



**HO! HO! HO!  
LET'S CELEBRATE WITH A REEF DIVER HOLIDAY PARTY!**

**Wednesday, December 15  
7:00 P.M. - 10 P.M.**

**at  
The Radkeys  
1331 Marin Ave. in Albany**

No food assignments, this time it's going to be potluck literally and figuratively. Bring something edible or potable to share and hope we don't end up with 40 fruitcakes. There will be no White Elephant Gift Exchange but instead we will have drawings every half hour for dive gear and other goodies as well as some intellectually stimulating games befitting Reef Diver mentality.

So mark the date on your calendar and be prepared for some fun! There is plenty of street parking or if you want to take public transportation, we're a 20-minute walk from BART. Questions? Comments? Contact Pamela or Jim Radkey at (510) 527-5282 or [pradkey@worldnet.att.net](mailto:pradkey@worldnet.att.net).

Directions: From San Francisco take the Bay Bridge and go east (north) on highway 80. Take the Albany/Buchanan St. exit. Turn right at the first light, which will put you on Buchanan. Continue on Buchanan which becomes Marin. We're on the left a few blocks after you pass under the BART track



**Der Stammtisch**



November is already feeling like a faded memory. It started feeling that way before Halloween when I started seeing Christmas Cards peeking out from amongst the goblins and plastic pumpkins, finally beginning to understand the notion of relativity and time folding back on itself. How else can you explain the timing of seasonal merchandizing? I'm beginning to think that those smoky bars that never took down their decorations may have been on the cutting edge of something.

November did however, bring with it one of the more memorable dives so far this year. For those of you who have been sleeping in on Saturdays, you missed another great day of diving on the Cypress Sea. The seas were calm, the swell, long, slow and almost unnoticed by all on the boat, the sky was clear and the sun was like a beacon calling all divers to the sea. All that was missing was an old man fishing from his rowboat.

We had Captain's Phil and Xcott on board to keep us thoroughly entertained as well as finding good dive sites. The Reef Divers filled the boat, along with a couple from Sacramento there where a total of 11 people on board, plenty of room for all and more importantly sandwiches galore. The visibility was at least 50 feet, you didn't have to find the anchor line, you just looked and looked for the outline of the boat.

The dive also marked a milestone for Deb, her hundredth dive. Captain Phil helped her celebrate the event with the traditional two Coke can Christening. I'm sure he would have provided some Cooks California Brute, NV, had he only known in advance.

My gears rinsed, regulators hanging on a peg, fingertips of my gloves freshly "tool dipped" and waiting for the next dive. The last remnants of turkey are waiting to be purged from the refrigerator and the extra pounds, well; it's the price we pay for the holidays. Still, I enjoy this season, good food, good friends, what could be better?  
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**2004 SFRD OFFICERS**

President	Gene Kramer	(650) 359-2785 <a href="mailto:genekramer@pacbell.net">genekramer@pacbell.net</a>
Vice President	Steve Neff	(415) 876-4686 <a href="mailto:hookeye@sbcglobal.net">hookeye@sbcglobal.net</a>
Treasurer	Pierre Hurter	(415) 285-6293 <a href="mailto:saltwaterwolf@comcast.net">saltwaterwolf@comcast.net</a>
Webmaster	Curt Degler	(707) 570-0457 <a href="mailto:cdegler@aquagraphy.com">cdegler@aquagraphy.com</a>
Newsletter Editor	Gerda Hurter	(415) 285-6293 <a href="mailto:saltwaterwolf@comcast.net">saltwaterwolf@comcast.net</a>
Entertainment Committee	Ken Gwin	(415) 648-7046 <a href="mailto:artxfsf@aol.com">artxfsf@aol.com</a>
AMCR Representative	Gene Kramer	(415) 339-2785 <a href="mailto:genekramer@pacbell.net">genekramer@pacbell.net</a>
CenCal Representative	Debra Gilmore	<a href="mailto:gilmored2@yahoo.com">gilmored2@yahoo.com</a>
Membership Chairperson	Armin Luggen	(415) 479-3240 <a href="mailto:armin@luggens.com">armin@luggens.com</a>



**Payments for membership and activities  
should be mailed to:  
Pierre Hurter  
515 Diamond Street  
San Francisco, CA 94114**

