



## S.F. Reef Divers Invade Cozumel As vaguely remembered by Norm Knutson

In February, seven San Francisco Reef Divers left the rainy Bay Area and flew to Cozumel for a short 4 days of diving. Cozumel is the island of cold beer, great margaritas, friendly people, crazy, obnoxious and embarrassing cruise passengers trying to leave an ugly American impression and did I mention some great diving along reefs and walls that drop into what seems the center of the earth. And if you love Mexican food, for some reason there are Mexican restaurants everywhere that also had delicious fish dishes.

Normally, Jim and I stay at an all inclusive and isolated compound called Scuba Club which is great for couples and those wanting to kick back. But, we were there for the diving (at least that's my story) and we stayed in a clean, comfortable and quaint hotel, called the Vista Del Mar, in town and along the street that parallels the sea. Each room has a nice terrace and either overlooks the sea and street below or the back view, which was nothing to write home about. I would definitely stay at this hotel again.

The dive operation, Aldora Divers, is one that Bhushan and Jim have dove with before and I really liked their dive operation and the Dive Master, Javier, who was with us all 4 days of diving.

They provide 120 cu. ft. steel tanks (air or nitrox) which allowed us to stay down on EVERY dive for at least one hour. We would then boat to a beach and lounge around in the shade drinking non-alcoholic drinks and have a light snack and decompress for 2 hours. Then on to another 1 hour dive. The dives were usually along a steep drop off wall or we entered some tunnels and weaved in and out of tunnels and then exited out along the wall or up on top of a reef. We did manage to do a wreck dive on the C-53, a 184ft Mexican Navy Minesweeper sunk in 2000. I've dove this before, but it's always fun to do. We also did a Night Dive along a reef that was always full of surprises.

I'm sad to say that divers are seeing more and more Lion Fish on their dives. They are exotic looking at, but the fear is that they will take over the reefs and destroy other colorful fish. At one time, there were none on Palancar Reef and now every year, they are multiplying. Not sure if the population will stabilize or will continue to grow and kill most of the other fish. On the internet, I have read of fishing tournaments just for Lion Fish. Not sure how this is all going to play out.

Continue on page 2



### [Lionfish Cookbook](#)

by Tricia Ferguson and Lad Akins,  
Photography by David Stone

Undercurrent has written much about lionfish and how the Pacific native is threatening reefs and marine life in the Atlantic and Caribbean. Lad Akins of REEF believes humans are the best hope as the lionfish predator, and his motto is "If you can't beat 'em, eat 'em." He worked with Tricia Ferguson, a "personal chef to the stars," to create The Lionfish Cookbook, a collection of 45 lionfish-based recipes, each with a full-color photo. Order through *Undercurrent* and you'll get Amazon's best price -- and the profits will go to save coral reefs:

<http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/0615428924/undercutheconsum>

## GENERAL MEETING

### MOVABLE FEAST

7 P.M. MARCH 16<sup>TH</sup>, 2011

AT

Una Pizza Napolitana

Check SFRD Yahoo Group site for details

## Stammtisch

by Pierre Hurter

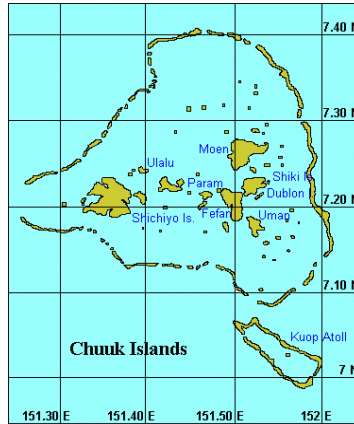


It was still dark the morning of February 17, 1944, the far away drone grew slowly louder as it came closer. It was the sound of a large group of planes approaching. An alert was sounded and at sunrise, the Japanese were shocked to find over one hundred American planes descending on the lagoon. They were followed by nine more waves of planes, a total of 450 in all. Japanese intelligence had failed; the garrison and ships based in Chuuk were completely overwhelmed by the onslaught of so many carrier-based airplanes. Seventy-seven Japanese planes scrambled to defend Chuuk, but 37 were lost before ever engaging in battle.

