



President's Log by Steven Trainoff

The weather during the last month has been windy and stormy. When it has been nice, I have been out of town. My gills are drying out. It is at times like this that I reflect on how I got into diving. Everyone has his or her own story; this is mine.

When I was young, I loved going to the beach and playing in the waves. I would spend hours body surfing until I was so blue that I could barely walk. Somehow, the cold doesn't bother you so much when you are young.

When I got to college at Caltech, the first couple years were consumed by coursework, but by my junior year I was in danger of overdosing from the fire hose of knowledge that was dispensed daily. I started to look for some diversity in my life. One day I noticed that the physical Ed department offered a course in Scuba. It was a two-semester NAUI course, at the end of which I would earn an Advanced Open Water certification. Since I hadn't visited the beach in years, I longed to play in the waves again. The year was 1983.

Diving was a little different then. We spent most of the first semester practicing life-saving skills in the school pool. I remember the first time I put a regulator in my mouth and stayed underwater for over 10 minutes. What a thrill. I had just bettered the best breath-hold diving record without even trying. After what seemed like interminable ditch-and-don drills, we were finally ready for the ocean. We drove down to Laguna and marched down a long stairway to the beach. The first "dives" were free dives with only the wetsuit and BC, just to get the feel of a beach entry. I remember that it was a good thing that we didn't have our tanks since the waves were a good 6 feet.

A couple weeks later, it was time to dive for real. We put the rest of the gear on, timed the waves, and dashed through. My mask leaked, and I yo-yoed up and down fighting for buoyancy control, but once we settled in the sand for our skills, time slowed down. I don't remember much of the dive, but I do remember seeing an Abalone for the first time, of course, that was back when you could still find them in Laguna.

The gear was pretty basic. I had a rental horse collar BC, a neoprene wetsuit that was so stiff that it felt like it has been torn off of a truck tire, and no octopus. Running out of air mean buddy breathing. But everything seemed simple. Then again, everything seems simple when you are 22.

You would think that would have been the beginning of a long diving history, but you would be wrong. Life has a way of surprising you. Near the end of the course I was helping out in the student musical when a piece of the set collapsed underneath me. I fell and broke my arm. Needless to say, it was hard to complete my scuba course with my arm in a cast. I had only completed 4 dives; not enough for a certification.

Life got complicated and 15 years went by without me having completed my course. Then on a family vacation in Hawaii things changed again. The hotel we were staying at offered an intro-to-scuba course in the pool. I remembered how much I had enjoyed my brief time in the water. I convinced Gretchen to give it a try. I don't really know why she agreed, but I am glad she did, because we had a magical dive off of the beach in Maui. We swam over lava fingers and saw a green sea turtle. I realized how foolish I had been to let so much time go by. When we returned home, we signed up for a real course at California Watersports in Goleta. The rest is history.



Oooh! There it is! No, there it is! Checkout this amazing webiste that Jerry Sorich found.
Happy viewing! <http://www.ted.com/index.php/talks/view/id/206>

Morro Bay Kayak Trip - Laurel Mahler

Hey there, Friends, Family and PDCers:

Just sit right back and you'll hear a tale – a tale of a fateful trip that started with the PDC and went to Morro Bay. OK, that's as far as that goes...

So, today was, indeed, an adventure; Just not the adventure we'd expected to have. I left SB about 11:45am today, to go to Morro Bay with a group of PDCers for an afternoon of kayaking and a gourmet bbq dinner at the Dunes. The fog rolled in during the previous days, and I'd asked all of my buds to pray for sun with me for today. What do you know, I woke up, got my stuff packed together (forgetting only shirts and pants).. and whadya' know?? We got a cloudy, gray day– sans rain. The good news is that the sun and blue sky started peeking out as I drove up the 101 on the coast between home and Gaviota; so did the wind, as I felt the vehicle wavering here and there. I made good time to Buellton, where I hooked up with Diane and Shelby Adams. Diane drove the portion to Los Alamos, where we did a drive-by and found Craig and his bike at the side of the road. He drove the last third of the way, and found the rendezvous site at the Bay.



Can you say "white-caps?" Noah and Dina were waiting there to tell us how great the weather had been that morning, how smooth the water... Must've been lovely! It was too cold to get out of the car as we waited for the others and watched a man and a woman pull all kinds of stuff out of a pickup and onto the dock. I got brave (read:needed to pee) and cornered the gal, Charmaine,, asking if they were really going to take the dive club out in this... She said that it was entirely up to us, and that we shouldn't feel pressured to make a decision based on the fact that they were unloading the gear (food). Confidentially, she also said that she wouldn't blame us if we decided not to go out, as it would be really hard and really cold, and not much fun. That's all I needed to know! I moved on to the restroom.

Ross, our guide was talking to the now-formed group of divers as I reported to Diane and Dina that I'd be JUST FINE with going wine-tasting instead. I couldn't believe my ears, but the guys had decided that the trip was on. Ross mentioned several times that we should take every last bit of clothing that we had available with us, as it was likely to be cold.. on the water, on the dunes, while we ate... So, we did some dressing, some sharing of clothing, and packed EVERYTHING into dry bags. Oh, right... what about Shelby (the dog)? Craig finally was able to reach the kennel and drove her over whilst we packed the dry bags. Meanwhile, extra weather-resistant clothing was being juggled around, extra neoprene gloves here, long underwear bottoms there, and outer shell pants there...



