

## A TYPICAL DAY AT THE ISLAS DE REVILLAGIGEDOS

by Gerda Hurter

Back from one of the best vacations ever, I'm having a hard time adjusting back to my daily life. Not surprising though, as the typical daily routine for the last fourteen days was nothing but: Sleep - Pre Brekkie(\*) snack - **DIVE** - Breakfast - **DIVE** - Lunch - Nap - **DIVE** - Snack - **DIVE** - Beer - Dinner - Sleep.

Once again Pierre and I met up with the Nautilus Explorer, this time down south in La Paz, to

head off to and explore the Islas de Revillagigedos.

Like on the other two **NAUTILUS'** trips the **ACCOMMODATIONS, CREW** and **SERVICE** were **OUTSTANDING** only to be trumped by our diving experience.

The three to four dives a day, typically starting at 8:00 in the morning, left me with awe and wonder, staring into the bright blue, tepid waters of the Revillagigedos, looking for the telltale flicker of reflected sun light, the distant, shadowy movement of something **BIG**, majestically gliding through the

water, like White Tips, Silver Tips, Silkys, Galapagos, large schools of Hammerheads, Mantas and Mobulae and Dolphins. And **ALL** were as curious as we were to check each other out.

*Sharks.* 'If they approach you, just swim right at them, they'll take this as aggressiv behavior and retreat ...' we were told by Shark Chik Jessie the Great White enthusiast and Shark expert.

(\*) Canadian for breakfast

Continue on page 5

## ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAY-- THE HIGH WATER MARK IN THE LIFE OF CURTIS DEGLER (Just One Step Ahead of the Reaper)

Our brother, Curtis has wandered far a field of late, searching for the meaning and purpose of life, some excitement along the way, some intrigue, something new to ponder, perhaps explore; his travels have been long, but he is found.

In the oceans of mystery surrounding us there is no certainty.

In life, we ask, are we closer to the beginning of our journey than to its end?

What are the signs that mark our paths and mark the times?

What tools do we use to know where we are, and where we might go when the earth below us moves and the seas turn with vengeance upon us?

In the shadow of the Mother Ship, Curtis has seen the great arc of creation, witnessed destruction, and has returned with the program notes in this drama of life.

This is a story of a long surface interval.

This is no ordinary dive report.

This is a report of "between dives" spaced some six months apart. A lot of water is involved, many lessons learned, and lots and lots of photos taken.

Now, you too can see South India through the eyes of a seeker.

Our May dive club meeting at Sinbad's will feature a slide show of many, many photos of the seaside life and people Curtis has met in his many travels this last half year before and after the Great Tsunami.

**Der Stammtisch**



Friday started early, a pile of duffel bags and Pelican cases filled with dive gear and outside a taxi blowing his horn. Just like the song, “leaving on a jet plane, don’t know when I’ll be back again ... “Well, we knew when we’d be back, but for now it was off to SFO and a flight to Cabo. The flight was uneventful, box lunches for five bucks, adult beverages for four, correct change please. It sort of reminded me of other flights long ago, “C130 rolling down the strip ... “ The airport at Los Cabos had changed since the last time we came down, there is a separate international terminal now and the hordes of time share salespeople seemed to have disappeared. The airplanes still line up on the tamarack and disgorge their passengers into the humid heat and you still get into a long line, sort of like Disneyland as you snake your way towards immigration. My favorite is the push button at customs; it’s mounted on a pole beneath a sign proclaiming “Push”. If the light shines red, it’s off to have your baggage searched; if green you are on your way to the line of vans and taxis waiting outside.

Once through the gauntlet we found a friendly guy holding a cardboard sign proclaiming “Nautilus Explorer”, waiting to spirit us off to our hotel. On the way we made a run to San Jose del Cabo, the other Cabo on the peninsula and dropped off Doc. That turned into quite an adventure in its own right, between the one-way streets and the fact that that none of us, including the driver knew where his hotel was, we took an impromptu tour of the town. We had stayed in San José del Cabo the last time we came down here for a weekend getaway, but this time we opted to stay closer to the hot spots of Cabo San Lucas. We checked into the Los Patios and gravitated towards the patio and pool area to see if there were any fellow travelers about. There’s something about divers and liquids, if you want to find them, just head for the nearest watering hole. Introductions were made and then as befits any trip to Cabo, we headed downtown to sample what the town had to offer.

