

CamBSAC



CAMBSAC 240 NEWSLETTER

MARCH 2003

HAPPY NEW YEAR !!!

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Not long until the new dive season kicks off unless of course you're an all season diver or one of those fortunate to have dived abroad recently. Time to dig out your equipment from the back of your cupboards and brush off the cobwebs.

Hopefully newsletters this year will be more frequent, this of course as always depends on you for contributions.

This year could be very difficult for camBSAC 240, membership is falling and with the imminent closure of the pool, trainee intake will be limited. It is therefore vital that all existing members pull together and actively support the branch.

As most of you will be aware the new committee got together for their first meeting last week. One of the outcomes of the

meeting was to ask the members to specify how they would like to receive their copy of this newsletter in future. There are Three options:-

1. Continue receiving it in its present hard copy format by post or collecting it on a Thursday night from The Boathouse.
2. Receive it in PDF format by e-mail.
3. Decline to receive a copy.

Please inform me of your preference either down the pub on a Thursday night or by e-mail on scott_lough@yahoo.co.uk.

If you do not respond then I will assume you do not wish to receive further copies.

Scott Lough
Editor



Website:
www.cambsac.com

DIVING MONTEREY

The last weekend of October I had a spare Sunday in California before starting a busy week of meetings in the USA. Instead of stoozing around San Francisco I drove down to Monterey about 2 hours drive South down Highway 101. I'd booked a boat trip and equipment hire with a shop from the internet. Monterey Bay is a broad indentation in the Pacific coast where cold currents running down from Alaska meet warmer waters. This causes an immense variety of fish life that has been heavily exploited with fish canneries being once dotted along its shores. The canneries have since closed but the fame given to it by Steinbeck's novel, the local marine life and the historic mud-brick former state capital hut have created a themed holiday resort where diving is a popular activity.

I arrived on the Saturday evening. At the expense of my company I ate in a good restaurant overlooking the bay, spinach and bacon salad starter with a delicious dressing followed by Hawaiian Ono with macadamia nut and coconut sauce with pilaf rice. The Sunday morning I woke up to find the dive shop just across the road from my motel close to Cannery Row. There were several dive shops and schools listed in the local phone book. Boats leave at 7,8 and 9 am every morning for a four hour 2 dive trip and take as many divers as can get aboard. Air can be refilled on board. Unfortunately the boat I had booked on, "Monterey Express" had been dry-docked due to an engine fault so instead of two dives I had to settle for a shore dive in Breakwater Bay. I found a buddy thanks to the shop and sorted out kit.

My biggest difficulty was working out weighting in pounds, especially as the cylinder I hired was aluminium and the weight belt integrated in the Scubapro BC. Similarly, pressures are quoted in psi and volume in pints! However, every thing checked out correctly and I drove down to the shore side car park. The scene was like Stoney Cove on a Saturday with dozens of vehicles and seemingly hundreds of divers kitting up or sitting around. The main difference was that the sun shone warmly from a cloudless sky and the water was the blue Pacific ocean.

Breakwater Cove is used as an open water training area by the local club, PADI and NAUI outfits. Entry was across a sandy beach about 50m wide. Despite the calm there was a surge of surf at about 1 m which knocked a few people over. Beyond the surf it was easy to stand up to put on fins and complete checks in waist deep water. The dive plan was to fin out along the breakwater that heads North into the bay. I'd been a little worried by tales of becoming lost or entangled in the kelp forest and visibility can be poor. However, it turned out to be one of the easiest and most pleasant dives I've done.

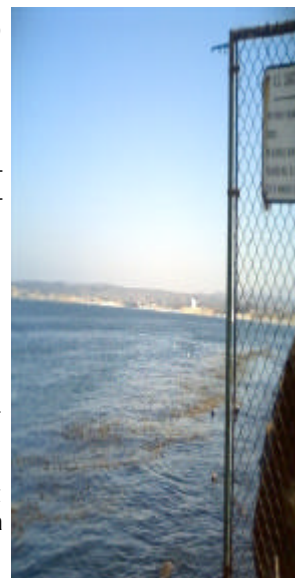
The water temperature was 13°C and it began to feel cold, even in my 10 mm semi-dry, whenever I stopped for any length of time to look at the amazing variety of marine life. I finned clear of the groups of divers doing their basic training and dropped down to 10-11 m and followed the contour. As I got clear of the beach the visibility improved to about 8 m. With the sun shining there was plenty of light and I had no need of a torch.

