



The Cave of the Unknown

By Ken Gwin

This isn't really about diving, but probably the deeper meaning is still the same, at least for some of us.

Then, again, this may be a film review, but I don't know for sure.

I also find it difficult to avoid those topics of religion and politics and all the rest, but maybe that's just me. I'll do my best.

I shall proceed:

Barbara Dwyer, a local ocean and cave diver I know shared a link to some cave and cavern shots Down Under:

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2016392/Heavens-Divers-explore-amazing-underwater-caves-known-The-Cathedral.html?ito=feeds-newsxml>

Pretty interesting stuff, just the same.

Which leads me to think about the delicate cave formations Beto Nava (another local ocean and cave diver many of us know) shared in videos a while ago and the seldom seen things that these adventurous divers find in the wandering caves of Mexico. And, then there was the ancient bone discovery he was involved with too:

http://newswatch.nationalgeographic.com/2011/02/18/skull_in_mexico_cave_may_be_oldest_american_found/

It's all pretty out there.

And, then there was the recent giant Pacific octopus encounter off Yankee Point reported by

more locals. And, more telling, was the even *more* giant octo encounter Clinton Bauder (another local known by many in the club) captured some years back when he was shooting video off Big Sur where he recorded a diver's subtle flinch as a massive arm with suckers reached delicately out to touch. (Hey, the octopus was way bigger than the diver, and it was 180 feet down! That sort of thing just doesn't happen every day.)

We've all had experiences, adventures, and encounters in and on the ocean: whales, dolphins, a young seal, a manta flyby, a white tip on the prow, an awesome parade of jellies, even sunlight beaming through a kelp canopy, lighting the scene below. Dive

into Nature--I think this interaction with our unknowable reality is the prime motivation that brings us all down to the sea.

Ed Cooper (longtime diver, captain, and storyteller--may he rest) had his talks about the "spiritual nature of diving." He was constantly in awe and tried in many ways to share these feelings with our community.

(While diving the Farallons, he also swam by giving the divers' universal sign for "shark" just to mess with our heads in those spooky waters.)

It's not just about the gear.

Some of us tell stories "around the campfire" when we surface. Some try to capture the event, try to share the "tale," try to explain the unexplainable, scratch out some meaning to our place in the big picture of all these things while using images--both moving pictures and stills.

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Stammtisch

by Pierre Hurter



One of the great things about having out of town guests is that it gives you a chance to showcase your hometown. It also gives you license to visit those tourist traps you usually sneer at and blame it on you visitor. My cousin is in town for a month, visiting from Switzerland to brush up her English.

Learning another language is complicated; there are so many potential pitfalls along the way. Add to that the many regional dialects and you can find yourself adrift and disoriented fairly quickly. I remember spending time with the British Army on the Rhine. George Bernard Shaw's words were ever in the back of my mind, "two countries separated by a common language." It's an adventure and if you pursue it you can gain a unique window into other cultures. That's the nub of it really; language is the expression of a culture that's why automatic translators are so hilarious. The results of mechanically substituted words without cultural context or understanding can lead you astray, or become the foundation of a foreign policy.

San Francisco may actually be the ideal place to hone your English skills; if you can understand the multiplicity of accents in this town you can probably understand anyone speaking any variant of English

anywhere. As for cultural context, well even locals don't claim to understand what goes on in this place.

We started our tour of Bagdad by the Bay by meeting with my cousin and some friends of ours at the 24th Street BART station. Nadja showed up early so we wandered down 24th Street towards Dynamo Coffee, home of the now world famous maple glazed bacon donut. We hooked up with the rest of our friends, Brian and Noriko a couple of locals or a local couple and Linda and her daughter Katherine just in from Tokyo.



Gerda and I lived in the Mission for several years in a previous life, first in a faded Victorian with no water pressure on Hill Street and then in a pumpkin colored Art Deco apartment on Linda across from Mission Playground. I know, there are those who will quibble with whether the Valencia Corridor is "really the Mission", just remember, it wasn't always *Neuvo Boho*, times change and so do neighborhoods, even in San Francisco.

