



40th Anniversary Dinner

2007 marks the 40th Anniversary of CamBSAC!

To mark this, we shall be celebrating with a dinner at the Gonville Hotel, Cambridge. Tickets are £32.50, and can be purchased on any club night. Rather than pay the full value up-front, it is possible to put down a deposit now and pay the rest later, although Christine will happily have your money now!

There are lots of people signed up to come already, but what will already be a fantastic evening will be even better if we get a full house. So please get in touch with any present or past members of the club you might know and encourage them to come along and make this a great night.

Challaborough 2006

Manoj Ramjee

As per tradition, the club had organised its regular annual trip to Challaborough Bay, Devon for the second May bank holiday. As an Ocean Diver trainee

I was keen to get as much diving done as possible ('youthful' enthusiasm!). The Ocean Diver trainees had already done a trainee trip to Plymouth in the first May bank holiday. Encouraged by that and the fact that this was a club event to which all members were welcome, I decided to take the family on the trip and get some more diving experience.

Challaborough Bay is located in a beautiful part of the South West English coast, with the holiday park located right next to the beach. The setting was punctuated with Burgh Island, a picturesque tidal island with its own art deco hotel and pub (Pilchard Inn) and which used to be frequented by Agatha Christie. The on-site accommodation, although basic, consisted of mobile homes which were ideal for our family. The on-site facilities were also pretty good consisting of a swimming pool, shop, pub/bar, entertainment hall and a chip shop. Since the site was sort of secluded, we were happy to let the kids roam around within ear shot.

This was my first club dive and as such I was unsure as to what to expect. The first thing I noticed was that there were a lot of faces I had not seen before. These included people I had not come across in Cambridge as well as people who at one time or another had been associated with the club, but had now moved away. This was therefore a good opportunity to get to know people from my own club, as well as meet divers from other parts of the country.

It quickly became apparent that club dives do take a lot of organising. The club boats had to be transported to the site, as well as the cylinders; the dives had to be organised (taking into account changing weather and sea conditions), dive marshals had to be appointed and the logs kept up to date.

All this had to be organised, and it became quickly evident that club dives



Burgh Island

Bryony Harvey

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The Crabs Attack

John Rogers



don't just happen. They have to be organised and the more helpers the better.

I had realised on my first sea-based dive on the preceding May bank holiday Ocean Diver trainee weekend that I was not a good RIB passenger. On more than one occasion I had parted with my breakfast and eventually ended up with the title 'Chunder Wonder'. My first dive at Challaborough was a close to shore dive off a RIB. As expected, I did not disappoint on-lookers by discharging my breakfast on the outward journey. The dive site, buddy paired with Suzie, was close to shore and we descended to ~20-25 m, with lots of visible marine life. This was the first time I had been less occupied with my diving kit underwater and more occupied with looking at the surroundings. I had noticed a lot more sea life than on my trainee weekend; I guess I was getting more used to being underwater.



Challaborough Bay

Manoj Ramjee

The next dive was off Burgh Island and this time I was buddy paired with Sam Wenham. I quickly realised that Sam was more interested in catching things whereas I was more a casual observer. For example he bagged a spider crab and also managed to catch a young dog fish, which we let go after I had examined it for a couple of fascinating minutes. This time I was not sick on the RIB, but only felt like I was going to be sick. When there's the potential to part with your breakfast, these small distinctions become important! I found out that a big 'fry-up' breakfast first thing in the morning at least three or four hours before the dive was ideal for me. Plenty of fluids at least an hour before the dive also helped.

My next dive was with Dave Smith as buddy.

Once again we were at a different site, which eventually became known as 'Dave's gully'. I had come to appreciate that as well as getting all the kit down to Challaborough, the work didn't stop there. For example the tides had to be noted, sites had to be checked and surveyed, the weather had to be monitored, fuel for the boats had to be organised and then there was the 'cylinder run'. After a days diving, when the rest of us chilled-out, two or three poor souls had to go into Plymouth to get the cylinders re-filled. This meant that these folks had a considerably longer day than the rest. Once again, sharing the workload meant that the burden could be distributed. For someone like me, who had a young family, it became apparent that although I couldn't easily do the cylinder run, I could help with loading and unloading the van. Eventually we all settled into a routine and it quickly became apparent which caravans had been occupied by divers.