There was plenty of life in the sand and the seabed was carpeted with enormous starfish that hung off the rocks and crawled around. I didn't see many fish at first but various wrasse and Pollock lurked close to the rocks. Every few metres rope-like trees of kelp with leaves every metre, grew up to the surface. The main forest lies about 50 m west from the breakwater, we finned along a patch of open water between the breakwater and the forest. As I finned along looking at the fish they suddenly disappeared and a brown shape shot past me. A sea lion from the colony of about 100 that lives on the end of the breakwater was checking me over. A couple of her mates appeared, young animals about a metre long finning along and then twisting back to look at me. I felt a little scared by the speed and agility especially when they approached straight at me at speed teeth bared, swerving away at the last minute. The knowledge that there were much bigger, angrier ones hanging about on the surface made me relieved to turn back as I started feeling cold with more than half a tank still remaining. As I turned back a cormorant swept past me looking for fry. Further back the fish started reappearing but I began to find it easy to spot the sea lions that were lurking around in the rocks by the movement of the water and bubbles.

After wading ashore I was able to rinse the salt off the kit by standing under the showers thoughtfully provided by the local authorities. The shop charged me \$7.50 for the air and the kit hire, all in all a value for money dive.

The Monterey peninsula is a National Marine park and there is lots to see such as sea otters and orcas quite apart from the grey whale migration later in the winter. The weather for diving is best in the autumn as the weather is sunny and calm. The summer tends to be foggy and this causes sudden onshore winds to appear. I'd like to organise a trip over there one autumn and head further down the coast as well. Return flights to San Francisco are only £250 in November and various types of low cost accommodation are available. The natives are friendly, if a little large and the diving is good.

By Toby Mottram



Monterey Bay

"A Brown shape shot past me..."

No Toby wasn't bathing in the Cam !



Sea Lions on Monterey Breakwater

CAMBSAC 240 AGM 3RD FEBRUARY 2003

Main Points

Boat Officer's Report

Why do we keep replacing fluxgate compass? Can we replace it with a proper magnetic one?

What plans do we have for replacing the Zodiac and Camdiver? Is it worth keeping the Zodiac?

Getting people experience in handling the boats.

Diving Officer's Report

Since we've had the ribs the amount of East Coast diving has gone down – should we look at buying something we could launch easily from the Norfolk beaches?

Training Officer's Report

Use of email detrimental to social activities

Role of entertainment officer – committee member to do this?

Restricted trainee intake for 2003 due to pool refurbishment.

Falling membership

Compressor Officer's Report

Should we put up CUUEG filling costs?

Any Other Business

Advertising trips by email or club notice board and Open Forum first.

Make Open forum earlier than 10pm.

Re-visit how training is charged.

How to encourage people to do more diving – have a 'Dive Planning Meeting' and put up a calendar of planned dive trips. Make a manual about 'How to Plan a Dive Trip'.

CAMBSAC 240 AGM 3RD FEBRUARY 2003 (CONTD.)

The CamBSAC 240 Elected Committee for 2003

Chairman	Pete Flaxman
President	Christine Willey
Treasurer	Chris Scott
Secretary	Suzie Wenham
Diving Officer	Dave Smith
Training Officer	Mike McLaren
Boat Officer	Pete Willey
Compressor Officer	Donald Allright
Equipment Officer	Neil Burgess
Newsletter Editor	Scott Lough
Webmaster	Cormac O'Connell
Assistant Diving Officer	To be announced

Committee Members without Portfolio

Amanda Walker

Scott Lough

REUNION

A Reunion to Remember!!

By Sandra Castro

I decided that it would be fun to share with you all a great experience I had in March.....but Jon said I wasn't allowed to tell you about that so instead, I've decided to tell you all about my trip to the Indian Ocean, courtesy of a Japanese Pharmaceutical company :-)

After a great week away in Tenerife, we got back to North Berwick on Saturday night. We got up on Sunday morning and had a quick jaunt on the beach to collect some rocks to put in the aquarium for Blenny and on my return, one of my managers phoned to let me know that I would be heading off to Reunion Island on Tuesday for 4 days! I knew I would be going sometime, but I expected more than 2 days notice!!

