

AQUANEWS

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A Good Day of Diving Peter Bein



A good day of diving is better than a day in the hospital-but sometimes you may combine both.

I was out diving with Divers City on July 26 for a double dose of the Duane.

She is a 327 foot Treasury Class Coast Guard Cutter intentionally scuttled for use as an artificial reef on November 27, 1987, in 130 feet off Key Largo near Molasses Reef.

The Duane was constructed in 1936 at the US Naval Yard in Philadelphia, one of seven such vessels.

The Duane had various coastal assignments before being sent to the Atlantic in 1941 where she eventually served with the US Atlantic Fleet. Her record included an impressive wartime and peacetime roll. On April 17, 1943, she and her sister ship the Spencer, sank a German U-boat, the U-77. She participated in four rescues at sea, picking up a total of 346 shipwrecked survivors. In 1980 she was used as an escort vessel for thousands of Cuban refugees fleeing for the haven of the United States. Her final assignments were search and rescue and drug enforcement services.

She now sits proudly, upright, with her mast and crow's nest sixty feet below the waves. I was diving solo so Captain Barbara Frolic joined me as my buddy. The seas were fairly rough for the Keys with three to five foot waves. The water was clear and I was able to see the hulk below as soon as I entered.

I descended through a large school of Barracuda and Atlantic Spadefish. I spent some time gathering lost fishing line, hooks and sinkers. I then did some good deep penetrations into the superstructure, down a

stairway below deck to a depth of 117 fsw. My bottom time was thirty-six minutes, well below the decompression level for my mix. After a one hour and a quarter surface interval swapping tales with some Boston Sea rovers I entered the foaming brine for my second dip. I descended onto the smoke stack and entered the funnel to a depth of ninety-two feet. It was interesting. I had never gone into this arena before. I could not get down any lower due to a ladder restriction, my scuba tank and my belly. I collected some more discarded fishing line, came back up and over the great stack, and down to the ship's deck where great pelagic fish, including three gigantic Permits, cruised above my head.

My second dive's maximum depth was 108 fsw with a total time of thirty-five minutes, still within the no decompression limit. On both dives my ascent was gradual with a three to five minute safety stop at fifteen feet. I felt absolutely no discomfort and as usual was more at ease in the water than out of the water. I was using a thirty percent NITROX mixture and surfaced with 800 psi and 1000 psi respectively from my jaunts. Upon boarding the boat after the second dive I became uncomfortable. My stomach hurt. I was dizzy and unsteady on my feet. I had a headache. My neck and shoulders hurt. I removed my gear but could not find a comfortable position, neither sitting, standing or lying down.

Approaching Barbara I told her my symptoms and requested pure oxygen. I was worried. After forty-eight years of diving this was my first decompression sickness experience. I continued the oxygen for the forty-five minute voyage back to Tavernier.

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AQUANEWS

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November 14th meeting
By: Paul Galeazzi Jr.

All of us, who attended the last meeting of the year, would like to thank Peggy Howland for her wonderful slide presentation. Of course the slide presentation is only half of the night's fun.

The discussions that come along with the slides are nothing but fantastic. Of course Peggy's presentation showed us a wide variety of underwater subjects that spanned her many years worth of diving.

So from all of us, Thank you Peggy and we look forward to more presentations in the years to come.

Notice
Mark your calendars
For the
Ocean Wreck Divers 19th Annual
Scuba Flea Market
Sunday, February 18th, 2007

Members of the Rockland Aquanauts Organization Inc.

We need articles for our newsletter! Any help is appreciated.
Contact our webmaster webmaster@rocklandaquanauts.org

Rockland Aquanauts Organization Inc.
Mission Statement:

To provide, promote, and advance environmental protection, care, and voluntary clean-up of waterways by any and all lawful means; to promote the importance and care in every manner possible by environmental awareness and otherwise; to purchase, print, publish, and circulate literature to promote the importance and care of the waterways and the work of the Corporation. To perform all acts the Corporation may deem appropriate or advisable in such operation; to establish, provide, and voluntary clean-up waterways, to encourage, support and subsidize the cleaning and protection from pollution.

A Good Day of Diving

(continued from page 1)

When I reached solid ground I thought that it would get better, but it didn't.

Captain Bob drove me less than one mile to the Mariner's Hospital where they have a decompression chamber. I was sent to a room in the emergency room after presenting my insurance cards to the clerk including my DAN card.

On a gurney in the ER I was given more oxygen and an EKG. At this point in time my fingers started to tingle and my arms and legs grew numb.

After two hours a physician approached and stated that I did not have DCS but a heart problem. He repeated asked if I ever suffered chest pains. My reply every time was no, never. My heart was beating too slow. My blood pressure was very low. He said that my heart was skipping beats. I stated that I must be in love.

They wanted to admit me but I would not hear of it. I was feeling better and not suffering from decompression sickness. I signed a release papers in spite of several warnings that I must stay. I was left alone to dress. I was still in my wet bathing suit without shoes or shirt. It was freezing in the air conditioned hospital. I started to put my shorts on and I don't know how but I found myself on the floor, flat on my back, with my toe gashed open. I had also broken a rib. I walked out to the desk and told them that I changed my mind, Admit me.

