

The Muddy Puddle

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Where were You?

It may take less time to get to the Red Sea than it does on a Bank Holiday weekend to get to Falmouth, but the journey is well worth it. Falmouth nestles outside of

England, in Cornwall, but in the present political climate you do not need your passport. The town itself is a mixture of the old and the new, the

quayside retains a small fishing village feel, while just yards away huge ocean going tankers are refitted. Children dive into the sea of the harbour steps and small sailing boats fill the estuary mouth. The shops split into two categories, either the usual high street stores

or the Surfer/New Age/Pasties shops. What sets Falmouth and the other towns in this area apart is the relaxed pace of life and glorious setting.. No one

many takers which was very surprising and almost caused the cancellation of the trip. Those members who braved the Holiday traffic, included Dr Chris



Sailes, Jamie "Xena" Dawson, Keith "Narco" Wicks, Mark "Chatterbox" Hennis, Jeff "Cartman" Proudfoot and Blake "Surfer Dude" Roberts, along with the usual suspects with

hurries anywhere, but everything is done on time. This soon rubs off on visitors, who have had a stressful journey from the big smoke.

The club took another opportunity to visit this Falmouth over the August Bank holiday, however after last years excellent weekend, there were not

their twins, Gary "10bar" Easom, Paul "I could be at a Party" Brown and Chris "Why am I doing this" Boddington. Dave Elphick also made the trip but decided not to dive due to personal reasons.

The boat the club was diving off of is proba-

Cont on page 5

Diving on T.V

Blue Planet

The BBC in it's wisdom is broadcasting a superb new series detailing Life in the seas and oceans of the world, including some from the British Waters, but don't expect to see yourselves on TV. It is going out on Wednesday evenings so set the videos.

Help!!!!

Ask not what your club can do for you, but what you can do for your club....

Yep, it's AGM time soon and all he posts are up for grabs again, and a few people are standing down.

First off, Paul Brown would like to step down from his role as Expeditions Officer, he has been in the role a few years now and been very successful at it. However it is time for new blood so if you feel up to it please approach him and he'll tell you what's involved.

Also there is this post, editor, which I am definitely stepping down from now.

All posts are up for grabs but these two especially.

DIVES COMING SOON

Sunday 30 Sept 2001
Wreck
Brighton
Channel Diver
Club Diver

Please confirm with the Dive Marshall the night before that the dive is going ahead!!!!

A G M

Monday
12th Nov 2001
Bsac 23 AGM

Venue
TBA

TRAINING OFFICER'S / EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS

Well they still haven't taken me away nor have you lot killed me, which is kind of surprising.

My network of spies and secret agents have been busy recently and have uncovered a deep dark secret which will be revealed in the coming months.

Narced has been very quiet, but is building for a climax in October I am led to believe, although whether Narced can keep it bottled up until then remains to be seen, as Narced is rather excitable.

In the meantime, I have obtained a manuscript from the land of the Little People and the Spud-U-Like, detailing dive club activities in Ireland. My man in Ireland also gives a fair account of something called Altitude Diving. No Roy, it doesn't involve planes and parachutes so don't start spouting on about that airborne nonsense.

Training wise I've seen yet more Controlled Buoyant Lifts and am seriously beginning to bore of them. It seems too many of you are doing it right and not killing one another. I was told this was a sure fire way to cut down the number of trainees, obviously they were wrong. I'll have to start an underwater explosives course next month.

Larkfield, is still being used to great extent, I have named the Terrapin, Jamie as it gives a nasty nip and doesn't do anything it's told. On a recent jaunt (hah!) there, I witnessed a novice windsurfer almost take Tom Maguire's head off. Obviously Tom was not using his trainee as a shield like I was.

July presented a weekend to the Kent coastal town of Ramsgate, for a training weekend. This was greatly received by some and proved a great strain for others (me). I would like to thank this opportunity to apologise to those who could not attend the weekend, for any problems we caused and hope that we can address the balance.

What the weekend did provide is that we cut the formal number of trainees (club/sports) by half, as the final skills we completed and those members which attended were virtually all signed up.

Thus I would like to congratulate Natalie Allen, Steve Barret, Jamie Dawson, Andrew Hart, Patrick Campbell, Kevin Bryan and Keith Wicks on obtaining their Sport Diver Grade. I am sure the other members of the club wish you all the best. Brian Davidson is also nearing completion of his Sports diver grade, as are Karen and Bruce.