Until late last year, I'd never heard of Reunion. If you look in an Atlas, you will find it 100 miles SW of Mauritius - it is French-owned territory.

The flight from Edinburgh to Paris on Tuesday morning took 2 hours and I met up with my work colleague, Ron, who kindly upgraded my ticket for Reunion from economy to club class - a new concept for me! The flight left Paris at 5pm and arrived in Reunion at 7am on Wednesday morning. Reunion is 4 hours ahead of the UK and of the 10-hour flight, I probably slept for about 3 hours! However, the plan was to get a few hours kip before our meeting at 2pm. But it was not to be!!

The airport is just outside the town of St-Denis on the north of the island and our hotel was in a town called St-Gilles-Les-Bains on the north-west side. We got there at about 8.30am but weren't allowed to check in until 12pm. Meanwhile, I found some information on a dive centre and booked myself on a dive at 9.30am on Thursday morning!!

Reunion is just like France - except for the temperature and the palm trees!!! I have no idea exactly how hot it was but it was way too hot for me to stay out in the sun for too long!! The island is volcanic and is covered in lush-looking forests. It is a popular holiday destination for the French and we didn't come across another Brit while we were out there!

Wednesday afternoon was spent working and in the evening, we had dinner with the doctor we were seeing at his house. This consisted of marinated raw fish for starters and curried goat for main course. It was delicious!! By 10.30pm, I was just about keeping my eyes open so we retired back to the hotel and I zonked out for the night!

I was up and out by 9am the following morning and found the dive centre at the harbour. There were about 5 dive centres in the town, which is about the size of North Berwick and most of them were based at the harbour. I found the one I was booked with, O Bleu Sea!! So far, so good. I showed them my BSAC quali-

fication book and I was given my kit, which included a regulator set with no octopus, which, was remedied quickly and a stab jacket that was far too big for me! The only kit I'd taken out with me was my computer and this was the first time in years that I was using kit that wasn't my own! It felt very strange.

There were about 12 of us going out to the site and I was diving with one of the instructors at the centre, Michel, and a novice diver who had done about 10-15 dives. The site was a reef just north of the town and was used frequently by the dive centres. When we got there, the boat was tied off on a buoy and everyone kitted up to go in. Most of the kit was tied on a rope out of the back of the boat for people to kit up in the water but I went with the old-fashioned method of kitting up in the boat and rolling in!! With no buddy check or dive plan (apart from knowing the maximum depth would be 20m), we got in the water and off we went!! The reef was made up of lumps of black volcanic rock with soft and hard corals (including table and brain corals) growing on it. There were loads of reef fish everywhere! We saw garfish, bannerfish, trumpet fish, box fish, several lion fish and a couple of big, nasty-looking trigger fish, which Michel warned us away from!! I was excited when I saw an octopus hidden in a hole but was thrilled when we spotted a free-swimming one. It looked quite odd and changed colour for us several times. Then it seemed to grow another set of tentacles and we realised we had interrupted a mating pair, who were none too happy!! Michel thought this was hysterical and gesticulated accordingly!!!

Later in the dive, I spotted a small, dark moray eel in a hole and nearby we saw a pale coloured free-swimming moray and followed it along the reef for a while. It jumped rapidly into a hole to escape and soon after, a squirt of black ink came out from the hole - the occupying octopus was not happy with his new hole-mate!! A bit further on was a huge anemone with its clown fish frantically warning us away! After 63 minutes in water at a balmy 28 deg C and 20m+ visibility, it was time to ascend.

We got back onto the boat and headed back to the dive centre. Michel asked me how many dives I'd done so we started talking about the diving in dry suits in UK water!!! As usual, I got the 'you must be absolutely barmy' comments and looks but couldn't persuade them that UK diving was good!!! Back at the dive centre, I paid my 35 euros (about 22 pounds) for the dive and headed back to the hotel for a kip!

I flew back home on Friday morning and on the way home, from the plane window, I saw the African plains, the Sahara Desert and the snow-capped mountains of the French Alps!! Hopefully, I will be going out there again later in the year. Assuming I will get a bit more notice, I will pack Jon up in my suitcase and we'll spend a few days checking out the diving and driving up in the mountains.....so watch this space!