One of the most enjoyable things about the city is that we have neighborhoods, each with a distinctive character, some are smooth and slick, and some rough around the edges, some not particularly interesting, a little boring even, but they are distinct, with their own sense of self. You can wander down

Valencia and chat with Patrick serving up homemade soup, wild porcini mushrooms when we walked by, to a custom hat shop that actually makes hats on Geary, while sipping a freshly poured cappuccino and hear five languages in the space of a block. And that's just one guy talking to himself.

Aside from the Mission, we've explored the Avenues a bit. This is an area that I don't know very well, for some reason we just don't get out there much, probably the fog. There are plenty of interesting things going on out here, people hand-crafting surf boards from recycled materials and skinned in black walnut and poplar. There's the Green Apple Book store, chock-a-block full of books on every topic, the Chinese herbalist who whipped up a vile concoction for my psoriasis and of course the Russian delis. I always feel as if I'm walking into the past when I'm in the neighborhood, it's like a wander back into the Eisenhower era. One open garage actually featured a collection of political posters, one of which featured Governor Pat Brown, the other "I like Ike".



You really can't leave San Francisco without trying out some Dim Sum and there's no shortage of places to go out in the Avenues. Forget about China Town, head out to the area

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Reefer's Rap 2011

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
<p>08 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 14 - Paris International Dive Show - salondelaplongee.com 19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 22 - Boot Show - Dusseldorf - boot.de 28 - Baltimore Washington Dive Show - divechronicles.com</p>	<p>16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 18 - Our World Underwater 41 - ourworldunderwater.com 18 - Golden Dolphin - Moscow 25 - Texas Dive Show - divechronicles.com/texas</p>	<p>05 - Great Lake Shipwreck Festival - Ann Harbor 09 - SF Ocean Film Festival - oceanfilmfest.org 16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 18 - Ohio Scuba Fest - scubafest.org 19 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 25 - Beneath the Sea - New Jersey beneaththesea.org 26 - London International Dive Show</p>
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
<p>01 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 08 - Dive & Travel - Tacoma - diveandtravelexpo.com 08 - Bay Area Dive Show - San Jose - www.divechronicles.com 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 16-18 - Ocean Fest - Fort Lauderdale www.oceanfest.com</p>	<p>14 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 18 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 21-23 - Dive & Travel Expo - Tacoma - www.diveandtravelexpo.com</p>	<p>04 - Scuba Show - Long Beach - scubashow.com 11 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 15 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
<p>01 - Malaysia International Dive Expo 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>	<p>TBD - Abalone Opener 14-16 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784</p>	<p>24 - Colorado Dive Show – Denver - divechronicles.com 17 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
<p>15 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 22 - UK Dive Show - Birmingham - diveshows.uk.com</p>	<p>02 - The DEMA Show - Orlando - www.demashow.com 12 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>10 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>

TREASURE TROVE OF HISTORIC NEWSLETTERS UNCOVERED

By Pierre Hurter

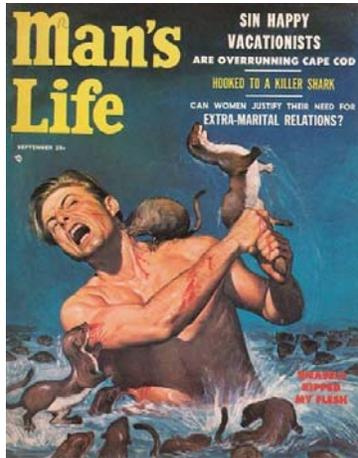
You can imagine my surprise, when I got the call. The sun was low on the horizon, trying to poke its way through the dreary gray overcast that held the city in its embrace, my glass was empty, the bottle of Old Granddad likewise. Business was slow, the evening young. The caller whispered into the phone and in a raspy whiskey slurred voice asked, “would I be interested ... interested in a stash of old Reef Divers Newsletters, no questions asked?”

I sat bolt upright, knocking my glass to the floor, barely able to contain my excitement. I must have shouted into the phone, on the other end a desperate entreaty that I keep my voice down. Intrigued, I whispered into the handset as we worked out the details of our meeting. We’d meet after sunset, in the parking lot of an abandoned 7-Eleven, burned to the ground during some long forgotten peace demonstration.

