



2011 ABALONE OPENER AT FORT ROSS

by Dennis Belcher

As a new member to the San Francisco Reefers I was not sure what to expect at the annual abalone opener at Fort Ross. Is this a SFRD club gathering or? After a couple comments on the Reefers Yahoo group page I started to get an idea of what to expect. I was guided by my fellow Reefers that the Abalone opener is an annual event by Cen Cal where many clubs join together to share abalone, food and most important, camaraderie. And get some diving in.

Meeting in the morning was Gene, Mike, Ken, Loretta, Maria, Marc with his family and myself accompanied by my wife Carol. The weather was quite windy and the ocean swell had been predicted to be 15 feet. The cove at Fort Ross though offered protection from the waves. It was clear that the visibility was going to be very low. After a few minutes of socializing the group was ready to gear up and walk down to the water. Maria and Loretta got their abalone tags out and let them unfurl in the wind. It was quite a funny site to see. You get a small roll of paper when you get your fishing license and abalone tags these days.

As expected the water visibility was around 2 feet. After playing in the water for what seemed like 2 hours we all began migrating back to the shore to change into street clothes for the Pot luck portion of the day. Most of us came out with abalone despite nature's attempt to hide these tasty little snails from us. I was stopped by Fish and Game and had to show the tagged abalone to the ranger along with my license. After a few minutes, with pleasantries exchanged, I was free to take my bounty on its way.

Meanwhile, down at the picnic area a crowd started to gather. I was pleasantly surprised to see about 50 people milling around. The group was made up by various dive clubs of the Northern California area. The wind was not present at the picnic area despite blowing at 30 knots in the

parking lot above. My wife had already setup the stove and was warming the chili that we had made to share while two tables of food were already set out. Marc's wife Tina had made chowder that I didn't waste a minute to try. It was terrific. In the center of the picnic area were two tables dedicated to food that had been brought by everyone. There was not one inch to spare, the tables were completely full.

On the far side a group of six people were cleaning, slicing, pounding and breading abalone, working just like on an assembly line. I walked over to donate an abalone but was

told that they had plenty. I was lucky enough though to get a quick lesson on the preparation of abalone. But I have to admit when at home trying to do this myself it quickly became evident how good those people preparing the abalone had been.

It was a very nice experience to have gone to this Abalone Opener. I met several very nice people and learned a thing or two in the process. It is an event that I plan on attending next year.



GENERAL MEETING

MOVABLE FEAST

7 P.M. APRIL 20TH, 2011

Check SFRD Yahoo Group site for details

Reefer's Rap 2011

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
<p>08 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 14 - Paris International Dive Show - salondelaplongee.com 19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 22 - Boot Show - Dusseldorf - boot.de 28 - Baltimore Washington Dive Show - divechronicles.com</p>	<p>16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 18 - Our World Underwater 41 - ourworldunderwater.com 18 - Golden Dolphin - Moscow 25 - Texas Dive Show - divechronicles.com/texas</p>	<p>05 - Great Lake Shipwreck Festival - Ann Harbor 09 - SF Ocean Film Festival - oceanfilmfest.org 16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 18 - Ohio Scuba Fest - scubafest.org 19 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 25 - Beneath the Sea - New Jersey beneaththesea.org 26 - London International Dive Show</p>
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
<p>01 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 08 - Dive & Travel - Tacoma - diveandtravelexpo.com 08 - Bay Area Dive Show - San Jose - www.divechronicles.com 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 16-18 - Ocean Fest - Fort Lauderdale www.oceanfest.com</p>	<p>14 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 18 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 21-23 - Dive & Travel Expo - Tacoma - www.diveandtravelexpo.com</p>	<p>04 - Scuba Show - Long Beach - scubashow.com 11 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 15 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
<p>01 - Malaysia International Dive Expo 16 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 20 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>	<p>TBD - Abalone Opener 14-16 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 17 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>	<p>24 - Colorado Dive Show – Denver - divechronicles.com 17 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
<p>15 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 19 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location 22 - UK Dive Show - Birmingham - diveshows.uk.com</p>	<p>02 - The DEMA Show - Orlando - www.demashow.com 12 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 16 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>10 - Sanctuary Dive Boat - K Dock - 07:30 21 - Movable Feast - Check our Yahoo Site for Location</p>

Stammtisch

by Pierre Hurter



“Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards.” Sounds profound when you say it that way, much more so than “hindsight is twenty twenty”, probably why Kierkegaard gets quoted more often than I do. He managed to come up with a fair number of memorable commentaries, by far one that resonates the most with me is “Far from idleness being the root of all evil, it is rather the only true good.” Enough philosophizing lets start moving backwards, I think the Dane might have been on to something.

