



A HIDDEN UNDERWATER TREASURE

by Royston Nguyen

I'm sure many of you will remember Kawika Chetron. He was a gifted photographer and the diver who disappeared March 2007 off the North Coast while solo diving, he was never found. Although he broke the taboo of "never dive alone" he left us a legacy of underwater photos that no one can ever match. One of his famous shots was taken at Deep Shale, or Kawika's Gorgonian Garden which he discovered in 2006, where he artfully captured the brilliant colors of the white plumed metridium, the yellow zoanths, and the red corynactus californica. You can find his work at *Cold Water Images* at http://www.coldwaterimages.com/about_kawika.html



Deep Shale, is a place where most commercial dive boats will not go, being so close to the breakwater, fearing paying divers will condemn them as a cheap operation.

While spending a day with Michael Murphy, one of my deep diving partners, we managed to explore Kawika's Gorgonian Garden.

For those who have not been to Deep Shale, imagine three big shale beds stacked on top of each other, then add the life that gathers around rocks, like a super giant school of blue rockfish, numerous lingcods of all sizes, Gorgonians everywhere and voila, you know what we saw.

Was it worth going here? Yes.

Do you need decompression training? Yes.

At this site, even though it averages only 120 feet, you will use up your non-decompression time in no time, enjoying the sights so much. So planning the dive and diving the plan will make this dive

very enjoyable and memorable.

Kawika's Gorgonian Garden is one of the true hidden underwater treasures we have here and it is not frequented by many dive boats. So, if you have a friend with a boat, nudge him and see if you can come along. Remember to plan the dive ahead and always yield to the Heaven's weather machine.

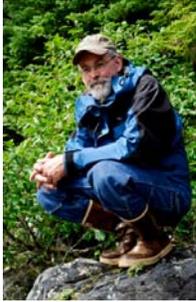
**SFRD General Meeting
Movable Feast
November 16th, 2011
Check our Yahoo site for details
<Http://groups.yahoo.com/group/sfreesdivers>**

Reefer's Rap 2011

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
<p>08 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 14 - Paris International Dive Show - salondelaplongee.com 19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 22 - Boot Show - Dusseldorf - boot.de 28 - Baltimore Washington Dive Show - divechronicles.com</p>	<p>16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 18 - Our World Underwater 41 - ourworldunderwater.com 18 - Golden Dolphin - Moscow 25 - Texas Dive Show - divechronicles.com/texas</p>	<p>05 - Great Lake Shipwreck Festival - Ann Harbor 09 - SF Ocean Film Festival - oceanfilmfest.org 16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 18 - Ohio Scuba Fest - scubafest.org 19 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 25 - Beneath the Sea - New Jersey beneaththesea.org 26 - London International Dive Show</p>
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
<p>01 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 08 - Dive & Travel - Tacoma - diveandtravelexpo.com 08 - Bay Area Dive Show - San Jose - www.divechronicles.com 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 16-18 - Ocean Fest - Fort Lauderdale www.oceanfest.com</p>	<p>14 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 18 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 21-23 - Dive & Travel Expo - Tacoma - www.diveandtravelexpo.com</p>	<p>04 - Scuba Show - Long Beach - scubashow.com 11 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 15 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
<p>01 - Malaysia International Dive Expo 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>	<p>TBD - Abalone Opener 14-16 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784</p>	<p>24 - Colorado Dive Show - Denver - divechronicles.com 17 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
<p>15 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 22 - UK Dive Show - Birmingham - diveshows.uk.com</p>	<p>02 - The DEMA Show - Orlando - www.demashow.com 06 - Point Lobos 16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>

STAMMTISCH

by Pierre Hurter



One of the downsides of going on vacation is that at some point you have to come back and face the wrath of your colleagues who were stuck taking up the slack at work. You can try to placate them by sharing a can of Spam flavored macadamia nuts, Swiss chocolates, smoked salmon or by sending a few postcards, but it won't work. First, they'll still be jealous that you actually took a vacation while they stayed behind, chained to their desks. The candy and postcards just serve as reminders that they didn't and second there's the whole work issue. Specifically the work you left behind and who gets stuck with it while you're gone.

I've developed a theory about vacations, the uniform theorem of time off; the longer the vacation, the better. Let me flesh that out a bit, if you go for a week, it's hardly worth the bother of packing and deciding where to go and then driving or worse suffering the indignities of the security gauntlet at the airport. And once your back at work, you'll find that everything is just as you left it, except for being a week older, closer to some deadline and generally dustier than you recall it having been.

