

Journal of
ST. ALBANS BRANCH
British Sub Aqua Club
Number 4



Editorial

Congratulations to you members of the club!

You've finally come out of your shells and helped us produce a CRUD in less than 12 months.

The quality and quantity of the articles is yet to confront your eyes.

You've already seen some of the marvellous artwork donated by Bill Garrett on the cover. There's much more inside, In fact, in this issue, to give credit where credit is due we have included a list of credits -but don't be put off in future from donating your articles, If you're really shy (which I don't believe) well I suppose we could omit your name at a price.

Jim Downing should be heartily thanked. Without Jim, you wouldn't be reading this CRUD now. He has arranged typing, paper and printing of the expurgated versions of your articles, and magically arrived with the saleable item.

Now what about a bit of feed back from you - now that the ball is rolling

Is it the type of Club Magazine that you like?

Is it too serious, scathing or silly?

If you tell us, then perhaps we can mould the finished product a little more until we're finally on the rails for future issues.

Don't forget, you can use the mag to donate any useful Ideas to other club members i.e. equipment tips, navigational aids, good diving spots(al though some of you treasure any goody sites), weekend digs etc, Some new members, or old, could find such tips very useful, and if we're all honest, some of this information is only discovered quite by accident, and an exchange or airing of such things could benefit many members,

Enough from me now! Sit yourself down comfortably, brace yourself and READ ON, C~D ITS

Cartoons by ,,,

Jim Downing (J),
Bill Garrett (w), and
Alex Nicholas (AN),
Colin Law

River Ouse

Recommended Branch Training and
Endorsements

John Pratt

Correspondence & Talking Technology

Bill Garrett

SPECIAL CREDIT

To Roy Harrison for his article (which may appear in the next Issue It was too late for this one!)

ANNUAL DINNER & DANCE

Another successful dinner and dance was held this year in April at the Hatfield Lodge Hotel.

Congratulations should go to Roy Harrison for organising this event - and it takes a lot of organising -from cajoling members into coming to the dance, to squeezing their money out of them.

A grand total of 127 tickets were sold, about 25~ of which to actual members. Chamber music was provided by the Bill Chambers Trio, who kept up a lively tempo into the early hours of **the** morning.



Some members of the club kindly donated various prizes for the evening enabling a successful raffle to be run, although a certain box of yogurts apparently didn't want to leave their original owner.

Free publicity was nearly made for the club by means of the St. Albans Star free newspaper, but unfortunately their photographer forgot to wind the film on in his camera in the heat of the moment.

A final note thanking everyone for the support. It earned the club somewhere in the order of £60 profit.

ED.

HARD BOAT DIVING

Last year two hard boat dives were carried out from Littlehampton on a 33 ft. Creston Sports Fisherman run by Tom Pidd, and licensed to carry ten people.

The first time we hired the boat was on Saturday the 8th July, and commenced with a dive on a Meteor aeroplane. This had been located only a week earlier when a trawl net got entangled in it and had to be freed by two divers.

The location of the plane was 4 miles due south of Littlehampton and would have been almost impossible to find if it had not been buoyed. It had been dived on several times over the past week, and according to Tom, six good sized lobsters had been caught, but there was supposed to be one left.

On arrival at the site, a fair tidal stream was still running, so we anchored up-stream of the buoy and trailed a floating safety line and buoy over the stern, in case anybody missed the buoy or had difficulty swimming back to the boat.

The dive itself proved to be better than expected with exceptional visibility for the area (9 metres). The plane itself was still in one piece although it had obviously been given a fair old going over during the previous week. Also as it was the only large object in a relatively barren area, there was an abundance of fish life which combined with the sunlight and excellent vis made it one of the most picturesque scenes I have seen underwater.

The one remaining lobster was finally located by John White under one of the wings, who with the assistance of Ray Hunt manipulating a piece of fuselage, and myself wielding an axe, managed to coax it into the open. John could then just reach it, and with it attached to one of his fingers Fortunately - or unfortunately, it 'dropped' the offending claw before finally being caught.

The second dive was on the west end of the Kingsmere Rocks, 5 miles SSE of Littlehampton. By the time we dived, the tidal stream and vis had dropped appreciably (6 metres).

It was an interesting dive with rocks about 3 metres high at a depth of about 14 metres. Although it looked, and is supposed to be a good area for crabs and lobsters, Roy Langley caught the days crab, even though it did almost manage to take his finger off (serves him right.) as he was passing it into the boat.

The third dive of the day was on the east end of the Kingsmere Rocks with much smaller rocks of about 1 metre height. The tidal stream was completely slack with vis dropping to 5 metres.

As the first outing on Tom's boat was so successful we booked the boat again for the 18th August to dive on a wreck which was about 8 miles out from Littlehampton.

The wreck was located very quickly by accompanying another boat out which was equipped with Decca nav - so quickly in fact we had to wait two hours for the tidal stream to slacken for diving.

The depth was 24 metres with vis about 5 metres. The wreck itself had been blown with explosives but contained quite a lot of stuff still. There was a fair amount of life, and Bill "Portholes" Garrett obviously decided that he already had enough portholes and came up with several lobsters instead.