It’s a beautiful Sunday afternoon, a slight cooling trend following days of unseasonably warm weather. That’s one of the joys of living in the Bay Area; it never really gets cold or hot for that matter. A colleague of mine pointed out that we have the same mean temperature as Cleveland, or Detroit or one of those places between here and the Atlantic. The difference is they get to their average by having a high of 110 degrees and a low of 4 degrees to come up with a mean of 57 degrees. That’s the average temperature in San Francisco by the way, with September being high summer for us with an average of 71 degrees and January our cold season, with the temperature hovering around 46 degrees. Anyway the sun was out and the temperature in the mid 60’s this weekend so we decided to do a little gardening. Between the rains followed by days of unrelenting sunshine we had experienced an explosion of green, mostly weeds, but green all the same, in our backyard. A great excuse to fire up the weed whacker and have some fun.

Green bin full and ready to be turned into compost, my lower back aching, BBQ smoking, Gerda is working on her photos ... images ... files, whatever you call those compilations of zeros and ones that have come to replace glass plates coated with an emulsion of silver salts, Ektachrome, Kodachrome and the other film brands that have gone on to wherever 78’s, 8-track tape and floppy disks and the rest of the supplanted technologies of our world go to retire. I picture a place that’s an amalgamation of Vegas, Palm Springs and Hollywood, incorporating the worst of each. At any rate she is now down to 180 images or so, having begun with well over a 1,000. The goal is to

have a 10-minute slide show that won’t cause everyone in the audiences’ eyes to glaze over.

When I wrote about Chuuk I had mentioned that it was not the place for people looking for bathrobes embroidered with their names, thick towels and waiters waiting for you to snap your fingers for your next umbrella drink. Palau on the other hand, at least when you stay at the Palau Pacific Resort is a different story, especially when it comes to umbrella drinks.

When we left Chuuk we trundled to the airport, dodging potholes and bouncing off the ceiling of the van. At the airport we weighed our bags, had them searched for the usual, bombs, drugs and pornography and after checking out the duty free, a small shop with a few cold drinks, bags of nuts and some turtle shell jewelry, made our way to the executive waiting room. We had discovered this place on our last trip. Not really sure what the entry requirements are, but this time we didn’t get thrown out. The air-conditioner works; it has a restroom, a soft drink dispenser and plenty of outlets to plug in all of our laptops, smart phones, etc. etc.

We left A.B. Won Pat International Airport mid afternoon and headed for Guam. I’m beginning to think of myself as a citizen of Guam; it seems I’ve spent enough time in the airport to make a timeshare seem like something I ought to be looking into. Traveling in this part of the world always makes me wonder at the contradiction I was taught growing up. America, unlike other countries never sought or had colonies, that’s more or less what I learned growing up in white bread southern California in the 60’s and 70’s. So what am I to make of Guam, or the Northern Mariana Islands, Puerto Rico, and the United States Virgin Islands? These are all classified, as “unincorporated organized territories.” Then there is Palmyra Atoll, an island owned by the Nature Conservancy, but administered by the U.S. Department of Interior as an “incorporated unorganized territory” (acquired by the United States through the annexation of the Republic of Hawaii).

