



FROM THE DESK OF ROY G. DIDIER

Just a few words to go way back. We went way north, got Abs on Saturday morning. Food and booze Saturday nights; we dove at the Barns. My buddy took me down and I got one. I got back up and asked, "how deep?" He said, "35 feet!" I said "I can't go that deep". He said, "You just did."

I organized beer and Sunday lunch, we charged twenty bucks a plate. That was our fund for the year. Best Wishes ... Roy



MAUI ZOWIE--DIVING IN PARADISE

by Jacob Rosenstein

What better way to celebrate a special Birthday than spending it doing something you really love, namely diving in Tropical waters. The backside of Molokini Crater in South Maui has a wall dropping to 230 feet. Visibility was 100 feet or more, as there's less boat traffic than on the inside of the crater. Part of a group of 6 divers, our ProDivers Maui Dive Master Matt led us through the most incredible underwater marine life exhibit in the Hawaiian Islands. White Tip Shark, Spotted Eagle Ray, a pair of Giant Moray, Spiney Lobster, Lionfish, a school of Trevally Jacks spread vertically in the water column. All that on the first dive! Depth was 85 feet max, bottom time of 38 minutes, and a 4 minute safety stop. Water temperature was 77 degrees Fahrenheit.

The second dive was shallow, maximum depth of 51 feet, and the marine life was just as magnificent. Named "Red Hill", just off a gorgeous beach called Little Beach, the bottom time reached close to one hour, thanks to a Nitrox tank. There were lots of

Tropical fish - the usual slew of Butterflies, Trumpet fish, Trigger fish, and an unusual Speckled Snake Eel peering from the sand. After fining along a sandy patch, we ran into 2 sleeping Green Turtles on the rocky terrain. Further along, there were 3 more sleeping Green Turtles. Apparently this area attracts many Green Turtles, and we would encounter them on subsequent dives in the South

Maui locale. Hiding in a small rock was a small Octopus. Matt enticed it to leave its home and gently placed it on his arm, while the critter spewed ink and changed color from green to brown to red, trying to escape. He would hand it off to other divers brave enough to

withstand the dark cloud emanating from this small animal. Not to be undone, a little further into the dive Matt removed his regulator and opened his mouth at a Cleaning Station. The Cleaner Shrimp would crawl unto his teeth and removed parasites. Saves a trip to the Dental Hygienist! It was pretty good diving on the first day of jumping into Hawaiian waters.

This scenario continued for the next two days. The only difference was that on the second day we started on the inside of Molokini Crater and then swam around the point to the back side of the crater. The inside of the crater had better coral growth, but the visibility was a fraction of what we experienced on the back side, or wall of the crater. The same Eagle Ray and juvenile White Tip Shark showed up on the wall dive, along with the Moray Eels.

