free diving versions of the stubby black Jet fins I normally sport.

On our safety stop we gathered crayfish, mudbugs, crawdads, once the food of Swedish royalty. Even Gerda got into the act, with a gleam in her eye; none of the succulent little crustaceans was safe. We feasted on two large pots of Gerda's jambalaya; it turns out to be an old Viennese recipe. I'll admit, it pairs well with an Alsatian dry Gewürztraminer.

September turned out to be a busy month for the club, a Cypress Sea dive, Norm's Lake Tahoe trip and the Monterey Beach Cleanup. The cleanup went well, the Reef Divers along with the Harbor Master and CenCal, specifically Steve Campi, organized the cleanup, collected prizes for the participants and fed the hungry divers. There were 76 divers as well as over a dozen people on the beach, hauling in everything, up to and including the kitchen sink complete with an electric hand dryer.

There's something liberating about heading for your nearest Pak and Save and buying enough hotdogs, buns, mustard, relish, ketchup, German style potato salad and coleslaw for 100 people. The trick is to ignore the ingredients label. Jot that I have anything against hot dogs, franks, weenies, tube steaks, whatever you choose to call them; you just don't want to dwell on the contents. All the same there were none left, which I credit to Jim Vallario's magic touch at the grill.

Just so you don't think it was all diving and BBQ's, the first



**Continue on page 5**

**Stammtisch from page 4**

Sunday of October found us rolling out of bed, grabbing a couple of Lattes' (low fat) and heading for Vasonna Lake Park in Los Gatos. Ursula's Team was participating in "D'Feet ALS", one of seven walks in California this year. To those who participated or contributed, "Thank You". See Flotsam and Jetsam for details.

This past Saturday morning cool and early, found us in Monterey waiting to board the Cypress Sea. Phil, Xcott and Tad were on hand to welcome us onboard. Swells were running 10 to 11 feet with a 10 second interval. Apparently, just the right combination to get me a tad green around the gills; I blame it on the lack of donuts. In the end, no offerings were made to Poseidon, but it was touch and go for awhile.

After bouncing through the waves for an hour or so, we dropped anchor at the outer, outer Butterfly House. We dropped through the murk and landed on the pinnacle, continued past the anchor to 80 feet or so and had a lovely dive. Our second dive was at Fire Rock. The visibility was down a bit from the first dive and Joergs inflator decided to crap out. I watched him head for the surface and made a relaxing solo dive. Our third anchorage was at Dali's Wall. By the time Gerda, Joerg and I got to the anchor chain the visibility was around 10 feet (Gerda claims 5 feet). Gerda tied off her reel and we headed into the soup. Turned out to be a pleasant dive, visibility was poor and the surge strong, but we saw one of the largest Ling Cods we have ever seen. It was enough to make you wonder, do they ever get aggressive?

That's all folks, until next month, as Mike Neslon might have said if he had been born in Hamburg ...



**MAN FISH CALLS AGAIN OR MR. WHEEZY'S JOURNEY AND LATEST EQUIPMENT TEST**

By Kenneth Gwin

Mr. Wheezy felt the need to be at sea. The lapping waves of home rang

shallow as of late as Man Fish returned again to stir the edges and outskirts of his memory.

Gathering up his gear with Franko, he joined his tribal friends and brothers chanting jubilant huzzahs as deeper waters sang far distant songs, set off one hundred miles out from land to drop anchor into temperate pools, slip face down into rich blue gardens, let the ocean's promise surround them, and the Sirens free them in their dreams.

Equipment check list:

SOS Bend-O-Matic  
U.S. Divers Pro depth gauge (orange face, compress-able glass

diaphragm actuator, max depth 250') Rolex Submariner (26 jewel self-winding movement, SS Oyster case) U.S. Divers Royal Aqua Master (2-stage, balanced) U.S. Divers triple 30's (w/ J-valve, backpack) A stern resolve

So, into the blue....

Mr. Wheezy awoke with crew and friends-- the boat, tucked in from swells and breezes, his mind at peace, content in the warmth of morning sun and the gentle hum of idling generators.

Ah! The land of Man Fish.

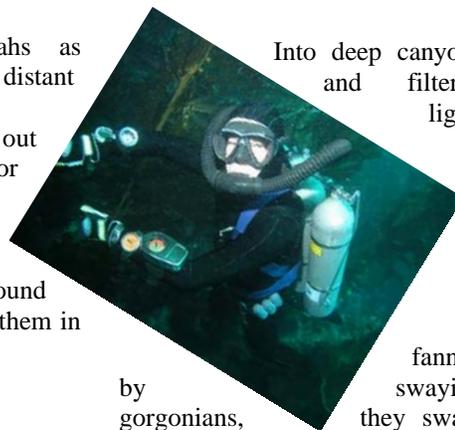
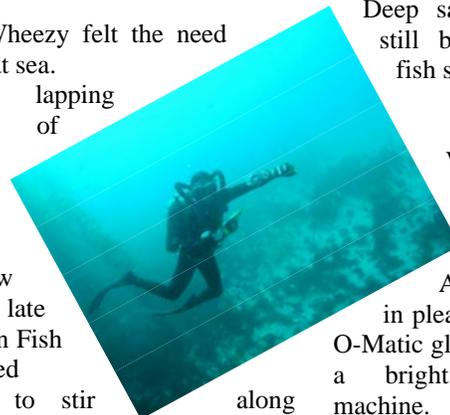
Deep sand below the boat-- still blue waters-- ambling fish suspended mid-water--

Wheezy set off, steel triples firmly strapped in place, freshly tuned Royal Aqua Master burbling in pleasure, and spiffy Bend-O-Matic gleaming on his arm like a bright chrome espresso machine.