Over the next few dives my confidence and technique under water had improved. We dived the 'East Rutts' followed by the Louis Shied. East Rutts was great, with lots and lots of marine life. I was buddy paired with Suzie and after our dive, I remember relaxing on the side of the RIB in a 'pond-like' still calm sea and a brilliant clear blue sky mirrored on the waters surface. The Louis Shied on the other hand had to be dived to be believed. The wreck was in very shallow water, which enabled Neil to do his 'Jesus impression' by standing on the water (actually he was standing on the exhaust funnel of the ship; which was just below the surface). The lack of depth meant that the dive times were relatively long (in my case 63 min.) and the visibility very good. Once again, this was a great dive site with plenty to see and experience.

My last dive was with Dennis Wenham back at the 'Dave's gully'. I had started to take more notice of the sea life as my limited experience increased and I eventually spotted a lobster. Dennis, with all the swiftness of an octopus tentacle, picked the creature out of its hidey hole and presented it to me. Since it had moulted recently, so Dennis later informed me, we put it back. Once again I was mesmerised by the sea life and the various wrecks we had seen.

In conclusion, I was glad that I had gone on the club trip. I had thoroughly enjoyed it and so had my family. While I was off diving, the kids were at various kids clubs, organised as part of the site facilities, and Plymouth was close



enough for day trips (e.g. the sea life centre). I realised that, as well as taking a lot of time to organise and co-ordinate, club dives are a great way to get to know other divers and an opportunity to get more involved in the club. Filling in log books, dive logs, getting the kit back to base as well as boat washing were all part of the club event. I had realised that events such as these were a great way to introduce new members (especially new ones) to the club, as well as to the greater world of diving. I would recommend all members take advantage of club trips as a way of getting to know other divers, get more involved in the club and gain greater diving experience. Roll on the next Challaborough trip!.

West Wales

John Rogers

I am writing this article because Suzie crept up behind me and twisted my arm. Despite pleas of mercy and incompetence, she forced me to write an article about the West Wales trip. It was all so long ago and I can't remember any details, just jumbled memories. I remember scorching hot weather, England being booted out of the World Cup, diving slightly to one side of all the exciting sites but perhaps most of all, I remember the diver's ideal woman. However, I understand from reliable sources that she may have a rival in the Scilly Islands. She has her own dive centre. She has her own RIB pulled by her own 4x4. She can carry a cylinder over each shoulder. She can service your kit. She has an engineering degree and can talk at length about o rings. She has as much air or Nitrox you could breathe. She drinks pints. Very importantly she can cook and oh, yes, she is not a bad looking ...What more could a diver want in a woman??? Well I suppose I better get out my dive log and try and remember what went off.



Bryony Briefs A Bunch Of Floaters

John Rogers

Apparently it all started on Friday June 30th when Ian and Bryony came knocking on my door and whisked me off to Pembrokeshire. On the way we passed Suzie and Dennis towing Camdiver. Kim and Sam were also closing in fast transmitting regular texts as to their progress. Neil and Co. were starting out much later after work. The early birds met up at the West Wales Dive Centre, Hasguard Cross, bagged rooms and beds and set out to explore suitable launching sites and hostelries. We were all tired, thirsty and hungry by now and we decided to check out the bar on the caravan site next to the dive centre. A venue frequented by the diving goddess, unfortunately she had brought her husband along. Another dream pops out of existence.

The next morning dawned bright and early and the goddess was now wearing a pinny and cooking us all breakfast. After the usual delays off we set for the slip way at Little Haven, Skomer Island and the wreck of the 450 ton Lucy which sank in 1967. I dived with Suzie and Dennis down the 36 m to the deck of the Dutch coaster and my greatest ever depth. At this point I decided that my £6.99 torch from Lidll was not really up to the job and maybe it was time to invest in a Kowalski like the Wenhams. It was billed as one of the best wrecks in Britain and is in good condition but I found it a bit dark and lifeless except for the mast which was covered in anemones. There was no sign of its explosive cargo of Calcium Carbide which was a bit of a disappointment for a pyromaniac such as myself.