Just to make it more complicated there are the “unincorporated unorganized territories” like American Samoa, Wake Island, Midway Islands, Johnston Atoll, Baler, Howland and Jarvis Island and Kingman Reef. In the Caribbean we also have Bajo Nuevo Bank, Navassa Island and Serranilla

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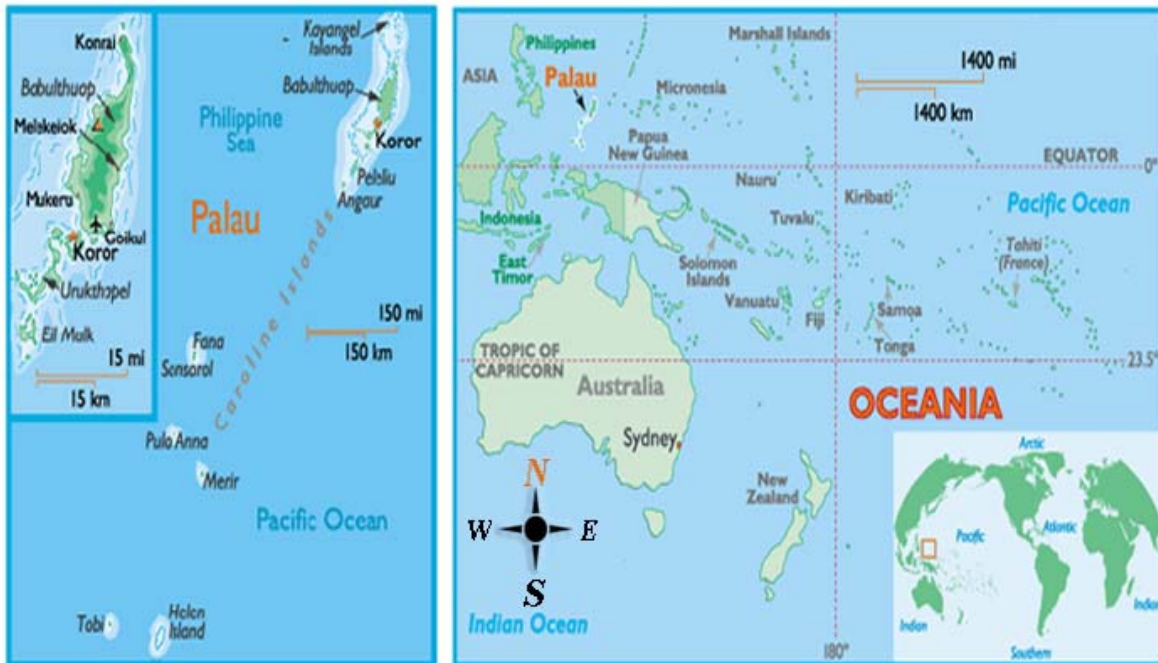
Bank. Of course I'm old enough to have been around when both Hawaii and Alaska were territories, not that I remember them as such, but I was around all the same. You'll have to talk to Ken for details.

Anyway from Guam after the obligatory transit through the Duty Free section we headed to Palau. Palau, officially the Republic of Palau is an island nation in the Pacific Ocean, some 500 miles east of the Philippines and 2,000 miles south of Tokyo. It went from United Nations trusteeship to nationhood in 1994, making it one of the world's youngest and smallest sovereign states with a population around 20,000. In English, the name is sometimes spelled Belau in accordance with the native pronunciation.

It has an interesting modern history, we took a taxi to check out the museum, jail and other notable sites and the taxi driver told us how his parents are

After early visits by British explorers, Spain came to dominate the islands. After being defeated in the Spanish-American War, Spain sold Palau and most of the rest of the Caroline Islands to Germany in 1899. Control passed to Japan in 1914, back when they were our allies. During World War II the islands were taken by the United States in 1944, after the Battle of Peleliu, which lasted from September 15 to November 25, with more than 2,000 American and 10,000 Japanese casualties. The islands passed formally to the United States under United Nations auspices in 1947.

So continuing to move backwards, we finished our tour of Guam's airport having avoided buying any of the crystal decanted cognac's costing close to \$2,000 or spam flavored macadamia nuts, though I was tempted, and arrived in Koror, Palau at what is officially know as the Roman Tmetuchl International Airport, named after a local politician and businessman. Customs was painless and we headed for the resort, about a 20-minute drive from the airport, the roads are paved and compared to



most comfortable speaking Japanese, his grandparents still speak German and the current generation is mostly English only.

