



H2O-H2O-H2O or He-He-He???
No matter which,
All the Best to You and Your Loved Ones!



[HTTP://WWW.SHARKY.TV/INDEX.HTML](http://www.sharky.tv/index.html)

DECEMBER'S ENTERTAINMENT

DIVING 18.73°N & 111.02°W AND 58.37°N & 134.58°W



This Month's Entertainment will feature the adventures of our very own intrepid Newsletter editor and esteemed Treasurer – how else could we afford it - as they journey to the Islas Revillagigedo (Socorro) as well as Alaska aboard the Nautilus Explorer

http://www.nautilusexplorer.com/photo.asp?pic=revilla_nautilus_nov_04_188.jpg

Der Stammtisch

Thanksgiving has come and gone and with it an orgy of gluttony comes to an end. The in-laws are back in Kansas and Uncle Albert's weekend pass is over and he's back to stamping out obscene license plates at the Pink Palace. The wreckage of gravy stained table cloths has been cleared; the noble bird's carcass is safely entombed, the nobler bits cradled in Tupperware, the rest swaddled in aluminum foil safe from cosmic rays and frost burn. As you sit on the sofa watching your eyeballs float in cranberry sauce, did you ever stop to think that the turkey was a real contender for the coveted job of national symbol? Every year some forty-five million birds make the ultimate sacrifice and end up gracing our Thanksgiving tables. It could have been different; we could have feasted on bald eagle.

We've come to take it for granted when we see a bald eagle soar overhead in a commercial extolling the virtues of buying bonds, the grandeur of our natural resources, or just trying to make us feel guilty about dumping our ashtrays in parking lots, but it was almost not to be. On July 4, 1776, having signed the Declaration of Independence, the Continental Congress appointed a committee made up of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin to come up with a design for a national seal.

Being politicians, the three patriots came up with a wide range of ideas; none of which made mention of the bald eagle. They finally settled on a woman Liberty holding a shield which represented the various states. As you might expect the product of a committee didn't really met with anyone's expectations. So they did what everyone does, they brought in an outside consultant, in this case William Barton, a Philadelphia artist. Barton came up with a new design, one which incorporated an eagle, a golden eagle.

Since the golden eagle also flew over a number of European nations, however, the federal lawmakers opined that the bird in the seal should be an American eagle, a bald eagle. On June 20, 1782, they approved the design that we recognize today.

From the start, there were those who disliked the eagle. Franklin opined. "For my part," "I wish the eagle had not been chosen as the representative of this country. He is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly.

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REEFER'S RAP 2006

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
01 - New Year's Day - Point Lobos 04 - Officers Meeting 14 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's	01 - Officers Meeting 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's	01 - Officers Meeting 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
05 - Officers Meeting 08 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 TBD - Abalone Opener 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's	03 - Officers Meeting 13 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's	07 - Officers Meeting 10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sun - Pierre - 415.285.6293 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Closer
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
05 - Officers Meeting 08 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. - Pierre - 415.285.6293 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's	TBD - Abalone Opener 02 - Officers Meeting 13-15 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's	06 - Officers Meeting 08 - 10 - Lake Tahoe Dive - Norm Knutson 16 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 16 - Monterey Beach Cleanup 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
TBD - Alcatraz swim/paddle - Tim - invitational@south-end.org 04 - Officers Meeting 14 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. - Pierre - 415.285.6293 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Nominations !!!	01 - Officers Meeting 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Elections !!! 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. - Pierre - 415.285.6293 TBD - Abalone Closer	06 - Officers Meeting 09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Christmas Party !!!

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You may have seen him perched in some dead tree where, too lazy to fish for himself, he watches the labor of the fishing hawk and, when that diligent bird has at length taken a fish and is bearing it to his nest for his young ones, the bald eagle pursues him and takes the fish. With all this injustice, he is never in good case."

Some people have questioned whether the eagle would have been chosen for the seal had we not been at war. A year after the Treaty of Paris ended the conflict with Great Britain; Franklin argued that the turkey would have been a more appropriate symbol. "A much more respectable bird and a true native of America," he pointed out. Franklin conceded that the turkey was "a little vain and silly," but maintained that it was nevertheless a "bird of courage" that "would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards who should presume to invade his farm yard with a red coat on." Congress was not convinced, however. The eagle remained our national symbol.

With Thanksgiving out of the way, it's time to come to grips with the next big holiday onslaught. Christmas is just around the corner, that magical time of the season that seems to be starting earlier every year. At the rate we are regressing, they'll be marking the cards and ornaments half off the weekend before Thanksgiving.

