

The Sea Breeze

New York, N. Y.

SEA GYPSIES Skin & Scuba Club

August 1976

NEXT MEETING! NEXT MEETING! NEXT MEETING! NEXT MEETING! NEXT MEETING!

We are going to try a new meeting place at our monthly meeting:

When: Wednesday, August 4th
Where: The WILD TURKEY at 12 E. 49th st.
Time: The meeting will start at 7:30, so, get there at 7:00 to order dinner
Why?: This is a huge room with tons of room for all of us. It has a much more suitable menu for our group and many of you will want to dine. If you get there early for din-din we can move through the meeting much more smoothly and get on to the entertainment.

NEW MEETING PLACE!! NEW MEETING PLACE!! NEW MEETING PLACE!! NEW MEETING PLACE

Rob Barberi would like to "exchange back" the 3/16-inch men's medium or large dive gloves which belong to someone who was on the New Hampshire trip, July 4th weekend, for his own 1/4-inch, slightly smaller gloves.
Call (day) 203-758-1911 or (night) 203-248-5117.

FOR SALE: Complete U/W Strobe outfit. New Ikelite case (used once) with bracket, Universal Quick Disconnect, new Ikelite U/W connector, Honeywell Strobonar 65C(ASA 25 Guide #80) with new Nicad 1/2 C batteries and all charging cords, plus a few extra goodies. SACRIFICE: \$140.00
Call Chris Frost: wk. 867-4030, hm. 787-8006 after 7

Laveda King has escaped from the hospital after surgery and is feeling much better.

Dive trip to San Salvador: Oct. 17 to Oct. 24. All inclusive price is \$542.00. If you can't make the Thanksgiving trip, try this one. Please let Ron Bellucci know by August 15th. (work: 424-6600, home: 737-2442)

Pick up your membership cards for 1976 at the meeting!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Dear Sea Gypsy,

Hi! We are your new dive coordinators. The following is a tentative dive schedule through Labor Day. Each dive will have different coordinators who should be contacted about a particular dive. If you wish to help, please call us! Coordinators do not have to attend the dive. Blank spaces on the schedule are there for a reason. From your suggestions we will plan other dives. This is YOUR schedule-- save it! With your ideas and feedback we hope to make the rest of the diving season interesting and fun for all.

Happy and safe diving!

Dave Gould--699-8214

Adrienne Kmiecik--725-5626

MONTH	DATE	SATURDAY	DATE	SUNDAY
JULY	24	*Wreck Dive- Joann Manasquan, N.J.	25	Paul Cordes' Quarry-check-out Can go to 180'! Great day for a picnic. Adm: \$2.00. Contact: Peter Van Nuyes by 7/23 (H) BU8-4194 (OFF) 246-3040 Leave message if necessary
<p>*****</p> <p>* July 31 - August 1 Exciting, new dive weekend: Ram Island, Conn. *</p> <p>* It's near Watch Hill, R.I.; has great, easy *</p> <p>* diving; with more challenging dives available.*</p> <p>* This will be a fantastic camping weekend! We *</p> <p>* will have our own island!! Excellent spear *</p> <p>* fishing. Maybe one wreck dive, too. Colorful *</p> <p>* marine life. Call one of the following soon: *</p> <p>* Bruce Dearborn 278-2047 or Stephen Michel *</p> <p>* 249-4148 by 7/28. (Leaving Friday is preferable) *</p> <p>*****</p>				
AUGUST	7	*Wreck Dive- Sea Lion-Brielle, N.J. 13 divers	8	Sylvan Lake Quarry--check-out Depth to 75'
	14	*Wreck Dive- Sea Lion- 7 divers	15	Lake George
	14	Lake George Weekend Good check-out. Camping and picnicking. Contact Dave Gould-699-8214 by 8/11. Alternative: Lake Minnewaska- <u>good</u> visibility, depth to 110', interesting rock formations. Camping nearby (not underwater).		
	21		22	Shinnecock Inlet or nearby bridge dive
	28		29	
SEPT.	3,4	5 New Hampshire Weekend-- Sea Gypsies Club Picnic!		
		(possible - not definite)		

*Contact Roberto Varga for wreck dives-- 271-0129.

