



K2 and Beyond—a Dive Site, But Not a Mountain

By Ken Gwin

Our friend, Captain Phil has been having trouble with his boat of late. Everyone knows a boat is a hole in the ocean that you pour your money into. Even if it's a little boat, it's still a hole. Sure, the hole might be smaller, but the money's just as real.

Last season the lower drive of one of Phil's engines was taken out by a swell as the boat was tossed up on the rocks. He fixed that at considerable expense.

More recently there was an even more serious problem with one of the cylinders. The result was another handicap--he was, more or less, running on just one and a half engines. This sort of thing puts limits on that spirit of adventure Phil and his boat are so well known for. So, forced by these circumstances, Phil bought two brand new engines at an even more considerable expense.

I guess you gotta pay to play—but, gee, now that he has two new Yamahas installed—damn--somebody's got to try them out!

So, off we go:

There is a group of regulars that dive off Phil's boat. There are the recreational recreational divers, and, of course, the more technical, recreational deep divers.

Royston and I belong to both groups.

But, we were, once again, going for the deep stuff. With two more of our group (another Ken and Mike Murphy) we headed out of Lobos (noting blue skies and flat seas), turning south for a short ride to some of the deep spots off Yankee Point.

Yankee Point is famous for a few dive sites within recreational depths. It's got arches and swim throughs, caverns, it's got Flintstone and a whole lot more. It's past Point Lobos, more exposed to the open seas, and is vulnerable to changing currents

and other, unpredictable challenges. But, the diving's good.

K2 is a dive site that someone named, either because they liked the mountain, or perhaps they were just continuing on with an alphanumeric theme started at E3, G3, and all the rest. And, like these spots, the good stuff starts 130 feet down

With all the blue skies and great conditions topside, the water was a discouraging broth-brown stew that meant there'd be some issues with the visibility. Fortunately, things cleared out under 70' to a wide open cave of darkness.

The viz was excellent under the cloud layer--as far as your lights would carry.

The hook was draped over a reef at 140, the bottom sloped off, well past 200 feet.

We drifted along the bottom along a north-south running wall enjoying the faintly drifting current.

It's was dark.

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DON'T LEFT BEHIND!

We have **One (1) opening** on the Peace Boat for the upcoming **Channel Island** trip **August 14- 16**
If Interested, contact **Jim Valario** at **415.566.0784**

GENERAL MEETING

MOVABLE FEAST

7 P.M. JULY 20TH, 2011

Check SFRD Yahoo Group site for location

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

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 17 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</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>

Stammtisch

by Pierre Hurter



Bumper stickers are I think, uniquely American. You really don't see them in other places,

at least not to the extent you do here. By here I'm talking about the Bay Area. Not a day goes by that I don't see a car that looks as if the driver has left the minimum clear space required to see out the window, every other surface is festooned with bumper stickers.

They remind me a lot of T-shirts, another great forum for self expression. Until recently you never saw people walking around advertising their politics, travel history or general inability to match colors or formulate complete sentences anywhere but here. Of course like so many things that were once unique to us, most T-shirts are now made overseas, Bangladesh, Jamaica, China, and that may to some extent explain the grammar and syntax of some of the slogans they carry. They are also increasingly being worn in the rest of the world, no longer mere underwear, but now a proud billboard on which to let people know where you've been, what you drink and who you might be voting for.

Back to bumper stickers, an area where we, and by we I mean the Bay Area, clearly are way ahead of the rest of the rest of the country, probably the world fort that matter. What triggered my rever



was driving towards Watsonville the other day, having just come off of Highway 17 and rolling slowly down Highway 1 I noted the car next to me, a vintage Subaru, surfboard racks, back seat crammed with the crumpled fast food cups and wrappers of the vagabond life and there on the bumper, "Americans Don't Eat Horses."

This was a new one on me; not something I had given much thought to one way or the other. Well it turns out that there have been several attempts at legislating this behavior, eating horses that is. Titled the Prevention of Equine Cruelty Act the bill has been introduced several times and calls for amending the federal criminal code to impose a fine and or prison term of up to three years for possessing, shipping, transporting, purchasing, selling, delivering, or receiving any horse, horse flesh, or carcass with the intent that it be used for human consumption. The current Senate incarnation is the American Horse Slaughter Prevention Act of 2011. As I look down at my Shell Cordovan loafers, courtesy of Alden's and the Horween Leather Company of Chicago, I begin to wonder, what next?