Two weeks earlier, a B-24 Liberator had flown over Truk Lagoon at an altitude of 20,000 ft. The aerial photos it had taken revealed that Japan's largest naval anchorage had one battleship, two carriers, 20 destroyers, 10 cruisers, 12 submarines and more than 50 merchant vessels at anchor. The ships were part of the Japanese Combined Fleet under Admiral Koga, with the super battleship *Musashi* as his flagship. The pride of the Japanese Imperial Navy was anchored in Truk Lagoon.

Truk had been the home base of the Japanese Navy's combined fleet since coming into Japanese hands after World War I. The atoll had been closed to foreigners and during that time the Japanese had fortified the

area, built roads an airstrip and fortifications that lead it to be called the Pacific Rock of Gibraltar.



In the days prior to the attack, the destroyers, subs, cruisers and nine aircraft carriers of the U.S. Task Force 58 maneuvered into position. The battle plan was to neutralize the Japanese aircraft first, destroy supply facilities and then strike the helpless ships. The hope was to destroy the Combined Fleets carriers, battleships and heavy cruisers. The Japanese fearing that the base was becoming too vulnerable had withdrawn most of their warships to Palau the week before the attack.

In two days, Operation Hailstone left Chuuk shaken and broken. Over four hundred planes were rendered useless, more than 50 ships were sunk or sinking, support and communications facilities were destroyed or in flames, and thousands of Japanese troops were left behind without food, support and very little ammunition. Casualties on land alone numbered around six hundred. American casualties numbered less than 30, including the loss of 22 U.S. aircraft.

After the Japanese relocated



Cozumel from page 1

On a night dive along a 66 ft reef, we were amazed by one of the largest lobsters we have ever seen. It was an easy 2 ½ ft. long and way very busy eating either a sponge or something in it. Here is one dive description from my dive log:

*2/20/2011 Columbia Deep,  
Cozumel*

*104 ft. max depth for 61 min.  
max time temp, 78 degrees F.  
Javier, Dive Master,*

*We dropped down and drifted over to the sandy bottom and then re-grouped and kicked over to the reef and descended into a tunnel and weaved our way through to an exit along the vertical wall and into the deep blue. The wall looked very majestic with great visuals of divers along the wall. A 5 ft. Black Tip shark was spotted and went behind a coral head and then re-appeared. Spotted several Lion Fish in holes in the coral formations. We slowly drifted up to a shallower area above the wall and cruised along the reef enjoying the many types of colorful reef fish and other life on the coral reef. Great dive to say the least!*

Looking forward to going back there as the round trip airfare was under \$400 + taxes. This motley group consisted of myself, Jim Vallario, Bhushan Mudbhary, Ray Will, Tim Howe, Michael DeGroot and Shelly Brush.

**Continued on page 3**

## Reefer's Rap 2011

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
<p>08 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 14 - Paris International Dive Show - salondelaplongee.com <b>19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> 22 - Boot Show - Dusseldorf - boot.de 28 - Baltimore Washington Dive Show - divechronicles.com</p>	<p><b>16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> 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 <b>16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> 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 &amp; Travel - Tacoma - diveandtravelexpo.com 08 - Bay Area Dive Show - San Jose - www.divechronicles.com 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 <b>20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> 16-18 - Ocean Fest - Fort Lauderdale www.oceanfest.com</p>	<p>14 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 <b>18 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> 21-23 - Dive &amp; Travel Expo - Tacoma - www.diveandtravelexpo.com</p>	<p>04 - Scuba Show - Long Beach - scubashow.com 11 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 <b>15 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
<p>01 - Malaysia International Dive Expo 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 <b>20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b></p>	<p>TBD - Abalone Opener 14-16 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 <b>17 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b></p>	<p>24 - Colorado Dive Show – Denver - divechronicles.com 17 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 <b>21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b></p>
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
<p>15 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 <b>19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> 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 <b>16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b> TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>10 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 <b>21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</b></p>



**Boat Dives? Boat Dives. BOAT DIVES!! On the**

After the demise of the Cypress Sea operation, chartering boats has become a sort of hit or miss situation. But, starting in March, we will have the Sanctuary every month, except August (Channel Islands trip). All of the charters are on Saturdays. If you wish to go, please inform Jim Vallario ([jvallario@sbcglobal.net](mailto:jvallario@sbcglobal.net)), BUT, receipt of a check by our esteemed and beloved Treasurer (Pierre Hurter, 515 Diamond St, SF, 94114) actually secures a spot on the boat. If you want to use the boat's tanks, the cost is \$92. If you want to use your own tanks, the cost is \$82. The boat only holds six divers, so...don't delay!