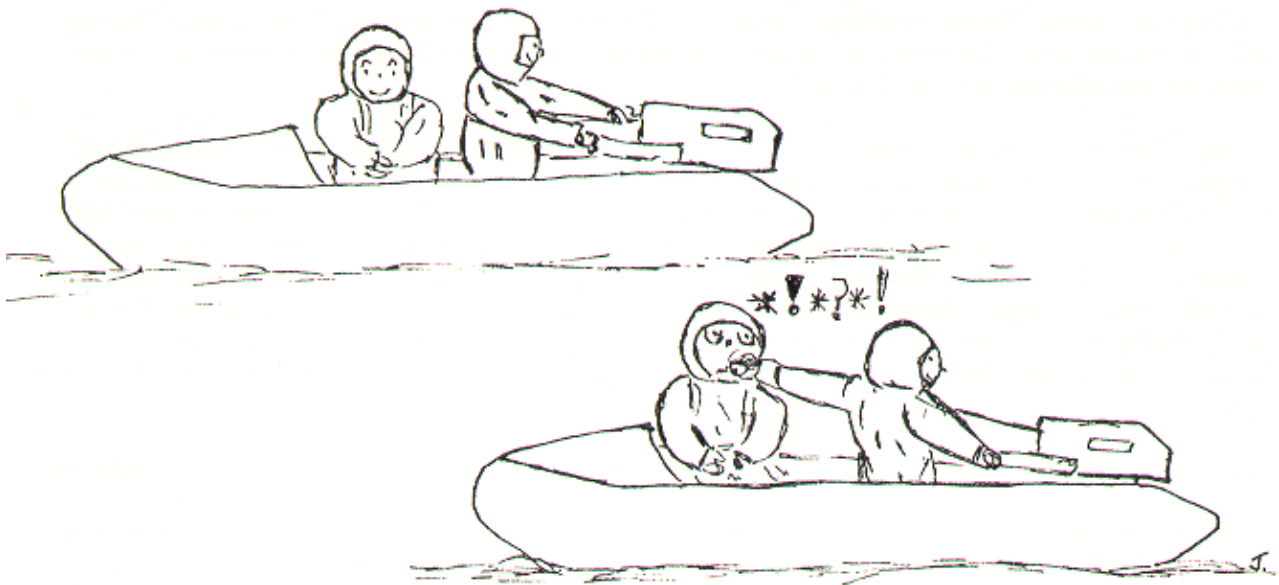
The ship had obviously been carrying munitions as there were a considerable number of bronze detonator caps for shells scattered amongst the wreckage. There were also a large number of wine bottles about, both crated and loose. Whilst sorting through some of these bottles I managed to find one that was still full.

After the dive I took the bottle home, and laid the bottle horizontally (to stop the cork drying out) in the cellar. Out of harms way I thought! It might need to decompress after being at 24 metres for about 50 years -It was a good move! After two days the cork had blown out and the contents spewed all over the place. When I eventually found the cork the word "CHAMPAGNE" was written on it. The metal retaining wire had obviously rotted away - explaining all the other empty bottles back on the wreck.

Summing up our two hard boat dives, we were reasonably successful, although we were very lucky with the weather and visibility. Generally, the area is far more suited to dives such as these rather than the normal club inflatable dives, due to the accessibility of the sites - good sites are generally a long way out.

ALEX NICHOLAS

D.O.



A CETACEAN STORY

Denis (he's the bright one) was the first to notice. A group of fifty assorted craft lay motionless at anchor on a quiet evening in Dale harbour. Not a breath of wind. Not even a ripple disturbed the surface of the water which was tinged with the orange of the setting sun but one small boat occasionally moved from one side to the other as far as its mooring line would allow. We had not as yet visited the local purveyor of strong waters so the possibility of impaired vision was eliminated from our musings. 'We' incidentally being John Pratt, Denis Price and Bill Garrett who had just arrived after a long journey to Pembrokeshire for a week's diving holiday. A succession of theories was advanced to explain the phenomenon with no great confidence behind any of them. We thought we saw a large fin but the light was not very good now and as the dinghy had become immobile again we sought guidance by studying three pints of best bitter at close quarters in the local tavern.

On the morrow we heard a rumour that a dolphin was to be sighted in the locality but took little notice as this was obviously a tale concocted by the Welsh Tourist Board to attract visitors.

Two days later we were kitting up in readiness for a dive from a small bay several miles distant from Dale when it happened again. In broad daylight we observed that a boat moored at the entrance to the bay, was being violently moved and this time it was obvious that a large creature was in the water alongside. Denis (he's also the brave one) quickly snorkel led out and a loud shout verified that it was a dolphin! Noting carefully that he did not appear to have been attacked by said creature John and I also snorkel led out and for nearly an hour took it in turns to play with the dolphin and even have rides upon its back! It obviously enjoyed our company and we noticed that its skin, although thick, was very sensitive to touch as every now and then he(John confirmed that it was a he!) rolled over to have his tummy rubbed with a smile of contentment upon his fact. At intervals he would tire of our company and whiz over to the dinghy and beat hell out of it for a few minutes! Whenever the ferry boat passed by taking sightseers to the bird sanctuary on the nearby island of Skomer, he would give a performance of 'boat-bashing' and 'tail-walking' in order to be photographed. Twice, as an encore, he lifted Denis onto his head and ploughed through the water with him looking something like a mascot on the bonnet of a car!

Tiring of this sport we eventually launched the inflatable and went for a boat dive but on the way back, a couple of hours later, we were met by "Flipper" who proceeded to race with us just as we were up on the plane and going flat out. He took up a position, not alongside out of harm's way, but directly beneath the 'C-Craft' with his nose level with the nose of the boat and his tail only inches away from the whirring propellor! This unnerved us more than a little but on reflection we probably need not have worried as he obviously had complete mastery of the conditions and knew exactly what he was up to.