Gerda came along to keep me company as we crossed the bridge, both of us wondering, why the secrecy and the odd meeting place. We pulled into the parking lot, littered with broken glass and cigarette butts,

the streetlights shot out, we waited. It wasn’t long before the minivan pulled in, cut its lights and came to a stop next to our car.

The driver was wearing dark aviator sunglasses and a hoody so we couldn’t make out his face. He had us sign non-disclosure agreements and then took us to the back of the van. There it was, a dusty bankers box crammed with old newsletters. It seems that the newsletter archive had been discovered in the course of a major home renovation. As is so often the



case with these sorts of domestic upheavals, more was discovered than broken Christmas ornaments and cobwebs. Apparently in close proximity to the newsletters was another box this one full of vintage men’s magazines; you know the type, *Stag*, *Man’s Life*, *Rogue*, *Debonair*. Thrilling stories lines like “Weasels Ripped My Flesh” or “Cannibal Crabs Crawl to Kill”. I grabbed both boxes, threw them into the back of Gerda’s Dive mobile and tires screeching as we pulled out of the lot, headed back to the bridge and the safety of our garage.

I loved these magazines growing up, tales of daring mixed with the inevitable expanse of teasing décolletage, what better reading for a curious six grader? This is the sort of discovery that sends a frisson of excitement down my spine and brings on a frown from my dive buddy. One man’s culturally

significant collection is his wife’s heartache. There they were, strewn across my workbench, calling me with their lurid covers promising once again, just like in sixth grade, adventures beyond my imagination. At moments like this I usually go with the standard disclaimer, “It most be left over from the previous owner.”

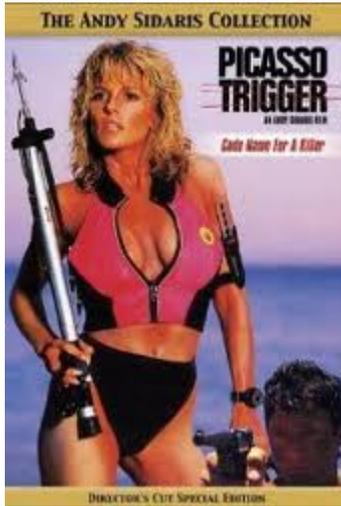
In the spirit of compromise, similar to that shown during the Debt Ceiling wrangling, I now have preserved in my garage an archive of Reef Divers newsletters, stored in a sealed nitrogen filled vault, bathed in ethereal blue lights and only handled when wearing organic cotton clothes and a drysuit. The other stash of historical material, well, history is rife with loss and this particular archive has been consigned to the dustbin of history ... at least that’s what I told Gerda.

I spent some time this weekend going through the newsletters from 1972. Mark Gibson was the President, Ray Will the Vice President, Ursula Bernhart the Treasurer and Secretary, Tom Delebo the Activities Chair, Emmet Malone the CenCal representative and Dave Rickard the Dive Master.

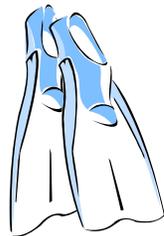
What was going on in 1972? Well the Playmate of the month was Liv Lindeland, a pulchritudinous, Norwegian blonde. Before you accuse me of pandering to our readers more prurient interests, there is a dive angle here. Liv starred in a movie, *Picasso Trigger*, a gripping tale of double agents, Paris, spear guns and wetsuits unzipped to the navel, the usual drill.

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Treasure Trove from page 4



Aside from who was featured in *Playboy*, There was a boat dive aboard the *Sea Bee* offering up to 4 dives which would set you back a whopping \$15. That included free air, tanks and backpacks, no mention of lunch. The club had recently acquired a copy of the “diving bible” *Military Diving*, which was available for loan to club members. There was an Ab dive planed for Greyhound Rock along with a hand drawn map showing the location approximately 4 miles south of the Santa Cruz County line or 7 miles north of Davenport. My favorite was the suggestion that members carpool as much as possible. Here’s the tip for how to figure out your share of the gas money, “a good rule of thumb for three or more people in the car is 1cent per mile round trip”, how times have changed. We’ll be featuring blasts from the past in future newsletters, stay tuned the Wolfman will be back.



