



CYPRESS SEA BOAT DIVE JAN 10, 04
by Norm Knutson

I guess the secret is out, but winter diving in Monterey/Carmel can be the best time of year to dive here. I called up Pierre to see if there was any space available and he said the boat was full but there might be a cancellation. He called back and said Gerda was just getting over the flu and would not be diving that day. He said I could take her spot and I yelled YES and pumped my fist back. (Sorry Gerda, but your pain was my gain, and I will be paying her back for this for a long time, I'm sure).

While waiting for the boat to pick us up at the pier in Monterey, I noticed that the sky was giving us a colorful sunrise. It was early but I knew this was going to be a great day of diving. The sea was fairly calm except for some big swells around the point. Capt. Xcott went past Pt. Lobos and we did our first dive at Que Paso Reef. Jim Vallario and Tim Howe were my buddies today and we dropped down to 84 feet and found the visibility to be 50 to 60 feet. Lots of Lingcod, beige and purple hydrocoral, nudibranchs, strawberry anemones, sponges of all shapes that makes the reef



pretty spectacular. We ran into schools of Blue Rock fish and they hardly moved when you approached them. The water temp. was a cool 54 degrees.

Capt. Xcott motored further south to Diablo Rocks but didn't like the conditions so he took us to a spot called "Arc de Triumph". It is an arch that is in 100 ft. of water and 3 divers could swim through it side by side if they wanted it to. While waiting for Jim at the anchor line at the surface, my body decided to chum the water. Next time I will take the seasick pill earlier than I did today. So we went down the anchor line and with Capt. Xcotts directions we made a right turn and followed a canyon into the arch. After going through the arch, we went on top and it was like being inside an aquarium with the bubbles coming through the top of the arch. We saw lots of white metridiums along one wall on this dive. While back on the boat, I decided to repeat my performance of calling for "Ralph" much to the dismay of some of my fellow divers who did not want to be near me. It really was not that rough, but for some reason, I felt the affects of a rocking boat that day. Afterwards, I started feeling fine again.

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IT'S TIME TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP!

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SFRD C/O PIERRE HURTER
515 DIAMOND STREET
SF, CA 94114

DER STAMMTISCH



The Iowa Caucus is in full swing, talk of “viability”, “realignment” and “preference groups” sprinkle the conversations as people trudge through the snow to decide how they will apportion their delegates in the upcoming conventions. While the pollsters burn the midnight oil and poke about in their chicken entrails, we can look on with an air of smugness. For those of you who missed the election shenanigans at Sinbad’s, we have once again managed to elect a group of officers, which reflect the aspirations of the club’s membership. OK, in some cases it was a matter of being there, or not being there as the case may be. In any event, it was a fairly tame affair, no scandals, hanging chads, judicial intervention or shady dealings in smoke filled rooms. There was some discussion concerning cigars of Cuban origin, but it was more a matter of taste than politics. As is so often the case, the incumbents used their insider status to crush their opponents. There were a few surprises, Steve Neff is our new VP and Debra Gilmore our new CenCal representative. Both of these folks had a “deer in the headlights look” when informed of their newfound status. (check out ‘2004 SFRD Officers’ – page 2)

That reminds me, while on the topic of past VP’s, I recently received an e-mail promising a significant percentage of a foreign bank account if only I provided my bank routing information. The e-mail along with a request to return a fleece jumper originated in Edinburgh, Scotland. Well I wont fall for that trick again. I’m still trying to figure out what to do with all of those Nigerian Naira notes I have piled in the garage. Here’s a hint, any currency that comes in denominations of a million, steer clear. Good thing I gave the guy the club’s account information and not mine. I did send Peter his favorite fleece jacket, along with a pair of mittens. From the sound of his e-mail, he can use both to good advantage. Will keep in touch and hopefully we will dive together again, Scapa Flow anyone?

