



WHAT'S BUBBLING?

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I'd like a few more of the following type of article – a sort of “how I got started in diving”. So all you with years of experience, start putting pen to paper!

Howard's Way - Ann

Thursday 28th September 1981 6.30 pm

“So how do you fancy having a go at Scuba diving”?

“*You what!*”

“Scuba diving. There's this chap who's doing some work on my garage at the moment and his diving club have a “come and try” evening at their club tonight. It's only in a swimming pool. Well, how about it”?

(Now you have to understand that I'm not the world's most brilliant swimmer, nor do I like swimming in the sea, well not since the children grew up and I don't have to anymore. I like the water but I'm quite happy to plod up and down the swimming pool in the hotel on holiday. I even managed 1,000 metres on one holiday a few years ago. Incidentally neither did I like getting my face wet and I'd never been to the bottom of five foot of water. Also I had a very good reason for knowing it wouldn't be something Mike would actually want to take up. Just something to have a go at just this once, and I've never been one not to have a go myself just for the hell of it. Just to be able to say “*I've done that!*”).

“*All right, where do we have to go and when?*”

“It's tonight in a swimming pool just around the corner from Northolt Underground Station. We have to be there at 8.15 with our swimsuits and towels.” Well it's not exactly nearby considering we live in Edgware. Well, in for a penny as they say.

At Northolt swimming pool the entrance was swarming with would be scuba divers (more fool them). Having been given a brief chat we were told to go up and change and go to the shallow end of the pool. The pool was about 30m long and 1m deep at the shallow end and roughly 11.5m at the deep end. All the “would be have a goers” were sitting along the edge of the pool waiting to be told what to do next.

Gradually we were taken in hand by various diving members of the club and led like lambs to the slaughter (to the water's edge) to be instructed. There must have been about twenty of us, all shapes, sizes and ages. From teenagers right through to me who was an oldie of forty-five at the time. It never occurred to me that their club didn't have anyone older than me anyway (*nothing's changed in that department*).

The chap that came and took pity on me was called Harold Redman. He wasn't actual a member of this club, but as someone with a lot more experience than anyone else they had in the club at the time, he used to come and help them by giving all their lectures and helping with the training. “Right now, get into the water and stand by the side while I put the equipment on you. I'll just make sure your mask doesn't leak, and by the way you stop it steaming up by spitting into it and rubbing the spit around the mask with your finger.” (*Oh yeah! Right. Now who's winding me up. Did they think I was as green as I am cabbage looking?*) “No, really that is what you do and it does stop it steaming up, honestly”.

After he had kitted me up with cylinder and DV and made me breathe off it standing up, he suggested we kneel down with our heads under the water and take our first breaths like real divers.

Well I don't move fast in the water but I got up very fast I can tell you, and that was without even trying to take a breath. Well you can't breathe under water can you? With great patience Harold took me through this twice more, and twice more I leaped out of the water without being able to breathe. Well it's just not for everyone is it?

Now standing on the side of the pool were all these fit young men just waiting to have a good laugh at the old biddy who couldn't do it and was too scared. (You see no-one had told me that you aren't allowed to do things like that, and that if anyone had have laughed their feet wouldn't have touched the ground while they were being chucked out). I'm very grateful no-one had told me. I'm conceited enough not to let myself look stupid in front of everyone else. So I gritted my teeth, put my head under water again and took my first breath.

Well that was easy wasn't it? What was all the fuss about anyway?. O K Harold, lets go diving.

Harold took me just along the pool so I could sit at the top of the slope and watch the antics of the divers below, then we had a little swim up and down the pool and that was that, all over, finished, done, back to dry land and swimming in hotel swimming pools on holiday.

