

# KELP KRAWLERS DIVE CLUB

February 2004

Volume 20, Number 2

## The Prez Sez: by Jerry Ehrlich

Three months later and I am still trying to figure out **Jeff Evans** magic! He was good years ago and now he is amazing. I guess it is magic and we'll leave it at that. Here might be a way for the rest of us to amaze our dive buddies. Well, maybe at least surprise them a little bit.

You can get an approximation of your **MDL** for air at a given depth with this simple rule. These are conservative times and will keep you well within **Minimum Decompression** on air.

This is a simple rule of thumb to give a first dive, usable **Minimum Decompression Limit (MDL)** for a given depth and gas. **Let's say we are diving air (21% oxygen 79% nitrogen). We can use the 100 Rule.** Simply stated the rule is:

The number will be different for every gas. **Ean32 (nitrox32, 32% oxygen 68% nitrogen) we can use the 120 rule; Depth + Time=120.** A dive to 60 feet on Ean32 has a usable **MDL** of about 60 minutes (120-60=60 minutes). It gets a little more complicated with nitrox because you must consider your **MOD (Maximum Operating Depth)**. The **MOD** for **Ean32** for our crew is **100 feet (1.3 Po2)**, so the math stops there.

**Depth + Time = 100.** So Time is = 100 - Depth.

These are usable estimates, but you can validate them for yourself with a dive table, desktop software or the planning mode of your dive computer.

Take the maximum depth you plan to do on the dive and subtract it from 100. A dive to 60 feet will have a **Minimum Decompression Limit** of 40 minutes (100-60 feet= 40 minutes). A Dive to 90 feet will have a **MDL** of 10 minutes (100-90=10).

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### MEMBERSHIP

Kelp Krawler dues:

\$15 for a single membership  
\$25 for a family Membership.

Make checks payable to:

Wayne Campbell  
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## Signs Installed: Jerry Ehrlich

The "leave the critters alone" signs have been installed at **Octopus Hole**, **Sund Rock** walk in access and **Sund Rock** drive in access. Many thanks to **Greg Volkhardt** and **Mike Beyer** who did the work while I stood around.



It was a small adventure as **Mike** and I waited for **Greg** at **Octopus Hole** while he waited for us at **Sund Rock**. We finally got together and it went pretty well.

These signs also make mention of trying to minimize our impact on the site by not silting the place up. We have noticed that both of these sites have a great deal of silt deposited by the rains via the **Skok River** and just plain run off.

It is virtually impossible to not stir up a silty bottom with a standard fin kick.

A frog kick is just about the only way to avoid making a mess. You can make the flutter kick work if you are 8-10 feet off the bottom, but visibility rarely permits.

By the way, anybody out there know how to make a frog kick work with split fins ?? :o)

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## Calendar of Events

**February 17th:** Club meeting - Speaker: **Craig Brown of Capital Divers.**

**March 16th:** Club meeting.

**April 20th:** Club meeting.

**May 18th:** Club meeting.

**June 15th:** Club meeting.

**July 20th:** Club meeting.

**August 17th:** Club meeting.

**September 21st:** Club meeting.

**October 19th:** Club meeting.

**November 16th:** Club meeting.

**December ?:** Christmas Party

## Kelp Krawlers Club Dive Trip Report: Edmonds Underwater Park: by Greg Volkhardt

"Its like Disneyland for Divers", I heard someone say as I headed for a pit stop after the hour and fifteen minute drive from **Olympia to Brackett's Landing in Edmonds.** Five intrepid **Kelp Krawlers** arrived at **Edmonds Underwater Park, Washington's** oldest marine preserve, at 7:30 am on a breezy cool **January 31st** morning to go diving. Luckily, we arrived early because the parking lot began to fill up fast soon after our arrival. Although I've lived and dove in **Washington** for 20 years, this would be my first visit to the **EUP.**

Prior to gearing up for our first dive, **Mike & Karen Beyer, Don Noviello, Jerry Helm and I** took a quick walk around to stretch our limbs and take a look at the facilities. The **EUP** is definitely set up for divers. The parking lot is close to the water and has spaces for about 30 vehicles. The bathrooms have large changing areas where divers can suit up. There are outdoor showers where you can rinse your gear; although we found out that the water was turned off to these in the winter. There are a lot of restaurants nearby that are available for meals and warm drinks. Although I didn't check, there used to be a dive shop nearby where air can be had. I don't know if its still there or not. There are also a couple of maps that show most of the structures that have been placed by **Bruce Higgins** and his crew of volunteers. I say "most" of the structures since the crew is constantly adding more and more structural components to improve the habitat at the park. The maps were really useful because as we scanned the water, there were probably 20 or more buoys over the thirteen acres of underwater habitat that mark the position of structures and underwater trails. Man, what fun!!! Let's go diving!!

