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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

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE NEW YEAR

More Reports From the Entertainment Czar

The New Year is new and here we are.

Our first meeting of '05 will be on January 19th and our first presentation on diving will be by Reef Diver Jacob Rosenstein. You remember his newsletter article describing his recent trip to Fiji in our November issue.

He will now talk to us in person about his trip and show a collection of photos taken while checking out this exotic Southwest Pacific location.

All of us cold water types are usually envious just thinking of warm water diving. A good many of us have placed Fiji high on our list of places to visit.

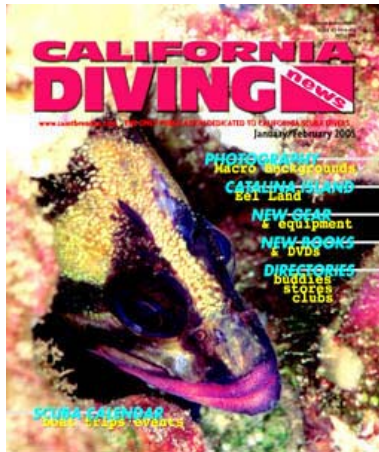
Let's see what the diving, the islands, and the people have to offer.

Franko's Picture

By Kenneth Gwin

Since a few people have asked if, indeed, that was a picture of me freediving in the January issue of California Diving News, I have admitted, all the while forcing myself to overcome extreme modesty, that that was, without a doubt, a picture of me.

On the cover of this same CDN issue there is also a great photo of a treefish with big red lips. Now,



if people know me, they also know Tree. She's one of the few known women who actually likes to clean abalone and is always trying to feed me some tasty morsel or something--thinks I'm gonna waste away. Tree is also a small person with big red lips. So, for some not

unexpected wordplay reason, treefish have been an ongoing story in my life. By the way, she (Tree) also has nice eyes. This was an issue that was simple and cosmic destiny for me to read.

But, of course, there's more.

One person wanted to know if that was my dive buddy Franko who took the picture (of me, not the treefish).

Yes.

Then there's more confusion afoot as Frank at Any Water also asked if Franko was the Franko who makes all the nifty little foldout Franko's Maps.

No, I had to explain. Franko doesn't make Franko's Maps; he just took the picture.

I had to tell Frank, going on in greater detail, that Franko, from my point of view, is always trying to get us lost on scuba dives. He swims in circles, weaves back and forth, that sort of thing, turning the dive around and around like you would a blindfolded person you wanted to mess up, then asks me where the boat is while (usually) pointing 180 degrees in the opposite (wrong) direction.

Maps? I don't think so.

So, Franko took the picture, but doesn't make maps.

Remember, he also cooks, shares recipes, hunts for mushrooms, generously shares some of those fine mushrooms (and other specialty items like home canned tuna), while having developed a refined appreciation for sashimi, scallops, boutique beers, and gnarly red wine from any civilized country--your typical Renaissance / California kinda guy.

Parenthetical insert: (Everybody gets a free pass for navigation on lobster hunts. Nobody shows much elegance getting back to the boat on those types of excursions. Not that I've seen. Anyway, we're not talking about lobsters here, just any old dive.)

Diving with Franko is always a challenge. Just the choice of gear can be a challenge for the otherwise bold diver. One of those 40-year-old 2-hose numbers can be an experience and is never without terrified or at least skeptical onlookers.

Getting the picture was also a challenge.

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Der Stammtisch



It's been brought to my attention that my column doesn't necessarily talk much about diving even though I usually try to squeeze some sort of underwater connection into it somewhere. I have to confess, it's true. So to read less of me and more about diving, write! Make one of your New Year's resolutions a pledge to write up one dive related article in the coming year. Just one article per member and we could rival the Sunday New York Times, at least in sheer size. Just a thought, now lets talk about credit cards.