The jail is worth noting because of the storyboards the prisoners make, they are carvings depicting various folk tales and give the guests of the state a chance to make some pocket change for cigarettes and the other little luxuries that can make a stay in the hoosegow pass more pleasantly.

Chuuk the downtown looks positively bustling. The locals do share one trait with the Chuukese, a disconcerting habit of straying across the centerline when driving on winding roads. By the time we had checked in at the PPR (Palau Pacific Resort), dumped our bags in our rooms and made arrangements for the following day's activities we decided to head for the outdoor bar near the pool. Burt our fearless gravelly voiced barkeep was on

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duty and ready to help us take the edge off and put us into the right mood for the coming week.

We would spend a fair amount of time here, watching the sunsets, enjoying the signature drink, the Sharkbite and feeding the resident rooster peanuts, which he would jump in the air for, plucking them from our fingers. It was fun to sit back, relax with a beer or drink and do a little people watching. There always seemed to be something going on for entertainment, young boys and girls doing native dancing or just the kids of guests racing back and forth and splashing in the pool. One night the president of Palau showed up for a local function, apparently somebody had bought out somebody, lots of speeches about synergy and how this would be a great thing for all concerned. I noticed a fair amount of security, big guys with earpieces mumbling into their collars with odd bulges under their shirts. Some of the guests had the smug smiles of people who knew they were solid, others the sweaty pallor of those who don't yet know if they will be on the crew as the new ship sets sail. One of my favorite evenings featured fresh coconuts liberally doused with rum and locals doing traditional dancing.

When there was no organized entertainment we would watch the other guests, imagining what had brought them here. It turned out that the reality was often as interesting if not more so than our imagined scenarios. There was the early Google employee who had cashed out and was traveling the world. There was the beautiful Korean woman, unhappily married to an older man, a man of substance, but not passion apparently. We know all this and more because Brad, one of our fellow divers turned out to be the most outgoing individual I have ever meet. He loved to engage people in

conversation and apparently they enjoyed it as well.

Friday morning found us waiting at what had once been the seaplane dock for the boat from Sam's Tours. When the boat arrived we hopped onboard and headed for Sam's, a quick trip by boat. Once there we met Rodney and Richard who would be our boatman and divemaster for the next week. We spent some time filling in forms, examining C-cards witnessing each other's paperwork and engaging in the almost obligatory milling around before we headed off for our first dive, a spot called Dexter's Wall.

The diving here is different than in Chuuk. There are no doubles, no stage bottles, no decompression diving. We were all diving 80 cubic foot aluminum cylinders, filled with 32% nitrox as the standard mix, they don't charge extra for it. You would think more places would encourage nitrox use, particularly when you are going to do a lot of repetitive dives.

The typical dive day started with a browse around the breakfast buffet, they had everything from poached salmon to eggs Benedict, steamed rice, Ombachi, (small, tart, pickled plums) and my favorite, juke, a rice porridge guaranteed to stick to your ribs. After breakfast we would head for the seaplane dock for our pickup and off to the first dive site. Generally we would do two dives and then head for a beach where we would chow down on our bento box lunches. Still not used to Spam sushi, but that may just be my pedestrian tastes.

We did three dives a day and then would head back to the resort to rest, unwind and get ready for dinner. The dinner was a buffet again and there was a different theme every night, Italian, French

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Palauian, Japanese, you get the picture. There was always enough variety to satisfy those with tastes ranging from the exotic to those who hankered after a more traditional meat and potatoes sort of meal.

You'd think we would have had enough of wrecks after Chuuk, but we checked out one here as well, the *Iro Maru* a 473-foot long freighter sitting in 130 feet of water. She's resting on a silty bottom, her main features a pair of very impressive guns located stern and aft. The visibility was generally less than 20 feet and in some places considerably less, leading us to decide that we'd had enough of wrecks. The last time we were here we had done a dive called the Helmet Wreck, for the stacks of helmets in her hold, a great dive with good visibility at a moderate depth, but apparently it had been deemed to be too hazardous to dive ... wimps. These aren't the sanitized and carefully cleaned wrecks you get with Ships to Reefs, these are wrecks, sent to the bottom in the storm of war, leaking bunker oil and God knows what else, the tortured souls of those who went down with them calling out to those left behind.