Before I go any further I should note, in the interests of full disclosure that aside from the shoes, I have eaten horsemeat, raw in the Japanese style, as an Entrecôte and my favorite Leberkäse, preferably served in a roll, specifically a semmel with a touch of hot mustard and maybe a cold beer. The simple pleasures are the ones we remember the most.



The prohibition against eating horse meat apparently goes back, like many things in life, to the early church. The pagan practices of England and Iceland included eating horse meat as part of their religious rites. In the eighth century, Pope Gregory II instructed the missionary Boniface to "tell them not to eat horses and impose severe punishments to who does it, because they are mean and evil." The Christian prohibition against eating horse flesh (joining those already adopted by Jews and Muslims) set the tone in Europe for centuries. In American it seems the aversion remains to this day.

In France, the Industrial Revolution led the government to decree in 1853 that each person should consume 3.5 ounces of meat per day in order to have the strength to work. At that time the price of a pound of horsemeat was about half that of beef. The shortages of the Franco-Prussian war which eventually drove starving Parisians to consume rats and most of the residents of the zoo sealed the horse's stature as a cheap, nutritious "food of the people." With today's prices approaching those of beef, the

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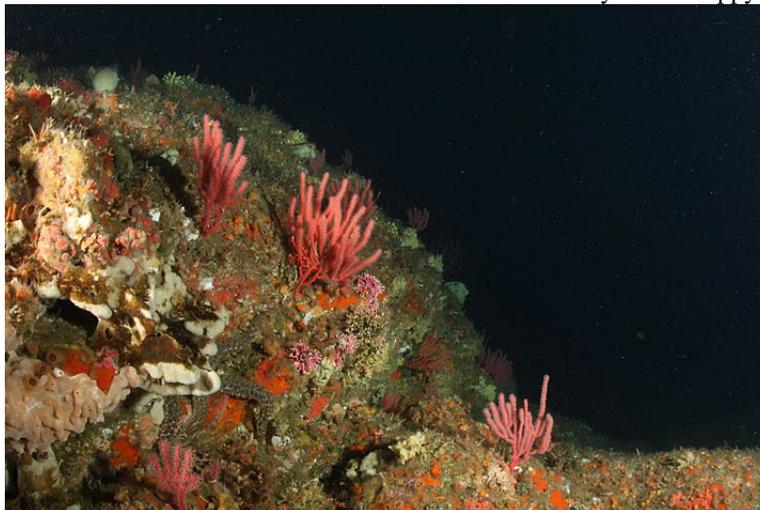
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This is Michael Murphy. He's Irish. You can tell by the green weight belt and his Lucky Charms.

The bottom temp was a chilly 48F. Very nice conditions, just the same.

There were lots and lots of juvenile rockfish just off the reef (primarily half-banded, but lots of other, unidentifiable silver shiny things). In the crevices there were tiny coppers, rosies, and many others. This is a promising sign for the future rockfish population in the area.



Royston was busy taking pictures of the reef.

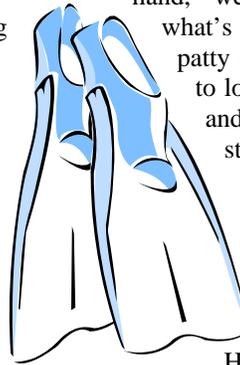
I just enjoyed the ride.

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meat of the working classes is leading to the once-flourishing horse butchereries of Paris to becoming an endangered species.

Funny what we will or won't eat. If you live in San Francisco there's a ban on toys with Happy

Meals, plastic bags, you can't sell baby chickens, ducks or rabbits. Now honestly how do they thing those McNuggets get started? We make choices, shark fin soup, and horsemeat, you often hear that banning shark fin soup is targeted at Asians and is really just a racist stereotype. Maybe, but I think it makes sense to stop some behaviors, after all sharks are not being raised for their fins and maybe horses aren't raised for their meat, but we don't pause very long before eating the double cheese burger with supersized coke and fries. On the other hand, we don't really know what's in that frozen "beef" patty do we? Well, I'm off to look for some more new and interesting bumper stickers.



Managed to get some diving in at Point Lobos over the 4th of July weekend with the Beach

Hopper. We headed down to Monterey on Sunday, sun in the sky, beautiful day, lots of traffic. We were thinking of taking Highway 17 over the hill and then down the coast on One, but the traffic heading that way was backed up onto Highway 85 so we kept going. It was the same story at the Highway 156 turnoff, so onwards to Salinas and Highway 68. It takes you into Monterey by the backside past Laguna Seca and the airport. No traffic to speak of, just lazy country road, almost a boring drive.

