



MONTEREY DIVING CUBED PART I SEPTEMBER 26, 2010

By Bhushan Mudbhary

I had the occasion to be in Monterey today Sunday, for primarily a family event - not a dedicated dive trip. Nevertheless I took my dive gear with me in case the opportunity presented itself and I would get a chance for a dive. And it did. My wife and kid indulged me, and off I went for a single solo dive at the Breakwater.

It was mid-day, and parking wasn't that hard. I parked along the parking that runs parallel to the breakwater itself. Quickly got setup, and descended the concrete stairs at the eastern(?)

side of the beach. Not quite the "nude descending a staircase" but rather a fully suited, dry suited cold water diver descending some concrete stairs. I thought I would blend in obtuse art references here to see if the readers are paying attention.

I proceeded towards the ruins of the old pumping station, with my general goal being to head towards the Metridium Fields. It was low tide, and there was about a 3 foot swell every 20 seconds or so it seemed I proceeded to find some sand to negotiate the rocks that one finds at that end of the beach. Put my fins in the water and off I went. Rather than kick on the surface, I descended into about 12 ft of surgy water and quickly headed out taking about a 30 degree heading or so. I ran into one section of the old pipe, which was generally pointing towards 30 degrees so I stuck to that heading and maybe even kept slightly to the left, after a short while I found myself over sand but the dive kept my interest. There was a ton to see, in the sand. I saw quite a few Nudibranchs (Horned Dorids) and several quite large ones (I would say 6 inches?) , they looked like oversized Spanish Shawls but not

nearly as vibrant, more reddish/brown so to speak. Saw all kinds of tube worms, feather worms that looked like quills. Lots of little flat fish, sand dabs perhaps. And best of all the Sea Nettles were in town. It was quite peaceful being by myself, cruising along the flat space, with viz about 20 ft give or take, more take than give I think but with all the Sea Nettles passing me by, it felt kinda like outer space of sorts if you will. And, calm. And good. One diver in this club answered with "because I am there" when asked why some divers went to depths of 200ft+, after all what's down there? So to borrow that phrase, I too thought to myself if someone asks me , why dive the Breakwater, what's there I think the same response is apropos - I am there.



I passed some rocks and kept going. Reached about 55 ft, in the sand. No Metridium field. So headed back taking a heading of roughly 210 degrees, and in about less than a minute lo and behold I see the Metridiums. The "field" by the way is a bank that runs parallel to the shore for some distance and into Macabee. So it is a series of rocks. I finned around several taking the sights, and feeling good that I had achieved my goal as modest as it was. I noted the depth was right around 50 ft., which made sense given the low tide I suppose.

Continue on page 5

GENERAL MEETING
OCTOBER 20TH, 2010 - AT THE BROKEN
RECORD

1166 Geneva Street, SF
www.brokenrecordsf.com/

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

Reefer's Rap 2010		
<p>JANUARY</p> <p>01 - New Year's Day - Breakwater Dive 02 - Club Dive: Beachhopper II 06 - Officer's Meeting 22 - General Meeting - Sinbad's 23-31 - 41st International Boat Show - Dusseldorf - www.boot.de</p>	<p>FEBRUARY</p> <p>03 - Officers Meeting 03 - 07 - SF Ocean Film Festival 13 - Club Dive: Beachhopper II 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's 19-21 - Our World Underwater - www.ourworldunderwater.com</p>	<p>MARCH</p> <p>03 - Officers Meeting 05-07 - The Boston Sea Rovers - www.bostonsearovers.com 24 - Club Dive: Sanctuary 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's 26-28 - Beneath the Sea - New Jersey - www.beneaththe sea.org</p>
<p>APRIL</p> <p>03 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 07 - Officers Meeting 16-18 - Ocean Fest - Fort Lauderdale - www.oceanfest.com 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>MAY</p> <p>01 - Bay Area Dive Show - San Jose - www.divechronicles.com 05 - Officers Meeting 15 - 16 - Scuba Show - Long Beach - www.scubashow.com 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's 21-23 - Dive & Travel Expo - Tacoma - www.diveandtravelexpo.com</p>	<p>JUNE</p> <p>02 - Officers Meeting 13 - Club Dive: Sanctuary 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
<p>JULY</p> <p>07 - Officers Meeting 17 - Club Dive: Sanctuary 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>AUGUST</p> <p>TBD - Abalone Opener 04 - Officers Meeting 08-11 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 11 - Channel Islands' Extension 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>SEPTEMBER</p> <p>01 - Officers Meeting 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>
<p>OCTOBER</p> <p>06 - Officers Meeting 20 - Meeting - Broken Record - Officer Nominations!!!</p>	<p>NOVEMBER</p> <p>17 - Officers & General Meeting - Check SFRD Yahoo Group for details - Officer Elections !!! 17 - 21 - The Dema Show - Las Vegas - TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>DECEMBER</p> <p>15 - Officers & General Meeting - Check SFRD Yahoo Group for details - Christmas Party !!!</p>