Two weeks isn't much better, all of the issues associated with one week are multiplied by some exponential factor that ramps up as the date of your return nears. Three weeks, now this is where things start to get interesting. People start to get phone calls, angry memos, e-mails featuring all caps and that malicious red exclamation point in the address !!! At this point your coworkers need to start to address some of the work piling up on your desk. The only down side is that when you return they're may be some lingering feelings of ill will from those who had to deal with your abandoned mess.

That brings me to four weeks, the ideal length for a vacation. The work on your desk has reached the point where it has either been dealt with or having reached a height where it can no longer maintain it's structural integrity it's fallen over and been lost forever in those dark nether regions behind desks, cubicles, and hallways, alongside those dusty bankers boxes containing the archives of your working life and that stapler you were sure the new guy snagged.

So we only managed three weeks and are slowly getting back to the harsh realities of getting up when the alarm sounds and heading off to work. On the other hand as the Occupy Wall Street protestors point out to passersby's everyday, at least I have a job to go to. As for any lingering ill will ... let them eat Swiss chocolates.

While gallivanting about on our last vacation I read an article in a local paper about the *Nautilus*, not the submarine made famous by Jules Verne or the *USS Nautilus*, the world's first nuclear submarine ... no this was the American WWI submarine, the *O-12*, stricken from the Naval Vessel Register in 1930 and renamed the *Nautilus* by polar adventurer Sir George Hubert Wilkins who planned to be the first to reach the North Pole by submarine.



Since Wilkins was not a U.S. citizen at the time of the expedition, he partnered with Lake & Danenhowe, Inc. to charter a submarine. He signed an agreement with the U.S. shipping board, for the use of the *O-12* at a cost of \$1 per year for five years, with the provision that the submarine be used for scientific research only. The submarine had been built by the Lake Torpedo Boat Company in 1918 and was due to be scrapped under the terms of the London Naval Treaty.

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The *Nautilus* measured 175 feet long and weighed 560 tons. She could travel up to 7000 miles on the surface powered by her twin diesel 2500 horsepower engines without refueling. When submerged, she had a range of 125 miles before having to resurface to charge the batteries. The sub's air capacity was sufficient to supply 20 men for 5 days.

Sir George had led an interesting life up to this point, born in Australia in 1888, the thirteenth child of a sheep-farming family. In 1908 he stowed away on a ship, was discovered and kicked off in Algeria where he ended up in the hands of a gang of gun runners, managed to escape and made it to London in time for his twenty-first birthday. He learned to fly in 1910 and during the Turko-Bulgarian war of 1912 was hired by the Gaumont Film Company to join the Turkish side of the war as a journalist and is credited as being the first person to take moving pictures of battles in progress from the air.

Along the way he was captured, sentenced to a firing squad and once again managed to cheat the grim reaper. From the Balkans he ended up in the far north as the second in command of the Vilhjalmur Stefansson's expedition to the Canadian arctic where he managed to wander thousands of miles of the arctic over a three-year period.

With the outbreak of World War I he returned to Australia and joined the Australian Flying Corps. Commissioned a Lieutenant he was sent to France as an official military photographer. He was awarded the Military Cross for rescuing wounded soldiers in the Battle of

Ypres. He later received further commendations (a silver bar for his Military Cross) for leading a Company of American soldiers whose officers had been killed in action. He was described by the Australian General Monash as "the bravest man I have ever seen".

After the war George took part in the 1919 England-Australia air race, which ended with him crashing into the grounds of an insane asylum in Crete. He headed to Turkey next reconstructing and documenting the course of the Gallipoli campaign. In his spare time he participated in several expeditions to the Antarctic with Ernest Shackleton along with a trip through Eastern Europe and a Russia still in the grips of a civil war, filming the effects of the droughts ravaging the area. During that trip he was apparently also conducting a secret fact finding mission for the United States Government.

At the outbreak of World War II he offered his services to both the British and Australian governments, but was rejected because of his age. In 1942 he served as a consultant and geographer for the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corp, working on rations and equipment for use in conditions of extreme cold. He continued to work for the U.S. government until his death in 1958.

Back to the *O-12*, on March 24, 1931, she was re-christened the *Nautilus*. As Prohibition was in full swing, her baptism was with a bucket of ice rather than the traditional bottle of champagne.

Jules Verne's grandson was present at the event along with other dignitaries. The submarine had been equipped with several add-ons for under-ice operations. One was a mechanical probe that would scrape along the bottom of the ice cap to gauge the submarines overhead clearance.

There was also a drill that was billed as being able to cut through up to 12 feet of ice to reach fresh air. It's not clear to what extent any of these devices were ever tested.



On June 4, 1931 the *Nautilus* with her crew of 20 men commanded by Captain Sloan Danenhower left New York Harbor and began the crossing to Plymouth, England on the first leg of a voyage that was planned to take them up the coasts of the North Sea to Spitsbergen and on in an attempt to be the first to reach the North Pole by submarine and rendezvous with the *Graf Zeppelin*.

