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editorial

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Firstly, many thanks to Tom for writing a great article about his very first trip. With great wisdom, he has quickly learned that the best way to avoid facing too much embarrassment about anything you might have done, is to write about it yourself. If you leave it to others, you just don't know *what* they might say, as Velocishot van Vredenburgh and Magellan Peat know only too well... So in that spirit, settle back for a jolly little tale about Mr Marks. Too late, Dave!

Almost exactly two years ago, I went out and bought my first delayed SMB. Naturally, I'd done my homework and selected something which appeared to make the most sense, and so, quite chuffed at my choice, I was understandably distressed when the design met with the disapproving attention of the London Branch cognoscenti. Ricky, who'd kindly agreed to walk me through a dry run of SMB deployment in the clubroom, took one look at my new purchase, and with a well-practiced tradesman's routine, shook his head, sucked a goodly amount of air through his teeth and promptly called for a second opinion, "...tsssssch, hmm, I'm not sure about that... Dave, come and have a look at this."

The item in question was a spool. A small, indestructible, acetal plastic bobbin with a double ender to clip off the line wound around it. "Dead nuts simple". No handle, no guide slot, no springs or levers or gaps. Nothing.

Dave picked up the offending object suspiciously between finger and thumb, held it at arms length, cocked his head on one side and uttered a frankly discouraging, "hmm-oh-ho-ho-hoaaa". Had there been one to hand, I felt sure he would have looked me square in the eyes whilst dropping it neatly into a dustbin for dramatic effect.

Anxious to let someone else have a laugh, Nigel was duly called over, who gave it a little

more consideration but dutifully backed up his fellow critics nonetheless.

A trial run with the spool in Wraysbury Lake watched by a predictably smug Ricky and Dave proved less than entirely successful, though several other factors somewhat overshadowed the fact that the spool itself deployed quite well. However, after dropping the clip on the surface, winding in the entire length around my arm, then trudging back to the car park with a horrible mess of string wrapped everywhere, I vowed never to use the stupid thing again. I give up, maybe they were right after all.

Nearly a year went by and, after owning a succession of various different reels, all of which snagged or jammed at some stage, I saw a tech instructor demonstrate sending up a bag on a spool. Ah, so *that's* how you do it. Like anything, it needs a little bit of practice, but I dusted mine off and have been quietly using it ever since with complete success. In fact, I have two.

So what of it? Well, roll forward the clocks to summer 2005 and the end of a very tiring week in México. We're in the dive shop finishing off the paperwork and the temptation to buy something proves too much for all of us. Mel and Jamie got one or two custom length hoses, I picked up an exploration reel, and Dave? As discretely as possible, he casually spied the extensive display of safety spools. I felt the hesitation, but finally, and with a tangible sense of resignation, Dave picked one off the rack, put it down on the counter and whilst pulling out his wallet, looked at me, sighed and said, "just don't say a word, OK...". And, to be fair, I didn't. I was far too busy laughing!

Joe

chairman's chatter



Another *London Diver* is upon us. Slightly delayed to include the recent sad news of the death of one of the most senior members of London Branch, Allan Wray, known to all as "TJ". This followed a heart attack, about a week in hospital and then a second heart attack.

While in hospital he asked his wife, Shirley, not to inform anyone of his condition. His body has been cremated and the ashes will stay out in Spain with Shirley.

There is added sadness as they only sold up and moved to Spain last Easter to enjoy a few years touring from their base of a mobile home. TJ since managed to get to know some local divers and was able to get in some diving out in Spain. TJ has been a member of London Branch since forever. Some may feel the Branch has been his first love. He has spent a great deal of time training, organising, and maintaining, parking and, before she was sold, nursing Percy 1. He carried out some good deals on behalf of the Branch and famously always had a wicked glint in his eye. TJ was a big man within the Branch and his passing is a notable event in its history as it is a break with

the distant past. His death is a great loss to us all.

We have passed on the Branch's sympathy to Shirley and offered any assistance we can. Shirley asked not to send flowers or cards as they would just be wasted in the heat. However, she suggested we do something appropriate to keep his memory alive within the Branch. This we are more than happy to do and options are being explored. As soon as a decision is made we will announce it.

We are also proposing to have a TJ evening on Tuesday 27 September (it is still in the early planning stages) so please note it in your diaries. We hope to contact and invite older and lapsed members of the Branch as well.

There has been some diving taking place though the D.O. will I am sure let you know what has been happening there.

A big welcome to our new members Claire Barber, Bettina Nethercott and Hannah Bleakley, some of whom will be seen training in the pool. Also a big thank you to Nigel and Keith for repairing the boat after its little ordeals over the last couple of months.

Jim



Allan "TJ" Wray (1935-2005)

the d.o. reports...

The last report was just after the Easter dive at Plymouth. Since then there has been a good deal of diving. First up was a rescue scenario weekend, organised by Dave Marks. Although I could not go, I would have liked to, as lots was learned about problems that might occur on a diving trip and, like the previous year, those that went found it very worthwhile. Thanks to Dave and all those that made it happen.

The next dive was to Pembroke. It was a very wet start to the weekend and whilst parking the boat at West Wales Divers, where we stayed, it absolutely poured upon us. In the short time it took to park the boat and get into the accommodation, most of us managed to get soaked to the skin - not a good omen for the forthcoming weekend. The first day we dived in Dale Harbour near the wreck of the Behar. Even with the new plotter we still managed to miss the wreck but as the vis was quite bad we probably did not miss much. In the afternoon we went for a shore dive at St. Bride's Bay. The vis there was worse than in Dale Harbour so again not too exciting. I was to dive with Tom on his first dive, or should I say surface swim, as the conditions were very bad for Tom's first dive - virtually nil vis. Tom found out that shore diving is hard work. Just getting to the water with your kit is a bit of a hike and then having to fin out about 100 yards before you can go down. By the time we had got half way out we were quite tired so we aborted the dive. I think Tom will give most shore dives a miss from now on, realising how hard they can be.

The next day we dived the north wall of Skomer. The vis was still not up to much and Tom had his first dive - in the bay of Martin's Haven, although it was from the boat. He lost his fin early on in the dive and because of the vis was not able to tell me. Still he stuck with me and continued diving. For his first dive I admire his persistence and perseverance. Later that day we managed an almost uneventful dive until Tom dropped his weight belt when getting on the boat, providing Joe and Morgan

with a chance to show off their search and recovery skills. Congratulations to Tom on getting through his first day's diving.

The next day we did not dive as the weather was awful, with hail, rain and very windy. We set off to dive but soon thought better of it and returned to leave Dale Harbour. It was still enjoyable for those that went and a big thanks to Jonathan (Honest Jon) for marshalling, arranging the accommodation etc.