He and Franko slipped effortlessly into the open arms of the sea, into the sunny fish bowl on the edge of the amber forest.

Into deep canyons and filtered light,

fanned by gorgonians, they swam their tanks though glades and meadows-- the liquid, muffled



**Continue on page 6**

**Man Fish – from page 5**

purr of antique perfection, duck billed flapper valves, and old springs and gaskets out for a field

trip-- free in the effortless simplicity of their ancestors.

Nemo and the Nautilus were never lost.

Next time they'll push the envelope, test the deeper jumps, and live the dream again.

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**SEA OTTERS COULD RETURN TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service announced a proposal which would allow sea otters back into Southern California waters. The plan which would scrap the current "no-otter zone" is said to boost recovery efforts for the threatened species.



The agency has also recommended ending an 18-year-old program that relocated 100 sea otters from the Central Coast to San Nicolas Island, one of the Channel Islands off the Southern California coast. That program proved to be largely unsuccessful, as the majority of the otters found there way back to their old stomping grounds.

The no-otter zone arose out of the San Nicolas Island relocation program. Designed to appease fishermen worried that the voracious animals would disrupt their industry, it targeted sea otters migrating south of Point Conception in Santa Barbara County. Otters that strayed south of the boundary were captured and sent back north. How about your very own personal submarine?

Ellis Adams and partner Bruce Jones co-founded U.S. Submarines in 1993, with an eye toward marketing personal diesel-electric luxury submarines.

Hopping to cash in on the sorts of people who buy multimillion dollar mega-yachts and pilot private jets, the company offers something for every budget, with vessels selling for anywhere from \$750,000 to \$70 million for a fully loaded model.

If you think you might be interested, check out the company's Web site, [www.ussubs.com](http://www.ussubs.com).

If you are still undecided, they have an excellent FAQ section broken down into topics such as luxury submarines, tourist subs and deep submersibles.

Don't delay; this ought to keep the Jones's at bay for the foreseeable future. Captain Nemo would have been proud. Monday morning swim anyone?

On Monday, October 10, Johnny Wilson, a nine-year old, from Hillsborough, made the 1.4-mile swim from Alcatraz to Aquatic Park in under two hours, braving choppy morning waters, gusting winds and shark filled waters.

Wilson's classmates were waiting for him on shore, cheering as he made it all the way to Aquatic Park. Besides being

the youngest person to make the swim, Johnny raised \$30,000 for the Red Cross Katrina Hurricane Fund.

**WALK TO D'FEET ALS - URSULA'S TEAM**

Sunday, October 2, turned out to be a beautiful day, just a touch cool in the morning, but brilliantly sunny in the afternoon. Walkers of all shapes, sizes and ages were on hand show their support to friends, family and loved ones who have ALS.

What is ALS? Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), often referred to as "Lou Gehrig's disease," is a progressive neurodegenerative disease that affects nerve cells in the brain and the spinal cord. The progressive degeneration of the motor neurons in ALS eventually lead to their death. When the motor neurons die, the ability of the brain to initiate and control muscle movement is lost. With voluntary muscle action progressively affected, patients in the later stages of the disease may become totally paralyzed.

The walk at Vasona Park in Los Gatos managed to raise \$140,000, which does not include donations turned in on Sunday. Ursula's team brought in \$1,900. We had a good turnout, with Reef Divers, both young and old showing their support.



We highly encourage you to also support the other organizations listed below when you pay your annual dues. (*Please indicate your membership options with the checkboxes below.*)

- |                          |   |           |
|--------------------------|---|-----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | San Francisco Reef Divers (SFRD)                    | \$25      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Central California Council of Diving Clubs (CenCal) | 15        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | Sonoma County Abalone Network (SCAN)                | <u>10</u> |

*Show your support for all three! \$50*

Name:	_____				
Address:	_____				
City:	_____	State:	_____	Zip:	_____
Home Phone:	( ____ ) _____	Work Phone:	( ____ ) _____		
Email:	_____				
How would you like your newsletter delivered? ( <i>Choose one</i> ):					
<input type="checkbox"/>	Online at the SFRD website (preferred)				
<input type="checkbox"/>	Mailed to my home address				

Please make checks payable to “**San Francisco Reef Divers**” and mail to: Pierre Hurter, SFRD Treasurer, 515 Diamond Street, San Francisco, CA 94114



**ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS (SFRD):**

The *Reef Diver Times* is the official newsletter of the San Francisco Reef Divers, a not for profit community organization dedicated to safe sport diving and the preservation of our ocean resources. Membership is \$25 annually, dues payable to "SFRD". The General Meeting is held 3rd Wednesday of the month at at Sinbad's, located at Pier 2, Embarcadero Street, SF, CA 94111. Meet at 7:00pm for socializing, drinks and food and 7:30 pm for club business and entertainment. For more information, visit <http://www.sfreefdivers.org/>.

SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS  
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