



CHANNEL ISLANDS ON THE PEACE DIVE BOAT - Increasingly hard to remember

By Norm Knutson

Ask any group of divers that were on the same dive trip "how was your dive trip?" and you will get lots of different answers based on what they saw, emotions felt, divers that irritated them, divers that they really enjoyed being with, expectations on what they were going to experience, actual dive conditions and what makes one diver really like a dive site vs. one they really did not like. Some divers are really into the invertebrate life actually attached to the reef while others are constantly looking for octopus or moray eels and others are always looking for the big or colorful fish above the reef. Others just like cruising through the kelp forest taking it all in or enjoy going through swim through arches or diving on deep offshore pinnacles like Farnsworth Bank.



This years Channel Island dive trip had all of the above but not on the same dive. I always like to hope for the best and expect the worse.

But my diving vacation on the Channel Islands begins before we ever get to the dive sites by enjoying the ride down Hwy 101 and looking for a place to enjoy lunch in some small town along the way. Jim, Ray, Tim and I (in 2 different cars this year) found a Mexican restaurant in King City that was quite enjoyable. The food wasn't too bad either.

We finally made it to Ventura harbor and had dinner at Andria's Seafood Restaurant and Market. It always has a long line to get in, but moves fairly fast. Fun sitting inside and watching the sea gulls steal food from unsuspecting patrons sitting on the outdoor patio.

The Peace left the dock at 10 p.m. with 28 divers, half from the SF Reefdivers and the other half from a dive shop group called *Kamtime*. We had a fairly smooth ride to San Clemente Island except for a few potholes in the sea we managed to hit. We woke to overcast sky but calm water at a dive site called Window Pane. Water temp was an unusual 56 degrees instead of the normal mid 60s as we went straight down a vertical anchor line to the reef 86 ft below.

We then went to Sun Pt. (and yes, the Sun did come out for the rest of the day) and some of the divers managed to find the arch with increased vis to 40ft. and interesting topography. The 3rd site was at Pyramid Pt. (aka Octopus Garden). A Beautiful spot with lots of nudibranchs. For once I did not cruise around fast, too interested looking at the reef up close. We next dove at Arrowhead Cove and the vis got murky but I made the most of the dive by just enjoying cruising through the kelp in my own little world. The water temp got up to the low 60s at times.

We woke up the next morning to dive Farnsworth Bank. The anchor went straight down which made it seem like we were really going deeper than it actually was. A Torpedo ray swam near us on the way down to make things even more interesting. The temperature on the bottom felt like Monterey but interesting and prolific life on and around the reef took my mind off the cold. Beautiful blue and purple hydrocoral was everywhere.

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GENERAL MEETING
SEPTEMBER 15TH, 2010 - AT SINDBADS
Pier 2, Embarcadero Street, San Francisco
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 - Sinbad's - Officer Nominations !!!</p>	<p>NOVEMBER</p> <p>03 - Officers Meeting 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Elections !!! 17 - 21 - The Dema Show - Las Vegas - TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>DECEMBER</p> <p>01 - Officers Meeting 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Christmas Party !!!</p>

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Stammtisch

By Pierre Hurter



The other day, last week actually, I was in my Doctor's waiting room looking through last year's Yachting magazines, AARP enticements, Newsweek, you know the drill, when I came upon something called the duPont Registry. I don't know how I've managed to get through life without chancing on this particular publication. To borrow their description, it is a print classified advertising publication specializing in luxury automobiles, real estate and yachts, along with the little accessories that make life worth living for the obscenely rich.

It's a lot like the Robb Report, another luxury lifestyle magazine for "affluent customers". Now I'm always curious about that last bit, "for affluent customers", here I was waiting to be told that I was in great shape and the right weight for a man twenty years older and two feet taller than me; waiting to be told that I needed to give up most of the foods I like, less booze and kielbasa, well fogetaboutit.

I glanced over the magazine cover and discreetly peered at my fellow chair warmers. So aside from thinking I don't look all that bad at least compared to some of these folks, just how affluent is your typical waiting room denizen? I certainly didn't note anybody casually checking their luxury timepieces or adjusting their cuff linked shirts

so that the monogram would peek out from their bespoke suits.

Anyway, what caught my eye in the magazine, and aside from the yachts, the only maritime theme I came on was a watch, offered in a limited addition, 2013, to mark the 100th anniversary of the sinking of the *Titanic*. What made this watch interesting was that aside from costing \$300,000 and not having any hands to actually tell time, it was made from steel that had been recovered from the *Titanic*. I whipped out my Blackberry and tried to order one, but they apparently had all sold out within 48 hours of hitting the market.