The dates are as follows (the dates should also be in the monthly newsletter calendar):  
Apr 16 --- May 14 --- Jun 11 --- Jul 16 --- Sep 17 --- Oct 15 --- Nov 12 --- Dec 10

**Stammtisch from page 2**

some 100 aircraft from Rabaul to Chuuk the U.S. Navy struck the islands again in April of 1944, destroying most of them. The April strikes found no shipping existing in the lagoon and were the last major airstrikes on Chuuk. The thousands of Japanese troops left on Chuuk found themselves marooned until the end of the war, fending off starvation and increasingly estranged from the local population.

With the end of World War II the United Nations created the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands (TTPI) in 1947. Pohnpei, Kosrae and, Chuuk (formerly Truk), Yap, Palau, the Marshall Islands and the Northern Mariana Islands, together constituted the TTPI. The United States accepted the role of Trustee of the islands whose ultimate disposition was to be determined by the UN Security Council. As Trustee the US was to "promote the economic advancement and self-sufficiency of the inhabitants."

The Federated States of Micronesia (FSM), which includes Chuuk, along with the

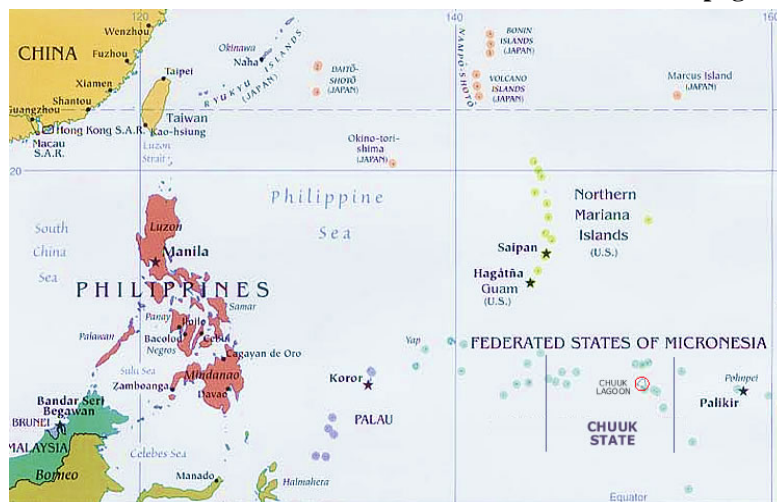
Republic of the Marshall Islands and the Republic of Palau each, negotiated a Compact of Free Association with the United States. The Compact was signed on October 1, 1982 and approved by voters in the FSM in 1983. After approval by the U.S. Congress, the Compact entered into force on November 3, 1986. On September 17, 1991, the FSM became a member of the United Nations.

So that in a round about way brings me to our dive trip to Truk Lagoon a sheltered body of water approximately fifty miles long by thirty miles wide. Chuuk state consists of 11 major islands with some 290 islands in total.

Chuuk is the most populous of the FSM states, with 53,595 people. Located about seven degrees north of the equator it's to the north of New Guinea and east of the Philippines. Unfortunately, unlike the Philippines there are no direct flights from SFO.

Did I mention that there are no direct flights to Chuuk? It's all part of the adventure. The limo rolled up to our drive way at "O-dark thirty", punctual as always. We used to take one of the many vans that service the airport but when they call themselves things like "Francisco's Adventure";

**Continued on page 5**





#### Stammtisch from page 4

you have to consider yourself forewarned. So now we take the limo, it's reliable, clean and ends up costing about the same amount as taking a taxi. The last time we took a taxi it felt and sounded as if the front end was about to abandon the rest of the vehicle somewhere in the middle of the fast lane.