I have to tell you that I didn't get very much sleep that night nor for the rest of that week. What little sleep I did have I spent under water scuba diving. I dreamt about very little else. Regarding that first time I was taken under water I have always used the same expression to describe it. **Someone opened Aladdin's cave and forgot to close the door.**

Somehow life was never going to be the same again after that. There was no way I could not become a scuba diver whatever it took. Fortunately for me, Mike was having the same problems of 'want to do' as I was. Maybe never quite so intensely, but just the same we both turned up the following Thursday to do the dreaded "A" test to see if we were able to be accepted for diver training.

' "A" test' I hear you say, 'what's an "A" test'

Well now twenty years ago before you were accepted for diving training you had to prove you were fit enough and able enough to undergo what was to come, and so a test of competence was laid down as a yard stick. This was as follows:-

- 1 Swim 200 metres freestyle (except backstroke) without a stop.
- 2 Swim 100 metres backstroke without a stop.
- 3 Swim 50 metres wearing a 5 kg weightbelt without a stop.
- 4 Float on your back for 5 minutes (hand and leg movement permitted).
- 5 Tread water with hands above your head for one minute.
- 6 Recover 6 objects from deep end of training pool (one dive per object).
(This was allowed to be done in 8 ft in this pool).

N.B. Item 3 - Weight may be reduced for junior or female members, or for those with a low buoyancy index.

All of the above was to be undertaken without any rest or break in between. Now to my certain knowledge at least one of our number wouldn't be such a useful member of the club had this still been in place when he decided he wanted to become a diver. He shall remain nameless. (Most of you know who he is anyway).

Well now, aren't you all glad they changed the training programme? Anyway, that's how I came to take up Scuba diving. Perhaps more at a later date!

ANN HOWARD

Yes, the date is right on the following article, a bit of a "blast from the past" . . .

A Cornwall Sojourn – 2001 – Simon Yardley

Saturday

The usual debate took place; M4/M5 or A303? Go early to avoid traffic or go at the normal time because every one goes early. We plumped for 7 o'clock on the 303. All went well until we hit Boscombe Down just before Stonehenge. Fortunately, we had a good view of this Neolithic monument as we crawled past in our 21st century child fighting ring.

Year after year, the 303 becomes ever more faster as new dual-carriageway sections get added. And year after year, the jams ritually move from one dual to single carriageway to another. One day it will all be upgraded and no doubt by

then, I'll be packed away in some old people's home (applause and cheers). Enough of this rant and tirade and let's press onwards with our anecdotes.

We passed a car towing a RIB, broken down on the side of the road, fortunately not ours. We arrived in Looe about lunchtime to find most others had gone for the early start option and were milling around waiting for keys to caravans. This included Adrian with our solitary boat after a debate on whether to bring 1 or 2 was decided when the number of divers went down to 6. Incidentally, we probably occupied the most number of caravans ever on one of these trips due to the presence of so many non-divers, probably about 5 of the 10 caravans.

Adrian and myself went scouting for the local dive shop and launch site. On previous trips to this area we had launched from Millendreath, a local beach front holiday complex with air, facilities, a good family beach and a tractor launch. We went to Millendreath, found a tractor but could find no trace of any driver. Local staff suggested that the weather being bad, he'd probably gone home! Looe dive shop was located having moved since our last visit to the area. Friendly staff there suggested that Millendreath was still good for launching. They gave us some tips for dive sites and suggested that if we needed air after 5.30 to ring ahead and there'd be no problems. Back to the campsite to prepare for tomorrow.

Sunday

An easy start planned with no exhaustive dives, we arrived quite late at Millendreath. Tractor man located and palms crossed with silver, we launched the boat to find that since being tested on Friday night, the GPS was now dead. Together with no sonar, no radio and no transits an interesting day loomed ahead. Fortunately, the morning dive was planned on Udder Rock which has a large cardinal buoy some 100 metres seaward of the rock. We set off through the large swell and carefully avoiding the shallows between Looe Island and mainland, eventually arrived for the dive. Uncomfortably for some, the swell made some crew members less than well but at least the ground bait was laid. We dropped in for our dive which became the first of many dives on kelp this week. Errol and Adrian completed the first of many training dives of the week.