Cornwall was well attended on the first weekend with both new and old faces. It was good to see Bob, Gina, Gillian, Keith K, and nice to see them diving again. Also present was Marian who came along for a weekend away, and two new faces, Brad and Scott (welcome to diving with London Branch). The start of the week was excellent weather and diving. The curry provided by Gillian and Scott and Brad's wives on arriving Friday night was fantastic, with enough for Saturday as well, so a big thanks to the girls. The remainder of the week was mostly rain. For those that remained our enthusiasm was dulled by the weather. After a few more dives we left early on Thursday. A big thanks to Alex and Jim for organising and marshalling the week.

Weymouth was cancelled because not enough people were on the list to go, this was a shame as it was perfect neaps and a sunny weekend with calm seas, oh dear, what a pity, never mind.

Swanage was the next dive. A fantastic weekend organised by Tobias, with diving on the Fleur de Lys and the Kyarra, a drift dive over the Peveril Ledge and some training under the pier. Thanks to Tobias for marshalling and Jim for his one man towing of the boat there and back.

Thanks to all who helped with diving to date and look forward to seeing you on future dives. Keep it safe.



Keith

my (almost) first dive

Pembroke, 30 April 2005

Finally, the day had arrived. My first real dive in the ocean. Ian picked me up at my flat early Saturday morning for the drive to Pembroke. Bank Holiday week-end, but the traffic was light, the sky clear and the sun bright. The omens were good.

Driving through Wales, I reflected on my odyssey from desk-bound banker to club member and soon-to-be “scuba diver”. Residing near the Seymour Centre, I joined the facility to socialise and to minimise the caloric consequences of too many business lunches and dinners. I spotted the BSAC ad in the glass display case at Seymour [*instantly becoming quite possibly the first person ever to do so... Ed*] and memories of the 1950s American TV hit, “Sea Hunt” came back. Lloyd Bridges, the star, somehow surviving adventures from “attacking killer whales” to unexpected bouts of “narcosis of the deep” had mesmerised me then and I still imagined myself in his shoes (or rather wetsuit). After a couple of wrong turns into the “sun parlour” and the squash court, I finally found the club room. Jim offered a trial dive and I was hooked. Weightlessly swimming in the pool, I had become Mr. Sea Hunt. I signed up immediately and paid my dues. Now almost a year later I was on my way to the real thing.

Ian and I arrived at the slip around 11:30am and started scanning the horizon for sight of the RIB returning from the morning run. What a beautiful sight as it came into view and tied up. We helped unload the kit and I felt like a long time member already. A light lunch and we prepared for the afternoon expedition. Jonathan was not due until later in the day and Keith was in charge until then. He decided the afternoon dive would be a shore entry at St Brides Bay. As I heard this I felt some relief, thinking it would be a leisurely walk across the pebbled sand and a smooth transition into the water. Keith must have taken pity on this novice and figured it would be safer and easier for me. Of course, what I didn't realise was

that beaches in the UK don't look like beaches on Long Island!

Ian managed to drive the car past the parking lot and half way to the “beach” where we unloaded the gear and I kitted up as he returned the car to the parking lot. By the time everyone else had arrived and kitted up, I was just figuring out how to snake my left arm through the dry suit sleeve, which somehow had disappeared. Finally I got everything on and found I felt more like a beached whale than Lloyd Bridges. Making my first ocean dive in my spanking new DUI drysuit, I wanted to make sure I wasn't too light... 15kg on the belt, 2kg around the ankles and a few more kilos in the BCD pockets. I was determined to get under. What I hadn't anticipated was the sheer exhaustion brought on by kitting up, traversing down the slope across slippery rocks, and then balancing and putting on my fins. I felt like I had just run a marathon, trying to catch my breath with my heart rate accelerating off the EKG chart. Too late to turn back...

After everyone else had gone in, Keith took me under his wing and explained clearly, “... just turn around and back in until we're ready.”. I pulled down my mask, put the regulator in my mouth and suddenly felt as if I was in a tunnel unable to catch my breath. My expensive mask immediately fogged over and I was on the verge of sucking the bottle dry before we had even started. Keith's words floated over, “just lie back and try to relax.”. OK, I'll give it a try. All that damn weight... My mask was half in and half out of the water. Panic takes over. Despite the fact that I'm breathing, I feel like I'm drowning. I can't find the inflate valve on my BCD to try to put more air into it, as I keep grabbing my pressure gauge instead. Can't be me, must be the stupid Cressi design. Keith still very patiently asking, “Do you want to try to go under?”. That was the problem, I felt like I was going under! Calming down a bit, I signalled to

Keith, "Not today, let's go back.". Ever patient, he instructed, "Just stay on your back and fin toward shore.". Still gasping for breath and my heart pounding, I realise I can fin and get back ashore... just need to calm down... and gradually I did, a bit. Keith gave me a hand, practicing his towing technique. Then, I was on my own to fin. The shore was only about 30m away, why was it taking so long. My legs were getting tired. Finally, Keith's voice again, "You're going around in circles.". Now, I remembered... look over your shoulder from time to time (practical lesson for me!). Looking over my shoulder, I spied stern-eyed Joe up on the rocks looking down. Of course, this being BSAC No.1, we had to have a safety observer [*that's right Tom, my altruism in volunteering for shore cover had nothing whatsoever to do with my reasoning, "a shore dive, on sand, with no viz, balls to that idea..." - Ed].* Somehow, I thought my display of skill might go unnoticed, as if it had never really happened. Of course, as I finally did make it to shore I realised that all the other divers had already returned and were pretending not to take notice of me. Kind folks.

What went through my mind as I unkitted. First, I'm too old for this sport; and why didn't I just PADI it! In fact, I might have just quit then if everyone hadn't been so supportive. "Don't worry about it... those things happen...

it'll be easier rolling off the RIB... not so unusual on the first dive...". By dinner that night we could even laugh about it as we planned for tomorrow's try at a first dive.

The experience did give me some lessons. First, listen to your body; if it's telling you to wait and catch your breath or even skip a dive, don't be hard of hearing. Second, it takes a lot of dive experience to get comfortable in the water. Third, try a little less weight next time; and finally, BSAC No.1 is a great bunch of people. In terms of expedition history, though, I really don't think we should characterise my effort as an aborted dive. I never got under the water; let's just refer to it as an aborted swim.

Postscript

I did manage to make two dives the next day, first down the anchor line in 8m of water in an adjacent bay to the previous day's fiasco; and more memorably 16m off Skomer Island, both dives under Keith's guidance. Both dives also offered the benefit of search experience for Keith and then Joe and Morgan as my weight belt mysteriously dropped from my fingers both dives while boarding the RIB. Thanks to everyone who made Pembroke memorable for the right reasons.

Tom



fresh water diving with a difference

Fresh water diving is boring, I hear you say, as you head off to Stoney Cove or some other non-descript quarry. So how about trying some fresh water diving with a difference? Warm, clear, and full of life. Big life.

time out of the county, and that he was not totally sure of the way.

The purpose of the trip was to see Manatees, who migrate to the warmer water of the natural springs in the Crystal River during the winter months. Our expectations were that we would spend a couple of mornings photographing these huge elephant-like creatures and the rest of the time just chilling out, but after a morning's snorkelling experience with the Manatees, our minds were soon changed, and we were mad keen to get back in the water.

