



WHAT'S BUBBLING?

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The Magazine of Ealing Sub-Aqua Club (BSAC 514)

Editor: Natalie Ealand

A quick note on matters of training and medicals!

Training: Open water training is progressing well and thank you to everyone who has helped out. As always there seems to be a massive amount left to do. Please could any instructor/assistant instructor who has time available on a Wednesday evening or weekend let me know! I can very easily tie you up with a task or two!

Most importantly this year – is there anyone out there who could spend time at Stoney Cove or a sheltered patch of sea at 15m. There are a number of potential dive leaders who need to complete rescue assessments once they have done a little diving to get the winter cobwebs cleared out.

Medicals: All new club members and those renewing when their medical has elapsed, (or will run out in the year ahead) are now completing the self-declaration form. Dominic will take your form to copy it for his records and then hand back the original. **Please make sure that this form is attached to your qualification book where the old medical used to be.**

Jackie

Financial Bits

BSAC Fees

BSAC have recently increased their fees by £3 for all grades of membership. Given that we changed our subscription structure in January anyway, we have decided that the increase in BSAC charges will not be passed onto existing ESAC members yet. New members will pay the £3 increase to the Club. We intend to conduct a full financial review of the Club prior to the AGM, and will bring our recommendations to the AGM in November.

Dive Charges

Most people were consulted about the proposal to streamline dive charging in order to make the Dive Marshals job easier. The scheme that we agreed upon was a flat rate charge of £25 per day, to include all petrol, maintenance of boats, launch and trailer parking fees. The balance owed will either be returned by Dominic or can be left as a pre-pay element towards your next subs. Special arrangements apply to longer trips (where the towing cost is spread across several days). If you have any questions please speak to Dominic who will be happy to advise you.

Michelle

Dear Madam Editor,

It is with regret that I was unable to attend the recent launch of our new rigid inflatable. You may remember me mentioning this when you kicked me out of bed that Sunday morning and sent me work. My absence was due to an excessive workload of BBC coverage of the unfortunate death of the Queen Mum. I had been looking forward greatly to admire the sleek lines of the new vessels and its performance pushed by our new heart stopping, gut wrenching, big boy, 90 horse powered engine.

You will also recall that while ESAC were having their jolly on the river some 50,000 people were queuing to pay their last respects to the Queen Mother in Westminster Hall. The queue extended over Lambeth

Bridge and back towards Southwark. At one point it was said that the wait was 12 hours. For part of our coverage I was asked to put up our "Hele-Tele" helicopter. The helicopter has the latest in gyro-stabilised cameras, with a big 66:1 lens. This baby will pick your granny out of a bus queue a mile away at an altitude of 1000 feet. The helicopter also had a radio link on board and I had all our London receiving sites, the Barbican Centre, Millbank Tower and Crystal Palace, trained on its flight path. This bit of kit runs us in at £1200 per hour. Why all this background I hear you ask.... or as you usually say to me get to the bloody point.

I was not about to let a small problem of being at work stop me from enjoying this magnificent launch with its "son of a bitch" engine on the back. The helicopter picked up our cameraman at Fair Oaks airport, south west London. They had to fly east up the river to Westminster, over flying the Syon Park area. My man was under instructions to "practice" with the camera and shoot some great aerial footage of any RIB seen in the area. I stood in our Master Control room as the monitors of three separate receiving sites flickered into life and I could see the Thames!

Would you believe it, you weren't there. I was stunned, I know the launch was at 10.15 sharp and it was now just after 12.00, but ESAC has never made a launch deadline in its entire history! You told me afterwards that ESAC had launched, recovered and were already in the pub at that time. I was truly impressed, a little saddened but at least I didn't have to explain the footage away, although one colleague did question why there seemed to be rather a lot of monitors in the Newsroom with aerial shots on. All we saw were about half a dozen, I think they call them "Coxless 4s" in disarray looking as though they had shipped rather a lot of water. Madam Editor I didn't quite catch what you said...something about 90HP, emergency U turn, tidal wave wake and BDIs. Perhaps BDI can throw some light on this. Anyway it's in the can as we say in film circles.

