



SHARK SOUP

by Kenneth Gwin

Went away for a long weekend on a freediving trip, trying to tap into my tribal self.

This was a planned spearfishing adventure to the offshore seamount at Cortez Banks, a hundred miles out to sea, straight west of San Diego. The sea gods were a bit unsettled, so we spent the time, instead, at the fallback spots around San Clemente Island.

This trip was once again aboard the Horizon. This is a big comfortable boat set up for long range trips (Guadalupe and similar points south) with a great captain and an exceptional crew (that somehow seems to have developed a sense of humor so much like me I felt I was talking to myself). Yes, this is that same boat that led us on an unplanned adventure some 230 miles or so south of the boarder for a three day Gilligan's Island excursion ten years ago, ending up on a real dessert island in the middle of nowhere.

Fortunately, there were friendly natives who were happy to trade beer for abalone.

Diving is such a great pastime.

It was nice to see Gregg and Mark and Gary (a paying passenger this time).

I've also been lucky enough over the years to enjoy many trips to Cortez Banks, but to any ordinary fan of Channel Island diving, San Clemente is its own destination.

Conditions were a little breezy.

The spearfishing results were mixed, but my buddy Gene shot a white sea bass weighing in at 17 1/2 kilos. He must have beaten his tribal drum somewhat more convincingly than I did.

(Note photo of Gene "the Killa" Kramer.)



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GENERAL MEETING

JULY 15TH, 2009

AT SINDBADS



Pier 2, Embarcadero Street, San Francisco

MEET at 7:00pm for socializing, DRINKS AND FOOD and 7:30 pm for CLUB BUSINESS



Der Stammtisch

By Pierre Hurter

16,268 MILES – OR WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION - PART 1

I'm reading Michael Pollan's *The Omnivore's Dilemma* while listening to the news about a ConAgra plant in North Carolina, a Slim Jim factory that blew up killing several workers and injuring dozens more. Kind of makes you wonder what they put into those rascals, doesn't it? Books on the pitfalls of industrial food production might not be the best way to start a vacation, but you have to while away the time somehow. We are finally on our way, destination Truk and Palau or Chuuk and Belau as the locals refer to their respective islands.

We had wrapped up our packing for the adventure the weekend before, this was the real deal, bags packed, books in hand, we were on our way.

Looking at our itinerary, it seems we will be spending an awful lot of time on airplanes and in airports; like demented ants from a deeply disturbed anthill. Starting at SFO we progress through, LAX, then Honolulu, Guam, Truk, back to Guam, Yap, Koror, Palau, back to Yap and then on to Guam, Honolulu, LAX and finally, some 16,268 miles and if my addition is correct, 37 hours and 30 minutes in a plane, we'll be back where it all began, and all this in coach no less. Talk about going where no man has gone before.

Saturday morning finally rolled around and we are at LAX after a relaxing night at the airport Radisson. We left San Francisco the night before, our Southwest flight from SFO largely uneventful, despite being delayed and packed to the gills. There was no flight to LAX early enough on Saturday morning for our connecting flight, so we came down the night before. One of the many joys of travel is meeting new people and making fun of them. While sharing the shuttle bus with two guys from New York or Jersey or somewhere on the other coast, we got to experience a cross coastal cultural thrill.

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2009 SFRD OFFICERS

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Payments for membership and activities should be mailed to:

**Pierre Hurter
515 Diamond Street
San Francisco, CA 94114**

Reefer's Rap 2009		
JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
01 - New Year's Day 07 - Officers Meeting 10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's 27 - CenCal Board Meeting	04 - Officers Meeting 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's 19 - 22 - SF Ocean Film Festival	04 - Officers Meeting 14 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's 25 - CenCal Board Meeting
APRIL	MAY	JUNE
01 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 01 - Officers Meeting 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's 17 - 18 - San Jose Dive Show 29 - CenCal Board Meeting	06 - Officers Meeting 09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's 27 - CenCal Board Meeting 30 - 31 - Scuba Show - Long Beach Convention Center	03 - Officers Meeting 17 - CANCELED TBD - Abalone Closer
JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
01 - Officers Meeting 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. - Pierre - 415.810.6851 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's	TBD - Abalone Opener 05 - Officers Meeting 09-11 - Channel Islands - Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's	02 - Officers Meeting 11 - 13 - Lake Tahoe Dive??? 19 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's 30 - CenCal Board Meeting
OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
07 - Officers Meeting 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Nominations !!!	04 - Officers Meeting 14 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. - Pierre - 415.810.6851 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Elections !!! TBD - Abalone Closer	02 - Officers Meeting 02 - CenCal Board Meeting 12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Christmas Party ???