The week started with us hiring a boat to go and explore the river system, and its tributaries. As we travelled along the river we started to spot more and more Manatees, grazing away in about two to three metres of water and coming up for air every five minutes or so. We tracked several, before settling on a mother and baby who we stayed with for quite a while, before they slipped under a barrier into the protected parts of the river which were there for the Manatees exclusive use.

The next day we went out with our snorkel gear and our guide, Sean, from American Pro Divers, who took us down the river around the Three

Springs area. Imaginatively named, this was an area that had three natural spring sources, with warm crystal clear water running out of them. These locations are a favourite place for the Manatees to congregate and hang out. Going along the tributaries you are literally travelling through people's back yards, and able to peer into their living rooms. But forget



As part of a larger expedition, I recently visited Homosassa, Florida. This is not your normal glamorous Florida diving location such as The Keys, but real small-town America. So small, in fact, that while chatting to the taxi driver we'd used to drive us from the airport, he proudly announced that this was his first

privacy when you can jump off your garden wall and swim with these playful creatures.

Eventually we found a mother and calf, who were quit happy to hang around, and were not too scared of the boat. We moored up and jumped in, being careful not to kick the silt up too much, since this turned the visibility to zero very rapidly. The baby was straight over to us to play (they love having their backs scratched). While the baby enjoyed all the attention, the mother busied herself feeding, and coming over every now and then to check the baby was alright. Eventually even the mother joined in, between serious grazing sessions for she was still eating for two. We watched as the mother was teaching the baby to stay underwater and graze, with the occasional suckle from the mother.

It is hard to see how early sailors thought that these were mermaids, given their bulk, and tough wrinkly skin, but perhaps they were drawn in by the enchantment of playing with them which turned even the most hardened of divers to jelly.

The Manatees in the Florida area are the largest known population of West Indian Manatee, and are part of the *Sirenia* order, together with other families of Manatees and Dugongs. There are populations of *Sirenia* in many tropical locations around Africa and South East Asia. There is also documented a group known as Steller's Sea Cow which lived around the Bearing sea, although these were hunted to extinction within only 27 years of their discovery in 1741. Manatees typically grow to about three metres and weigh five hundred kilos. They live both in the sea and fresh water, preferring the fresh water which is a bit warmer during the winter. Travelling slowing up and down the river, grazing on seagrass and other vegetation, eating up to 15% of their body weight per day, their closest land-based relative is the cow due to their similar anatomy. While they are capable of swimming at speeds of twenty miles per hour in short busts, their bulk prohibits them from keeping this up, so typically they travel at three to five miles per hour. Recent tracking has found some very fit Manatees who happily travel up to 45 miles per day. They are solitary

creatures, tending to stay by themselves, the only exception being mothers who will often stay with a calf for up to two years, especially male calves to protect them from the large males around.

Despite their size they have very little fat, most of the bulk being taken up by their huge intestines. This makes them relatively safe from predators, and they attract little interest from the occasional sharks and alligators which can appear in these waters. The biggest danger to the Manatee population is humans, who are responsible for some 75% of deaths each year. These are mainly due to propeller damage or collisions from speed boats, despite there being speed restrictions and signs everywhere along the river. In fact all the Manatees we saw had large propeller scars along their backs. This has lead to dramatic falls in the Manatee population globally. The population of the West Indian Manatees is thought to be about three thousand, although there are no accurate figures, and observation evidence has shown the population dwindling in all but two locations. One being Homosassa where the setting up of a wildlife sanctuary in which boats are forbidden, has lead to a small growth in the populations which return to these waters each winter.

Much work is being done by the Homosassa Wildlife State Park to preserve the Manatees in this area, made all the more valuable as they are dying off elsewhere around the world. The park, which is well worth a visit, have an active research program to try and breed Manatees in captivity as well as educate people on how to protect Manatees in the wild. As well as the Manatees, they also provide safe haven for Terrapins, and various birdlife which can be seen all over the park. The state of Florida has set up protected zones where boat use is restricted or even banned. There have been both state and federal laws setup to protect them, which can result in fines of up to \$100,000 and/or one year in prison for causing any harm. But this does not seem enough to protect an animal which has existed for 45 million years (somewhat longer than man). With these magnificent creatures bordering on extinction, there is no better time to visit.

Homosassa is not the largest place in the world, with not a lot else to do there, so it may be worth combining this with some other activities. There several small cavern systems around, which are small enough to be relatively safe, contain crystal clear water and many are populated with catfish. They even have a local catfish eating contest, in which contestants are give ten minutes to eat up to three pound of batter encircling chunks of catfish. On our trip, fellow Brit Monty Halls beat the local champion hands down, much to

the disappointment of the local crowd, who were now in need of a new champion. For the more adventurous, you could do a drift dive along Rainbow River with visibility of over sixty metres, which in itself is enough to make it worth while when compared with UK waters. The trip could also easily be combined with a family holiday to Disney World and many of the other Florida attractions.

Tobias



back to reality...



It's the first day back at work and I'm making coffee. "Did you have a nice time on holiday?"; "Yes, great thanks", I said, my mind winding back to just a few days before...

I spit out my regulator and look around. I'm out of gas! Flashing my light wildly to attract the attention of my buddy, those few seconds seem to last forever and the easy complacency that comes from having a functioning breathing supply is instantly replaced by a sharp reminder of how pathetically dependent we are on it. Before I know it, with the dip of my buddy's head and a quick, well-practised thrust of an arm, a working reg is given to me. I cautiously breathe it, then relax again, signal I'm OK, compose myself and then we agree to surface.

I'm only at fifteen metres of depth, which normally might give a little more comfort in this situation. Except today, twelve or so of those metres above my head are solid limestone. Several hundred metres downstream in the Ponderosa cave system in Xpu-Ha, México, it's a twenty minute swim from here to the nearest point at which we can break the surface, at a sink hole (or Cenote) called The Garden of Eden. It wasn't really the

time to appreciate the irony, but at this moment, I was a long way from paradise.

Barely half a minute goes by and now we have a new, much more serious, problem. The visibility has suddenly dropped to zero. Not soupy viz, not just bad or murky viz, but inky-black nothingness. I still have no breathable gas supply of my own and now the only two things between me and what would be almost certain death are my buddy, whose arm now purposefully shakes mine forward indicating we should proceed forwards and the other, my fingers looped around a thin nylon guideline which runs all the way to open water. We swim along, the blind leading the blind with no way of knowing which way to turn other than by sensing the direction of the taught line and no way to read time or depth or gas supply. Every few tens of metres, my outstretched hand in front of me will hit a rock around which the line is tied off. I carefully feel all the way around each one, as there may be more than one line coming off it. Following the wrong line could mean disaster as could letting go of the line itself. Every so often, we stop and agree by touch contact to swap over to the other side of the line to allow us to get past a protruding rock and occasionally the passage narrows such that the only way

though is single file with my buddy holding on to my leg. I alternately open and close my eyes but it is utterly impossible to distinguish any difference, there being no trace of any light with which to become accustomed, so I leave them closed.