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GENERAL MEETING

DECEMBER 15TH, 2010

Stay Tuned and

Check SFRD Yahoo Group site for details

MEET at 6:30p.m. for socializing, DRINKS & FOOD
and 7:00p.m. for CLUB BUSINESS

Reefer's Rap 2010

<p style="text-align: center;">JANUARY</p> <p>01 - New Year's Day - Breakwater Dive 02 - Club Dive: Beachhopper II 06 - Officer's Meeting 22 - General Meeting - Sinbad's 23-31 - 41st International Boat Show - Dusseldorf - www.boot.de</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FEBRUARY</p> <p>03 - Officers Meeting 03 - 07 - SF Ocean Film Festival 13 - Club Dive: Beachhopper II 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's 19-21 - Our World Underwater - www.ourworldunderwater.com</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MARCH</p> <p>03 - Officers Meeting 05-07 - The Boston Sea Rovers - www.bostonsearovers.com 24 - Club Dive: Sanctuary 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's 26-28 - Beneath the Sea - New Jersey - www.beneaththe sea.org</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">APRIL</p> <p>03 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 07 - Officers Meeting 16-18 - Ocean Fest - Fort Lauderdale - www.oceanfest.com 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">MAY</p> <p>01 - Bay Area Dive Show - San Jose - www.divechronicles.com 05 - Officers Meeting 15 - 16 - Scuba Show - Long Beach - www.scubashow.com 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's 21-23 - Dive & Travel Expo - Tacoma - www.diveandtravelexpo.com</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">JUNE</p> <p>02 - Officers Meeting 13 - Club Dive: Sanctuary 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">JULY</p> <p>07 - Officers Meeting 17 - Club Dive: Sanctuary 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">AUGUST</p> <p>TBD - Abalone Opener 04 - Officers Meeting 08-11 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 11 - Channel Islands' Extension 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">SEPTEMBER</p> <p>01 - Officers Meeting 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">OCTOBER</p> <p>06 - Officers Meeting 20 - Meeting - Brocken Record - Officer Nominations!!!</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">NOVEMBER</p> <p>17 - Officers & General Meeting - Mars BAR - Officer Elections !!! 17 - 21 - The Dema Show - Las Vegas - TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">DECEMBER</p> <p>15 - Officers & General Meeting - Check SFRD Yahoo Group for details</p>

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Stammtisch

By Pierre Hurter



A pile of pennies was spilling across my desk when one of them made a break for the edge and freedom. I managed to catch the would-be escapee in mid-air and that's when I noticed that this penny was different from the rest of its copper pals, this one featured a shield with thirteen vertical stripes and the motto *E Pluribus Unium*, "out of many, one" across the top and a scroll proclaiming "one cent" across the bottom. The obverse still featured the familiar profile of Honest Abe, looking like he'd been nipping on Grant's bourbon stash. Maybe Pat Robertson is right and the NWO (New World Order) is upon us, who knows, I scooped up my loose change and headed out the door.

The day had started uneventfully enough, aside from my errant pile of change, it was Veteran's Day and I had the day off. Gerda, on the other hand would be toiling away to make sure that our economic system stayed afloat and we would all be able to buy lots of stuff we don't really need for the holidays. This was my shot at having a guilt free breakfast and I intended to maximize the opportunity. I headed downtown to the Tenderloin and Dottie's True Blue Café. I'm not a fan of waiting in line, but it was early in the morning, shortly after o-dark thirty and a weekday, so I figured, what the heck, how busy could they be? I had my breakfast menu pretty much figured out, eggs, fresh off the griddle and sunny-side up, a

thick slice of ham or maybe some chorizo, a side of the grilled chili cornbread with jalapeno jelly and a cupa joe. Imagine my chagrin to find a hand lettered sign announcing that the whole gang was taking a couple days off to rest and recharge their batteries, starting that very day.

Not one to be easily dissuaded when it comes to breakfast I found myself on Mission Street heading towards Dogpatch when suddenly a parking spot opened up directly across the street from Dynamo Coffee and Donuts, I took it to be a sign. Let me explain, this is a place that Ken has been waxing rhapsodically about for some time. As befits any San Francisco eatery, each donut is handcrafted using free range organic cow milk, etc. etc., but what sets them apart are the flavors, lemon pistachio, saffron chocolate and the one donut served every day ... the maple glazed bacon apple! Decadent, does not begin to describe this donut, I would caution against eating more than one, aside from the potential habit forming qualities, you might just vapor lock on the spot.



Now that I was suitably fortified I resumed my quest, setting a course towards Dogpatch, which has apparently

been designated a historic district since 2002, more on that later. I wasn't here for the history, but for breakfast. I found a parking spot that didn't require judicious use of my front and rear bumpers, the parking gods were looking favorably my way for a change and slid onto an empty stool at the counter of Just For You. I've been eating here a long time, more often once upon a time, but almost since they first opened shop on Potrero Hill, two tiny tables and a counter that could seat a dozen people, if they were friendly and not too wide in the beam.