The Christmas ornaments are wrapped up and once again stashed in the darkest reaches of the garage.
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2004 SFRD OFFICERS

President	Gene Kramer	(650) 359-2785 genekramer@pacbell.net
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**Payments for membership and activities
should be mailed to:
Pierre Hurter
515 Diamond Street
San Francisco, CA 94114**

REEFER RAP 2004

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
<p>01 - New Year's Day - Point Lobos 07 - Officer's Meeting 10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's 24 - Monterey Beach Dive - Gerda - 415.285.6293</p>	<p>04 - Officer's Meeting 07 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>03 - Officer's Meeting 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's 20 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293</p>
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
<p>07 - Officer's Meeting TBD - Abalone Opener 17 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>05 - Officer's Meeting 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's 22 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293</p>	<p>02 - Officer's Meeting 12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sun - Pierre - 415.285.6293 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
<p>07 - Officer's Meeting 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's 24 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. - Pierre - 415.285.6293</p>	<p>TBD - Abalone Opener - Salt Point - 04 - Officer's Meeting 15-17 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>01 - Officer's Meeting 04 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 10 - 12 - Lake Tahoe Dive - Norm Knutson 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Opener TBD - Monterey Beach Cleanup - David Clayton</p>
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
<p>06 - Officer's Meeting 09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. - Pierre - 415.285.6293 TBD - Alcatraz swim/paddle - Pierre Hurter - 415.285.6293 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Nominations !!!</p>	<p>03 - Officer's Meeting 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Elections !!! 20 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sun. - Pierre - 415.285.6293 TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>01 - Officer's Meeting 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.285.6293 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Christmas Party !!!</p>



2004 WARM WATER TRIP TO HONDURAS!



RATE CHANGE

PLEASE NOTE : This week, new BIG price reductions were negotiated for our week in Roatan (\$50-\$65/week less!) . Changes, highlighted below, apply to full week participation only.

Kathy Kennedy, Coordinator

@@@@@@@@@@ **Bay Islands, Honduras May 2004** @@@@@@@@@@

May 15-22 Bay Island Beach Resort, Roatan, 7night pkg. (now \$699-\$749-\$799pp: Std-Deluxe-Premium respectively,+12%tax+ \$10pp tourtax). For 8+, \$699pp+Tax, plus additional \$47-\$87pp off.

Three boat dives/day, unlimited shore diving. Includes A/C Lodging, 3meals/day, airport-hotel transfers, tanks, weights.

May 22-26 Plantation Beach Resort, Cayos Cochinos, Reserve 5 nights (\$495 + 16%tax+ \$80pp rt boat transfer from La Ceiba). 3 boat dives/day, unlimited shore diving. Includes lodging, 3meals/day, tanks, weights.

It's a great group so far. Join in for any part of this you would like. Itinerary variations can be arranged. For more information see Coordinator Kathy Kennedy kk3@pacbell.net, available via email Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Deposit with Liz at Roatan Charters to secure a spot: liz@roatan.com, 1-800-282-8932x307(EST). Refer to the "Kennedy Group". Liz will answer questions, price-quote your itinerary, mail videos, rate sheets, and brochures, and arrange airfare if needed including inter-island transfers. Prices above do not include airfare. Participants are responsible for arranging their airfare/flights.

For specific resort information see :

<http://www.roatan.com>

<http://www.bibr.com>

<http://www.picobonito.com>



CHANNEL ISLANDS TRIP DIVE BOAT "PEACE"

When	:	8-15, 16, 17-2004 (Sun, Mon, Tue)
Destination	:	Southern Channel Islands (Including San Clemente)
Departure Info	:	Departs 10:00PM on 8-14-04 from Ventura, Ca
Cost	:	\$335 (Includes fuel surcharge for San Clemente)

The Reef Divers have chartered ½ of the boat for 2004. This equates to 14 spots.

If you want to go on the trip, please do the following:

Mark the dates on your calendar/planner/PDA.

Contact Jim Vallario (415-566-0784) and tell him you want a spot on the boat.

Send a check for \$100 (made out to San Francisco Reef Divers) to our Treasurer (Pierre Hurter).

On 7-01-04, send the remainder (\$235) to Pierre.

The Peace has Nitrox capability. The fee for unlimited fills on a three-day trip is \$75, payable when you arrive on the boat. The requirements are: (1) A Nitrox certification card (to be shown to the Divemaster); (2) A full tank of Nitrox prior to boarding the boat. (Their system does not require an oxygen-clean tank); (3) The tank must have a Nitrox ID sticker, or some other form of Nitrox ID, visible on the tank.

