

DIVE LOG



The Bimonthly Newsletter of the United Divers of New Hampshire



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More inside.



**BOSTON
SEA
ROVERS**
2000



On our cover

Ever wonder what it was like in the earlier days of diving when it took a crew just to get you into the suit? Well you can now step back in time a bit to find out for yourself. The Northeast Diving Equipment Group, made up of volunteer divers and collectors set up at Sea Rovers last March and made the “dress”, as the gear is called, available to anyone with the desire to satisfy their curiosity. My wife Susie just couldn't pass up the opportunity and seeing a potential newsletter piece, she and Linda Hurd [our designated photographer] headed straight for the booth to have a turn. After removing her sweater (one look at this thing tells you it's going to be hot) and any jewelry that may get caught or lost in the rubber and canvas dress, it was time to slide in. Obviously a bit looser than your typical drysuit, this thing can accommodate just about any size diver. The “Group” headed up by Mr. Jim Boyd holds a number of events each year including two rallies at Willow Springs Quarry Park in Richland, Pennsylvania. At these rallies, certified scuba-divers can actually dive the rigs on a time-available basis. They don't charge a fee for this but do ask that you put in your share of time in the training session and in tending. Sounds like a plan to me! Susie was thrilled at the chance to try this stuff on but drew the line at ever diving it. Time involved was close to 30 minutes due to questions being thrown at the crew but Mr. Boyd told me they average 15 minutes to dress a diver in this vintage U.S. Navy 1943 Mark V system and that the Navy can do it in 6 min., WOW! Watching her trying to stand up in the 180 pound “dress” made me very appreciative of my lightweight Viking and scuba gear.

If you would like more information on this surface supplied equipment you can visit their websites:

www.geocities.com/pipeline/reef/1484
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or contact Jim Boyd online at JBoydDIVER@aol.com
or at 973/948-5618 (afternoons & evenings until 10:00pm)



DIVE LOG

UNITED DIVERS OF NH

The Newsletter of the United Divers of New Hampshire

Editors: Gary Thuillier
Don Eva

Submissions

Editorial contributions may be e-mailed to
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Please include a brief byline and author contact information with your submission. Submission shall automatically constitute an expressed warranty by the contributor that the material is original and is in no way an infringement on the rights of others. While no compensation is paid for published submissions, a byline indicating the source of an article will always be provided. Authors grant *Dive Log* and United Divers of New Hampshire first print rights to the submission. *Dive Log* and its editors reserve the right to edit all materials as needed. The opinions stated in the articles in *Dive Log* are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the United Divers of New Hampshire or the editors of the *Dive Log*. For further information, please contact Gary Thuillier @ (603)487-3001

Subscriptions

Subscriptions to *Dive Log* are included in the UDNH membership fees. Non-members may subscribe to the newsletter for \$15/year. Subscription inquiries should be addressed to Gary Thuillier as well.

Advertising

Rates for a full year placement (6 bimonthly issues) range from \$75 to \$360, depending on placement size and location. For detailed information on advertising in *Dive Log*, contact Don Eva at (603) 672-5608 or dpeva@aol.com

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Website:

Newsletters and other current info are available at our website: <http://www.udnh.org>, graciously hosted by Jake & Linda Richter.

Bonaire, a divers paradise?

by Rose Gamache

According to the latest dive magazines, it appears Hurricane Lenny never showed up for a guest appearance last November as his legacy of destruction isn't even mentioned in a sidebar. The article articulates the ease of shore diving with RSD readers rating it the "best in the Caribbean for six straight years." The December issue of Sport Diver (the new official magazine of PADI replacing Aqua) has a two-page display of a school of blue tang cruising over beautiful healthy staghorn coral, and on the next page a picturesque forest of symmetrical mounds of this same coral. Sadly, all of that coral, every millimeter of it, has been indiscriminately displaced over Bonaire's sandy beaches covering every smooth available area for even an infant's feet. Without thick-soled booties, walking over the "beach" can be traumatic for a Neanderthal's feet. Needless to say, profuse and emphatic expletives were expressed before reaching the water's edge to dive to the Hilma Hooker, an intact wreck at a depth of about 100 feet. So, lugging tanks and equipment to a vehicle and cakewalking over rubble of broken staghorn coral to get to the water just to repeat the process after returning from a dive simply was not paradise for Jim and Barbara Wenzel, Bob nor myself!