I crawled home that night at 9 o'clock and sat down to eat my seventh, reheated by microwave, dinner that week (3 minutes with a plastic lid on the plate). I'd given another pound and a half of flesh to the BBC and all you licence payers. Perking up and remembering that you Madam Editor were my ground camera on the scene so to speak, I reviewed our camcorder tape.

I choked and not because the meat was now a little dried up. Tell me you didn't launch the 4x4 and leave the boat on a dry trailer, on a dry slip? Is this what they teach you on a BSAC boat handling course...bloody good job I'm never going on one of them courses. Next a piece of broccoli got stuck in my windpipe. Tell me those are not oars and people trying to stop our new boat drifting off down the river when we've got a pulse shattering, water churning, 90 horse power of mean brute force grunt engine on the back. This is embarrassing! Oh well I guess it was just another average ESAC Sunday morning outing with our boats.....God help us!



Regards

Nigel (Your loving husband)

Scuba Doo, the latest instalment...

Everyone will by now be aware that the original incarnation of Scuba Doo returned to its makers.

And in its place comes the all New Scuba Doo Show!!! Rik and Greg collected the new boat on June 8th from Hull (thanks guys!). In contrast to last time, Scuba Doo went out to play on water before we made any modifications. Dom and Richard spent a beautiful Friday evening driving from Isleworth to Putney (where the speed restriction on the river is lifted), and confirmed that the new engine and transom set up had solved the sinking problem.

Craig and Dominic, along with the able assistance of Richard, Greg and Adrian, have now fitted all the electric gadgetty bits. Humber had agreed to our suggestion that they should fit power steering as compensation for all the hassle, but then they *forgot* to do it when Greg and Rik went to get the boat. So the bits were posted down and Craig, Dom and Adrian have managed to fit everything together in (almost) the right order. Well done lads! And then the sea trials....

Craig and Michelle spent their wedding anniversary with Richard, who had at least had the decency to cut his hair in true gooseberry style. Scuba Doo travelled to Poole, where she was easily launched. After a meander through the harbour at 10 knots we found the ocean and, mindful of the need to run in the new engine, we opened her up...some phrase about excrement and digging implements would be appropriate here..

We took Scuba Doo to Anvil point, as the wind and tide combined to produce 20ft waves, and she took it all in her stride. Finding the Kyarra in the rough conditions, and getting a beautiful sounder picture of the wreck tested the new GPS system. Tucked back into the calm waters behind Anvil Point we marvelled at the new radio as we listened to the traffic round the Solent. Craig and Richard couldn't resist the temptation to dive and so went in just out of Swanage Harbour for a very fast drift across Peverel Ledges.

Scuba Doo handled well throughout the day. The hydraulic steering is invaluable at speeds over 15knots. We had no water intake over the transom, or anywhere else.

We can't put it any stronger than to say
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

WHY AREN'T YOU OUT THERE DIVING?

We have seen the future and it's a big, orange, beautiful boat waiting at a boat yard near you to come out and play.

Michelle

SOCIAL BITS

Bobby and Satnam are organising a Girls' Night Out on Saturday 27th July to an Indian restaurant in Ealing Broadway. Contact either of them to book your place!

Watch out for information on the annual dive and barbecue trip to Bracklesham, happening soon!

Natalie

Here follows the Boat Report Form, filled in following the Scuba Doo boat launch in April. Craig asks me to tell you that one of these forms must be completed and handed in after every diving trip . .