**CHANNEL ISLANDS TRIP
PEACE DIVE BOAT**

**SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY
AUGUST 9, 10, 11, 2009**



WAIT LISTED !!!

1. Our intent is to do the southern Channel Islands (San Clemente, etc.).
2. **Cost per spot is \$400, (includes fuel surcharge for the southern islands).**
3. **To secure a spot**, send a \$100 deposit (per spot) to our esteemed and beloved Treasurer (Pierre Hurter, 515 Diamond Street, San Francisco, CA 94114). Receipt of check by the Treasurer adds your name to the list.
4. **Boat departs the dock at 10PM on Saturday, August 8th.**
5. Bring all of your dive gear, including one full tank. They can refill tanks with air or 32% Nitrox.
6. **Unlimited Nitrox fills cost \$75.** If you want Nitrox, bring your Nitrox certification card and a separate check for \$75.
7. The bunks have a pillow and a blanket. Anything more (sleeping bag, extra pillow, etc.) is your responsibility.
8. Boat supplies all food, snacks, drinks (non-alcoholic). Wine, beer, etc. may be brought on board, but please remember your 1st drink marks your last dive of the day.
9. For additional information, directions to the boat etc. check out their website, www.peaceboat.com.
10. For any other questions, contact Jim Vallario at 415-566-0784 (res) or 415-819-1159 (cell).

KAYAKING SANTA CRUZ ISLAND (Après Channel Islands Trip) WEDNESDAY, 8-12-09



For those of you who haven't had enough after three days on the Peace... or with your fellow REEFERS ...and for those of you who just don't want to go back to the "real" world yet... JUST THINK ... taking a ferry from Ventura Harbor to Santa Cruz island, offloading your (rental) kayak and spending the day paddling the island, going into caves and paddle-throughs (topside version of swim-throughs) and just generally seeing the island marine life up-close and personal? If this might appeal to you, then listen up! Here's what you have to do:

1.) Reserve a spot on the Island Packers ferry for you **and** your kayak. This should be done as soon as possible, because the ferry fills to capacity weeks, if not months, in advance and there are limited spots for kayaks. The adult fare is \$48 roundtrip, plus \$14 for your kayak. If you're fortunate enough to be 55 or older, the fare is \$44. Call them at 805-642-1393. www.islandpackers.com.

2.) Contact Channel Islands Kayak Center at 805-644-9699 to reserve your kayak for the trip. They are located very close to where the Peace docks at Ventura Harbor and directly next door to Island Packers. The rental rate is \$35 per day. Includes back rest, paddle, life jacket and helmet (for those cave penetrations). www.cikayak.com

Most people rent a room after disembarking from the Peace (it's so much more comfortable than sleeping in your car). Plan on bringing a cooler with your lunch and some drinks. The boat dock area on Santa Cruz has a beach, some picnic tables, restroom facilities and a camping area.

Channel Islands Kayak Center opens at 8am and you should be there when it opens. After confirming your reservation at the Kayak Center, then go next door to Island Packers and confirm your reservation with them.

The ferry departs at 9:00am and takes about an hour to get to Santa Cruz. We can return on the 4:00 or 5:00pm ferry.

Any questions or comments, please contact Jim Vallario at 415-566-0784 (res), or 415-819-1159 (cell).

Shark Soup from page 1

There were many sights along the way, however. Rizzos and a blue whale. A group of flying fish nearly knocked my mask off underwater trying to outrun a hungry sea lion--blunt silver faces, big eyes, and panicked expressions screaming by--life is tough in the food chain. (Interesting: Gene's sea bass was also full of the remains of flying fish.) There were aggregations of leopard sharks in along the shallows. Bat rays, yellowtail, stealthy schools of barracuda, harbor seals, and those ever present sea lions where always there when you thought you were finally alone.

But, Mr. Wheezy set a new depth record with his Mistral on an inshore reef, inside, along the East End of the island.