One of the more interesting aspects of diving here is diving with reef hooks. The idea is simple, you find a spot where a reef wall comes to a point, wait for the currents to pick up and then hook in. The reef hook is a fair sized stainless steel hook (DIR approved) on a length of nylon line; one end hooks into the reef the other gets tied off on some convenient point on your BC. A squirt or two of air into your BC and then you just lay back like a kite in the wind on a blustery day and watch the show swim by. It's amazing to watch schools of barracudas, sharks, rays and fish too numerous to identify stream by as you hang there, at the end of your tether, fluttering in the current. We had a pair of juvenile bat rays come by, inching their way down the line of divers, as if they were checking each one of us out, like teenagers cruising Main Street.

One of the more unusual dives we did was at Jelly Fish lake, a landlocked brackish body of water, one of many that house an unusual species of non-stinging jellyfish; actually two species, *Mastigias* and to a lesser extent *Aurelia aurick*. The jellies follow the sun around the lake living in a symbiotic relationship with the algae that grow within their bodies. It's a bit of a hike into the lake, but worthwhile, sort of like swimming with millions of Pamela Anderson's implants.

We managed to do 17 leisurely dives while in Palau ate some great food and in general had a very relaxing time, definitely worth doing if you get the chance. If only there was some way to get around the close to 24 hours we spent getting there and back

Dennis' Court

IN THE ROOKIE'S CORNER

by Dennis Belcher



new experiences with you.

Every dive has been as if experiencing everything anew and fresh again. It has been exciting. I almost feel sorry for the people that have not taken any time away and wish to encourage those that are new or that have taken a break as I have, to get into the water.

With the abalone seasoning opening, the trip already planned for the Cen Cal Abalone Opener and being newly back into diving I was itching to get in and try my hand at finding some abalone of my own.

I went through my list of what I was to bring. First the easy stuff, gear for the picnic:

Stove, pot of chili, miscellaneous utensils, and a bottle or two of wine - *Ok, check, got that.*

Now the gear for diving: *Should I bring the 80 CF tanks or the 95's... oh dam this is free diving. Ok, no problem, I've done that in Hawaii.*

Gear check starting all over: Mask, snorkel, fins, gloves, abalone gauge, abalone iron, float, wet suit, and weight belt. - *The weight belt, Hmm, how much should I use. That will be a little different. I*

Being newly back into diving with a layoff of almost 15 years, the last 12 months have turned out to be a period of rediscovery. So now, that I have been back into diving for around a year I hope, with the help of our editor, to share some of my

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guess I will have to figure that out up there.

Count me lucky, because I had the opportunity to get Friday off from work and an offer to have a dive buddy to meet at Timber Cove.

Gene had said that he would meet with me and give me an introduction to the sport of abalone diving. To make things even better he said to bring my kayak.

Ah, how I wanted to break-in my blue monster (the kayak) into diving.

Now more equipment: kayak, paddle, spare paddle, paddle leash, anchor, seat, float line and this new thing I found - a kelp clip.

It was such a pretty thing I had to buy it.

Plus it had a blue line on it which would go with my boat. Certainly my wife would understand this purchase, it matched my boat and it certainly was better than the cement filled coffee can I used to anchor my dive board with in the 80's. Yeah, that makes me over 30.

Friday morning on the road and I had gotten everything right. Of course not, but the only thing that I truly would miss was my camera. I arrived at our agreed upon meeting site and pulling in right behind me is Gene we were met by a very friendly lady by the name of Brenda. We paid our 6 dollars and drove on down to where we would launch.

To my great delight we parked within 25 feet of the water. Probably the best 6 dollars spent this weekend.

The day was starting out great. The swell was probably 9 to 12 feet out of the Northwest with sets of larger waves coming in 9 at a time. If timed right it would be an easy entrance and exit. Gene guided us out to just beyond the breakers and the water depth was about 21 feet.

With plenty of kelp to attach my new kelp anchor to and a few tips and reminders from Gene we entered the water.