Some reminders:

Bring all of your dive gear, including weight belt and one tank.

If you've let your DAN insurance lapse, now would be a good time to renew.

Each bunk has a pillow and blanket, so if you require more, i.e. sheets, a sleeping bag, etc. plan accordingly.

Food and non-alcoholic drinks are included. If beer and wine are part of your diet, please bring your own. (Remember the rule: Your first drink is your last dive).

We will attempt, once again, to dive San Clemente Island. It is the southernmost island in the Channel Islands chain. There is a fuel surcharge, hence the increased fee for the trip. Last year the weather did not cooperate, so we could not go that far south. Hoping for better luck this year.

DON'T FORGET MR. WHITE

By Kenneth Gwin

With the New Year here--and the future spreading itself wide before us--memories of events and adventures past sometimes come to mind.

Maybe you too can recall little Sparkie, that neighborhood sea lion pup my friends up in Dillon Beach used to pass, to and fro, on their way to go abalone hunting at an "easy" spot just off Tomales Point.

I went on about it last year, how cute he was as they zoomed by in

their boat waving, "Hi and Bye, Sparkie." I always imagined him wearing a little sailor's cap and

saluting with his little flipper raised to one eyebrow. I could hear him calling out a cheery little "arf" as the sea spray, and motor noise, and guys laughing gave accent to the otherwise idyllic life of a sea lion in the Golden State. I could always see him growing up just off the front porch beach, just in sight of kids playing in the sand, little picket fences, rowboats on the lagoon, fishing poles, buckets of crabs, and the glowing sun of California passing overhead on its way to blazing sunsets--and as always a new day to come with a bright tomorrow.

Well, remember ocean life is full of its little twists and turns. This is, after all, Northern California (and, there have been a few

documented shark sightings and such). So, it wasn't exactly out of the blue when one day various parts of little Sparkie were found washed ashore on the beach, dumped in front of their place like a steaming twisted hairball coughed up by some giant and nasty catfish.

Still, while pointing out the little quirks and curiosities in the local diving scene, my friends would regularly go out around the point, taking their respective friends (and even me), to pick up a limit of deep dish abalone in the shallow ridges just off shore at the "easy" spot in 15 feet of water.

For me (and they would admit, as

and flank) gliding into Steve's periphery just slow enough for him to get a really good look and realize the really real reality of the situation and nearly blow an o-ring.

And, then, fresh on the heels of recent reports of two divers getting circled by white sharks last summer (and of course, in just that same spot) we find last year's survivor, once again out in the food chain in the fading days of abalone season, on a grey, still, chilly afternoon, perusing those shallow ridges off Tomales Point, bobbing around on a quiet sea, looking down into the cold green waters, thinking of a simple little dinner.



Can you see where this is going?

Do I need to draw you a picture here?

well), maybe this site was a place you could say was starting to feel a little "exposed."

Underwater, it looked just like any other rocky ridge. Topside, it had that creepy end of the world Farallones kind of feel--raw, barren rocks, and a large empty ocean, with the lonely far away sound of high-flying sea birds somewhere off in the distance.

So, if you recall, it didn't follow as a big surprise that my friend Steve finally got cruised by The Landlord while out dilly dallying over this ab or that. While he was fixated on the beauty of some unnamed nudibranch fluttering in the kelp, Mr. White casually showed up, (snout, pectoral fin,

Hey, guys, what were you thinking?

(Add a low rumble of ominous sound track music here.)

Diving from the same small boat, we again find, Steve, (last years winner of the Man in the Grey Suit Water Walking Exposition) humming his happy song in his snorkel, popping off a single abalone and tossing it to his "spotter" standing guard, ever watchful against the Evil One, in the relative safety of the boat.

Another dive and a long glide propelled by the surge.

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Mr. Landlord – from page 6

And, while resting on the surface (all divers know the games your eyes can play on you watching the blank green screen of poor visibility--little spots dance before you, shapes and shadows move in patterns), trying to focus on something (that soundtrack music running in the back of his head)--let's just say there was a shadow, or a shape, or a movement, or a change in the light.

Sea lion?

Shark?

Reflecting patterns of light?

Turning to watch the blank green screen in all directions, there was nothing to be seen below him.