Since Lenny's wrath the government has hindered the dive operators' progress in rebuilding their docks forcing boat dives to be initiated from the main harbor—in the car again! Some of the dive sites suffered extensive damage while some appeared virtually untouched remaining pristine and healthy. However, snorkelers will find only barren shallows now. The Town Pier provided one very interesting site; it was like diving in the town dump with tires and debris strewn about among a mass of nocturnal divers stirring up sediment. The concrete pillars were lush with beautiful bright orange cup coral and tube sponges with a lesser sponge crab struggling midway up the pillar while carrying the weight of a 7 or 8 inch tube sponge on its back. At Capt. Don's LaMachaca Reef, we were stalked on every night dive by the two resident 6ft tarpon, Charlene and Charlie, whose only mission, it seems, is to scare divers. On our last night dive, they brought along their two kids to further distract us or use our lights to illuminate their next meal.

The marine life in Bonaire's waters remain plentiful and varied. In addition to seeing a multitude of common tropical

fish, an octopus entertained us during daylight before we ascended to the boat. We observed spotted drums and moray eels on every dive. None of us had ever seen a chain moray with its bright yellow chain-like markings over a black background camouflaged in the narrow crevices of finger coral. Barbara delighted in the beauty of the juvenile yellowtail damselfish with brilliant blue dots on its dark blue body flitting incessantly around the coral. Then the thunderous midnight parrotfish would mysteriously emerge from nowhere. One oddity that baffled all of us was clarified by a dive master after we described a tiny cube-like black creature with white spots controlling its buoyancy under the protection of some coral—a baby trunkfish! One highlight of the trip was seeing a yellow frogfish disguised as a piece of coral and an orange seahorse entwined around a sea rod. But the pinnacle of our excitement came as a mammoth school of shad opened up to allow us to enter its domain, encircling us with welcomed acceptance. Bonaire, this unattractive desert island, lacks charm and ease of diving right now, but continues to be a fish photographer's dream teeming with a plethora of marine creatures.

photo by Bob Gamache



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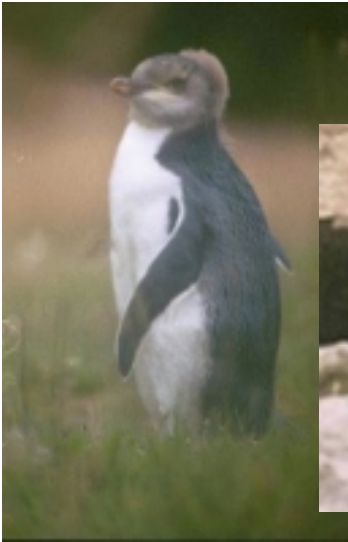
Destination - New Zealand !

by Jean Stefanik

I had traveled to the North Island of New Zealand a few years ago, enjoying it thoroughly. I couldn't imagine why most people said they actually preferred the South Island. I found the diversity of the North with its geothermal activity including hot water beach, the clear lakes and streams, the wide open expanses of places like 90 Mile Beach, and the bustle of Auckland with the America's Cup, an incredible experience. After recently returning from 3 weeks in the South, however, I now understand.

Imagine...driving for hours on curvy roads along the East coast, pausing on stretch after stretch of deserted, undeveloped beaches - in awe at the New Zealand Fur Seals basking on rocks and sand. Imagine then walking up to them... closer... closer... closer - getting within range to get a full head shot filling your frame. They don't seem to bat an eyelash, if their eyes open at all. These fur seals are actually in a separate classification - neither seals nor sea lions.- they are the size of gray seals but have many features of sea lions, like ear flaps and the ability to walk on front flippers -I had to do some research to dispel some confusion on my part about this.