On the surface I was very excited as I had never seen Puffins before and there were hundreds of them along numerous Guillemots and other sea birds inhabiting the cliffs of Skomer. Puffins are much more intelligent than I ever imagined for instance they understand the foibles of digital cameras. I also learned that they also do not like being photographed as usually they stay at least fifty metres away. They have calculated that if take a photo at this range when you enlarge it all you get is pixelated Puffin. When they want some real fun the Puffin Gang sashay up to the RIB like avian cat walk models tempting the frustrated photographers to get their cameras out once more. Shall we form our selves into a Puffin Pyramid to wind them up even more they ask each other? No there is not time ...the



shutter delay on an Olympus C760 is 2.5 seconds ...dive ...dive ..dive and yet another perfectly focused photograph of a turgid piece of sea with a few bubbles is taken. They say it is impossible to hear Puffins laughing under water but I am sure that I did. Time for lunch and we motored back to Little Haven for refreshments.



Starfish

John Rogers

In the afternoon we dived on the North Stacks. I again went in with Suzie and Dennis. The dive was fine but when we surfaced we were told how fantastic it was about 50 metres from where we had been fining. The sun had been beating down and the wet suit divers all agreed that it was great novelty to feel warm on the surface.

The evening was spent in one of the Little Haven Pubs watching the Sun set and various club members scrambling over the nearby cliffs. The night in my bunk room was rather sleepless as it was too hot with the door closed. It was firmly locked and barricaded because Alan had been telling us in detail about army homoerotic rituals and we were paranoid that that the boys in bunk room two would burst and perform some of them on us or at best squirt us with their water pistols.

The following day we returned to Skomer near the wreck of the Lucy and dived on some gullies at a depth of around twenty metres. For me this was a repeat of the previous afternoon with my dive being OK but those in the next gully saying how brilliant it was apart from all those Trigger fish obscuring the view. Again at lunch time we returned to Little Haven but found it a ghost town. This was Wales yet everyone was inside watching England play in the football World Cup. You could tell how it was going from either the cheers or groans emanating from the pub. It is history now that the groans eventually won out on penalties.

In the afternoon we dived the Hen and Chick rocks with the "well we had a fantastic dive even if you didn't" syndrome still in full swing. This was not helped by the sight of a seal posing and sunning itself on the rocks knowing full well that in a fit of puffin pique I had left my camera back at base. The seal stayed on the rocks until two club members tried swimming up to it.

The next day was Monday and time to go home but not before one final dive. This time we drove to Dale and launched into Milford Haven so we could dive on the Dakotian. This is a good dive and is shallow at eighteen metres and would make a good first wreck experience. The 6,426 ton merchant ship was sunk by a parachute mine in 1940 but has had its super structure removed and the bows blown up so it would not be a hazard to other shipping. There was unfortunately no sign of its cargo of Christmas puddings. Before we set off on the weekend I hankered after diving on one of the Sunderland flying boats which sank in the sound apparently overloaded with Christmas puddings. At one time there was as many as two hundred flying boat operating from there. It must have been an incredible sight. Permission has to be sort to dive the wrecks and I could see why as a huge, potentially RIB sinking ferry sailed over where the aircraft lie. Time to go home after a successful and enjoyable weekend and plan the next trip.

Plymouth Trainee Trip

Niki Harris

The annual trainee trip to Plymouth took place from Friday 28th April till Monday 1st May. Branching two months it also branched a major step for all new members of the dive club as they tasted their first real drop of diving salty goodness.

Everyone managed to safely wend their way down to Plymouth in a variety of vehicles with journeys varying dramatically in time, comfort, departure and arrival! Manoj, Martyn and I finally found our way to our scenic destination around midnight (following a full working day) where we discovered luxurious caravans and drunken caravanees glowing in the night breeze. The caravan site (whilst a struggle to find) was lovely with sea views and hills surrounding. Shortly after arrival and a few welcome drinks it was time to get some sleep in the cupboard rooms of the cara-



van – I for one would recommend sharing as everyone else emerged the next day toasty warm whereas lonely old me had frozen the night away! Bigger socks and a woolly hat are on my packing list for my next trip!

