

AQUANEWS

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In Memory of Peter Bein 1942 - 2009 By Paul Galeazzi Jr

I know that many of the other Aquanauts knew Peter much longer than I have, but from the first time I met him at BTS we hit it off as friends.

Peter really loved life, and whatever curves life threw at him he somehow overcame them. We all knew he was diabetic, but he never let that stop him. He even let DAN doctors probe and test him in order to help other divers. Not only did he help his fellow divers, he also donated his time to AARP programs, providing tax returns at no charge. He also taught accounting classes for other tax preparers. He even once drove his truck all the way up to Miami to pick up computers that were

needed for one of the programs. He never received compensation for it, nor recognition, but it never mattered to him, he just did it to help.

Many people didn't even know that Peter helped with rescued marine mammals. He many times walked continuously around a pool keeping dolphins and sharks alive. For a man in his condition it must have been very difficult, especially with his legs. But it didn't stop him.

Because all of his doctors were still up north, I would get to see him almost every time he came up for an appointment with them.



(Continued on page 2)

AQUANEWS

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ROCKLAND AQUANAUTS ORGANIZATION. WRITTEN CONTRIBUTIONS & PHOTOGRAPHS ARE ALWAYS WELCOMED & ENCOURAGED. SUBMIT MATERIALS FOR PUBLICATION BY THE 19TH OF THE MONTH

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We either met up for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, but we made an effort to get together when we could. Many times we would meet up with his brother Matthew for dinner. I must say that the two of them together was like being with a comedy team. You could see how much they loved each other and how they were best friends as well as brothers.

Peter was so proud of his children, Steven and Michael, his son's, and his daughter Lisa. Lisa, as most of you know, had saved Peter's life years ago when she donated one of her kidneys to him. She told me that she never thought twice about it. He also loved his grandchildren and would visit them whenever he could. The other love in his life was Tony Soprano, his dog. He talked about him all the time.

Over the years Peter had a few surgeries on his legs, trying to fix the circulation problem he was having. When I spoke to him a few weeks ago, he had just gotten back from diving and he was still having problems with leg cramps. He said that no matter what he wasn't going back in for any more surgeries and that it wasn't going to keep him from diving.

He was so excited about the dive that you were able to hear it in his voice. He asked me to come down when his son Steven was going to be there to dive with them, but I couldn't get away. At least his son, Steven, was with him on the day of his initial heart attack. Not only didn't he have to go through it alone he had a family member with him at all times.

His family was with him at the time of his passing, and it's comforting to know that he wasn't alone, and had them there for support. They told me he had no pain, which I thank God for, since he had enough pain during his life. Of course his family will miss him immensely, but many others, like myself, will miss him also.

I will always remember the time we've spent together over the years.

He will be truly missed.

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.

Peter Bein of Stirrup Key, Marathon passed away peacefully on Monday, August 17, 2009 at the age of 66.

He was born to Harold and Rose Bein in Cleveland, OH on October 27, 1942. He spent his childhood growing up in Brooklyn, NY. He attended Erasmus High School, Brooklyn College and Long Island University.

He owned his own CPA and accounting practice. He married Irene Yamen in 1964. They lived in Brooklyn, NY, Pomona, NY and West Nyack, NY. When Irene passed in 1998, Peter moved to Vero Beach, FL and then to Marathon, FL in 1999. His passions in life were his family and scuba diving.

He was an active member of many animal rescue charities and participated in many marine mammal rescues. He was an avid traveler although his home in the Keys was his favorite place to be. He was a member of the Rockland Aquanauts from NY and a teacher and volunteer for the AARP Tax Aid program in the Florida Keys.

He is survived by a brother, Matthew Bein, daughter Lisa Hainline (Jeffrey), sons Michael and Steven (Pamela) and by four grandchildren and his beloved dog, Tony Soprano. Donations in his honor can be made to Defenders of Wildlife, www.defenders.org or the World Wildlife Federation at www.worldwildlife.org.

Sympathy cards can be sent to the Hainline Family at 6713 Golf Club Drive Longmont, CO 80503.

Services will be announced by the family and can be reached at

hainlinefamily@comcast.net.