Upon arrival we wandered around Carmel a bit searching for that certain special artwork, preferably a life sized bronze nude mermaid, or ... Didn't find quite the sculpture I was looking

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for so we went to Aw Shucks for some oysters instead. Afterwards we made the obligatory stop at the jewelry store with all of the watches, not the shiny new Rolexes out front but the vintage watches towards the back. The display case features row on row of watches, mostly older Rolexes, their dials featuring that patinated wabi that comes with age.

They had several that appeared to be military issue, a left over from the days when "time is money" meant, to get accurate time you'll need a good watch.

There's something appealing about the look of objects that have been around for awhile, the sense of what the Japanese might call wabi-sabi. What Daisetz T. Suzuki described as "an active aesthetical appreciation of poverty." In this case poverty is not as we tend to see it in the western view, but in the sense of the removal of material concerns from our lives. So the next time you pick up an old and much used and loved tool, watch or even dive gear think of wabi, harmony, peace, tranquility and balance

Leaving the world of Rolex's vintage and shiny new along with the nude bronzes behind; we wandered around a bit in Monterey, heading out along the trail following the beach out towards Lovers in Pacific Grove. Its part of the rails to trails movement to take old railroad rights of ways and turn them into trails, in this case part of the old Southern Pacific tracks.

It was one of those gorgeous days were you loose track of time, just taking a peripatetic

amble down the trail enjoying the waves crashing on the beach, watching the little kids get all excited when they spot an otter in the kelp. The kind of excitement that I wish you could bottle and save for those days when the sun's not shining and there's not a frolicking otter to be seen. We rounded out the day by heading for the Pierce Winery tasting room on Foam Street next to the antiques warehouse. The wines are grown in the San Antonio Valley at the southerly end of Monterey County. Try the Tempranillo, you'll enjoy it.

Monday morning found us at Peet's getting our coffee fix and then off to the bagel shop which was closed. No worries, we headed to the shopping plaza on the way to Point Lobos and stocked up on bear-claws, muffins, etc. Enough to tied us over until lunch, at least so we hoped. We were the first at the gate at Point Lobos gate so we'd be able to snag the coveted spot right next to the boat ramp, at least's my favorite spot. Gates opened promptly at 8:00 and we all rolled in and started setting up. The Beach Hopper came in some time later having set buoys at Whaler's and Blue Fish coves. The plan had called for one at the Pinnacle as well, but conditions were deemed to be too sporting.

We ended up being the only two with doubles, one of the reasons I wanted to be close to the ramp. We slid down the ram, literally, and out to the boat. We did manage two dives, one at each location. On our first dive we teamed up with Jacob. A very pleasant dive with visibility around 25 feet (Gerda claims closer to 15, but I'm an optimist) Gerda tied off her reel and we headed down the reef.

Our second dive was at Blue Fish Cove, visibility was fair, but the surge had picked up significantly. The Beach hopper crew had salted the dive sites with numbered golf balls. The numbers corresponded to prizes back at the parking lot. These were great prizes by the way, ranging from a regulator, to a BC to a Dive Alert. I found two golf balls and swapped them for some swag, in my case some zipper lube, Aquaseal and a 50-pound lift-bag.

Unlike Sunday, the day started out promising, but turned out dreary overcast gray around lunchtime. Lunch by the way was great, I had the chicken and bacon sandwich, well half a sandwich, they were huge? Ever notice how everything tastes good if you toss in a little bacon? Sandwich selection was great and after our second dive there were a variety of desserts waiting for us. The only thing missing and Ranger Chuck brought that to my attention was hot chocolate or coffee, even a spot of tea would have been nice. By the time you read this, Ranger Chuck will have retired; Monday was day ten of his countdown to pulling the pin on a 30-year career.

Looking forward to the Channel Islands trip, the Galapagos of America, our next big dive adventure. Hopefully we'll have warmer water this year than last. This is one of my favorite places to dive. Since Gerda and I started diving we've had the good luck to be able to dive some terrific places including the Galapagos and this is still a place that pulls me back again and again. Besides great diving, you don't need no

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stinking passports, let alone having to be poked, probed and scanned by TSA. A world-class destination you can drive to, no cramped economy class seats shared with sumo wrestlers as neighbors, roasted nuts or squalling kids. You can travel at your own pace and stop when and where you want, see you there. Oh and don't forget your sleeping bag, you never know.