To be completed by the Cox'n		Observations	
ENGINE / FUEL SYSTEM	Ran in fine. Note to self- Turn the fuel cut off switch the right way before trying to start the boat in front of a crowd! Note to self - If the boat stalls remember to put the boat in Neutral before trying to start it again.	Engine Hours out	0
		Engine Hours in	1.4
TUBES / HULL	No damage. After driving a short distance check to see the safety straps are not loose and therefore wearing on the tube. Place a towel under the straps in the areas that they touch the tubes.		
GPS / SONAR / RADIO	Generally no problems. GPS is easy to remove. (by users and thieves) But it does not work in the pub. User card for GPS did not pick up.		
STEERING	Heavy when on full tilt compared to Ealing one. This is due to the size of the engine		
TRAILER – GENERAL	Braking bar needs modification to prevent minor knocks causing the brakes to lock on.		
TRAILER – ELECTRICS	no problems		
OTHERS	Note to self - There is a speed limit of 8 knots on the Thames at that point, which is a little less than 12. The Harbour master has our name!!! And will be issuing a £2000 fine next time. Note to self - Next time the club do a new boat launch, go out in the boat beforehand to remove the ESAC traditional problems.		
Boat washed and engine flushed in clean water.		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
Boat fully working and safe ready for next use.		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
If NO to either, record reason/s why and inform Boat Office immediately :-			
Boat's first outing. Something had to go wrong, and it did. However no £2000 fine! Resit reval?			
Dive Marshall (s)			
Coxswain (s)	Craig Burrell		
Trainees	Date	07-Apr-02	

This form should be completed by the Coxswain, and returned to the Boat Officer along with the Boat yard keys, as soon as possible following the dive trip. If you have any problems with regards to the boat or the boat yard, please contact the Boat Officer as soon as possible. (Craig Burrell - Home 0208 864 0460 Mobile 07771 650181)

ESAC's 30th Birthday Bash – Sunday 26th May 2002

The committee felt that an appropriate way of celebrating the club's 30th birthday would be to hold a family fun day in Northolt Community Centre. Preparations for this day began earlier in the year and a sub-committee of Michelle, Natalie, Janine, Helen and Bobby was formed. Plenty more members helped with the day, it was just led by an extremely well organised female crew!

It was an early start on the Sunday, as although we were not officially allowed to enter the premises until noon, after the Christian group had finished their Sunday morning prayers, a band of eager volunteers arrived just after 10am. The enormous amounts of food that was purchased in Macro on the Saturday, as well as the large bakery and butcher run were unloaded. The key question at that stage was had we bought enough salad? I mean we only had about 15 lettuces, 9 large punnets of tomatoes/tubs of coleslaw and cucumbers (we were keen to introduce a healthy element into the day!). The alcohol was unloaded and again there was little chance of the bar running dry. Due to buying some bubbly from Waitrose we were able to benefit from a free glass loan which made the day much easier.

Whilst the bar and food area was being set up Richard and Alex were busy assembling the water fight arena, cordoning off the area and then setting up the two camps. Michelle had created some wonderful posters to showing the current status of the club and Ann provided us some older style training materials to add to the display.

The bouncy castle arrived and was put up within a matter of minutes, a weather-proofing top unfortunately covered up the huge elephant trunk at the front, but that did not detract from the fun. Indoors Nigel and Jonathon used their technical skills to assemble some colourful lighting. Infact more technical skills were required under Craig's direction for the canopy for the food layout, to keep the tent poles up inventive things were done with bricks and string!

We were obviously all praying for sunshine, but as the weather report had predicted we were treated to scattered showers through out the day, sorry folks, but that was the one matter out of our hands!

Anyway back to the afternoon, there was a steady trickle of guests and some started early on the 'name the photo' competition in the main hall. For those who did not attend, a few weeks ago Alex went around catching members on his digital camera, for Michelle then to digitally remaster into unrecognisable faces. The question, is did anyone get the correct answer to number 2? The prize for the best morphed photo had to be Nigel, who was somehow made to look like Frankenstein - cruel, yet somehow very amusing!!