It's your basic diving nightmare. Yet it is strangely relaxing. There is absolutely nothing else to think about, nothing to see, nothing to distract you and nothing even in the periphery of your otherwise complete focus in achieving the singular task of both of you safely exiting the cave. It's hard to describe, but in the sheer absence of any other sensory stimulation, you just get on with the task in hand, just as you had been taught and just as if it were a drill.

OK, at this point, it's only fair that I mention that I *was* being taught and this *was* in fact a drill. If this were a movie, the director would at this point yell, "cut..." and various crew members would run across the set instantly destroying the illusion. As it was, my cave instructor squeezed my arm signalling me to stop, turned on both our primary lights (the absence of which had been simulating our "zero viz") and I switched to breathing from my own double tanks which, far from being empty, still had a comforting 185 bar left in them. Would it be the same in a real emergency? There's no way short of personal experience to be able to answer that, and I'm in no rush to add that to my list. However, as with all scenarios, it's not hard to see the enormous benefit that comes from instilling and practising responses to prepare you for dealing with that one dive where you wish you'd stayed at home.

We still hadn't reached the exit yet though. Before we did, my buddy would have "punctured" his wing, I would have "lost" the line and spent 15 minutes in "zero viz" swimming around with a safety spool trying to locate it again, and then "suffered" a catastrophic gas failure of my tank valves. There's an awful lot that can go wrong in a cave, and the one thing you can be sure of on most cave training dives is that a simulated multiple disaster is always just around the corner. As if that wasn't enough, all of this was expected to be achieved with inch-perfect

buoyancy whilst maintaining degree-perfect horizontal trim, any transgressions from which were noted and you'd be taken to task by the instructor after the dive.

"Ooh, I wish I was on holiday, where did you go?". I try to be polite but keep the answers brief. "México". "Ooh, lovely...". At this point, I'm desperately willing the coffee machine to hurry up with my drink because I know there is absolutely no way to answer the default holiday questions that you just know will follow without it sounding like you had a rotten time. "Was the weather nice?"; "Er, no.". "Did you see the Mayan ruins?"; "No.". "Well it's good to get away and relax though, isn't it?"; "Er, can you pass the milk please?".

Relaxing it was not. Our days generally started at 08:00AM and we rarely got back before night fall. It was the rainy season and most days had torrential rainfall. Despite that, it was still very hot and humid and when not in the water you faced the choice of boiling to death in your drysuit or being eaten alive by swarms of vicious mosquitoes. All in all, a week of early mornings, long days, heat exhaustion, tropical downpours, infestation, bites, constant demands for perfection, and the most task-loaded and stress-inducing diving I've ever done. Not your average holiday, I have to admit. But did I have fun? You bet. Would I go back for more? In a heartbeat.

Now, whether you're reading this article now or standing in an office kitchen beginning to regret making idle chit-chat with the world's most obtuse man, the next couple of questions that tend to crop up when you eventually mention diving in underwater caves are, "why?"; and, "but what is there to see?". There's a limit to how well you can hope to express things in the short shuffle that is the intra-colleague courtesy coffee conversation, so for the benefit of the reader, I'll try to address those questions a little more fully here.

Faunally speaking (which is what a lot of people actually mean when they ask 'what there is to see), well, beyond the cavern zone, not a great deal to be honest. Whilst caves are not completely devoid of life, unless you're going to get very excited about seeing the occasional tiny troglobitic wiggly thing, then

this is probably not going to win you over on the merits of diving caves.

So again, why? OK, how about this one? Caves are beautiful. They are awe inspiringly, heart stoppingly beautiful. All of them. And the ones in México's Yucatan Peninsula are renowned for being especially so. Still not convinced? Look at it this way (to borrow an analogy that Jarrod Jablonski has used before). Imagine you were able to glide noiselessly down the middle of the Grand Canyon and instead of being restricted to walking along the canyon floor you were free to float around and explore each nook and cranny at any elevation. More than that, imagine that very few, if any, people even knew this natural wonder existed nor, if they did, would ever get the chance to be able to visit it. That would be quite amazing, would it not? Well, that's what cave diving is like, and yes, it is indeed amazing.

That was the bit I was prepared for, and whilst it's fair to say that it exceeded my expectations in this regard, there was another,

somewhat unexpected, pleasure. I have never been anywhere, nor can conceive of many other places of which one might be able to say the same, where I have felt so far removed not just from everyday life but almost from the planet itself. The world we know can be a magnificent place for sure, but there is a sense of wonderful tranquillity that comes from being able to take temporary sanctuary in a peaceful alien world which, in many cases, we can *know* with absolute certainty has been almost entirely unseen and untouched by humanity since the dawn of time. In an interview for local Florida television, the late Parker Turner is reputed, in answer to the question, "why do you cave dive", to have said, "because they wouldn't let me be an astronaut". The quote always amused me before. It still does, but I think I now know at least something of what else he could have meant.

Joe



Dave, Jamie and Mel kit up at Carwash Cenote

mantas of méxico

Imagine a place so remote that you need a two day boat journey to get there and the marine life isn't just not scared of humans, they don't even associate them with trouble. The Revillagigedo Islands are just that place, where the mantas come to greet you to their home.

After a fairly dull week in the Bahamas, I cracked and finally broke my no drinking rule. Initially I had planned to only drink alcohol on the last day of each location of the trip, unfortunately this soon fell to pieces when we had several days to kill on an island to size of two football pitches, and limited things to do. So soon we were hauling all our gear onto a multitude of airplanes in a four leg hop from Bimini, Bahamas, to Los Cabo San Lucas, México. And when I say hauling it really was, with 1700 lbs of check-in luggage plus hand luggage some of which weighed as much as the check in luggage. Travelling with huge amounts of underwater photographic and video equipment causes all kinds of problems, with special handling by the airlines and customs forms to fill out at every location. Off we went via Nassau, Miami (possible the worst airport in the world) and Dallas before finally arriving in Los Cabo after two days, backs worn out and in need of sleep.

Checking into our hotel for recuperation, we check out the local refreshments, Tequila and Mexican beer. The perfect combination to break the ice, as we bumped into some of our fellow travellers for the next week, and people returning home, wearing their Nautilus Explorer T-shirts identifying the boat we were to be based on. On identifying them we quickly introduced ourselves and got the low-down on what the following days would be like.

In the morning, heading off to the marina, little did we expect the boat to be quite as big and grand as it was. For this was what I can only describe as a cross between a cross channel ferry and a luxury Red Sea liveaboard. It is a 116' steel ship, build to the same exacting international standards as the largest cruise

ships, and has earned a SOLAS passenger certificate for short international voyages, as well as an ISM certificate so we all felt in very safe hands under our skipper Mike Lever, and the huge crew of Dive Masters and ship hands. Most importantly the ship had its own chef, who didn't bother with pre-prepared food but created great meals and snacks from scratch, be it some pizza nibbles, fresh bread, huge roasts or a special pink birthday cake for John. This was also a serious dive platform with space for 24 stations on the back and a 38' aluminium support boat, plus two ribs.