<b>REEFER'S RAP</b>		
<b>JANUARY</b>	<b>FEBRUARY</b>	<b>MARCH</b>
<p>01 - New Year's Day - Breakwater Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>05 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>15 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>19 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>02 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>16 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>02 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>16 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>
<b>APRIL</b>	<b>MAY</b>	<b>JUNE</b>
<p>06 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) – Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293 *</p> <p>TBD - Abalone Opener</p> <p>20 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>04 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>07- Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) – Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>18 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>01 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) – Sun Pierre - 415.285.6293 *</p> <p>15 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p> <p>TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
<b>JULY</b>	<b>AUGUST</b>	<b>SEPTEMBER</b>
<p>06 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>20 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>TBD - Abalone Opener</p> <p>03 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>TBD - Channel Islands Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784</p> <p>17 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>07 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>09 - 11 - Lake Tahoe Dive Norm Knutson</p> <p>10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) – Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>17 - Monterey Beach Cleanup Debra Gilmore</p> <p>21 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p> <p>TBD - Abalone Opener</p>
<b>OCTOBER</b>	<b>NOVEMBER</b>	<b>DECEMBER</b>
<p>TBD - Alcatraz swim/paddle - Tim - invitational@south-end.org</p> <p>05 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>08 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. Pierre - 415.285.6293 *</p> <p>19 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Nominations !!!</p>	<p>02 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>16 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Elections !!!</p> <p>19 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. Pierre - 415.285.6293</p> <p>TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>07 - Officers Meeting</p> <p>10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) – Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293 *</p> <p>21 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Christmas Party !!!</p>

**Stammtisch from page 2**

I do wonder about the phenomenon of the “free range turkey.” When I was a kid, we would visit my dad’s family farm. Out back, they had a chicken coop; the chickens would run around the yard, scratching for feed and apparently having a great time, early and unwitting pioneers of the “free range” movement. Who, knew that this would become a trend, not just for chickens, but for turkeys, cows, pumpkins. Maybe, in the midst of our orgies of plenty, as we give thanks to what we have, we should give a little thought to where it comes from. Factory bred turkeys and “all you can eat” lobster; it’s not always a pretty picture. Anyway, we started our own orgy of indulgence with a chicken liver pate rolled in crushed roasted pumpkin seeds accompanied by a salad of various colorful yuppie greens (weeds), drizzled with walnut oil and balsamic vinegar. Isn’t that a great word, drizzled? Makes you feel a bit like Martha Stewart. I can almost picture the jailhouse menu, chipped beef on toast points served on a contemporary style stainless steel tray, accompanied by a medley of vegetables, creamed corn and mashed potatoes, each

in its own clever compartment. The whole affair then artfully drizzled with gravy and presented on a steam table.

Back to my Thanksgiving, after the pate and salad we followed up with a curried creamed pumpkin soup, then the pièce de résistance, a free range *Indianer*, that’s a turkey in Viennese (don’t ask) stuffed with Semmelfülle, or bread stuffing if you prefer, with sweet red cabbage on the side. To help us navigate through this journey we started with a delightful pink French champagne. After a suitable period to allow for off-gassing, the bubbles had dissipated and we moved on to a *Zweigelt*, an Austrian red varietal, balanced against a saucy little French number. We followed up with a decadent chocolate and ginger desert topped with a tangy lemon sauce. Afterwards, it was cigars and brandy, well 14 year old bourbon and a couple of *Monte Cristos*. All told a perfect meal, good company and everything, bar the cigars and maybe the French adult beverages, sustainable produced and totally PC.

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# Time to Renew Your Membership

**12 ENJOYABLE EVENINGS OF MINGLING WITH THE BEST OF SFRD**

**12 EXITING EVENINGS OF ENTERTAINMENT**

**11 INCREDIBLE BOATDIVES AT SPECIAL CLUB RATES**

**1 SUPREME CHANNEL ISLAND TRIP**

**12 MAGNIFICENT SFRD NEWSLETTER**

**AND MUCH MORE ...**

**DON'T MISS OUT ON ANY OF IT - RENEW TODAY**

SEND RENEWAL FROM (SEE PAGE 8) TO:

Pierre Hurter  
515 Diamond Street  
San Francisco, CA 94114

**Stammtisch from page 4**

Before leaving the topic of food and drink, Trader Vic's, the birthplace of the Mai Tai, is back in San Francisco ensconced in what was the old Stars premises. I'll have to give it a try and see how it stacks up to the old Vic's, tucked away on Cosmo (now Trader Vic's) Alley. I remember Vic's as an exotic outpost from my childhood. The kind of place where you might have had your first shrimp cocktail or as a special treat an "adult drink" in my case tomato juice in a tall glass with an umbrella. Those of you who have been around awhile will probably remember the bygone era when every good size town, at least in California had some sort of Tiki themed restaurant; they ranged from hole in the walls to elegant dining experiences. We still have the Tonga Room at the Fairmont, Hula's Island Grill and Tiki Room in Monterey and who could forget Trad'r Sam's out on Geary or the Bamboo Hut on Broadway. Times change and so do our favorite watering holes as well as the drinks they serve. I wonder how many of today's favorites will stand the test of time, Red Bull with vodka, Soju martinis? I'll let you know how Vic's and their Mai Tai's fare in the next installment. Hopefully I will be reporting that "it's Mai Tai roa ae."

Have you ever noticed all of the nostalgia that seeps out of the woodwork around the Holidays'? First it was Trader Vic's and then, Casablanca on PBS. This is one of the best propaganda films ever made and I by no means mean that in a pejorative sense. I love the opening scene showing the path taken by those desperate to leave occupied Europe. From Occupied Paris to Marseilles in Vichy France, Marseilles to Oran

in Algeria, then by foot, train or car to Casablanca in what was then French Morocco. From there, those with luck, money or connections could get travel documents to Lisbon and then ... the Americas, all this shown on a slowly spinning globe.



From the music by Max Steiner to the lines, who can forget Rick and Yvonne, the bargirl's exchange? ... "Where were you last night?" "I don't remember" "Will I see you tonight?" "I never make plans that far ahead." What guy hasn't wanted to try that line, just once? Probably only Humphrey Bogart could get away with it without risking bodily harm. Then there is the immortal "Play it Sam ... if she can take it, so can I" "I remember every detail, the Germans wore gray, you wore blue."

There is something about black and white movies, the best are gorgeous, the use of shadow and shades of gray, Ingrid Bergman looks luminous when she secretly visits Rick after curfew. We've become so jaded by computer animation and color that it's easy to forget how rich these old films really were. How else can you explain Dooley Wilson as Sam wearing a gold lame jacket in the colorized version? The dialogue is a bit trite, delivered between deep inhalations of unfiltered coffin nails. I remember smoking some of those cigarettes, Camels, Lucky Strikes, Chesterfields, unfiltered, short, stubby and packed in crinkly cellophane wrapped packs with graphics that still catch and hold your eye. For

the lucky, it most have been an incredibly elegant time, high waisted pants, white dinner jackets, pocket squares and of course cigarettes, usually out of a silver case.

And just in case you didn't get the underlying theme of the film, there is the line where Rick asks Sam, "What time is it in New York?" "They are probably sleeping; they're sleeping all over America." I can almost picture my Godmother, Paris to Marseilles, Marseilles to Lisbon and then to London where here husband waited, a Major in the RAF. She would tell me about the afternoon teas and all the handsome young men, boys is how she put it, so polite, so gallant as they carefully sipped what for so many would be their last cup.



In one of Ken's recent and as always eclectic posts on BA Diving he made reference to Piccard and balloons hanging from gasoline filled dirigibles, hanging over a bottomless abyss. It jogged a childhood memory, Auguste and Jean Piccard, twin brothers from Basel, Switzerland, developed balloons with pressurized gondolas. Jean eventually moved to the states and helped design the high altitude balloons which allowed manned flights in excess of 100,000 feet. His brother August meanwhile developed an interest in exploring the depths of the

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**Stammtisch from page 5**

oceans. He decided to modify his pressurized gondolas to explore a new frontier. Along with his son Jacques built the Bathyscaphe *Trieste* (from the Greek bathos - deep and scaphos - ship). The *Trieste*, built in Italy and eventually sold to the US Navy for \$250,000. The younger Piccard and Lt. Don Walsh of the U.S. Navy reached a depth of 35,800 feet in the Marianas Trench, the deepest dive in history. For a country without access to the sea, the Swiss seem

to have an endless enthusiasm for the ocean. Or maybe it was just the challenge of selling a used Italian "ship" to the U.S. Navy for, what at the time, was a lot of money. Well it's getting colder by the day, time for me to sweep out my hibernaculum.