Oh, well.

(Faint sound track, still the only sound here.)

Not exactly a tap on the shoulder (Boo! Gotcha!), but he did look up surprised to see clearly coming straight at him on the surface only 3-4 feet away, an open mouth, teeth, gums, and upper GI tract.

This is not your friend, and you are food!

(John Williams moves to panic attack mode here with the full horn section, cymbals, and heart pounding kettle drums.)

Flailing, or poking with his ab iron out in front of him, Steve screams for help (or Mother). The shark veers sharply to his right and turns away.

Tim, the "spotter," had luckily seen the shark circling on the surface and quickly moved in to intercept. The boat was, thankfully, right there.

Clamoring over the gunnels, unmindful of bruises, scrapes, or abrasions, Steve made it aboard, turning in time to watch a lone lost fin floating briefly on the surface.

While these hearty adventurers were gasping for breath, our local apex predator moved powerfully on the surface, turned back around (smacking his lips), rolled over, and disappeared under the boat.

Caught in a vortex of swirling waters, the lone fin danced and pirouetted and settled like a falling leaf to the bottom in the pea green seas of Northern California diving.

Steve, now safely aboard (huddled in his rag tag Picasso suit), shivering not from the cold, but adrenaline withdrawal, counted fingers and toes, and checked for missing parts, and following the Darwin Linear Logic Protocol looked south along the ridge of coastline at Bird Rock on the distant horizon. "Maybe we'll try a different spot next year," he noted. "Or not dive here so late in the season."

Oh, really?



Cypress Sea Jan. 10 – from pg. 1

On our third dive, we went near Mono-Lobo which is between Monastery Beach and Pt. Lobos. The vis. dropped down to 30-40 feet but was still pretty

decent. We cruised along a few walls and went around some pinnacles looking at the colorful display of sponges, anemones, crabs, lingcods, nudibranchs and the usual things that the tourist see in Monterey Bay Aquarium. Near the end of the dive, a seal decided to check us out and buzzed around us. Just before going back up the anchor line, we ran into another large school of Blue Rockfish and I tried to see if I could get into the middle of the school. I almost succeeded but it was time to go back to the surface. All three dives were over 80 ft. and very colorful. The sun was out all day adding to the great time. Back on the dock, some of us went to the London Pub for some snacks and refreshing beverages and brew.

The club charts this boat every month, so do yourself a favor and sign on.



Stammtisch – from page 2

The tree has been reduced to mulch and nothing but a few stray pine needles are left to remind us of its former glorious position. There's something bitter sweet about the transition between Christmas and the New Year. The cards are gone, along with the year-end letters from friends you haven't heard from since last year. Now please don't take offense, I often enjoy these year-end catalogues of how well things are going for people. Living in the Bay Area you tend to become a bit jaded about the concerns and travails of the rest of the country. These year-end missives give you a chance to catch up and to count your own blessings. Turns out Uncle Bob, or Shirley as she now prefers to be addressed, is up for parole at the end of next month. That's great news finally we can

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Stammtisch – from page 7

look forward to those homemade fruitcakes again. Then there's cousin Chuck, he completed his GED and received a law degree while attending the Danbury Institute for Minimum Security Studies in Securities Fraud. He has already accepted a position with Dowe Cheatum and How, a very prestigious and currently unindicted law firm located in New York. We are, as you can well imagine, very proud. Then there's Martha, well I still say, "It's a good thing!" All that nastiness about alleged insider trading, what's the point of having a broker if you have to pick and choose based on what's publicly available? I understand there may be a new coordinated line based on the theme "how to make the best of a small space." Apparently stripes will be heavily featured.

Enough about Christmas, Christmas letters, Christmas cards, etc. Here's my real gripe, once again, despite my best efforts I did not get either my pony or a bright red Ferrari. What more can I do? I bought a couple of bales of hay, available for free by the way, just call me. I cleaned out the garage, plenty of room and a fresh coat of sand covering the resident oil slick. Still no luck! I'm beginning to have my doubts about this St. Nick character. You can't help but notice that he wears not one, but two white gloves. Then there are all those "elves" tinkering away with little or no adult supervision. How about those reindeer? I mean how long can you have those poor guys working those ungodly hours without a break. And this Rudolph character is there some sort of program for ungulates with a drinking problem? I'm glad to see the folks at NORAD (Deter,

Detect, Defend) are keeping this guy in their sights. Are there some eerie parallels with an other well know character who favors a white glove and has been in the news lately?