As we headed off, Mike did the first of many briefing, for he was a stickler for safety and kept a strict reign on the ship and crew, laying down the rules on how the boat operated, and what we could do. On the whole it was pretty sensible giving us the freedom to do as much diving as was safe in the environment we were to be in. We were heading for the Revillagigedo Islands of San Benedicto, Socorro and Roca Patida, about 350 nautical miles away, and 250 miles off-shore, a two day journey given the weather. While a bit bumpy the journey was uneventful and gave us time to meet the other divers on the boat swapping diving yarns and rushing out to the bow when ever someone would shout "dolphin!" to see pods of between twenty and fifty dolphins swimming along with the boat, racing the bow wave and flipping up into the air.

On arriving at our first location, San Benedicto, we were greeted by the sight of a vast volcanic rock sticking up thirty metres out of the ocean, laden with ash from its last eruption back in 1952. The ash creating a grey textured surface which gave it a lunar like surface. Jumping in for our check out dive, we expect the usual dull checkout location and initially it appeared so, with only a rocky terrain and very little life. John my dive buddy and I started to explore, looking in holes and for interesting life, little did we expect what was going to happen next. As John stuck his head into a hole he didn't notice the lights

going out, as the sun disappeared, and me screaming my head off at him, for a fifteen foot manta had parked itself just above his head coming to see what he was looking at. Eventually seeing my excitement he looked up and almost spat his regulator out. The manta was just gliding above John allowing the bubbles to roll up along his belly, massaging himself. With some excitement we played with the manta stroking its belly and photographing it. As part of one of Mike's many long briefings, he had spoke about the chances of seeing mantas and how to interact with them, stroking their bellies and getting a bit more intimate if you dared. Little did we expect our first experience would be within ten minutes of being in the water with a manta three times the size of the one James and I had seen in the Red Sea. Talking to the others on the boat it appeared that the film crew, John and I were the only ones to get to enjoy this first of many encounters. However I'm not sure you will see much of Monty's encounter on the television, since he apparently took Mike's words to heart, and much of the footage is unbroadcastable. Simon the camera man is currently on talks with a Dutch-based porn channel to sell the rights to that footage.

On further dives around San Benedicto we did not see any more mantas, but I did get to see my first hammerhead shark in the distance, very timid and scared to come near us. They skirted around just on the edge of vision, leading us to believe their eye sight must be about as good as ours, allowing them to get just close enough to satisfy their curiosity without being in too much danger. It seems strange that a three metre shark should be scared of us, but they had plenty of reasons to. For the Pacific shark population is very rapidly being wiped out by fishermen hunting for their fins. We even saw one such fishing boat in the area, which we duly reported to the Mexican Navy. Unfortunately the most likely events to follow would be that after an exchange of cash they would get away with a small warning, such are the ridiculous amounts of money involved in the shark finning trade.

Moving on to Roca Patida, possible the most isolated place in the world, just a rock sticking

up in the air about thirty meters, but going down about three hundred metres. We were so remote that the first and only chart of the area was drawn in 1763, by Captain Vancouver, as he charted the western coast of the Americas. It seem bizarre to have these rocks sticking up in the middle of nowhere, but when you look on a map you soon realise that there is a line running from San Francisco down the Californian coast, all the way to the Galapagos forming one of the largest faults in the earths crust, and making this a very interested area geographically. During the briefing for the diving around Roca Patida, Mike had made strict rules about not drifting into the blue, since the next stop would be the Galapagos with no one else around to help us with the search.

As we plunged in, we saw before us this stark wall of rock. Swimming down to about twenty five metres we started to circle the rock. Coming across a series of caves filled to the brim with white tip reef sharks sleeping away. Our presence soon disturbed them and so eventually they started swimming around us as we snapped away. This is a very remote location for reef sharks, and it was hypothesised by Jessie the resident shark expert Dive Master that they had probably been carried there is a strong current quite some time ago before settling down and starting a colony there. On we went with our dive around the rock, to find the main group of divers hovering just off the rock, surrounded by five mantas circling the group of divers and giving each one a chance to stroke their bellies, before courteously backing off and then bowing before moving on to the next diver.

On completing that dive, Jim, one of the other photographers on board, and I wanted to get back in as soon as our minimum surface interval was over. The plan was to get back to the mantas before the rest of the divers, to get some nice clean shots without the clutter of the multitude of divers and their bubbles. Soon in we went racing down to the mantas, we easily got carried away with their elegance as they glided through the water, and we followed them, playing a game of hide and seek, as they swam to far away from the rocks and we tried

to stay within sight of the rock. Eventually we lost sight of the rocks, and realised that we better surface. Jim, being American and not used to diving in the sort of conditions we dive in the UK had very little in the way of safety equipment. So it was down to me, unravelling my delayed SMB, inflating it and slowly winding it back in as we ascended, all this with one arm while trying to juggle a camera with two big strobes on it as well. At this stage I was feeling very conscious that we were drifting too far, exacerbated by the three oceanic silky sharks that came up to us to investigate, then started circling us, with what appeared to be knives and forks in their fins and a napkins tucked in below their ferocious looking mouths. On reaching the surface I got out my flag and whistle to attract attention, for we were about a mile from the rock, and half a mile from the boat, drifting rapidly. This is it, this is the end, and maybe that film 'Open

Water' was not such rubbish after all. Luckily we were spotted very rapidly and the RIB was dispatched to retrieve us. There is a lot to be said for always carrying your flag, despite some of the strange looks I got throughout my trip by skippers thinking that I was doubting their ability to be able to find me. It's a big ocean out there!

Tobias

Find out about the Nautilus Explorer, visit www.nautilusexplorer.com

If you want to see and hear more about my adventures, visit www.vanVredenburgConsulting.co.uk/travels

The television documentary following Monty Halls on our trip will be shown on Channel 5 starting in October and will last for ten weeks.



marian's guide to dive sites and beyond!

Essential guide for divers and non divers

Marloes, Pembrokeshire

Camping at Foxdales - 2 stars for excellent breakfast bar. You will need to fill your tum as the dive site has no food facilities at all. Minus 1 star however for the swimming pool which never seems to be open and not enough toilet and shower facilities (two of each). *[Sadly, Foxdales won't let divers camp there anymore, though cheap and cheerful bunk rooms are available round the back of West Wales Divers, who do an even better breakfast - Ed]*

Dive Site - Martin's Haven. 3 stars for lovely car park, grassy with good outlook and views. Also good walking and boat trips to the islands to see birds - good for non divers. However minus 3 stars for the boulders on the beach followed by the 1 in 3 hill to be attempted by divers with full kit on after a long dive on the Lucy.