**Continue page 5**

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## IN MEMORIAM

**PAUL DAVID CLARK**

A life on the ocean wave!  
A home on the rolling deep,  
Where the scattered waters rave,  
And the winds their revels keep!  
Epes Sargent

## KAYAKING THE CAVES OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND

IN MEMORY OF OUR FELLOW REEF DIVER

**PAUL DAVID CLARK**

**Wednesday, August 17, 2005**

This year's kayak trip will be dedicated to the memory of our fellow Reef Diver and sea kayak enthusiast Paul, who had coordinated and led wonderful kayak and camping trips for us in the past. Please join us to honor and celebrate Paul's life and love of the outdoors.

Here is how:

1. **To reserve a space on the ferry boat:** Call Island Packers 805-642-1393 (9am to 5pm). Be sure you tell them you are bringing along a kayak.
2. **To reserve your kayak:** Call Island Kayakers 805-6390-8213. Singles are \$24 and doubles are \$44. Here is there web site for more info <http://islandkayakers.com/>
3. **Call Norm** (510-381-1670) to let him know that you are going so we can share rooms (if you like). OR  
Make a motel reservation in the Ventura area.

The rental folks will meet up with us 1 hour before the Island Packers boat leaves. They will load the kayaks on the big boat and take them off and bring them to the beach. Also, they will pickup the boats later and return them to the mainland where the rental folks will take them.

We meet at 7:15am Wednesday morning for a 9am departure. The ferry leaves Santa Cruz Island at 4pm with a 5pm arrival in Ventura.

**Coordinator:** Norm Knutson 510-381-1670 cell

## REEFER'S RAP 2005

<b>JANUARY</b>	<b>FEBRUARY</b>	<b>MARCH</b>
<p>01 - New Year's Day - Breakwater Pierre - 415.285.6293 05 - Officers Meeting 15 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>02 - Officers Meeting 12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>02 - Officers Meeting 05 - Birthday Beach dive - Gerda 12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>
<b>APRIL</b>	<b>MAY</b>	<b>JUNE</b>
<p>02 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross - CenCal 06 - Officers Meeting 09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) – Sat 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>04 - Officers Meeting 07- Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) 18 - Meeting - Sinbad's 21 - 22 Scuba Show 2005 Long Beach Convention Center 27 - 29 Channel Islands Aqua Safaris – 831-479-7380</p>	<p>01 - Officers Meeting 11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sun Pierre - 415.285.6293 * 15 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Closer</p>
<b>JULY</b>	<b>AUGUST</b>	<b>SEPTEMBER</b>
<p>01 - Channel Island Payment Due 06 - Officers Meeting 09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. Pierre - 415.285.6293 20 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>TBD - Abalone Opener 03 - Officers Meeting 13 - 16 - Channel Islands Jim Vallario - 415.566.0784 17 – Kayaking the Caves of Santa Cruz Island Norm Knutson 510-381-1670 17 - Meeting - Sinbad's</p>	<p>07 - Officers Meeting 09 - 11 - Lake Tahoe Dive Norm Knutson 10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293 17 - Monterey Beach Cleanup Debra Gilmore 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's TBD - Abalone Opener</p>
<b>OCTOBER</b>	<b>NOVEMBER</b>	<b>DECEMBER</b>
<p>TBD - Alcatraz swim/paddle - Tim invitational@south-end.org 05 - Officers Meeting 08 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. Pierre - 415.285.6293 * 19 - Meeting - Sinbad's – Officer Nominations !!!</p>	<p>02 - Officers Meeting 16 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Officer Elections!!! 19 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat. Pierre - 415.285.6293 TBD - Abalone Closer</p>	<p>07 - Officers Meeting 10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) - Sat Pierre - 415.285.6293 * 21 - Meeting - Sinbad's - Christmas Party!!!</p>

**ISLAS DE REVILLAGIGEDOS**  
from page 1

Yeah, right, that's exactly what came to my mind the very moment a large 7 – 8 ft Silky decided to check Pierre and me out while free-diving. I just made sure that Pierre kept an eye on the curious Silky bearing down on us while I climbed/scrambled back into the boat ...