Anna took her first Sea / RiB dive and although conditions were not ideal, she performed excellently and enjoyed it (except for Tom's and Edd's roller coaster ride back to port).

Dive leader Lectures were completed and were interesting if not enjoyable, some interesting theories were thrown around including one professing the world was not a sphere. Dave Elphick once again showed time does not concern him, by turning a 15 minute talk into an hour and a half of Countdown. Mr Boddington was asked to demonstrate the "fireman's" lift but declined on medical grounds (knee injury from Football) so Mr Maguire attempted to lift Mr Elphick, thus putting his knee out.

Dive Leader Practical will resume during September (when I'm off on my hols) and continue until October (when all those involved in the D/L teaching are off on their hols).

I was looking at getting members on the region run Boat Handling Course in September, however the weekend has changed and now coincides with a RiB Dive, so has to be dropped. We are looking at running one within the Branch, maybe next year.

Also the planned night dive, has had to be shelved due to a mixture of, available time and available people. The only good time on the Mulberries through out August and September were for Friday evenings, and support wasn't great.

Over the winter we are looking at running some activities and course in the pool and would like your suggestions. O2 course, Lifesaver and a Buoyancy course are being looked at, but if you can think of any others please let me know.

My personal thanks to all those who have helped out over the past few months on those long hard cold days of training, Tom, Jan, Sue, Dave, Rob, Jeanette and Mark your help as always is invaluable, and many thanks for the hours and effort you have put in.

If you require any information on training or on course run inside or outside the club please contact me.

Chris Boddington

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Diver(s) of the Month

This month once again I was under the impression that people were not playing the game and that the award might just go unawarded. However one or two people came forward with nominations.

First off we have a young lady, although I would use the word lady in the loosest possible manner, who through the Falmouth Weekend decided to out lad the lads.

This young diver, for want of a better word, drank equal (well almost equal for once) quantities of beer, and almost as much scoff as most male members of the club. She tried to assault one of the Committee members in the centre of Falmouth High Street, which if filmed would have been X rated. She decided that she would join the Easom Brigade, by stripping down to her undies and diving into the not so tropical water surrounding Britain, and then æjoked several other easily lead members to follow her example. This led to the Training officer making that decision he should enter the water for safety reasons, just in case a medical emergency should arise. She even became entangled in a discussion with several members from the club about the theory of evolution.

Now all this may sound politically incorrect and sexist, and I am not objecting to any of the above behaviour, as the young "lady" diver livened up the weekend. I am in no way saying she was not the equal of any diver in the club. She is in fact Superior to many if not all members in the club in one area.

She can fart like no other. Now I myself have been known to release slightly noxious odours on occasion, I have also had the unenviable experience of sampling the Greater Easom Gaseous Expulsions and lived to tell the tale. But even that Krakatoa of Methane, Mr Elphick would be had pushed after several pints of the black stuff, a Chicken Vindaloo, 4 tin of baked beans and a packet of Johnny Fart Pants Farting Powder to match Jamie Dawson's output on Monday the 25th August 2001. There is a new hole in the O-zone layer just above Falmouth, where enough concentrated methane was pushed out in one brief motion to put British Gas out of business.

Not since the eruptions of Rob Paynton have the nostrils of mankind been assaulted.

However she did not make Diver of the Month, no there is another.

Now imagine you're a hotel manager for international chain of hotels, which are a household name. Now imagine you don't just run one hotel but 24 hotels across the South East of England, and you work for a global company, you interact daily with people from as far a field as Australia, America, India and Wales.

Now imagine you have a jet-set lifestyle, touring Britain, holidaying in the South of France, or Ireland or even Australia.

We live in an age where man has travelled beyond the effects of Gravity, and looked down on our world and seen it for what it is, a large ball of rock and water surround by gases with many wonderful things living on it and a parasite call man. This image is now relayed to millions and millions of people who believe the world is ROUND. But wait your are that Regional Hotel Manager, you know the truth, world is truly Flat, it is not a sphere but as flat as a pancake, or this is what Mr Andy Perrion seemed to state during a recent dive leader lecture. Perhaps Mr P would like to leave the middle ages and join the rest of the club in the 20th and 21st Centuries. (I realise that some of the building fraternity are still in the yearly 1980 but at least they realise the world is round). Or will the instructors be burned at the stake for Heresy.

Wait there is another challenger. This one isn't really the persons fault it's just in case you hadn't heard and wanted to poke fun at him.