One of the many simple pleasures of the season is the endless stream of catalogues making their way into my

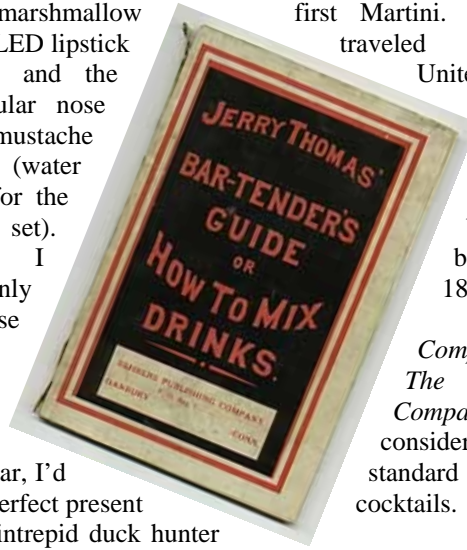
mailbox. The internet revolution aside, there seems to be no letup in their numbers. Today's offerings include a battery operated marshmallow toaster, a LED lipstick microlight and the ever popular nose and mustache trimmer (water resistant for the adventure set). Now if I could only find those battery operated heated socks I got last year, I'd have the perfect present for some intrepid duck hunter on my list.

I love wandering around downtown this time of the year, as much to enjoy the window displays as to watch the growing panic as people realize that the shopping days countdown is ticking away and they still have not made it much more than a third of the way down wish list.

Another of the seasons joys are the many holiday libations that suddenly make their appearance, Egg Nog, Wassail, Glogg and the ever popular Tom and Jerry. One account of the origins of the drink comes from, *Life in London; or, The Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his elegant friend, Corinthian Tom*, by Pierce Egan. To publicize his book Egan named a version of Egg Nog, the "Tom and Jerry".

The more popular theory, points to Professor Jerry Thomas, bartender at San Francisco's

Occidental Hotel in the 1860's, as being the creator. He is also credited with the Martinez, which may or may not have been the first Martini. The Professor traveled throughout the United States and Europe, performing on stage as a celebrity bartender. His book published in 1862, *The Bartender's Companion* and later, *The Bon Vivant's Companion* are considered to be the first standard guides to mixing cocktails.



Tradition holds that the Tom and Jerry is not to be served before the first snow; I'm sure it's snowing somewhere so here's the recipe.

This version of the recipe calls for one egg per serving, so you can adjust servings accordingly.

- ✓ Separate the eggs, placing the yolks in a Tom & Jerry or mixing bowl.
- ✓ Beat egg whites until firm peaks begin to form.
- ✓ Beat the yolks until they are very thin.
- ✓ Fold whites into the yolks.
- ✓ Add one teaspoon to one tablespoon of sugar (according to taste and consistency) for each egg.
- ✓ Add a touch of cinnamon, allspice, and ground cloves.

Now for the batter

- ✓ Preheat your mugs with hot water.
- ✓ Put one tablespoon of the batter, 1 oz. Brandy, 1 oz. Rum into the mug.
- ✓ Fill to top with very hot milk or boiling water, stirring gently.

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✓ Sprinkle with nutmeg.

So, with a Tom and Jerry in hand and a Yule log roaring in the fireplace, I can proceed with my goal of having at least one dive related item in each column, here it is. Saturday found us up at o-dark-thirty heading towards Monterey and our rendezvous with the Cypress Sea. We got there at 06:30 to find the boat tied up at the dock and waiting to take us onboard. We had a full load this trip, both our side of the boat as well as the San Jose Flipper Dippers had every slot filled along with a waiting list. It's better than those days when we have spots unsold, still I wonder why all of the sudden interest so close to the end of the year. Could it really be a last minute effort to cash in on the year end savings?

The conditions were stellar, the water as smooth as a baby's bottom, the skies crystal clear and the visibility in the 30 to 40 foot range. On the way south we had an escort of Risso's Dolphins (*Grampus griseus*) keeping us company. Best of all when we came topside after our first dive the sun was out and ready to warm us all. Our first dive was at Sobrante, about as far south as I have been on the Cypress Sea. We followed that up with a dive at Lobos Rock and rounded the whole affair off with a plunge at Point 075, later renamed Strawberry for the profusion of color on the westerly side of the rock. All three dives were deep, between 90 and 100 feet, to keep out of the surge and current. Our last dive had the added enjoyment of being investigated by upwards of half a dozen seals at a time. They looked as if they were having a ball.

That's about it for this month, the year is winding inexorably

towards its conclusion and I am wrapping up all the loose ends I can. The rum balls are in the fridge, my 6 CD set of Sea Hunt episodes have arrived safely and in general life is good. I know, it's not the complete collection, all 155 episodes from 1958 to 1962, but you have to start somewhere. So until our next dive to paraphrase Mike Nelson ... inviting you to join us for another action-packed underwater adventure one week from today at Sinbad's.

MORE DIVING AT PT. SUR

by Kenneth Gwin

Last month Marcos showed video and still photographs from the deep-water pinnacles of Pt. Sur at our meeting.

With all our renewed excitement, it made sense that a group of us should attempt to dive a couple of the spots again. We had been talking about it

for

some time. You never know which way the wind will blow when it comes to dive trip planning and conditions. It was our good luck that a heavenly window of good weather was opening up just before winter really settled in (for the winter).

These spots (some 30-35 miles south of Monterey, 4 to 7 miles out to sea, 120 to 200 feet down

in sometimes rough seas and ripping current) are definitely for the more experienced diver.