Credit cards, they've become almost synonymous with the Holiday's. You have to wonder what people did before the "Age of Plastic." Who out there still remembers the Diners Club Card? The story is that in 1959 Frank McNamara planned an important business dinner at New York's Major's Cabin Grill. When the bill arrives, he discovers that he's left his wallet in his other suit and his wife has to pay. I'll have to explain to some of the younger members, that this was way before the days when you might hope or even expect to have your significant other pick up the tab. In those days, the man paid the bill, period. So being caught without your wallet was a major *faux pas*. In February of 1950, Frank returned to the restaurant, this time armed with a cardboard card, a Diners Club card, in the parlance of the industry, the First Supper

Those shiny plastic rectangles with their ubiquitous magnetic strips have come a long way. They've changed the way we play, eat, our lifestyles and certainly the way we "pay" for those things. We, well those of a conspiratorial bent, used to talk about big brother and secret files filled with indiscretions. Now its big marketing filled with our habits, vises, and desires, all neatly segmented into tidy marketing niches. All you need is a zip code and there's no end to the information purveyors of psychographic data have compiled, to tell you what sort of car you are likely to drive, whether you like Birkenstocks or Gucci, braided armpit hair or laser hair removal. **Continue on page 6**

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Payments for membership and activities should be mailed to:

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REEFER'S RAP

JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
<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>
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
<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>
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
<p>01 – Channel Island Payment Due</p> <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>13 - 16 - 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>
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
<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>



**A heartfelt THANK YOU to the Radkeys for hosting our
2004 Christmas Bash.**

The party was a huge success with the evening being spent sampling the delicious fare and invigorating spirits contributed by all. Best of all we had a chance to mingle with friends we had not seen for a while!

Franco's Picture from page 2

With a drawer full of cameras at home (imagine old Leicas even older than the regulators) Franko shows up all bushy tailed for a Cortez-Catalina trip. He's waving a new digital still camera in a housing and asks me to jump over and pose for him so he can take a few pictures. Getting the angle, the light just right--those kinds of things can be an expected challenge. But, now he wants me to take one of those "heroic" freediver poses. Anybody who knows me can see the challenge there.

So, over we go, spear gun, float line, long fins--we're diving up and down in this peaceful amphitheater of kelp on a peasant Channel Island summer day.

I have to say, this is the first picture of a freediving spearfisher person I have ever seen in California Diving News. Amazing what a nice, tight fitting rubber suit can do for your "look."

(I can also get behind any tanks. publication supporting any form



of freediving--be it hunting, photography, or otherwise. They have also recently printed an article about some deep spots requiring trimix in Southern California. The publisher has previously and loudly refused to support the tech diving concept. Hmm. As one who both loves to freedive and deep dive, I find this change of heart interesting. (Things are broadening.)

Then, reading on, Frank at Any Water asks, "You took this at Ship Rock? That's a tourist attraction. That's no place to spearfish." Well, that's not exactly true. A lot of people spearfish outside of Ship Rock. But, Franko, who doesn't make Franko's Maps and is always trying to get us lost, unfortunately got that wrong too. We were really diving at a spot southeast of Eagle Rock, which is on the backside at Lands End. It's way on the other side of the island.

He's always trying to get us lost. I could draw him a map.

But, still, nice picture Franko.

And there I am, no

IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME...

by Gerda Hurter

Meeting up with the San Jose Flipper Dippers for the last Cypress Sea dive of the year on Dec 18th, Pierre and I turned out to be the only Reefer's on board.

The gear was quickly loaded, waivers signed and after the customary safety and logistics speech from Xcott the skipper, we headed south. The wave model had not been too promising but we found relatively calm seas with long rolling swells and no wind to speak of. The sun warmed our faces and moods and soon the deck and down stair's area echoed with our exited chatter. It promised to be a great day as we headed down to Flintstones.

Flintstones, a place I dove 6 times so far with varying conditions, from calm to surge, to lot's of current top-site. But always my logbook reports my fascination with this place, as the deeper you go, my personal deepest dive was here at 131', the calmer and stiller the sea becomes, opening up with incredible visibility to 80/100'.