AGUILHAS DIARY

A few weeks ago I dived a 30 m reef off the coast of Spain with some friends from work. It sounds bland but this is how it happened. My job is designing experiments to try out new animal husbandry equipment and this allows me a lot of flexibility where and with whom I work. Last year the Foot and Mouth Disease forced me to look elsewhere than the fens for a place to test a new piece of pig farming equipment. By luck one of the team knew someone in Spain and so all last winter I had to keep jetting down to Alicante to conduct tests at the University of Murcia. The University Vet School there did an excellent experiment and it turned out that a couple of the team were from the town of Aguilhas (pronounced eyeglass) on the coast about 40 miles south of Cartagena and go scuba diving. They don't dive except in high summer but they kept telling me to fix a project meeting for a Friday in July and we'd go diving on the Saturday and Sunday.

So one Thursday in July I arrived at Murcia airport and as usual Juan met me. Usually I hire a car and head for a hotel but this time he took me straight to his house in an out of town complex high above the city. As I sat on his terrace facing south watching the sun set and hearing the dogs bark I felt that I was deep in an adventure and that my life was no longer in my control. With some friends we barbecued sardinios and pork and ate salad. I helped as best I could and sat bemused as the Spanish conversation ebbed and flowed around me. The children were splashing around in the pool until gone midnight.

The next morning Juan picked me up and we made a slow progress via back roads towards Aguilhas. We followed one of the ancient Spanish drove roads used to move sheep South during winter and North before the summer drought. In the middle of a flat dusty plain we stopped at a wayside shack where we drank beer and ate sausage made out the back. The front room of the shack was set out as a bar and was littered with chunks of bread and sausage rind. Bottles of oil, wine, sausage hung from the rafters. Mostly old, portly men burnt almost black by working in the sun stood at the bar sipping wine or beer and chewing sausage. It seemed far away from corporate catering that we would have found on the motorway. We drove down to the coast at Mazarron where there

were once iron mines and is now a burgeoning tourist resort. The coast from Mazarron southwards to Aguilhas is almost completely undeveloped Puntas de Calnegre where we later had a beer is the sole settlement. It contains ten houses and a shop and a deserted beach with blue sea and surf. Further along there are beaches with no houses or bars or even footprints. There is a plan to build a motorway along this coast and it seems inevitable that this peaceful place will soon echo to the sound of mass tourism.

We arrived in mid afternoon at Aguilhas. The town grew rapidly in the late nineteenth century as a result of the iron ore mines. British engineers built a jetty and railway system and as a result of the contacts Aguilhas boasts one of the oldest football clubs in the Spanish league. The sea front runs for nearly three miles but there are hardly any hotels as the resort is known only to the Spanish, who either own or rent apartments or stay with relatives.

Juan and Pepe came to pick me at the Hotel Carlos III (where I paid £25 for bed & breakfast) and we toiled around town to pick up a battery for the boat. It turned out they had only just bought the speed boat secondhand and it hadn't been out yet that season. As the engineer in the party it fell to me to lie upside down under the transom of the boat extracting the old battery. It was hot. The only tool available was a rusty pair of cheap pliers, the kind that comes free with a Japanese motorbike. I enjoyed doing it, as for the first time I felt I was being useful. The transom overhang was such that the battery would only come out on its side. This led to acid spilling out, I managed to protect my shirt but my trousers have an acid burn as a souvenir. Afterwards we went to an old slipway under a cliff only a few metres from the main beach and swam in the limpid water of early evening. Pepe lent me a mask and snorkel and I enjoyed a few minutes snorkelling looking at the fish and weeds. One of Juan's neighbours came down, finned out with some plastic bags tucked in the waist band of his shorts. I wondered what he was up to but a few minutes later he was standing on the slip squeezing the water out of a full bag from which the waving tentacles of an octopus protruded. Fresh pulpo for his tea that night.

Later we went to a restaurant with a terrace view of the fish dock and harbour and ate the local delicacies. I was relieved that after a day with several small meals it turned out not to be a huge meal. The Spanish way of eating is to have a succession of small starter type dishes such as a pepper salad, calamar, and a variety of fish dishes. At this meal each dish became progressively more exotic and tasty culminating in a main course of a fish described as San Pietro which I think was grey mullet. A whole specimen was brought so that I could identify it. The particular part with the jaw muscle was given to me as a delicacy. The fish eats prawns and so the jaw muscle is well developed.