For the first dive, we split up into two dive teams. **Karen, Don, and Jerry formed one team and Mike Beyer and I were on the other.** **Mike and I** were diving our standard kits: double tanks and underwater crotch rockets. Our plan was to make a single loong dive, then prepare lunch for the others. All of us were planning to dive the dry dock on our first dive. We are still debating whether any of us made it (more on that later). **Mike**

**and I** brought our scooters down to the water. There were small one foot waves crashing on the sandy beach so we opted to stage our scooters upright and high enough on the beach where the waves would reach them but not knock them over while we donned our gear. Navigation should be a snap since at **Mike's** suggestion I had taped a laminated map of the underwater park onto the top of my scooter. Soon we were in the water and ready to go. The other team had already taken off.

**Its a fairly long swim out to the dry dock.** In fact it was probably 100 yards or so out to the dolphin that marked the beginning of the underwater trail, so after looking each others gear over **Mike and I** set our scooters to their maximum speed setting for a surface pull out to the dolphin. We hit the triggers and took off, ....me especially. As I jetted forward I quickly realized that I couldn't stop! **The trigger was stuck and I was being dragged around at mock 9!** I made a quick turn and headed back to the beach. As soon as I could, I stood up and started playing with the trigger to try and get it to release. I must have been quite a sight as I stood in one place hanging onto this thrashing scooter that was pulling me around in circles as I tried to release the trigger. Heck It was pulling so hard I couldn't even get to the prop to adjust the pitch and slow the thing down! I was sort of feeling like **Harry Potter** riding that out-of-control broom in the quidditch match! **After what seemed like 5 minutes and, after doing about ten 360's, the trigger unstuck and the unit stopped.** **Mike** had a pretty big grin on his face after watching the floor show.

We took off again and the scooter was working fine. Sand must have gotten in the trigger mechanism because I had no further problems. We reached the dolphin in short order and descended to the bottom. The underwater trails at the **EUP** are hard to miss. The one to the dry dock consisted of not one, but four ropes about 1/2 inch in diameter that led the way. We set compasses, adjusted our scooters to slow speed, and took off.

Visibility was only about 10ft during this part of the dive. We started seeing large **cabezon** immediately as we headed out on the trail. We reached the first structure, a large concrete storm drain, crossed over it and continued on. Depth was about 20 ft. After traveling another 30 ft, I realized **Mike** wasn't beside me. I knew he hadn't passed me, so I turned and headed back to the structure. I could hear his scooter, but the ferry was also taking off right then so I couldn't tell where he was. I ended up by surfacing. Eventually, **Mike** surfaced about 40 ft away. **He had had his own adventure with a runaway scooter as the trigger stuck on his as well.** In the future, we will need to be more careful about leaving those things on a beach with moving sand!

Once we got back together, we descended and continued on. We found a large structure just south of the trail and went to investigate. **The DRYDOCK!!!** or was it? **Mike** thought so. It looked like a boat to me. Maybe the 90+ ft **Alitak?** Who knows? Who cares? It was very cool and had lots of large

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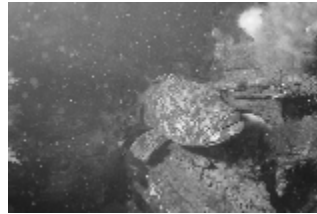
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fish. We circled around the outside and started seeing amazing numbers of **large lingcod** and **ling cod egg masses**. Some of the **egg masses** were tagged with numbers up into the 90's (lot of **egg masses!**). Other, apparently newer ones, were unmarked. All had pretty good size **lingcod** guarding them. Most of the fish were hanging out under the structure and peeking out at us. There were also **cabezon, large black and copper rockfish**, as well as **smaller quillback rockfish** and large **striped perch**. There was a wide opening at the west end that we entered to perhaps see some of the fish that we couldn't see from the outside. As we cruised along the girders about 20-ft in, we saw a **large lingcod** approach us in defense of its egg mass. **It didn't like the looks of Mike, but was scared to attack him. So it thrashed a greenling instead.** We watched in amazement. Afterward, we decided not to provoke this bad ass any further and exited the structure.