The walls are covered with strawberry anemones, encrusting

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**It Can't happen to me ...
from page 5**

sponges, fanning barnacles, nipple sponges, cowries, you name it, while a resident wolfeel does not mind coming out into the open to be admired and one can easily be surrounded by thousands of blue rockfish.

Again and again, the reference 'diving just like in Alaska' gets recorded in my logbook.

As the boat came to a slow stop and dropped anchor, everyone was anxious to dive into the clear blue-green of the Pacific. After the dive briefing, which advised of a strong current, to use the anchor chain, with the anchor at approx. 77', for both the decent and ascent, everyone scurried to don their gear.

It had been 4 weeks since our last dive and Pierre and I were ready to get wet. We quickly strapped on the BCs, hooked up the argon, secured the octopus' around our necks and put on our masks. With help from Scott, the deckhand, I snapped on the stage bottle, turning on the air to charge the regulator and registering 1000lbs, turning the air off again as I had been trained.

As I was fidgeting with my fins, Scott waved my BC inflator valve in front of my eyes and asked if I thought I might need this and by the way, was my regular air on? Hooking up the inflator and laughing with embarrassment I had to admit that while I had checked my air at the beginning of the trip to make sure I did not need a top-off, I totally forgot to turn it on again before putting on my BC. Pierre, who stood right next to me, reached over, turned it on and we headed to the gate.

The current was swift and Xcott let out the drift line for those of us

who might 'decide' not to come up on the anchor chain as advised.

What a current! I kicked and kicked and made little progress trying to get to the anchor line. I finally made it with Xcott's help who pulled me alongside the boat with a rope.

After catching our breath Pierre and I started our decent. I followed Pierre, never letting go of the line, and watched him at 20 feet drift off, then swim hard to get back to the line.

We remained at 20 feet for a minute or so and I could see that Pierre was having a slight problem catching his breath. I continued to watch, waiting for an up or down sign from him. Ahh, here it was, down we go.

A sea lion zipped by me a couple of times as I continued down. Breathing in I reached for the light switch and had that strange sensation of being caught in something or being pulled back. "Was that sea lion playing games with me and pulling on my BC?" I thought, shaking my head, checking my gauge which registered 2100psi, down 400 from 2500. "Wow, the current is strong!" Then again, breathing out I had that weird sense that I was caught up in something, I started to breath in and ...thump, my regulator simply seemed to lock up on me. No air was coming no matter how hard I sucked on the mouth piece.

"Holy sh..." flashed through my mind. Looking down I saw Pierre good 10 to 15 feet below me. Having breathed out, lungs fairly empty I felt my neck hair rise. "There is no way I can reach him without panic" I heard myself saying. "This has the potential to become ugly, this could be a last

dive experience." "I won't reach him!" ... "SH ...!!!" "I need air!"

All the while I kept an eye on Pierre and at last saw him turn and look at me. I gave him the out of air signal.

"I have air, stage bottle" was the next 'news flash' sweeping through my brain. "Hold your breath, turn on air, deploy regulator" "Damn, why is it so hard this time around!"

I never let go of the anchor line and struggled with my right hand to get the regulator into my mouth.. There, finally, holding the reg in with my hand I drew a hard wet breath. Pierre was now next to me and started to hand me his primary.

At that point I was calm enough to motion him 'No' but pointing my thumb up as resolutely as it is possible under water.

I was far from being comfortable and relaxed. My neck hair were still standing at attention and my only thoughts were "I have to get out of here" and "I need to ascend" while starting to kick up.

I felt heavy and tried to pump air into my BC. I did not hear anything go in and the arrow on my panic barometer went up a notch again. I do recall that I squirted some argon into my dry suit.

As we were ascending Pierre continued to motion to slow down.