Spiegel Grove - Hurricane Gets It Right

Story by Peter Bein

Published on Northeast Dive News (<http://www.nedivenews.com>)

As the hurricane season winds down this month, divers and coastal residents from Maine to the Florida Keys will be relieved to see an end to one of the most disastrous seasons ever. Yet for all of their destruction, one storm, Dennis, did divers a big favor.

The *Spiegel Grove* initially settled on its starboard side when it slipped underwater May 17, 2002, a few hours before it was to be installed as an artificial reef off Key Largo, Fla. It's almost as if the Norfolk, Va.-based ship with proud service in Cold War hot spots around the world wanted to sink honorably on its own terms. It was named after the Fremont, Ohio, estate of Rutherford B. Hayes, the 19th U.S. President, and earned countless awards during its 33 years of service. Decommissioned in 1989, the future of the *Spiegel Grove* was haggled over for 13 years.

Divers had become accustomed to threading through the oddly angled rooms and corridors of the 510-foot-long Landing Ship Dock vessel. Then along came Dennis, which pummeled the site for two days in July. After the hurricane passed, divers descended to see the 84-foot-tall ship upright on its keel as if plowing across an ocean of sand.

With only a 46-foot dive to the top of the wreck, the *Spiegel Grove* would seem to be a good site for novice divers. However, the 130-foot depth to the sand and quirky currents can make divers appreciate all the experience they have. Such was the case late last summer.

Dennis, Katrina, Ophelia and then Rita all taking swipes at Florida made hurricanes seem routine during 2005. Yet rain competing with the sound of the alarm clock at 6:30 a.m. made me wonder if diving was such a good idea. But by the time I finished the 40-mile trip along Overseas Highway up to Divers City, Tavernier, Fla., the sun was shining brilliantly and there was a light chop on the seas.

After a speedy check-in we headed out on *Diversity* with six divers. A 50-minute boat ride brought us to the mooring balls. A stiff current was flowing from the port side bow in the general direction of the stern, quite the opposite of the norm. We suited up and readied for our giant stride.

Captain Bob Miklia hooked the bow buoy to the rear starboard cleat of his boat enabling us to just leap in, grab the line and haul ourselves down to the *Grove*. I was teamed with Mike, a tech diver equipped with twin steel 100s, a 13-cubic-foot decompression pony bottle and a 13-cubic-foot oxygen pony. He needed no weights.

As the four other divers splashed down, I waited for Mike to prepare himself. Finally he jumped in and sank like a stone, missing the line. I entered and followed the line down to the port side hawser on the bow. Crabbing across the deck, propelled by the current, I tried to enter a portal to the interior of the superstructure.

It was strange. A counter current flowing through the ship made me use both hands on either side of the entrance to yank myself in. It was like forcing myself past water escaping from a spring.

Once inside the flow subsided and cruising the interior became easy. Visibility was about 80 feet. All the silt had settled and did not stir as I worked my way through. Cabins along the corridor beckoned me to areas I had not previously explored. Along the way, two juvenile jewfish, only 75 to 100 pounds each, did not run in fear after frequent encounters with divers without spear guns.

At the stern, I found the ascent line. However the tank was more than half full with plenty enough gas to re-enter the hull and revisit places I'd seen before. A familiar cylindrical hatch with a partially open cover provided just enough room to squirm out of the wreck.

Some giant black grouper and barracuda snacking on a bait ball above the well deck accented the current ride back to the starboard stern hawser. I ascended the line and found *Diversity* waiting for me. I was the last man up. Mike had been picked up and was already aboard. A generous hour-plus surface interval time was plenty of time for a snack and a nap in the warm sunshine.

The second dive was similar to the first. We went down on the bow buoy line again, only this time Mike grabbed the line. The current had picked up and was now howling. We were flapping like flags in the wind while straining arms to pull downward, and then scudded across the deck until we could force our

way into the superstructure. We followed a companionway into the interior of the wreck and explored a few new venues.

An accommodation ladder provided an avenue to ascend up to the next level. It's nice to actually go up or down these ladders thanks to Hurricane Dennis. The passageway led to a machine shop, complete with a lathe, drill press and a cornice brake. We slowly continued aft finding many cabins containing shelves, draws and cabinets. There was even a roster still secured to a bulkhead with names penciled on it. We worked our way out of the superstructure and found ourselves on a level above the deck halfway between the deck and the helicopter pad. I went up onto the pad and saw Mike re-enter the superstructure.