There are those, like Una Riley, co-founder of the Belfast Titanic Society, who thinks the whole affair rather tawdry, "disgraceful" to be exact. In an interview with the BBC Yvan Arpa, designer for the Geneva watchmaker Romain Jerome had this to say "So many rich people buy incredibly complicated watches without understanding how they work, because they want a story to tell. To them we offer a story." Well I still don't understand, and once again I'm reminded how lucky I am not to be amongst the truly rich.

I wonder what Herb Caen would have made of it all ... the obscenely rich ... what time is it and does anyone really care? ... How much for that puppy in the window?

It's probable that I haven't yet fully recovered from my recent trip to Lozangeles, and that's why I don't understand. Last month, Gerda and I managed to spend some time on the *Peace* with our annual club dive at the Channel Islands.

This is one of those events that I really look forward to. I was trying to figure out how many times I've gone to the Channel Islands. Still haven't located all of my old log books, but there have been more than a couple of trips. It was interesting to read Ken's take on what the diving was like and how it has changed over the years. For me it all seems magical, so it's a little sad to think that it was once even more so.

We took our time driving down the coast, stopped at Any Waters to pick up a ragtag variety of gear. There were the usual suspects, tanks that needed hydro, regulators that were due for servicing, and a couple of single wings. I know what you're thinking; didn't I just have my stuff serviced last year? It's true, but that was last year and almost 100 dives ago.

Once down the road we took our time meandering south on 101 until we got to San Luis Obispo. Great place for a pit stop and a stretch, from there we barreled straight on through until we got to Ventura. I was hoping to get to Santa Barbara in time to visit the Historical Diving Society exhibit at the Maritime Museum, but we had dawdled too long, maybe next time. We pulled into Ventura just in time to hook up with Frank and Ken at the Anacapa Brewery on Main Street.

There's something appealing about Ventura, it's held on to some of its blue-collar gruffness. Unlike many southern California beach towns that have been cleaned up, renewed and generally cleansed of anything

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vaguely funky or used for that matter, just new, shiny and expensive.

After dinner and a beer or two we headed for the pier and loaded our stuff aboard the *Peace*. Diver Dan's had chartered the other half of the boat so we had a fair number of familiar faces onboard.

Our first dive was at a spot called Window Pane. The water temperature was in the low 60's the sky overcast and cool. That seemed to be the pattern for the next couple of days. With cool overcast mornings followed by sunny afternoons with air temperatures making it into the low 70's. The part that was less appealing were the water temperatures, reading as low as 53 degrees. I'd brought my wet suit down with me, because I really prefer diving wet, but it never made it into the water.

One of my favorite dives was at Farnsworth Banks. The visibility on the way down was like diving in a bowl of Anderson's Split Pea soup, but once we got to the pinnacle the water in the immediate vicinity was clear and you could almost see to the bottom. The top of the pinnacle was covered with fish and at 100 feet the visibility opened up to at least 50 feet.

It seems as if the giant sea bass are becoming more prevalent. I know not everyone saw one, but we saw two swim lazily by while diving a spot called Cape Cortez. We were swimming through some kelp at 40 feet when first a small Black Sea Bass, two or three feet long and then big brother, at least four feet long, came swimming by. The larger

of the two seemed to be vaguely curious and lingered for a while, giving me the eye.

Top side we were regaled by Ken's tales of diving the Farallon Islands and Royston's showing of the epic movie *Mega Shark vs. Giant Octopus* starring Lorenzo Lamas; a classic example of its genre. All of the action taking place off the California coast, made me a little nervous on my next dive.

After arriving back at the docks on Tuesday we dragged our gear back to the Taco dive truck and headed across the wilds of Lozangeles towards my brothers house in Temecula. There's something about trekking across the great LA Basin that makes me think of those early pioneers in their big finned cars, no iPods, barely adequate air conditioners, some with those mini swamp coolers hanging from their windows, a desert water bag hanging off the front bumper horn, these folks were true pioneers as they made their way from Hollywood to Palm Springs,

Our journey wasn't quite so epic, possibly because we turned off and headed south before reaching Palm Springs; we set our sights for Temecula to visit my brother, well I think Gerda was more interested in the horses, but that's another story all together.