That was on Wednesday. I had not eaten nor had anything to drink that day. The genius medical doctor decided that I needed a stress test and ordered no food or drink on Thursday. That made forty-eight hours without food and about thirty hours without water. As most of you know I am diabetic and the recipient of a renal transplant. Both medical conditions require numerous drugs. The medical genius, not having any experience in my treatment, refused to allow any drugs at all.

By Friday my blood glucose level elevated to 466. I have never attained that level before. My kidney also started to reject. They were slowly but surely, inadvertently killing me.

On Saturday the medical genius decided that he could not treat me and had me shipped up to South Miami Hospital by ambulance.

After four days and eight specialists I was stabilized, blood sugar returned to normal and kidney function working properly.

Friday I had a pacemaker installed (I insisted that it must be a diving pacemaker) which is guaranteed to a depth of 192 fsw.

While I was in Miami, my daughter Lisa, caught wind of my problem and rushed to be at my side from Colorado. She had to leave for vacation in Cape Cod so My son Steven flew in from Colorado to watch over me for the balance of my recovery.

I left for home on Saturday.

On August 19 I got to test my pacemaker. I did a dive locally on the Thunderbolt. Everything is back to normal. It was as though nothing ever happened.

I received a bill from the South Miami Hospital for something like \$187,000 to cover my stay. Thankfully I am on Medicare. They said that it was only worth \$28,000 and paid \$22,000. Blue Cross paid most of the balance and I was stuck for \$167 my out of pocket expense.

It was an experience.

Peter Bein
Marathon, Florida
November 2, 2006

A WWII Submarine Finally Comes Home

Divers Find the USS Wahoo, the Most Storied of U.S. Subs



By NED POTTER, ABCNews.com

TROUT RUN, Pa., (Nov. 21) -- This story is about a submarine, but perhaps it is best to begin it in the hills of central Pennsylvania. When Bobby Logue was a boy in the 1930s, he loved to go hunting here, in woods his family had owned for half a century.

"He was a great athlete, a hunter, a fisherman, and when I was a little kid I used to go fishing with him," said his younger brother George, now 79. "He was going to be a great engineer."

But the Depression was at its deepest when Bobby finished high school in 1938. He joined the Navy and, after Pearl Harbor, was assigned to the crew of a submarine.

Its name: the USS Wahoo.

The Wahoo's early maneuvers in the Pacific were considered unremarkable, but then it was assigned a new skipper -- a charismatic, aggressive young man named Dudley W. Morton. The men who served under him called him "Mush," and, apparently without exception, they loved him.

"My father took over the sub in 1942," said his son Doug, who now lives in Colorado, "and he got the crew together, and he said to them, 'We are not going to sit around. We are going to go out and kill 'em. And in so doing, we might, you might be killed.'"

The Wahoo became one of the most-celebrated submarines of World War II. In a year and a half, Morton's crew sank at least 19 Japanese ships -- more than any other submarine of the time.

The U.S. Navy, breaking with its usual wartime secrecy, allowed newspaper stories about the Wahoo's exploits. A movie was made, "Destination Tokyo," with Cary Grant as the captain of a fictional submarine that steals into Tokyo harbor. Mush Morton was technical adviser, and people who saw the film said Grant's character was modeled after him.

In September 1943, the Wahoo set out from Midway Island on its seventh mission. The sixth had been unsuccessful; there were problems with the torpedoes. Now the sub was equipped with the Navy's newest torpedo model. Bobby Logue, who had been due for reassignment, was asked to stay on with the crew.

And then, unexpectedly, the submarine went silent. By October, the Wahoo was supposed to be in a very dangerous place, looking for enemy ships in the La Perouse Strait (the Soya Strait on Japanese maps), just miles off the coast of northern Japan.

"And I come home from school one day," Logue told us slowly, "and my mother was ironing, and she was crying.

"I said, 'What's wrong?' And she showed me the newspaper. It said USS Wahoo was overdue and presumed lost."

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A WWII Submarine Finally Comes Home

(continued from page 4)

Overdue and presumed lost. The phrase was accurate as far as it went; all the Navy knew was that the Wahoo had not returned to base.

But to parents, wives and children of submariners, no phrase was more feared, or less conclusive.

"I was four, said Morton. "I know my immediate response was, 'Why don't they find him?'"

"I wasn't going to settle for that," said Logue, who was seven years younger than his brother. "When I heard 'overdue and presumed lost,' I said, 'Like hell. I'm going to find out what happened to the Wahoo.' I was just a kid."

For decades, the trail was as cold as the waters off Hokkaido.

Logue pored through naval records, made contact with Japanese researchers, traveled to Japan in search of the lost submarine, and helped erect a peace monument there.

And then, an extraordinary thing happened. War records showed that on Oct. 11, 1943, at 9:20 in the morning, an American submarine had been fired upon in the La Perouse Strait.

A Russian expedition came to the strait in August 2006. And there, in 200 feet of water, they found the wreck of a submarine.