Arianne, the owner was behind the counter barking instructions and generally keeping things moving. A fresh batch of 20th Anniversary T-shirts had arrived and was being examined and admired. I was busy studying the menu, torn between the huevos rancheros with the New Mexico green chili sauce, the biscuits and gravy or a burger. Life isn't always easy; it's full of difficult choices and compromises. A note on the green chili, it's the real deal, shipped in from Albuquerque, the best way to describe it is the way it is in the menu ... YOWZA! I normally get a side of grits to go with it. You know ... "it's the pasty stuff ... like you had in prison." I first learned to appreciate the subtle joys of grits while spending a summer in Louisiana at a charming fitness spa run by the US Army, "Tigerland." I have a whole theory around Swiss immigrants to the south and grits, but I'll spare you, maybe

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next year. Great place to have breakfast, coffee with a hint of chicory, a collection of day-glow punk rock posters interspaced with classic 60's travel posters and the usual cast of colorful San Francisco characters.



Before we leave grits behind and hit the road, who can forget the classic scene in the film *My Cousin Vinny*, when Vincent Gambini (Joe Pesci) is questioning the prosecution witness Sam Tipton (Maury Chaykin), Tipton testifies that as he had been preparing breakfast (grits), he saw the defendants walk into a nearby convenience store, and as he sat down to eat, he saw them walk back out. He testifies that his breakfast took him five minutes to prepare, and so there couldn't have been enough time for the defendants to have driven away and for two other men in a similar car to arrive at the store and do the dirty deed. Gambini asks him "How do you like your grits, regular, creamy or *al dente*?" After getting a response of "regular, I guess", Gambini asks if Tipton cooks instant grits or regular grits, incensed Tipton replies that "no self-respecting Southerner uses instant grits". Gambini then pounces on Tipton by pointing out that to cook a grit, or a batch of regular grits takes a good 20 minutes, not five

minutes. Justice is served once again.

If you have a hankering for some grits, try Boykins Mill ... <http://www.boykinmillfarms.com> ... South, Carolina. The mill has been making grits, pretty much the same way for close to 200 years. During the battle of Boykins Mill in April 18, 1865 Lieutenant Stevens of the 54th Massachusetts became the last known Federal officer to die in the Civil War. Ponder that bit of luck while you cogitate on whether to buy the two pound bag of yellow grits for \$5 plus shipping and handling or if you'd rather start out slowly with the one pound bag (it's \$4 so you might as well go for broke).



I've pretty much exhausted, breakfast and the joys of grits, though I am still hankering for a maple glazed bacon apple donut. The history of Dogpatch is another story. In its heyday this was one of the most industrialized parts of San Francisco. For those of you who are recent arrivals, you may not remember or know that the west coast was once a hub of industry. Men and some women packed lunches into metal pails and made a living by manufacturing things we could actually use and needed. After work they would gather at local watering holes and shoot the breeze and ease aching muscles with a shot or two with a beer chaser, a boilermaker was more than a riveted and welded steam vessel.

Thanks to shift work, you would see people nursing a beer and probably having a smoke as soon as the bars opened promptly at six in the morning.

From about 1776 until the end of the Spanish era in California, Potrero Hill was used for grazing livestock by nearby Mission Dolores. Beef raised in the area was used both by the Mission and the Garrison stationed at the Presidio. With the Mexican governments secularization of the Missions the area became part of the *Rancho Potrero de San Francisco*, bounded by Mission Creek to the north, San Francisco Bay to the east, Islais Creek to the south and Potrero Hill to the west.

By the time of California's admission to the Union in 1850 the area was already well established as an industrial zone. A city ordinance prohibiting dangerous industries from being near settled areas led to business such as the E.I. du Pont de Nemours Company, the largest manufacturer of black powder in the United States to build their first Powder magazine on West Coast near the corner of Maryland and Humboldt Streets. They were joined in short order by the Hazard Powder Company.

A variety of maritime related industries shortly followed suit. The Tubbs Cordage Company made every class and size of cables and cordage from materials such as manila, hemp and sisal, imported from near and far. The company was in business until 1962 when it's last remaining building were torn down to make room for the San Francisco Municipal Railway bus yard.