One of the recently qualified Sports Divers has already experienced the Narcs, yes Nitrogen Narcosis. Now most people will get it at some level beyond 30 metres, although it can come one as early as 25m. You can usually determine at what initial depth they are susceptible at by the level at which the regain full sense on the ascent.

In this case we find that one of the club members was narced at 20m, sparko, eyes the size of dinner plates, trying to be one of the Knights of Nie. His buddy and experienced Dive Leader helped him to ascent o a safe level, where his situation improved. Keith Wicks finally regained total control back at 9m, which means he could be the first person to get narced in Larkfield if he can find a 1m hole in the lake bed. I am please to report however that Keith has done several dives since that incident to greater depths and all seems well, or at least that is what the mermaid he was diving with says.

Several other people have been narced this month, rumours are sketchy as my spies haven't totally broken down the walls of silence but I hear that Mr Tom Maguire was slightly out of his tree and running through the wood naked whilst on the Moldavia, ignoring his dive plan and saying bibble to the fish. I also heard that Mr Denis Copeland was also saying eeky-eeky-patong with the fish on the same dive. But both these cases are justified as the Molly is rather deeper than 20m, and is a hell of a lot deeper than 9m.

But Diver of the Month goes to a man of such worth and money that he has disposable dive equipment. Our hero went through not one but two SMB reels in 2 dives. He is known as Two Reels Tony, and as I am soon to spent a week on board ship with him in the middle of the Red Sea, I shall say not more.... Not that I'm scared or anything by he just might attach me to one of those super unbreakable carabineers as that he used to attach his reels to and I too might disappear.

For all those Diving complaints BSAC 23 is proud to announce that it has acquired the services of a well respected Doctor, who will be running a surgery relating to both diving and non-diving medical disorders on most weekend Dives Boats.

Further, our BSAC23 Doctor will bring along his who pharmaceutical supplies so there is no need queue for hours at the local chemist any more as they will be prescribed and delivered with treatment.

For further details please contact Dr. Chris Sailes, c/o Post Office Counters Ltd.

“He is not a Quack”

**Get Well
Soon
To
Mark, Dave and
Dave
From
All of Croydon
BSAC**

Show your True Colours

It has been some years now since the club had some T-Shirts printed with a suitable logo. The time is ripe for another batch. The general consensus would indicate that an embroidered polo shirt would be prefer over a T-shirt, and a slightly humorous logo of a colourful tropical fish wearing shades (a Dude fish) as seen through a port hole seems to have met with general approval with those who have seen it. So with out further ado...lets have your orders...I would like to order 100 shirts to get a decent price break, so I would like to think that all of you will be ordering at least two !

How much are they I hear you cry...a bargain £16.50 each, or £15.00 each if you have two or more.

The shirts are available in the following colours and sizes.....if you order in advance you can have what ever colours you want in what ever size you want. Christmas isn't all that far away... do your shopping for the whole family in one hit ..!

Colours:	Sizes:	Chest (guidance only)
Sky Blue	S	38
Jade	M	40
White	L	42
Burgundy	XL	44
Kelly Green	2XL	46/48
Navy Blue	3XL	50/52
Purple	4XL	54/56
Royal Blue	5XL	58/60
Heather Grey		
Turquoise		
Black		
Bottle Green		
Canary Yellow		
Natural		
Burnt Orange		
Red		
Raspberry		

For further Details Please contact :

Mark Emuss

bly, nah, is the best day dive boat operating along the south coast, and probably in the top three in the country. It is called Under Pressure and is run by Cornish diving and skippered by Steve, who will do anything to help. Along with the boat comes 12 lt cylinders and free air fills, so there is no need to bring a bottle if you wish as they can be supplied. Further lunch is provided every day, freshly prepared on board. Needless to say the gannets of the club were in there element although not even they could finish everything. Steve himself is one of the best skippers out there, and always up for a laugh. Being an ex-London/Essex boy you can understand him and his sense of humour.

The clubs choice of hotels is not always up to scratch and this year for some was no exception, rising damp and one bathroom/toilet between six divers and Dave Elphick will obviously cause problems. However Mr Boddingtons 22min stint in the shower didn't help.

What about the diving you may cry, well if you weren't there, tough!! You can stick your Brighton Pier and your Ore wreck as the Mohegan and Manacles kick them into touch.