I finally finished Cousteau's *The Silent World*. It's a slim volume a little over 150 pages and Cousteau's first book. It was written in English not French and some of the descriptions like this one detailing the effects of *l'ivress des grandes profondeurs* or

rapture of the deep if you prefer; make great reading:

At two hundred feet I tasted the metallic flavour of compressed nitrogen and was instantaneously and severely struck by rapture. I closed my hand on the rope and stopped. My mind was jammed with conceited thoughts and antic joy. I struggled to fix my brain on reality, to attempt to name the color of the sea about me. A contest took place between navy blue, aquamarine and Prussian blue. The debate would not resolve. The sole fact I could grasp was that there was no roof and no floor in the blue room. The distant purr of the Diesel invaded my mind - it swelled to a giant beat, the rhythm of the world's heart.

Is that a great description? That reminds me, it was recently brought to my attention, after several glasses of excellent port, well not really, as it was made in California by a winery that did not have pre 2006 ATF approval to call its fortified wine - port.

Back on track, the topic was that articles about diving to 200 feet might be a bit intimidating to new or potential members. Fair enough, I thought as I poured another glass of excellent fortified wine

But where do we draw the line? Is it off-putting to someone who doesn't eat snails when we print an article recounting the last hours of life, liberty and the pursuit of kelp of a hapless abalone? What must they think of the single minded determination shown by some of our free diving brethren, not content to pluck the tasty

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mollusk from its perch beneath the sea, the abalone hunter rips and pry's it from it's shell, and then proceeds to eviscerate, trim, slice, pound and finally drown in egg batter, sprinkle with bread crumbs or *Panko* and then fry the bejesus out of the whole thing. It's almost as bad as watching a Mel Gibson movie.

So, we will continue to showcase the literary stylings of all members who put forth an article, without questioning their motives, see the Cousteau description of the rapture, their palates, my thirst for fortified wines or their preferred gas blends.

The way we dive and how we feel about the underwater domain has changed some since Cousteau's first book. Shortly after his description of his experiments with *l'ivress des grandes profondeurs* the rapture of the deep, what we now prosaically call nitrogen narcosis, he describes their preparations too send Piccard's *Bathyscaph* into the deep:

Among the accessories of the Bathyscaph was the Piccard-Cosyns depth battery we had built at Toulon. There has never been a gun like it on land. It was a sea gun. It resembled machinery for raising a small drawbridge. The battery was composed of seven 25-caliber cannon barrels, each loading a three-foot harpoon, which were fired by hydraulic pistons at the bases of the barrels. Water pressure itself built up the propulsive force as the gun went down. At a depth of three thousand feet the pilot, triggering the Piccard-Cosyns gun, could drive harpoons three

inches into oaken planks fifteen feet away.

He goes on to describe that the gun was meant to allow them to secure whatever interesting animals they might encounter. Just in case they ran into anything particularly ornery, an electric charge could be run through the harpoon by the line securing it to the *Bathyscaph*. If electrocution or a harpoon capable of penetrating three inches of oak didn't do the trick the harpoon head injected strychnine. For you spear fisherman in the club, I'm afraid this model is not currently available at your local shop.

Well that's it for me, unless someone has anything they want to refudicate, I'm going to shut this contraption down and sit down to a bodacious dinner.

DIVING FIJI

By Royston Nguyen

Going to Fiji has always been my dream destination ever since I completed my Open Water certification, several years ago.

Finally, in July, I found myself on board a jumbo jet heading to Fiji with my monster camera rig and tons of dive gear. My home away from home was going to be the *Nai'a*, one of Fiji's awesome live aboards for a full ten days of diving and lodging.



The dive sites where we dove were between the two main islands.

When I was planning on going to Fiji, Mike Boom suggested I make a reservation on this boat, as he has been in Fiji doing video work there as the live aboard videographer for several months. He returned again with the Alacosta dive club in 2009.

Booking the boat couldn't have been easier as Joeli, the travel coordinator would arrange everything from the boat to the flight reservation to make the process as painless as possible. Sometimes, Air Pacific, Fiji's airline offers discounts and I got a discount not only for the flight, but also first class. In addition, because I got to Nadi at 5am, I went to a hotel to sleep for half a day to be picked up by the boat shuttle later on.

When I got to the boat, the *Nai'a* looked like a massive sleek ship with beautiful sails on her. The galley and dining room was twice as big as any of our local live aboard galleys. My sleeping quarters were as big as a nice motel room with a good size bathroom and a desk. The boat is truly built for divers and there was no doubt my trip would be a memorable one.