For a change we were not the first of our crew to make it to the airport. Frank, Phil and Bruce had beaten us to it. A rare event as Gerda normally likes to get there at least a day early. We exchanged the usual TSA related anecdotes, wandered around the concourse, checking out the sites and finally boarded the plane for the first leg of our trip, Honolulu. Roughly five and a half hours later we landed and following long-standing tradition had a beer while we waited for our next flight, this time destination Guam another 7 hours and forty-five minutes in the air. The last time we made this trip we stayed in Guam for about two hours before heading off to Yap and then Chuuk. This time, because of the vagaries of flight schedules we stayed overnight. All the comforts of home, well the beer was cold and the showers hot. The next day, bright and reasonably early we were off on the final leg of our journey.

We had started out at SFO on Wednesday morning and landed at Chuuk International Airport on Friday at 9:00 in the morning. Having spent a fair amount of time in the air or airports and having crossed the International Dateline I no longer knew or cared what my internal clock was trying to tell me. We piled aboard the van waiting for us; the Brits already onboard looking a bit worried by the invasion of Americans, "we're

being taken over by friendly fire" was one of the comments. We bounced down the road through the construction and potholes making it to the Blue Lagoon Resort, only about 3 1/2 miles away, but slow going, in time to pile our bags into our rooms and head for the dive shop

After a fair amount of milling around cobbling together doubles and stages, we managed two dives the first day; our shakeout dive was on the *Fujikawa Maru*, a 433 foot long passenger-cargo ship lying upright in 112 feet of water. We made a leisurely dive with a maximum depth of 90 feet for forty-five minutes. For our second dive we explored the *Kansho Maru*, a 385 footer that had also started life as a combined passenger-cargo ship. By the time we were on her deck the evening was turning to dusk, not quite a night dive but vaguely eerie all the same. It just so happened that we made our dives on the 67<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Operation Hailstone.

Our Divemaster for the next six days would be Meckency and our boatman Stenson. After the first day we were divided into two boats of four divers each. The other boat, loaded with the "double trouble gang" had Cheeny as the Divemaster and Rockyson as the boatman.

We quickly settled into our routine for the next several days. I'd set the alarm for 6:00, but somewhere around 5:30 Gerda would ask "are you awake?" Breakfast started at 6:30, so we had plenty of time to putz around and do a little reading or head down to the tables at the outdoor bar and watch the sunrise. The menu was fairly varied, with typical American as well as some Asian flavored dishes.

Continue on page 7

#### The Washing Machine

January 22nd, 2011

Monterey, 08:30 PST

Bt Joerg Borchert

It promised to be another beautiful day in California. The drive from Los Gatos to Monterey over the Santa Cruz Mountains was just gorgeous. The sky changed from black blue to blue with a red glow in the East with the colors continuing to morph every minute, red to orange and dark blue to light blue.

I had booked a spot on the "Escapade, and while changing from street clothes into my dive gear in the light and warmth of the sun, I must admit it was my desire to get out of the bay since on my recent dives trips here we only made it once around the corner.

The stop at the harbormaster left us with a challenging thought of 'will we be able to go around the corner?' And I had to make up my mind if I should get a daylong parking ticket for a reduced price, having recently gone through a divorce; the pennies and dollars get a different meaning.

The disturbing news was that there had been a 7 foot swell every 17 seconds. You can look at wave models on different websites from NOAA to the US Navy (after some challenges with your browser as they require an updated security certificate). But it really does not matter, as these models reflect the open seas, the buoys 20 miles out to the west at the continental shelf, out in the blue. The waves behave totally different when they hit shallower waters.

The best way to make an informed judgment call is having a look at the web cams from the

Continued on page 6

### Washing Machine from page 5

Monterey Bay Aquarium and the Pebble Beach golf course. Keep in mind, there is a reason why the Maverick contest is planned for the end of January/beginning of February!

