

# S'NAG-A-NEWS

A PUBLICATION OF THE COLUMBUS SEA NAGS [HTTP://WWW.SEANAGS.COM](http://www.seanags.com)

April 2012

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## General Meeting Minutes

Present: Jim Bergner, Adam Biehl, Rick Blaine, Donn Ellerbrock, John Guegold (New member—Welcome!), Danny and Yung Holt, Mike Kitchen (Welcome back!), Steve Locsey, Glenn Mitchell, Scott Pansing, Ryan Parkevich, Rob Robison, Rebecca and Tom Zelanin

### 50/50

The \$16.50 **Tom Zelanin** took home from the 50/50 should help him deal with the financial repercussions of the recent trip he and Rebecca took to Cozumel.

### Announcements

- SCUBAFEST 2012 was held March 16-18 at the Embassy Suites (SR 161) Dublin, OH. The club showcased **Marty's** beautiful string **map of our club's dive destinations** over the past five years at our table:



*Dividing the World with the Sea Nags, 2006-12*

Special thanks to **Glenn Mitchell**, who helped me set up and man our table. Also, special

thanks to **Tami Thompson** who helped man our table as well. See related photos pp.10-11.

- Former Sea Nag president, **Mark Thomas**, took home second place in the Fresh Water category of the photo competition (See Parting Shots, pp.10-11, for Mark's winning photo as well as a few snap shots from Scuba Fest.

- MAST conducted a mini workshop at ScubaFest and will have its spring workshop April 14-15 along with the practical training at White Star on May 18-20.

- **Rick Blaine** may join new TV reality show venture, *The Ultimate Diver Challenge*, as a safety diver, which was recruiting a ScubaFest ([ultimatediverchallenge.com](http://ultimatediverchallenge.com))



**Dennis Hale**, author of *Shipwrecked: Reflections Of The Sole Survivor*, was on hand at ScubaFest, to tell of his harrowing experience as the only survivor of the steamer *Daniel J. Morrell*, which sank on Lake Huron in late November 1966.

\$23.95. Order direct from the author by mail ([click for order form](#)) or by e-mail, [dennishale@windstream.net](mailto:dennishale@windstream.net).

- The club now has 30 paid memberships for the year!

### Additional Announcements

- **2012 Club membership dues are \$20.00**  
2012 Ohio Council dues are \$9.00.
- Club logo patches and decals are available to new club members as a part of their membership dues. Returning members can purchase extra decals/stickers at a cost of \$0.25 each and extra patches for \$2.00 each.
- Facebook: You can find the Club Facebook forum by going to: <http://en-gb.facebook.com/pages/Columbus-Sea-Nags-SCUBA-Divers-/289276535926?v=wall>, thanks to Andy Dennis.

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## Calendar of Upcoming Events

### April

- 5 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; Diving Cozumel with the Zelanins or wreck videos - Rob
- 19 Exec Meeting @ TBA house 7:30 PM

### May

- 3 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- 6 Sunday Club dive @ Lancaster. Details to follow
- 17 Exec Meeting @ TBA house 7:30 PM

### June

- 2 Saturday - Club tune up dive & cookout @ Circleville. Details to follow
- 7 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- 21 Exec Meeting @ TBA house. 7:30 PM

### July

- 5 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- 19 Exec Meeting @ TBA house 7:30 PM
- 21-22 Dan BBQ & Club overnight dive & cookout @ Portage.

### Aug

- 2 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- 11 4<sup>th</sup> Annual Corn Roast & Swap Meet, C'Ville TQ
- 16 Exec Meeting @ TBA's house 7:30 PM

### Sept

- 6 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- 20 Exec Meeting @ TBA house 7:30 PM

### Oct

- 4 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- 18 Exec Meeting @ TBA house 7:30 PM

### Nov

- 1 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- 15 Exec Meeting @ TBA house 7:30 PM
- ?? Annual Banquet, Mary Kelly's TBA

### Dec

- 6 Club General Meeting @ Planks, 8:00PM; TBA
- ?? Annual Christmas Party TBA
- 31 6<sup>th</sup> Annual New Year's Eve Dive-In @Circleville Twin Q

## Evening Program

**Donn Ellerbrock** shared slides from his December dive trip to Palau on the Palau Aggressor live-aboard, which everyone enjoyed. Thanks, Donn!