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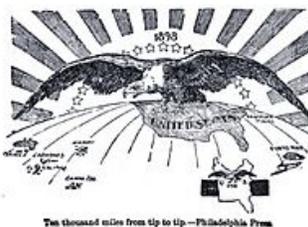
The influx of industries included the Union Iron Works and the Pacific Rolling Mills which was eventually bought out by Bethlehem Steel. Alongside the industries, railroads, including the Southern Pacific and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe acquired large tracts of land including the “submerged lots” located in Mission Bay. The Santa Fe Land Improvement Company had an active quarry in the neighborhood up until World War II. The Coast Survey map of 1883 showed San Francisco Cordage, Arctic Oil Works, California Barrel Works, the San Francisco Gas Light Company as well as the California Sugar Refinery.



In the 1880's and 1890's the United States Navy began an ambitious expansion of its fleet. The era of American Empire was in full swing beginning with our victory in the Spanish-American War in 1898. The first military ships completed at the Union Iron Works were the battle cruisers *Charleston* and *San Francisco* launched in 1888. Many of the ships built for the Great White Fleet originated from Dogpatch. With America's entry in the First World War, shipbuilding took off. The San Francisco yard launched eight destroyers in a single day on July 4, 1918.

The interwar years saw a slowdown in building until the

late 30's when the yard was modernized for the construction of the expanding merchant marine fleet. With the outbreak of war in 1941 the shipyard once again operated at full capacity, employing 18,500 workers at its peak. By the end of the war, fifty-two warships had been constructed at the yard, not to mention some 2,500 vessels that were repaired or converted to wartime use.



There have always been two components to the neighborhood, the residential and the industrial. The post war years were not kind to either one. As jobs declined with the closing of shipyards and related industries the neighborhood population suffered as well. At one point in the 1960's the San Francisco Planning Department considered demolishing the homes in the area and rezoning it for industrial use. Fortunately the lack of commercial prospects slowed that idea.

It looks as if the neighborhood is starting to perk up, the installation of the 3rd Street Rail promises new beginnings. If you wander around the area you'll notice signs of a renaissance, The Yield Bar, featuring wines grown along organic and biodynamic principals, Serpentine, the Hard Knox Cafe and my favorite, Just For You, offer plenty of opportunities to eat, while buildings like the 800,000 square foot former home to the American Can Company provides space to 300 businesses

ranging from *chocolatiers* to advertisers. Of course this being San Francisco, one person's renaissance is another's gentrification.

For Thanksgiving, we had good company, food and wine. A delightful Rhone varietal to go with the evening's bacchanal sticks in my memory. The Rhone wines, or Le Vins de la Vallée du Rhône, if you prefer, have a long and glorious history. Viticulture in this neck of the woods started with the Greeks around 600 BC. The Avignonese Papacy (1305-1377) brought the region's wines into the limelight, so much so that their Burgundian neighbors banned wines from the Rhone in 1446, a measure that effectively cut off trade with England and other Northern European markets for over 200 years.

Stretching southward from Lyon to just south of Avignon, the area produces a wide variety of wines; the appellation stretches over 3 communes in the Drôme département; Tain-l'Hermitage, Crozes-Hermitage and Larnage. Syrah is the dominant grape type with additions of up to 15% Marsanne or Roussanne allowed. I'll spare you descriptions along the lines of delightfully refined with a bold confidence that comes from breeding without a hint of the unctuous cacophony so often found in lesser vintages. The wine we enjoyed, a 1988 Le Gréal Hermitage, was delicious even though the lack of a screw top struck me as unnecessarily pretentious.

There was a Burgundy as well a 1989 Chateau Ducru –

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Beucaillou a lovely Saint Julien, but the Rhone's delights linger in my memory.

The day after Thanksgiving found us heading towards Monterey; I hadn't had a chance to get my Kirby Morgan's wet since their spa treatments. Frank had them tuned and ready to go, though I'm sure I heard some muttering about Luddites and diving antiques as I headed out the door. I wanted to see how they would behave underwater.