The next morning Juan met me and took me to the sea front where we met Miguel who they introduced as an experienced diver. We then went to a crowded street where a queue of people waited at a hot food stall built into the wall of what appeared to be a market building. Juan sent me to grab a table at a café close by. I ordered coffee and orange juice. Juan finally appeared with what are called "turos". They look like squirts of batter deep fat fried. That is what they are – flour, water – I suspect there is some bicarb to cause them to become honeycombed. They are dipped in sugar. Pepe proceeded to dunk his in coffee. We eventually made it to the boat. After a round of loading up, we made it out of the harbour at about 11.30 but it was all very relaxed and as the wind had not got up we had a gentle motor out to Cope headland. A swell was running but with light wind and sun blazing down it was very pleasant. The reef was buoyed – in fact a large dive rib was attached to a shot line 50 metres away.

We started putting the kit on. All the others were putting on 3 mm wet suits and I felt over dressed in my semi-dry 5 mm and left off the shortie making me think that I should lose some more lead. I thought better heavier than not and left my weight at kilos. Juan had the other guys falling around as he hadn't worn his wet suit for a year and has put on a bit of weight. He seemed to have a lot of bulges. The method of kitting up was to throw the BC & cylinder into the sea and to jump into the water (fully weighted) and put the kit on in the water. Before I had a chance to

AGUILHAS DIARY CONTINUED...

discuss a dive plan or agree signals we were in the water. The others were all kitted up but I got badly entangled in the rope and was struggling in the swell finning just to keep my head above water for some time. After swallowing some mouthfuls of water in the process I got myself into the kit. Eventually I was ready but when I tried to descend I couldn't get below the surface. The problem was quickly solved when Juan finned over with my weight belt on his arm. Mortified with embarrassment but relieved that I was fully kitted (although a little over weighted – so much for ad hoc diving). Down the shot line in the clear water, although I kept losing sight of Juan my erstwhile buddy – only recognisable by his bulging wet suit. We landed on the reef at about 28 m. There was plenty of life there with several large groupers but the others finned along at a tremendous pace and I had no time to use my torch to explore the several large caves. There was a wreck of a fishing boat upright and in good condition with a cloud of fish above it but they waved me on. Suddenly 20 minutes had passed and I was checking air. At one stage we saw a very large grouper well over a metre long which I later realised was what I had been taken to see. The others had already decided to ascend when I was at 50 bar and I was pleased to be on a shot line – although the monofilament lines streaming

from the shot line indicated the work we'd had to do to get back to it. At 10 m the shot line ran out – we'd been on the wrong one! Juan went to the surface at that stage. The remaining three of us found the other line about 20 m away – with such good visibility it was only a matter of scanning around. We had our time at 6 m and came to the surface safely. After a scramble we were back in the boat easier than getting out of it.

The sun was strong as we motored slowly back. They all seemed to think it had been a good dive and I'm too inexperienced to disagree. I just think that we were going too fast to see the small life of the reef. They were pleased they had shown me the big grouper. We anchored in the lee of Fraïlle island where the ruins of houses and ancient mine workings come almost to the shore. Amphorae and other roman debris have been found here where ships have loaded iron ore since 2000 BC. We had a beer sitting in the sun and I spent some time snorkelling in the shallows where I could see star fish, sea urchins and numerous fish (cuckoo wrasse etc) . By three o'clock the others wanted to go and so we tooted over to the harbour where we quickly unloaded and washed kit. Juan and I had a light lunch in a café with a fine terrace overlooking the harbour.

I'd set off for Spain thinking I'd get in three or four dives over 3 days and I'd have a good log to write up. The diving was simple and safe in clear warm water. There was a lot of wildlife although we shot past it in search of the "el gordo", the fat one. There has been a lot of overfishing but even as we motored along we could see espada (swordfish) and dolphins. I came away very satisfied with one dive because it was the centrepiece to a good weekend and diving isn't the only thing in life.