The area is a submerged plateau dotted with tall spikes of rock perched on the edge of the abysmal trench.

There are rewards.

This region, called Schmieder Banks, is remarkably rich with unbelievably dense hydrocoral growth spreading out across acres of beautiful rocky terrain, dramatic underwater spires and often visibility approaching 100 feet.

Pick any day out there, somewhere in the future, send a bunch of e-mails, arrange for a boat, send more e-mails, plan the dives, gases, discuss contingencies, check the weather, and hope for the best--

We couldn't have picked a nicer day.

Marcos had



organized this trip. Those following this mighty leader were Beto, Susan, Denzil, and myself aboard the Sanctuary with Mike Jones at the wheel, as well as Jason and Brett (Denzil's younger brother) out for an adventure.

It was full throttle on a fog less morning, running 35 miles south. Here we could see the green hills, the little dots of buildings, and the promontory face of Pt. Sur clearly in the distance while we

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quietly bobbed around, 5 miles of the coast.

Susan said, while drifting on our timeless, peaceful sea, "People could believe it's like this all the time."

We dropped a shot line and things looked pretty good for the first dive.

While descending we noticed a mid-water current had kicked in and our grapple had fallen short of the high spot by more than a

hundred feet. On the bottom, a persistent current swept through a scattered field of standing stones and a pastoral scene of grazing ground fish.

It would be a slow swim.

The scooter guys blew past us, whirring away, heading off towards the hazy pinnacle just visible in the distance. The current didn't seem to bother them. They said it was great on the other side. Fine for them.

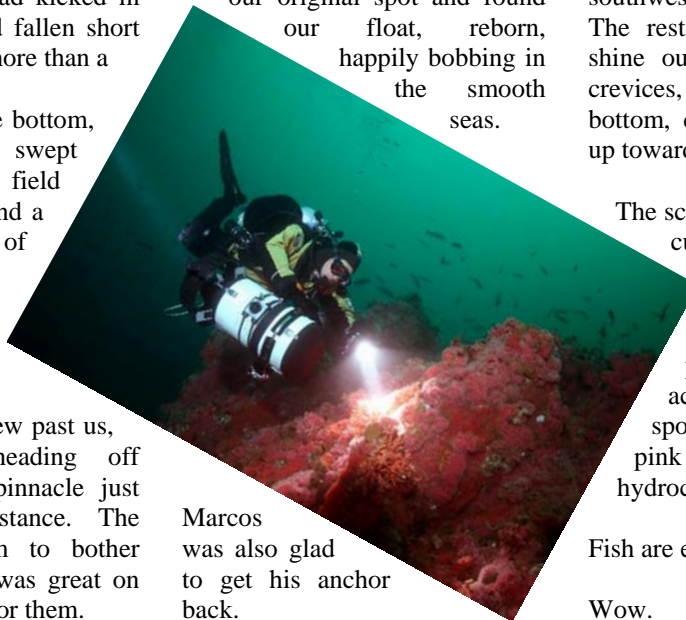
For us, we made steady progress inching along between the large stones while enjoying the very large rockfish. Getting back to the anchor was just a matter of not swimming.

Ground tackle has been a theme on a number of dives recently. On ascent, we found our surface float joining us at 70 feet. The current was strong enough to sink it and our ascent line as well as

submerging any visual reference for the boat to find us. Marcos decided to shoot a bag (or surface marker buoy). We all let go of the line and set off on a drift deco ascent.

Again, we were reassured by the sounds of Mike's engines above us that they hadn't missed us on this cloudless, windless, waveless, bright and sunny day.

Interestingly, after our deco and everything was gathered aboard the boat, we headed back towards our original spot and found our float, reborn, happily bobbing in the smooth seas.



Marcos was also glad to get his anchor back.

The second dive, however, is a perfect example of why people love these spots.

At 20 feet, all we can see is fish--non-directional, aggregating fish. They didn't seem to care if we're even there. Then, I guess, just to be safe, they would bolt for half a second, then settle back into a mindless wandering. The whole water column was a nearly impenetrable field of fish.

We punch through this thick layer of blue rockfish and follow the line down, descending one by one.

Our anchor was sitting at the base of a massive wall of pink and stone. There are still fish everywhere. The vista sets you back a bit. There are so many fish that the wall's almost obscured--just a backdrop to an incredible scene of swirling life.

The scooter guys take off southwest to circle the structure. The rest of us poke in holes, shine our lights in cracks and crevices, work our way along the bottom, crossing back and forth up towards the top.

The scene is awash in fish. The current is dead slack.

I can almost rest my chin on the top of the pinnacle and look off across the various high spots covered in dreamy pink outcroppings of hydrocoral and corynactis.

Fish are everywhere.

Wow.

It's such a pleasure to get to these spots, and inspiring to dive with the really good divers.

Depths: 130--180'
Temps: mid-50s
Viz at depth: 60-80'
Run times: 70-90 minutes
Topside: balmy November



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.)

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| <input type="checkbox"/> San Francisco Reef Divers (SFRD) | \$25 |
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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 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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