Occasional Dive Site - Dale. A better site with good slip but busier with divers. On the other hand 1 star for good café and toilet facilities. 2 stars as no 1 in 3 hill for the very keen. Marloes has various B&Bs and a pub. On a busy weekend it is difficult to get a meal with a bunch of people. Camp site BBQ-friendly though nearest good shops in Haverfordwest. As the dive shop is half way to Haverfordwest be prepared for a lot of driving.

Site Summary. A little cut off so come prepared with cool box, sandwiches etc. Very pretty and relaxing.

Penzance and beyond, Cornwall

Camping with Phil and Val at Trevar, eccentric and getting more so. An environmentally-friendly ground sheet for your tent is now essential equipment so as to not spoil their grass. Stilt tents appreciated.



1 star for air fill at camp site, so easy as long as the weather is OK. Many B&Bs and accommodation at Marazion (near by) but not so handy. You will also miss the camaraderie of choral snoring and midnight sorties to the toilets half a mile away. Shower and toilets OK but minus 2 stars for animal noise (not just the divers). Occasionally Phil and Val can be BBQ-friendly if they are invited to join in.

Dive Site - Penzance. 1 star for this car park, big and noisy yet adjacent to the shops and cafés. If a non diver it is best to head off to St Michael's Mount or its beaches. For boat handlers and marshals, make sure you get the tide times right here to avoid embarrassment..

Dive Site - Lamorna Cove. 4 stars at least for this lovely spot (almost my highest rating) for dive site, plus car park etc with small beach, good walking and excellent all day café serving cream teas, cornish pasties and many wonderful home made cakes. However the local council gets minus 1 star for removing the chirpy chappy car park attendant who used to sing us the Lamorna Song, but have now put in a machine instead.

Site Summary. Great week if the weather is on your side. Good diving, lots to see and eat.

Swanage, Dorset

3 stars for nice little town with many B&Bs, and camping is possible but I've never tried it. The one thing to remember about Swanage is it's essential to get your car onto the pier early and this may mean missing your lovely breakfast for wreck divers - a toss up as you could lose the whole breakfast to the fishes later on anyway!

3 stars for everything being local, air on the pier, town full of restaurants, nice beach and amusements arcade and not being far from London.

Site Summary. You can always try your hand at crazy golf if the weather blows up.

Bognor Regis, Somewhere!

Minus several stars. Sorry, maybe this needs some explanation. I went there once with my friend Noel Pach, world famous dental technician. We rushed to get there skipping breakfast and arrived at the car park opposite Butlins, which looked more like a prison (once I saw the inmates I understood!). After the dive we came back to discover that the tide had gone out about two miles so the boat decided to head to the Littlehampton slip. Noel and I went home as all the greasy burger bars on the front had closed, but others waited ad infinitum (or is that ad nauseum?) for the boat which had missed the slip and run out of petrol. Sometime later the lifeboat towed back our embarrassed boat handler and mate (you know who you are!). But ask about, I am sure you will find someone else who has something good to say about it!

Site Summary. Bugger Bognor!

Plymouth, Devon

Used to be Fort Bovisand - almost falling down but full of London No.1 tradition (is this just a physical similarity?). Now replaced by much better facilities at Mount Batten (better food too). 2 stars for this but minus 1 star for too little sleeping accommodation. Good luck if you can get in. Plus 3 stars however for the little ferry that takes you over to Plymouth Hoe night or day, crammed with ethnic charm, restaurants and drunken sailors (that's the Hoe, not the ferry).

No driving when you are on site so huge advantage. Good diving also on the Scylla and various locations around Plymouth Sound.

Site Summary. A bit of a trek for the weekend but worth it.

Farne Islands, Northumberland

Dive site - the small town of Seahouses home of twitchers and fish and chips. However 2 stars for lots of parking facilities on

the pier, air station not far away and short steps down to boat with kit. This prepares you for the mile long trip out to the Farne Islands with wonderful sea birds, wildlife and seals galore. Seals can be big and boisterous so come prepared with inflatable beach ball and sardines. Suggest you abandon your wet/semi-dry suit for a drysuit as the water is *freezing!*

Accommodation usually in shared self-catering houses. Also lots of B&Bs which are expensive for a week and don't even attempt camping you will get blown away or freeze in your sleeping bag! The reason for the self-catering is that Seahouses gets minus 2 stars for its restaurants. Believe me, you will get sick of fish and chips and the only good day time café Koffee & Kreme is shut at night. 2 stars for self-catering which can be very jolly, particularly if it blows up. 4 stars for tourist attractions for non divers such as Bamburgh Castle, the beaches, Craster kippers, Lindisfarne, etc.

Site Summary. Be prepared with thermal underwear and woolly hats, but definitely go!

Suggested great sites for next years' committee

Meerufenfushi, Maldives

5 stars (my highest rating) for everything here. Perfect island fringed with sandy beaches, palm trees and fruit bats. Accommodation in huts some of which go over the ocean. First class food and diving centre on the island. Warm seas, snorkelling for non divers but not much else to do except laze on the beach or by the pool.

Dive sites - various, all fantastic. Sometimes with strong currents but always scenic. Site Summary. This dive site is a must in Jan or Feb of '06.

Isle of Mull, Scotland

Lovely spot at Tobermory, 3 stars with wreck diving and excellent eating facilities.

Accommodation in self-catering as the weather can get minus 3 stars. Last time we were there, by Friday the mist lifted and then

we could see the rain! Good also for non divers with sea trips to see wales and dolphins plus the usual Scottish castles and of course Iona and Fingal's Cave.

Site Summary. A long drive up there but can't beat it if the weather is good.

La Favière/Port de Bormes, South of France

Also 5 stars for near perfect resort. A long way to trail boats but maybe as we only have one Perseverance now the hard boat facilities can be looked into?

Accommodation in flats on the marina ranging from luxury to basic but all on site with excellent French food, beaches, vineyards and South of France scenery. Last time I gather a game of Boule was attempted with the locals, also a circus came to town!

Site Summary. I can't wait.

Lulworth Cove, Dorset

A wild card here, but 3 stars for a pretty cove with safe diving for training. Launch boat and air fills from Swanage or Weymouth (that's the bad bit). Good in perfect weather, good B&Bs, good pub food and café on site. If you oversleep and miss your timing you will have to walk down from the car park with your gear but on the other hand good for non divers, lovely walking and shops/museum with old world charm.

Site Summary. Maybe not dive-ideal but small and perfectly formed.

Love you all.

Marian



L'Île de Port-Cros, South of France

get polishing...

Having just got back from my massive trip around the world (just thought I better mention it now in case you haven't heard), it was very kindly pointed out that I had volunteered to marshal the Swanage trip this year. Ahh panic, quick I've only a few days to get a plan together. Luckily I had been there a few times and had some books and guides. These, together with a few hours trawling around on the internet, meant that soon a plan was coming together. I had a list of sites suitable to all those going and backup plans should the weather change, and after a few calls to arrange towing the boat and accommodation we had ourselves a trip to Swanage in the bag.