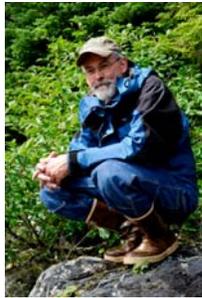
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Stammtisch

By Pierre Hurter



It's October, the fourth quarter is finally here. How is it that the year seems to be slipping through my fingers, I still have at least 8 months worth of DIY projects lined up for this year, not to mention the ones on hold since we entered in the 21st Century. On that topic, have you noticed the number of people who no longer seem to understand that basic convention, the centuries I mean. The current Century, the 21st if you abide by the Gregorian calendar, began on January 1, 2001 and will end on December 31, 2100. At that moment we will begin the 22nd century, well some of us will, what with falling off of my bicycle and the tofu overdoses, I'm fairly sure I won't be making any toasts. What I'm talking about are the folks who think that the 18th Century, for instance took place starting on January 1, 1800, rather than having ended the day before.

I know it's a quibble and there are those who have cast aspersions on the editorial staff of this paper, but I never claimed to have any special talents in that direction, and the other in-house editor, well let's just say English is not her native language; neither is German for that matter, but that's an entirely different argument.

It's been a dry month at least for me, I managed to fracture my right wrist falling off my bicycle. So much for being "healthy", I think the whole notion is drastically overrated. You don't hear about these sorts of injuries from people falling of the sofa going for that impossible remote control catch. I checked this with my orthopedist, by the way and he concurred. No one in the office could remember anyone having suffered anywhere near the trauma I had, at least not from falling of a sofa.

With luck I should be good to go by the end of the month. I'll be looking to arrange a dive in early November. Of course, I'll probably need help hauling around my tanks, but I'm sure my lovely dive buddy would be only to happy to schlep my gear for me.

For a little local history, there is a great small exhibit at the Asian Art Museum celebrating the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first Japanese Embassy to the United States. It's a reminder of just how important San Francisco once was in the grand scheme of things. There is also a great graphic novel, *The Four Immigrants Manga* available at the gift shop. It documents the travails of Japanese immigrants to San Francisco at the beginning

of the 20th century (1904 to 1924), with a fair amount of tongue and cheek humor.

The most poignant exhibit are the Friendship Dolls, sent to the United States in 1927 as a return gift for American Dolls sent to Japan earlier that year. There were 58 of these near life-size dolls which came complete with passports and trousseaus loaded with all the items a young girl might need or want. The dolls went on a two year tour of the United States with the intent at least in part to ease the tensions caused by the Immigration Act of 1924, which set immigration quotas. Interestingly enough the quota for Germans (51,277) was significantly higher than for Britain and Northern Ireland (34,007). The Irish Free State was allowed 28,567. Japan, along with Albania, Greece, New Zealand and Persia to name a few were allowed 100 per year.

Since we haven't gone diving lately we've needed to find other outlets for our weekends. This past Sunday we took the Church and J streetcar down Market Street towards the California Center. We were going to take the tram all the way to Pier 39, but decided to hop off and walk across downtown. Gerda was on a quest, she needed a new pair of shoes, more specifically some low-cut boots. I should probably

explain that Gerda despite her employment with one of the world's largest clothing and fashion businesses is not really a big fan of shopping. Actually she seems a bit unclear of the whole concept. So there we were, hitting all the



Continued on page 4

Stammtisch from page 3

downtown shoe hotspots. So we quickly found a charming pair of Ferragamo's, they were I have to say, just the ticket. Of course we'd have to give up our trip to Chuuk and Palau to pay for them. For those of you who have never checked out the woman's shoe scene it is similar to the bikini model of marketing, the less you get, the more you pay.

Anyway, we found some appropriately priced knock-offs and headed for China Town and lunch. We wanted to try the Comstock Saloon, the old San Francisco Brewery, but they are closed on Sunday so we headed up the street to Brandy Ho's and a couple of plates of garlic and chili pepper infused vegetables, smoked pork and rice. Lunch taken care of we caught the Columbus Day Parade. No Indigenous Peoples Day for this crowd. Tables were spread out across the sidewalks, baskets of Italian bread, buckets full of chilled white wine, rows of reds, lined up down the table keeping the baskets of bread and plates of spaghetti company.

No Ferraris in the park though, that was a bit disappointing, but you can't have everything. There were lots of young sailors and Marines, fresh scrubbed and out for a good time. It does give you pause when you see a Marine barely needing to shave with rows of campaign ribbons threatening to run out of room on his shirt front.