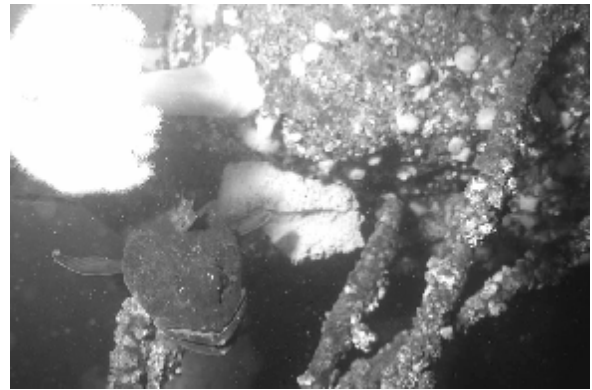
We left the **dry dock area** and headed north on another trail. This one led us past concrete blocks. We started to see **bluish cabezon egg masses** in addition to the **lingcod nests**. We passed some propellers and soon started finding lots of boats of different sizes. Some were as small as 25 ft. Others were probably 60 ft in length. As we circled one of the larger ones, an odd swimming motion caught the corner of my eye. I looked at this 2 ft long animal jerkily swimming around. **Baby seal? No... Its a cormorant!** I don't recall seeing one of those swimming underwater before. **Currents began to pick up** and we adjusted the speed on our scooters to deal with it. Visibility improved to over 15 ft as well. We continued north for awhile, then east, and south again checking out a variety of concrete structures and boats. Every time another trail intersected ours, we tried to figure out where we were on the map. We were successful about a third of the time. It was difficult with so many trails and so much stuff, much of which wasn't on the map. About this point, another funny incident occurred. I was watching a **cabezon chase Mike**. **Mike** was aware of it and tried to avoid it with his scooter. **But it hauled off and smacked him in the leg.** He looked at me and we started laughing. After 70 minutes or so, we decided to head in. We left the trails and headed in a southeasterly direction in a big zig zag before reaching the beach. **Our dive was 80 minutes of pure fun!**

Upon exiting, the other **Kelp Krawlers** were getting ready to go in again. **Karen** opted to stay out and help us with lunch. We brewed up **hot chocolate** and talked about our dives as the **clam chowder** heated. Apparently the other team didn't make it to the **drydock/boat**, but checked out some of the other stuff instead. In the mean time, a volunteer crew was there and getting ready to do some work on the underwater park. Another group of volunteers were going to do a **lingcod nest survey**. I think I recognized **Kirby Johnson** leading that group. On their second dive, **Don and Jerry** planned to dive a recently sunk boat that I **think Mike and I** explored on our dive. They will have to tell you about that one. After an hour they were back and we had lunch; continuing to tell each other about our day at the **Edmonds Underwater Park**. After lunch, we packed up and headed back to Olympia.

After diving the site, **I had to whole-heartedly agree with the guy that said the EUP is "Disneyland for Divers"**. Not only that, but more like the **4th of July at Disneyland** when the **lingcod and cabezon are spawning and guarding their nests!** I definitely ~~won't wait another 20 years to dive it again!~~ .... Ahh **Mike**, what are you doing next Saturday?



The following pictures were taken by **Don Noviello** on the Ed-



monds dive:

Ling Cod

Copper Rockfish

Ling Cod Guarding Eggs

## February Speaker: Craig Brown

**Craig Brown**, owner of **Capital Divers**, will be our featured speaker this month at our club meeting, which is **Feb. 17th, 7 pm, at Dirty Dave's Pizza Parlor in Lacey**.

He will be showing some **cave diving video** that he took on one of his trips, and also talk about **how the caves were formed**, and some of the **techniques used to navigate them**. If there is enough time, he will talk about equipment **configuration and cave training**, so bring your questions!