The *Mantas and Mobulae* clearly enjoyed our presence. Circling and 'riding the ascending bubbles' of our excited breathing, intently looking at us with huge eyes and swimming with individual divers – scuba and free divers.

One but has to be in awe! by their size, their gentleness, their curiosity and deliberate behavior.

Mike Lever the Skipper of the Nautilus was very open to the groups 'wishes' on where to stay or where to go to ensure 'Diving was HOT!' In other words we had shark and manta encounters pretty much on every dive.

Another cool and new adventure for me was to learn and practice some free diving skills.

Two members of our group, being avid free divers agreed to hold a free diving clinic to introduce us to some basic techniques and making us feel comfortable diving the *BLUE*.

That was the only time we 'were allowed' to go *BLUE* with Pituca, one of the skiffs, staying close to keep track of us. (A lot of divers, including commercial, get lost in those waters, swept away by currents, never to be seen again.)



Well, I am jazzed and will continue to learn more about this. Who knows, I might even come along to one of the AB dives in the future.

Swimming with *Dolphins*, pff, diving is the thing to do! There always seems to be something mischievous about them as the group darts back and forth, up and down, a single animal breaking away, rushing to the surface for a breath and like a lightning bolt rejoining the group. We watched all this while at 80 feet with viz of 100+ feet.

We knew *Whales* were close several times as we listened to the males practiced their songs. We could not but hold our breaths ever so often to cut out the regulator noise and to take in the rising and falling of the song, more clearly.

And then there was the small(er) stuff. The fish were fun, color- and plentiful. But I am not going to go into this nor the Sednas (nudibranch) ...my favorites, just 3 quarter of an inch long. No, I won't bother you with that, because the highlight of the trip, for me was the fact that I, by myself, spotted my first *Octopus*, (and lots thereafter of course).

The best part of it though was the fact, that it was curious enough to check me out, engulfing my right hand and lower arm within its tentacles.

It felt soft and silky (we were not allowed to wear gloves there), with the suckers clamping down, testing, sensing, 'checking out' this strange object, my hand.

And it pulled, whoa, there was a lot of strength in that basketball size

creature. We arm wrestled for a couple of minutes until (s)he got tired, let go of me and swam/crawled away.

Just doesn't get any better then: Sleep - Pre Brekkie(\*) snack - *DIVE* - Breakfast - *DIVE* - Lunch - Nap -- *DIVE* - Snack - *DIVE* - Beer - Dinner - Sleep - **DREAM!**

(\*) Canadian for breakfast



**STAMMTISCH - from page 2**

It's hard to believe that this was ever a sleepy fishing village. As late as the 1930's Cabo San Lucas had a population of only about 400 people. The only way to get there was by boat, plane or 1,000 miles of rutted and frequently washed out dirt roads. In the 50's it became a getaway for the Hollywood set, Bing Crosby, Desi Arnaz, Phil Harris and The Duke, built the hotel Las Cruces. With the opening of the Carretera Transpeninsular in 1973, it became relatively easy to drive down and the population swelled from 1500 to being well on its way to 50,000 today. The marina has slips for 300 boats; ranging from yachts to dinghy's. There are over 100 holes with a master plan calling for 207 for those who like to golf. The airport is littered with private jets. In short, marlin alley has become a playground for the über-rich. Needless to say, we managed to fit right in. We checked out the Rolex's, both real and fake, had a

Continue on page 6

**STAMMTISCH from page 5**

terrific meal of fresh seafood and then retired to the hotel's patio for a Cuba Libre, and a Monte Cristo No. 5.

Saturday morning once again found us sitting among a welter of luggage, this time the pile was truly monumental. It looked as if we were heading for a Pelican case convention, we must have had every size and model. There's something about underwater photography which dramatically raises the amount of gear you get to drag around various exotic airports. We were waiting for the "Euro Bus" which would take us to La Paz and our rendezvous with the Nautilus Explorer. We had planned on embarking in Cabo San Lucas, but there appeared to be some "issues" possibly connected with the other boat that had until recently enjoyed the exclusive franchise to the islands. Reminded me of high school forays south of the border, you learned early on that the required paperwork requested at a roadblock was often conveniently pre-printed on the back of a \$20 bill; times change, but not really very much.