Dropping off the swim step, he snorkeled out to the edge of the kelp bed that marked the reef, made the appropriate, perfect and graceful surface dive, and headed nose down to the base of the wall, falling easily past his neutral point on a negative glide to the sand.

This is not generally recommended these days.

But, his Mistral and steel 72 in its classic canvas rig held up, chugging along, though his wetsuit was well into the useless zone, way under the thermo-cline, and well past any serviceable aid in buoyancy. Ascending, the lizard walk was much more efficient than swimming here, so, hand over hand, back up the beautiful and colorful wall he went.



At a 60 foot deep plateau, strange things occurred. Above him, the kelp forest came alive with a half a dozen smooth and shiny beasts in a bully pack, patrolling the reef. Above, on the next plateau, a half a dozen more swam in circles and figure eight's through the kelp. Big soup fin sharks, five and six feet long, had moved onto the reef, moving effortlessly--elegant, metallic looking, with magnificent, long arched tails, heavy, serious bodies silently planing, with dark eyes carefully watching, but still, not threatening in any way.

There had been rumors.

So, Wheezy swam in among them, shoulder to shoulder and eye to eye, his Mistral percolating faithfully as he swam spirals toward the sky.

A few further notes on soupfin sharks:

There was an event a few years back in La Jolla where hundreds were reported in a swarm along the beach.

In 2001, a SoCal diver documented his adventure somewhere near or at the same place I had my experience, where he swam with a number of smaller sharks. His report and a great photo at:

www.sharkresearchcommittee.com/soupfin.htm

Other divers on my trip reported swimming with a couple of other soupfins on the backside of San Clemente a day earlier.

These were also five feet or longer. They were close enough to brush them as they swam by.

A few notes on the dive by Mr. Wheezy:

There was no real motive in the dive with this antique gear other than it was a protected cove, I'd brought two different types of scuba rigs, there was that rumor about the sharks, it's San Clemente, and I was too lazy to freedive-- so, what the hey?

I hadn't planned on going to any particular depth, but the reef was just the reef, and a nearly vertical wall in the Channel Islands presents its own temptations.

For the record, let's just say that the previous depth record for my Mistral was 85 feet.

The motive was, however, to use the wetsuit and the original rig, the weight set-up (supposedly) for neutral buoyancy for a planned depth. I did kinda screw that concept up, but with the wall there, I had contingencies.

I keep thinking about the "old timers" and the beginnings of diving. My favorite example is still the Andrea Doria. Back then, it was a cold water dive to 240 feet on air with the same basic cranky regulator I'm playing with, a set of doubles and balls of steel. Again, the wetsuit at that depth was just to emphasize that the "old timers" diving the Andrea Doria without a BC or even a pressure gauge meant completely different planning than we use today, a bit more reliance on timing, and a complete dependence on your anchor line.

You have no control of your buoyancy when you are diving past a certain range of depths.

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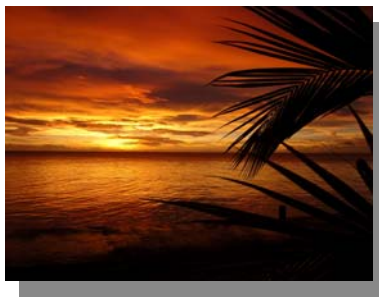
Weighting for depth with a wetsuit only means that you are neutral only within a narrow range. Too shallow or too deep and things go bad. You especially have to have some way of ascending that maintains some kind of control. A wall, and anchor line, a platform, a sloping sea floor are means to dive to wide ranges of depths when not using a BC.

It gives you some respect for our diving ancestors.

My report on the performance of the regulator remains the same. It's a beautiful thing, but even a cheap modern single-hose kicks this thing's ass. But, everyone should try it sometime.

Learn some respect for those that have gone before--they have made your life so much easier and safer.

Man Fish lives!



Stammtisch from page 2

Listening to them discuss the attributes of various women that had had the misfortune of crossing their paths, particularly the ones that bent over, on their sales trip. It all reinforced my prejudice against guys wearing suits with black shirts, silver ties and pinky rings. And they make

me take sensitivity training, there's no justice in the world.