## Treasurer's Report

- Marty has paid our OCSSDI dues. Our paid member total is now at 29 and climbing; checking @ \$6,540.85, \$57.25 in petty cash, total bank @ \$6,598.10.

## Executive Meeting Highlights

Not held

Please send dive reports to [newsletter@seanags.com](mailto:newsletter@seanags.com)

## Dive Reports

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## Spasms

While unfastening her gear and handing it to the Cozumel dive boat crew, **Rebecca Zelanin** forgot to let go of the regulator in her mouth.

## Oral

**Tom and Rebecca Zelanin** regaled us with stories from their recent trip to Cozumel. **Andy Dennis** and **Ryan Parkevich** spoke at length about their cave diving exploits in Florida. **Steve Locsey** and **Marty** shared their experiences diving at Lancaster, same as always, and **Rob and John Guegold** spoke of recent diving at Circleville.

## Written



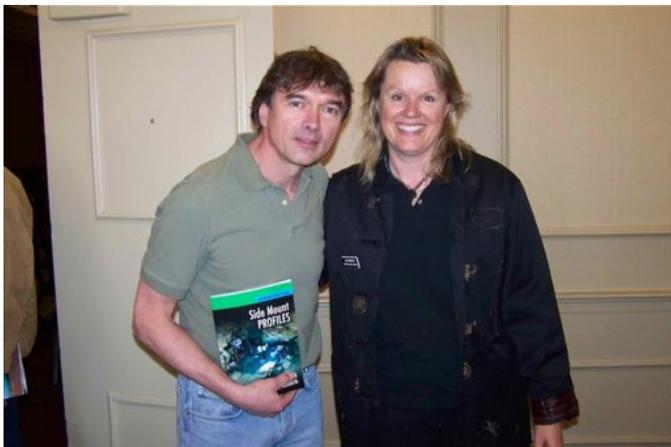
**The Boston Sea Rovers Clinic** is the longest continuously running dive conference in the country...It was my pleasure to attend it this year. The format, like Columbus' own

ScubaFest, has seminars and workshops, with a large space dedicated to vendors. Then there is also an Annual International Film Festival, with various renowned personalities of the dive field to take the honors of entertaining the 900+ attendees on the first evening of the two-day conference...

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Steve with Jill Heinerth, cave diving legend

The conference was held at a hotel just north of the big city, in Danvers, where I fully immersed myself in the many presentations, slide shows and movies. I took virtual trips to Raja Ampat, Indonesia, Coron, Philippines, and even the Key Islands, here on our side of the globe. One of the major themes during the weekend was conservation of flora and fauna in the seas, particularly our shark species. Of note, there was an entertaining video shown, which can be viewed by anyone reading now, if cyber linked to the Internet. Go to <[tankbangers.org](http://tankbangers.org)>, click the films tab at the top of the page, and click Play on the Our Blue film. Enjoy! There were training presentations also, focusing on search and rescue, safety, and much more. Of particular interest to me was a talk about breathing while diving. Our wonderful speaker, Andrea Zaferes eloquently brought forth techniques likely to help divers feel more comfortable diving. All attendees shared thoughts and questions, making the hour-long program seem insufficient for this complicated topic. The Film Festival, which I attended with my son and friend who reside in Boston, was as the "jewel" of the clinic, as stated on the Rovers' website. Of note for the evening's presenters were the multiple Emmy award winning photographers Brian Skerry, Rick Rosenthal, and cave diving "Living Legend" Jill

Heinerth. Altogether, it was a relaxing and enjoyable weekend I'll recommend to others and likely visit again.