"No way Jose, I am going up ... I need to get out of here!" was the only thing that registered. I did not feel totally panicked as I had air. But I was breathing hard and I

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**It Can't happen to me ...
from page 6**

kept monitoring my gauge and kept an eye on Pierre. No I was not panicked but VERY uncomfortable and at an elevated emotional stage not able to slow down my breathing.

I sucked through my 1000psi of 50/50 Nitrox supply like a parched desert encountering the first rainstorm of the season. Once this was gone, Pierre and I started to share air, finally breaking the surface.

No regulator in my mouth, 'knowing' that both my air and BC had failed me at depth I was holding on to the anchor line for dear life. The boat and the chain were moving up and down and I with it.

Someone tried to stuff my own regulator in my mouth again which I promptly spit out. Someone else tried to pump air into my BC using the deflator button ... I felt heavier then ever before...

Now I got more frightened by the minute. I felt so heavy and was convinced that as soon I was going to let go of the line I was going to sink. I was starting to get tired, the muscles of my arms screamed.

The boat and the chain were moving up and down and I with it.

Between dunks I breathed in and bellowed to get me the f... out of the water. My arms hurt but I was not going to let go...

Finally, air was pumped into my BC and dry suit and Steve the safety diver for the day dragged me back to the swim step.

I crawled onto the step and remained kneeling for a while burping like a Bavarian-lederhosen-beer-guzzler. I do recall ordering Pierre – fairly briskly - to switch off my canister light as I was afraid that the light bulb might burn out top side.

Shaking and exhausted I made it back on deck. While recapping my experience over and over again Xcott and Pierre checked my gear. All seemed to be working just fine!!!

Over and over again, I have pondered and tried to analyze this incident. I will never know what really happened. There seemed to be no malfunction on the surface and my gear worked perfectly on the subsequent two dives that day at Honeymoon and Fire Rock Annex. Which I have to say were two wonderful, relaxing dives for me!

So why am I telling you about this? Well, for one I need to find some type of closure and for two I want you to learn what I did – the easy way.

Pierre and I dive at a minimum once a month. We have our routine, checking gear before the dive, talking through what we are going to do, e.g. use the reel or deploy a bag etc. to continue to practice our skills. We always stop at 20 feet and 'do a bubble check' to see if all of our gear works and only then continue on done. Once at the anchor we check again before continuing. Ascending, we often do an out of air drill to stay in practice and abort a dive at any time one of us gives the sign. No questions asked.

While I know that all this practice enabled me to deal with the situation underwater, I am shaken by the fact that emotions

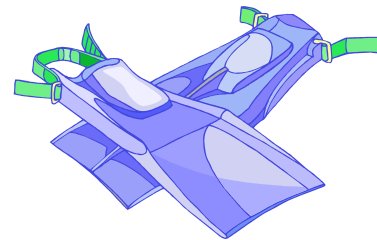
can be so strong and negate all logical thinking that is needed to solve these types of situations. I had air, I should have slowed down, should have relaxed ... I should have done this and should have thought of that ... BUT what it really boils down to is the practice of:

➤ Good habits top side. Check your gear. Check that all is working properly and OK before jumping from the boat!

➤ Good underwater skills. Practice, practice ad infinitum!

➤ Ability to stay rational. Practice that gets you to be able to say STOP ... THINK ... BREATH ... ACT.

So before you jump off the side of the boat the next time, make sure YOU turned on your air, YOU set up all of the gear and YOU and YOUR buddy are planning to practice some fundamental drills!



Stammtisch from page 3

An online demographic site offers descriptions of marketing segments like, "Resigned", "Mainstream", "Explorer" and "Reformer"; naturally I had to take a closer look. I typed in my zip code and discovered I live in a neighborhood which falls under the heading of "laptops and Lattes." Who can deny it? Of

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Stammtisch from page 7

course they also used labels like “Metro Renters” and “Connoisseurs”. When I typed in my old Mission address off of Valencia I came up with “Trendsetters” and “Urban Chic”. Of course “Laptops and Lattes” popped up again, wait until I tell Gerda. I don’t think we’ve ever been trendy before. If you’re dying to know how your life has been categorized, take a peek ...<http://www.esribis.com/reports/ziplookup.html>. I still have to do something about getting a laptop with WiFi capability though.