PS

I'd be happy to organise a trip to this area of Spain again. There are several commercial dive boat operators at Aguilhas and further North at Cabo de Palos. Cartagena has the Spanish Navy's dive centre so there is good hyperbaric cover and as Cartagena was founded by the great seafaring Carthaginians it has a long history as a port and naval base and so ought to have wrecks.

By Toby Mottram

LETTER FROM LYON

As it is now over six months since Ilona and I moved to France, I thought it was about time I filed a report. The fact that we have only just organised ourselves to do some diving may also have something to do with the fact that I haven't written before.

As yet we haven't found a club in Lyon to join, though that is something we intend to do, partly as another means of improving our French! However, as in the UK, it's easily possible to dive without any local club affiliation, and thus we duly did the second weekend in June. Via a web search, Ilona found a likely looking centre on the Cote d'Azur, which happened also to be featured in an article in Dive a few months ago and happily is run by a chap

who speaks English. The prime diving attraction of the region we chose is les Iles d'Hyere, a group of small islands lying a few miles off the coast between Toulon and St Tropez.

The south coast of France is about a two and a half hour drive directly south down the autoroute from Lyon, though as we veered east past Marseille and onto the slower roads it took us just over four hours on the Friday afternoon, at the start of a heatwave. We stayed in a small resort called La Faviere, our hotel (helpfully booked for us by the dive centre owner) a few hundred yards from Port de Bormes where the dive boat was based. The hotel (a large but quaint Provencal inn with staff and proprietors none of whom could have

been a day under 60) cost less than 20 quid a night for B&B and free parking was available on the harbour wall a few dozen paces from the dive shop and boat, so things could hardly have been more convenient.

The dive centre's boat is a familiar Offshore 105 which is in fact British registered, as a way of circumventing the local diving 'mafia' which tried to make things difficult when the dive centre was set up. On Saturday morning there was a 9am start and we shared the boat with another British couple, so with only four of us diving there was plenty of room. We dived a site called Point de Vasseau, off the south side of Port Cros, one of the islands which has been declared a national park and as

LETTER FROM LYON CONTINUED...

such is a protected site. It was a quite beautiful dive during which we meandered round the point and back, with fairly steep dropoffs and rock pinnacles, and thus a choice of depth between 5 and 40m. There was also plenty of life, from soft corals and other flora, to several giant groupers which patrol the area. We also saw morays, scorpion fish, bream, various wrasse and an octopus which was sitting in some sea grass near the mooring line forming a tent with its tentacles - perhaps feeding, or even laying eggs?

After Christian, the skipper, had thoughtfully delayed the afternoon departure time to allow us to watch the England game in a nearby bar, our second dive was at Pointe de Montremian, off the west side of Ile de Bagaud, Port Cros' smaller sister island. With vis again about 25m, it was another lovely dive, this time the highlight being a swim to a large rock pinnacle 50m or so off the main reef, rising from the sea bed at about 40m to near the surface. Reminiscent of a small Maldivian thila, it was also covered in gorgonians and other corals, and teeming with fish. We again saw several morays, nudibranchs, the biggest scorpion fish I've ever seen, and another octopus during the swim back along the main reef, and another dive of sixty minutes plus passed in no time.

For Saturday's afternoon dive we'd been joined by a French couple, and they also dived on Sunday, but with the British couple on their way home, four of us again had plenty of space on the boat for the dives on Sunday. The morning dive was a quite memorable one on the wreck of the 'Donator', a merchant ship still fairly intact and lying upright in 50m of water, with the decks between 35 and 40m. I wasn't able to fully enjoy the dive due to the fact that the skipper asked us to send up the shot on a lifting bag, and I made a mess of doing so. When we'd finally managed to do so

I only had 120 bar left, which meant I was rather distracted by my contents gauge for the rest of the dive, though not sufficiently to fail to appreciate that the wreck was completely festooned in gorgonians and other soft corals, and home to large schools of several varieties of fish. Another stunning dive which I can't wait to do again properly!