The *Nautilus* was Wilkins' most ambitious venture, but the expedition was dogged by mechanical failures and possibly sabotage. On the first leg of the journey the *Nautilus* encountered a violent storm, both engines failed and she had to be towed back to England by the *USS Wyoming* for repairs.

On August 5th, late in the season to begin an Arctic

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expedition, the *Nautilus* began making her way through the English Channel and along the Norwegian coast. A storm again damaged the boat, carrying away her bridge and giving her a permanent list, but after a stop in Tromsø on August 11, she successfully reached Spitsbergen, where Wilkins insisted that needed repairs be completed in one day.

The crew carried out a series of scientific experiments as they pushed northward, but pack ice hindered their progress. The boat was ill-equipped to deal with the extreme cold, lacking insulation or heaters. The fresh water system froze and the hull developed a series of leaks.

After ten days, the *Nautilus* reached Latitude 82° North, the furthest any vessel had reached under its own power, and preparations began to dive and proceed under the ice. However, the boat refused to respond; the stern planes had been lost at some point in the journey. Without them, the submarine could not control its depth while submerged, and the expedition had to be aborted.

On August 31, under increased pressure from William Randolph Hearst who had pledged to back part of the costs of the expedition, and had telegraphed Wilkins that he would not be paid if he did not continue, Wilkins pushed the submarine onward. Captain Danenhower ordered the *Nautilus* trimmed down by the bow, and deliberately rammed an ice floe to force the boat under. The maneuver worked, the *Nautilus* submerged, and became the first submarine to operate under the polar ice cap. However, her unconventional method of diving caused significant damage to her

upper works. She was out of radio contact for days, was presumed lost, and rescue efforts were planned. The *Nautilus* had actually traveled only a short distance under the ice before resurfacing through a polynya (areas of sea in Arctic or Antarctica regions which remain unfrozen for much of the year), but her radios had been damaged, and required days to repair.

The crew managed to continue their experiments, and their findings became the first paper published by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. On September 20, the *Nautilus* returned to Spitsbergen carrying valuable scientific data and with all her crew. Hearst, however, considered the expedition a failure and carried out his threat, refusing to pay for the expedition.

The Pole proved to be a goal too far, although the *Nautilus* managed to operate under the ice further north than any other ship during its brief voyage. The sub suffered storm damage on its return voyage following the expedition. The *Nautilus* was returned the Navy Department and on November 30, 1931 she was towed three miles down the Bufjorden a Norwegian fjord outside Bergen, Norway and scuttled in 1,138 feet of water. In 1981 Norwegian divers found the wreck and there is talk of brining her wreck to the surface.

Sir Hubert passed away in 1958. The British Government wanted to bury him in Westminster Abbey, but the arctic still had a powerful attraction. In

1959, the *USS Skate* (SSN-578), the second submarine after the *USS Nautilus* (SSN-571) to reach the North Pole scattered the ashes of Sir George Hubert Wilkins over the North Pole. He'd led a full life, war correspondent, polar explorer, naturalist, geographer, climatologist, aviator, balloonist, war hero, secret agent, submariner and navigator.



You know those magazines they stuff in the pocket of the seat in front of you when you fly? The ones with the glossy photos of people lingering at the sky bar before they head for their in-flight suites, pull on their complimentary silk pajamas, pull down the shades and sleep in a fully reclining position as they head for the Arab Emirates, or wherever they're jetting to that particularly day. Anyway, I was looking through the magazine provided by Austria Air when I



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came on an add for the Poseidon "Chrono Silicon Black" a "contemporary and fashionable interpretation of what a diver's watch should look like in the 21st century." It looked pretty cool as you might expect, but what really caught my attention is was the photo caption; "Diving is not a sport nor a creed - but a way of being for those who embrace curiosity, cherish freedom, and delight in discovering the unknown.

JELLIES

by Ken Gwin

Now is a perfect time to address those questions about "what could you possibly do to keep yourself from going crazy on those long deco hangs?"

Finishing up some details with Mr. Murphy, we planned a deep dive out of Lobos.

The surface conditions were overcast and breezy, with promises of choppy seas and a good stiff wind.

Our cautious team climbed the little hill above the parking lot to get a better view.

Things didn't look too inviting.

We discussed the better choices of a serious and hearty breakfast, running off to Mexico, or suiting up and trying to get in and out before things closed in and all kinds of hell broke loose.

While we talked, cheery little rays of sun promised some opportunity.

Anyway, things would be fine for those underwater, but it could get ugly for the poor schlub in the boat, and finding us drifting in

choppy seas and picking us up afterward might get a little dicey.

Oh, well.