It's already Saturday afternoon, a week's gone by and it seems like only yesterday that we were sitting at the Radisson's breakfast buffet, Gerda with her oatmeal and me with the little sausages swimming in their fat like pigs in a poke butting up against the eggs over easy and the bacon completing the smiley face. Now we're sitting in the departure lounge of Chuuk (Truk) International Airport, wondering why they have the fancy air-conditioning units when all of the doors are open to the outside world. It's probably related to the local phenomenon known as "Island Power".

I need to pause for a minute and explain the apparent space time discontinuity that hangs over this narrative. My original plan had been to set aside some time every evening, where lounging on the Lanai, umbrella drink in hand, I would scrawl a few notes on what had transpired in the course of the day. These notes would in the fullness of time, eventually be tied together into a coherent narrative, a story that would weave together an enchanting tale of travel to the far Pacific that would serve to captivate the faithful readers of the Reef Diver press. As is often the case on a vacation as well as the road to Hell, those good intentions never came to pass, though I did drag my faithful Macbook through countless airport security screens. So that's why this missive tends to meander back and forth from the present tense to the past and on to the future past participle.

Arriving at Chuuk International, I had to chuckle when I saw the local health team wearing masks and blue nitrile gloves with stretcher at the ready standing beside a hand printed sign

advising travelers with symptoms of the swine flue to step out of the line. I don't know about the rest of the group, but after surviving countless security checkpoints and being squashed into a coach seat for the better part of the last couple of days, I made sure to suppress any coughs or sneezes. No way would I voluntarily step out of the Immigration and Customs line at this point in the game. Customs and Immigration were painless; with a couple new stamps added to my passport collection along with a welcoming smile.

The airport is pretty basic; you walk off the plane and across the tarmac into a single large whitewashed building. Inside you go through immigration, pick up your bags and go through customs. Next thing you know we were outside throwing our gear into a waiting truck, hopping onto the shuttle bus and heading for the Blue Lagoon Resort. We arrived sometime around ten o'clock at night local time. By the time we negotiated the potholes on the road leading out of town and stumbled off the bus we had pretty much lost all track of time in any conventional sense, International datelines and close to 24 hours spent in airports and planes, takes the edge of the most seasoned traveler. I did hear at least one crack about how driving the local roads after a rainstorm could qualify you for a cave diving specialty.

Check-in paper work accomplished, we grabbed our keys and headed for our rooms. In our case Number 206 on the second floor would be our hangout, refuge and home for the next week.

The layout at the resort is

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Spartan, what our bean counters at work would call “adequate, but not luxurious”. The resort occupies what had been a seaplane base and some remnants of long ago bunkers are still evident among the coconut trees that dotted the lush green grounds. The rooms themselves are fairly large, with two double beds opening up onto a Lanai and a view of the ocean. Aside from that they had a ceiling fan and air-conditioning unit with the remote control that seems to be obligatory in this part of the world and a remarkable spacious bathroom. Picture a Motel Six that’s been bypassed by the new freeway and you get a sense of the accommodations.



We quickly settled into what would be our routine, up at 06:00, the mandatory absolutions and off to breakfast at 06:30. The food was tasty, nothing fancy; the sort that sticks to your ribs, my favorites included the French toast, the doughnuts, old-fashioned round and rolled in sugar. None of your Krispy Creme pretenders to the throne, donuts the way grandpa probably remembers eating at home on the farm, hot with a heady yeasty aroma to them. The coffee was strong and was served up with canned milk a memory from my childhood which I have always liked.

Our first dive was a checkout dive where we met our boat crew and settled into the diving part of the pattern. Those of us who wanted to dive doubles met at the dive shop and cobbled together workable sets. Had to spend

some time with the mixed bag of rusty wrenches to get bands and plates to mate, but in the end, Joerg, Gerda, Eskil and I all had doubles loaded on the boat and ready to head out into the lagoon. Our divemaster was Estos our boatman Ansauo; both of whom would take good care of us in the coming days.

Things run on island time here or at least to a certain extent, sometimes things just don’t run. There’s a rhythm to how things worked and if you went along it worked remarkably smoothly.

Our checkout dive was on the *Fujikawa Maru* a 437-foot long passenger-cargo ship built in 1938. In 1940 she was commandeered by the Japanese Navy and converted to an aircraft ferry some of which can still be seen in their disassembled state in Hold #2.