The ride to La Paz was great, instead of the anticipated bus, a couple of vans pulled up instead. With a little sweat and a spider web of bungee cords, we managed to get our gear stowed, on the roof rack, under the seats and tucked into the odd corner. We headed down the road, a cooler full of Pepsi and Pacifico beer to make sure we stayed hydrated – unlike the dead cows lying on the side of the road - Mariachi music blaring on the radio. It doesn't get any better than that. We pulled into the dock at La Paz after a whirlwind tour of Baja, including a drive by of the Hotel California in Todos Santos, "you can check out, but you can never really leave". Once

on the dock, we quickly stowed our gear and got to know the crew, Peter, Pedro, Paul, Sylvia, Jessie, aka the Sharkchick and Dean. We settled in with welcome aboard margaritas, got a thorough trip briefing, slipped our lines and headed for the Islas de Revillagiedos.



San Benedicto

The run from La Paz took close to 24 hours. There had been a few green faces on our run over, so when we dropped anchor at the Canyon off San Benidicto Island it was good to drop off the stern and into what seemed to me to be an aquarium. We did several dives here as we settled into what would become our pattern for the next two weeks. Roll out of our bunk and head for the lounge for a cup of strong tea or maybe coffee. Then a little noshing at the pre-breakfast buffet, fresh fruit, a couple of muffins, some yogurt, granola and a banana; this usually tied me over until breakfast. At 8:00 "the pool" would open with diving, either off the stern of the mother ship or from one of the two pangas, the Pituca or the Pitaca, named after a Mexican comedy team.

On our third day out we anchored off of Socorro to check-in with the Mexican navy garrisoned there. They came on board around midnight and probably because we were in the first room at the foot of the stairs, "G", they paid us a visit. It was quick, painless and the lieutenant looked great in his dress whites. (note from the editor: 'oh yes, I did' enjoying the fact of

having 3 (three) guys in the room...:)

In between dives we ate, napped, layed in the sun and generally rested up for the evening's activities. Aside from the slide shows featuring the days photo shoot, we watched Werner Herzog's documentary of Timothy Treadwell, the grizzly "expert" who along with his girlfriend were eaten alive by a bear in Alaska. On another evening we watched a seasons worth of diving in the Antarctic. Then there were the Great White videos, the Alaska king crab barbeque, the Nautilus burgers and the quiet time curled up with a book, eyelids drooping, toe nails painted.

The Revillagiedos were "discovered" in 1533 by Hernando de Grijalva.. His first stop was "Santo Tome" (Socorro). A few days later he and his crew came upon the island he named "Inocentes" (San Benedicto). In 1779 José Camaoh discovered Roca Partida and "Santa Rosa" (Clarion). The islands are 225 miles south of Cabo San Lucas. There are a total of four islands in the chain, San Benedicto, Socorro, Roca Partido and Clarion. We managed to visit all of the islands with the exception of Clarion. Roca Partida is on the edge of what you could call an island; you can almost circumnavigate the rock on one breath.



Roca Partida

We dove El Acuario, held our breath at JJ's to listen to the

**Continue on page 7**

**STAMMTISCH from page 6**

whale's song, fondled mantas at El Boiler, hung on in the current while a school of 30 to 50 hammerheads swam by at El Canon. The Boiler was one of my favorite sites, a pinnacle about 20 feet beneath the surface, surrounded by deep, deep, blue, bottomless ocean.

Aside from the daily diving with jacks, barracuda, wahoos, scorpion stone fish, octopus strolling in the open, monster lobster, we did several blue water free-dives. There is something mystical about swimming unencumbered but for mask, fins and a snorkel watching a Galapagos shark appear from out of the blue and watch as it slowly circles, closer and closer with each pass. Maybe even more exiting is when a giant pacific manta (Mantas hamilton) eerily appearing at the edge of your vision, gradually comes into focus, larger and larger until the full 20 foot wingspan was in view. There is no way to describe the feeling of having one of these magnificent "devilfish" languidly swim by while looking you straight in the eye.