Saturday morning started with true promise of a glorious day and we all set off in good spirits down to the dive centre in Plymouth. After we had managed to kit up (yes, we know it took a while but it was the first sea dive experience for most of us...!) we headed for the boats and set off in 2 waves of diving. The beautifully named Chunderbird soared out at a lightning pace (was that truly legal?) whilst the other 2 boats (whose names escape me) potted behind. Our destination was the breakwater. Having dutifully spoken to the control centre (I know it has a technical term but that again escapes me – too much wine perhaps...?) we took our first plunge into British waters with a delayed SMB as our return point marker.

I for one thoroughly enjoyed my dive and came up grinning like a loon (although this isn't so very rare for me when diving!) and very excited about the pretty purple and pink things I had seen, as well as the ugly dood fish. (As you can see – no expert on sea life terminology either!!) Everyone seemed to have had a great time and some of us headed out for a late afternoon/early evening dive round Mewstone ledges (I genuinely believed the name had something to do with cows, having clearly misheard it as moostone ledges but the Plymouth dive site seems sure I'm wrong). Again a thoroughly enjoyable dive and my first experience of a drift – so much fun!!!

The evening saw merry making and general congratulatory talk in the caravans and potentially a tad too much wine and beer for many people. However the red faces could always be put down to the sunburn that was running rife throughout. However, much laughter, fun stories and moments of absolute horror when the electric shock game made its appearance made for a cracking night.

Sunday saw a few weary but excited caravaners emerging to begin the second days adventures. The plan was to fit in two dives, one in the morning on the James Eagan Layne and a further dive in the afternoon on the Scylla. VERY EXCITING!!! We set off on far choppier waters much to the delight of Manoj who shared the apple he had eaten with the fish by a tactical chunder (by one I mean 1000) – however he did so with such finesse and dignity that all must be truly proud of his stoicism!! The James Eagan Layne was apparently wonderful, sadly my smiling habit got the better of me and after my fiftieth mask flood my much more sensible dive partner Ivan told me firmly it was time to go up. Gutted as I was he was so right, that pit they go on about in training – the bottom was probably fast approaching and I valued his wisdom and care immensely (in retrospect!!) All who continued diving had a thoroughly good time although “the Scylla had a massive drift and was a murky black hole...” seemed a standard comment. I headed off and met my sister in Plymouth (first time we'd been together in 5 years) and then she joined the party in the evening.

The evening saw us heading for a lovely gastro pub meal a short? uphill walk from the caravan site. The food was good and the beer was very welcome and a lot of beer was consumed pre food. As we all rolled (well slipped really) down the hill back to the caravan site we saw our first glimpse of rain all weekend and by glimpse I mean flood – we arrived back soaked and amused to finish off the evening with a few more bevies. Some people proving how little they need to get hammered and causing great entertainment.

Sadly it was Monday and the trip was coming to a close, happily the sun was back. We set off for a final dive on the James Eagan Lane via the refill point. This time I experienced the true beauty of such an established and awesome wreck and we all left to return home happy and having gained a wealth more diving experience.

Thanks go to all the non trainees who gave up their time to dive with us and help many of us get our feet truly salty for the first time. Thanks also go to Neil for organising the trip and to everyone who went for making it such a fun filled and pleasurable experience. Even boat washing was fun so a final thanks to the giant super soaker from Tesco – a mere £5!!

Scillies

Jon Schneider

When Suzie organised the trip to the Scillies I'd like to think I wasn't the only person who knew only vaguely where they were and had to consult a map.

Five of us set off from Soham, besides myself, Neil, Cormac and Steph was Karen, Gawain's bird-watching girlfriend.



We stayed in Penzance on Friday night and met up with the rest of the party at the dock in the morning. They were Suzie, Dennis, Sam, Kim, Ian T, Jenny H, Tim Forster, Dougal, Wilf and Jill. Also Dougal's partner Ermintrude who was beginning to get difficult at the dock so we threw her in a container. Our non-diving bags went into another container and would later be delivered to our accommodation for £1 a bag.

Some of us had a slightly rushed breakfast before boarding the ferry. While we were waiting for the ferry to leave some passengers originally meant to fly were brought on board. That wasn't a good sign. Nurse Wenham handed out some drugs.