The youngsters took straightaway to the bouncy castle, whilst simultaneously filling themselves up on the never-ending supply of sweets and lollipops. The waterfight was umpired by Richard, who took the job very seriously kitting himself top to toe in water proof gear, and ably assisted by Alex. It all started off quite calmly with four buckets of 6 water ballons given to each team, this was swiftly increased to nine. The adults also joined in, and as the games went on obedience to the rules lessened. At one stage the entire teams were outside the designated area causing chaos amongst the bystanders! Richard, you really need to get that control thing sorted!

By 5.30, the BBQ was ready, and there was so much food with everybody having seconds if they wanted. Thank you to Michelle's sister and brother-in-law for the fantastic cooking it was much appreciated. The previous day Richard and I had obviously vastly over-estimated the desserts, buying about 11 huge gateaux, where the choice of flavours was mainly chocolate, 1 pineapple and that elusive Black Forest gateaux that everyone wanted!

After the food, Richard toasted the club's health and happiness and champagne was handed round. This was also raffle time. Now throughout the day Mike Howard had done a sterling job nabbing as many people as he could as they entered the building, removing £5 from them, and promising them all sorts of wonderful

prizes. To increase his 'hit rate' of purchasers he printed out 5 amusing signs that hung from his neck all day.

Next on was the band. This was very successful, getting lots of people up dancing, who then proceeded to run into the bar during the intervals to rehydrate for the next dance. The evening continued until about 10.30pm, when the guests left, we hope very contented, and the cleaning up operation began. It was nearly midnight before the door was finally locked and there were some very tired bunnies out there.

We hope you all enjoyed the day and felt that it was successful. A final thank you to everyone who made the day run so smoothly.

Bobby

OK, so I'm having a run of bad luck where driving's concerned and yes, I have recently tried to write off the family vehicle. But is there any need to rub salt in the wound and send this to my husband? My thanks to Richard Ayres for this, for which he will suffer at a later date. As the saying goes, revenge is a dish best served cold . . .



Natalie

Tide Calculator

I found this link on the web for all of you out there who know how to calculate slack water. The very nice people at the Admiralty now have an active tide calculator on the web. Have a look at www.ukho.gov.uk/tideprediction.cfm - Nigel.

Lundy 2002 (with just one more thing to add!)

I've always been a keen north coast of Cornwall diver. The sand up there is bigger than anywhere else, so even after a storm, things settle down fairly quickly and the vis is nearly always good. There are bucket loads of Wrecks in the area & the other thing to consider is that Bristol is up one end of the Welsh/Cornwall divide and Bristol has always been big in the shipping department throughout the ages. So just imagine nature plonking a great big lump of rock in the middle of this busy shipping lane (thank you nature) you have given ships something large to hit from time to time (LUNDY).

The reason I was on this trip (apart from the above) is because the 2001 trip had been blown out by the weather, as all good dives do. I had been watching the weather for the 2 weeks prior to the w/end, I'll be blunt, when the last minute offer of a place on the Farne trip came up, I was convinced I would be going to the Farne islands. The weather had been horrid for weeks, gales, rain & other nasty conditions all of which were not looking too good. Thursday the 30th and Rob K said the trip was a go! Great! The trip had two families Enrico's & Rob K's, then there were four young virile lads going too. I was keen to try out my new van to see if it was up to taking four divers and all the kit, so the lads agreed to take the risk of letting me drive them down to the dive site (suckers!). Being very conscious of weight distribution, I asked them to put the dive cylinders on the floor of the van, even in the front of the van & to put all weight belts in the foot well at the front too. The van drove beautifully, very nice balance to the whole thing. However life is never that simple, the Lads have now a whole new empathy with their female friends. To get into a comfortable position they had to adopt a spread legged posture, here and after to be known as the birthing position? (Hmm! Not the best place for the bottles I guessed). I was fine with plenty of room for me.

They survived the journey with no lasting ill effects. We had taken about 4 hours to get down, and with the bank holiday traffic doing its usual stop start thing on the M4 & M5. Rob K had collected the keys to the mansion! We lovingly called it home for the duration. The first thing to do was collect a spare mattress from Rob's place, I mean, Ian is a nice enough bloke but sleeping with him on the double bed was not going to happen.