The trip was good, the water clear and warm, still I still think there's something unnatural about diving in warm water. So that's it for this month. We've already done our first cold water dive in Monterey; cold, green, with 20 to 30 feet of visibility. As Mike Nelson might have said, The way it's supposed to be.

**MR. WHEEZY'S BACK**

by Kenneth Gwin

One would think that some things cannot be improved upon. When a "classic" is born you can put the idea to rest.

Man Fish dreams of simple rigs and regs, the two-hose, backpack, no BC, no dangling SPG. Flying by the seat of his pants through back lit kelp forests, gliding over seamounts, nestled side by side with the fish, he swims his rig with nerves as antennae, his skin alive with all that surrounds him; he is his machine, his machine lives through him.

Last year's trip with the Voit Fifty Fathom was great.

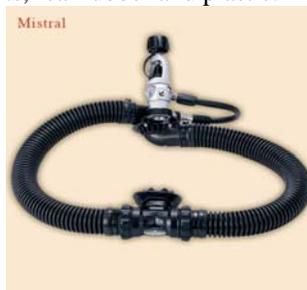
The previous year with the yellow hosed Mistral was like channeling Cousteau. Exhaling through bubble-less vistas, descending headfirst, I swam through life as slippery as a seal, limber in my trusty wetsuit. In this reality there were no gadgets nor gauges, no inflators, exhaust valves, no backups, no fear.

In a reality where you always felt like you are breathing from an empty tank, and men were men and where Man Fish was born, our dreams were realized, our hearts were set free.

(Yes, it was like trying to suck air from a 40-foot hose at -03% ambient pressure through a restricted orifice. So what!)

We were alive and we swam on!

It was with obvious curiosity that my ears went up when rumors spread about a new Mistral, not some European facsimile, but a "new" one made with modern parts, real rubber and plastic.



After warming up this past Saturday by diving the deep water spots of Flintstone's and Malpaso (and with a certain reverence for all those who have gone before), I wrenched down a newly minted, redesigned Mistral to a "modern" tank strapped to a "modern" back plate and prepared myself for my childhood dreams to be reborn into this 21<sup>st</sup> Century.

I turned on the air.

I took a few practice breaths.

With machined precision, confident pneumatic gasps followed my breathing.

Ahh.

Listen. It lives.

The hopes for some viable anachronism were brought back to life.

It didn't look like the old two-hose regulators.

It was your basic first stage Aqua Lung coupled to a second stage connected to two corrugated hoses with more adapters (and a bad mouthpiece) and plumbed with an outboard intermediate pressure hose going from somewhere to somewhere else. It spoke of a modular off the shelf efficiency not apparent with the garage band exuberance glistening from the shiny old Mistral made of spring clamps and chromed brass.

But, truth is the master.

You can dress her up as a Honda, but a two hose regulator is a two hose regulator.

There is a history of tinkering done over the years on this original design (a poppet valve and a

**Continue on page 8**

**MR. WHEEZY – from page 7**

diaphragm screwed onto a tank). This single stage two-hose design was the original "state of the art." Mike Nelson stood by it while thumbing his nose at what he called the inferior two stage single-hose regulators looming ominously on the horizon. Some tinkered with a two stage two-hose (a hybrid of concentric contraptions crammed into an "alarm clock"), but Cousteau and others realized the ultimate limitations.

Nothing looks cooler. But, it breathes like a pig.

And, after all these years and computer design, rest assured, the new one breathes the same.

If the world were driven by style alone and reality never encroached on the best-laid plans; this regulator would be in every dive bag.

But, we have been spoiled by the transparency of our regulators, the effortless comfort and response, the soulless perfection accomplished by simple and straightforward design packaged in miracle technopolymer.

There may just be somewhere out there, the perfect super-turbo-charged-magic-venturi-over-balanced-power-assisted two-hose regulator waiting to revolutionize the new century.

Somewhere.

Maybe.

In this reality, you just can't beat plated brass parts, some springs and clips without giving it a lot more thought.

Still, I dream of Man Fish.

I'm sure he's out there now, not fooled by this faint imitation.

If the thought were good enough, and all that counts, he might smile. Maybe he appreciates the acknowledgement, the simple fact that you remembered him after so many years.