**Craig** is the owner of **Capital Divers**, and is an **instructor** for **SSI** and **IANTD**. He has dive ratings in **Trimix, Full Cave and Ice Diving**. He earned his cave rating in November of 2000 and has logged over 100 cave dives so far.

His wife **Debra** is also a cave diver, and together they take groups at least once a year to **Akumal** for **cavern and cave training**. Their next scheduled trip is in November of 2004.

## Armina californica: by Scott Boyd

The **striped nudibranch** is commonly sighted partially buried on sandy, flat bottomed dive sites along **Puget Sound**. It ranges from the **Gulf of Alaska**, all the way down to **Panama**, growing to a length of about 3". The **brown-striped nudibranch** feeds almost exclusively on **Orange Sea Pens**, and can almost always be found wherever fields of **Sea Pens** are located. The brown color of the stripes lends itself to hiding in the sand very effectively during the day. When the **nudibranch** comes out to prowl the bottom for food (which it finds entirely by smell as it has no eyes), sand often sticks to its back, further camouflaging it.



This species is easily identified by the **lengthwise brown and white stripes** along its back with no **Cerata**. Instead there are gill-like structures below a flap along its dorsum, just above its foot. The only visible projections are **two blunt-shaped rhinophores** extending forward from the front end of the body. Members of this species are hermaphrodites; having both male and female reproductive organs and can often be found in mating clusters during **June and October**. Eggs are deposited in ribbon-like, pale yellow clusters along sandy bottoms.

## Diving Booker's Lagoon: by Don Chase

As we gently broke the surface, the dive boat was right there to greet us. We climbed aboard and as I removed my mask and hood, and said in my best **Robert Duvall** imitation, "**I love the smell of seawater in the morning. It smells like victory.**" This is how I can best describe one of my favorite dive locations – **Booker Lagoon** in beautiful **British Columbia, Canada**.

**Booker Lagoon** is located on the southern end of **Queen Charlotte Strait** about 16 nautical miles NE of **Port McNeill**, which is located near the northern end of **Vancouver Island**. The "lagoon" is about 100 acres in size and separated from **Queen Charlotte Strait** by a narrow channel, which is about 100 yards long and 20 yards wide and runs east to west. Tidal differences between the lagoon and the **Strait** can create some very interesting currents. In fact, during maximum flood or ebb tide, the channel takes on the appearance of a river complete with standing waves, whirlpools, and upwellings. **Maximum flood or ebb current can reach 7 knots**. The **Booker Lagoon** channel is where all the exciting diving action takes place. The best time to dive **Booker Lagoon** channel is during slack tide. However, if you want an exciting diving adventure, you can dive the channel just before slack as the floodtide is winding down.

On this particular diving adventure, we were diving a charter with **Steve and Trudy Lacasses' SunFun Divers**. The day was picture perfect – no wind, blue skies, and calm seas. Crossing **Queen Charlotte Strait** from **Port McNeill** to **Booker Lagoon** was quick – about 40 minutes. The normally choppy **Strait** was flat calm except for the wake from a cruise ship that was going to **Alaska**. The scenery is incredible, large snow capped mountains in the distance, wind swept islands, and the emerald green water. This is about the halfway point of the famed inside passage.

A small peninsula juts out protecting the southeast corner of the **Booker Lagoon** channel. **Steve** slowed the **SunFun** down and rounded this peninsula coming to a stop just inside of the channel. The current where the boat was anchored was barely negligible, although looking down the channel you could see the water was moving briskly. The **bull kelp fronds** just around the boat gently flowed showing us that we were in a slow back-eddy. **Steve** estimated the current in the channel at perhaps 3 knots, but it would be slowing down. **Steve** gathered us together and explained the dive plan – "**Drop down the anchor line. Get with your buddy, and very importantly establish your buoyancy. Swim out into the channel, and let the current take you. Stay with your buddy. The first part of the channel is fairly shallow, only 30' or so, then as it narrows, it drops off to 40', then fairly quickly to 80'. When you see the first drop off swim north and into a small bay where there's no current. The boat will be "live" and I will pick you up. Everybody got it? Okay, let's go diving!**"