- d) Small boat or big boat
- e) Diving dbls or sgls
- f) Time of the year
- g) Anything specific about the destination

Depending on the constellation and mantra of only 1 small bag and applying the above checklist, this will translate into the following for the Channel Islands trip.

- a) domestic
- b) car
- c) warm and/or cold water
- d) small boat
- e) diving singles
- f) summer
- g) no spitting cobras but with luck giant sea bass

WHAT TO BRING OR NOT TO BRING ... THAT IS THE QUESTION

By Gerda & Pierre

Once again, August is just around the corner and with that the Club's annual warm water trip to the Channel Islands on the Peace boat.

Inquiries have been made as to what all is needed, that's besides the booze, to make this a memorable and fun trip

Here goes, from a Venus and Mars perspective.

Venus recommends: "Well, let's see. I normally bring Mars. He makes sure I show up on time with the right gear (more or less) and never forgets his wallet. But since I will not share him with anyone else, here are some additional thoughts.

Decision points

- a) Domestic or abroad
- b) Travel by car or plane
- c) Warm or cold water

a&b) don't need to pay to much attention on weight except that I need to be able to carry my own s^%^\$# – why is Mars coming along?

c) while this has been always our warm water trip in the past, the last two years have been rather on the cold side. With water temp averaging 62.5degree, lowest (on 2 dives) of 57 degrees and highest of 68 (1 dive); ergo I bring both my old 7mil and my drysuit.

d) small boat, small bunks which will be cramped with yourself and all personal belongings you want to keep dry, oh yeah , will need to share with Mars ... thank Zeus that the engines are louder then his snoring!

e) will be rented from boat but need to reconfigure stage setup prior to departure

f) while summer, and while this is not like SF, I have experienced both extremes, just like with the water temp. This means I will be layering. Swimsuit, shorts that

can be turned into long pants, t-shirt, sweater, wind breaker, gloves, cap, socks. REMEMBER d) and oh yes, Mars, he does make a nice heating blanket at times.

g) Camera for sure, side bonus, will annoy the \$(%# out of Mars Seahares, see Mars lol.

The Peace is like going camping on the water and a bit funky and I absolutely love it. Things are tidy and clean. The crew has their act down and all runs like a well-oiled machinery. There are 2 heads that also functions as showers – toiletries and large towel - check.

BTW, It's not a good idea to take one or a longer dump right before dives. Your fellow divers will break the door down if necessary so not to hold up their diving.

There is a nice sundeck, where one can hang out, talk, listen and/or read – bring suntan lotion – check, a book – check .

And not to forget, if anything gets wet, incl. ones towel or washed (!!!) undies, it can be dried overnight – dump it in the basket, crew will take care of it.

As to how many of one item, hmm, I always seem to bring too many t-shirts as I always seem to just throw the same one over my swimsuit between dives.

There is a boutique on board, so one always can get a new t-shirt if needed. Bring Mars with wallet – check.

I basically bring all the same stuff as I do on a normal dive in Monterey, including my weights as we go down by car. Since everything is stored in a rubber

maid tub it is pretty much ready to go. The only thing I need to make sure this time is the camera, battery charger, light.

Already mentioned the two suits I'll bring – better safe than sorry and that we need to reconfigure our stages for a single setup.

And then there is Mars. So if I forget something I always have someone to blame ...”

Mars recommends: “ Venus taken her stab at what to bring on the boat, so here's my take on what to bring on our upcoming cruise aboard the Peace.

First, you don't need a stinking passport; I wanted to clarify that point. It's not like being on a Canadian flagged vessel in Alaska, but that's another story. Second, bring a cooler. The food on the Peace has always been plentiful and tasty, but there is no bar on board. So if you have special dietary needs like PBR's in a can, Guinness, the Irish sports drink or other similar food restrictions, you will want a cooler.

Before I go any farther I want to be clear on two points, first, any resemblance to actual events or individuals in this article is strictly coincidental, the names have been changed to protect the guilty and secondly, the views expressed here in no way reflect these of the club, it's membership or Fox News.