Imagine using a roll of film on the fur seals, only to realize there is a mom and two chicks under the rocky ledge on which the seal is basking in the cool summer sun. They are slate blue, cute as buttons, and appropriately named little blue penguins. More film, more close-ups - amazing place this is!



photos by
Jean Stefanik



Imagine...looking out over cliffs and watching 4 species of cormorants dwarfed by the wingspan of the giant albatross - over 10 feet wide - gliding through the air. On the water they look like very large domestic geese size - with longer legs - when they land on land or water it's not particularly graceful, but amazing. Imagine being at the only nesting rookery not found on a remote island — in awe.

Imagine 20 minutes later traveling thru the man-enhanced yellow-eyed penguin preserve - a farmer's field turned into ecotourism at its best. For a modest fee of around \$25NZ (\$12 US), a supporter can walk thru tunnels to a system of blinds - we'd peek out and see Mom or Dad penguin returning from the sea, sliding in on the surf, then trek to the nest and feed nearly fledging chicks - with our observing from 4-5 feet through the blinds. In between, we learned of predator controls, habitat restoration, and learned that the previously decreasing population of only 20 breeding pairs of this penguin found nowhere else in the world, was now at 200 pairs plus and growing. It took some planting of trees, building of temporary a-frame shaped nest shelters, trapping predators like weasels, opossums, feral cats, etc. Eco-travelers like me are thrilled at the experience and grateful for the opportunity to contribute to the restoration project.

Imagine snorkeling in shallow water and gazing into chilly tidepools and seeing species of sea cucumber, oyster, mussel, anemones, and fish which are unlike any the experienced North American eye has viewed. Color combinations and diversity beyond the imagination - 4 species of starfish in one tidepool alone!

Imagine going whale watching being fairly assured of an encounter with sperm whales - watching their majestic flukes rise as their backs are arched - to then gracefully glide into the 8000 foot depths in search of giant squid and octopus, less than a mile from shoreline. Imagine

(continued on next page)



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(continued from previous page)

trading the boat for a 10-seater airplane and following the same whales from the sky, looping in figure 8's to be looking straight down on the whales.

Imagine donning a wetsuit and slipping into the chilly water (gloves not needed, hoods optional - better to not wear them for hearing) - and being encircled with a dozen or more curious dusky dolphins. You squeal in excitement (and cold as the water rushes in your wetsuit) and that only attracts more dolphins. You make eye contact with them - they appear to smile at you - you dive down as deep as the wetsuit allows, they twirl, you circle - they circle faster - it becomes a game - they always win... but that's perfectly fine with you. You make more noises, more come to you - there's no chasing dolphins here - the boat puts you in a spot with thousands of dolphins in the vicinity and they swim to you if they choose to - if they find you an interesting playmate. Imagine...looking into the eyes of a dolphin gliding by, feeling the click of their inquiries - so close...amazing...

Imagine traveling to the foothills of snow-capped mountains to ride horses through the stream-filled trails, mist hanging over the giant ponga tree ferns in the valleys. Imagine being on the top of the world, looking down on the peninsula, sheep and cattle grazing on hillsides, backed up to mountains making their own weather as you rode. Imagine galloping along flat trails through fields laced with now-wild digitalis - foxglove - blossoming amidst the native flora. Imagine walking the horses down steep slippery trails, riding through streams and down winding trails, then returning to the "station" ranch to be served tea - how civilized! Imagine watching the farm tractor back the boat into the harbor, then heading out to sea in search of sharks - imagining watching the burley (chum) attract several species of seabirds including cormorants and albatross, even an occasional fur seal. Donning wetsuit, and SCUBA, imagine walking the gangplank on either side of the stern to step down into (no fins, of course) the custom shark cage - complete with 5 x 10 ft plexiglass on both ends, and hand and toe holds within the cage so that holding onto the 5 inch thick mesh on front and back was not necessary. Or recommended. Imagine 6 - 12 foot long blue sharks - really blue - circling after the burley, biting into the shark cage inches away from your head - watching them ignore the seabirds bobbing on the surface, but then glide towards them if a bird chose to dive for a piece of fish - we never saw a bird be caught - wondering why they seemed not to be targets with only their feet bobbing below the surface. Imagine being eager to spot a mako shark and somehow disappointed when they didn't appear on this trip. Imagine being tossed in the cage, up and down, back and forth in 3-6 ft swells - getting into the rhythm of the cage movements - almost like riding a bucking horse - holding your toes curled, left hand on the handrail, and right hand trying desperately to shoot shots of sharks without smashing into metal, and at the same time occasionally clearing a partially flooded mask. Then topside being