Dino’s crooning in the background,” How lucky can one guy be, I kissed her and she kissed me, Like the fella once said, Ain’t that a kick in the head.” There’s a fire crackling in the hearth, a martini, shaken, not stirred, beckons, olives glistening in the light of the fire, and all is well with the world. One of the joys of Christmas used to be all of the old movies they’d show, *White Christmas*, *Miracle on 34th Street*; do you remember Natalie Wood as the precocious Susan? And my favorite *The Bishop’s Wife*, with Gary Grant as an angel named Dudley, David Niven as the Bishop and Loretta Young as the wife. Gary Grant playing a role with a name like Dudley, what more do I need to say. With a brave new year on the horizon, maybe it’s a mistake to dwell on the past, still I loved *Miracle on 34th Street* and as for Kris Kringle, he just might be the real deal.

Speaking of the future, it’s the year 12,855 and scientists have just discovered a mysterious geological band of color in the rocky strata of an exposed sea cliff at Kehoe Beach in Marin. The *Plasticine Disconnect* or more popularly reported in the

local press, the “Age of Grease”. It’s an exhibit by artists Richard and Judith Selby Lang made up entirely of objects, mostly plastic; they have collected on their favorite beach. There are fishing floats; Bic lighters arranged in garlands, plastic soldiers, the detritus of a bar coded civilization. We were at the Bay Model in Sausalito for an orientation about the Marine Mammal Center. As we walked in we were struck by all of the objects covering three walls of the entryway. As you look at the objects there are captions, taken as if you were viewing an exhibit at a museum, explaining the meaning of whatever you are looking at. “We believe the bar code held religious and talismanic purpose for these people. Every object of daily life was marked with a bar code, a totemic homage to a fossil fuel based society.” The many plastic soldiers are taken as evidence of a warlike culture. The lighters are explained as a test of courage, where people would smoke a weed known to be deadly (tobacco, not the other one). There is also an explanation of an aquatic bird hunting cult, evidence of which is derived from the thousands of spent shotgun shells found in dense concentrations around certain former wetland areas... It’s one view of the future, a sobering one.

Twas the day after Christmas and all through downtown, the shoppers were stirring ... We decided to roam around amongst the hordes of eager bargain hunters elbowing their way through piles of left over Christmas baubles to get that perfectly discounted something or other. For lunch, we dropped in at Sears Fine Foods a venerable institution that I had managed to somehow never make it inside of.

Aptly enough, the original Sears closed its doors on Christmas Day, 2003 after having been in business since 1938. Now under the ownership of the folks who own Lories Dinner, they are back along with their signature plate of 18 Swedish pancakes. I don’t know about their pancakes, but the Club sandwich with fries hit the spot. The City is full of venerable eateries; I think I’ll make it a New Year’s resolution to try out as many as I can. That’s one resolution I can probably make good on.

The day after stroll took the sting out of yet again having lived through a Christmas where I didn’t find a Red Ryder BB gun under the tree. If you’ve ever seen the movie “A Christmas Story” you’ll be able to relate to my disappointment. Who could resist an official Red Ryder, carbine action, Model of 1938,



250 shot, air rifle with a compass built into the real wood stock? In the movie, Ralphie Parker, played by Peter Billingsley, wants a Red Ryder desperately. What he hears over and over, from the department store Santa to his teacher is, “you’ll shoot your eye out.” It’s a classic tale worth watching even if it isn’t Christmas. Anyone who ever lived where there are winters will love the scene where Ralphie’s friend gets his tongue frozen to the school flag pole, or watching his mom bundle his younger brother in so many clothes that he can’t put his arms to his sides anymore. There’s the look into the future, with Ralphie returning to his parents house, cane tapping, blind, from “soap poisoning” a result of having said the “F” word and having his moth washed out with soap years ago.