*Steve Locsey*

## Pictorials

By Rob Robison

**Circleville 3-10-12**

**Saturday RR with John Guegold: H20 43-45°, vis 25- 30', air temp – 45°, sunny and bright.**

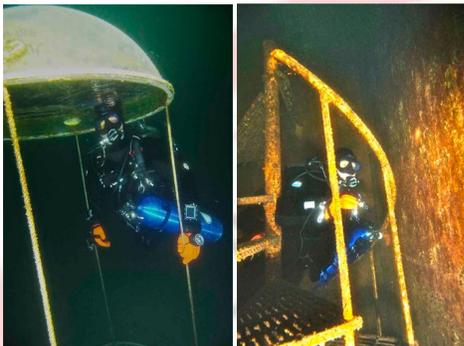


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**White Star 3-3-12** Windy and very cold; water temp 37°; vis was around 15ft. Mark Thomas (MT) & dive partner Shane Cooke.



Crusher mania



On the flat bed



Checking out the bus



## C'ville

Mid to late Feb: Water temp was 40° and vis a stunning 25' both Saturdays.

2/25/12 Saturday AM MT with Jessica Carrier



2/18/12 Saturday AM MarkT with Mark Flowers

## *Environment*

### **In Canada, cod remain scarce despite ban**

20 years after the Newfoundland cod fishery was shut down, the fish have not come back and a way of life is gone. New England scientists and fishermen fear it is an omen.

By [David Abel](#)



Globe Staff / March 4, 2012

PETTY HARBOUR, Newfoundland - For more than 500 years, the black waters off this craggy coast of rust-colored hills and ice-bound coves teemed with a seemingly endless supply of cod, so much that it sparked wars, drew immigrants from far away, and gave rise to a thriving fishing industry and a way of life passed across generations.

But after years of overfishing, changing sea temperatures, and mismanagement, the olive-backed, spotted fish known as the northern cod virtually vanished. In the summer of 1992, as boat after boat returned to this windswept land with empty nets, Canadian officials did

something once unthinkable: They banned fishing cod.

"It was devastating, like somebody just cut the legs right out from underneath me," said Bernard Chafe, 57, who began fishing with his father on a skiff here when he was 8 years old. "It was the only thing I knew how to do."

The ban has yet to be lifted, and 20 years later the cod have failed to rebound, despite predictions that the moratorium would revive the stock after a few years. Without the fish, a way of life here is ending - abandoned boats rot along the quay, fishermen have given up their licenses, and many of their children have chosen other vocations or moved, leaving local officials searching for ways to revive the aging community.

For cod fishermen in New England, who have resisted government-ordered cuts to their catch, it is a sobering spectacle, a lesson hard to understand, much less accept.

As the number of cod counted in the waters between Provincetown, Mass., and Port Clyde, Maine, has plummeted, scientists and policy makers fear that what happened in the frigid waters 1,500 miles northeast of Massachusetts may be occurring in the Gulf of Maine, potentially dealing a dire blow to a multimillion-dollar industry that helped fuel the birth of the United States and continues to support hundreds of fishermen.

Last fall, scientists who study New England's most storied fish - a wooden "Sacred Cod" has hung in the State House for more than 200 years - found major errors in a federal analysis that three years before had shown the local cod stock was healthy and regenerating, after an earlier round of catch limits.

The most recent assessment estimates there were only 26 million pounds of adult cod in the Gulf of Maine in 2010, about 19 percent of what scientists say is necessary for a healthy population.

The parallels with the sudden disappearance of cod in Newfoundland were so frightening to J.J. Maguire, a fisheries biologist in Quebec City who advises the New England Fishery Management Council, that he urged his colleagues in a January e-mail to consider this an emergency alarm.