photo by Jean Stefanik

served piping hot tea and platters of just-boiled "crayfish" - equal to our lobster in tender sweetness. On the way back to port, the captain turns at the sight of a pod of pilot whales - just passing through.

Imagine snorkeling by yourself on a deserted rocky beach, after spending the night listening to the peeping of endangered kiwi birds outside the cottage - looking at the Southern Cross before a full moon rise to illuminate the skies. Imagine spotting paua abalone in 3 feet of water. Imagine coming around a bed of kelp to be greeted by a 5 foot wide around pelagic ray - which circles gliding gracefully out to sea.

Why go all of the way to New Zealand? Because it's steeping with Maori culture. Because it's fun to drive on the left and say "G'day"! Because the exchange rate is better than Canada. Because the fish and chips are delightful - try the kumara fries! Because it's naturally beautiful, and unspoiled by crowds. Because it's full of travelers who are not just tourists - they are adventuresome. Because the cities are impressive and traveler-friendly with hostels everywhere. Because there are sheep everywhere. Because the giant tree ferns remind you of Jurassic Park footage. Because it's an amazing place with people of amazing graciousness and spirit - who know and appreciate their piece of paradise. Because you will have experiences which will restore your spirit for a long time to come.

Just do it!

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Thanks Rich

A group of eight UDNH members took advantage of **Ocean Scuba's** offer of a discounted Nitrox course for the club. Rich Bacon, our instructor and owner of the facility, walked us through what initially seemed like a nightmare of mathematical equations. With a couple of weeks to review the materials before the class and his skillful guidance that night, we all made the grade and advanced to another level of diving knowledge.

Rich is presently in the process of putting in a custom pool at his shop and we all wish him luck in his latest endeavor.

And a special thanks to **Wendy Lull** of the *Seacoast Science Center*, Odiorne Point StatePark in Rye, NH. As our guest speaker at the April 3rd meeting, she gave us a very interesting and informative look at aquaculture off New Hampshire's waters. Be sure to stop in for a visit at the center after your next dive at the coast.

Winter Island Camping Trip

July 21,22,&23 are the dates decided on for this years UDNH Campout. The new location is Winter Island in Salem, Massachusetts. It was decided at the last meeting to secure a block of campsites for three nights thus allowing us to spend the entire day on Sunday with the option of staying the extra night. The cost is \$45 per site for the weekend. Anyone wishing to attend should sign up and bring their deposit of \$15 to the next meeting.

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A Tail of Two Manatees

by Barbara Wenzel

Let me start at the very beginning, at the risk of boring those of you who are waiting in suspense for the details of this most memorable event. I have discovered since I moved to the Treasure Coast of Florida that Manatees have a magnetizing effect on me. In fact I have recently discovered that I dearly love the homely looking cows! Whenever I have the opportunity to view one, I go out of my way to do so, just for the odd chance that I might see a nose peak out of the water or see a ping pong paddle shaped tail briefly skim the top of the water.