Our afternoon dive was one pinpointed by Christian as the 'must do' dive in the region. La Gabiniere is a large rock off the south tip of Port Cros, the east side of which offers a dive with quite spectacular underwater scenery and fish life. We dropped in off the south-east corner and drifted towards the north tip of the rock. The first part of the dive featured large boulders amongst which lurked more giant groupers, and the drop-off gradually got steeper as we drifted northwards. Though we didn't spot any, schools of barracuda are regularly seen here, and with an occasionally strong current (in Mediterranean terms), other pelagic species such as tuna and sea bass are also often seen later in the summer. Soft corals were again abundant, and with the afternoon sun lighting the whole scene, it was another memorable dive.

We'd decided to just do one dive on Monday morning before making our leisurely way home in the afternoon. Christian was expecting a group of Belgian divers that day, so we'd hoped to do the 'Rubis', a sub lying in about 40m of water further east towards St Tropez, but they arrived late in the night and decided a lie-in was the more attractive option. Thus with only two of us Christian understandably didn't want such a fuel-hungry trip, so instead we did the 'Barge des Congres'. This is a small wreck lying in about 48m water which is home to dozens of congers. It's small size and flat profile means that you only get 10-15 minutes on it, but that is enough to do

a circuit, and was worth the 25 minutes of decompression we had to do. Apart from the congers there were also numerous scorpion fish, we saw one hole which was shared by a conger, a moray and a lobster, and the wreck was literally crawling with red mullet.

With hot sunny weather and a flat calm sea, it all made for a highly enjoyable weekend.

So much so that we returned five weeks later (update possible because I never got round to sending off the original article). The diving was just as good, if not better the second time round. This time we saw the barracudas off La Gabiniere, a huge swirl of them patrolling the reef just above the thermocline. There was a difference of about 4C between the warm layer of water down to 18m, and the cooler water lower down, distinctly visible as a dark line in the water. We also saw a couple of amberjack, drifting up and down the reef, apparently in non-hunting mode.

We also got to do the submarine this time, a virtually intact wreck sitting upright in forty metres, a lovely sight visible from about 15m down. With a lack of floral infestation, presumably due to the anti-fouling paint, it looks like it's sitting on the bottom waiting to surface. It was a rather more exciting dive than anticipated due to the mouthpiece detaching from my second stage as we swam under the bows, and a malfunctioning computer, but that's another story.

By Derek Brownjohn

COMPRESSOR ROTA

Compressor Opening Times

Mon 03-Mar-2003	Jon Schneider
Thu 06-Mar-2003	Ian Thorburn
Mon 10-Mar-2003	Nicola Armitage
Thu 13-Mar-2003	Nicolas Vasilopoulos
Mon 17-Mar-2003	Michael McLaren
Thu 20-Mar-2003	Philip Clegg
Mon 24-Mar-2003	Richard Turner
Thu 27-Mar-2003	Richard van der Hoff
Mon 31-Mar-2003	Andy Mell
Thu 03-Apr-2003	Scott Lough
Mon 07-Apr-2003	David Martin
Thu 10-Apr-2003	Donald Allwright
Mon 14-Apr-2003	Ed Pain
Thu 17-Apr-2003	Gawain Edwards
Mon 21-Apr-2003	Iain Smith
Thu 24-Apr-2003	Ian Thorburn
Mon 28-Apr-2003	Jon Schneider
Thu 01-May-2003	Keiron Fraser
Mon 05-May-2003	Nicola Armitage
Thu 08-May-2003	Neil Burgess
Mon 12-May-2003	Michael McLaren
Thu 15-May-2003	Nicolas Vasilopoulos
Mon 19-May-2003	Philip Clegg
Thu 22-May-2003	Richard Turner
Mon 26-May-2003	Richard van der Hoff
Thu 29-May-2003	Scott Lough

Monday 7:30pm to 8:00pm

Thursday 7:30pm to 8:00pm

Please note operators are normally happy, to fill cylinders after 8pm, if they are delivered

before 8pm. If you need to arrive after 8pm, please telephone the operator on duty to

make arrangements for them to wait for you, if they can.

BANK HOLIDAYS, As there is most likely to be a club trip at bank holidays, an operator

will be allocated nearer the time, if any members require cylinders to be filled.

NO filling after 9:30pm**Only operators on the compressor authorised list may use the compressor**

If any members wish to discuss the operation of the compressor, or go on the rota, or any other matters relating to gas filling, then please don't hesitate to contact

Donald Allwright, BSAC240, Compressor Officer

Mobile: +44 7736 362989

Email: compressor.officer@cambsac.com

COMPRESSOR ROTA (CONTD.)