Later in the day I was diving out from the shore in ten metres of water peering into rocky crevices looking for 'goodies' when I received a thump in the buttocks and turning quickly found myself looking into a huge eye and below it a

grinning mouth uttering squeaks of greeting. I patted him like a dog and uttered soothing grunts through my demand valve before continuing the dive but in the end I was pestered so much that he became a nuisance. Flipper also showed an interest in my crabhook and for the first time opened his mouth which showed that he was well endowed with a multitude of large needle sharp teeth, He was probably still playing but as he was about ten feet long and nearly four times my bulk I decided to make a strategic withdrawal and returned to the shore.

We were glad that he did not turn up on any of our dives later in the week as he could have been a bit of a pest but nevertheless it was an experience that none of us would have missed and one that we will certainly not forget in a hurry.

W.E.G.

MEDICAL ADVICE

Dr. Alistair Stewart after examining M**k W**d for suspected pirate's disease *....

Divers must be fit, you must give up smoking, drinking beer and eating too much !

(* An obscure medical term for sunken chest, ED)

HEARD IN THE PUB - Barry Explains

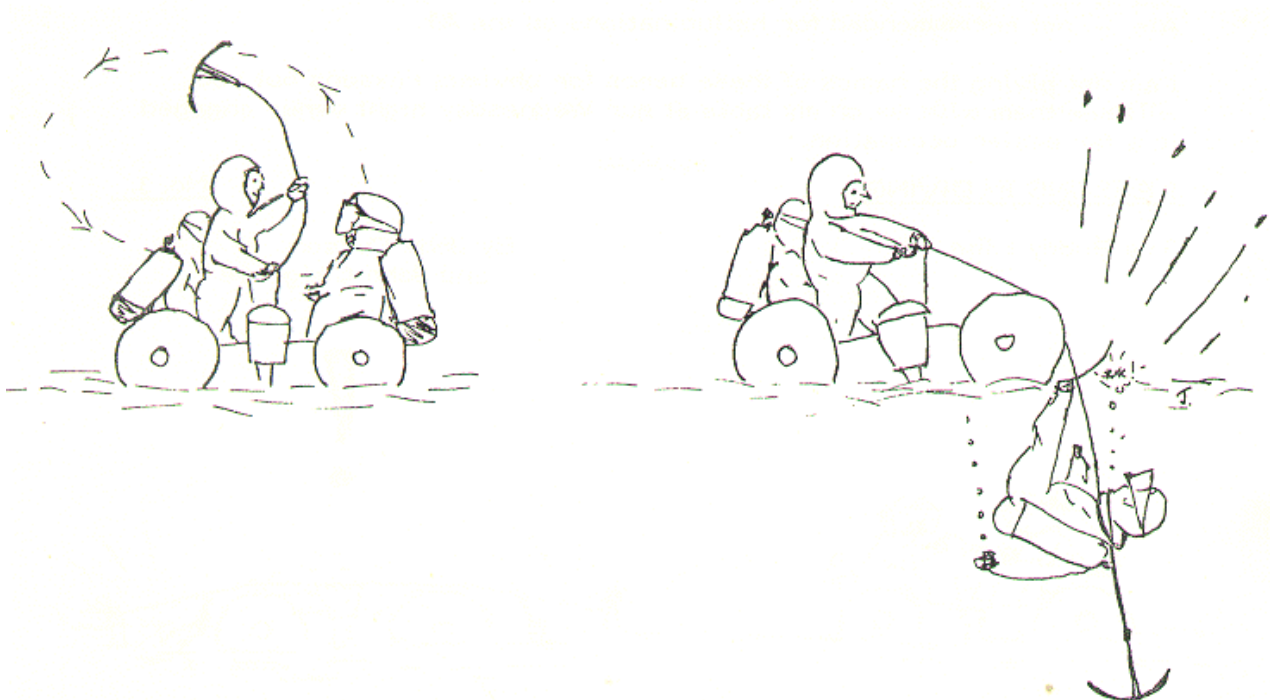
"..... divings different down under, we wear weight belts to stay in the boat, and then drop them and just float up to the bottom....."

LESSONS IN DIVING

Anchoring the boat

No.2.

By Alistair Stewart



A MORNINGS DIVING ON THE RIVER OUSE (TRUE STORY)

The date of this excursion was 4th January 1976 on a Sunday. On most Sundays, all God fearing people go to church, but not these five intrepid heros (-- well four heros and one coward who didn't fancy going in!)

The weather, to put it mildly, was cold enough to freeze the b---off a brass monkey, snow and ice everywhere you looked, but, we idiots were not deterred and arrived at the site at about 9.00 a. m.

We sat in the car for a while contemplating whether or not to take the plunge when the brave one of the bunch spoke: "My cold's got worse!" COUGH!! * SPLUTTER?

Whilst the others got changed, I said to myself, grinning smugly "They're bloody mad! Insane! Crazy!" Their goosepimples started getting geesepimples. The icicles were almost hanging off the ends of their noses,

The first one to get in the water turned blue and disappeared. The second wa5n't quite so lucky. He got in, went straight down, and two seconds later shot back to the surface trying to regain his breath. Eventually, over the shock, he dived again. No problems with diver number 3.

Meanwhile, the first diver reappeared and left the water looking very much like a corpse while diver number 4 entered the water, swam 5 or 6 metres, about turned and left the water.

When we were all finally ashore again it started snowing - and snowing -and would you believe it - more snow. The conversation at this time was truly amazing: "My hands are frozen together!" I'd like to kill the stupid xxx who invented diving".

When we were all thawed out and the blood recirculating again it was decided that what we needed was a good stiff drink! We arrived at the pub at opening time and revived ourselves with a liberal dose of Abbots Ale - not recommended for hallucinations on the Al.

I am not giving the names of these heros for obvious reasons but you will see them with me on my table at our Wednesday night venue engaged in a far easier occupation.