As for the checkout portion of our dive, we threw some weights onto a belt checked our regs and back-rolled off the boat and down to the wreck. Since none of us had used double aluminum 80’s in tropical waters with 3 to 5 mil wet suits, the weighting came down to a classic WAG (wild ass guess).

A little on the boats, they are fairly flat bottomed, fiberglass with plywood sunshade and seats in a square around the boats hull. The locomotion comes from two 40 horsepower Yamaha outboards, so we tended to get onto the wreck sites fairly fast.

So back-roll and down we go, down, down, down, normally I don’t think of a check-out dive as

starting around 90 feet, but it worked out fine. In Truk, everything is deeper than the norm. We took it easy, poking around at 105 feet getting used to the warm water and the sheer size of the wreck.

Once topside we adjusted our weights, tightened our straps and in general got settled in for the next five days of diving. A quick note on weights, when you are diving doubles with an aluminum back-plate, even if they are 80 cubic foot aluminum tanks, you don’t need much if any weight. Gerda settled on six pounds and I dropped to four, but could probably have done just fine with less. I’m not sure our guide wore any weight, just his single 80 and a 3/4 length wet suit and a very well worn BC.

We did two long dives on our first day, the second on the *Heian Maru* a submarine tender that started life as a passenger-cargo ship. At 510 feet she is the largest ship sunk in the Lagoon. The *Tonan Maru* was the largest, but the Japanese salvaged her after the war and put her back in service. So pride of place goes to the *Heian Maru*.

We ended up doing a total of thirteen dives in Truk, two on Monday and Friday with three a day in between. After each dive those of us who had doubles would head back to the dive shop for a refill on the tanks and then head back out for the next dive. After the second dive we would come back for lunch at the resort. Dives ranged from as shallow as 52 feet to 185 feet with most in the 120 foot plus range. You can do it all without doubles and many folks did, slinging stages of various sizes and configurations, but I found the doubles to be the

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most convenient and comfortable way to dive. The majority of our dives were decompression dives, even on the shallower wrecks, it's hard to resist the allure of staying as long as you can. We did sling an 80 cubic foot stage bottle with 50% Oxygen for our dive on the *San Francisco Maru*. Would have settled for a 40 cubic foot bottle, but they had none left and besides the 80's look better in the videos.

This is a great dive; the *San Francisco Maru* was built in 1919 as a passenger-cargo ship and at 385 feet long she makes for an impressive wreck lying at depths ranging from 120 feet at her bridge to 215 feet at the deepest point under her bow. We dropped down on a line fixed to the starboard side near her forward mast, which ends at approximately 100 feet deep. We headed towards the stern, dropped over the end and down to the huge screws and the bottom of the sand at 185 feet, around to the other side and back along the port side to our starting point. And then slowly back to the surface and our boat.

Our bottom time was 15 minutes with our first stop at 90 feet. We worked our way up in 10-foot increments, stopping for a minute at each stage. At 70 feet we made the switch to 50% Oxygen and hung for two minutes, then back to the schedule of two minute stops every ten feet until we hit 40 feet where we switched to three minute stops. We had a split schedule for the last of the deco, one figured for a hang at 20 feet and one for 15 feet. The 20 foot stop called for three minutes if you were moving up to 15 feet and 17 minutes if you decided to stay there. At the 15 foot stop the hang was 14 minutes if you

paused at 20 feet or 20 minutes if you were doing the whole enchilada in one stop. Details, details ...

We had worked out our dive the night before and went over it one more time, including our "Oh shit" bailout plan. As was always the case, our divemaster dove with a single tank, though this time he brought along an extra tank, which was unusual. There was always a tank hanging from the boat at 20 feet with two regulators, just in case someone got a little low on gas. Of course that was the tank he brought down with him, but you can't have everything. When you watched the divemasters for a while you couldn't help but notice that they didn't seem to breathe much at least not in comparison with the rest of us.

Lest you think that all we did was dive and poke around at wrecks, there was a tremendous abundance of sea life on all of these old ships. Whatever you think of sinking ships for reefs, once they go down they are quickly incrustated with all manner of life. Gerda spotted a shark on our last dive to the *Sankisan Maru*, a nice leisurely 77 foot dive to top of the day, before heading back to the Sunset Lounge to finish our off-gassing protocol. The pre dinner ritual consisted of sitting at the Sunset Lounge with an electrolyte replenishment sports beverage; usually a San Miguel and watching the sun melt into the horizon.