Anyhow, after passing the harbor entrance and some sun bathing sea otters and sea lions, the Captain headed west with the two engines pushing the boat fast out of the bay. Then we turned south with reduced speed as we got the swell now in a ninety degree angle from the West.

Several members of the dive team had a change in their face color and I had a lot of sympathy. The leader of the Silicon Valley dive club, Mike Davis, did a really good job advising everyone to use one of the common and best means to avoid getting sea sick: look at the horizon as it provides a straight line.

The first person who gave me this advice was my grandma, who did a trip every year with one of the grandchildren. By choice, we went to a rock in the North Sea called Helgoland, the ship named after my birth town "Hamburg" where we rocked in 'Beaufort 8' swept seas. This would not have been so bad, were it not for the fact that the island has a tax free status for alcohol and a lot of people took advantage, downing tax-free shots as soon as we left harbor. OK, so you get, disaster struck.

Granma and I went outside, there surrounded by fresh air and the advice from her I looked at the horizon and was fine. By the way: it works on ships, but not in cars or planes according to feedback I got from people who are affected.

Anyhow, we sailed down South, grey whales breaching and blowing left and right. The migration was in full swing. We

were told that the week before, sightings had been even more impressive. The final idea was to go to Outer Butterfly House reef, and while the idea was good, reality was different.

The waves crashed the beach and any diver who would have gotten into the swell would have been lost. So we headed to the outer reef where we finally anchored at the Outer Pinnacles. The Captain said it was the best choice that day and I full heartedly agreed and Capt. Phil Sammet's saying: "The deeper the better" was in the back of my mind.

I joined a very nice and experienced dive partner from the SV dive club (sorry, folks) and we headed for the anchor line. The equation "the deeper the better" must have been computed today by an inverse function according to the god of the sea "the deeper the worse". Neptune in Roman mythology or Poseidon in Greek turned fortune against us.

We went done the anchor line, reached 90 ft and it was bad... The force of the waves was just unprecedented. Up to that day, my worst experience had been at Wooden Island in Alaska with Gerda and Pierre. But today, it got topped by far.

We rocked up, down sideward, upward, and downward, trying to figure out which wash cycle would be next.

Trying to hold on to the bull kelp stems and we promptly tore them from the rocks.

The wave action was felt all the way down to 100ft and the velocity was also much higher there than at 30 feet. So we tucked into a little valley in a North-South direction that was

protected by the force of the waves.

We first looked around in our little sanctuary, then got out and moved eastward. It was brutal. And, as I was the designated navigation leader, we soon tucked again into our little valley. Exploring each and every nook and cranny which provided nice relaxation.

By chance I looked to the North I saw divers flying by in 100 feet of water.

When we finally had to get out of the protected area a huge wave hit the pinnacle.

I lost control, flew upside down with a velocity I never experienced before. It was scary and frightening, as I had no control what so ever. I accelerated like in a racecar and was pushed through between two pinnacles. And finally, crashed with the doubles into the reef and then got moved out into the blue from 90 feet to about 45 feet.

All this happened within several seconds. My heartbeat was off the chart, definitely far above normal.

I found myself ascend in the water column, no buddy, and no other divers around. I started to calm myself down, began slowly ascend and even managed a safety stop in and gracefully surfaced.

The boat was only 150ft away. I gave them the OK sign and started my surface swim.

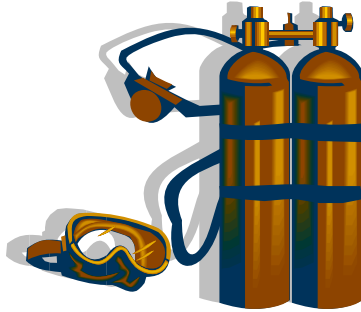
The download from the dive computer shows a very interesting dive profile with ongoing warnings about ascent/descent rate violations.

**Continued on page 7**

### Washing Machine from page 5

One red warning sign is placed next to each other – the optical representation of a challenging dive day in Carmel.

The dive was only 22 minutes long and certainly a dive in the fast lane.



### Stammtisch from page 5

I'd generally have oatmeal with the fresh fruit platter and Moen donuts with the occasional ham and rice bowl with a fried egg on top and a side of langonisa.