Surfacing and changing pairs, our wait for the divers return was made all the more interesting by the engine failing to start intermittently. A hefty strike with a large club hammer soon persuaded it to start. The possibility of a trip to Eddystone for the stunning dives in that area started to look less likely. This was made more so by our failure to plane on our return journey.

Lunchtime was made interesting by watching the boat drag the lobster pot to which it was tied, halfway across the bay. Surprisingly, the owner seemed more concerned about the possible loss of our boat than his few lobster pots. We dragged them back to their original location and after dropping him off, secured the boat by anchor.

Sunburn period over, we returned to dive 'the back end of the island' in the afternoon. The training this afternoon was to be the 50m tow to beach. Nigel and I had the first of many 'discussions' of the week as to how far this was. Me being my kindly self went half the distance requested by Nigel (Ironman) Ealand. Adrian's tow was made all the more interesting by the realistic recovery noises being made by his casualty. An interesting spectacle was presented to the watching bathers on the beach.

That evening, Nigel located the blown fuse stopping the GPS from working; the propeller was changed to a smaller pitch and we were all set for tomorrow.

Monday

A murky day dawned with surface visibility reduced by a torrential downpour. The consensus was to not dive so an early family day was called for. Joy of joys, I spent the afternoon investigating the prodigious shopping experience that is Looe High street, fart balloons anyone, or perhaps tacky souvenirs?

Traditional Biriani pasties for lunch was followed by a visit to the wind and rainswept beach while Charlie unsurprisingly went rock pool investigating. Back to the site and we invade the pool where tellings off are the order of the day for the over-boisterous members of the team. Avidly listening to weather forecasts and the news is not good, tomorrow looks off and the rest of the week doesn't look too good. Expensive family days out loom and even the non-diving parents are asking that we go diving. The girls went shopping.

Tuesday

After a night of rain drumming on the caravan roof, we're greeted in the morning by a view of trees bent over backwards. So what do a group of divers do when they can't dive? Obvious, go to an aquarium. A group of us got together and managed to arrange a group visit to the National Marine Aquarium. Apart from getting group rates, it also enabled us to avoid the enormous queue waiting to enter. One interesting exhibit was in the deep water tank, a 6m deep wall in front of you containing local flora and fauna. This was made all the more interesting when to divers went into the tank. After demonstrating 'natural' (sic) buoyancy, then went on to hand feed the Congas. Rather than me although it was amusing to watch them as they danced in mid-water to avoid the gaping mouths.

N&N spent the evening in Looe to celebrate their latest anniversary. N dressed down for occasion. By hook or by crook, we must go diving tomorrow.

Wednesday

Dawn broke with a clear blue sky, no wind and unluckily for us, no tractor. Nevertheless, we continued to kit up and with the boat ready to launch, the driver arrived and informed us that he couldn't give us a launch. His late arrival was due to him having to purchase a new wheel bearing for the tractor which had broken yesterday. His suggestion was to launch the boat and he'd be able to do the recovery later. Emptying the boat and using Nigel's recommendation to move the boat to the centre of the trailer, we hand launched the boat, reloaded it and set off for Knight Errant rock. Sadly, the move to a smaller pitch propeller had not cured our planing ills and we chugged out to dive. The large swell had not diminished and one member of the party paid the price for kitting up early by laying another carpet of ground bait. Once more battle took place with the kelp. Determined to avoid kelp, the afternoon dive took place in 19m off of the island. Kelp successfully avoided but still not much crustacean life around.

The evening was perfect weather for a BBQ but sadly, all the food was still frozen given the bad weather forecast.

Replacing the propeller with the original one and with a quick bit of engine maintenance, extensive plans were laid for tomorrow's dive. 'If we get on the plane we turn left; if not, we turn right'.