We entered the water and noticed the visibility was good, about

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40-50'. As we dropped down the anchor line I felt that this was going to be a good dive, not a good dive, but a great dive. As **Steve** told us, we established our buoyancy and swam out into the channel. We started out slow, but gained momentum quickly. I soon noticed the bottom of the channel was covered with **millions and millions of tubeworms**. The **tubeworms** were about 2½ feet tall, a white calcareous stalk with a dark purple plume of feathery "things" at the top. I noticed that if you touched or came too near the plume, the feathery "things" quickly retreated into the stalk. I could not believe the number of tubeworms before my eyes. My buoyancy was established about 4-6 inches above the **tubeworms** and I noticed that as I floated above them the plumes would retract, leaving a white "tubeworm shadow" below me. Then it came to me, I felt like a jet or a plane flying tree top level above a purple forest of tubeworm palm trees. In my "warped" mind, I could hear Wagner's "**Ride of the Valkyries**" as I glided over the top of the **tubeworms**. I flashed my buddy a quick "OK". Quickly the scene changed from **tubeworms to millions of small white anemones**. The transformation, which is what it seemed like, was quick and dramatic. First you are floating over a dark bottom of purple, then quickly a rich bright bottom of "silky white." You could clearly see we reached the narrow point of the channel and the drop-off, time to swim to the right. I made sure my buddy was right with me as we turned north.

As we finned hard, we quickly noticed that the current dropped off as we approached the small bay underwater as **Steve** had told us. My buddy and I took advantage of the no current and checked our gauges. We've been down less than 10 minutes and had plenty of air, despite the hard quick swim to get out of the current. We settled down to 60' feet and watched a pair of **male and female kelp greenlings** work the water column going up and down 10-15' picking up bits of food being brought in from the current that was in the main channel. There were other fish taking advantage of the current waiting for tasty morsels to come floating by. We noticed plenty of **rockfish** and one **huge cabezon**. When we noticed him, he was hunkered down in the **anemones** almost perfectly invisible to us. He was trying to match the white anemones, and doing a pretty good job at it. As we moved along, the bottom became a collection of big boulders strewn about, with a rich diversity of **sponges, anemones, and "life"**. The waters in **BC** are so rich with nutrients that a wide variety of underwater life is supported, especially in this current swept, nutrient rich channel. I guessed the current to be about a half-a-knot easing us gently along. We poked and peeked in and around almost every rock and crevice, never disappointed in seeing something interesting. At one spot we found a couple of big **Puget Sound King crab**. These big lumbering creatures look like they are built to take on just about anything. They've got on one side a very convincing looking crusher claw which includes some "molars" and on the other side a nasty looking scissor claw which looks like it could probably remove a finger. Discovering a **Puget Sound King crab** always makes a dive special.

We finished the dive by exploring the **bull kelp** along the steep shoreline in the **Booker Lagoon** channel. I enjoy the way the

**kelp fronds** gently twist and turn in the current, sometimes letting sunlight in and then shutting the sun out. And, it always amazes me to find all the creatures that live and hide in the kelp. **A safety stop is never boring when in kelp.** As promised the dive boat was right there to pick us up. It was a great dive, not a great dive, an awesome dive. But, the adventure wasn't over yet!

As the **SunFun** gently motored into **Booker Lagoon**, we spotted a pair of **white-sided dolphins** swimming furiously towards the boat. Watching these animals quickly swim and jump around the boat was a real treat. **Steve** grinned and suggested that we go in and snorkel with them. Awesome! We quickly donned our masks, fins and snorkels and **went swimming with dolphins**. **Steve** warned us that if we extend our hands and arms they won't come too close, but if you hold your arms by your sides, they'll come right up to you. The visibility in the lagoon proper was only about 20'. The **dolphins** would dive and come screaming out of the depths right at you and within inches of you quickly turn. The more you splashed your fins on the surface the more they would swim quickly around and around you. You could hear and feel the concussion in the water as they hit the water after jumping. They always came so close, but never did we touch. The **dolphins** never seemed to tire, but we did. **Steve** hailed us to get back on the boat because slack tide would be at the channel if we wanted one more dive.