During breakfast we'd have a discussion about which wrecks to dive that day, actually a continuation of the discussion we had usually begun the night before. After the last cup of coffee we'd head for the dive shop to sort out tanks, analyze gas mixes and get ready for the days diving.

We had gone the doubles route on our last trip here and had decided on an alternative plan this time. Chuuk is a long way from anywhere and the infrastructure is not particularly developed so many things we take for granted are hard to come by here. It's a poor country but the people we met were friendly and worked hard to make our dives enjoyable. There were several live-aboards plying these waters, but I like being able to come back to shore, stretch my

legs and enjoy a beer at the bar at the end of the day.

For our daily dives we used 100 cubic foot aluminum tanks with a 40 cubic foot pony bottle filled with 40% Oxygen (40% went for \$16.00 while 50% was already \$26.00), it starts to add up after awhile. Most of our dives were deep; we did 15 dives with an average depth of 120 feet. We would do our deep dive in the morning followed by two shallower dives later in the day with a return to the resort for lunch tucked somewhere in between.

Surface intervals were long at least two hours and on some of the dives we packed a lunch and stayed out, taking our break at the former landing strip enjoying the sun or sheltering from the rain which we had plenty of. The good thing is that it would typically come pouring down at least once a day, but not for very long.

Aside from our first day we dove 13 other wrecks ranging from the *Hoki Maru* sitting in 140 feet of water to the *Nagano Maru* where Meckency swam the anchor down and tied off to the king pins at 160 feet. We drifted down to the deck and entered one of the open holds at 200 feet. A slow tranquil dive followed by 35 minutes of deco. We were diving air tables and would switch to 40% at 70 feet after a deep stop at half the maximum depth. From 70 feet we made our way to the surface at a slow steady rate until we hit our ceiling around 20 feet and watched our time tick down to zero.

The word *maru* (丸 meaning "circle") keeps popping up with all these ships and it piqued my curiosity. It seems that Japanese warships were not named after individuals. Maru was a suffix often attached to Japanese ship

names. The first ship known to follow this convention was the *Nippon Maru*, the flagship of daimyo Toyotomi Hideyoshi's (Japan's "great unifier") 16th century fleet. As is usually the case there are several versions of why adding *Maru* to a ship's name became the norm.

The most common is that ships were thought of as floating castles, and the word referred to the defensive "circles" or *maru* that protected the castle. The suffix *maru* is also often applied to words representing something that is beloved or held precious and sailors applied this suffix to their ships.

My favorite is the legend of *Hacked Maru*, a celestial being who came to earth and taught humans how to build ships some 5,000 years ago. The name *maru* is attached to a ship to secure celestial protection for it as it travels.

For the past few centuries, only non-warships bore the *maru* ending. It was intended to be used as a good hope naming convention that would allow the ship to leave port, travel the world, and return safely to home port: completing the circle and arriving back to its origin unharmed. Today's commercial and private ships continue that convention.

One thing we all got plenty of is sleep. There's something about doing deep dives that sucks all of the energy out of you. At the end of a days diving we would head for the outdoor bar to watch the sunsets which are truly spectacular here, maybe the most stunning I have ever seen. A cold beer and then off to dinner, I don't think I made it much past 9:00 before falling asleep the whole time we were in Chuuk.

Continued on page 9

Stammtisch from page 8



On our last day we did two dives, the first on the *Nagano Maru* a 354 foot passenger-cargo liner built in 1941, the last one on the *Kiyosumi Maru* a 385 foot auxiliary cruiser built in 1934 and commandeered by the Japanese Navy in 1941. When you swim through these shattered wrecks it's easy to forget what it must have been like here 67 years ago. The bones are mostly gone, for a sense of what it once looked like look for the You Tube video of the Jacques Cousteau crew when they visited the lagoon in the late 60's as part of the series *The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau, Lagoon of Lost Ships*.

The wrecks still had piles of bones, reminders of the horror that these sailors had endured. The first time we dove the *Yamagiri Maru*, a 439 foot passenger-cargo ship, I remember Gerda crossing herself as we passed the skull fused to the bulkhead in the engine room.