We spent Friday roaming around Monterey and Carmel. We hit up some of the local galleries; I'm looking for something classy, a painting that brings together the best of black velvet and nudity, but without the usual clichés. The weather was gorgeous and it seemed that everyone and their Grandmother were out and about. Cars trying to get into Point Lobos were parked all the way down the road to Monastery Beach. I wasn't very successful in my artistic pursuits, but we enjoyed a crispy Fall day all the same.

Rolled out of bed on Saturday to discover that the temperature had plummeted like a brick, the clouds moved in and it rained on the way out to our first dive site, but at least we finally got into the water. It had been way to long. Looking through my logbook I realized we hadn't been in the water since our Channel Islands trip, over three months. That's close to needing a refresher course. We managed to get in two good dives without any major issues or embarrassing moments.

We boarded the Beach Hopper with Mary Jo at the helm and

Bob as our safety diver. Our first spot was a site called The Pimple. Not a very propitious name for a spot, but it turned out to be a great dive. We meandered down the anchor chain and set out to explore what appeared to be a small, spread out pinnacle, a pimple, but with a fair amount of life. We wandered around for 37 minutes with a maximum depth of 97 feet and an average of 60 some odd feet. Gerda spotted a good size wolf eel as well as an octopus that was curious enough to come completely out of his den and swim around in the open for a while.

The second dive was at Aumentos. This time we headed down the anchor chain to find a large sandy patch with a reef dimly seen in the distance. The visibility was near 20 feet so we decided to follow the reel that Ken and Royston had left in their wake, like breadcrumbs leading to the gingerbread house. Another nice leisurely dive and then we headed back to shore to begin the serious work of picking a lunch spot. We had a great turnout for the dive, aside from Ken and Royston, we had Jim, Norm, Joerg, Denise and Loretta along.

Rather than go to the Pub, near the dock, which seems to be a perennial favorite, Royston suggested Rosine's on Alvarado Street downtown. A quick dash through the rain and we were there. They cleverly have you wait next to the display cases showcasing their deserts. Several Reefers claimed that they gained weight through osmosis. That's about it for December. We're planning another dive on the 18th; sounds as if they're will be kayaking and possibly night diving as well.

In the meantime, enjoy the season and don't forget *novus ordo seclorum* ... "New order of the Ages" ... on the Great Seal since 1776 and the back of the U.S. one-dollar bill since 1935.



Maui Zowie from page 1

The second dive of the day was at "Five Graves". We saw at least 2 adult White Tip Sharks in a cave, as well as lots of Green Turtles along the way. The last cave had a huge air pocket. We all balanced ourselves on rocks, removed our regulators and ecstatically shouted our appreciation of this find. Minus a few minutes of not breathing through the regulator, I set a new total dive time record of 68 minutes on this max depth of 42 feet, 79 degree whirlwind dive.

The ProDivers Maui crew were really friendly, down to earth folk. We had fresh fruit, juice drinks, bottled water, cookies and granola bars for our surface intervals. The boat captain spoke a lot about the history of the islands. The large uninhabited barren island of Kaho'olawe, behind the Molokini Crater, was a U.S. Navy target practice zone for many years. The current residents include wild sheep and rats. The West Maui Mountains have a wind farm to generate clean electricity. Many locals use the dirt trails for motorcycling and ATV cruising, with many trails extremely steep. On the trip

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Maui Zowie from page 8

boat captain slowed down so that we could commune with the back to the Kehei boat ramp, the Spinner Dolphin surrounding our boat, doing air spins. The only regret was not diving a wreck on our last dive. Matt asked the group of 6 divers for their preference. Most were willing to dive the wreck, except for a young couple from the East Coast, who expressed trepidation. So, we were denied the opportunity, and instead wound up diving "Red Hill" again. This time, we saw 3 different Frogfish. One large Frogfish was actually swimming to another rock. The other two were smaller, brightly colored and stayed in their habitats.