LESSONS IN DIVING

The Buddy Line

No.3.

By John Curson
and John Cosgrove



GREAT BORES of the WORLD

No.1

The Diver



" - got my foot jammed in this wreck knocking on fifty metres squeezing the bottle only five ats. left dreadful hangover by crikey we put some away the night before fighting like hell with this bloody great crab it was unbelievable big as a dining room table trying to get it into my goody bag when this lobster must have been at least twenty pounds took a lump out of my hand I was in a right old state I can tell you blood pumping out all over the place nearly lost the crayfish I had wedged between my legs suddenly it came over dark and this enormous conger big as a main sewer twenty feet long swam over and started tearing at the bunch of flatties on my hand spear lost my knife bloody strap broke what with my mask three parts full of water bloody great rent in my wet suit performing a deep water rescue of poor old Charlie who broke his leg and had an embolism giving him E.A.R. and cardiac massage on the surface in a force nine gale towing this eighteen foot 'C. Craft' with the painter between my teeth forty horse Mercury packed up loaded to the gunwales with terrified novices would not have been so bad but the porthole under my arm kept slipping and what with my 'Fenzy' having an empty cylinder bloody clamp was faulty I was just about to give the okay signal when this little girl came drifting by on a punctured 'Lilo' screaming her head off mother having hysterica running up and down the beach shouting "Shark!" I mean I've been diving up at Stoney for years but this was the first time

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The Accidents Officer of the B. S.A. C. has recently made an analysis of all diving accidents recorded during the last five years and following his conclusions the National Diving Committee has requested all branches to give immediate prominence to the following addition to the Third Class training lectures.

DIVING HAZARDS

In order to allow a sufficient margin of safety when indulging in underwater activities divers are requested to take great care in avoiding any of the following:-

1. Forgetting to bring your towel.
2. Having books thrown at you by Mick Woods and his family.
3. Breaking wind inside a Unisuit.
4. Crewing a boat with Bill Garrett without wearing earplugs.
5. Being reported to the President of the B. S. A. C. in triplicate.
6. Diving during a force nine gale without a St. Christopher medal.
7. Having sand flicked at your private parts whilst changing.
8. Accepting E. A. R. from a vampire.
9. Being injected with Formalin by Geoff Moles.
10. Having your freezer filled with decomposing crayfish.
11. Doing a backward roll entry in two feet of water.
12. Swimming beneath an ocean liner as it is sinking.
13. Elongating parts of your anatomy on a rowlock.
14. Catching unmentionable diseases.
15. Being within fifty yards of Alex when he is removing his socks.
16. Causing an inflatable to founder with a surfeit of bronze cannon.
17. Having libellous comments made about you in branch magazines.
18. Sticking your fingers between a crab¹'s claws to show that it is harmless.
19. Allowing flatfish to be wrapped in your knickers.
20. Accompanying divers who use rude words on a Sunday.
21. Being trampled to death by people volunteering to carry the outboard
22. Discovering that you want to go to the bo when three miles out at sea with full gear on.
23. Having intercourse without a snorkel cover.

No doubt branch members can think of suitable additions to this list and in his infinite generosity the branch Chairman has offered a prize of a bottle of sherry (cheapest obtainable) for the best entry received in writing within the next six weeks. This and the best of the other entries will be printed in the next issue of "Crud".

In order to avoid possible legal proceedings, not to mention the complete break-up of the branch, no names mentioned please, though heavy innuendo will be quite acceptable. However marks will be given for wit rather than abuse.

BILL GARRETT

LESSONS IN DIVING

Using a IKnife

No.4.

By Brian Heywood and
Garry Atkinson



MY FIRST LOBSTER 1975

The weather that afternoon was warm and sunny. The location Portland Harbour. It was on the second dive of the day in a depth of approximately 15 feet that I saw my first lobster.

I had been swimming around for about 15 minutes, when there right in the open was this lobster.

My first impression was that of amazement - I didn't know what to do. I came to the surface, the boat was above me. I said there's a lobby down there.

Boatmen yelled back get down there and bloody get it then. I went back down, couldn't see it. Came back up to the surface again. Yelled at once more get back until you find it.

Went down again, saw it almost immediately. Now what do I do?

I closed my eyes, arms outstretched, grabbed the lobster and swam to the surface holding it out in front of me. The boatmen took the lobster from me. What a relief!

ANON

P.S. If its as easy as that the second time I might open my eyes when I grab it.

P.S. As Geoff Moles once said, coming up from 90 feet, with 4 lobsters, 2 crayfish and a crab, can be a very tricky business,

CORRESPONDENCE

Once again we have been honoured by receiving a letter from our ex-Etonian member who took up a position in the diplomatic service in Africa. It is heartening to note that he is still upholding those standards, cherished by all of us as part of our birthright, which form a bastion against the forces of prejudice and ignorance which beset us on all sides in these troubled times.

From the Hon. Winston de Villiers Clancy-Smythe:

"Hallo dere frens! Dis boy just had a kick of de old conshuns and am thinking it about time to make anudder speshul comoonikashun giving de lowdown on de Sub Ackwer front here in de jungle. Dere shore have been plenty of ackshun in de politikal spectrum; in fact it safe to say just about de hole club have gone mad!

"Sins I lars rote we am having de bloodless coo, Ieastwise dat am wot we tell de man from Royters, infact dere. have been a bit of backstabbing on de quiet but we say nothing cos we dont want no United Nations fors keeping order which orlways lead to big massaker anyway.