As it turned out today, I had one of those opportunities to see a manatee in the wild. I had just gotten done taking a breathtaking walk along the beach at Sabastian Inlet State Park with my parents. If you're not familiar with the location, looking south of the inlet all you can see is miles and miles of beach and ocean water, beautiful to behold and walk on. The inlet itself has two jettys bordering the river. Today we were on the beach from the southern jetty. When we came back we were fortunate enough, (and we eavesdropped enough) to here some people talking about going to see the manatees at the jetty. That's all I had to hear, with my father in tow, we were off. After several moments we saw some dark shadows in the water and an occasional break in the water of a nose or a tail. We knew we were seeing a manatee. Already excited, I turned my head to talk to my father, and caught a glimpse of something dark jutting up out of the water very close to the shore. I said to my father, "look there's another one". He looked but wasn't convinced that it was a manatee. To him it looked as though some large piece of trash had washed up on the shore. I kept looking. I told him again that I thought it was a manatee. The object was washing up closer and closer to the shore. If it was trash it was very large and rubbery looking. Each wave that hit it seemed to change its' image. The next wave made it look too irregular shaped to be a manatee, the one following made it appear to move. The only way I could be sure was to get a closer look. One thing was becoming more painful for me to conceive of though. If it was a manatee, I was afraid it was either dead or very ill. I had a sudden flashback of the dead manatee we had seen floating in the water in Key Largo last year. My anxiety for this animal or piece of rubber increased with each running step I took.

One step, two steps; it's a manatee – three steps, four steps; it's a large rubber mat – five, six; manatee – seven, eight; a piece of carpeting. Finally, I reached the beach where the entire mass was almost washed up on the shore. To my despair, it was not one, but two manatees, one slightly smaller than the other. Neither of them were moving. Two dead manatees had washed up on the beach. I yelled up to the people on the jetty. "Get help quick they need help". I heard my dad yell "call 911".

Everyone on the jetty was watching. Some froze in their tracks. Some watched curiously to see what was going on. I saw a young man go running for the State Park office.

I was close enough to touch the poor souls. What could I do? Indecision! I had to do something, get them back in the water until help arrived. The water was pushing them closer to the shore. I began to approach them but to my surprise, quicker than I have ever seen a manatee move, (in all of my vast observations of manatee behavior), they were gone. I saw their shadows move into the deeper water. I was totally puzzled! What had just happened?

I returned to the jetty where a young woman had been taking photos of the whole sequence of events, including me in a state of near panic standing within arms reach of the poor animals. She was yelling out something I couldn't quite make out as I approached. As her words became clearer all at once my bewilderment faded, replaced quickly my an overwhelming feeling of embarrassment. Excitedly she yelled out "manatee porno, I got it all on film!" I guess the rest of the story tells itself. I don't have to explain to you what they were doing or why they were so preoccupied that they almost beached themselves. Another onlooker told us all that she believed that this is mating season for the big beautiful creatures and we had been fortunate enough to be privy to it!

Suddenly I felt a bit like a voyeur, but those who had been watching were kind. Most felt that being so large the manatees probably would have soon come to some harm if they hadn't come to their senses soon. I leave that judgement in your hands. Was my interruption nothing more than the same annoyance a horse feels when its trying to feed and I fly lands on its' back? One flick of the tail and the problem is solved. I, with my frail ego in dire need of repair, prefer to believe that not only did I rescue these endangered mammoths of the Sea, but that I also single-handedly answered the nagging question of why marine mammals beach themselves. The answer? Listen closely and I will explain.

Why do mighty kingdoms fall? Why are strong men brought to their knees? Why do women behave so strangely when they are playing the dating game? Why do birds and bees ... Nevermind. The answer may be a simple, timeless three letter word, SEX!

Well friends there is my tale of ecstasy and woe! I hope you will all be kind in your judgement. If not, let me just excuse whatever delusional misperceptions I might have had as being due to my old stand-bye excuse, I simply didn't get enough sleep last night!