Cave of the Unknown from page 1

So, a friend suggested I go see the Herzog film, “Cave of Forgotten Dreams,” documenting the amazing finds in the Chauvet-Pont-d’ Arc cave in southern France. (Herzog was acclaimed for his film on Antarctica using underwater video by local diver, Henry Kaiser).

We are all familiar with the Paleolithic cave paintings at Lascaux. The artworks found at Chauvet are nearly twice as old; unseen and untouched for almost 30,000 years.

30,000 years!

Now, 30,000 years is a bit hard for me to wrap my head around. Notre Dame was built some 800 years ago by guys with chisels, wagons, and mules.

The same with ancient Rome. Now, from my point of view, sitting comfortably here in the year 2011 of our Common Era, that seems like a long time ago. Stonehenge and the Great Pyramid date back more than four thousand years. That seems like some real time. After that, it all gets fuzzy and the meaning of time stops making sense and the recognizable marks of man are, for all reasonable purposes, pretty much gone and washed away.



Of course, there is cosmological time. That puts everything in perspective.

But, 30,000 years in human history—who were these people? What were they like? Do we actually have anything to share and learn from their experiences? Can they teach us anything? Were they so very much like us? Were their thoughts and questions that much different from the things we question and the dreams and aspirations we express today?

Herzog’s film was more than I expected.

Cave diving uses water as the pathway to get inside these hidden realms. No water here, no

dive report; Chauvet is high and dry, and stands inside a cliff side, high above a river. The fortunate few can crawl and walk inside and see a world last seen from the eyes and hearts of faceless ancestors and recognize the same awe that we bring back from our dive times visiting the raw face of Mother Nature in the world around us now.

Diving brings us back to our ancient, primitive selves.

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This is a movie about us, as mankind, and our relationship with Nature. It is about our expression of that relationship and this universal aspect hardwired in the hearts of man.

Looking at the images drawn so powerfully on the walls; I have many questions. What does this ancient group of artists have to say about the world around them? Astoundingly, they speak with no less clarity than the confident hand that dabbled similar things on the ceilings and walls of the Sistine Chapel. These were no less men than us, living in a frighteningly precarious world filled with uncertainty and complex danger. For them to leave such significant and accomplished marks is hard for me to grasp.

But, I can feel, in their representation of a cave leopard, an ibex, a bear, or some familiar looking horses, the same wonder that I have felt looking into the all-seeing eye of a dolphin, or the graceful winging of a ray.

Some of the animals on these walls have long since gone extinct. No recorded man has ever seen them. Only fossils and bones tell us that they had ever existed. These elegant images bring this past to life.

Our links to this past are the living animals that shared this time. The whales we see are descended from the same pods that swam those Paleolithic seas. You can feel their ancient sense of place, as they go about their business. Even turtles are here to share with us this sense of the vastness of time. And, who can

fathom the wise and ancient magic that animates an octopus?

We are fortunate, as divers, to be transported outside of the normal and every day and into the true mysteries of Nature—to see these things close up and eye to eye. Up out of our chairs and out of our houses; we can go out on our little adventures and touch what's really there.

Our ancient brothers lived in this very real world every single day, and they too wondered “why?” Some powerful hands drew these insightful images to underline their respectful quest. We can't do that much more today.

And, about the passage of time?--Let's hope for the best for all of us. While we foul the pond we live in, let's hope we make it another 30,000 years.

30,000 years!

And, what will our marks mean to whomever would be there to find them in some unknown future time?

If there's anyone there to care.
<http://www.wernerherzog.com/index.php?id=64>

<http://www.culture.gouv.fr/culture/arcnat/chauvet/en/>

<http://movies.nytimes.com/2011/04/29/movies/werner-herzogs-cave-of-forgotten-dreams-review.html>

www.newyorker.com/reporting/2008/06/23/080623fa_fact_thurman



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around Geary and Clement, and pick one. Everyone has their favorite and the one we checked out was Golden Gate Dim Sum at 19th and Clement, small, no wait, tasty and reasonably priced, it hit all of my key eatery needs.

To walk off the lunch we headed for China Beach, arriving just in time for a pod of dolphins to begin frolicking as if on key. They're probably skills paid to keep the tourists amused. We enjoyed the show for a while and then headed down the beach to the ruins of the Sutro Baths.