Thursday

We turned left. Success! With a following sea and breezy winds we planed easily across to the James Eagan Layne off of Rame Head. The wreck buoy easily locates this large, upright wreck in about 20m of waters just inshore of it. Some kindly soul had even placed a shot on the bow of the wreck. All party members enjoyed an excellent dive including a rummage in the hold containing railway sleepers, cables and other cargo. Our enjoyment of the morning was diminished considerably by a miserable journey back to Millendreath as we punched back into the wind, rain and swell. Not too surprisingly, the boat ran out of fuel on the way back. Expecting this, one of the jerry cans had been taken along for in-flight refuelling. An interesting experience in the waves we were in! Unexpectedly, the lunchtime kids trip also ran out of fuel but this time with only the spare cans on-board.

Talland bay beckoned in the afternoon and after braving the treacherous Looe Island shallows, an interesting dive followed in an area of rocky outcrops. Better still, no kelp, which is always a bonus.

Evening arrived with the traditional attempt to ignite the caravans with burning coals. Age crept up on me as I found myself worrying about the noise and the neighbours at 10:30.

Friday

A repeat of yesterday's dives was called for with the JEL planned again. And what a difference a day makes. Flat smooth sea and we planed all the way. Unhappily, the fair weather also brought the fair weather divers as the shot-line emulated Piccadilly Circus on a Tuesday afternoon. Four boatload of divers vied for time slots on the shot to visit the wreck. Unluckily, my plan to visit the stern of the wreck was curtailed when my buddy's mask flooded. All attempt to solve the problem failed including a 15m full mask clear. On the positive side, others reported that ironically the vis was worse today than yesterday when the weather was foul. The return journey was also very pleasant as we planed back across light seas.

With no rush to get the bottles back for filling, a long lazy lunch preceded the return trip to Talland bay. Diving slightly closer in today, we dived an area similar to yesterday but with more patchy rock areas. Errol pointed out a Lobster and

attempts to extricate it were hindered by Adrian's insistence on loading a Spider crab onto my head. Dogfish were also seen in abundance. Errol and Adrian completed their final Dive Leader skills exercise.

A local pub/restaurant was the setting for our by now traditional last night meal. Forty of us sat down for a convivial meal in rather cramped surroundings. The view in the restaurant was much improved by the waitress's outlook (or so I'm told).

Saturday

To quote the Clash, "Should I stay or should I go now". I chose to stay on the beach for the day with the family and return late in an attempt to avoid the slow moving trail of grockles heading North and Eastwards. Huddled behind our windbreak we enjoyed a traditional British beach holiday meal of pastie and chips. The sun made a late appearance and I spent an amusing hour or so dive bombing Errol with my kite.

All too soon it was time to pack up and head homewards. The plan seemed to work as we took a mere 4 hours to get back with no major hold-ups.

Sunday

A quick wash of the boats and that was that until next year. Finally, congratulations to Errol and Adrian for making Dive Leader against all adversity.

Simon

Weymouth - May 2002 - Jackie O'Dowd

As I have come to expect, the planning stages gave plenty of cause for concern. Firstly, numbers seemed to be increasing. My maximum of 24 seemed to have escalated to 28 and I had no idea how. Doesn't anybody realise the water is cold and uninviting in May? Then there was the little matter of Scuba Doo, which was giving poor Craig nightmares. Finally came the phone call to the Chesil Beach caravan park to book an extra van for the extra divers that had materialised from nowhere. I was greeted with complete silence. Then..... "I'm sorry Madam, I can't seem to find record of your booking and anyway we're closed for refurbishment from Easter to the end of May. I'll call you back" Déjà vu? What is it about Chesil Beach – or is it just simply me? The resulting migraine was quite short this year. The very nice lady phoned back 10 minutes later. "We've moved you to Waterside, a 5* site the other side of Weymouth Bay." Now, the really lucky bit was being close to the sea. I don't think I'd mentioned we were a diving group so we could have been moved anywhere.