We were headed for the pier at the Maritime Museum next to the South End and Dolphin Rowing clubs. The bleachers at Aquatic Park were jammed full, you could barely walk from one end to the other, it was "nuts to

butts" all the way across the beach. I haven't seen that many people in the water since I've lived in the City.

Now I probably should come clean and admit that as much as I love watching the Blue Angeles, I really connect with Fat Albert. That's the Marine Corps Lockheed-Martin C-130T Hercules that hauls all the maintenance and support personnel it takes to make these shows a go.

It's been awhile since I took a vacation in one of these birds and I couldn't tell you what version it was, but this is the Dodge Power Wagon of airplanes, all it lacks is a front bumper and a winch and it would be the perfect recreational vehicle. Fat Albert cruises at a speed of more than 320 knots (approximately 360 miles per hour) at 27,000 feet. Four Allison turboprop engines, which produce more than 16,000 shaft-horsepower, provide the power to land and depart on runways as short as 2,500 feet.

If you are really lucky you'll get to see or better yet experience a demonstration of its jet-assisted takeoff (JATO) capability. Eight solid-fuel rocket bottles, four on each side, attached near the rear paratrooper doors thrust the Hercules skyward. Fired simultaneously, the JATO bottles allow this big bird to takeoff within 1,500 feet, climb at a 45-degree angle, and propel it to an altitude of 1,000 feet in approximately 15 seconds. To paraphrase the official explanation for these maneuvers ... "the JATO capability allows the aircraft in minimal time and distance to operate in hostile

environments or on short, unprepared runways". That's what you call and "E-ticket" ride.

We found ourselves a place along the pier, near the C. A. Thayer, a three masted timber schooner, and waited for the Blue Angeles to begin their show. I realize there are those who object to the display of militarism, the wanton expenditure of fuel, the noise, yada yada, yada ... but really, the sights, the sounds; the visceral feel, it is not to be missed. San Francisco without its quirks, like Fleet Week, would be just another smug homogenized



white bread tourist attraction whose major accomplishment is lousy parking and hardly any fast food joints.

Afterwards we meandered on home, pausing at the Biondivino Wine Boutique on Green Street off of Polk Street. As is the norm for us, we went to a specialty Italian wine shop and bought a bottle of Austrian Stift Goettweig Grüner Veltliner and a Rosi Schuster Sankt Laurent from Burgenland. They have a tremendous selection of Italian wines obviously, but they also have a small and very interesting selection of "foreign" non-Italian wines including some hard to find Austrian varietals.

On a more maritime topic, I noted that there is an elegant small cruise ship moored at Pier

Continued on page 5

Stammtisch from page 4



38. She looked vaguely familiar and when compared to the *Norwegian Pearl* which was moored nearby, small. Not sure what a *Norwegian Pearl* is, but the ship was huge compared to the *MV Aurora*, (ex *Wappen Von Hamburg, Delos, Pacific Star, and Xanadu*). This is the same ship that had been sitting over in Alameda rusting away. She's had a tough life since having been built by Blohm & Voss in 1955 as the *Wappen Von Hamburg*.

She started out as a day boat, ferrying passengers between Hamburg and nearby ports. Later she spent time sailing the Greek Islands and the Aegean as a luxury cruise ship. From the warmth of the Aegean she went to Alaska's Inland Passage. After a stint in Los Angeles she ended up in Alameda and finally in Rio Vista where it looked as if she might meet her end in a pile of scrap. Now things seem to be perking up as she sits at Pier 38 with a bright new coat of paint. I'll be keeping an eye on her and let you know.

Finally, for those of you who have a "bucket list" here's a poignant reminder of why you need to revisit the list every so often. Like many, probably most of you, I've always had a visit to the Liberace Museum in Las Vegas high on my list of "must see" destinations. Imagine my anguish when it was brought to

my attention that after 31 years of operation it would be closing its doors on October 17. For crying out loud ... what next?

I leave you chomping at the bit to get back in the water. I notice we have some new folks on our Yahoo site looking for some guidance and maybe a little mentoring. I'm game, anyone else?

**Monterey Diving Cubed
Part I from page 1**

I proceeded to head back. I had plenty of gas in my 100 cu ft steel tank. So I took my time looking into nooks and crannies along the way. Saw some nice scallops and various rock fish. I went off the "ledge" that one gets to and ascend from 20+ ft of water to 15 ft or less, and the surge started getting more pronounced. So I waited until my 3 min stop was done, to keep the Suunto happy. And I ascended in about 14 ft of water. I was more or less where I started from. I eyed the sand channel among the rocks I had used to get in, and slowly swam towards it. It was surgy and there was surf, so timing was everything. I took my fins off



when I felt the sand and quickly made the exit without having to get on my fours, which meant no sand all over my gear. I rinsed myself at the shower station and went over to where my car was parked. I sat down on the wall