The Mohegan was a 7,000ton liner which went down on the 13th October 1898 with the loss of 106 lives. She was a4 masted with a single funnel at her heart, and was driven by 4 boilers and a triple-expansion engine. Her beam was 16m and a length of 147m. She strayed off course and struck the Manacles, holing her and sending her to her doom. The shallowest part of the wreck is at 15m and stretches to 26m.

The viz was a mere 6metres but the colours were magnificent, fish buzzed past without a care, large Pollock and Wrasse, together with all kinds of invertebrates. Jelly fish abounded every where hanging like silent angels in the current.

On one dive Miss Dawson managed to find the worlds smallest Dogfish, it was so small that her buddies failed to notice it at first, then realising that it wasn't your average sized dogfish adjusted their vision, and withdrew their magnifying glasses to notice it.

Other noticeable wildlife was the Cartman Fish, a.k.a Mr Proudfoot in his Non-Dry Suit. Mark Hennis was drier in his wetsuit. Finally there was the seal, no not the fabled Sally the Seal, long term love interest of an ex-member, but another female Seal. This seal now spends most of it's summers in Falmouth Harbour getting free hand outs from the local fisherman.

However it was strangely mistaken when I appeared next to the Club's hard boat and went for something it thought was fish. Luckily it pulled away at the last moment probably due to the smell, because was it thought were fish were in fact Mr Proudfoot's very damp and smelly socks.

The Manacles is a group of rock pinnacles, which stand erect from the seabed, rising from 40-50m up to the surface, they are covered with kelp, fan "corals", and millions and millions of jewel anemones. Here too, fish swarm around, in and out of the kelp beds, as crabs hunt and scavenge amongst the roots.

The viz runs better due to the continued movement of water reaching 8+ metres in places.

On the social side the weekend was another outstanding success (it always is). The newer members to the club enjoyed it as much as the old hands. The quayside where the boats pick up from contains three pubs, which is always a blessing, all with outside seating, so a swift half or two can always be down immediately upon return. There is also the inevitable pasty shop but the less said the better.

Falmouth contains many fine restaurants although Indian Cuisine is not amongst there chosen best. In fact is best avoided. However all the restaurants are always busy, so much so that on the second night the group had to settle for Fish and Chips. Which only registered 7 on the Boddington Fish and Chip index, although everyone else thought it was superb (what do they know?).

The following night the group settled for a Thai meal, which was warmly received and enjoyed by all. It also saw a new level of sophistication in the club. Most members actually drank wine with their meal, no it's true, even Mr Brown. Then several members ended the meal with a glass of cognac, which like the wine wasn't thrown down one's throat but savoured.

But most bizarre was, now sit down for this one, was a discussion between Mr Brown, Miss Dawson and Mr Easom on Darwin's theory of evolution. I kid you not, this discussion went on, and on. Miss Dawson and Mr Brown mostly agreeing with theory, whilst Mr Easom firmly disagreeing, (no doubt he has his own theory, much like his own Dive Tables). However the discussion dragged on, once outside the restaurant and into the high street. It got a point where it was becoming boring to the outside parties. It was ended by Mr Boddington shouting at the top of his voice, "I cannot believe we are being lectured about the theory of Evolution by a Brummie!". Miss Dawson who comes from one of the afore mentioned uncouth northern tribes reverted to her primeval state and attempted to kick Mr Boddington, which he caught (easily) and held. Miss Dawson now standing on one leg, through millennia of evolution decided that the only way to free herself was to wrap her foe in an embrace, by throwing her arms around his neck and straddling his pelvic area with her other leg, (This position is described on page 132 on the Karma Sutra). As planned Mr Boddington let go of her leg, and stood with a grin on his face towards the rest of the group who were now whooping and a howling in the street as this embrace. Needless to say Evolution was not mentioned again.

Finally, I am sorry to say that Easom Disease spread throughout the boat as several club members decided to go for a swim in British waters without the protection of a Dry suit.

On behalf of all those who went I would like to Dave for booking the accommodation and Paul for the diving a sorting the whole thing out. Cheers boys.

"Valentia Voyages"

by Jonathan Grisenthwaite (alias Twittle Twattle),
May 2001.

The Club trip to Valentia Island over the May Bank Holiday was great fun. The weather was kind though the viz could have been better. Here is a random collection of my memories of the long weekend:

It is a heck of a drive, with journey times ranging from 5.75 to 9 hours. I'm happy to claim one of the shortest times due to my: a) alleged "Sterling Moss" driving skills b) strategically planned departure time from Dublin c) taking the direct route this year. (My journey last year was both epic and scenic; taking in all the southern coastline).