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Meetings and Events

May 1, 2000 Meeting

May 15, 2000 Meeting

May 21, 2000 Bay State Council of Divers Annual Treasure Hunt, Gloucester, NH. Individual and team events, lots of prizes. Contact Gary Thuillier @603-487-3001 for info.

June 3, 2000 Used Equipment Sale. Bay State Council of Divers. Corner of Quarry and Joyce Streets, Quincy, Mass. 2 PM. Call Gary Thuillier

June 5, 2000 Meeting

June 19, 2000 Meeting

July 3, 2000 Meeting

July 17, 2000 Meeting

July 21-23, 2000 Camping at Winter Island, Salem, MA. Contact Ron Mann @603-879-9911.

August 5 New England Aquarium Dive Club Annual Picnic. Fort Getty, Jamestown, RI

August 26, 2000 Annual Jay Lewis Picnic, Great Island Common, Newcastle, NH

August 23-27, 2000 Annual Les Escoumins (Quebec) trip w/ New England Aquarium Dive Club. Beautiful cold water diving, whale watching, kayaking on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.



Club Meetings

Meetings are held the first and third Mondays of each month, January through November. We encourage potential members to attend a meeting or two to experience our club before joining. The meetings are held at the YMCA on 30 Mechanic St. (off of Elm Street) in Manchester. The meetings start at 7:00 PM. Each meeting consists of a short business portion followed by a variety of presentations and discussions. Immediately following the club has an hour of pool time for swimming, trying out gear, and the occasional game of underwater hockey. Members and guests often meet afterwards at a local restaurant for food and drink.

Extreme Weather

Meetings will be held if the YMCA is open. You can call them at 603-623-3558. Check close to the meeting time as the front desk often has no advance warning of early closures.

Membership

Annual dues for membership for 2000 in the United Divers of New Hampshire are \$30/individual or \$45/family. Dues are not prorated for members who join later in the year. To join, please contact Don Eva at 603-672-5608

Get in the Swim

After every meeting, the YMCA pool is open to our dive club for an hour of fun and fitness.

Don't wait for the ice to thaw before trying out that new equipment, the pool is the perfect place. Check out the club calendar for special presentations in the pool like dive knife use or trying out a dry suit. So bring a suit and a towel to every meeting and get into the swim.

United Divers of New Hampshire Contact Information - 2000

President	Gary Thuillier	603-487-3001
Vice President	Kerry Hurd	603-672-8325
Treasurer	Jim Mayo	603-895-4090
Secretary	Don Eva	603-672-5608
Dive Coordinator	Tom Tremblay	603-625-8459

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Bonaire Rebuttal

“Seeing as UDNH has a couple of members in absentia who live on Bonaire, namely Jake & Linda Richter, we thought it might be nice to have them provide their perspective on Bonaire diving post-Lenny, and sent them a copy of the Bonaire article. Jake responded as follows

I completely agree that it's reprehensible that Rodale's, Sport Diver, and other scuba publications use old stock photos showing forests of branching corals (Staghorn & Elkhorn, part of the Acropora family) as a normal example of Bonaire diving, especially since it's been almost a half year since the surge caused by Lenny passing north of us here on Bonaire. And, not mentioning that some dive sites have been drastically altered by Lenny is also irresponsible. And yes, access to some shore diving sites has gone from challenging to difficult, although recent regrading of the access areas has helped improve that. However, I need to take some issue with some of the other comments in the Bonaire article. First, not every millimeter of staghorn or elkhorn coral has been destroyed around Bonaire. Areas which were sheltered from the large waves, which includes the entire southern part of Klein Bonaire, as well as the northern dive sites from Karpata to Bopec, and the southern dive sites (below White Slave), suffered little or no damage whatsoever to any of their corals. The worst hit areas were north of the Harbour Village Marina up to Barcadera (including the Small Wall dive site behind our house), the northern part of Klein Bonaire, and the area from the airport down to about White Slave. However, even in many of these areas, while the shallows were scoured, the corals on the reef slope survived and are still quite nice to behold. Bonaire's dive sites are so varied that it's not possible to apply a blanket condemnation of all sites based on the diving of just a fraction of them (we have over 80 marked dive sites, and dozens more which are unmarked). In terms of the Town Pier, no question it's a garbage pile, but that is what makes it so fascinating - abundant life because the competition for food is minor at best. The Town Pier features the largest Caribbean anemones, arrow crabs, banded shrimp, etc. I've ever seen. Plus, as you pointed out, sponges are wildly abundant, as are morays. Just make sure to dive it after 8 or 9pm when the cattle boats full of divers have left.