Three weeks ago, the U.S. Navy confirmed it is most likely that of the USS Wahoo.

"I'm not sure I'll ever get over his loss," said Morton, the skipper's son. "Maybe through finding the Wahoo, we'll solve that, but I'm not sure that it will.

"It's just nice that there's a place now," he said. "I'm glad it was found."

I asked Logue how he thought his brother should be remembered.

"He should be remembered as a real, true American hero," he said. "A guy who went through four years of submarine warfare and then volunteered to go on another trip.

"I'll never forget about Bobby. You know, I still think about him a lot."

Logue's eyes moistened. He gestured to the hills out the window. "But my brother loved this place up here. This is being close to him."

DEP ADDING NEW REEF SITE OUTSIDE OF TOWNSENDS INLET

The New Jersey Department of Environmental Protection announced it would build a new reef site off the coast of Cape May County to enhance its nationally recognized network of 15 artificial reefs while strengthening marine resources, improving recreational opportunities and boosting the state's economy.

Recently approved by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, construction of the reef, to be situated approximately 3.8 nautical miles southeast of Townsends Inlet in Cape May County, will be funded almost entirely through private donations. Some 800 reef-ball habitats are scheduled for deployment this summer on the Townsends Inlet reef site.

The reef site measures slightly more than one-half square mile with a depth between 49 feet and 66 feet. Its inshore portion will be used as a drift fishing area; the offshore portion will be reserved for vessels to accommodate diving. The new reef will become part of the state's Artificial Reef Program, administered by the DEP's Division of Fish and Wildlife.

Artificial reefs play a key role in supporting New Jersey's marine fishing and diving industries, and contribute more than \$50 million to the state's economy every year. These reefs also benefit the environment by providing new habitat for marine life. In fact, one out of every five fish reeled in by recreational anglers in New Jersey's salt waters during 2000 was caught on a reef site.

Coordinates for the Townsends Inlet Reef are:

Corner	Latitude	Longitude
NE	39 ° 06.70	74 ° 36.00
NW	39 ° 06.70	74 ° 37.50
SE	39 ° 06.25	74 ° 36.00
SW	39 ° 06.25	74 ° 37.50

Fishing and diving clubs throughout New Jersey provide financial assistance to make scheduled reef-material deployment a reality.

Divers, anglers and other outdoor enthusiasts interested in helping to enhance fishing grounds in the Garden State are encouraged to learn about the DEP's Adopt-A-Reef Program.

For more information on the Artificial Reef Program, visit www.njfishandwildlife.com/artreef.htm. Or call the Artificial Reef Program at (609) 748-2020 or write to the Division of Fish and Wildlife at P.O. Box 418, Port Republic, NJ 08241, Attn: Reef Adoption Program.

Wreck of the Monitor
By Jennifer D. Jordan
Journal Staff Writer, The Providence Journal www.projo.com

A team of 18 scientists, engineers, archeologists and historians will board the University of Rhode Island's research vessel, the Endeavor, tomorrow and travel to waters 17 miles off Cape Hatteras, N.C., to the site of a 144-year-old shipwreck.

Beneath 230 feet of water lies the Monitor, an ironclad Civil War ship that sank in a storm on the last day of 1862.

Scientists have known about the wreck for more than three decades and have recovered several artifacts, including the ship's engine, propeller, turret and guns.

Until now, however, they have been unable to take clear pictures and create a detailed map of the wreckage site.

The team aboard the Endeavor has the sophisticated equipment needed to map the sea floor and will spend more than a week taking digital images of the ship's hull and surrounding wreckage.

In addition, the scientists will be able to transmit video from the shipwreck and host a live broadcast that will be shown at 15 locations across the country at 2 p.m. Wednesday, including at URI's Graduate School of Oceanography in Narragansett and at the Mystic Aquarium, in Mystic, Conn. The broadcast programs are open to the public, and will include commentary from the team about the history and crew of the Monitor, the technology being used to collect images at the site and efforts to preserve artifacts recovered from the wreckage.

"One of the beauties of using our technology is that we can transmit video that we collect from the sea floor and send it anywhere in the world," said URI marine scientist Dwight Coleman, a member of the team. "Why just send a couple of scientists out on a ship when you can bring the whole world with you?"

To protect the Monitor shipwreck site, Congress in 1975 created the first National Marine Sanctuary, a one-mile circle surrounding the wreckage that is overseen by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE DUE

Rockland Aquanauts Organization
2007 Dues

I guess it is that time of the year again, Membership Dues are due.

Last year all our members received much more than they gave out to the Organization.

As usual you will be receiving a tax donation for the first \$25.00. All members who attended the Annual Dinner not only received money off their own dinner but they also received money off their guests dinner. Everyone whom attended also received prizes, some worth many times the cost of their Dues. Don't forget the Annual Picnic as well as all the BBQ lunch's after the Lake Dives.

So please send in your \$42 dues early to;

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December 2006

A Good Day of Diving, New Reef Site, Wreck of the Monitor, WWII Sub

Happy Holidays!

Happy New Year! Have a happy and safe 2007