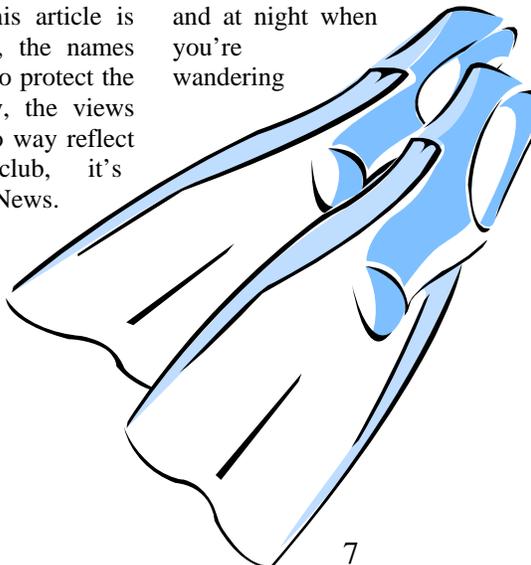
Lets start by establishing my bona fides. The

upcoming trip will mark my 10th time aboard the Peace, I've gotten to know the boat and the crew. Aside from the Peace, I've been on three other live-a-boards for a total of 15 trips ranging from three days to two weeks.

So what do I bring? I'll skip the road trip portion, hair in the wind, Born to Be Wild blaring on the stereo and start with me walking down the pier towards the Peace. I'll leave the dive gear choices to our gentle readers and concentrate on the odds and ends that make between dives comfortable. I will make one dive gear comment, make sure you pack your 7 mil and not your 5mil; it's not that warm.

I bring a small Go bag for my odds and ends, nothing bigger than a carryon. Inside, something to read, the usual personal hygiene products and fresh undies, what's that formula again, one pair of shorts times the number of days at sea, divided by ... just bring more than one pair and you'll be fine.

It is either going to be really warm or cold so I always bring some sort of long sleeve shirt, keeps me warm or prevents that lobster look if it's really sunny. Don't forget the flip-flops, again if it's sunny the deck can get hot and at night when you're wandering



around looking for the head, they keep your feet off the floor.

The one thing you definitely want to bring is a sleeping bag and a couple of garbage bags preferably black, they go with everything plus they keep things dry or if already wet, away from your dry stuff.

The sleeping bag comes from a story one of our long time members once told me about an adventure he had in Mexico.

Remember, the names have been changed, but for convenience, lets call him Ken. Ken was spearfishing around the San Benitos Islands, some 250 miles south of San Diego. Blissfully cocooned in his sleeping bag, dreaming of blue water and Pamela Anderson look alike mermaids when suddenly the boat came to a lurching crunchy halt, they had hit a reef. The boat stuck fast, the passengers were ferried ashore in the boats inflatable's. So there's Ken with his black garbage bag wrapped valuables and his sleeping bag, the rest of the passengers sleeping in their life vests.

There's more to the story of course, C130 rolling down he strip ... flares, smoke, bilge pumps air dropped by the Coast Guard, but the important lesson here is, bring a sleeping bag.”

Venus observation: *Booze, food, sleeping bag, mermaids, pesky little things, and no freaking mention about me! TYPICAL!!!*

Spindrift

BIG BUCKS IN BAGGAGE FEES

Have you had the pleasure of traveling lately? I remember when it was an adventure, something exciting. Hair brushed and shellacked in place, shoes shined, coat and tie and that was just to pick someone up. It's still an adventure, but no longer quite such a pleasure.



It will probably come as no surprise to you that the airlines are racking up fees wherever they can. In 2010 US airlines managed to pocket \$3.4 billion (that's with a "B") in bag fees. You know that thing you schlep your undies and spare socks in. Apparently passengers have shown resistance to higher fares, so, higher fees instead.

I just bought a roundtrip ticket where the receipt explained that the fare was \$388, not bad for a round trip to Zurich. It went on to itemize the taxes and charges, including \$420 for the fuel surcharge, bringing the total to \$913.91. Now if I can just bring enough quarters to be able to use the head and stay within my weight allowance.

LOOKING FOR AN INTERESTING HIGHLY PAID JOB?

The San Francisco Bar Pilots Association has a codified monopoly on pilot service in the Bay Area, including language that requires all large commercial vessels calling in the Bay Area to use the bar pilots.

Rates charged to vessel owners for pilot service in the Bay Area are set by the state and the pilots are licensed and overseen by the California Board of Pilot Commissioners.