The comment that “the government has hindered the dive operators' progress in rebuilding their docks” is biased, as it comes from the dive manager of Habitat (a good friend of ours). However this comment ignores that in 1993, the Bonairean government passed a series of laws to protect the environment better, and among these laws was that any new piers built (or any piers rebuilt) into the Bonaire Marine Park (which surrounds the whole island) had to use deep driven pylon construction for two reasons: 1) Less intrusive into the environment, as concrete piers cause large amounts of sedimentation during construction, never mind smothering all life below them; and 2) Because it's been shown that pylon piers can survive large amounts of surge a lot better. And the latter point was amply proved, as only Black Durgon's and WEB's (the power plant) piers in the Hato area survived the onslaught of the waves last November, and those were the only two which had pylon construction. All concrete piers and concrete construction along the shore north of Harbour Village was completely destroyed by the waves. The net result is that Sunset Beach lost both its piers, Sand Dollar lost the Green Parrot and the whole area where the dive shop used to be, while Buddy Dive, Lion's Dive, and Habitat lost all their sea-level piers and dive facilities. Black Durgon on the other hand only had to replace missing planking and was back in business. Anyhow, all that's in the past, as a pile-driving barge from Trinidad will be at Bonaire in mid-April, and will drive pylons deep into the substrate for all affected dive operations, and they will all have better piers than before, able to survive another surge, should that come about.

Outside of the above points, I agree that Bonaire has amazing (now even more so as fish got displaced for a while) fish life in the shallows and along the reefs. The only missing for us here on Bonaire is the annual visit by our fellow UDNH members! Where were you guys this year?

If you want to see what Bonaire looks like right this minute, above and underwater, take a look at a new site Linda and I and another friend got running recently: <http://www.BonaireWebCams.com>.

Thanks for allowing me a chance to add to the Bonaire article, and we hope to see some of you on Bonaire in the not too distant future!

Your friend, and fellow UDNH member,

Jake Richter

Equipment Mart

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Contact Lea Nichols @ 603 487-2726.

Dive Computer: Orca Marathon- excellent condition w/ new battery. \$100. Contact Mike Griffin @ 603-673-9250.

Dacor Extreme First and second stage (first year model), spg, digital depth/timer \$225.00 also **Performance** large BC \$50.00 and **Oceanic DataMax Pro** air integrated computer \$300.00 call Gary @ (603)487-3001

Viking “underwear” hood, \$10.00

Henderson men's Farmer John wet suit size M/L \$125.00 / wet suit hood - large, \$10.00 / wet suit boots, size 9-10, \$15.00 / Dacor BCD w/ power inflator size large asking \$45.00 / TUSA Liberator women's fins, pink, size Small asking \$25.00
Contact Willis Corson @ 668-5829

TIDES_

The following abbreviated tide tables are for High Tides only, based on Portsmouth Harbor. This guide is a quick reference only and should not be used for dives requiring exact times for slack tide. More detailed information is available at maineharbors.com.

SATURDAY		SUNDAY	
MAY			
6	1:56pm	7	2:50pm
13	8:30am	14	9:32am
20	1:58pm	21	2:37pm
JUNE			
3	12:49pm	4	1:42pm
10	7:03am	11	8:09am
17	12:59pm	18	1:36pm
24	5:37pm	25	6:25pm

Weather

Current marine weather for New England can be accessed on the world wide web at NWS.FSU.EDU/BUOY/