THE PULSE OF THE SEA

A Monthly Letter From Jacques-Yves Cousteau,
president, The Cousteau Society

Jonah's Complaint

It's a sunny day in 1972, and I am sitting in the open doorway of a helicopter, my legs dangling over the side. As we hover above the Caribbean Sea, I search the waters for humpback whales. Below me, on the bow of a rented fishing boat, my son Philippe is outfitted with an Aqua Lung and a camera. He stands ready to jump into the sea at my radio signal so that he can film the whales underwater. His job is a tricky one. Jumping from a vessel that is doing 10 knots is dangerous in itself, but Philippe must jump in front of the humpbacks. Timing is of the essence; even when these behemoths move slowly, they move three times faster than man can swim. A few seconds of hesitation is time enough for the whales to disappear with a flick of their mighty tails.

I sight humpbacks! Despite the flurry of excitement that follows my radio signal to Philippe, I can focus on little but the breathtaking sight of these giants gliding effortlessly on their way from warm waters toward rich arctic feeding grounds. Their long flippers stretch out like graceful wings. From time to time, slender columns of vapor rise from their blowholes up into the blue sky.

The sight of Philippe's tiny fishing boat, the tiny men on board, and the mammoth humpbacks nearby leaves me speechless. I am struck by the impossible gulf that separates them—the whales cavorting in a sea around a boat that is smaller than they, the men clustering on that boat like ants adrift on a plank. Words from *Paradise Lost* edge into my mind:

There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.

Up in the helicopter, I suddenly shudder. It occurs to me that somewhere other men in similar flying machines are using my technique to direct ships fitted with rocket launchers toward playful

giant whales. These hunters track their prey not to a feeding ground but to a bloodbath.

Our research expeditions since that trip four years ago have been discouraging. Weeks of fruitless searching for whale species are proof enough that the experts are right. They say that the humpback, the right, the bowhead, the gray, and the blue whales are being pushed toward the threshold of extinction. The remaining four species of the nine great whales—sperm, fin, sei, and Bryde's—are steadily diminishing. What is true of coral and of all other forms of marine life is also true of whales. We are no sooner able to approach them, to admire them, to observe them, than we realize that they are in danger of becoming extinct.

Yet the slaughterers push on. Old whaling techniques will hardly do in a sea nearly bereft of whales; so fleets rely on space-age technology to help them sweep the oceans for surviving mammals. Sonar and exploding harpoons have replaced the simpler weapons of more romantic times. Floating factories oversee the metamorphosis from whale carcass to whale product in half an hour.

Soon the whalers will overcatch themselves right out of the whaling industry. Why? When the catch becomes too small for their bother, they will have made enough money to scrap their fleets with little remorse.

BY BRINGING AN END TO the whaling era, the world outside the whaling industry has little to lose—little but “seafood platters” for cats. And there is much to gain. These remarkable creatures have kept secrets man would do well to uncover. They can dive to inky depths without risking caisson disease, the deadly ailment human divers call the bends. They can go without breathing for an hour and a half. They can communicate with one another and are able to identify one another by voice. And they

play a vital role in balancing the ecosystem.

It is difficult to explain a man's reactions to his first sight of a whale underwater. The feeling is one of stupefaction at the size of the animal. A whale can weigh in excess of 100 tons. Its dimensions go beyond man's experience with life forms. On this point all our divers agree: the first sight of a whale underwater is terrifying.

The more experiences the *Calypso* has had with whales, however, the less terrifying—and the more intriguing—these leviathans have become.

Diving is perhaps one of their more stupendous feats. The sperm whale is the undoubted master, the only whale that can dive 4,000 feet down—or more. As he prepares to penetrate the depths, he jackknives with an utter grace—especially in his tail movements, which seem desultory and almost casual. His grace, however, is deceptive; the power in that tail is the estimated equivalent of that of a 500-horsepower engine.

A more flashy display of a whale's abilities is a stunt called breaching, or spyhopping. The whale leaps completely from the water, at a take-off speed of about 30 knots. He does a half roll in midair and falls back, hitting the water with the thunderous clap of massive flesh against water. The reasons that whales perform this showy trick remain unknown. It could be a sexual rite. One oceanographer I know believes that breaching aids digestion—that whales jump to help the food go down.