there, and I saw my wife and child heading back. I was slightly behind schedule so to speak, since I had estimated that by this time I would be done with the gear packed and everything. But planning is one thing and reality always unfolds in some other fashion. In any case, I was mid-gear doffing



when Indigo walked over and started asking me a lot of good practical questions like why the lead, why the BC, sharks?, did you tumble in the sand like those people down there etc.. I also let her breathe from my primary for half a minute or so, and she liked that. That was it - I was done. With a happy heart I headed back with my family and drove mostly along Hwy 1, stopping in Santa Cruz at Coffetopia to have my traditional cup of Ethiopian from their brew bar - still the best coffee in the world. Having left many traditions behind, some of them literally thousands of years old, the hymn for example to the Sun god that every good Hindu Brhamin boy learns "om bhur bhuwatsa tatsa bidura...".. it was good to pick up some new ones. Maybe not as old but more personal perhaps. A devotee of Varuna (the Vedic god of sky/water), steeped in rituals involving his realm and threading it with some good Ethiopian coffee.

Continue on page 6

**Monterey Diving Cubed
Part I from page 5**

Sometimes it is just that good to be here and for it to be now today.

**MONTEREY DIVING
CUBED PART II –
SANCTUARY BOAT DIVE
OCTOBER 9, 2010**

By Norm Knutson



On a warm and clear morning with the makings of a pretty sunrise over Monterey, three S.F. Reef Divers, Jim Vallario, Royston Nguyen and myself, Norm Knutson, boarded the Sanctuary with a couple from New Jersey and a local solo diver.

The bay was calm as we motored around Pt. Pinos and down towards Carmel. Our first dive was at East Pinnacle under a sunny sky and calm water. We dove down the anchor chain to the reef at around 65ft where we explored the pinnacle wall. The pinnacle reef was covered with the usual pink or blue hydrocoral, anemones and invertebrates and we ended going between 2 pinnacle walls, prolific of marine life before returning to the anchor line. Lots of schools of Blue Rock fish circling above us. Our max depth was 88 ft. with vis only about 18 to 20 ft. On the way up, I felt like I was in a video game with lots of sea nettles and some moon jellies drifting towards us.

Between dives we watched a sea lion on the surface playing Frisbee with a dead Mola Mola fish. The sea lion would bite into the fish and then throw it with its head. It appeared he was having a good time playing with the dead fish.

On our 2nd dive, we went over to Inner Outer Pinnacle and dropped down to 50 ft to the top of the pinnacle and then went down to 75ft exploring the canyon walls and ventured again between some narrow walls with the usual marine life. A little bit better visibility of approximately 25ft. The water temperature on the bottom was around 51 to 52 degrees.

It was another great day of diving and looking forward to our next dive in the Monterey Bay Marine Sanctuary. In case you didn't know, the MBNMS encompasses a shoreline length of 276 miles from Marin to Cambria and scientists say it supports one of the world's most diverse marine ecosystems in a remarkably productive coastal environment.

We are very fortunate to be able to dive this incredible underwater world. So, when was the last time you did?

**MONTEREY DIVING
CUBED PART III – THE
GREAT PINNACLE
SEPTEMBER 18**

by Time Howe

I just had one of the most perfect dives of my life!

Royston Nguyen and I were on the Beachhopper II "In Reserve" dive on Saturday 9/18. After putting our gear aboard at 7:30a.m. in the harbor we travelled together to Pt Lobos. A

short paddle at the ramp and we were aboard.

The boat motored about 5 minutes away, just outside Bluefish Cove and anchored. The name of the spot was The Great Pinnacle

Descending down the anchor line the pinnacle came into view. Visibility was 50 feet. The ocean was flat calm, there was no current. A couple of big jellyfish were all stretched out and beautifully arrayed. Gopher Rockfish were around and Lingcod, including one big one (I saw three altogether). A couple of Metridium showed boldly white against the rock.

Royston paid out a white guideline attached to the anchor line. I stayed with him until he reached the far end of the pinnacle. It did not seem a long way to me – maybe 300 yards at most. I signaled to him I was going deep and left him. I drifted of the pinnacle and into sand at 165 feet. Turning around I kicked back up the pinnacle.

At its base were several large Vermillion Rockfish. They are fascinating because the red color at tis depth is beginning to disappear. They appear more gray then red as they move in the water.

Royston's paid out white line was a beacon to me as I rejoined him and the other divers. The last part of the dive was kicking back and forth along the white line until it was time to go up.

This has to rank in the top 6 of dives I've ever made. Conditions were perfect. There were lots of interesting things to look at. Thinking about the dive now, I'm still high about how great it was!



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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. For location check our Yahoo Group site. Meet at 7:00pm for socializing, drinks and food and 7:30 pm for club business and entertainment. For more information, visit <http://www.sfreefdivers.org/>.

SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS
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