A few weeks later, the council, which oversees fishing issues in the region, voted to recommend that the US Commerce Department reduce the local cod catch for the coming fishing season by 4 million pounds, or 22 percent. Fishermen say such a cut could put many of them out of business, while environmentalists warn that it may be insufficient and risk triggering a collapse in the fishery, similar to what happened in Newfoundland.

A bipartisan New England congressional coalition recently sent a letter to Commerce Secretary John Bryson, warning against precipitous cuts that "would devastate the commercial fleet."

Bryson will decide what to do in coming weeks.

"With the northern cod, everything seemed OK. But we found through later assessments that we were considerably off track," Maguire said in a telephone interview. "Things didn't turn out the way we projected. My concern is that New England doesn't repeat the same mistakes."

## **A lesson for New England**

In Petty Harbour, among the oldest fishing communities in North America, the failure of the fishery offers lessons about the limits of science and vagaries of nature, the pressures of politics, and ways to mitigate the inevitable pain that comes from an abrupt end to a centuries-old culture. But a people who had relied mainly on one fish found that the sea continued to provide, bringing a measure of prosperity back to some fishing families.

For Chafe, who speaks in an Irish brogue brought to this former British colony by his ancestors, it took years to adapt. After the moratorium took effect, he considered moving, because it depressed him to look at the sea from his kitchen. "How would you like to be looking at your office but not be able to go to work?" he said. "I kept saying, 'What am I going to do? How am I going to feed my family?'"

Chafe, his wife, and three young children survived on government subsidies for several years, rarely going out or buying anything but food. Their community of nearly 1,000 people - where fishermen's wives worked at local cod-processing plants and children waited at the docks to help prepare the fish for sale - had become quiet. Alcoholism and depression spiked, and the government trained fishermen for new jobs, such as repairing furniture.

Neither Chafe's children nor his neighbors' children would become fishermen.

Scientists, policy makers, and fishermen say the commercial extinction of cod here began after World War II, when factory-sized trawlers, first from Europe and then from Canada, began vacuuming up the seas. As the massive ships took in well over a billion pounds of cod a year, rising global temperatures began melting Arctic ice, cooling the surrounding waters and severely stressing the thinning stocks, fisheries scientists in Newfoundland said. Other sources of food for cod, particularly a type of smelt called capelin, also began to decline sharply.

"It's absolutely clear that [the demise of the cod] was a combination of environmental effects and overfishing," said George Rose, director of the Centre for Fisheries Ecosystems Research at Memorial University in St. John's, Newfoundland.

While small-boat fishermen such as Chafe had complained about the declining catch and smaller size of fish for several years before the

moratorium, Rose and others who monitored the cod population said the scientific assessments were probably as good as they could have been, even if they overestimated the health of the stock. Scientists had urged the government to cut the annual quotas in the late 1980s by half, but with pressure from the trawlers and cod-processing plants, the government ignored the advice.

"In retrospect, and what I would tell those in New England, is that the best approach is to err on keeping the catch down," said Eric Dunne, who served as regional director of the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Oceans until 1995. "It's easy to say and hard to do, but if you push the limit of what's being advised, you'll be in trouble."

The trouble in Newfoundland meant a loss of jobs for about 35,000 fishermen and plant workers from some 400 coastal communities. It also required government subsidies that were initially designed to last for two years, but were extended when the cod failed to make a comeback, eventually costing taxpayers about \$4 billion.

Twenty years later, the government allows local fishermen a small catch. In a year, they are allowed to take what they used to haul up in a good day.

### **A town 'died overnight'**

In Petty Harbour, Mayor Ron Doyle recalled how the town changed abruptly after the moratorium. The gulls no longer flocked to the harbor. The cod-processing plants were shuttered, eliminating about 200 jobs, and the constant flow of trucks that used to roll in and out of town fell to a trickle.

Many of the younger residents left for jobs elsewhere, and the town had to cut services and search for new sources of revenue, such as tourism.