This time we explored the south side of the **Booker Lagoon** channel. We started our dive just at the very end of the flood tide so it gently moved us in towards the lagoon, and then let the ebb current take us back to where we started. I like diving with a light current, it's like being at a picture show, you just watch all the stuff go by. Again, another fantastic dive full of incredible sights and experiences.

As the **SunFun** was motoring back to **Port McNeill** I reflected on the **two adventure filled dives and snorkeling experience with dolphins**, and one more time I shouted "**I love the smell of seawater in the morning. It smells like victory.**" **Steve** and the team of divers all laughed and cheered.

**Dive Port Hardy! & Northern Vancouver Island May 28-31, 2004** This is some of the world's greatest temperate diving. **Port Hardy and Port McNeill** are located on the wild and remote northern end of **Vancouver Island, Canada**. Experience the ultimate in scuba diving fun - **crystal clear water, kelp forests, walls, and an abundance of sea life - wolf eels, octopus, lingcod, several species of rockfish, a variety sponges, anemones, and more. Starting at \$300!** (Bunkhouse lodging at the "Divers Den" with showers, and microwave.) **\$350** (Motel lodging per person double occupancy) **For more information contact Don Chase at 360-870-9027.**

### **Treasurer's Report: Wayne Campbell**

We have \$165 in checking, \$50 in savings, and \$26 in petty cash. That does not include all the membership dues that were collected at the meeting, or the money from the **Hood Canal Aquanuts** to help with the cost of the new signs.

**Underwater Communication: from the website: [www.diveoz.com.au/uwc/uwc-main.asp](http://www.diveoz.com.au/uwc/uwc-main.asp)**

Communicating underwater is an important skill to learn. For some it is much easier to communicate, with rebreathers, they are able to have a quite legible conversation in their mouthpieces, some, particularly commercial divers or in a number of dive schools, instructors and students use underwater "radios". For the rest of us, it's a wide assortment of hand signals or writing on a slate.

When using hand signals underwater, they are usually done in front of the chest. There are also a number of simple signals that are performed with your torch etc.

Of course, a big part of communicating underwater is the need to communicate numerical data, like remaining gas, deco time etc. You could use a slate which is pretty easy, or you could master the 10 easy hand signals that are used to represent numerals like below.

**One****Two****Three****Four****Five****Six****Seven****Eight****Nine****Zero**

**Diving Humor:**

**Emergency Response**

Four diving instructors from different agencies and their classes were heading out to a site for a fun dive. About two miles from shore, the boat started taking on water and began sinking. All four instructors start putting on their gear and instruct their students to do the same, figuring that if they were going to lose the boat under them, it was better to be geared up.

The **SSI instructor** told his class; "Inflate your BCs and surface locator sticks, jump off and wait for the Coast Guard to rescue us."

The **NAUI instructor** told his class; "We're only a couple of miles off shore, we'll swim for it and send help for the rest."

The **YMCA instructor** told his class; "Grab the anchor line, we'll tow this baby in with all aboard."

The **PADI instructor** said; "Gear up and have a seat. There will be a extra charge of \$50 each for this unscheduled wreck dive."

Another variation of the above story:

Three instructors and their students are on board a dive boat in the middle of the ocean— there's a NAUI instructor, a PADI instructor, and an SSI instructor. Everything is going fine, until the boat springs a leak, and starts to sink.

The **SSI instructor** says to his students, "Okay... we're in the middle of the ocean, so we might as well do our deep dive."

The **NAUI instructor** says to his students, "Okay... we might as well do our navigation dive, so let's get our compasses out and swim towards shore."

The **PADI instructor** says to his students, "Okay... for \$25 extra you guys get to do a wreck dive!"



Two divers were checking a new reef when they saw a shark. The shark circled them, menacingly. One diver took off his fins and reached inside his BC and pulled out a pair of super-power fins.

His buddy signaled: What? You can't out swim a shark! The diver signaled back: I don't have to out swim the shark - I only have to out swim you!



Two divers go spear-fishing. They catch a lot of fish and return to the shore.

The first one says, "I hope you remember the spot where we caught all those fish."

The other answers, "Yes, I made an 'X' on the side of the boat to mark the spot."

"You idiot!" cries the first, "How do you know we will get the same boat tomorrow?"