A little background on Chuuk, it's an island group in the southwestern part of the Pacific, comprising one of the four states of the Federated States of Micronesia, along with Kosrae, Pohnpei and Yap. Like many of the islands in this part of the world it was passed from one

colonial host to the next, beginning with the Spanish, then the Germans, the Japanese and after WWII it became one of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands which were administered by the United States under the United Nations charter. They became self-governing in 1979 and in 1986 assumed free-association status with the United States.

The population of Chuuk is around 54,000 people with the majority living on the island of Weno (formerly Moen). The main source of income, aside from financial assistance from the United States is dive tourism. Approximately 5,000 divers per year come to dive the wrecks and enjoy the sites. The main exports are fish, copra, banana and black pepper.

Fast forward to Saturday, and about half of our group is at the Chuuk International Airport waiting for Flight 957 to Guam and then on to Yap and finally Koror in Palau. Some of the group is staying in Truk to dive some more wrecks while the rest of us are heading for Palau for some umbrella drinks and a little R and R in the Lido Lounge. One of the things you can count on when you fly Continental Micronesia is delayed flights; doesn't seem to faze anyone as a delay of one flight just means that a whole string of flights will be waiting on the originally delayed plane. It's an interesting system, but it seems to work for the locals and we certainly got where we wanted to go.

I have to say, Truk was an experience not to be missed, even Gerda, who was initially not that keen on the idea of diving wrecks is already talking about coming

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back. It may just be coincidental, but she's been nicknamed "Deep Freak" for her ability to always go deeper than anyone else on our boat. If there is a divot in the sand at the bottom, Gerda finds it and sticks her computer to the bottom.

Truk is an incredibly poor place, the drive from the airport to the resort makes you appreciate the life we have. Given that, the people we met were unbelievably friendly and not just those with whom we had some commercial transactions. This is one trip I would recommend to anyone who likes to dive, but be aware, it is not a luxury experience, there are no microbrews or exotic drinks. On the other hand the barkeep was willing to let us experiment with Eskil's recipe for a Blue Lagoon and after a little trial and error the end result tasted pretty good. The food is basic, but on the whole tasty; I especially liked the grilled tuna at dinner and the fish burgers for lunch. The rooms have all the essentials, but again nothing luxurious. Oh and the power, well after Truk, PG&E starts looking pretty good. On the other hand air-conditioning and running water for showers are largely overrated anyway. It's the warm beer that caused the most heartache, but even that could be overcome through proper planning and a keen eye for timing.

One thing I did find a bit disconcerting, it has to do with airport operations, you know

when the plane is really landing when the two fire trucks crank up their engines and head out to line both sides of the runway. Somehow that just doesn't engender too much confidence.

Next month it's on to Palau, home of the endless buffet and umbrella drinks at the poolside lounge. Oh and hot, really hot showers; there is heaven on earth, so stay tuned.



THE U.S. PASSPORT CARD IS NOW IN PRODUCTION!



The Passport Card rollout has been postponed on several occasions, but this time its official. Starting on June 1, 2009, the U.S. government will implement the full requirements of the

land and sea phase of WHTI (Western Hemisphere Travel Initiative). The proposed rules require that U.S. citizens entering the United States have a passport, passport card, or other travel document approved by the Department of Homeland Security.

The wallet-size passport card can be used to enter the United States from Canada, Mexico, the Caribbean, and Bermuda at land border crossings or sea ports-of-entry; it cannot be used for international air travel.

To meet DHS's (Department Of Homeland Security's) needs at land borders, the passport card contains a vicinity-read radio frequency identification (RFID) chip.

With RFID technology, Customs and Border Protection inspectors will be able to access photographs and other biographical information stored in secure government databases before the traveler reaches the inspection station.

State-of-the-art security features prevent counterfeiting and forgery. In addition, a protective sleeve is provided with each passport card to protect against unauthorized reading or tracking when the card is not in use.



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SINCE JANUARY 1ST 1973

ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS (SFRD):

The *Reef Diver Times* is the official newsletter of the San Francisco Reef Divers, a not for profit community organization dedicated to safe sport diving and the preservation of our ocean resources. Membership is \$25 annually, dues payable to “SFRD”. The General Meeting is held the 3rd Wednesday of the month 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.sfreeedivers.org/>.

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