"It was like the place died overnight," said Doyle, who had to close his convenience store

because of a lack of customers. "They said the cod would come back after five years, but it's been 20 years. I don't think it ever will come back."

But within a few years, the town's loss made way for a new boon.

The absence of cod, a predator, and the infusion of colder waters gave rise to snow crabs, shrimp, and other shellfish over the past decade, giving a new source of income to the 120 fishermen still working the waters off Petty Harbour.

The shellfish require significantly less time and effort to catch than the cod, and they're more valuable. Shellfish brought in \$400 million for Newfoundland fishermen in 2010, considerably more than the \$119 million earned from cod in 1990, right before the crash.

"A lot of people got sick, lazy, and tired from doing nothing," said Sam Lee, 62, who began fishing with his father when he was 10 years old. "The crab was a godsend. You make now in a week with crab what you made in six months in cod."

In an odd twist, some here now worry about the return of cod and the potential impact on the shellfish, which have recently shown signs of a decline.

With the number of northern cod slowly rising - the population, controlled by predators such as seals, food supply, and other factors, remains about 5 percent of its historical size - local officials and businesses have sought to avoid repeating past mistakes by reducing the catch of shellfish now.

"It's a cute saying that if we're not going to learn from our history, we're condemned to repeat it; but it will be sad if it happens," said Derek Butler, executive director of the Association of Seafood Producers, which represents processing plants in Newfoundland. "We'd better learn the real lesson: Take care of

the fish, and the fish will take care of us.

We have to police our appetites to sustain the fishery."

For those who grew up fishing cod, and see it not just as a means of income but as a way of life, the losses here are still being tallied.

Doug Howlett, who grew up pulling in cod one by one on a skiff with his father, laments the loss of the legacy. His children have already moved on, with one becoming a teacher, another going into retail, and another becoming a marine engineer.

And because the crab fishing season is so short now - it lasts only a few weeks in the late spring - the 49-year-old now drives a taxi to make ends meet.

"When we're no longer here, and our kids aren't in it, a part of our history will be gone," he said.

David Abel can be reached at [dabel@globe.com](mailto:dabel@globe.com). Follow him on Twitter @davabel.

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## Log Book

OUTSIDE MAGAZINE, MARCH 2012  
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 2012

### OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND YOU'RE DEAD

The freediving world championships occur at the outer limits of competitive risk. -During the 2011 event, held off the coast of Greece, more than 130 athletes assembled to swim hundreds of feet straight down on a single breath—without (they hoped) -passing out, freaking out, or drowning. JAMES NESTOR reports on the amazingly fit, unquestionably brave, and possibly crazy people who line up for the ultimate plunge.

By: JAMES NESTOR

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William Trubridge going deep. Photographer: Igor Libert

JUNKO KITAHAMA'S FACE is pale blue, her mouth agape, her head craned back like a dead bird's. Through her swim mask, her eyes are wide and unblinking, staring at the sun. She isn't breathing.

"Blow on her face!" yells a man swimming next to her. Another man grabs her head from behind and pushes her chin out of the water. "Breathe!" he yells. Someone from the deck of a boat yells for oxygen. "Breathe!" the man repeats. But Kitahama, who just surfaced from a breath-hold dive 180 feet below the surface of the ocean, doesn't breathe. She doesn't move. Kitahama looks dead.

Moments later, she coughs, jerks, twitches her shoulders, flutters her lips. Her face softens as she comes to. "I was swimming and..." She laughs and continues. "Then I just started dreaming!" Two men slowly float her over to an oxygen tank sitting on a raft. While she recovers behind a surgical mask, another freediver takes her place and prepares to plunge even deeper.