The Dive Briefings were spiced up with Nigel and Tim's baptism of fire as trainee D.O.'s. They had contrasting briefing skills; Nigel scored well on planning and content, whilst Tim majored on delivery. All they need to do now is cross-train! Particularly entertaining during these briefings was the Eddie/Stewart "good cop, bad cop" routine (or was it "bad cop, bad cop") comprising brainless interruptions and counter proposals to the plan. That, if nothing else, got the sympathy of the crowd with the trainee three stars. Well done all four lads, it was classic entertainment!

The first days diving was dedicated to getting everyone up to speed again. We all did very well and without an incident of any kind. Except that is for Aoife's (Rua) two-way neck seal. The next day saw her modelling Yvonne's action man sized wetsuit. I stared in disbelief at how small the wetsuit was. I doubt I could have got more than one limb into it. I've got enough problems squeezing into my own wetsuit as it is - skipper Martin reduced me to hysterics during my usual struggle to don my wetsuit with the remark "I'd take up Chess if I were you". Checkmate Martin!

I experienced a totally new diving sensation on this trip.....diving when stone cold sober. I've now concluded that diving is cold, dark and really quite scary so I propose to stay at home and explore the exciting world of needlework instead.

The water was a chilly 11 degrees C so the hot showers at the end of the day were fantastic. You should have heard the "Oohs" and "Aahs" emanating from the wetsuit gang (Blathnaid, Mary Francis, Clodagh and Jonathan). Just for the record, we were in separate showers (dream on Jonathan!)

Declan amused us all by getting in touch with his feminine side on the quay-side with the help of Mary Francis's dolly dive bag.

We were rewarded with brilliant weather on the second day. This allowed us a trip to the Skelligs! Thankfully none of us repeated the "vomit fountain" impressions of last year's trip. To quote Aoife

(Dove), it was almost but note quite "yippee, best dive ever". I had a stroke of (mis)fortune by being buddied with Danny "deepo" Halligan. True to his nickname, he wanted depth. So I took him for a bit of an energetic dive which involved scouring the seabed at 40m followed by a brief but enjoyable visit to narcosis street. Handicapped as we were, we discovered the third Skellig. Delighted, we ascended to escape deco penalties only to discover that our Skellig was, alas, submerged. We peaked at around 20m with the deco clock still running. Welcome to the world of NBU, "navigational balls-ups". (NBU is a technical diving term exonerating any three star from all blame whatsoever). Being no stranger to NBU I led us on a middle water fin for about 10 minutes, cross current, finally catching sight of the Skelligs again (bizarrely I saw them first above the water before seeing them horizontally ahead - this was due to the poor viz). Finally broke the surface remotely close to where we should have been with Deepo shouting "Jaysus, mae pur liddle legs, oi've finnd em ov". (Yes, we travelled about three miles.) Adventure is the spice of life!

The final evening proved to be the highlight of the weekend. Declan started the evening in an (un)characteristically mature mindset "I'm not getting pissed tonight, I'll only drink shandies tonight as full pints kill me". Alas, Shandie-Boy Langton had not reckoned on the Kerry Shandy. This infamous drink is half a lager with..... another half of lager. So after several "shandies" the inevitable happened: Shandie-Boy metamorphosed into "The Stallion". {Now settle down girls, don't interrupt a good story with all that screaming.} Once the second pint was downed, and Stallion was pickled, his sexual magnetism kicked in (or was it the odour of his unwashed undies?). Within minutes Stallion was surrounded by an admiring gaggle of young ones (and not so young ones). Stallion so impressed the skippers wife Sandra that she, in full view of her husband, attempted to remove Stallions trousers. But I never could work out why she was laughing so much. Anyway, the legend that is The Stallion grows on.....

Meanwhile (back at the ranch), the Cork versus Dublin pool championship was reaching its climax. Cork won the day with Markieboy potting the winning shot (after a lucky ricochet off a not so lucky ceiling). Never mind Nigel, you have a year to train for the rematch. Markieboy, celebrating his explosive rise to sports mega-stardom, then downed his own weight in black stuff. The result was a pub-

lic celebration of the first anniversary of his wedding - and he also got to snog Aoife (Rua that is; Dove must have been ogling Stallion along with the rest of the young ones). Sadly, Markieboys adventures did not cease there. He managed to pile into our room at 4AM with the question "ahe lads, are yee getting op fur a bit o fun?" followed all too soon with the announcement "ahe lads, I'm feeling a bit amorous now". There was then some ominous squawking and a plea for help from one of the top bunks. On behalf of the rest of the room, we'd like to apologise to Nigel for not helping him in his hour of peril!