To say the ride out was less than smooth would be an understatement. I decided to go below for a snooze and was fine until I woke up and realised I'd better make my way to the gents pretty sharpish where I predictably lost my half-digested breakfast. As I heard afterwards I missed the real excitement on deck where there was some sort of hurling competition with bonuses awarded for covering fellow passengers. At last we arrived on St. Mary's. For some of us the ground continued to rock gently well into the evening. Ten minutes walk from the harbour took us through the town centre by which time people had peeled off in small groups to their own accommodation.

On Saturday morning we met bright and early(ish) at the harbour to find Moonshadow, owned and skippered by Jo. A bit, no quite a lot of faff later our kit was onboard and ready to dive.

My above-water pictures are at <http://jschneider.net/Scillies/>

On the whole we have pretty good visibility for most dives and the temperature above and below very comfortable indeed. Just as well given the amount of drysuit trouble people had. These were my favourite dives.

Ganilly, Eastern Isles

I quickly decided that if I were to settle down and have a family, as a seal, this would be my home. The water was very clear and filled with a forest of bootlace weed and boulders. Only a few minutes in we had our first encounter. Actually Neil pointed, I looked but focussed on further away than the seal which I then almost swam into. I was far more startled than our friend who no doubt does this to divers all the time. Unfortunately Neil had drysuit trouble and returned to the boat leaving me with his camera. From then on I saw seals almost constantly though somehow failed to get any really good pictures. I tried to swim in the general direction of the boat many times but kept being distracted by the pair following me.

Later in the week we dived a site called Black Rock. I could try to describe it but the only important thing is that once we found them, or more likely the other way round, the seals gave us their almost undivided attention.

Inner Gillstone

A cubic version of Hand Deeps in Plymouth. Depending on what shape I feel today one or other of these is my favourite UK scenic dive. Going to forty something metres, huge anemone-plastered rocks and just a little like the Red Sea but without all those bright garish colours.

Scrabble through the scattered remains of the Duro

I don't remember the exact wording of the briefing but there was definitely something about bracelets that could be traded for slaves, or two if the bracelet is found on a double word score. The dive wasn't anything special except I wish I could draw the image in my mind of clouds of silt surrounding divers frantically burrowing for bracelets.

Hathor on Plympton

In 1920 the Hathor was being towed to Portland when it detached itself from the tugs in heavy weather, hit rocks and came to rest on the already wrecked Plympton. The deep end of the Hathor is a fine place to rack up decompression time while being overwhelmed by the amount there is to look at on the way to the bow.

The Plympton is smaller, squashed under and perpendicular to the Hathor. This is the dive I'd like to return to with a twinset, wacky gas or a rebreather.



Brinkburn

After the Hathor on Plympton the Brinkburn is a much more user-friendly experience being compact but still having a complete set of wreck bits to look at. At a maximum of 35m there was just enough time to do the swim-throughs and look into most of the large holes under the deck plating. Towards the end we woke up a seal having a snooze at 30m.

During the week we walked up to the garrison to visit Karen and her fellow twitchers. It's an interesting place especially if you're into old military installations, bunkers, cannons and mounts for guns you really really wouldn't want pointing at you.

On Saturday afternoon we boarded the ferry for the return journey. Despite the south-easterly wind the ride back seemed really smooth. Either it really was, we were hardened after a week on a dive boat or Suzie overdosed us all. Before we knew it we were back on the dockside at Penzance.

Just when we thought we were home and dry the ship's crane stopped and we were told they would have to get another one from the dry dock. Of course that took more than a few minutes and then it couldn't get from the road to the side of the ferry because of the number of cars parked in the way. A bit of manoeuvring later there was one car with no owner stopping the monster crane. Quite a few of us suggested the crane drive over the car, pick it up and dump it somewhere or simply shove it out the way. It is just as well the machine was being driven by a professional. Fortunately the car's owner did turn up and took on a definite red hue as he got in to move it.

I'm sure the monster crane would have no difficulty picking up a car or three but it really wasn't built for speed. After it had sloooowly unloaded one container a bored crewmember found the problem with the ship's crane. Somebody had plugged their hairdryer in instead.