It's a brand new year and for those of you who didn't get enough of a chance to dance on tabletops and make fruitless resolutions, you have another chance coming up. January 22 marks the Chinese New Year, the Year of the Monkey. Depending on which system you prefer, we went on our first dive of 2004 last Saturday. I have to admit that we chickened out of this year's New Year's dive. Gerda was feeling under the weather and the rain was passing our bedroom window horizontally that morning. So the first dive of the year was on the Cypress Sea. With Captain Xcott at the helm, Tadd ready to jump to our rescue and Shannon as our first mate we headed south. And we kept going and going and ... People started to be on the lookout for oilrigs, just when it seemed we would never stop we dropped anchor at Que Paso Reef. The diving was great, with visibility between 50 and 60 feet. After the first dive we pulled anchor and headed for Diablo Rocks. Xcott made a slow circle of the rocks so that we could relish the dramatic scene of waves crashing and seals flying against the rocks. It was scenic, but fortunately there was not to be any extreme diving on the day's agenda. We headed towards a spot called "Arc de Triumph". A great spot, I'd never been diving here before. As the name implies it is a large arch, the bottom of

which is a sandy patch at about 110 feet with the top at 90 feet. The opening is large enough for at least three divers to swim through in tight formation. There's a good-sized cavern at the base of the arch, lots of schooling fish and enough kelp left to make it scenic. Joerg and I made our way back up the anchor line for our safety stop, the current picked up a bit and by the time we surfaced the boat was far, far away. We had a brisk swim to the current line and then an upper body workout as we pulled ourselves hand over hand back to the boat. It's always good to be humbled on occasion, it reminds you to pay attention. As an added benefit, I built up a pretty good appetite and polished off the last of the glazed donuts as well as a mighty sandwich, so much for that resolution. Our last dive of the day was at Mono Lobo. Visibility was down a bit, 30 to 40 feet, but still a good dive. Topside conditions were great, sunny and reasonably warm with the occasional whale to keep us entertained.

We have some new members coming on board (see page 10) as well as some old members who are hanging up their fins. Roy Didier sent me a letter telling me that his ears can't handle diving anymore. After 20 plus years, I hope we'll see you at meetings on occasion. Well try and keep the beer out of your ears, Roy. I'll even buy you a drink. There seem to be fewer folks showing up for the annual abalone campouts. I'm not sure if that's because we are getting soft or if it's a shift in interests. I'm hopping we can arrange at least one campout this year. Even if I never get an abalone, I like spinning tall tales around a campfire and imbibing the occasional adult beverage.

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Stammtisch – from page 9

What about our “annual” Sea Ranch trip? Last year it didn’t happen, but I have fond memories of the two previous stays there with the club. The first time Gerda and I went, we hardly knew anyone in the club and only managed to find the right house because I recognized Jim’s vintage Isuzu Trooper parked out front. We had fun then and I’m sure we’ll have fun again.

There is some great diving to be had north of the Golden Gate; I’m hopping to explore some of that this year.

I’m looking forward to the New Year, it’s a chance to get together and do some diving with people I enjoy as well as an opportunity to meet some new divers. I see that Jim has already organized the Peace trip to the Channel Islands in August. It’s a trip I always look forward to. My first live aboard was on the Peace it was also my first exposure to the mystery of the evil twin, Skip. That’s probably a story for another column, but if you’re ever in the Chi Chi Club in Avalon, don’t bring up the name. Kathy has a series of trips organized in Honduras and Belize for May. Gerda and I went to the Bay Islands several years ago and had a great time. There’s something to be said for warm water. I wouldn’t want to make a habit of it, but every couple of years or so is probably all right. Closer to home Gerda is planning a beach dive for January, check out the newsletter for more details. Further out, Norm is already talking about the Lake Tahoe trip; I’m remembering the jambalaya we had last year. I think this year we’ll either bring a bigger pot or more than one. As usual there will be plenty of opportunities to

go diving, warm water, cold water, and even fresh water. If you don’t see anything on the calendar that appeals to you, go ahead and organize an event. If you want to organize a camping trip, beach dive, Sea Ranch weekend, do it. You’ll have a great time and so will everyone who comes along. My goals for the year are to finally go free diving with Ken, possibly even attempt to snatch an abalone or two and to do some more beach diving. To paraphrase Mike Nelson, Gung Hay Fat Choy!