I was really looking forward to diving the island of Lanai. None of the SCUBA dive operators from South Maui were making the boat trip anymore. I was recommended the Extended Horizons dive shop. Hannah and

I woke up super early to drive up to the Lahaina boat ramp, about an hour away from our Wailea condo. The result was

somewhat disappointing. The diving was only so-so. The Cathedrals I and II are the big attraction here. These are caverns formed by the collapsed ceiling rocks, resulting in intricate caves. We dove Cathedrals I, on the second dive, on the insistence of the 2 Dive Masters, Zoe and Merin. It was pretty impressive being inside and seeing the "stained glass" window, the "altar", and the "confession booth". There was also a large Spiney Lobster lodged in an



upper cavern room. But after exiting, the rest of the dive was bland. We did see the school of Raccoon Butterflies. But the other critters, which on the pre-dive briefing with a photo book passed around looked interesting, were not found by D.M. Zoe. The first dive was at a pinnacle called "Monolith", again picked by the Dive Masters who were so excited to show it to us. The conditions were perfect- calm seas and no current. The early part of the dive was at a Black Coral formation, where a Longnose Hawkfish resided. Unfortunately, Zoe's dive light flooded. It was difficult to see the diminutive fish, until I dug out my hand held flashlight out of my B.C. pocket. I don't think many of the other divers in our group of 6 saw it, as none had an underwater light and were following the Dive Master. The many endemic marine animals hyped during the pre-dive briefing were again not to be seen. Zoe showed us a Moray Eel with a couple of Cleaner

Shrimp. She also found a large Basket Star, turned it over to expose the tiny shrimp living underneath. She repeated this performance on our second dive to Cathedrals I. We circled the pinnacle, and on the barren part, the sea life was missing, making a boring swim back to the anchor line. We had to rush the dive since the Surface Interval was to be shortened. When the Dive Masters are the only divers excited on a dive boat of 12 divers, it might be a foreboding sign of things to come. When the groups are separated depending on whether you wanted the \$60 underwater photo package, it

leaves a commercialized feel to your diving experience. Plus, on the journey back to the boat ramp, the Dive Masters modeled many T shirts for sale.

The beauty of Maui is diverse. We drove the Hana Highway around the island. The northeast end is lush rainforest with many waterfalls along the road. Sure enough, it started raining as soon as we were east of Paia, on the northern tip of Maui, making it impossible to stop and hike to waterfalls away from the road. It let up a little to take some photos of waterfalls seen from the car. By the time the sun shone, we made it to Coconut Glen's Ice Cream stand. He makes delicious non-dairy ice cream from native coconut, with unusual dried Tropical fruit toppings. The southern part of the Hana Highway was a dry, single lane unpaved road making maneuvering tricky in a rented Ford Fusion. We came to a stop as the desert landscape became a canyon at a sudden turn of highway. Actually, there was a stopped SUV ahead of us. This southern area is behind the ten thousand foot peak of Pu'u'ula'ula Summit at Haleakala National Park, which blocks the trade winds from dumping rain. Unfortunately, the road doesn't wind around the perimeter of the southwest but goes north to the Upcountry of Maui. The scenery changed to lush tree lined road again as we headed north toward the Tedeschi Winery. Maui's only commercial winery is located at the Ulupalakua Ranch. I sampled the Maui Blanc white wine and their specialty fruit Framboise de Maui Raspberry wine, which I expected to be better, only to be disappointed. We're spoiled with

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our regional Napa and Sonoma wineries here. The scenery from the Upcountry hills were spectacular- Molokini Crater, the West Maui Mountains, and Lanai in the distance. Haleakala National Park was an adventure the following day. I found myself on the moon watching the cinder cones and craters at the Kalahaku overlook at 9324 feet above sea level. Don't do this after diving. This eerie but colorful moonscape takes you away from the Tropical sea shore to another realm. Also, the lush verdant Iao Valley with mountains and the Iao Needle just west of Kahului made me feel as if I was in another country. The streams were used to irrigate taro fields in the 19th Century. Maui beaches are the best in the world. Keawakapu Beach, a short walk from our rental condo was not too shabby, although quite windy in late afternoon. Likewise, Big Beach, south of Makena, a popular hangout on weekends, has a wide sandy area stretching all the way to the cliff behind it. My favorite, Maluaka Beach, also south of Makena, had terrific snorkeling on its south rocky end. I kicked pretty far to try to reach the Green Turtles hangout, but did not find the elusive marine animal. I saw lots of Tropical fish, including the Hawaiian state fish, the Reef Triggerfish a.k.a.