From then on containers, bags, the remaining impatient people and cars moved quite quickly though by the end there were a few frayed nerves. We ever so nearly drove off without Neil's dive bag. I'd just like to add that any rumours of the Scillies Paranormal Investigation Force being called out to investigate phone-swallowing sofas are of course completely untrue.

Thanks to Suzie for making this trip happen.

Warm Water Diving

John Rogers

This is the article that I wanted to write. Since I started diving over two years ago I was under the impression that a major part of it was learning how to survive having your butt frozen off but I now know that is not always so. I have learnt that there is another way

It all started we decided to check out our friends holiday home in on the Costa Blanca Spain. After a brief search on the Web I found that there was what I thought a dive centre in the same town of Cabo Roig. I contacted them and they replied saying that it was best to contact them on arrival. My plan was to check them out and if I liked the look of them, book a dive. Cabo Roig is just like Coronation Street in the sun. All that time I spent listening to my speak Spanish CD during commuting was a complete waste of time as virtually every one was British even the painters and decorators. Admittedly there was a few Germans and Russian Mafia but that is another story. I asked the people across the road if they knew where the dive centre was. The reply was very hesitant; there is no dive centre that we know of, just a guy who appears at the market every Saturday with a van. I showed them the phone number I had which they identified as a Spanish mobile. Despite all the bad vibes I decided to phone and against my better judgement I arranged to meet the next morning under a flag by an estate agents office. When I got there I saw a lurking figure that I instantly identified as a diver due to size of his bag and his webbed feet. He too had booked for a dive and we waited for the mysterious Dutch man, Kees Kowenberg of Scuba World to arrive. I had imagined a huge Mercedes van packed full of diving equipment not the beaten up Citroen Berlingo that drove into view. I was too late to back out and we set off for the 30 mile drive to a cove called Cabo De Palos near La Manga stopping to pick some cylinders at the local dive shop. A shorty wetsuit in the sea and only 4 Kgs on the weight belt were a revelation for me; it was easy to walk down the cliff steps to the sea carrying all the equipment.



I thought my computer was broken because it was reading 30o C in the water. As we swam a little deeper the temperature dropped a couple of degrees indicating that it was reading correctly. The visibility was excellent, fish life abundant even an octopus in its nest and a fish cleaning station. My air lasted a lot longer as I was not cold all in all it was great. It was now time for lunch and back to the van. In the afternoon we had to share our beautiful cove with some other divers. On the plus side, they were two attractive Spanish ladies whose English was so good they used words like "Golly and Gosh". The down side was they told us that their other halves were not far behind. Perhaps it was time to get on with the second

dive. This time we spotted quite a number of Stone Fish, each almost perfectly camouflaged to match its background.

So, another good dive was had and it was time to return the cylinders to local dive shop. The girls were there too and they really should have closed the door to the shower



Spanish Coastline

John Rogers

but being a gentleman I averted my gaze. "Golly Gosh" I thought. We had a beer to cool down in the café next door and paid our dues to Kees, a grand total of 30 euros each for two dives, equipment hire and transport. Despite my initial reservations it was a great day out, one I would recommend to any one, especially at the price. Kees can organise any kind of dive you like see

Scuba World www.divecostablanca.com and if you want some accommodation www.casa-eboli.co.uk

St. Abbs

Rob Young

Thursday saw every one arrive at our accommodation for the weekend at various times. The early arrivals got the prime choice of beds, the later ones, well lets just say not so prime. Fish & chips and a beer (or two) being the order of the day. Then an early night ready for the tasks ahead.

Friday finds a group of 11 bemused divers and Neil,(who's always bemused so he don't count), in dry suits on the dockside scratching heads. With that early morning can't engage brain problem, how do you get two ribs into the water when "Wave Dancer" sits on the slip having a bit of a clean up. "Let the fun begin"

The old slip sits virtually at right angles to the present slip, with not a lot of room to manoeuvre a 4x4 and trailer. The slip also is quite short and steep, unable to reverse right into the water with the trailers. Much discussion and planning followed, oh must have taken all of? (30 seconds). "Plan hatched" team sets to work rigging ropes etc, two in the water to guide in the ribs, four on the ropes, one in the 4x4, 4 shouting instructions, Neil refusing to look so as not to incriminate himself with the DO.