Sam and Bridgitte would do the dive briefings and join us as tour guides with Holy Moses as the main divemaster on the boat. All dives were done from a good-sized inflatable skiff (which is

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about the same size as Phil's eighteen footer). The tanks would be placed on the rear of the ship and when it was time to dive, the crew would load the tanks on the skiff for us.

The reefs in Fiji are so beautiful; these are probably the best reefs I have ever seen in the tropics. Soft corals range from all the colors of the rainbow and vary in size from a finger nail to human sized. Hard corals are very healthy and growing well. Just think, 20 years ago, Fiji was going to lose their reefs, but the local tribes and the government began making the whole island a sanctuary. The numbers of animals from tiny shrimp to Manta rays--I just cannot explain it--when I jumped in, my first thought was that the visibility was terrible, but I found out, it was actually a massive school of fish numbering in the billions.

Not only did we see the massive diversity of animals, the reef sharks, once decimated by shark finners and fishermen have returned to Fiji in great numbers. I saw not only black tip reef sharks, but hammerheads, bulls, and grey reef sharks. Four out of five dives, I would see sharks and rays, which made the trip even more than worth what I paid for it.

The Nai'a left a beautiful impression in me, as I am longing to return to the boat next year in November 19 to 29 of 2011. The crew was always there to help, and were very wonderful

people. The food was made to perfection, and the boat offered everything a diver could want.

I've been to Cozumel, Vietnam, Scapa Flow, but in the end, I will always look back at Fiji and will remember her beauty.

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Cape Cortez was a beautiful spot above and below with Bat ray sightings, horn shark and several abs among the rocks. Vis around 30 ft at this spot that day.

Then off to Ship Rock which I always enjoy and wonder what awaits me there. Saw a couple of Moray Eels and then later an Octopus was running across the reef below me. Nice kelp to cruise through to end the dive.

We then went near Italian Gardens and dove a spot called Twin Rock where the monster Giant Black Sea Bass were hanging out. At first we spotted one, and then a few more in the kelp very close to us. I tried to

determine how big they were by swimming next to them. I know one was as long as I'm tall, a little over 6ft. They continued to swim back and forth around us. Two of these monsters finally came over to us and looked at us very closely. Probably thinking, these are some really strange "fish".

The third and final day of diving brought us a cold and overcast day at Anacapa Island. Lots of nudibranchs in this dark kelp canopy at Landing Cove. It did have a huge but fun swim through to explore near the anchor line.

Our 2nd dive on Anacapa was at Rat Rock. Lots of invertebrates and colorful nudibranchs. For some reason, the anchor line divided this dive site into two different types of dives. If you went left there was a rocky bottom with some huge boulders, but if you went right, it was totally different with bigger boulders and a maze of mini canyons and walls to explore. I could have dove this area over and over and not get bored.



Our last dive site was Cathedral Cove and had lots of good size Sheepheads and a nice kelp forest to explore and swim through.

Notice I did not mention any night dives? That's because for once, I decided not to wait around for the night dive, but get dry (editors note: outside only!) and comfortable and just relax and enjoy the moment topside.

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Even though I think diving up around the Carmel/Big Sur area is much better in a lot of ways, I always enjoy the different type of diving in the Channel Islands.

Besides myself:

Norm "anyone seen my mask? Oh, its on top of my head" Knutson

Also representing the S.F. Reefdivers were:

Jim "I'm bringing my drysuit next time" Vallario –

Ray "that reminds me of a story "Will

Tim "I need to find out what's below the anchor" Howe

Steve "OH, Is it necessary to zip up my dry suit before jumping in?" Neff

Tanya Ho "This is really a long way down" Wa

Ken "Love those Eagles on Catalina" Gwin

Royston " Another day, another flooded housing" Nguyen

Bhushan " How come no one wants to dive with me" Mudbhary

Holden " Do I look cool in my hat" Herbert

Frank " Where's Frank? (with his camoflague wetsuit) Onstine

Curt " You should have been here years ago" Degler

Pierre "you know, you gotta ask yourself...(fill in the blanks) Hurter

Gerda "who me? , I'm so sweet" Hurter

Enjoyed this trip and looking forward to next years Channel Island dive trip!

p.s. Why Curt missed one night dive...



Spindrift

**The Russians are coming,
the Russians are ... here**

In case you missed it, a task force from the Russian Pacific Fleet was in town this summer, led by the missile cruiser *Varyag*. The stopover marked the first visit by a surface warship from Russia to San Francisco in 147 years.