The water was a beautiful blue, but even from the surface, we could tell this wasn't going to be an ordinary dive. The entire ocean was filled with tiny jellies--the ones Chuck calls "hot cross buns." These, and myriad other species, extended down well past 150 feet. I haven't seen such an bubble fiesta for more than ten years. Very much like the famous jelly lake in Palau. They were everywhere.

The bottom was fine and all, viz was 25-35 feet or so in dim light. This is a familiar site, so nothing new popped out, though the other Ken was looking for some stripey shrimp that we didn't find until it was time to go back home.

Lots of small rockfish and a microscopic sized lingcod, crabs, crinoids, sponges, and all the rest. Pretty uneventful, but we still had to spend the time on deco.

So, what to do on the hang?

Jellies.

They were everywhere. It was like a sun filled bubble bath. Mitrocoma by the bazillions, the occasional beroe, a Venus' Girdle, little siphonophores chugging through, a perfect moon jelly, and a few of our usual nettles, with all-purpose sea snot to fill in the empty spaces.

And, then there were the squid. Little rockets shot past, stopped, checked things out, and then they were gone.

Jellies.

They were everywhere.

Half way through the hang, the sun went dark. That comforting back-light and inspiring warmth was gone, only to be replaced by grey.

When we finally got to the surface there was no horizon, the fog was in, the sun was gone, and we were well past sight of land.

Apparently, we had drifted completely out of inner Lobos and were headed to Yankee Point. But, who could tell. It was choppy, splashy, and fogged in.

But, Luke, our surface support, was well versed in spotting marker buoys, and said he'd get us home.

Depth: 300
Temp: 50-54
Viz: 25-35
Run time: 120 minute



DIVE LOG: NOV 6TH, 2011 - POINT LOBOS

By Curt "Seajay" Degler

Neither rain, nor fog, nor switching from Daylight savings time to standard (some come an hour early, or maybe late, or maybe get lost in the intergalactic time warp...) could keep the intrepid Reef Divers Norm Knutson, Jim Vallario, Bhushan Mudbhary, Dennis Belcher, new OW diver Scott ??? and Curt Degler from making not one but

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Pt. Lobos from page 6

two beach dives at Pt Lobos' Whalers Cove this past Sunday November 6, 2011.

I won't go into detail how we observed a humpback whale giving birth in Whaler's Cove or the large mating congregation of Giant Pacific Octopi - that will have to wait for the next newsletter.

But I can say Dennis' homemade

cream clam chowder was the best ever and we all made at least one dive and several of us two. Visibility at the middle of the cove was at least 15 ft. Verified sightings of a lingzilla, 7" abalone, and there were the usual suspects - crabs, nudibranchs, sea anemones, seastars, rockfish, cabezon set amidst underwater canyons and cliffs. The seas were calm but a dominant swell from the west added the pleasure of some surge as deep as 45ft. WHEE!!!

I dived twice with Scott, an athletic, new and enthusiastic diver with but 7 dives including a Manta Dive in Kona with no mantas. Trained at Anderson's in Pacifica, he has decent skills and should make an excellent diver and hopefully will come along for some future club dives. So now he has 9 dives.

Reporting from America
Curt "Seajay" Degler

Spindrift

Princess of whales: How a naked female scientist tries to tame belugas in the freezing Arctic



Not sure how I let this one slip by. Braving sub-zero

temperatures, Natalia Avseenko, 36, has taken free diving to a new threshold. In order to tame two beluga whales in a unique experiment.

Marine experts believe that belugas do not like to be touched by artificial materials such as diving suits. To get around that, Natalia dives in the buff, no suite, gloves or gear. Yoga and meditation are credited for Natalia's ability to survive in these waters.

The taming of the whales, Nima and Matrena, took place in the Murmansk Oblast region in the far north-west of Russia at the shore of the White Sea near the Arctic Circle. An area of open water is enclosed and the whales and dolphins trapped inside are "tamed" before being delivered to dolphinariums around the world.

Monterey Bay Aquarium's Great White Dies

The great white shark that had been on exhibit at the Monterey Bay Aquarium apparently died late last week, shortly after being released back into the wild. The shark was released October 25, about 2 miles from shore near Goleta.

The young male shark - probably less than a year old and weighing about 50 pounds, had been brought to the aquarium August 31 to live temporarily in the exhibit. It was the sixth great white to join the aquarium since 2004, and the first to have died so shortly after being released.

The aquarium started Project White Shark to create opportunities for study as well as giving the public a chance to see these predators up close.



The sharks have been held in captivity for as short as 11 days to as long as 6 months.

The animals are released when they begin to show behavior that is potentially harmful. This last shark had started brushing up against the sides of its exhibit while it swam, and veterinarians were concerned the

movement would cause minor abrasions that could become infected.



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
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