Perhaps the most mystifying of the habits peculiar to whales is their “singing.” Humpback whales are the most renowned for a wide range of tones, and whole herds often join together in “songs” composed of complete sequences, which, repeated, can last for hours. Some evenings, we listened to the humpbacks starting to make a few sounds, like musicians tuning their instruments. Then, one by one, they began to sing. Underwater canyons made the sounds echo, and it seemed as though we were in a cathedral listening to the faithful alternating verses of a psalm.

One of the most “human” qualities of the whale is its intense devotion to other whales, which is best displayed by the relationship between a mother whale and her calf.

The mother's first task is to lift her baby to the surface for its first breath. She continues this careful attention to his breathing when she nurses him, all

the whale cradling the baby in her flippers to keep his head above the surface.

Mothers punish their offspring as well. Once, a crew member on board our ship saw a calf rub against the hull. The mother went after the calf, pushed it far away from the ship, and then struck it several times with her flippers. Never again, that baby was taught, should it confuse a ship with its mother's stomach.

This sort of concern is typical not only of the relationship between mother and calf but also of the relations between members of the whole herd. When a huge sperm whale rammed into our hull one day, the chirping of the herd suddenly became frantic. Whales emerged from everywhere, rushing to the side of the stricken whale to support it at the surface.

Whales are affectionate as well as protective—they love to nuzzle one another, especially as a prelude to mating. Humpbacks actually embrace with their flippers. More than once, flirtatious female whales have rubbed even against our divers. The most touching of our experiences came one day as we were filming. A mother whale and her calf were swimming directly toward Bernard Delemotte, chief diver on our ship. Bernard passed between them with his camera—and the mother gently pulled back a flipper so as not to harm him.

I am touched by a certain sadness, then, when I leaf through volumes of ancient folklore. Rising from the pages are images of monsters from the deep, overturning ships and attacking men. I know that it has been the other way around in real life.

AND IT WILL CONTINUE to be that way until we confront those nations that prefer the jingle of coins in their pockets to the survival of the whale.

There is much to protest. The only body that regulates whaling is the International Whaling Commission, which is basically industry-run. Although the group meets once a year and confers with a committee of biologists on species protection, the IWC has offered only a modicum of the effectiveness that is needed. The commission has jurisdiction over only its 14 members, who are slow to regulate themselves. In 1949, for example, the committee of scientists warned members that the blue whale was threatened. Members failed to act on that warning until 1967, when nothing short of a total ban could save the species. Even when the commission finally

makes rules, members are free to break them. A nation can escape the jurisdiction of the commission simply by objecting to any regulation. Russia and Japan have, through the years, continually renege in this way on IWC quotas and moratoriums. Japan, moreover, operates whaling fleets under different flags in order to reap more than its assigned quota (Japan and Russia already officially take 88 percent of the world's total annual whale catch). Animosity toward these countries became so bitter in 1974 that 24 environmental groups—5 million people—in the United States agreed to boycott Soviet and Japanese products. Japan reacted by hiring a public-relations firm in New York City.

Until now, the United States has set a firm example in protecting whales. Since 1971 it has abided by a moratorium prohibiting the killing of whales. Recently, however, U.S. officials veered off this determined course. In March the Japanese ship *Dairyo Maru* moored in Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, with 1 million pounds of whale meat aboard. Immune to penalty under the U.S. Marine Mammal Protection Act because the meat was not off-loaded for sale, the ship still faced a penalty under the Endangered Species Act, which forbids the "importation"—defined as bringing goods into United States territory—of products from endangered species. Maximum punishment under this act is \$20,000 per violation and confiscation of the illegal cargo. But only a \$5,000 fine was levied, and the ship sailed the next day with the whale meat—worth \$700,000—still aboard.

According to Morris Pallozzi, chief of enforcement at the National Marine Fisheries Service (part of the Department of Commerce), the decision to levy only a light fine—and to define this offense as only *one* violation—was made by his office after conferring with the Department of State. Lorry Nakatsu, director of the U.S. State Department's Office of Fisheries Affairs, agrees that the Commerce Department made the decision after conferring with his organization because a foreign ship was involved. "The Japanese do not know the specifics of U.S. law," he says. "They know about our feelings, but they were unaware we had the law on our books." Adds Commerce Department employee Prudence Fox: "It is not understood by other countries that the term *import* simply means *bring in*." She added that the offense was considered only a "technical violation" because the crew aboard the

Dairyo Maru had no intention of selling the whale meat.