As Ross gave us the intro to kayaking, "on a day like today...(we will get wet/ might have to change our course/ might have challenges with the wind/ might be better to tandem/ etc)..." ... So into the kayaks the first few went, and while waiting for the rest of us to get fitted and into the water, they were being blown backwards (downwind). They- and then we- were paddling rather seriously just to stay in place! When we got started as a group, and headed toward Morro Rock, we were in high seas, the women (all in the front positions) were taking on serious water and wind in the whitecaps, digging in to make any headway at all, but we were troopers.

We were introduced to the American White Pelican, and then headed out to sea... for a few valiant moments before Ross called the troops in and said we were going back in! At first we didn't quite understand, but as we pulled the kayaks around to head back to the dock (which wasn't very far away!), we saw Charmaine on dry land! I don't really know whether she ever got into the water with us or not. I didn't see her on a kayak, but I heard someone say that hers was so loaded down (with food and beverages –WINE/BEER) that she wouldn't have made the crossing. (cont. on page 3)

Paradise Dive Club Events

May

17th Kayaking in Morro Bay - Redux!

Local Dive Calendar

April 2008

Truth Aquatics 962-1127 call for prices, boats, and specific destinations, or go to their website; www.truthaquatics.com.

1 day dive to Santa Cruz, 6am dep., 4/6, 4/13, 4/20, 4/27

1 day Outer Islands, 4am dep., 4/5, 4/12, 4/19

1 day Rig dive, Platform Grace, 6am dep., 4/26

1 day wreck dive, SM1/Gosford, 4am dep., 4/27

2 day dive, 4am dep., 4/12,

2 day Island Hike, 4am dep., 4/19

3 day limited load, 4am dep., 4/4

4 day Island Hike, 4am dep., 4/4 (1/2 trip is Truth Aquatics)

4 day dive, 4am dep., (1/2 trip is Truth Aquatics) 4/15

(cont. from Page 2)

So, we disembarked without any casualties... women more wet than men... Ross said that this was the first time he'd actually called a trip due to weather. Hard to know.

We reviewed the Plans B from which to choose. As a group, we opted out of Hiking and Birding and having a bbq at the dock. We considered returning in the morning (since most of us had planned to stay the night) to see if weather would permit, but the kayak company couldn't accommodate us the next day. It was ultimately decided that we'd try to reschedule for another weekend. We went to our respective safe-houses, cleaned/dried/changed up, and met for dinner.

Some decided to return home that evening, but others were held hostage in a kennel in Morro Bay, so they couldn't leave till the next morning. I was lucky enough to hitch a ride back with Noah and Dina after dinner, and thoroughly enjoyed having the time to visit with them and to get to know them a little better. So, we had a little adventure, just not the one we'd planned to have. Rolling with the punches, waves whatever!

SANTA BARBARA CITY COLLEGE

invites you to attend the
29th Annual Faculty Lecture
presented by **Don Barthelmess**
selected by his peers
to speak on —

**DIVING INTO SANTA BARBARA:
AN EVOLUTION OF
UNDERWATER
TECHNOLOGY**

Wednesday, April 9, 2008, 2:30 p.m.
The James R. Garvin Memorial Theatre
Santa Barbara City College
Reception Follows



Wednesday, April 9th 2008

The presentation is open to the public, beginning promptly at 2:30pm followed by a reception at 3:30pm.

Please mark your calendar and arrive early as seating is limited.

PDC Thursday Night Dives!

To find out where the group will be diving, or to be added to the night dive e-mail list, sign up at http://groups.yahoo.com/group/PDC_midweek_dive, or send e-mail to PDC_midweek_dive-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

Membership

\$25/year for individuals, \$40 for families. Membership runs May-April and includes a monthly newsletter, free air-fills, and other benefits. For details or to join, contact Noah Philips at nphilips@gmail.com

Newsletter

Send newsletter items to Gretchen Beckert gbgreymutt@cox.net

Website

www.paradisediveclub.org

Dive Club Officers

President	Steven Trainoff	571-1622
Vice President	Geof McFarland	685-6001
Treasurer	Mark Silva	453-2001
Secretary	Jim Axtell	685-9025
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Join the coolest club in town!

1. Monthly meetings with entertainment.
2. raffle prizes (we all need new dive stuff)
3. Great dive buddy pool
4. Beach and boat dives, AND weekly night dives
5. Club BBQs, and other activities
6. Free air-fills and gear discounts at local dive shops
7. Right to proudly wear the official PDC T-Shirt (nobody has a logo as cool as ours).



P.O. Box 21311
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Many thanks to our sponsors for their generosity including air-fill donations and gear discounts!

🚫 **Meeting Place** 🚫

The March 25th meeting will take place at
Petrini's Restaurant in Santa Barbara.
14 West Calle Laureles.

Feeding frenzy at 6:30pm, meeting at 7pm