Soon came the big day, packing my dive bag with kit still drying from being clean for the first time in ten weeks of continuous usage. In went all the essentials, regulator, BCD, mask, fins, shortie... oops perhaps not. I seem to remember the water around the UK getting a bit on the cold side, so brushing off the cobwebs from my drysuit, in the bag it went too. Nearly there, just one final item needed for a trip to Swanage... brass polish.

"What?", I hear you say, "brass polish... why do you need this for dive trip?". Well Swanage is a very important spot for London No.1 Branch, for this is where the ashes of Ted Welsh lay scattered, one of the clubs earliest members and great contributors to the club.

Ted was one of the few honoured souls who made it to the esteemed position of honorary members of BSAC London No.1 Branch, for all his work he had put in through the years and passion of the sea. After his death the club purchased a commemorative bench to honour and remember Ted. So each year when we go down to Swanage, one of the tasks we do is to give the plaque a good clean and polish.

I was very surprised to discover that many of this year's participants did not know about Ted's bench, until we took them down the pier to help with the task in hand. While polishing, I hope that we all thought of the many great dives over the years we had had due the club and the hard work of people like Ted. I certainly did. While many current members did not know

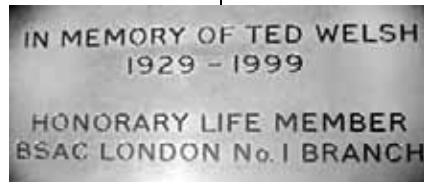
Ted, and in fact I had only known him very briefly since he passed away not long after I joined the club, it would be sad for Ted's bench to be forgotten in time. So please don't forget the polish and to pass on the knowledge of Ted's bench when you next go down to Swanage.

Postscript

It seems very poignant to have written this article at a time when news of T.J.'s death has

reached the club. So I hope we can do something similar to remember and honour T.J. too.

Tobias



the problem of urinating in diving suits

An abbreviated digest of vital Royal Navy experiments from the early 1950s, compiled from various sources by Freddy Liebreich.

Trials of diving suits had been carried out and proved satisfactory as regards insulation. The problem of urination had been investigated, with subjects wearing diving suits (dry, I presume, at the beginning of the tests anyhow) and floating in water at 60°F. The average rate of urinary secretion was 24 fl oz in three hours. Some subjects exposed to these tests experienced difficulties in micturating (the act of urinating, for readers who have difficulty with Latin derived medical terms) while floating on their backs. A variety of urine collecting devices were tried, but the only useful ones were knickers padded with absorbent cotton wool, which could absorb up to 40 fl oz of urine. Other experiments designed to diminish urine formation were proposed and further trials in the open sea and

under tropical conditions (i.e. in the Red Sea) were suggested.

R.N. research is obviously always very thorough and very helpfully they added to their research paper a table of penis sizes.

Average penis sizes in centimetres

	Length (cm)	Diameter (cm)
Mean size	8.378	3.020
Std deviation	±1.285	±0.241

Number of R.N. personnel measured 58

(Female R.N. staff had been excluded from the test sample)

Freddy

when you've got to go...

Er, yes. Thanks for that Freddy, and who said toilet humour was dead...? Anyhow, as everyone's most likely already been put off their lunch, I might as well go right ahead and bring this one up-to-date before *Boots* sell out of cotton wool.

It would appear that the R.N. are behind the game when it comes to micturition management. Current common practice amongst technical divers to allow effective hydration and diver comfort is the use of an Overboard Discharge Valve. Installed through the leg of one's drysuit, and otherwise known as a P-Valve, this in-water whizzing device is somewhat of a Frankenstein's Monster, mating specialist industrial grade tubing, one-way check-valves and fittings to certain products occupying a delicate area of the medical industry specialising in, as one leading

manufacturer delightfully euphemises, "innovative urological and urinary continence care products for urinary dysfunction management and urine drainage management". That's external catheters to you and me.

If you buy in bulk (ah... er, guilty), you are also supplied with a handy sizing tool - a cardboard disc with various measured semi-circular cut-outs against which to gauge optimal diameter (no really, I'm not making this stuff up...). I am not getting any younger, but becoming an expert on continence care products at a still relatively tender age was never part of the game plan. And people question the sanity of diving... it's not hard to wonder why sometimes!

Joe

book review

The Silent World by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau

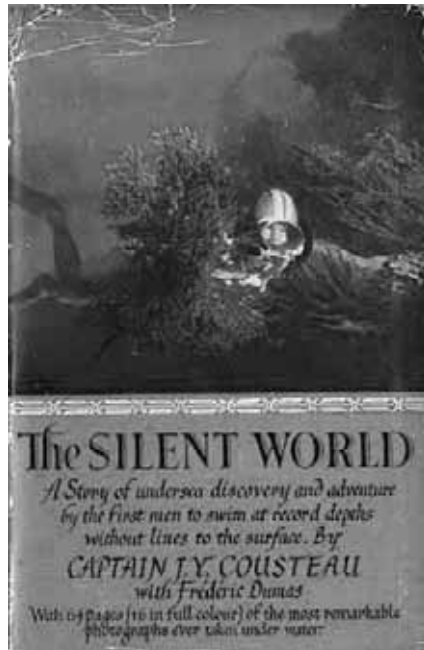
Before you scoff and tell me that it's not exactly a recent publication, I do know that! For a while I had been hunting around for an old edition of "The Silent World", so when I found a second edition for £2 in a second-hand book fair, I knew my luck was in, especially so considering that Amazon are selling reprints for £6.70 plus postage and packaging.

To put the book in its context, "The Silent World" was Jacques Cousteau's first book and was one of the first books to bring scuba diving to the masses. The first edition was published in 1953 and the second was published in 1954, coincidentally the years that BSAC and No.1 Branch were established.

That's enough now about the history, so what about the book itself?

As I have already implied, this book is aimed predominately at the non-diving public. What Cousteau succeeds in doing very well is combining an explanation of the science behind diving, with a graphic description of what it is like to dive and to experience the underwater world. Cousteau's style reflects this. One minute he will be demonstrating his ability to explain in a concise, but accurate, way diving theory; a paragraph later he will drift into a poetic and romantic description of the sights and sensations of diving.

This was epitomised for me in the first chapter in which he describes what I assume must be the first ever open water diver with scuba kit. Cousteau conveys very vividly his wonder and joy at experiencing for the first time the freedom bestowed on him by donning an aqualung: "I experimented with all possible manoeuvres of the aqualung - loops,



somersaults, and barrel rolls I stood upside down on one finger and burst out laughing - a shrill distorted laugh. Whatever I did, nothing altered the automatic rhythm of air. Delivered from gravity and buoyancy, I flew around in space."

Other chapters focus on such areas as wreck diving, attempts at breaking existing depth records and a demystification of creatures such as sharks and octopuses which were demonised by the non-diving public. One of the most graphic passages in the book was

Cousteau's description of the "massacre" of tuna by fishermen off the coast of Tunisia. By diving with the Tuna as the school is herded into an ever smaller mass before they are battered to death, Cousteau's account allows you to feel the claustrophobia and then panic of the tuna during their final seconds.