At this point all visibility failed. It was like diving Long Island Sound. I could hardly read my gauges or even tell which way was up. An upheaval of sand coming over the stern engulfed the entire area. I knew where the ascent line was but could not descend back to the deck to locate it. I transversed the helicopter pad remembering that there was a buoy located somewhere on it. I could not find it. At 85 feet and down to 800 pounds of gas, I wanted to make a free ascent into the screaming current, but it was impossible to tell which way was up as bubbles swirled in the flow.

I held my computer in front of my face and pumped some gas into my buoyancy compensator. As I rose I released the gas and at 35 feet was able to see the surface. I rose another 20 feet and began a five-minute safety stop while drifting in the Gulf Stream.

Upon surfacing, I wasn't too surprised to find the *Diversity* waiting within 50 feet. Captain Bob had followed my bubbles. He threw me a line and I scurried aboard. When we were all aboard we skirted the wreck and were able to see the sand storm billowing up to the surface. Although normally a relaxed dive, adverse conditions caused by the forces nature changed a day of diving into a near disaster. All worked out well because the divers were seasoned, experienced, knowledgeable and well prepared for the whims of the sea.

Getting There

All divers must first obtain a medallion to dive the *Spiegel Grove* and any other Upper Keys artificial reefs. Lifetime medallions cost \$250. Only 1,000 will be stamped, and names of the owners will be installed on a plaque in the wreck. Annual medallions, good for one year of diving the artificial reefs, cost \$10. Spear fishing and taking artifacts are prohibited.

Northeast divers with lots of gear may want to pack it into the car and head south, either driving all the way or loading the car onto Amtrak's Washington-to-Florida service. Those who fly, should book a ticket to Miami. When leaving Miami Airport follow the signs for LeJeune Road and/or 836 West. Take 836 West to the Florida Turnpike. Head south on the turnpike until it turns into US 1 at Florida City. Continue south on US 1 to Key Largo or on to Tavernier, where plenty of dive operators are ready to take you to the *Spiegel Grove*.

This is just one of the articles that Peter wrote for this publication



Photos by Captain Bob Miklia

Peter was kind and gentle man who loved life.

The hospitality he showed to Pam (my wife) and I, when we went to visit him a few years ago in Florida will never be forgotten.

I can never forget the way Peter introduced me to the local dive boat operators when we went diving as a friend and member of the Rockland Aquanauts from "back home" and the laughter we shared when we finished our dive: I had 400 psi left in my tank and he had over 2000 psi. left brings back good memories.

May he rest in Peace.

Jeffry Horowitz



Approved Lake Dives 2009



Saturday June 13th 9:00 am Hessian Lake

Saturday August 8th 9:00 am Hessian Lake

Sunday Sept. 13th 10:00 am Hessian Lake

Saturday Sept. 26th 10:00 am Hessian Lake

Sunday Oct. 11th 10:00 am Hessian Lake

Saturday Oct. 24th 10:00 am Hessian Lake

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE DUE

Rockland Aquanauts Organization
2009 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;

Rockland Aquanauts Organization
c/o
Paul Galeazzi Jr.
4 Greensward Drive.
Valley Cottage New York 10989

BBQ Help Needed

We have BBQs after every Hessian Lake dive, but next year, we don't want the chef tasks to fall on the same people all the time, so we are asking for your help. If you plan on coming to the Hessian Lake dives, please consider offering to set up, cook, or break down the BBQ gear.

Setting up might mean you set up before diving, get out of the water first, or forego diving that day. **Cooking** means you cook for everyone who shows up, not just yourself & your friends. **Breaking down the BBQ gear** means you stay until everyone has eaten and the grill is cool enough to put into your car to store until the next dive.

You don't have to be a Board Member to help. Everyone can pitch in. Any expenses, like buying food, are reimbursable. So please look at the dive dates and let us know when you can help out.

Thank you

Don't Forget to Visit EmbroidMe for your Rockland Aquanauts Apparel

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Rockland Aquanauts
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September 2009

In Memory of Peter Bein

****There Will be NO September Meeting ****

Can Anyone Help Us Set Up Meetings?

Please contact info@rocklandaquanauts.org