By the way I still can't believe the Club managed to avoid the brawl with the bikers in that pub, somebody is very lucky.

Note all the above is true, I should know, I was sober (sob, sob).

On the Monday skipper Martin gave a small group of us a tour around a real Lifeboat. This was really interesting and his stories were fascinating. A collection was taken.

Thanks to Blathnaid, the ADO's, the divers, and of course Eddie (quietly keeping his eye on everything as always) for organising a great weekend. We'll be back!

Recent Dives : Into the ~~Blue~~ Green

It's been a little while since the last column and a lot of diving has been done, although a number of the shallower dives were called off due to weather constraints.

The club has carried out various dives aboard the RiB, with the Mulberries being visited as well as the infamous Mixon Hole. The Mulberries were said to be diveable on any tide, although back in June the Spring tide at the time wanted to argue. The Mixon was it's splendid excellence again although the viz was down on previous years.

The club trip to the Kentish waters went from being a deep diving weekend to a training weekend,. This was a great chance for the club to try a different location. The weekend was a mixture of good and bad points. For the previous week storms had been blowing up the channel which effected the viz, reducing it down to 2 -4 metres close in, however further out in the 35-50m depths it was still 6-8 metres. The Boat clean and well maintained, although the skipper not as experienced as the regular skippers used on the South Coast by the club. Harbour facilities were excellent to say the least, with no need for a long lug of gear, with several pubs and restaurants on the harbour as well. Due to the poor viz the diving wasn't great, but if the viz was there I'm sure it would have been much better, especially as one of the wrecks dived stood 17m proud in only 20 metres off water.

Several times more the club dived out of Brighton on some deeper dives. Now whether it was the depth or the Narcs I cannot for my life remember what they were but I was there and I remember that they were great. I also remember that Tom Maguire's Dry suit was never dry

and that fish could swim up one sleeve and down the other, it was that wet.

Needless to say that new favourite second dive of the club (the old one being Ship Rock), Brighton Pier was done again , with the viz decreasing even further. Several members believed this was an opportunity to dive alone. This was not and they were duly spoken to.

The Moldavia was also dived and a report of that is detailed further in this publication. Several members ventured up to Scapa Flow, and all that happen there has been well documented. I am sure we wish them all a safe and speed recovery.

Meanwhile, on southern shores, the club visited the Oceania, 24m down of Eastbourne. This was another excellent dive and allowed all those attending to sample the joys of simple British diving. The shoals of Bib (Pouting) and Pollock were uncommonly large for an unprotected wreck. This was followed up by a dive on Eastbourne Shoals which although not as exciting allowed all to experience the thrill of a fair drift dive.

Finally the club visited Falmouth and another excellent trip which too is detailed elsewhere.

Many thanks to all those who have organised and help out on all the club trips and a special thanks to Paul Brown for all the hard work he puts in organising the trips.

Dear Molly....

There is something about the Moldavia. I don't know what it is but there is just something about it. It is widely regarded as THE wreck to dive off of the Sussex coast – and at the end of July someone made the mistake of letting Croydon BSAC 23 loose on it...

To give you a bit of history – the Mol was a luxury P&O liner that was requisitioned in the first World War. It had 4 guns stuck on it and was used as a troop carrier. In 1918 it was torpedoed by UB-57 (skipped by Oberleutenant Hans Lohs – a man who has provided divers on the South Coast with much of their sport) and sunk with the loss of 57 lives. The wreck now lies 25 miles South of Littlehampton in a general depth of 48m (there are sections where you can get 52m).

11.00am sees the Croydon crew loading on to the hard-boat DS9. There are 10 of us and 2 trimix divers from outside the club. Our motley crew busied themselves loading twinsets, stage bottles, deco stations and all the other gubbins that goes with a deep dive. It was reassuring to find out that the skipper had broken his wrist the night before – so was going to be about as much use as a chocolate teapot if he had to help anyone out...nice.