The final sleeping arrangements were decided on the snoring ability of the various people. I snore & Ian snores so we were on our own. John and Paul do not snore, so they had the twin room. That sorted we needed to eat. The place was a Haven/ Butlitz type of set up, with eating and dancing until the small wee hours available for all. We kept it simple, we wanted just a "steak and some vegetables, lightly done with maybe some garlic bread as a side". "How do you like your chips & burger love?" was the reply, not on the Michelin guide this place was my guess!

There was an up side to this - the live band was a very good copy of Queen, no not H.R.H. on her Jubilee tour. Queen the rock band! All said and done they were good and on the Jubilee weekend very topical (mind you it took us until Sunday to make the link, Queen tribute band = Jubilee weekend).

Diving Day 1 (and why not?)

Wow! What a nice sunny day, this is perfect for diving, Oh pants its only 04:30 the sun was just coming over the horizon, so I pulled the curtains and went back to sleep.

Wow! What a nice sunny day 06:30, this is much better. Bacon sarnies for all. Out of the house for 07:00, to get the cars into the car park. This was all Rob's idea, to get the best parking place @ Clovelley.

The ride down to Clovelley was easy we were staying just four miles from Clovelley quay. The last ½ mile of the trip is all down a very serious hill; in fact the road said "this road is considered to be dangerous for motor vehicles". Single cars width, 1 in 4 gradient & twisting like a giant snake, yes I had to agree! This road was dangerous for motor vehicles. We dropped the gear down at the bottom of the hill at the quayside. Then dropped the car into the lower car park, now we thanked Rob for the early start. Just a short walk down from the car park to the quayside, the gear was loaded onto the freely provided four-wheel trolley. Then began the long pull around to the boat. Three loads later we were in place next to the boat, oops! Wrong boat, our boat was still at anchor in the harbour. By now its 07:45, at 08:30 the skipper turns up "I did say 08:30 didn't I?" he said to Rob K. Mmmm! OK I see.

Gear loaded, second bottles at the front, 1st dive bottles three each side, kit down the middle, some at the back, Families in the middle at the front. Divers get kitted it could be a little wet on the crossing. 'What on earth is going on I wondered?' all was to be revealed! Off we went, "anyone got a radio licence"? The skipper asked, keen to be a

smart arse I put my hand up, “Great”, he said “you’re now the crew for this trip”! He then set about showing me how the boat worked, “these are the cups which need to be washed up, this is the go button, this is the forward and backward lever & this is the VHF radio”, “oh Yes and my name is Clive”! I was just waiting to hear “hoist the main sail next, “or” swab the decks”! That was easy! I’m now a fully-fledged hard boat rider/crew type of person, do BSAC have a qualification for that I wondered?? Now I have been promoted to crew I get to have a little drive of the steering thingy to improve my skills. Then I saw two small porpoise off to the starboard side (right side for the mere non crew types), while everyone moved over to confirm the sighting, the boat was so sensitive to the loading of people that the movement of everyone to the port side caused the boat to lean very suddenly to one side. The Skipper jumped up from reading his book and asked everyone to go back to his or her original positions. I was demoted, I guess? Clive asked for the controls back and he drove the boat the rest of the way to the Island, just in case I saw another porpoise (a moment of power squandered on a sighting of a Mammal).

We arrived at the ‘Devils slide’ dive site and we began to kit up. To make things interesting just before Enrico and I dropped over the side to begin the dive the skipper had something to tell us. Having given us this pearl of wisdom, Enrico and I got on with the buddy check. Then the skipper came out from his cabin again, with another pearl of wisdom! As our bums were hanging in mid air, just leaving the boat he had ‘Just one more thing to tell us’. We had to stay within 300 metres of the boat! And don’t be like ‘SOME’ divers he has known, who disappear over the Horizon?? (What?? 25 miles away? What was this guy on?).