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There's the great run-in with the neighborhood bully and the closing shot of Christmas dinner in the Chinese restaurant. If

you've never seen this movie, I won't spoil the fun, rent it tonight! Maybe next year, I'll get a tree and give it one more try.

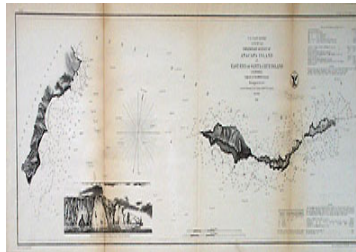
One of the joys of working downtown is that you have all sorts of interesting places to go if you are prone to lunch hour walkabouts. Depending on my mood or needs, I can go to Fox Hardware and play with all plumbing combinations, one of my favorite pastimes or head up the hill towards North Beach. I was walking up Green Street the other day when I came upon a small shop, Schein and Schein, which specializes in maps and prints, particularly of early California. There in the window was a gorgeous map of the San Francisco Bay done by the Coast and Geodetic Survey in the mid 19th Century. It's a map I've had my eye on for some time, it comes in a couple of versions, this one happened to be in color. If I win the lottery, I will definitely be back.

Another print that is worth mentioning is one of Anacapa, also by the Coast and Geodetic Survey. If you look closely at the

headlands you will see a small flock of birds hovering overhead. The etching was done by James Whistler. After being dismissed from West Point for a "deficiency in chemistry", Whistler went to work for the Coast and Geodetic Survey as an etcher. Apparently the birds did not go over well with his supervisors and Whistler decided to quit and devote his talents to becoming an artist. He

Painted a portrait of his mother, moved to Europe and the rest is history.

For some actual diving news, see page 5. It's a brand new year, full of resolutions and good intentions, to paraphrase Mike Nelson, "Hello there, I'm Lloyd Bridges. Skin diving is fun and adventure for young and old, but it can be dangerous, so know the sport well and don't take any chances. Be with you for another exciting year of adventure with the San Francisco Reef Divers."



UPDATE FROM CURT:

Pierre, and everyone

I've uploaded another 30 photos and some files.

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/tamil_fisher_relief/

There was a riot yesterday in a very nearby local fishing village - Bommaipalaiyan. It's the talk of the town! You can see an article about in the files section of the groups site. Some of it is a tad amusing. Some of the villains involved are being chased by the local police and hiding out in the cashew groves behind the house where I am staying. Lots of very poisonous snakes there too.

This riot may be symptomatic of what is happening to the local people post disaster. I've posted a photo of some fishermen from

this village (Bommaipalaiyan) in happier times. Note the angle of the beached fishing boats. The beach was and is very steep and kept the loss of life to a minimum but the loss of property was still very high.

For most of the latest photos go to the photo album about Auroville: the people here have been donating many thousands of dollars worth of food and personal property replacement items and working very hard to help clean up the affected villages. I took all the photos you see.

Thank you Pierre for referring the SFRD dive group to my site. I hate to honk my own horn. It's better if others do it for you. A lot has been happening here and I've already been acting on my own in numerous ways. In the next month or two I should have a legal local (tamilnadu) NGO registration and able to accept foreign donations without causing tax problems for me as well as some legitimacy. At that time the long term problems that are facing the affected fishers and other poor coastal inhabitants will have come to roost and I hope to direct my attention and any donated funds to helping a few local communities in specific ways designed to cause the most help, the least conflict, and the most "bang".

As for talent in the club. There is indeed a surplus of that. I suppose it would be in the area of soliciting small donations, connecting me with US NGOs, churches, fishermen orgs (see recent email), looking for a local rep or "eye and ear", and who knows.

You can use my email and name in anyway beneficial way you like.