Arriving on site about 9pm on the Friday it became apparent that the site was much larger than Chesil Beach but well organised. No one was homeless or placed into a private van this year. Alice immediately took her suitcase and moved in with the Sahota family. One down

Saturday 4 May

Much pre-planning and re-planning had gone into the diving preparations. Now we were to find out if any of it worked! The bulk of the party were found kitting up in the FREE car park by the FREE slip ON SITE as planned at 8am. Can this really have been ESAC? The rest of us (Greg, Errol and myself with Satnam, Sat, Dennis and Shailly) set off to meet up with Julie and Christine on Swanage Pier. There the diving and parking were definitely NOT FREE and VERY, VERY, busy. The diving went well in the near zero viz. Only diving in pea soup could possibly have been worse. There were plenty of spider crabs to be seen as we held tightly to our buddies lest they should be lost forever in the soup. We even caught glimpse of the occasional shadow of a passing wrasse. The sun shone all day (a rarity this Summer) and a very pleasant day passed by relatively uneventfully. Nothing, of course, can be totally uneventful when I get near to the water – but the odd lost fin or Christine playing at being an under weighted cork don't really count. Christine's excuse being Pradeep's borrowed gear as she was doing the honourable thing and letting Julie use all hers.

Meanwhile, back in Weymouth, I understand the diving went well though I didn't get to hear much about it. Much more excitement and pleasure was gained from stroking and playing with the resident dolphin – Georges, I believe he's been called. Alice, like everyone else was grinning from ear to ear as she recounted the tale. Then she was gone again

and neither of my two children could be found again for such insignificant little matters such as food! It must be a sign that a good time was being had by all (except John)!

That night, I am reliably informed, Christine had trouble getting to sleep. Something to do with the snoring decibels in the Taylor, Newton and Malik van (Greg's blaming a cold). In desperation she moved into the lounge. Next morning Greg was initially puzzled to find the lounge rather chilly and the caravan door wide open with Christine curled up on the sofa. He eventually concluded Shailly was the culprit. She was the last 'home' after a good evening at the Sahota pub.

Sunday 5 May

This was the day! The day we thought would be impossible. 28 divers; 3 waves of diving am and pm. Somehow we made it and before nightfall – John had insisted that we'd need the navigation lights on Scuba Doo. I personally visited Domed Reef three times! Fortunately I found it was a nice site with lots of boulders to rummage around. There were wrasse darting in and out, lots of fan worms, sponges and yet more spider crabs. The occasional edible crab could be found and several dogfish lurked on the mud at the edge of the reef. Others managed to sample other sites. Linda returned from a dive saying it reminded her of the Red Sea. Now, was she narked or do I need hearing aids? Something about the colours. Maybe she has a tinted mask – or just a good imagination.

Training was progressing well. This seemed to be SMB day and no one had got too tied up. Everyone was quietly getting on with the tasks associated with a successful day – bottle filling, boat refuelling, statistic taking etc. Thanks to all for pitching in. Bearing in mind the number of dives completed there had to be some little incidents. Craig suffered the only potentially serious mishap. Deri entered the water on top of him so Craig's head made very definite contact with Deri's bottle. A bit over the top if he wanted to check the first aid kit was up to scratch. I also heard there was a bit of solo diving – a weightbelt retrieval exercise. 'Only 6m' was the excuse.

Monday 6 May

A very relaxed and laid back group wandered about the slip. Only one dive with just 2 waves to get some final CD assessments completed and some SMB practice for others. Launching the boat produced the second incident as the painter caught on the trailer and the karabiner on the end then caught Julie just below the eye. Craig's first aid kit doesn't run to ice packs but Christine was quick off the mark and obtained one from the restaurant. Julie's training was blown for the day.