When the baths opened in 1896, they claimed to have the world's largest indoor swimming pool. Visitors had a choice of 7 different pools, including one fresh water and six salt water plunges. There was a museum, a concert hall with seating for 8,000, and an ice skating rink.

Times changed and the crowds going to the baths started to thin. Like many old time amusements, it struggled to compete in a new world. The Baths finally closed in the mid 60's and shortly thereafter, in 1966, the buildings burned down while being demolished. The ruins, a few concrete walls, stairs and passages remain and provide a place for kids to romp. We skipped the Cliff House and headed back down Geary, checking out the Russian Delis looking for the perfect and apparently illusive Hungarian Salami for Linda to take back to Tokyo.

There's a strong Russian presence here in part because St. John of Shanghai and San

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Francisco led his flock here when the communists took power in China and the Russian colony was forced to flee. After a stint in a refugee camp in the Philippines the flock settled in San Francisco and Australia. In 1962 John was assigned to San Francisco where he completed the Holy Virgin Cathedral, where he is entombed in a sepulcher beneath the altar.

Not far from the church at the deli across the street we found the salami. Hungarian Salami safely in hand, well made in Chicago Hungarian Salami, we headed off to our next adventure.

The following weekend we decided to head north across the fog shrouded Golden Gate Bridge. It had been gorgeous all week, sunny, clear and warm; Saturday was looking more like the normal summer weather. That didn't seem to deter the line of people waiting to get into the scenic view at the Marin end of the bridge. We passed the turnout and headed instead for Sausalito to see if I still recognized the houseboat I used to live on at Issaquah Dock.

The big round window is still there, though much of the rest has changed. The deck leading out to the boats is now festooned with potted plants, giving you the sense of being in an enchanted garden. There have been houseboats in Sausalito for at least 100 years; the oldest one on Issaquah Dock was built in 1910. After World War II, the waterfront community took off as people took advantage of the boats, ferries, barges and other

floating odds and ends left over from the Shipyards.

Nostalgia taken care of, we headed for Muir Woods. Barely 12 miles north of San Francisco and you can be in the heart of 240 Acres of old growth

redwoods. Nested in Redwood Canyon, U.S. Congressman William Kent and his wife purchased 611 acres in order to protect the trees. When a Sausalito water company wanted to build a dam across Redwood Creek, Kent donated 295 acres to the Federal Government, sidestepping attempts at condemnation by the local courts.



On January 9, 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt declared the land a national monument, the first to be created from land donated by a private individual. The original suggested name of the Monument was the Kent monument but Kent insisted the Monument be named after naturalist John Muir, whose environmental campaigns helped to establish the national park system. Great place to take a wander and even in the height of



the tourist season, the minute you get off the main pathway, remarkably quite.

We managed to knock Coit Tower and Lombard Street of the "things to see and do" list in one afternoon. As

fate would have it we were in line to roll down Lombard Street behind a group of Harley riders whose leather jackets proudly proclaimed that they were from Switzerland, it's a small world after all.

The street was built in 1922 and has featured in films ranging from Hitchcock's Vertigo to Steve McQueen in Bullitt. Even Bill Cosby got into the act with one of his skits "They built a street up there called Lombard Street that goes straight down, and they're not satisfied with you killing yourself *that way* - they put grooves and curves and everything in it, and they put flowers there where they've buried the people that have killed themselves. Lombard Street, wonderful street."

If you want to see something that works in San Francisco you should see the traffic management scheme they have going at the top and bottom of the hill to funnel traffic and disperse it in an orderly way at the other end. For those who don't like crowds try Vermont Street at the other end of town, it has one less curve, seven instead of eight, but makes up for it by

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being steeper. It also has the distinction of having featured in both *Magnum Force* and *Bullitt*, the movie that forever defined “chase scenes”, at least for me.

From Lombard Street we headed up the hill to Coit Tower. Built with money provided by Lillie Hitchcock Coit, a wealthy socialite with a love of firemen, its construction took five years. By all accounts Lillie Coit was ahead of her time, smoking cigars and wearing trousers long before it was socially acceptable for women to do so. She was an avid gambler and often dressed like a man in order to gamble in the males-only establishments that dotted North Beach.