That's it for this month, unless you are still at a loss for something special for Christmas, how about a martini? New York's historic Algonquin Hotel offers up a nifty version for \$10,000. The martini, complete with a diamond at the bottom has

yet to be ordered by anyone. When it is, it will be served on one of the hotels signature napkins adorned with Dorothy Parker's ode to the martini, "I love a martini - but two at the most. Three I'm under the table, Four, I'm under the host."

I'm looking forward to our last Cypress Sea dive of the year. Until then, as Mike Nelson might have said, "we'll always have Paris. Here's Looking at you kid."

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**Japan to reject CITES regulation on White Shark trade**

The Japanese government has decided to reject an international agreement to limit the trade in great white sharks that was reached last month at a wildlife conservation conference in Bangkok, according to government sources.

Masayuki Komatsu, who represents Japan's commercial whaling industry, referred to the CITES regulations as "nothing more than western cultural imperialism" and defended Japan's decision to defy the international agreement stating, "No global population assessment of this species (great white sharks) has been carried out."

Ken Mano, a leading Japanese environmentalist, said "the government's commercial whaling lobby does not reflect the opinion of most Japanese citizens," "Apart from the fishing industry and the corrupt politicians, ultra-nationalists and organized criminal gangs that support them, we Japanese do not want to kill whales nor do we feel

some ancient cultural urge to eat them."

**Will the Brits ban fish and chips?**

PETA, an animal welfare group has called for a ban on Britain's most-famous fast food, claiming fish and chip suppers are cruel to cod.

PETA, possibly better known for their stance against women wearing fur, has been speaking out for the rights of the fish, which it says are intelligent creatures who feel pain and distress when caught.

Adrian Herdman, president of the National Fish Friers, representing Britain's fish and chip shops, said: "It's potty. Why would they want to get rid of a meal that is not only part of British history but also well-known for being good for you?"

**S.F. surgeon missing after abalone dive**

A prominent San Francisco surgeon is missing after abalone diving in the waters off Mendocino on Saturday. Dr.

William Krupski, 56, the cardiovascular surgery chief at Kaiser Permanente Medical Center, was lost in high seas off Van Damme State Park, three miles south of Mendocino.

Dr. Krupski a veteran abalone diver was diving with his wife, Ann, near the state park when calm seas turned rough. Their floats had drifted away; Ann Krupski swam to retrieve them. A short time later she noticed that her husband was missing.

**And you think your job stinks?**

Officials at the Milwaukee Metropolitan Sewerage District have a problem, sewage solids are causing vibration problems on one of the three giant pumps that suck wastewater from the tunnel to the Jones Island or South Shore treatment plants.

They are bringing in an eight man diving crew to clear up the mess. The divers will work in two-person. The teams will be lowered by crane 300 feet through a Jones Island tunnel drop shaft and into the drink. The teams are relieved every 3 hours or so and are assisted by other team members at the surface.



The San Francisco Reef Divers is a not for profit community organization dedicated to safe sport diving and the preservation of our ocean resources. The San Francisco Reef Divers general meetings are open to the public and are held on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Wednesday of the month at Sinbad's, located at Pier 2, Embarcadero Street, SF, CA 94111 (For driving directions and a map for this location, visit our club web site: <http://www.sfreefdivers.org/>.)

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

- |                                                                              |           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> San Francisco Reef Divers (SFRD)                    | \$25      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Central California Council of Diving Clubs (CenCal) | 15        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sonoma County Abalone Network (SCAN)                | <u>10</u> |

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Please make checks payable to "San Francisco Reef Divers" and mail to: Pierre Hurter, SFRD Treasurer, 515 Diamond Street, San Francisco, CA 94114



**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 3rd Wednesday of the month at 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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Reef Divers Times  
C/O Gerda Hurter  
515 Diamond Street  
San Francisco, CA 94114