"Fers of orl N'jimbo am made Honary God an from dis high posishun he look down an give us his blessing if we buy him drink over at de pub. Due to de shortage of executive talent dere have been de rezzavekshun of Bilgari who now ackerpy de tribal chair arfter hiding in de jungle for twelve moons praying for de 'Great Spirit' to give him wisdom. Dis never happen of cors an him still as thick as ever. Rapopo am still de treshrer as we thinking him not pinch too much cos he not buy a new canoe for sometime now. After ritual fight to death in de arena Alkaponi emerge as victor an chief diving officer; him have big war canoe dat sink everything in sight. Dis not orlways his intention but no matter!

"Lars year powerful witch doctor come on de scene who am korled Billipwello an he take over as seckertary after making de udder wun dissappear wid de magic spell. Now everwun filled wid de holy terror as him got four eyes an orl time walk aroun giving de evil look. De new kwipment officer tern out to be a white mercenary well in wid de gods so we keep him happy an try not to be bad boyz, Ieastwise not when he am looking! M'wuddi am now in charge of de club graffiti as him cannot read an so less likely to pinch de club books!

"Lars wuns to make up de numbers am Roharo who every year organize big jamboree and ceremonial booze-up, an Jopratti who have no speshul posishun so represent orl de udder. branch members by walking aroun orl day with his hands stuck up his short.

"Now for de diving comoonikay: At de full moon, jus befor we am making a goolash out of de lars mishunary he am kindly giving de magic lantern presuntashun 'Lpors'¹¹ which sho that de sea am so full of sharks it am difficult to jump in and get wet! Dis revulashun put de mokkers on de hole tribe so much dat de committy pars a speshul rool which say dat no wun can dive unless dey is right up de creek. - Dis make big Iarf cos we is orl up de creek most of de time anyway!

"Lars year on de tribal outing to de seaside we am having trubble wid dis layabout Sechabooza who orl time choo betel nut and drink fire water. Dis habit give him strange visions an wun day he exclaim "I just seen de biggest crockerdile in de hole werld, at least two miles long." Natcherly dis give us de big Iarf an we orl take it in terns to give him kick up de bum, but he still say it de troof an spend orl winter making goody bag to put it in.

"Orl through de holiday week big hunter G'Moli' go roun killing everything that move as sackrifice to de Gods, Ieastwise dat am his story, but somewun say dat he am de sykopathik killer who am affected by full moon. This make him very angry an he reply that everywun am jellus so we kwote de Sub Acker Club rool which state that everything you not able to do yourself am rong an must be stopped in order to preserve de Ekologyl.'

"Simla thing happen when anudder warrior discover anyshunt sakrifishul asseggi. OrI de members throw up de hans an run aroun crying Lordy, Lordy, dis am holy an mus be given to de Gods for de nashnul heritage" but sum people on de kwiet say dis am a lot of old kokernuts. Jopratti also have blessing of de gods an find big magic ceremonial fire which he say he preserve for posterity for nashnul shrine. Fact is he exchange it at Pombrokers an spend money roun de betting shop

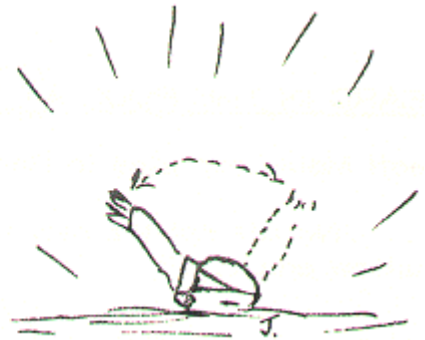
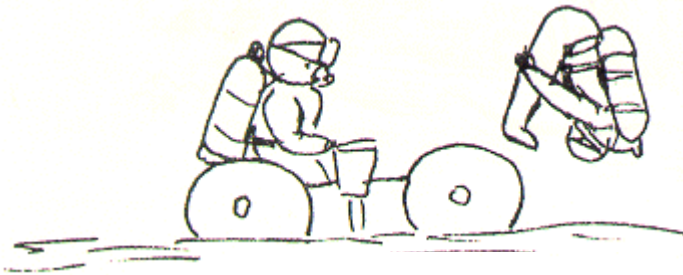
"Well, dat orl for now, ize gotta run as anudder spear just whizzed by de nose. Give my eternal regards to de big white queen an to orl de udder members of de Gay Lib."

LESSONS IN DIVING

ENTERING THE WATER

No.5.

By Bill Garrett



SOME RECOMMENDATIONS FOR BRANCH TESTS

- To cheat at Octopush without Bill Garrett seeing you.
- To get a pint out of Brian Haywood. This exercise could be conducted as a team effort.
- Ditch and retrieve tests should be carried out using Brian Rimmers' (silly) twin 60's.

ENDORSEMENTS (POSSIBLY FOR A 1ST CLASS QUALIFICATION)

- To carry out a dive from Mick Wood's and Brian Haywoods boat without anything going wrong.
 - To successfully explain to casual passers-by that the general area around Gary Atkinson's boat is not a disaster* area.
- * Definition: - DISASTER - An adverse happening, a sudden or great misfortune, calamityll.'
- Could possibly be used as a branch exercise using the winter months to organise the plan of action i.e. get Gary to renew his subscriptions on time.



THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES OF

BILGARI



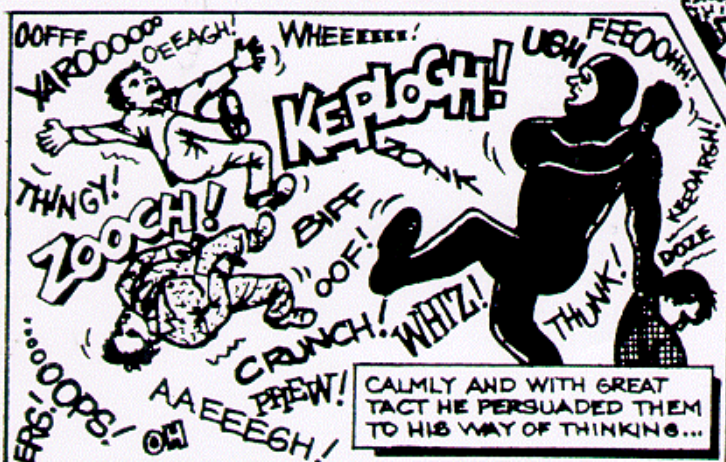
HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN LEDGE THE DAWN LIGHT REVEALED A GAUNT FIGURE IN DEEP THOUGHT. HE KNEW THAT HIS PEOPLE RELIED UPON HIS JUDGEMENT.....

HE WAS LOVED, NOT ONLY FOR HIS INFINITE WISDOM, BUT FOR HIS TOLERANCE OF ALL ABOUT HIM. NO UNKIND WORD EVER CROSSED HIS LIPS.



THE SAME DAY TWO HOURS LATER...

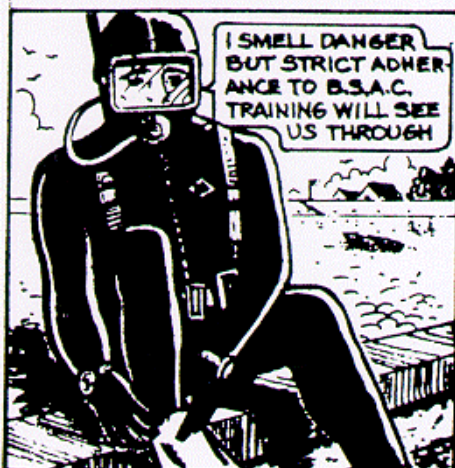
HOW ABOUT A DIVE CHAPS?



CALMLY AND WITH GREAT TACT HE PERSUADED THEM TO HIS WAY OF THINKING...

SOON THEY WERE FULLY EQUIPPED & HEADING FOR THE SEA & ADVENTURE!

COME ON YOU LAZY SODS OR WE WILL MISS THE TIDE!



I SAY FELLOWS - DON'T BE SPOIL-SPORTS IT'S REALLY QUITE WARM!



WEYMOUTH BOROUGH

PADDLING POOL

HEARD IN THE POOL AT 9.00 p. m.

Geoff Moles explains to Pool Attendant

"No it's not the new lady member, I just dropped 10p in the shallow end..."

Bill Garrett.... "I don't enjoy giving E.A.R. to all my trainees...."

TALKING TECHNOLOGY

By Barry Nutter

One of the most interesting accidents that I have been connected with, and I think I can claim to have been connected with more than most, occurred last year during a holiday in the Silly Isles. My diving partner, and best friend, was engaged in a long swim on the surface back to our "Kinkydoo"¹ inflatable when he suffered a fatal attack of intergestial bronchysema brought about by his having inhaled a Greater Black Backed Gull that had alighted upon his snorkel. I naturally lost no time in giving him the kiss of life but my efforts at resuscitation were thwarted by repeated attacks upon my person by the bereaved seagull's mate and by the fact that the victim's nasal passages had become stuffed full of feathers.

Tragic though this occurrence undoubtedly was it gave me an opportunity to read a paper at the International Symposium of Nautical Science in Hamburg three weeks later, though I tucked it away hurriedly when it became my turn to speak. The assembly was particularly interested in my account of the affair and I was loudly applauded for my summary of the mental state of the Secretary of the British Society for the Protection of Birds who had issued a writ in the High Court alleging cruelty. An electroencephalographic reading of his brain, conducted at the Royal Neurological Institute, revealed no mental activity whatsoever.

The sequel to this mishap was the promulgation of the new regulation, widely referred to as 'Nutter's Law'¹, which requires all divers to tow behind them, at a distance of twenty five metres, a decoy buoy in the shape of a medium sized mackerel and the recommendation that all snorkels have their ends covered with heavy gauge wire mesh. No doubt many lives have been saved because of this.

I was recently fortunate in receiving an invitation from the Ministry of Defence to observe the climax of a series of tests conducted by a team of divers to evaluate the effectiveness of the new 'Sinkallon' diving flipper. This revolutionary form of diving footwear, which incidentally is one hundred per cent British, is constructed entirely from lead sheeting presenting considerable advantages in the event of a nuclear attack in that it is unaffected by exposure to atomic radiation. Another bonus is the rendering obsolete of the weight belt, so often left behind at the digs, and the ease with which one can walk along the sea bed.

However one or two snags did crop up during the trials, which were conducted in the region of the Mariana Trench, and the programme was subsequently abandoned due to lack of data being received. A computer analysis of the diving logs revealed that one of the contributory factors to this state of affairs was the complete inability of any of the forty-seven divers to regain the surface. The co-ordinator of the trials, Rear Admiral Stone-Bonkers, was subsequently awarded the Grand Cross of the Order of Lenin with Silver Cluster for his services to N. A. T. O.

No doubt many of you have been waiting excitedly for my report on the 'Aquadunk' lifejacket that was recently unveiled at the VWorld Conference of the Society of Professional Divers held at the Wembley Tea Rooms and Grill. Unfortunately the designer of the equipment, Monsieur Paul Bairreu, had to leave suddenly on unexpected business so I was unable to obtain a first hand report of what inspired him to invent what is undoubtedly one of the most startling pieces of diving accoutrement yet seen.