Leaving aside the power of Cousteau's language, one thing that was noticeable to me throughout the book is that Cousteau's explanations of diving theory remain accurate over fifty years later. His descriptions of nitrogen narcosis, decompression illness and other diving phenomena differ little from the explanations given in the first theory lessons we are taught today.

In summary, if you are looking to understand what it would have been like to experience diving in its infancy, seen from the perspective of the very people who were giving birth to the sport, whilst at the same time enjoying their personal descriptions of the sensations and emotions of diving, sensations and emotions which remain identical to those we experience whilst diving today during the adulthood of the sport, then read this book!

Jon C



It was way back in 1996 when an intrepid troupe of London No.1 Club divers set off for Swanage to help me make a pilot for television called "The Dive Team". At that point in time it was scripted and designed for the teenage audience. The weekend in which the sea at Swanage was so rough that it turned brown was good fun. Some training happened and some boat handling but mostly some posing for the camera and the 'lovies' loved it.

After the event I started to market the video and got some good response particularly from Westcountry Television down in Plymouth. They even discussed it at meetings and I was very hopeful. However they then got taken over by Carlton who stopped all their productions, and the whole thing ground to a halt.

The rest would have been history if it had not been for the advent of reality television. I saw that with a bit of tweaking the Dive Team could be re-dubbed and turned into a reality type TV production. This I have just done and am currently waiting for the new DVDs to arrive (I will be handing them around if anyone is interested).

As you and I know the club is going through a not so busy stage so hoping to gain some interest from outsiders I will explain what my idea would entail.

Stage 1: I will send out the new Dive Team DVDs with a letter and invitation to the TV/Productions Companies to come along and meet us and have a free try dive (this will be paid for my company Dream Productions). If this should come about I may be in touch with you (yes you!) to ask you to come down and

fill the club/pub up, make it look exciting and busy! I will also be contacting the people who originally helped with the Dive Team and try to encourage them to take part as well.

Stage 2: If there is any interest from TV companies (having met us and had a try dive) it would be more complicated. My master plan is that if the Dive Team takes off that we will take several people on try dives and eliminate the really bad ones going on to train ideally six people and push them through Ocean Diver as quickly as possible. A weekend or even two should do this (in a hired pool possibly Seymour Baths) and then take them into the sea/open water to finish the project. Don't panic however, there will be lots of discussions if the project takes off and if I can't find enough instructors to volunteer then I may have to borrow them from other clubs, or persuade them to join ours.

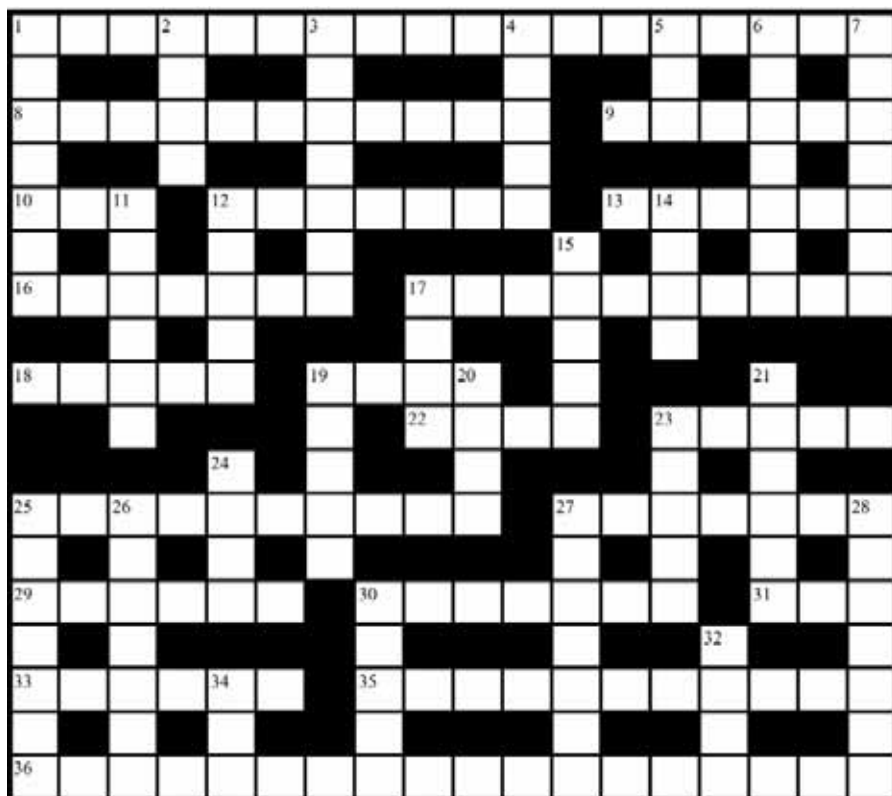
This is all speculation until a company shows an interest (I already have a contact at Ricochet South who wants a DVD) but I am hoping that it will at least get our club on the map and the sport of diving. It's got to be more interesting than cleaning drains or selling antiques! So for all you budding TV Stars, and would-be club instructors - stand by your beds and be prepared!

If anyone wants a DVD, knows any contacts or sponsors or just wants to contact me about the project call Marian Foss - Dream Productions on 01372 *****, mobile: 07980 ***** or e-mail marian.foss@*****.net

Marian

and finally...

Quiz time again, and another fine dive-related crossword from regular puzzle-master, Jamie



ACROSS

- 1 Halichoeres Hortulanus
- 8 Amphibious gobies
- 9 Another water lover
- 10 Burst lung (acronym)
- 12 Flag signalling that you require medical assistance
- 13 Fix
- 16 The World of '-----'. A Cousteau film
- 17 Most regulators have this design
- 18 Foggy
- 19 Oceanic oscillation
- 22 Compass point
- 23 Crustaceans
- 25 "Eureka!"
- 27 The English '-----'
- 29 Demand '-----'
- 30 Type of fitting
- 31 Powerful boat
- 33 Fish eating bird
- 35 Island chain
- 36 A black and red post with two black balls on top. (8, 6, 4)

DOWN

- 1 Sailing aid
- 2 Diving stores are too good at getting this away from us
- 3 Lives on land and in the water
- 4 Blunt
- 5 Dribble
- 6 Rescue
- 7 Tympanic membrane
- 11 Join the Navy
- 12 Breezy
- 14 BABY NEWTS
- 15 Helium and nitrogen are gases of this type
- 17 What we are all here to do
- 19 Impossible to dive without this
- 20 Lugs
- 21 Solenoid
- 23 Map
- 24 Hawser
- 25 Air sacs
- 26 Cousteau's ship
- 27 Submarine's tower
- 28 This should be filled in after each dive
- 30 Climb on
- 32 Bivalve
- 34 When we'll get there (acronym)

Copy deadline for next issue:

Friday 28 October 2005

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£ _____ for Life Governorship (once-only payment - min £1,500)
£ _____ for Storm Force membership (under 16's - min £5 p.a.)

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