Kitahama, a female competitor from Japan, is one of more than 130 freedivers from 31 countries who have gathered here—one mile off the coast of Kalamata, Greece, in the deep, mouthwash blue waters of Messinian Bay—for the **2011 Individual Freediving Depth World Championships**, the largest competition ever

held for the sport. Over the next week, in an event organized by the **International Association for the Development of Apnea (AIDA)**, they'll test themselves and each other to see who can swim the deepest on a single lungful of air without passing out, losing muscle control, or drowning. The winners get a medal. How deep can they go? Nobody knows. Competitive **freediving** is a relatively new sport, and since the first world championships were held in 1996, records have been broken every year, sometimes every few months. Fifty years ago, scientists believed that the deepest a human could freedive was about 160 feet. Recently, freedivers have routinely doubled and tripled that mark. In 2007, **Herbert Nitsch**, a 41-year-old Austrian, dove more than 700 feet—assisted by a watersled on the way down and an air bladder to pull him to the surface—to claim a new world record for absolute depth. Nitsch, who didn't compete in Greece, **plans to dive 800 feet in June**, deeper than two football fields are long.

Nobody has ever drowned at an organized freediving event, but enough people have died outside of competition that freediving ranks as the second-most-dangerous adventure sport, right after BASE jumping. The statistics are a bit murky: some deaths go unreported, and the numbers that are kept include people who freedive as part of other activities, like spearfishing. But one estimate of worldwide freediving-related fatalities revealed a nearly threefold increase, from 21 deaths in 2005 to 60 in 2008.

Only a few of these fatalities have been widely publicized. The famed French freediver Audrey Mestre—wife of freediving pioneer Francisco "Pipin" Ferreras—**died in 2002 during a weight-aided descent** to 561 feet, leading to controversy that continues still about whether Ferreras, who managed safety for the attempt, did his job properly. More recently, just three

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months before the 2011 world championships, Adel Abu Haliqa, a 40-year-old founding member of a freediving club in the United Arab Emirates, drowned in Santorini, Greece, during a 230-foot attempt. **His body still hasn't been found.** A month later, Patrick Musimu, a former world-record holder from Belgium, **drowned while training alone** in a pool in Brussels.

Competitive freedivers blame such deaths on carelessness, arguing that each dead diver was going it alone or relying on machines to assist the dives—both very high-risk pursuits. “Competitive freediving is a safe sport. It’s all very regulated, very controlled,” says **William Trubridge**, a 31-year-old world-record freediver from New Zealand. “I would never do it if it wasn’t.” He points out that, during some 39,000 competition freedives over the past 12 years, there has never been a fatality. Through events like the world championships, Trubridge and others hope to change freediving’s shaky image and bring it closer to the mainstream. City officials in Kalamata, a freediving hub, are trying to help. To that end, they hosted an opening ceremony for the event on a Saturday night along a crowded boardwalk. There, hundreds of competitors, coaches, and crew members in matching T-shirts and tracksuits waved national flags and screamed their countries’ anthems from an enormous stage—a scene that looked like a low-rent Olympics. Behind them, a 40-piece marching band played a ragged version of the *Rocky* theme as grainy video highlights from past freedives were projected onto a 30-foot screen.

“You ask me, this all looks crazy,” said Xaris Vgenis, a Kalamatan who runs a watersports shop near the beach. A video of a 300-foot dive appeared on the screen, and Vgenis shook his head. “You’ll never get me to do it!”

Then the lights of the stage darkened, the video screen dimmed, and the PA system went silent. Moments later, strobe lights flashed and

streams of fireworks exploded in the night sky. The participants cheered while a few hundred locals scratched their heads. The 2011 freediving world championships were on.

TWO DAYS AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY, on a windless and hot Monday morning, I head for the Kalamata Marina, where a scruffy Quebecois expat named Yanis Georgoulis is waiting on a 27-foot boat to carry me to the first event. For all its mainstream hopes, freediving has a built-in problem: it’s almost impossible to watch. The playing field is underwater, there are no video feeds beamed back to land, and it’s a logistical challenge even to get near the action. Today’s staging area is a sketchy-looking 20-by-20-foot flotilla of boats, platforms, and gear that looks like it was swiped from the set of *Waterworld*.

