

visibility was soupy; 30 ft. at best. \$80 covers two tanks, coffee, juice, fruit and Danish, lunch and a bar (yes, alcoholic), fins, BC's and suits can be borrowed, weight belts are provided. The boat was roomy, despite a mob of sunburned snorkelers. Divers boarded small live boats to dive among huge rocks, cliffs and coves. No big fish, but saw green morays, Moorish idols, barberfish, guineafowl puffers, arrow crabs, starfish. Guide Raymundo was very competent. We made a decompression stop at 15 ft. Watch out for jellyfish! Luckily, I wore a lycra suit.

PANAMA

Rocas Divers, January 2000, Michael Keane, Fort Lee, NJ. Vis: 25 to 40 ft. Keep with divemaster at all times; dives 40-45 min. nothing to see. Worst dive operation I have encountered. Staff uninterested, management more interested in selling real estate. Tanks often filled to 2,000 psi, rental gear unreliable. One day spent from 9 am to 2 pm in boat while boat crew took care of real estate investors and snorkelers first. Coral (hard) broken; soft coral appears to be overwhelmed by some type of starfish; reefs completely overfished; nothing to see big or small. Divers stay away.

UNITED STATES

Alaska

Wind and Water Charter and SCUBA, Ketchikan, July 2000, Mark Wahl, Rock Falls, IL. From their web site, they looked like a good,

professional outfit to go diving with while on family cruise to Alaska. Sent several emails back and forth, as well as at least 2 phone calls to confirm plans for them to pick us up at cruise ship terminal and take 3 of us on single tank boat dive. They sounded really nice over the phone. We waited about 2 hours in the rain at the terminal, while calling their shop every 20 minutes. (Kept getting recording saying they weren't open till 9:00.) Eventually took taxi to shop — no one there. At 9:20 an employee showed up. He asked what we were doing there — was told by owners to open store because they were going to be picking us up at 6:30 AM. Shortly thereafter, owners (husband and wife) drove up. They appeared angry, walked right through the four of us, soaking wet and huddled under their tiny porch, without even acknowledging our existence, and sarcastically said "Is there something I can do for you?" I said "I'm Mark Wahl. We're the people that were going to go diving with you today." He angrily replied, "I don't think so." We were shocked. The owner said he didn't know anything about us or our dry-suit experience, and that we'd "be nothing but part of the food chain out there." He told us doesn't "deal with 'cruise ship asses.'" My nephew asked "Is this the way you treat all your customers? We wait 3-1/2 hours in the rain for you, and you call us asses?" If you decided you didn't want to take us out, don't you think you could have at least dropped by the dock and told us?" To which the owner responded, "You're not my customer! Do you got a