I was completely preoccupied by the Skipper’s briefing during the dive, we were not to leave the area! The dive was huge boulders, some as big as houses, with gaps between them just wide enough for divers to follow each other one behind the other. This was fine, we saw dogfish and various other sea life we saw some of the sea life more than once I think. Following the Skipper’s briefing we circled just off to one side of the boat in about 100 metre circles.

Day 1, dive 2.

Lunch had been at the top of the island of Lundy, watching seals in a bay, whom I think were watching us, we were their local attraction. I imagined all the mummy seals saying to their pups “come with me to see the humans in the bay at the North of Lundy, but don’t get close, they might bite you”. The Family members who had been very patiently watching us go diving earlier had been waiting for this moment. The boat burst into life, people started to put on their wet suits, Enrico’s daughter even had a shorty suit, now that was going to be a brave person I thought, 12 degrees cold and wearing a shorty wet suit BBrrrrrr! The seals were not playing today unfortunately for the brave families. The shorty wet suit was too cold for the conditions and after only five minutes she was frozen solid and needed to be helped on board shaking like a leaf, poor thing. All frozen persons recovered we set off for the next dive; this was to be a wreck called the ‘HMS Montague’. She hit Lundy in thick fog in 1906, she had been salvaged for three years, then left, then salvaged again, we were going to dive a scrap yard which had once been a very fine and proud fighting machine. The boat dropped anchor on the seaward of the bay and the Skipper gave us the usual briefing, with ‘just one more thing to add’ as we disappeared over the side. As crew it was my job to check the anchor was in a good position to come out of the wreck for when we leave the site (so the skipper told me) Dutifully I dropped ALL the way down the line to inspect the position of the anchor, this looked fine to me so then I could go dive! The wreck was only in 6-8 metres, so we could stay for as long as we wanted. This was a great little rummage dive. Then (oh my word) we came across some large gold objects, better than gold yes BRASS! Everywhere! Wow I thought something to hit, so I did for a while. 100-year-old brass had now become a part of the surrounding rockery; it was all built into the reef. For all I could tell it WAS the reef! I was surrounded by nothing but wreck, which over 100 years, had turned into this over grown kelp forest. It could be swum through easily; this was a lot of fun. I personally love this type of dive, under kelp, and with something new at each turn. We found all sorts of stuff to clobber. Best thing for me was that Enrico was happy to hit the same stuff too! All in all a fun dive, who needs depth?

On the way home - came dive 3

Dive 3? I hear you wonder, yes this is correct reader but dive three was not for everyone. Come closer and I will divulge the dirt. On the way home the skipper received a call from one of his fishing boat buddies. They had got badly caught up with some rope around the propeller, so bad in fact that the rope cutter which is built into the drive shaft could not cope with the amount of rope the prop’ had collected. The boat was stranded at sea with out any power.

The skipper relayed the message to us all on the boat, “was anyone prepared to dive to cut free this boats propeller”? I was the crew so it was my duty, I thought! (And all this because I’ve passed the Radio course earlier this year, I

had become a sucker), "I'll do it", I said. We came along side the fishing boat we were going to rescue. The smell was to say the least, strong, Phew! Everyone gave me a knowing look as much to say get this job finished QUICKLY, PLEASE! I had my mission and I knew what needed to be done.

I had been attached to a hacksaw with which to cut free the rope. A hacksaw was needed because a knife would not have even scratched what I found around that prop, it was solid. After about ten minutes and with air down to 30 bars from 50 bars, the job was done and I swam back to our boat for the hero's welcome? Hero's welcome please? "Thank heaven's your back, quick let's get away from the smell" was the welcome my boat gave me. However, the crew of the fishing boat were very pleased and rewarded us all by giving us two lovely sized lobsters for supper. These were graciously received and we parted to go our ways. The meal in the evening had us all around a table in a village, which had two names one was Woolfardisworthy! The other name was shorter, but I can't recall it, nice food and well presented.