While we motor out in the shadow of toothy coastal mountains, I use the time to brush up on **freediving’s complicated rules**. The competition officially starts the night before a dive, when divers secretly submit the proposed depths of the next day’s dive attempts to a panel of judges. It’s basically a bid, and there’s gamesmanship involved as each diver tries to guess what the other divers will do. “It’s like playing poker,” Trubridge told me. “You are playing the other divers as much as you are playing yourself.” The hope is that your foes will choose a shallower dive than you can do, or that they’ll choose a deeper dive than they can do and end up “busting.”

In freediving, you bust either by flubbing one of dozens of technical requirements during and after the dive or by blacking out before you reach the surface, grounds for immediate disqualification. While not common in competitions (I’m told), blackouts happen often enough that layers of safety precautions are put in place, including rescue divers who monitor each dive, sonar tracking from the flotilla, and a lanyard guide attached to divers’

ankles that keeps them from drifting off course—a potentially fatal hazard, I'll later learn.

A few minutes before each dive, a metal plate covered in white Velcro is attached to a rope and sunk to the depth the competitor submitted the night before.

An official counts down, and the diver submerges and follows the rope to the plate, grabs any of dozens of tags affixed to it, and follows the rope back to the surface. About 60 feet down or lower, the competitor is met by rescue divers who are there to assist in the event of a blackout. If he passes out so deep that the safety divers can't see him, that will be detected by the sonar. The rope will then be hoisted up and the diver's unconscious body dragged to the surface, rag-doll style.

Divers who successfully resurface are put through a battery of tests known as the surface protocol. This gauges their coherence and motor skills by requiring them, among other things, to remove their face masks, quickly flash a sign to a judge, and say "I'm OK." If you pass, you get a white card, validating the dive. To read the rest of this exciting and captivating 12 column article, go to: <http://www.outsideonline.com/outdoor-adventure/water-activities/open-your-mouth-and-youre-dead.html?page=1>

## Parting Shots



## Thoughts



Photo By PHOTO ID: 1312822/Leena Roy Thu, Mar 1, 2012

This shot was taken underwater at the end of a morning dive in Djibouti when the surface was flat calm. I held my breath to avoid my air bubbles disrupting the top so the clouds could be seen. These crabs free swim near the surface and are apparently scavengers. They were rather aggressive flicking their claws and nipping any exposed skin. Fortunately I still have all my fingers. Photo and caption courtesy Leena Roy/National Geographic

Source: [http://news.yahoo.com/photos/national-geographic-reader-pics-slideshow/2012-02-18\\_0000175-subscriber-false-marketing-false-newsletter-regysnewsletter-microtrans-photo-1330644046.html](http://news.yahoo.com/photos/national-geographic-reader-pics-slideshow/2012-02-18_0000175-subscriber-false-marketing-false-newsletter-regysnewsletter-microtrans-photo-1330644046.html)

**Fall Time**  
**< 2nd Place, Scuba Fest Fresh Water**  
**Underwater Photo Competition, 2012, by**  
**Mark Thomas**



Yung, Danny & Laurel



The Pansings



Tami holding down the fort



Underwater Connection



Rob with photo by Glenn

**AD Rates**

S'Nag-A-News monthly advertising rates are as follows:

- Business Card \$4.00
- 1/4 Page \$10.00
- 1/2 Page \$20.00
- Full Page \$30.00

Club members receive a 10% discount on advertising rates. Non-members receive a 10% discount for three months paid in advance.

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**NEXT MEETING: 8:00 p.m., Plank's Café, Thurs., April 5: Diving Cozumel slide show Tom & Rebecca Zelanin or wreck dive videos**

**The Columbus Sea Nags**  
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6803 Maplebrook Lane  
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