The lifejacket cylinder holds ninety-five feet of air at atmospheric pressure and enables the nervous diver to completely eliminate that fear of never being able to regain the surface in an emergency due to lack of buoyancy. It is my considered opinion that the disadvantages have been grossly overstated in the diving press and I am convinced that with a little perseverance one could easily master the technique of swimming in a head down vertical posture using a mirror to ascertain one's direction of travel. Thank goodness the age of invention is not yet dead.

In the next issue of 'Crud' I hope to be in a position to reveal some of my plans for the raising of the lost continent of Atlantis using a combination of polystyrene foam and empty oil drums.

ODE TO DIVING

By A. N. Udist

Up in the morn
At the crack of dawn
for a day down at the sea,
we pack our gear into the car
Oh! God! I must have a pee.

Along the Motorway we drive
and at the site we soon arrive
to find the weather rather gritty,
or in other words "Bloody S----y"

Now all things done and figures out
we changed and let it all hang out.
Bottles, Boat and all things ready,
down to the shore, very steady.

Now launching is a peculiar thing
especially when you can't get the dam thing
in!
Eventually we do succeed
in doing this rather strenuous deed.

All in the Boat, engine started
Jesus Christ! Someones farted.
Boat flat out, engine whining
Pukeeee! @ ?
I don't feel much like diving.

Two at a time we go in,
the vis it is very dim.
Something moves!
I have a stab
to find I caught a 2 inch crab.

The sea, it starts to get rough
so we all decide we've had enough
the engine it won't go no more
so we have to row ashore.

We landed in a manner of speaking
Good job too, the Boat was leaking.
All washed up along the shore
we couldn't be bothered any more!

All packed up and ready to go
The fatigue signs starting to show.
Arriving home tired, but 'fit'
Thought to myself "was it worth it?"

END

The Diving Officer has asked us to remind C***n L*w that the rules require swimmers to be properly clad and that it is customary to wear at least a swimming costume in the pool.

O, to be a diver,
I would explore the deep blue sea,
Collect items of interest,
watch every fish swim free.

O, to be a diver
Go where most men haven't been,
take photographs on shipwrecks,
there's a great deal to be seen.

O, to be a diver,
Maybe find some treasure?
Its always worth dreaming,
diving would be my leisure.

Pete Winter

CHIT CHAT

Congratulations to Setch and Sheila Setchell on the birth of their son Thomas. Make room at the bar if he's anything like his father.

John Harradine wishes to be remembered to the club. Older members will remember John, but for the benefit of any new members, John and his wife Elaine emigrated to South Africa last year. Would any old mates please write as he looks forward to hearing from the club.

All letters will be answered.
The address is:-

John & Elaine Harradine,
P.O. Box. 3766,
Alroad,
Alberton,
Transvaal,
R. S. A.

By the way John and Elaine now have two sons - Paul and more recently Greg.

We regret to see the departure of Bob Hickenbottom from the branch! Work has entailed his moving to the Ipswich Branch.

CLUB HOLIDAY

Once again on the Spring Bank Holiday weekend a substantial part the Club made its way down to Deer Park, Stoke Fleming for the Annual Club Holiday. As usual it was a great week.

Many hands ached from gutting and filleting fish, Crabs, Lobsters, and Crayfish filled the cooking pots and apart from one damp day the sun shone and tanned the families on the beach.

Diving as usual was varied, Gammon Head saw one incident with a red and white trawler which did its best to run down Bob Hichenbottom and Bob Chamberlain, Geoff (Cannon) Moles can now shoot fish as well as stab them, and as for my boat we maintain that it was the diving not the nudist's colony on the beach that kept us at Slapton for three days (we would not necessarily say the same for Colin Law and his group -though they did catch a few plaice.)

All the other boats did equally well, even the hard boat dive organised by Mick Wood came off this year, though I understand that Roy Harrison found that Lighthouses have "Out backs" too, and complained of pollution even off the Eddystone.'

Come and join us next year - you'll have to camp - we have already booked all the chalets.'

DEER PARK JOTTINGS JUNE 1976

The following notes and quotations from august Club members, most of them apocryphal, may help add colour to the bare facts set out in the official account of the Club holiday.

Geoff Moles denies that the missing "dolphin" on his cannon was caused by a hasty stab from his Spear but admits that he never intended to catch that first conger - "my spear and arm just went down its throat" he said.

"Alistair Stewart says that it takes a fit and brave man to dive with Mick Wood - thats why I dive with Brian Heywood he said"

"Alistair also is reported to have said its so nice not being last to be ready by a mile interjected Brian Heywood and Mick Woods.... we keep silent about the other member of their crew".

"It was reported early in the week that even though John Beha was offering £1 per day to crew members he got no takers - one day at Bee Sands carrying his beautiful (?) heavy boat was enough - perhaps thats why it sat outside his chalet every day. Still it does to keep the kit in John said".

"Joe Bulger was reported to have found the Eddystone Dive very ordinary Mick, Alistair, and the Brians may have found 50 ft. visibility at 90 ft a change but we Scots are used to that sort of scenery".

"John Pratt said that he didn't dive, the Eddystone - I was not sure whether the Skipper had a driving licence he said, still he put Roy Harrison down on the loo and Joe into 15 ft (4 metres) so perhaps his judgment was not as bad as I thought".

"John Cosgrove thought camping was fine till it rained and thought about returning home early but the sun came out so he stayed two extra days. (Diving off the nudist's colony. ED)."

Congratulations must go to Paddy Boyes, John Cosgrove, and John French who all caught their very first plaice this holiday."