One day I was standing near the outdoor bar enjoying the sunset, taking a few photos, when a Japanese gentlemen started up a conversation, it turned out that he

had lost an uncle here all those years ago. One of our group had lost a relative in Peleliu. I love diving here and will probably come back again if for no other

reason than to be reminded of how the offspring of yesterday's enemies can share a sunset, a beer and talk about our dreams for tomorrow. Something the folks running things might want to consider.

Chuuk is a tremendous place to dive, if you know what to expect. There's a little something here for everyone. As Gerda commented, while the boys talked about the big guns, tanks and airplane parts, she was looking at the huge scallops, pipe seahorses, you name it. For those who like to go deep and know how, there's more to it than dropping to the bottom and popping back up, there are plenty of opportunities. For those who want to keep it shallow, we did plenty of dives where the maximum depth was less than 90 feet. I would add that if you are uncomfortable going into deco for some period of time on almost every dive, or don't understand the consequences or

procedures, this may not be the place for you, but that's a whole other topic.

If you're looking for luxury, with embroidered bathrobes and crystal glassware this is definitely not the place for you. Frank mentioned having been here once before where a couple never left the airport, but caught the next flight out. If you want to do some world-class wreck diving, meet some incredible people both locals as well as other divers, this is the place to go. Forget about live-aboards, we would never have met the trio from Poland with their stories of wreck diving off the coast of Croatia or the charming arms smuggler from Russia let alone the gentleman from Japan visiting the site where his uncle died all those years ago.

Aside from memories I did bring home one souvenir. In years past, an island man would carve his personal notches on a love-stick. At night, love-stick in hand, he would kneel beside the thatch wall opposite to where his would-be sweetheart lay sleeping, poke the stick through the wall and entangle her long hair, hopefully awakening her without arousing her family. The silent language of the love-stick began when the girl put her fingers around the shaft's notches and identified the owner. You can use your imagination to figure out where it goes from there. Or what happened when dad intercepted the stick ... who needs reality TV?

That's it for this month, stayed tuned for another fascinating saga of our undersea world.



Rio De Janeiro Maru 1930  
Mitsui O.S.K. Lines



**2011 Channel Islands Dive Trip**  
**Sunday, Monday and Tuesday**  
**August 14 - 15 - 16**



**FULL & Wait Listed**

**The tradition continues, we have half of the Peace for 2011**

We do this every year and as always we'll (conditions permitting) go to the southern Channel Islands. Half the boat equates to fourteen spots. The price per spot is \$400. This gets you a single bunk (if you are on your own), or one half of a double bunk (if you have your significant other with you). The bunks are spartan, but we're not there for the accommodations. We are there for the incredible diving, the great food and the even greater times topside. The key to any live-aboard charter is the attitude of the crew and skipper/owner. Eric Bowman and his crew are the best! They always try to put us on the best spots and always try to fulfill our requests.

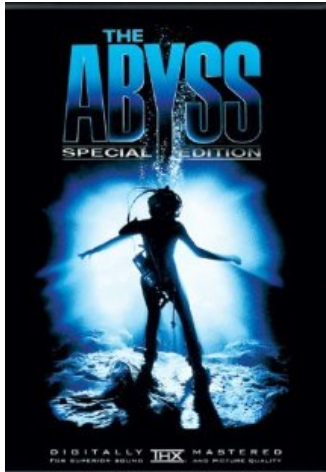
- **Cost per spot is still \$400** - For those of you who don't get out much that is a bargain.
- **To secure your spot**, send a \$100 deposit (per spot) to our treasurer - Pierre Hurter, 515 Diamond Street, SF, CA 94114. First come, first served, check in hand, secures your spot.
- **The Peace leaves the dock at 10PM on Saturday, August 13<sup>th</sup>** - First dive is Sunday morning.
- Bring all of your dive gear, including one full tank. They can refill tanks with air or 32% Nitrox. Alternatively, you can rent your tank and have it delivered to the boat.
- **Unlimited Nitrox fills cost \$75**. If you want Nitrox, bring your Nitrox Certification card and a separate check for \$75.
- Wine, beer, etc. may be brought onboard, but remember your 1st drink marks your last dive of the day.
- For additional information, directions to the boat, or to rent gear, etc. check out the Peace website ... [www.peaceboat.com](http://www.peaceboat.com).