The murals within the tower were done under the auspices of the Public Works of Art Project, a New Deal federal employment program for artists. The muralists included Maxine Albro, Victor Arnautoff, Ray Bertrand, Rinaldo Cuneo, Mallette Harold Dean, Clifford Wight, Edith Hamlin, George Harris, Robert B. Howard, Otis Oldfield, Suzanne Scheuer, Hebe Daum and Frede Vidar.

If you look, you can pick out a variety of left leaning political statements in the works. Bernard Zakheim's library scene depicts fellow artist John Langley Howard crumpling a newspaper in his left hand as he reaches for a shelved copy of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* with his right, and Stackpole is painted reading a newspaper headline announcing the destruction of Diego Rivera's Rockefeller Center mural; Victor Arnautoff's city scene includes *The New Masses* and *The Daily*, John Langley Howard's mural depicts an ethnically diverse labor march as well as a destitute family panning for gold while a rich family observes.

In one afternoon a beautiful drive, as well as a history of the City's eternally turbulent political scene. A quick heads-up, if you're planning to visit Coit Tower, pay attention to the sign at the top of the drive leading to the parking lot, there is no public parking on Saturday and Sunday, you need an “A” residential permit or face a \$73 ticket, now there's a city that knows how to treat it's tourists.

The last weekend of July found us taking a meandering drive down the coast. At the feed shop in Half Moon Bay we noticed a flyer advertising a rodeo in La Honda at the Driscoll Ranch. Who could let that pass? Since we already had plans to hook up with my aunt, uncle and cousin's family to celebrate August 1st, the Swiss National Day; a commemoration of the 720th anniversary of the Swiss



Confederation we figured we'd check out the rodeo on Sunday.

Rodeos, they are part of the American story. The Driscoll Ranch Foundation has been putting this rodeo on for 11 years. Their purpose is to preserve the “cowboy values” that were once prevalent in the area. They define those values as the ability to live off the land in a way that allows the land, the animals, and the people to prosper into perpetuity. They call it the Western Way of Life, the values and skills that tamed the Wild West. Those values include: honesty, trust, loyalty, pride, fairness, education, and kindness.

It's not the slickest rodeo I've ever seen, and that's part of the appeal. It was one of the friendliest and the competition was keen. One of my favorite events aside from the “sort-n-rope” was the “mutton bustin.” Picture a bunch of kids, some of them no more than four to five year's old hanging on to sheep for dear life as they come out of the chutes. It was a great take on the bareback riding that preceded it. Fun day and the hot links weren't bad either.

In keeping with a nautical theme, we headed for an escape

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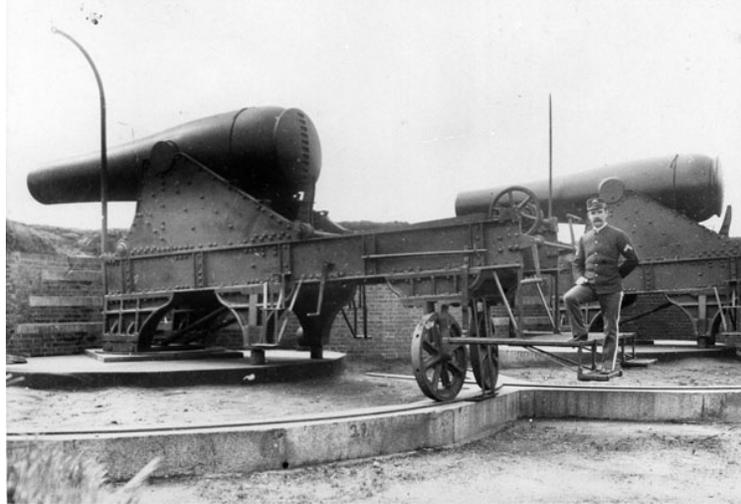
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to Alcatraz this last Sunday. If you've never been, you owe it to yourself. Less than 15 minutes by ferry, "The Rock" sits in the middle of the bay, originally named *La Isla los Alcatraces*, or island of the pelicans, has been standing guard over the Golden Gate since the Gold Rush.