Humuhumunukunukuapua'a.

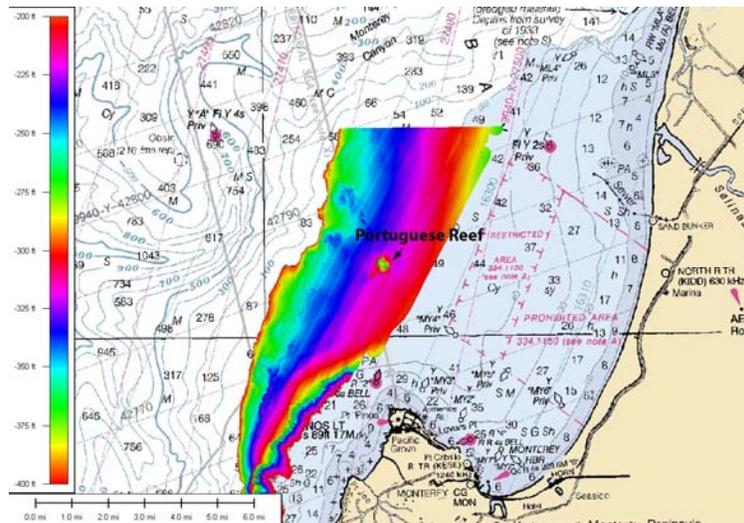
I felt pretty sad the day before departure. Hannah was surfing the morning away, while I was writing post cards and reminiscing. Ah, those gorgeous sunsets, leisurely strolls on the beach, warm water rushing around my feet. What an experience ... Paradise.

ON THE EDGE

by Kenneth Gwin

After years of diving in the Monterey Bay and surrounding sites, we all have gotten some idea about what to expect and some understanding of the "lay of the land."

We have explored the shallow



reefs along Monterey, Pacific Grove, Carmel, Monastery Beach, Point Lobos, and further south. Local dive boats have taken us offshore to even more dramatic spots like Yankee Point where there are spectacular places like Flintstones that combine shallow diving with shear drop-offs that fall well past recreational depths.

A few of us have been on special charters to the Big Sur Coast and even to the pinnacles

of Schmieder Banks, a plateau rising on the edge of the Continental Shelf some five miles off Point Sur.

For some reason, only a few have ventured in the bay to some of the deeper spots only a short boat ride away. Italian Ledge is one of these spots.

This area is part of and often confused with Portuguese Ledge. Portuguese Ledge proper is an amorphous reef north of the town of Monterey, running generally parallel to the abysmal trench running out from Moss Landing. Italian Ledge is a little high spot off the eastern end of this reef. It is only four miles north of Point Piños.

This is deep water. Depths here rise from a seafloor past 300 feet up to a few high spots along the reef at 245 feet.

However, Italian Ledge is accessible with the right training, equipment, and breathing gas. Then there is planning. Dives offshore are also more dependent on conditions. Besides the

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weather in general, timing the dive around tidal shifts is critical.

We recently revisited this spot.

So, what's out there?

First of all, there is an interesting reef structure that forms this area. The substrate is called Purisima, and is a type of compacted clay found commonly along the cliffs near Santa Cruz and along the San Mateo County coastline. It is pushed up in complex forms creating deep fissures and cavernous undercuts. This makes ideal habitat for the generally cautious groundfish.

This is also where the fish you never see make their home.



Many people familiar with technical diving know about the exotic sponges growing in these deeper zones throughout our area. But, Italian Ledge is very deep, and beside the plentiful and outrageous sponges, there are many and varied examples of protected and endangered species of deep water rockfish.

The list is long: rosy, starry, brown, greenspot, pygmy, yelloweye, canary, bocaccio, yellowtail (or olive, who can tell?), blue, copper, vermillion, plus the many others typically seen by divers visiting the shallow reefs. But, here can also be found two very rare and beautiful species: the tiger rockfish and the cowcod.