The chug out to the Mol is a long one – about 2.5 hours. In this time there was little to do except chat, sun-bathe, eat and moan – all of which were done by experts in their own fields (you know who you are...). We arrived on site at about 2.30pm to be greeted with a good view of the container ships passing either side of us. After a bit of faffing the shot was in the wreck and we were clipping on the deco station. For those of you not familiar with this system, it is a trapeze that hangs from 2 buoys that has bars at 3m, 6m and 9m to do your deco on. It also allows you to play “spot the Christmas Tree diver” and “catch the SMB reel”...nice.

Mark and I entered the water first on to the station to check it had unfolded properly. A couple of the bars were tangled so Mark went down to sort them while I attached the spare cylinder of air to the 3m bar. At this point (less than a minute into the dive!!!!) I had a

bit of a problem in that I managed to attach the bottle to the station but not detach myself from the bottle. I was stuck to the station like a South Coast cod in a French fisherman's net - luckily Mark was on the ball and sorted me out (which was a surprise really because on other occasions when we have dived the Moldavia he has barely been sober!). After signing in we finally made our way down the shot and after a few minutes landed on the wreck at about 45m. Vis was 6m ish and the shot had been placed in the middle of the break. We made it...

Vis was down from what we had expected (usually about 10-20m) but we still swam off as planned to find the bows. Once we found the intact section of the ship we realised we had gone the wrong way (pro's eh?) and doubled back. The swim to the bow was a short one – we had a bit of a dig about on the way along but made it quite quickly. The ship lies on its port side and to see the bow looming up was very impressive. The hull is completely covered in tiny Jewel Anemones – something which we hadn't really noticed before. Unfortunately it was then time to go back to the shot and begin the ascent. Our deco schedule was based on a 30-minute bottom time – we would take a further 50 minutes to reach the surface. As we were beginning our stops (the first of which was at 30m) we could see the other divers bubbles and torches round the shot as they began their ascent. Several pairs went passed until the only 2 below us were Gary and Dave. At this point the deco station needed unclipping from the shot, apparently the perfect aid to efficient decompression and avoiding DCI after a deep dive is to drop down 5m when you are on your stops to undo a clip...The Easom tables, once again, were in full effect.

Once we had stopped laughing we continued to ascend. We made it to the 9m bar to be greeted with raining SMB reels – And Mr Stickland (whose been diving 20 odd years), its no good blaming Tom for not clipping it on – if you cannot use the kit you shouldn't have it. You were in good company though as our DO seems to be have a reel-loss on every dive he does these days!

After some long, boring deco we were back on the boat and chugging home to Littlehampton. All in all it was a cracking day out – I'm sure there will be some takers for next year. Thanks to all who took part – you know who you are.

My Best Dive..

I found this tale whilst I was trawling the net, it was submitted by a guy simply called Tim...

My BEST dive was teaching a class of open water students in NZ. I had the class all on the bottom in a nice semi-circle around me. As I was attempting to demonstrate mask clearing I noticed no one was paying attention. Everyone was swimming around in great excitement. I cleared my mask so I could see and found the cause. A pod of Bottle-nosed Dolphin had come to investigate what we were doing and started playing with the students. They were ecstatic!

Then I noticed most of the guys weren't looking at the dolphins but were gazing towards the surface. I soon saw why, a gorgeous 19yr old Dutch girl we'd left on the boat had seen the dolphins decided she couldn't miss the opportunity to swim with them. Not having a swimsuit and forgetting there were divers below her, she'd stripped off completely (that's right, starkers!) and dived in. She spent the next 15mins swimming around overhead as the dolphins played.

Needless to say we eventually had to abandon any further skills training on that dive. The guys were in no fit state due to hyperventilation and the girls couldn't keep their mask from leaking due to laughing at the guys!

Warning I received this and though you might find it amusing, I've removed most of the swearing but not all!!

Let this be a lesson to you if you like curry!

Notes From An Inexperienced Curry Taster Named FRANK, who was visiting Phoenix, Durban, South Africa from the U.S. "Recently I was honoured to be selected as a judge at a curry cook-off. The original person called in sick at the last moment and I happened to be standing there at the judge's table asking directions to the beer wagon when the call came. I was assured by the other two judges (couple of local Indians) that the curry wouldn't be all that spicy, and besides, they told me I could have free beer during the tasting, so I accepted".

Here are the scorecards from the event:

Curry # 1: Manoj's Maniac Mobster Monster Curry

JUDGE ONE: A little too heavy on tomato. Amusing kick.
 JUDGE TWO: Nice, smooth tomato flavour. Very mild.
 FRANK: What the hell is this stuff? You could remove dried paint from your driveway. Took me two beers to put the flames out. I hope that's the worst one. These Indian fellows are crazy.