With the discovery of gold in California and the influx of people from all corners of the globe, the United States government decided they needed to protect their turf from potential seizure by foreign powers. The US Army set to work fortifying the island adding among other improvements four 36,000-pound Rodman guns, capable of lobbing a 400 pound shell close to three miles.

By the time the Civil War rolled around, the island's military technology was largely obsolete, but its location made it ideal as a military prison. Starting with the Civil War and later the Spanish American War the population of military prisoners quickly reached close to 500. Following the 1906 earthquake many of the city's civilian prisoners were housed there as well. Alcatraz became the Army's first long-term prison.

It was the Army that brought soil to the island from nearby Angel Island and with the help of



the California Spring and Wild Flower Association's contributions of seeds, planted many of the gardens that are currently being restored on the island.

In the 30's partially because of the high cost of operating the prison, the Army turned the island over to the Department of Justice. It was the height of the Depression, Prohibition and crooks like Al Capone, Machine Gun Kelly and Alvin "Creepy Karpis" Karpowicz were running amok, something had to be done. And it was, Alcatraz was turned into a symbol of what lay ahead for those who flouted the law. Gun Galleries, permanent tear gas canisters in the mess hall, guard towers; this would be the state of the art for a prison of its day.

The prison was closed in 1963, largely because it was too

expensive. The average cost to house an inmate was \$10 a day compared to \$3 in other Federal Prisons. The Federal Penitentiary in Marion, Illinois became the replacement for the incorrigible in the federal penal system

Aside from the occupation by the United Indians of All Tribes in 1969, the island was largely ignored and abandoned until becoming a National Landmark in 1986. Today it is visited by close to a million people a year.

That's it for the tourism, next week I get back to the business of diving. I reconfigured our doubles to a single tank setup; I've dug out my wetsuit, charged my batteries, now all I have to do is see if my wetsuit still fits. Maybe I'll bring my drysuit ... just in case.



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2011 Norcal Underwater Hunters Big Abalone and Cook Off Sonoma County Abalone Network Fundraiser

Saturday August 20th 7:00am to 3:30pm
Ocean Cove CA.

This event is open to free divers only.

Current California Department of Fishing Game laws apply.

Donation Fee's are \$30 if preregistered and \$40 day of event. To receive a free shirt you must preregister. The pre registration will end on 7-20-11 after that you will have to purchase your shirt at the event.

All Divers are required to fill out and turn in a waiver form and show current CA. fishing license and current 2011 abalone tags at sign in.

All Divers are required to register with at least one dive buddy

The check in and measuring for the abalone for the event will be held at the Ocean Cove Campground 23125 Coast Highway One.

Diving can be done anywhere along the California Coast, All divers must return to Check out area by 2:00 pm, No exceptions.

Free diving Divisions Awards (plaques) will consist of:

- 1st, 2nd, 3rd for biggest Ab
- Top Female biggest Ab
- Top junior biggest Ab
- Most Beach garbage picked up
- Ab cook off. 1st,2nd,3rd
- Etiquette and safety:

The Ocean cove Big Ab comp promotes safe buddy diving and friendly competition.

All divers should be in contact with their dive buddy/ies while in the water.

Eligibility:

Signed Waiver form.

2011 California Ocean Fishing License and Abalone punch card and tags.

Disqualifications:

Any California Department of Fishing Game Violations.

Arriving at the check in area after 2:00 pm sharp.

For more info: call 707-478-1504

***THIS EVENT IS WEATHER PERMITTING, WHICH WILL BE DETRMINED ON THE DAY OF THE EVENT.



We 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> |
| <i>Show your support for all three!</i> | \$50 |

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____
Home Phone: (____) _____ Work Phone: (____) _____
Email: _____
How would you like your newsletter delivered? <i>(Choose one)</i> :
Online at the SFRD website (preferred)
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



SINCE JANUARY 1ST 1973

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 the 3rd Wednesday of the month. Location is announced one week prior to the meeting. Please check our yahoo site for details <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/sfreefdivers/> We meet at 7:00pm for socializing, drinks, food and club business. For more information, visit <http://www.sfreefdivers.org/>.

SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS
Reef Diver Times
C/O Gerda Hurter
515 Diamond Street
San Francisco, CA 94114