Pilots currently earn on average \$400,000 a year. The pilots operate as independent contractors and split the annual earnings from bringing ships into port. To put it into perspective, Galveston, Texas pilots make around \$335,000 a year and Houston pilots \$460,000.

On June 15, state legislation that would have increased average compensation 105 percent per year, or roughly \$530,000 a year by 2015 failed to pass a State Senate committee. In rate hearings the pilots argued that since their last raise in 2006, their pay which is based on the weight of the ships they pilot has stagnated.

Maritime industry representatives opposed the rate increases, arguing that the projected increases in shipping gross tonnage would more than compensate the pilots under the current rates. Whatever happens, it's still an interesting job, even if they haven't had a raise in years.

WILL THIS BE THE YEAR OF THE SHARK?

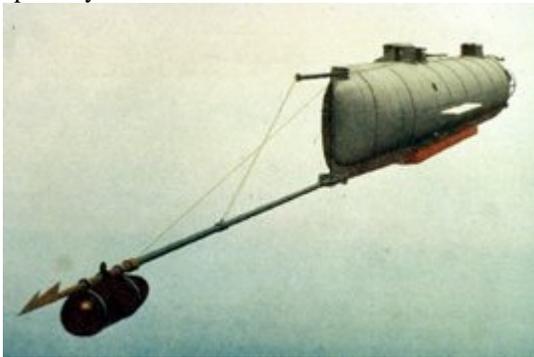
The government of the Bahamas has prohibited all commercial shark fishing in its approximately 243,000 square miles of territorial waters.



The Bahamas joins Palau, the Maldives and Honduras in prohibiting commercial shark fisheries. In addition Chili and Fiji have enacted bans on shark finning..

The *H.L. Hunley* is right side up again

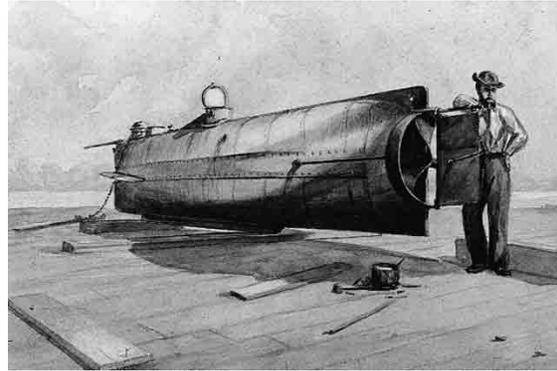
You may recall that back in August 8, 2000, the Confederate submarine, *H.L. Hunley* saw the light of day for the first time in over 136 years. The *Hunley* was raised from its watery grave and shipped back to Charleston aboard a barge. Once in Charleston it was taken to the e Warren Lasch Conservation Center, at the former Charleston Navy Yard in North Charleston, and placed in a specially tank of fresh water to await conservation.



The *Hunley* had been resting on the seafloor at an approximate 45 -degree angle. Because of the sediment inside and the presence of the remains of her crew the decision was made to leave her in that orientation until a full examination could be made.

The *Hunley* named for her inventor, Horace Lawson Hunley had an ill fated career. The Confederacy lost 21 crewmen in three separate sinking's. It was the first combat submarine to sink an enemy warship, although the *Hunley* was not

completely submerged and was lost shortly after her successful attack.



The *Hunley*, nearly 40 feet long, and weighing seven and a half tons, was built at Mobile, Alabama, and launched in July 1863. She was then shipped by rail to Charleston, South Carolina. The *Hunley* (then called *Fish Boat*) sank for the first time on August 29, 1863, during a training exercise, killing five members of her crew. It sank again on October 15, 1863, killing all eight of her second crew, including H. L. Hunley. Both times the *Hunley* was raised and returned to service. On February 17, 1864, the *Hunley* attacked and sank the USS *Housatonic* in Charleston's outer harbor. Soon after, the *Hunley* sank for unknown reasons, killing all eight of her third crew. This time, the ship was lost.

The remains of the crew, Lieutenant George E. Dixon (Commander), Frank Collins, Joseph F. Ridgaway, James A. Wicks, Arnold Becker, Corporal C. F. Carlsen, C. Lumpkin, and Augustus Miller, were laid to rest at Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston, South Carolina. They were buried with full Confederate honors including being buried with a version of the Confederate national flag.

**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

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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 |

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How would you like your newsletter delivered? <i>(Choose one)</i> :					
Online at the SFRD website (preferred)					
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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
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