The first group of divers aboard Scuba Doo had departed earlier for the Countess of Erne. All went well and their return brought with them three new CDs. Congratulations to Kiran, Flan and Frank. Next back to guess where for some SMB practice. We returned to the slip to be greeted by a huge group of waiting children and families all with very eager faces. The DOLPHIN HUNT. We hunted in vain through Portland Harbour and down to Grove Point. He was spotted just as we were about to give up and take the boats back. My hood, mask, fins and snorkel took probably less than 30 seconds to put on and I slipped into the water. Only just ahead of Elizabeth. Others followed whilst the rest happily watched and stroked him from the boat. A very happy group returned to the slip when 'Georges' eventually decided to go and investigate another boat.

All in all, a successful weekend to introduce trainees to the water and brush the cobwebs from the rest of us. The site suited the families and the free onsite slip made the diving so much easier. The total party was more than 70, which must be an ESAC record. The highlight – without doubt, the dolphin!

Back next year?

Jackie

BDI's May's Mumbblings

The first major event since the BDI's March Musings was, of course, the **Boat Launch**. However, the Hon Ed's missive to the BDI's mail-box (esacbdi@aol.com for all those who wish to pass on salacious snippets of ESAC life, especially those snippets that the subject would just hate to appear in print. All sources protected) stated that she had

been inundated with offers from wannabe BDIs all eager to write up the event. So all the lurid details about the need for L-plates and the threat of £2,500 speeding tickets, etc will have to come from others pens/computers.

The on-going boat saga since the its launch has been documented elsewhere, but how a supposedly experienced company could screw things up to such an extent is a bit beyond belief. The sacrifice of time, money and effort by Craig B, Richard A and Rik N deserve special mention.

Anyhow, the next main event was the Weymouth Weekend, where 28 divers, 29 kids, plus attendant non-divers descended on Bowleaze Bay. The diving details will undoubtedly be reported elsewhere, However, it has been reported to the BDI that Craig and Deri must have got bored with the same old buddy diving. As they attempted what has been described as “piggy-back” diving. In this new, innovative, style of formation diving the second diver times his exit from the boat, with style and grace, to land with great finesse on the back of the 1st diver. From the received reports apparently the style, grace and finesse aspects require more practice.

Rumours of unusual sleeping arrangements in the Taylor, Newton and Malik caravan have also surfaced. It seems Christine N had abandoned the comfort of her own bunk and moved to the opposite end of the caravan to escape assorted snoring from various ESACers. Then upon returning to the caravan in the wee small hours young Shailly couldn't have shut the door properly 'cos in the morning Greg emerged to find Christine fast akip, the door wide open and a freezing cold caravan. All the more ironic as the previous evening Christine N had refused Julie N's request to have the window open a tad.

Determined not to be left out of the BDI's report, young Daniel R joined the ranks of the walking wounded. He was given a basic and memorable lesson of the dynamic energy inherent in a moving bowling ball. The more important part of the lesson was that it is definitely not a good idea to place a finger between a stationary bowling ball and a moving one. The resultant transfer of kinetic energy from the moving object to the stationary one, via Daniel R's finger was more than a trifle painful. Indeed he ended up with a cracked middle phalanx.

Lastly, no account of the Weymouth Weekend would be complete without an account of the Dolphin. The kids, of all ages, crowded into the boats to get a good view of him. Spies report that never have they seen Jackie O get kitted up and into the water so fast. Young, and hardy, Elizabeth A quickly followed, but being clad only in a wet suit, mild to medium hypothermia had set in before she could be persuaded back into the boat. Rumours also have reach me of yet another new variant on diving practices and that is the new sport of weight belt diving. Details were a bit vague so maybe further tips to the BDI could clarify this area.

Of course this BDI report would not be complete without some words about the ESAC 30th Birthday Bash. I don't know which member of the committee upset *Frigga*, the goddess of the skies, but she certainly wasn't in a good mood that weekend. Maybe the Virgin Sacrifice of Appeasement hadn't been conducted correctly or maybe it was just the difficulty in getting the raw material these days.