The ships were part of the commemoration of the visit by the Russian Fleet in 1863. The

fleet at that time was sent to New York and San Francisco by Czar Alexander II to show his support for the Union during the Civil War.

The *Varyag* , a Slava class missile cruiser, designed as a surface strike ship is equipped with sixteen SS-N-12 Sandbox nuclear-capable anti-ship missiles. Dubbed by NATO as

“the killer of aircraft carriers”, she was accompanied by the *Fotiy Krylov* salvage tug and the *Boris Butoma* tanker.

First the Russians, now the Japanese

The same week that saw the Russian Navy in town brought a Training Squadron of the Japanese Maritime Self-Defense Force into port as part of their 2010 training cruise. The visit by the three ships, the *MSDF Kashima*, *MSDF Yamagiri* and the *MSDF Sawayuki* marked one of the largest naval fleets to be in port for years.



17 of its crew members along with the ship's cats, went down with the ship.

Divers found the ship sitting upright in 320 feet of water. Initial reports indicate that the

Many veteran Earhart researchers believe that Earhart and her navigator, Fred Noonan, disappeared further on in their trip.

The fate of Amelia Earhart and Fred Noonan has been an enduring mystery since they took off from Lae Island, in New Guinea, on July 2, 1937, for Howland Atoll, an uninhabited United States island almost 5000 miles southwest of Honolulu.



of the cold lake have

Some claim they fell into Japanese hands, were taken prisoner and eventually executed as spies, while others say they crashed on the island of Nikumaroro in Kiribati and died there.

This year, 2010, marks the 50th anniversary year of the signing of the Treaty of Mutual Cooperation and Security between the United States and Japan, and various events are planned to celebrate this anniversary and the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the first Diplomatic Mission to the United States.

preserved the vessel built in 1893 remarkably well. For more information see ... <http://www.shipwreck.com/shipwreck/doty/>

Has Amelia Earhart's plane been found?

Seventy-three years after the aircraft flown by Amelia Earhart went missing; the wreckage of a plane some claim is hers has been found in deep water 1300 miles east of her last reported position. Among long time Earhart hunters, the claims that the Lockheed Electra, is beneath the Solomon Seas, in Papua New Guinea, has provoked skepticism.

112 Year old shipwreck found in Lake Michigan

Divers with the Wisconsin Underwater Archaeology Association have located the wreck of the 291-foot *L.R. Doty*. The *L.R. Doty*, sank during a storm in Lake Michigan in 1898. The ship was on its way from Chicago to Ontario, Canada. All

In 1940, a British ship, the *Viti*,



dropped 17 New Zealand soldiers and radio operators off on the

Gilbert Islands to act as coastwatchers, the ship continued on to Nikumaroro, where they found two sets of human bones.

They remains were packed into a wooden sextant box. Back in Suva, a doctor concluded that one set belonged to a white man. They closed the box and the war went on. The box has never been found but it has long been rumored that it is gathering dust in an attic at Government House, Suva.

As for the New Zealanders, October marks the 70th anniversary of their execution by Japanese soldiers on Tarawa atoll.

Chinese deep sea submersible sets new depth record

A small manned submersible planted the Chinese flag deep beneath the South Chin Sea. The deep diving craft made 17 dives from May to July, going as deep as 3,759 meters (12,332 feet) below the South China Sea, according to the Ministry of Science and Technology and State Oceanic Administration.

It makes China the fifth country, following the United States, France, Russia and Japan, to have the technology for a manned dive farther than 3,500 meters (11,500 feet) below sea level.

The submersible, dubbed *Jiaolong*, carries a three man crew on board. According to its chief designer, Xu Oinan, it is the first manned vehicle designed to reach 7,000 meters below sea level in the world, and can be used in 99.8 percent of the

world's sea areas. The average ocean depth is 3,682 meters (12,080 feet) below sea level.

18 ton propeller arrives at the California Maritime Academy



I used to work at 123 Mission Street and often admired the huge propeller sitting outside of the building at the corner of 100 Spear Street. We'd wander down for our Pasqua fix and maybe a quick smoke and there it was a really big, shiny brass propeller. For you old timers, Pasqua Coffee claims to have opened the first walk-up espresso stand in the city. They used to roast their beans at a facility in India Basin until they were bought out by Starbucks.

Anyway as the number of maritime based businesses once located in the building continues to dwindle along with the rest of working San Francisco, the owners decided it was time for a facelift and the prop had to go.