**THE OTHER DIVE ON 5/7**

by El Presidente

The other dive on Saturday which two of us die hard reef divers went on was a Cencal spearfishing tournament in Pacific Grove. Rick Snider and I continued our pro/amateur tour of spear fishing meets from last year.

Last year we entered the Randy Fry tournament at Fort Ross, and Rick got his first abalone. He also lost his first abalone iron.

This time we were free diving off of kayaks at a spot to the west of Lover's Point. The water was glassy, with no wind, warm air and water temps, and visibility of 15 to 30 feet. For Rick, this represented a

couple of new challenges. It was the second time he was diving off of a kayak, and the second time he has tried to spear a fish. He rose to the occasion and over the next five hours of the meet figured out how to find some fish, how to approach them, and how to successfully hit one. This is actually quite an accomplishment for his first day of spear fishing.

For me, it was a fun meet. I'd rarely seen sheepshead in Monterey, and they seemed to be all over the place. I shot and landed my first three sheepshead, and lost three others to sloppy shooting. I ending up with 7 fish weighing 28 pounds, which was as good as I'd ever done in a meet.

So how did we do in the competition? Not too good. Rick's fish didn't meet the minimum of **14 inches**, and my catch was not enough to get me a first, second or third place. The top guys at the meet, who are actually the top spearfishmen in the country, came in with 80 to 90 pounds of fish each. There were half a dozen sheepshead shot that weighed over 15 pounds.

Amazing.

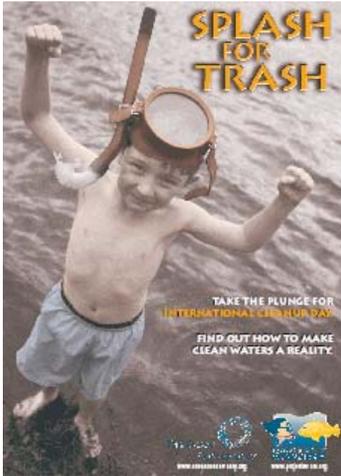
If any of you have a desire to join in, the next meet is at Monastery on the first Saturday of next month.

-Gene

**FOR SALE**

**20 cu ft. bail-out-bottle  
used twice**

**Contact: Tim Howe (510) 339 - 7149**



## LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE SEPTEMBER 17 MONTEREY DIVE CLEAN-UP

Well, it is time again to start planning the Monterey Dive Clean-up. This year it will be held on Saturday, September 17, at the Wharf II in Monterey (next to Del Monte Beach).

California Coastal Cleanup Day is the premier volunteer event focused on the marine environment in the country. Each year, more than 40,000 volunteers turn out at over 400 cleanup sites statewide to conduct what has been hailed by the Guinness Book of Records as "the largest garbage collection" in the world. Since the program started in 1985, over 552,000 Californians have removed some 8.5 million pounds of trash from our state's shorelines and coast. When combined with the International Coastal Cleanup, organized by The Ocean Conservancy and taking place on the same day, California Coastal Cleanup Day becomes part of one of the largest volunteer events of the year.

We had a great showing last year. If you are interested in being a lead coordinator or be one of the crew please contact Debra Gillmore (phone 510-846-0351, e-mail [divecleanup2005@yahoo.com](mailto:divecleanup2005@yahoo.com) ).

Below are the descriptions of the lead coordinators.

- Food Preparation: (contact potential sponsors for donations, buy and prepare food for BBQ)
- Donations: (contact dive shops for donations)
- PR contact: (contact dive clubs, newspaper etc.)
- Dive Coordinator (lead diving activities the day of the event)
- Shore Help Coordinator (organize volunteer above water, (registration, set-up and haul garbage)

### **IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY EXTRA TIME, PLEASE MARK THIS DATE ON YOUR CALENDAR AND JOIN US FOR THE DIVE.**

**When:** September 17, 2005  
**Where:** Wharf II in Monterey (next to Del Monte Beach)  
**Time:** 8:30 a.m. to 3 p.m.  
**Parking:** Free until 3 p.m.