Curry # 2: Applesamy's Afterburner Curry

JUDGE ONE: Smoky, with a hint of pork. Slight Jalapeno tang.
 JUDGE TWO: Exciting BBQ flavour, needs more peppers to be taken seriously.
 FRANK: Keep this out of reach of children! I'm not sure what I am supposed to taste besides pain. I had to wave off two people who wanted to give me the Heimlich manoeuvre. They had to rush in more beer when they saw the look on my face.

Curry # 3: Farouk's Famous Burn Down the Barn curry

JUDGE ONE: Excellent firehouse curry! Great kick. Needs more beans.
 JUDGE TWO: A beanless curry, a bit salty, good use of red peppers.
 FRANK: Call Colesburg, I've located a uranium spill. My nose feels like I have been snorting Drano. Everyone knows the routine by now, get me more beer before I ignite. Barmaid pounded me on the back; now my backbone is in the front part of my chest. I'm getting sh#t-faced from all the beer.

Curry # 4: Barbu's Black Magic

JUDGE ONE: Black bean curry with almost no spice. Disappointing.
 JUDGE TWO: Hint of lime in the black beans. Good side dish for fish or other mild foods, not much of a curry.
 FRANK: I felt something scraping across my tongue, but was unable to taste it, is it possible to burn-out taste buds? Savathree, the barmaid, was standing behind me with fresh refills; that 300 lb woman is starting to look HOT, just like this nuclear waste I'm eating. Is curry an aphrodisiac?

Curry # 5: Laveshnee's Legal Lip Remover

JUDGE ONE: Meaty, strong curry. Cayenne peppers freshly ground, adding considerable kick. Very impressive.
 JUDGE TWO: Curry using shredded beef; could use more tomato. Must admit the cayenne peppers make a strong statement.
 FRANK: My ears are ringing, sweat is pouring off my forehead and I can no longer focus my eyes. I farted and four people behind me needed paramedics.
 The contestant seemed offended when I told her that her curry had given me brain damage. Savathree saved my tongue from bleeding by pouring beer directly on it from a pitcher. I wonder if I'm burning my lips off? It really pisses me off that the other judges asked me to stop screaming.

Curry # 6: Vera's Very Vegetarian Variety

JUDGE ONE: Thin yet bold vegetarian variety curry. Good balance of spice and peppers.
 JUDGE TWO: The best yet. Aggressive use of peppers, onions, and garlic. Superb.
 FRANK: My intestines are now a straight pipe filled with gaseous, sulphuric flames. I sh#t myself when I farted and I'm worried it will eat through the chair. No one seems inclined to stand behind me except that Savathree, she must be kinkier than I thought. Can't feel my lips anymore. I need to wipe my arse with a snow cone!

Curry # 7: Sugash's Screaming Sensation Curry

JUDGE ONE: A mediocre curry with too much reliance on canned peppers.
 JUDGE TWO: Ho Hum, tastes as if the chef literally threw in a can of curry peppers at the last moment. I should note that I am worried about Judge Number 3. He appears to be in a bit of distress as he is cursing uncontrollably.
 FRANK: You could put a grenade in my mouth, pull the pin, and I wouldn't feel a damn thing. I've lost the sight in one eye, and the world sounds like it is made of rushing water. My shirt is covered with curry which slid unnoticed out of my mouth. My pants are full of lava-like sh#t to match my damn shirt. At least during the autopsy they'll know what killed me. I've decided to stop breathing, it's too painful. Screw it, I'm not getting any oxygen anyway. If I need air, I'll just suck it in through the 4 inch hole in my stomach.

Curry # 8: Hansraj's Mount Saint Curry

JUDGE ONE: A perfect ending, this is a nice blend curry, safe for all, not too bold but spicy enough to declare its existence.
 JUDGE TWO: This final entry is a good, balanced curry, neither mild nor hot. Sorry to see that most of it was lost when Judge Number 3 passed out, fell over and pulled the curry pot down on top of himself. Not sure if he's going to make it. Poor Yank, wonder how he'd have reacted to a really hot curry?
 FRANK: -----(editor's note: Judge #3 was unable to report)

Diver of the Year 2001 Nominee

Nominee's Name :

Reason for Nomination :

Nominated by:

(Required for entry into the prize draw)

Please return to DO or Dry Officer before 11/01.