Okay, so I had I taken a WAG (wild ass guess) at how much weight I would need and found myself more buoyant than I thought I would be. But after the first try to go down I had no problem of leaving the top side of the water and down I went.

Hey, this is easy, wrong.

I made it down 8 feet and I was ready to come back up for air.

After several attempts to find the bottom I saw Gene with his first abalone of the day. Gene being the ambassador of the sport he came over to offer some friendly advice and I was all ears.

The advice was to use the kelp to pull yourself down.

I tried the veteran free divers suggestion and soon I was down to 20 feet.

Still running out of air, I thought *were is that regulator to suck on. No Dennis you have got to break away from your pacifier.* Trying to relax and slow down my heart rate, with no luck, I finally made it to the bottom. My watch said 26 feet. There, waiting was an abalone, but only about 4 or 5 inches in length. Rising through the water column I had that urge to tell Gene or anyone that would listen. I had found the bottom and I actually saw an abalone!

By then, Gene was loading up his 3rd and final abalone for the day. But being the ambassador to the sport that he is, he encouraged me to continue.

And I did.

I dove several additional times and reached the bottom about every other time. I was satisfied even without finding a legal abalone as my confidence was rising.

But I did say it was my lucky day, right? On one of those dives, just as I reached the bottom with a whole 3 feet of visibility there was an abalone. Ab iron in hand it popped of easily and up I came. Kicking over to the boat, excited about my new catch, I lost my Ab iron in the process. But it wouldn't be the only one lost that weekend as I was able to find one of them – a wash for sure. Next lesson will be 'securing your Ab iron'.

The dive outing ended and by the time we put the equipment away the larger waves dissipated and arrangements were made for the follow day's Cen Cal's abalone opener.

I could tell already that my wife is going to be a 'free diving widow' on the weekends as I fell in love with yet another form of diving. I also know now that snorkeling in the warm clear waters of Hawaii is nothing like the trying to free dive in our own Northern California waters.



Spindrift

What do you do with 175 tons of dead sardines?

King Harbor Marina in Southern California is trying to figure out what to do with 175 tons of sardines that swam into their marina and then promptly and literally went “belly-up.” Biologists at the University of Southern California have offered several theories as to what drove as many as 2.5 million sardines to swarm the marina.

The theories run the gamut from, the sardines were lost, the fish had been chased by marine predators or they ingested toxins that confused them. Some people believed the sardines may have sensed the coming earthquake in Japan and fled.

Once in the marina, the sardines used up all the oxygen and died. Residents who live on boats reported hearing what sounded like hail but was really fish coming to the surface gasping for oxygen. Boats were temporarily trapped by the fish carcasses in the south Santa Monica Bay harbor that shelters about 1,400 boats.

Tourist spot known for female divers destroyed by tsunami

A popular tourism spot known for “ama” the female divers who dive for scallops, mussels and pearls, all while breath-hold diving was devastated by the powerful tsunami triggered by the March 11 magnitude 9.0 earthquake, casting a shadow over the local tourism industry.

The Kosode Coast in Kuji, Iwate Prefecture, was popular among tourists for the ama, wearing kimono-like costumes and white tabi socks, would collect sea urchins and abalones from the seafloor while visitors watched. During the 2010 season, between July and September some 9,000 people visited the area.

In August of the same year, the Kosode Ama Center opened, which had on display traditional gear used by the ama. Now only the foundation remains and the road leading to it is still blocked by debris. Fortunately, all 22 divers belonging to the local ama association survived the disaster.

Two divers drown in Monterey Bay

Two teenagers drowned Saturday while scuba diving in Monterey Bay. The divers were reported missing after others in their group surfaced and returned to their charter boat, the Monterey Express.

They were reported missing about 12:25 p.m. Rescue divers from the Monterey Express found the pair after a search of about 45 minutes.

The teens, 16 and 17 years old from Carson City, Nevada, were pronounced dead at Community Hospital of the Monterey Peninsula.

They were diving about 1,000 to 1,500 feet offshore near the Monterey Bay Aquarium in the vicinity of Cannery Row.