Day 2 Dive one

I had been budded with John Mullins; I can't remember the last time this had happened. We were going the dive the 'Robert' wreck & the Skipper pointed out that if we took a bearing off the stern we might get onto the wreck of the 'Iona' too! This was going to be a great dive, one to write up for posterity, a classic (you could say I was looking forward to this dive). John and I planned the dive for every option, we had every variable covered, if the 'Robert' was boring we would do this, if the 'Robert' was great we would do that. The one thing we hadn't counted on was the skipper. When he tied into the wreck on his own permanent marker buoy, he had asked me, in my capacity as crew, to attach a new rope onto the 'Robert', because the line we were on had been there for a whole season and was getting a bit old. "OK" I said just lets get on with it, the skipper had "just one more thing" to tell us then it was time to go. As we got to the side of the boat he passed me a rope with a loop attached, WHY? This was for us to hold onto because the tide was running a little, then he would pull us onto the marked / anchor line, and we could then get on with the dive. I rolled off the boat with line attached to my arm; as I hit the water the line went tight. Fine so far. I held the line until I was on the shot line I let the line go. I had become aware that something was not right. I was in a dry suit and yet I was feeling very wet, all down one side. Now it was wet down to my knee's what was happening? I could not work it out, and then the penny dropped! I checked my wrist seal, it was badly torn and almost missing, B*****K's. Not happy! I ran up the ladder to get onto the boat and wanted to swear but with Families on board I just grumbled something about having never held a rope going off a boat, and would never do that again. I was not best pleased, as I'm sure you can imagine reader.

Day 2 Dive 1 & 2

Everyone had some great dives, the best so far, of course I wouldn't be able to comment on that, would I skipper! Calming down a little now, the 'Robert' had been superb going by all accounts 5 metre + vis and lots to see. The 2nd dive was on two fingers of rock, which come to the surface at low tide and drop away to 40 metres. This was a great scenic dive by all accounts and well worth a return trip some time in the future. The families had suffered today with the weather picking up the water; lunch was a seal swim for some of the divers this time, with better reports of sightings. The ride home was miserable for them, we managed to coax some of the families into the cabin, the rest of us were outside in our dry suits and getting a right old soaking. Not content with this, when we got back to the quay the tide was out, big time, so we had to off load the boat by using the skippers little tender (bath tub is a descriptive term I would use). Fifteen or Twenty trips later we were all on shore and looking forward to a bath and the evening starter before we had our main course. Rob K's wife had prepared a supper of lobster for us all to enjoy. She had mixed it with some garlic and some white wine; the taste was very classy, with the French stick to help it all down. We had our starter all sorted before we headed off for the last night's meal in a fish speciality restaurant in Bude, which was about 12 miles up the road in to Cornwall.

Day 3 Dive 1

NO! Didn't happen, the weather had continued to get worse and we found a lovely little pub at the end of the world, however, better known as Hartland point. The dive was going to be in the bay, which is at this headland. The dive was not to be. The waves were crashing in to the bay and nobody was up for it so we had a beer instead. Great finish.

This was a fun trip. Ok, I lost a seal and a days diving, but all said and done I'm going back one day. The Skipper was fine, bit of an old woman and a worrier, but for me I would rather have a safe and caring skipper. Great trip Rob, thanks for putting it together.

Richard Ayers

The whole team in action.



The divers in action.



Thanks to Paul Chan for the photos. Thanks to Joanne for proof reading the first draft.

Richard

Please display the following poster anywhere where parents or children might see it!

**Would you like to learn
snorkelling
for your summer holidays?**



**Then how about taking
Ealing Sub Aqua Club's
2 week Summer Snorkel Course?**

**Open to children (aged 10 plus) and adults.
You must be able to swim 50m confidently.**

Thursday evening 8.30pm.

Northolt Swimarama.

Courses run on:

4th & 11th July

18th & 25th July

1st and 8th August

Cost £25 (includes 1 year snorkel membership of BSAC)

Places must be prebooked.

**Contact Alan Radlett 020 8868 5836
for more details and to book your place.**