For any other questions, contact Jim Vallario at 415-566-0784 or 415-819-1159 (cell).

<b>2010 SFRD OFFICERS</b>		
President	Gene Kramer	(650) 359-2785 <a href="mailto:genekramer@pacbell.net">genekramer@pacbell.net</a>
Vice President	Open	Gone Diving
Treasurer & Secretary	Pierre Hurter	(415).810.6851 <a href="mailto:sfreesdiver@comcast.net">sfreesdiver@comcast.net</a>
Webmaster	Curt Degler	91-94442154 (India) <a href="mailto:cdegler@yahoo.com">cdegler@yahoo.com</a>
Newsletter Editor	Gerda Hurter	(415) 810.6851 <a href="mailto:sfreesdiver@comcast.net">sfreesdiver@comcast.net</a>
Entertainment Committee	Ken Gwin	(415) 648-7046 <a href="mailto:artfxsf@aol.com">artfxsf@aol.com</a>
AMCR Representative	Gene Kramer	(415) 339-2785 <a href="mailto:genekramer@pacbell.net">genekramer@pacbell.net</a>
CenCal Representative	Debra Gilmore	<a href="mailto:gilmored2@yahoo.com">gilmored2@yahoo.com</a>

# Spindrift

## Into the Abyss - Are We There Yet?



Remember the movie, Abyss? An American nuclear submarine is attacked and lost in a deep sea trench near a civilian underwater oil rig. There's the usual cast of colorful characters, Ed Harris, Mary Elizabeth Mastantonio, Michael Biehn,

gratuitous wet t-shirts, Navy Seals, a nuclear device and the ever present, High Pressure Neurological Syndrome or HPNS also known as Helium Tremors.

For me the highpoint of the film is when Ed Harris dons his Kirby Morgan Superlight and they fill the suit with highly oxygenated fluid and he's off, into the trench where lights and cameras begin to implode from the pressure at a disturbingly increasing rate.

An American inventor, Arnold Lande, has patented a "liquid air" system for divers. Lande envisions a suit featuring an enclosed helmet, looking suspiciously like a Kirby Morgan, which could be filled with a re-circulating liquid, more specifically highly-oxygenated perfluorocarbons (PFCs).

Because the oxygen would be suspended in liquid, divers would not have to deal with the effects of decompression. If this all sounds too much like science fiction, the technology is already being used with premature babies.

## U.S.S. Iowa - Understand the Past - Serve the Present - Challenge the Future

The U.S.S. Iowa (BB-61) is currently rusting away along with the rest of the mothball fleet in

Suisun Bay. Since being decommissioned in 1990, several groups have tried to find a home for her. The San Francisco Board of supervisors voted 8 to 5 against having the ship berthed here back in 2005. Now a group called Historic Ships Memorial at Pacific Square (HSMPS) is trying to raise the funds to have her berthed at Mare Island.

At nearly three football fields in length and displacing 50,000 tons, this is a ship worth seeing. In her heyday she could reach speeds in excess of 33 knots, sported armor plating sixteen inches thick and could lob a 2700 pound shell a distance of 24 miles.

For more information go to [battleshipiowa.org](http://battleshipiowa.org).



## Bamboo Reef Enterprises Celebrates their 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

January marked the 50<sup>th</sup> year in business for our very own Bamboo Reef Dive shop. Many of us have passed through those portals with the tie down cleats for handles over the years; I did my Divemaster course in the pool in the back as well as at the Breakwater, Macabee and beyond.

Sal Zammiti has been a NAUI instructor in since 1961 and has certified over 1,500 divers. In 1970, he went to San Francisco and purchased Bamboo Reef and the rest is history. If you're in the neighborhood drop in and wish them a happy birthday.

If you're in luck he might even spin a tale or two about the days when diving was an adventure known to only the hardy few.



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 1<sup>ST</sup> 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