Two Coast Guard boats and a helicopter aided the effort to locate and rescue the divers. Crews from Monterey Police and Fire departments and state parks lifeguards responded to the emergency.

What’s your time worth? New Transatlantic Cable will speed up information exchange

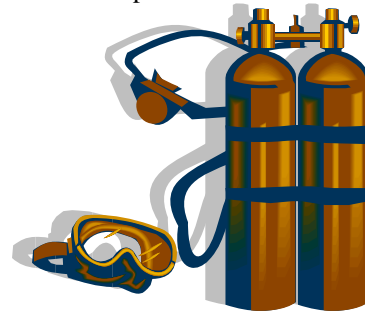
Not that long ago, traders toiled on the floor of exchanges around the world, shouting, waving their arms and engaging in a form of commerce little changed since Biblical Times.

Today, algorithms that exploit micro variations in pricing and fiber-optic linked computers make trades in mere fractions of a second. At the end of the month a couple of milliseconds can add up to tens of millions of dollars in someone’s account.

That brings us to Huawei Marine Networks, one of several companies laying down superfast fiber-optic lines to connect traders. Turns out one way to speed things up is to shorten the route you take, for instance a shorter route between Chicago and New York, shaved three milliseconds of the time it takes trades to get from one to the other.

Now they are working with Hibernia Atlantic to lay the first new transatlantic submarine cable in a decade. The \$400-million-plus project is expected to save traders as much as five milliseconds. The cable route will stretch w,000 miles across the Grand Banks off Canada and the North Atlantic.

So much for dial-up.



2011 Norcal Underwater Hunters Big Abalone and Cook Off Sonoma County Abalone Network Fundraiser

Saturday August 20th 7:00am to 3:30pm
Ocean Cove CA.

This event is open to free divers only.

Current California Department of Fishing Game laws apply.

Donation Fee's are \$30 if preregistered and \$40 day of event. To receive a free shirt you must preregister. The pre registration will end on 7-20-11 after that you will have to purchase your shirt at the event.

All Divers are required to fill out and turn in a waiver form and show current CA. fishing license and current 2011 abalone tags at sign in.

All Divers are required to register with at least one dive buddy

The check in and measuring for the abalone for the event will be held at the Ocean Cove Campground 23125 Coast Highway One.

Diving can be done anywhere along the California Coast, All divers must return to Check out area by 2:00 pm. No exceptions.

Free diving Divisions Awards (plaques) will consist of:

1st, 2nd, 3rd for biggest Ab

Top Female biggest Ab

Top junior biggest Ab

Most Beach garbage picked up

Ab cook off. 1st,2nd,3rd

Etiquette and safety:

The Ocean cove Big Ab comp promotes safe buddy diving and friendly competition.

All divers should be in contact with their dive buddy/ies while in the water.

Eligibility:

Signed Waiver form.

2011 California Ocean Fishing License and Abalone punch card and tags.

Disqualifications:

Any California Department of Fishing Game Violations.

Arriving at the check in area after 2:00 pm sharp.

For more info: call 707-478-1504

***THIS EVENT IS WEATHER PERMITTING, WHICH WILL BE DETRMINED ON THE DAY OF THE

**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 13th** - 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.

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

2011 SFRD OFFICERS		
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We encourage you to also support the other organizations listed below when you pay your annual dues. (*Please indicate your membership options with the checkboxes below.*)

- | | |
|--|-----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> San Francisco Reef Divers (SFRD) | \$25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Central California Council of Diving Clubs (CenCal) | 15 |
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SINCE JANUARY 1ST 1973

ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS (SFRD):

The *Reef Diver Times* is the official newsletter of the San Francisco Reef Divers, a not for profit community organization dedicated to safe sport diving and the preservation of our ocean resources. Membership is \$25 annually, dues payable to "SFRD". The General Meeting is held the 3rd Wednesday of the month. Location is announced one week prior to the meeting. Please check our yahoo site for details <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/sfreefdivers/> We meet at 7:00pm for socializing, drinks, food and club business. For more information, visit <http://www.sfreefdivers.org/>.

SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS
Reef Diver Times
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