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Update from Curt from page 9

At this time I feel that contributions can best go to:

1. Replacing or even upgrading fishermen's boats, motor and nets.
2. Educational enrichment programs for their small children.
3. Housing improvement and rehabilitation.

Providing money directly to fishermen is a big, big mistake. They drink it up. Seen it with my own eyes.

4. Helping their women folk with small directed loans and gifts to purchase small capital items like sewing machines and fish marketing tools a far better use of money.

Thank you again.

Curt



FLOTSAM

MLPA selects Diver Representatives

The California Marine Life Protection Act blue ribbon taskforce has selected the stakeholder representatives for 2005. The group consists of 18 Stakeholder representatives and 8 alternatives. There are three divers in the group, Ken Curtis from Southern California, Steve Campi and Jesus Ruiz representing Central California. Steve and Jesus were the diver representatives on the previous Monterey Regional Group.

Also selected as alternatives were Kevin Cooper, a free diver from San Diego, David Whittington from Northern California, and Kevin McDonnell from Monterey. Steve and Dave are Board Members of CenCAL.

New search for Amelia Earhart's Plane

When Amelia Earhart and navigator Fred Noonan disappeared on July 2, 1937 in their Lockheed Electra, they set off one of the epic searches in the last century.

They had taken off from Papua New Guinea, 7,000 miles short of their goal to be the first woman to circumnavigate the world in a plane. Somewhere before they reached their landing strip on Howland Island, they disappeared.

Did they run out of gas and crash into the sea? Did they survive the crash only to die on a deserted island? Where they captured and executed by the Japanese or did she live out her life as a housewife under an assumed name?

David Jourdan and his company, Nauticos, are planning an expedition this spring to use sonar to explore an area near the

tiny Howland Island. The expedition will cost approximately \$1.5 million. If they find the wreck, Jourdan plans to return to the site and raise the plane.

Sperm Whales suffer the bends

Sperm whales are among the true deep divers of the ocean, diving as deep as 10,000 feet in search of giant squid for breakfast. Now it turns out that just like the rest of us, they are susceptible to the bends.

Scientists investigating the bones of both modern and antique whale bones found evidence of pits and lesions in the bones. The type of damage left behind by bubble formation. The amount of damage tended to increase with the age of the animal, indicating cumulative damage.

JETSAM

DIVE GEAR FOR SALE

Due to illness, I am disposing of all my diving equipment incl. ab irons, float, bag, shorty wetsuit (med.), gloves and Scupper ocean kayak. Please call Ursula Bernhart @ 415-586-0357

CHANNEL ISLANDS TRIP DIVE BOAT "PEACE"



When	: 8-14, 15, 16-2005 (Sun, Mon, Tue)
Destination	: Southern Channel Islands (Including San Clemente)
Departure Info	: Departs 10:00PM on 8-13-05 from Ventura, Ca
Cost	: \$360 (Includes fuel surcharge for San Clemente)

As usual, the Reef Divers have chartered ½ of the boat for 2005. 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.

Send Jim Vallario (415-566-0784, 117 Chaves Ave, San Francisco, 94127) a check for \$100, made out to San Francisco Reef Divers. Receipt of your check by the coordinator puts your name on the list.

On 7-01-05, send the remainder (\$260) to our treasurer (Pierre Hurter, 515 Diamond St., San Francisco, 94114)

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:

A Nitrox certification card (to be shown to the Divemaster).

A full tank of Nitrox prior to boarding the boat. (Their system does not require an oxygen-clean tank).

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. The fuel surcharge increased dramatically this year, hence the increased fee for the trip. Last year, we also dove Santa Catalina. The consensus from the group was that Farnsworth Bank was great, but the rest of Catalina was pretty tame. We will, therefore, attempt to concentrate on the other southern islands and not do Catalina.
Lovers of Avalon



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.sfreedivers.org/>.

SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS
Reef Divers Times
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