I wonder when ignorance of the law became a guarantee of immunity from justice. I wonder what would have happened if a ship with a cargo of heroin had landed and the crew had said that they "had no intention of selling it."

And I wonder how the Japanese—with enough savvy to have hired a public-relations firm to negate bad feelings about Japanese whaling—could have been unaware that they were in violation of the act.

If not in knowing violation of United States law, Japan is in knowing violation of moral law—the only law that transcends political polemics. Surely whales have more to offer us than "seafood" for our cats, or stays for corsets, or ribs for umbrellas. *Calypso's* men are intensely aware of the whales' true value: we have seen these gray-black cylinders of flesh from underwater; we have been scrutinized by their cloudy blue eyes; our limbs have been spared the crushing impact of a female whale's fin. We have heard the whales sing. And we want—we very desperately want—to hear them sing again.

Cousteau Society Briefs

Technology has been a blessing to modern man; but in order to guarantee that it puts no curse on the future, we must make certain that our so-called advances have no damaging side effects. This is the subject explored by "Oasis in Space," a television series that The Cousteau Society is now producing for the Public Broadcasting System.

Production of the six half-hour specials began in March, when Philippe Cousteau, with the help of a team from the society, filmed interviews with Robert Heilbroner, Isaac Asimov, Carl Sagan, Herman Kahn, and Erik Eckholm. One segment includes behind-the-scenes footage filmed at a nuclear power plant. Others investigate such issues as the exploitation of arable land by urban development and the contamination of our nation's rivers by industrial pollution.

Our debut program on educational television, "Oasis in Space" provides the society with one more medium for some very important messages. □

HERE IT IS!

THANKSGIVING

The Cayman Islands

We leave Tuesday, November 23rd at 9:45am from LaGuardia. We will arrive in Grand Cayman at 1:40pm. No dives are scheduled till the next morning.

We will be departing from Grand Cayman on Tuesday, November 30th at 2:05 pm. No dives are scheduled for that morning. We will touch down at LaGuardia that evening at approximately 8:40pm.

The package price is \$400.75. This includes airfare, departure tax from N.Y., accommodations at the Cayman Sands Villas, and 10 dives with Bob Soto including tank, air, weightbelt and weights.

Not included: FOOD, transfers to & from Grand Cayman (approx. \$6), a \$3 departure tax from the caymans.

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We will be staying on the 7 mile beach in the Cayman Sands Villas which house 4 to 6 people each. Each villa is equiped with the comforts of home. You may eat out if you wish or cook in. You may also hire a cook by the day or week, but you will have to arrange to purchase the groceries anyway so I wouldn't bother.

You are not getting stuck with an "American Plan", so, you can dine out and enjoy the island much more. It is a bit expensive to eat out (expect to pay a minimum of \$10 for a good dinner meal), but then, it is a vacation.

Bob Soto has agreed to pick us up in front of the villas for our dives. I have included the equivalent of 5 full days of dives in this package. That means a one tank dive ten times with tank, air, and weightbelt. This leaves you with about two full days to goof around: a half day upon arrival and before departure, and a full day or two more halves during your stay. I will see to it that we get the best dives possible.

You may rent auto's by the day or week. More on that later.

I am arranging for a group Thanksgiving meal at the Holiday Inn just down the beach on Thanksgiving night. We will have the bird with all the trimmings. Expected cost for the meal is \$11 per person excluding liquid libation. More later...

I need a deposit of \$45.00 per person by August 1st. Please make your check payable to: New York City Sea Gypsies, Inc. and mail it to Peter S. McDowell, 22 West 85th St. Apt. A, New York, N.Y. 10024. Please include a note telling me whether you expect to "accomodate" with anyone in particular. I'll be arranging villa-mates.

The balance of the package price will be due as follows but feel free to pay in full if you'de like to: \$145.75 by October 1, and \$213.00 by November 1st.

Any Questions or comments, give me a call: 873-1718. Pete McDowell