There are also numerous interesting examples of invertebrates: gorgonians, corynactis, corals (*Lophelia*); all manner of incrusting life. There are also interesting crabs, squat lobster, and the curious and under-observed group of bivalves, the brachiopods.

Needless to say, diving here is exceptional.

Spindrift

Australia to Deport Honeymoon Killer



U.S. officials pledged not to seek the death penalty if he is convicted again at home.

Gabe Watson was dubbed the "Honeymoon Killer" by the Australian media after his wife of 11 days, 26-year-old Tina Watson, drowned during a 2003 scuba diving trip on the Great Barrier Reef. In 2008 the Queensland state coroner found there was sufficient evidence to charge Watson with his

Australian officials said they would deport an American convicted in the death of his wife on a scuba-diving honeymoon after

wife's death, and he was officially charged with murder a few months later.

In 2009, Watson traveled to Australia to face trial. Officials in Queensland initially charged him with murder, arguing he had killed his wife by turning off her air supply and holding her underwater. Watson pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to 18 months a punishment Tina Watson's family and Alabama authorities felt was far too lenient.

Report Cites that both Skippers To Blame In Whale Protest Sinking

Investigators looking into the collision between the Japanese whaler *Shonan Maru No. 2* and the

Ady Gil on the high seas off Antarctica earlier this year said Thursday that the captains of both vessels were to blame.

The Sea Shepherd Conservation Society had accused the Japanese ship of deliberately ramming the Ady Gil, slicing the bow off the speed boat and causing it to sink. The whalers denied it, saying the Ady Gil's captain deliberately put his vessel in their ship's path.

Maritime New Zealand said in a report released in November that the captains of both the Ady Gil and the Shonan Maru No. 2, "were responsible for either contributing to, or failing to respond to the close quarters' situation that led to the collision.



navigation (taking sighting on the stars and the sun with a sextant), dead reckoning and radio direction systems.

The Clipper landed in Hawaii 21 hours after taking off in Alameda. The plane and crew stayed overnight in Honolulu and then headed on with overnight stops at Midway, Wake Island and Guam. On November 29, the China Clipper landed in Manila.



In 1936, the China Clipper began to carry passengers. The service in those days was strictly first class. No plastic knives and forks, real china and Pan Am silverware. In 1939 the planes began regular flights from Clipper Lagoon between Treasure Island and Yerba Buena Island.

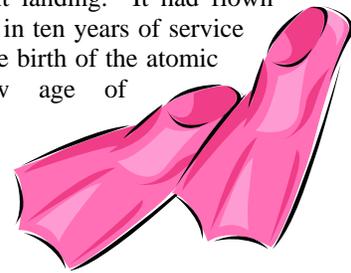
China Clipper Made History 75 Years Ago

On November 22, 1935 a four engine Martin 130 seaplane named the China Clipper, left Alameda with Captain Edwin C. Musick and First Officer R.O.D. s and crew and headed for Manila. That inaugural flight carried no passengers, just mail, more than 100,000 letters.



Seaplanes', beginning with the Martin 130's which carried 18 passengers and later the Boeing B319 flying boats which carried 74 passengers, flew until the onset of World War II. By the end of the war, seaplanes were no longer needed and a grand era of passenger flight came to an end.

Martin only built three Model M130's; the original China Clipper, the Hawaii Clipper, and the Philippine Clipper. All three were flown by Pan Am. All of the original aircraft eventually crashed. The longest survivor, the China Clipper, saw service during the war ferrying uranium ore from the Belgian Congo for the Manhattan Project. It crashed in 1945 off Trinidad when it struck an unlit boat during a night landing. It had flown three million miles in ten years of service and been part of the birth of the atomic age and a new age of transportation.



The first leg of the flight took the China Clipper 2,400 miles from San Francisco to Honolulu. The crew navigated by a combination of celestial



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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 to be announce one week prior to meeting. Please check our yahoo site for details <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/sfreefdivers/> 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/>.

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