**Land check in:** 8:00 a.m.  
**Divers check in:** 8:30 a.m. Dive at 9:30 a.m.

**BBQ:** 1 p.m. on beach  
**Prize Awards:** 1:30 p.m.

**Contact:** Debra Gilmore at [divecleanup2005@yahoo.com](mailto:divecleanup2005@yahoo.com) / (510) 846-0351

**Pre-Registration:** Not necessary, but helpful for the planning, especially if you want to be fed

*Sponsors: The Harbor Master of Monterey, The City of Monterey and the Northern Californian Diving Community  
Organizers: San Francisco Reef Divers and The Central California Council of Diving Clubs Inc.*

# Flotsam & Jetsam

## THE ATTACK OF THE GIANT BLACK SEA BASS

A spear fisherman was arrested in San Diego after killing a 200-pound black sea bass (*Stereolepis gigis*).

Omid Adhami, 34, is facing two misdemeanor charges for unlawfully fishing in a reserve and being in possession of a protected species.

Adhami claims that he did not know what kind of fish it was and that he was afraid of it and killed it in self defense. If convicted, he faces a maximum of six months in jail and a \$1,000 fine.

## TWO HUNDRED BUCKS FOR A BOWL OF SOUP?

Called Buddha jumps over the wall, supposedly because it is so mouthwatering that Buddha, a vegetarian, was prompted to leap over a wall to find the source of the aroma. A restaurant in London is offering the shark fin soup for roughly \$200 a bowl at today's exchange rates. The soup's ingredients include abalone, Japanese flower mushrooms, chicken, pork, ginseng, scallops and sea cucumber. Can Campbell's be far behind?

## WHAT'S NEW ON THE SCHOOL LUNCH MENU? - WHALE MEAT.

Japan, claiming that the global ban on whaling is disrespectful of its culture has once again begun to serve whale meat in public elementary and junior high schools in Wakayama.

Served marinated with sweet and sour sauce, the meat is served as burgers or meat balls. Apparently the treat is popular with the kids. The cost of the meat is subsidized by Japan's Fisheries Agency.

## MONTEREY AQUARIUMS GREAT WHITE HEADS SOUTH

After 198 days at the Monterey Bay Aquarium, the resident great white was released. At the time she left us, she was up to 6 and a half feet long and weighed a62 pounds. An electronic tag attached to her, popped off as programmed in the area of Point Conception off the coast of Santa Barbara.

The tag relays information concerning the sharks journey such as depth, water temperature to researchers at Stanford's Hopkins Marine Station via satellite. Looks like she is heading home to Huntington beach.



Curt Degler©1999  
cdegler@best.com  
Giant Black Sea Bass



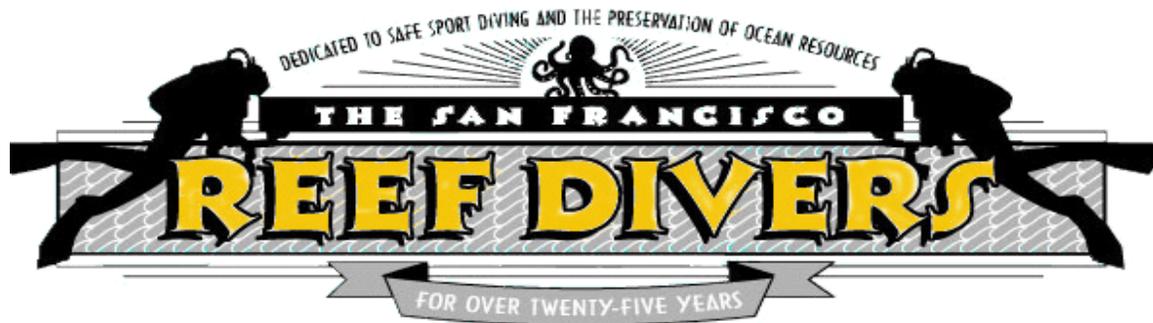
We highly encourage you to also support the other organizations listed below when you pay your annual dues. (Please indicate your membership options with the checkboxes below.)

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

Show your support for all three! \$50

Name:	_____
Address:	_____
City:	_____ State: _____ Zip: _____
Home Phone: ( _____ ) _____	Work Phone: ( _____ ) _____
Email:	_____
How would you like your newsletter delivered? ( <i>Choose one</i> ):	
<input type="checkbox"/> Online at the SFRD website (preferred)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Mailed to my home address	

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/>.

SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS  
Reef Divers Times  
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