Anyhow, despite the weather most of the current members (and shame on those that weren't there), a raft (or is it a RIB) of ex-members, invited guests and hordes of kids all duly turned up determined to enjoy the day. There were even uninvited guests as outsiders saw the bouncy castle, etc and assumed it was a church fete type thing and open to all.

The BDI found that initial access to the bar was “barred” by Mike H demanding money in exchange for raffle tickets. At least the BDI managed to wangle some of the pink “gonna win all the prizes” tickets and not the green “not a cat in hell's chance of a prize” tickets. After winning the beer “raffle”, a couple of times or so, the BDI went out to watch the water fight. After some incomprehensible instructions from Richard A all hell seemed to be let loose. Every kid seemed to be running around getting soaked in the process, although how they actually got wet when most of the water balloons seemed to miss their target, I don't know. Maybe it was the “referee” squirting everyone with the water cannon in a vain attempt to keep order.

If that wasn't confused enough, it was then the turn of the “bigger kids” (ie groan-ups) to have a go. Mayhem then ensued with Alex (I've got a bad back and may not be able to dive)W running around like as much like a looney as the rest of them. At last the water filled balloons ran out and the water soaked kids, of all ages, changed into dryer clothes. This proved a little problematical for young Daniel R as dad had cleverly left the bag of dry clothes at home. Dad was duly despatched to get them. Focus then moved to the bouncy castle, with the groan-ups complaining that the kids wouldn't let them have their go. Sensing a stand-off the organisers very sensibly lit the bar-b-qs. The thought of food, together with a promise of a guaranteed bouncy castle slot for later in the afternoon, quelled the trembling lips and threats of tantrums by the groan-ups.

As for the bar-b-q itself , well it certainly proved that ESACers are, in the main and Christine N excepted, not vegetarians. Mountains of burgers, and hot dogs were devoured, but there seemed to be an awful lot of cole-slaw and salad stuff left over. After the bar-b-q came the raffle and as mentioned before it seemed to be rigged in favour of the pink ticket holders, or maybe that's just sour grapes on behalf of the green ticket holders.

Before the dancing was allowed to commence there was, of course, the obligatory Hon Chair's speech. After a bit of waffling around, Richard A rightly thanked the efforts of all the organisers and volunteers. However, one club benefactor didn't get a mention and that is the person who donated a crate of beer on the grounds that it "was just hanging around at home". He then spend the evening "raffling" back his own beer at a £1 a go. As for the dancing well most people seemed to enjoy it, so much so that it has been suggested as an option for the yuletide do. But all good things duly have to come to an end. The only downside to the whole proceedings, apart from the clearing up, was that young Tom O was popped into Northwick Park to check on his leg which had been damaged in a bouncy castle collision. Happily there was no real damage done and speaking of the bouncy castle, yes the groan-ups did get their go after all.

One final point: in the last What's Bubbling, the BDI was accused of plagiarism, ie the taking another person's idea and representing it as my own without giving due credit to the real source. This is not the BDI's way, the BDI conducts research. Where research is defined as taking many peoples' ideas, combining them into a single output and then claiming that output as my own unique and original thought process. I hope that this clarifies the situation and if certain committee members did have the idea of a calendar before me then - well great minds think alike.

BDI

Things To Come

Thursday 31st October: Instructors' Briefing, 8pm, Northolt Pool, prior to the introduction of the new training programme.

Saturday 2nd November: Fireworks Night, Roxbourne Park, Pinner. See Bobby for details.

Sunday 10th November: Dive Planning Meeting, 7.30pm, Northolt Community Centre.

Sunday 24th November: ESAC AGM, 7.30pm, Northolt Community Centre.

Saturday 7th December: ESAC Christmas Party, 7.30-11pm, Ickenham Scout Hall. Ceilidh Band, Pot Luck Supper, Bring own Drink, Mike's Christmas Raffle. Tickets £10 each, available from Bobby.

And Finally . . .

Many congratulations to Bobby and Alex on their Engagement!