DESCENTE DANS LE BLEU

By Kenneth Gwin

Having brought Marcos to talk to the dive club and show some of his interesting videos highlighting the range of California diving, I was excited to try and make time to get in another deep dive with him soon.

After a bit of negotiating schedules on the phone, we aimed at a moving target date between the big winter storms that were beginning to roll in bringing wind, rain, what have you.

And, as always, between storms there were outrageous reports of good viz and beautiful blue waters. Pierre was even going on about how great the Cypress Sea dive had been. Finally we found a promising window of opportunity before the next big weather hit.

We were set.

Motoring out of Lobos, the cove was a dead flat pond. Carmel, in the distance, was caught in rays of sunlight and ringed with distant

clouds. To the west, you could see threatening grey streamers coming up from the south.

The ocean was still asleep--low, slow, long interval swells were hardly noticeable, but you could just FEEL the storm coming.

We dropped anchor on the deep end of one of the very deep rocky ridges that run like fingers out from the land here. The depth was past 200 feet.

Bahama blue waters.

Following the line, we dropped off the finger tip of reef to the most beautiful white sand sea floor slanting sharply on a steep incline down into the inevitable bottomless “Vortex” of the Carmel Trench. The sun was shining, even here, giving everything a curiously reassuring shallow water feel.



The sand was coarse, clean. I could see sparkling broken abalone shells glistening in my light. Hovering off the bottom were schools of rosy and vermilion rockfish less than 2” long, looking like little sunburned señoritas. There were small sea pens standing upright in the clear blue distance. Brittle stars slithered into the sand at the perimeter of rocks. A yellow goby gave me the cautious big eye from a safe vantage point.

Working our way back up the rocks, one particularly large olive rockfish swam out of hiding. We worked our way through thick schools of blues giving us the

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Le Blue – from page 9

once over. Big elephant ear sponges were every where on the rocks.

In all of our wanderings we never lost sight of the anchor line. Viz that day was easily better than 80 feet at depth. It was a good 40 feet near the surface, judging from the mola circling us on the hang line as we decompressed.

But, most amazing was the bright blue water. It was an absolutely

Beautiful blue.

By the time we got back to the surface, calm had passed. The wind was ripping, spray was stinging our eyes, the grey skies were all the way down, touching water, and waves chop had surrounded the boat like pissed off Indians.

It was time to go home.



JANUARY 04 - ENTERTAINMENT

We have promises of an exciting discussion.

If things go as planned, we'll have a well known local activist diver, instructor, etc., etc., who will try to get us past the (as we've already found out in other discussions) the confusing world of politics and conservation.

Come on down and see what develops.

MONTEREY BEACH DIVE: SAT. JANUARY 24

COORDINATOR: GERDA HURTER (415/285-6203)

As you read earlier, I missed out on the 10th and there are 4 full weeks until the next boat dive. Way to long to stay dry if you ask me. So if you care, feel free to join me and Pierre for a beach dive in Monterey.

Meet at: Aquarius Dive Shop on Del Monte Blvd.

When: Saturday, Jan 24th

Time: 9 a.m.

See you there!

**SF Reef Divers
New Members:**

**Joerg Borchert
Matt Valbusa
Shanna Quinn
Susan Reneberg**



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 3rd 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.sfreedivers.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"/> Abalone Marine Resource Council (AMRC) | 10 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Central California Council of Diving Clubs (CenCal) | 15 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sonoma County Abalone Network (SCAN) | <u>10</u> |

Show your support for all four! \$60

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SFRD Membership:	<input type="checkbox"/> New member <input type="checkbox"/> Renewal				
Are you a member of Divers Alert Network (DAN)?	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No				
Please select the method of delivery of your monthly club newsletter (Choose one):					
<input type="checkbox"/> I will download the newsletter via the Internet from the SFRD website (default)					
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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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