So first trailer lined up, ropes attached slowly but surely it inches its way into the water, few more inches stern enters the water and off the trailer. "Brilliant congratulations all round". Move the rib into harbour drop anchor aye, aye captain job well done, might even manage two dives today after all.

Second trailer lined up, ropes attached, slowly but surely it inches its way to the water. Meanwhile the two divers in the water are discussing the merits of an RLNI launch, when the shout went up, two said divers leap purposely out of the way of St Abbs new lifeboat. Not really that's our boat and the ropes just snapped, quick salute as she passes just in case, no she floats, she's anchored, Kit loaded, we're off. First dive here we come. The obligatory seaweed



throwing competition, mainly at Neil, of course precedes all this. The first of several that were to follow.

Saturday: Author ate something that disagreed with him, not diving, loads of boat handling instruction though, one boat to dive 30mtr wreck, other boat to dive Barnyard.

Over the weekend we did 7 dives some dived all seven. Sites included Wuddy Rock, Barnyard, Cathedral Rock, Anemone Gully and one wreck dive. All the usual suspects were there for all to see. Cod, Pollock, Ling, Octopus, pipe fish, Wrasse, flat fish, even spotted an Angler Fish, lots of lobsters, Crab, dead mans fingers, etc.

Sunday evening saw us all in the local hostelry, we all ate and drank heartily well some drank heartily. The rest dived the next day. The Harbour Master I am sure was more than happy we were there, as his glass did not stay empty for long. A good contact for the next trip. The day boat skippers were great, we asked for site info while at sea and the skipper put us bang over the gully we wanted.

We managed one dive Monday morning before availing ourselves of the sites facilities to wash down the Ribs and prepare for the South bound journey.

So all in all a brilliant weekend. Several seaweed throwing competitions, "carried on in caravan 111 using water and washing up liquid I believe". A lot of banter and mickey taking but all fun. Sara's laugh still ringing in my ear.

So just the Thanks: Ivan great trip, Neil and Amanda for getting the Ribs up there, fellow divers for making such a good weekend. Great dives, great company, no politics. (Well not much).

2007 Diary Dates

14/12/2006	Christmas Curry & Party	Boathouse Function Room	Suzie Wenham
11/01/2007	Come and Try Diving	Chesterton Sports Centre	Neil Burgess
18/01/2007	Ocean Diver course intake & Lecture 1	Boathouse Function Room	Neil Burgess
23/01/2007	Committee Meeting	TBA	Suzie Wenham
25/01/2007	Ocean Diver course - Lecture 2	Boathouse Function Room	Neil Burgess
01/02/2007	Ocean Diver Course - pool lesson 1	Chesterton Sports Centre	Neil Burgess
08/02/2007	Come and Try Diving	Chesterton Sports Centre	Neil Burgess
15/02/2007	Ocean Diver Course - pool lesson 2	Chesterton Sports Centre	Neil Burgess
17/02/2007	40th Anniversary Dinner	Gonville Hotel	Chris Willey
22/02/2007	Annual General Meeting	Boathouse Function Room	Suzie Wenham
02/03/2007	Ocean Diver Course - Lecture 4 & 5	Boathouse Function Room	TBA
08/03/2007	Ocean Diver Course - pool lesson 3	Chesterton Sports Centre	TBA
10/03/2007	London Dive Show	London	TBA
11/03/2007	London Dive Show	London	TBA
15/03/2007	Ocean Diver Course - pool lesson 4	Chesterton Sports Centre	TBA
22/03/2007	Ocean Diver Course - Lecture 6 & 7	Boathouse Function Room	TBA
29/03/2007	Ocean Diver Course - pool lesson 5	Chesterton Sports Centre	TBA
05/04/2007	Ocean Diver Course - Exam	Boathouse Function Room	TBA
08/09/2007	Haddenham Steam Rally	Haddenham	Chris Scott
09/09/2007	Haddenham Steam Rally	Haddenham	Chris Scott
29/09/2007	Weeks Diving Scapa Flow	Scapa	Neil Burgess
13/10/2007	Birmingham Dive Show	Birmingham	TBA
14/10/2007	Birmingham Dive Show	Birmingham	TBA