<i>Compressor Operators</i>	<i>Email Address</i>	<i>Home Number</i>	<i>Mobile Number</i>
Andy Mell	amell@cambridge.org	N/a	07966 278672
David Martin	dilm2@cam.ac.uk	N/a	07801 556527
David Smith	davesmith200@hotmail.com	01954 260628	07831 145099
Donald Allwright	donald.allwright@tppcom.com donald_allwright@yahoo.com	01223 212408	07736 362989
Ed Pain	ecwp@arachsys.com ed.pain@csr.com	01223 560453	07989 359246
Gawain Edwards	elgme@02.co.uk	01954 782892	07931 361041
Iain Smith	iainmsmith@btinternet.com	01223 511989	07790 415344
Ian Thorburn	ijthor@waitrose.com	01638 780729	07769 715482
James Donnelly	jwd23@cam.ac.uk	01223 479276	07989 976669
John Kendal	john@johnkendall.com diving.officer@cuueg.org	01223 704908	07798 523110
Jon Schneider	jschneider@cix.co.uk	01223 423941	07973 796374
Keiron Fraser	kppf@bas.ac.uk	01954 270599	07812 778031
Michael McLaren	mmclaren@waitrose.com	01223 233486	07762 011199
Neil Burgess	Neil_d_burgess@yahoo.co.uk	01353 722217	07986 281818
Nicola Armitage	nicola.armitage@cimr.cam.ac.uk	01440 714481	07989 878088
Nicolas Vasilopoulos	nic.vasilopoulos@quantumbeam.com	01223 515746	07802 456669
Pete Flaxman	pjf22@phy.cam.ac.uk pete@flaxmans.co.uk	01223 562112	07753 911620
Philip Clegg	phil@cleggp9.force9.co.uk	01223 207534	07776 237106
Richard Turner	ricard.turner@cambridgeantibody.com	01223 412576	N/a
Richard van der Hoff	richard@rvanderhoff.org.uk	01223 704908	07979 597176
Scott Lough	Scott.Lough@birse.co.uk	07970 235282	07970 235282

CAMBSAC DIARY 2003

13 March	Dive Trip Planning Meeting – 8.30pm Boathouse
8 April	Committee Meeting – 8.00pm Boathouse
Easter	Red Sea Liveaboard – Organiser: Ian Thorburn
24 – 30 May	Challaborough Bay – Organiser: Chris Scott
15 – 16 May	Dive Show – NEC Birmingham

ITEMS FOR SALE

GUL wet suit for male 5'10" £25. Excellent condition. Contact Scott 07970 235282 or e-mail scott_lough@yahoo.co.uk

12L Air Tank for sale - £80. Only bought at Dive Show earlier last year (2002), still in Test and only had 10 or so dives. It's even full of nice fresh air. :-)
Tank is only for sale as I need more air - and will be buying larger tanks
Sara - 01223 440784/
0790 5573037

Ladies beaver semi-dry suit for sale. height: 5'10" size: ~ 14. colour: black with red trim. get intouch if you want me to bring it to the club etc... I have got some boots too, but they are a size 9/10.

Thanks

Liz Sheridan

For sale due to upgrades....

10L steel faber nitrox cylinder, less than a year old. Priced to sell!
95 quid.

3L steel faber nitrox pony For sale due to upgrades....

10L steel faber nitrox cylinder, less than a year old. Priced to sell!
95 quid.

3L steel faber nitrox pony ylinder, 1..5 years old. Priced to sell!
70 quid.

MDE crossflow DIN valves in both. These are lovely cylinders, much cherished.

DUI CF200SE drysuit, Standard size, large. new zip, no leaks. Would suit a slightly smaller person than me. say 5'9- 5'11. These are 750 quid new, and almost indestructible. I reckon it has another 5 years in it, have had to upgrade due to increase in my size. Much dived, your chance to own a suit that has seen a lot of sea - 200 quid.

Let me know if you are interested in these.

Andy Mell

Lonely Hearts

Professional male with keen interest in rubber wear seeks britney spears lookalike (o.n.o) for discrete weekends in Littlehampton! :)

Contact Liam

Website:
www.cambsac.com