"Mark Edmunds had a good week and half filled his freezer - lobsters, congers, plaice, dogfish - all came alike. "

"Colin Law is alleged to have looked at his depth gauge at 40 metres -still going down (singleton tool) and said that it was too dark off the Mew Stone so he came up (The chart gives the depth at 31 metres so he was either in a hole or dreaming. ED.)

"Gary Atkinson had a good week inspite of damaging his hand severely lifting John Beha's boat - I'll go and see Alistair next week and have it put in plaster he said - I need a rest, another week or two down here would suit me fine.

"Geoff Mogg is reported to have enjoyed his week and to have decided that he really must pass the ~+ "F" tests - no more snorkeling for me he ~

"Daniel Beha when helping load Dean's kit was told that a certain article was his fathers - so he threw it away - its amazing how they learn to have a proper sense of values so young these days

"Bob Chamberlain full of enthusiasm, conservationism and with a new camera joined us part way through the week - one flash bulb didn't fire, the shutter didn't work, and the viz was poor - I'll take a spear next time he said."

"John Curson was not bitten by his dog this year."

"Bill Hipwell had a quiet weeks diving - organising the holiday was no chore this year he said, everyone made their own arrangements."

"Bill Garrett, Denis, Len, and Nigel had a quiet week - on the side the others told us that Bill kept them at their house chores so long that they only had time for two pints all week - but we did go diving too - they said."

"Ray Pope and Alex Nicholas were there or there abouts - their ~ canoes¹ were stored at Salcombe so we did not see much of them - they had nothing to do with the reports of Police Divers searching the North Sands area for missing bodies they said."

"Geoff Moles is reported to be hiding his head in shame - ours was the only boat which broke down all week he said. "

"Still Jim Downing nearly joined him - his engine was serviced and had a ¹'screw loose" in the carburettor - not helpful in a choppy sea with a head wind (force 5) and a doubtful campari filled with large firemen in trouble and needing assistance - we lost a gallon and a half of fuel covering ~ mile but we made it and got them back too he said. "

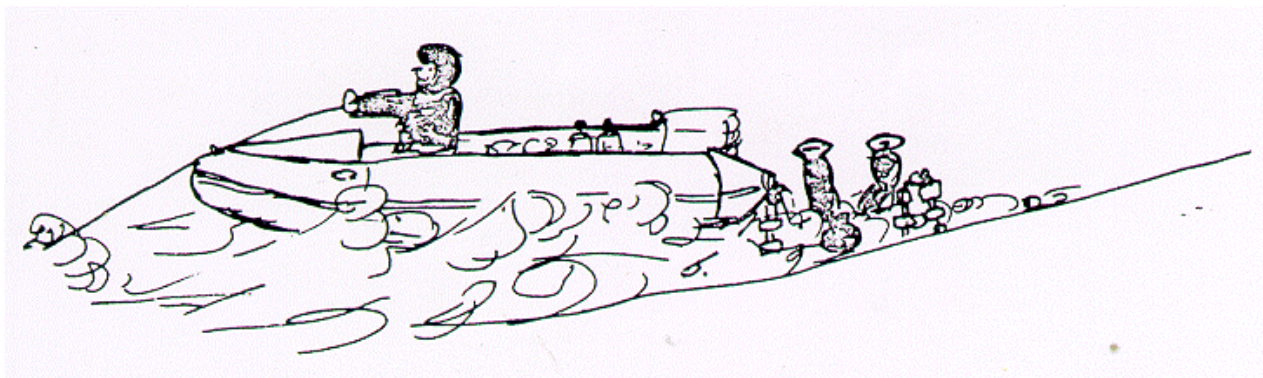
JIM DOWNING

LESSONS IN DIVING

"UNLOADING THE BOAT

No. 7

BY JOHN (WEIGHTBELTS) COSGROVE



CLUB LIBRARY

It may well be worth pointing out at this issue that the Club Library is now in full swing. Mick Wood is our voluntary librarian and has now obtained a splendid selection of books which are all available for loan at a sum of 10p per week, Mick may be found at the club room on most Wednesdays between the hours of 7, 30 to 8, 30 prior to the training session, Some of the books have been purchased from the funds but a large number have been loaned and/or given by club members themselves.

The more we subscribe to this lending service the more books we may acquire, so make an effort and let's make it a success. The list of books available at the moment are shown here. Book reservations may be made at the cost of one pint of bitter payable to Mick

LIBRARY LIST

Nautical Archaeology
Farming the Sea
Underwater Science
The Silent World of Jacques
Cousteau
Fishes of the Sea
Diving Officers Conference 1974
Cornish Shipwrecks
Coastwise Navigation
Marine Life
Bottle Collecting (2)

Reeds Nautical Almanack
Starting with Marine Invertebrates
(1974 but still much of interest)
The Whale
Sub Aqua Guide and Diving around
Britain (3)
Life and Death in a Coral Sea
Seamanship Notes
Wreck Detectives
Wonders of Salvage
BSI on Safe Diving

BSAC Instructors Manual
Pocket Guide to the Sea Shore
How to get more fun with your Boat
The Great Barrier Reef
History Under the Sea
Stanfords Sailing Companion
Oceanology Today
Fish Watching and Photography
Cruising Under Sail
Salt Water Aquarium Fish

BOTTLE HIRE

The new equipment officer for the coming season is Brian Rimmer, Brian's tasks lie in renting the club bottles out for the training sessions and refilling them when they are empty. In fact he looks after all of the club equipment. Bottles for training in the pool are available from Brian and arrangements should be made for the use of a bottle at least one week in advance. Hire of the bottle and air is made on a per evening basis payable in advance - (40p), Tokens may be bought from Ray Pope (Treasurer) -one token representing hire of one bottle + air for one evening,