What exactly do you do with a 36,000 pound commercial objet d'art? Well, when word of the

remodel got around someone thought to contact Cal Maritime and see if they might be interested. The rest is the result of months of planning, a big crane and a long slow ride down the road to Vallejo. The building owners donated the costs associated with the move.

The propeller itself was cast by Cramp Brass and Iron Foundries in Philadelphia for Marinship Corp. of Sausalito in 1944. It was installed on the U.S. Navy T-2 tanker *Mascoma*, one of 500 such ships built for the Pacific fleet service. The *Mascoma* was in Tokyo Bay for the Japanese surrender; afterwards she was converted to a container ship and operated by Mastin Navigation Co. of San Francisco, she was later scrapped in Kaohsiung City, Taiwan in 1981.

Saving the world's last surviving wooden whaling ship

With all the noise about whaling and whether or not we should or shouldn't and if Sea Shepherd are pirates who should be blown out of the water we tend to forget just how important



whaling was to America's economy in the mid 19 hundreds.

The *Charles W. Morgan* is the last survivor of those times. The last of some 2,700 American whalers, she was built in New Bedford, Massachusetts, once known as the whaling capitol of the world, now there is a plan afoot to turn this museum relic into a working ship.

The *Morgan* was built in the shipyard of Jethro and Zachariah Hillman and named after Charles Wain Morgan, a Quaker who became her first owner. Her inaugural voyage in 1841 was the same year that another New Bedford ship, carrying Herman Melville set sail.

She was home ported in both New Bedford and San Francisco and completed 37 voyages.

Records indicate that she took more than 2,500 whales onboard, enough for 50,000 barrels of oil to light American homes and baleen for use as buggy whips and corsets.

After a career that spanned eight decades, escaping Confederate raiders, arctic ice and the ravages of time she was towed to Mystic Seaport in 1941, the centenary of her construction. In 1966 she was named a national historic landmark.

Sunken Tanker threatens the Central California Coast

The Union Oil Co. tanker *Montebello* went down in December 23, 194, sunk by a Japanese submarine, a few weeks after Pearl Harbor. She's been lying quietly and largely

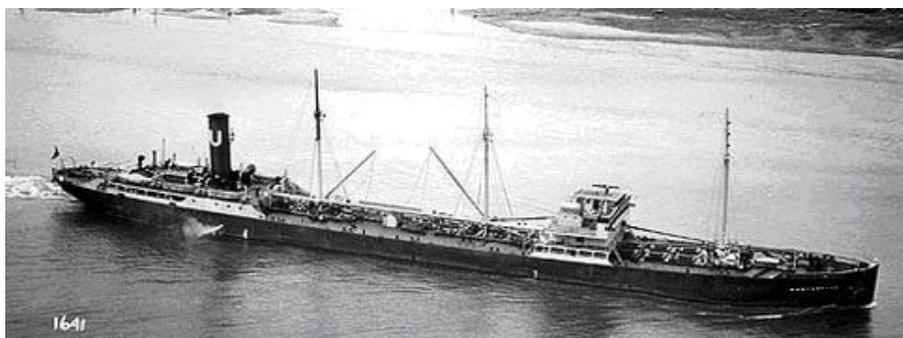
forgotten in 900 feet of water ever since.

A remote submersible from the Monterey Bay Aquarium Research Institute (MBARI) has been exploring the wreck trying to answer two questions; is there still oil in the *Montebello's* holds and if there is will it leak to the surface?

The wreck lies near San Simeon and the town of Cambia on the Central California Coast. It's journey had begun at Port Luis and she was on her way to Vancouver carrying 74,000 barrels of Santa Maria crude oil. There had already been attacks on American vessels off the California coast, one only 20 miles from Santa Cruz.

Early on the morning of the 23rd, a Japanese submarine surfaced and launched two torpedoes. The first was a dud, the second was not, striking the ship near the bow. The crew took to their life rafts while the Japanese shelled the ship with their deck gun. At 06:30, the *Montebello* sank. The news of the attack was kept quite to avoid panic.

The *Montebello* and her cargo are still there, waiting.





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 |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Sonoma County Abalone Network (SCAN) | <u>10</u> |
| <i>Show your support for all three!</i> | \$50 |

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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 at Sinbad's, located at Pier 2, Embarcadero Street, SF, CA 94111. Meet at 7:00pm for socializing, drinks and food and 7:30 pm for club business and entertainment. For more information, visit <http://www.sfreefdivers.org/>.

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