

Only Southsea branch has ever won
the Heinke Trophy in successive years.

Our ambition is to do the same.

So, how to do this..?



...by raising the bar!

Kingston and Elmbridge branch has done nothing less over the last twelve months, and quite a few things more...



Kingston and Elmbridge Sub-Aqua Club Heinke Trophy Entry 2005



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All photographs presented in this entry have been contributed by club members and were taken during club activities in 2004

Membership & Training

Improved numbers across all grades



Jonathan Markwell
& Jo-Anne Eaton

Membership has been organised along the same lines as last year. Here membership secretary Jonathan Markwell summarises the situation in 2004

Membership numbers at January 2004 were 123, consisting of 122 full diving members and 1 student diving member. There were an additional 14 social (non diving) members of the Branch. This rose to 135 diving members (134 full + 1 student) at the March peak, which represents the end of our Branch membership year. Membership at the end of calendar year 2004 stood at 116 full diving members (115 full + 1 student), but this rises to 148 with the inclusion of 32 non-diving members (10 social and 22 freedivers). The Branch membership fee rose in line with inflation from £78.00 per annum to £80.00 for a Full member, whilst Social membership remained unchanged from 2003 levels, at £15.00.

For 2004, we introduced a programme to:

- pro-actively follow up (by telephone and letter) those members whose renewals were more than 4 weeks overdue;
- to identify how many current members did not renew their membership and their reasons for this.

This monitoring helped to ensure renewals by members, especially those not local to the Branch who may not have visited for some time and who were therefore unaware of the posters displayed on Branch notice boards reminding members it was time to renew. In addition, of the 20 non renewals three-quarters replied to either telephone prompts or letters and it was pleasing to note that only one person did not re-join as they were unhappy with their experience of training. This they attributed to undertaking their training with a number of different instructors, instead of their preference for the same instructor to have provided continuity.

We also saw 20 freedivers join as Social members during the course of the year, so they could share use of our allocated pool sessions. This is provided as a wholly separate activity outside of the Branch, by a freediving instructor who has the required qualifications to provide this instruction and is appropriately insured to do so. This helped to boost both membership numbers and pool income.

After allowance is made for the 20 non-renewals, we had 13 new full diving members join us in 2004. The Branch continued to attract divers who moved from other BS-AC branches (two joiners), or as crossovers from other agencies during 2004, in particular from PADI (six joiners). These people joined after finding our details on the Branch web site, www.kingstonbsac.co.uk or by word of mouth from existing members who had joined through the same crossover route. The number of new members who were trainees remained low, at only five.

Training:

Even with our two pool nights, we were all kept very busy this year.

We had a large number of new divers join the club, either with or without a qualification from another agency. Through out 2004, a total of 140 pool sessions took place, this excluded the try dive night, were we had a large number pre booked through the promotion run along side with HQ.

With the large number of inexperienced members joining us in 2004, the priority was to get all new divers to at least an Ocean Diver grade. All training was conducted in line with the syllabus set by BSAC, with safe diving practise at the fore front. This would enable our new members to start to experience diving and be able to book on diving trips that were suitable within their depth limits.

Going hand in hand with our 140 pool session for 2004, we had a total of 20 days dedicated to open water training. The open water session started at the beginning of March and ran through to the end of November. The sites ranged from the shallow depths of Wraysbury to deeper depths Vobster quay with our annual Plymouth expedition. The Plymouth expedition it an ideal long weekend which enabled those who were training to become Dive leaders to plan and complete their dive marshalling drills in a real life environment. The would-be Dive Leaders are closely supervised by an appropriate NQI. We also ran an Advanced Diver training days; this meant we were able to qualify three new Advanced Divers in 2004.

With these open water session, it has helped our budding Open water instructors to gain experience in an open water environment under the direct supervision of an NQI. This helped our three Assistance Open Water Instructors to progress and pass their OWI exams.

Theory lessons:

We ran a total of 71 lectures in 2004; this included a whole day devoted to Dive Leader Oxygen administration lectures. This enabled us to qualify 18 diver in the use of Oxygen equipment, with six instructors, numerous Resussi Annies, several O2 kits, several role play scenarios and a whole day in the club house!

Towards the end of 2004, we had a large number of Divers joining us from other agencies. This meant that we needed to run a series of crossover lectures, OT1 and OT4 for all new Divers. The lectures took place in the newly decorated lecture rooms, with a lick of paint and resourcefulness, we located some old charts. We were able to transform the lecture rooms into a welcoming learning environment.

The lecture are scheduled for Thursday nights, with Ocean diver lessons starting at 9.45pm, so as not to clash with the pool sessions that take place on the same evening. The Sports, Dive Leader and Advanced Diver lectures take place at 8pm, as these are normally longer than an hour.

The lecture schedule is set for eight to ten weeks in advance, so that each student and instructor can see what is planned. If a student is unable to attend a theory lesson, we will endeavour to arrange a 1:1 lesson later, so they are able to catch up.

Courses:

Various courses took place in 2004. For the first time the regional combined nitrox course took place at Kingston & Elmbridge. This event was attended by five club members, who all gained their nitrox qualification. It also produced a Nitrox Instructor.

One club member arranged a First Class Diver preparation weekend. This took place over the early May bank holiday and involved some adventurous diving. We enlisted the help of some Area Coaches, a National Instructor, the current Regional Coach and variety of other instructors. The weekend was also used as a preparation for those taking their Advanced Instructor exam and one individual who was sitting their National Instructor exam.

Dedicated training days were organised for would-be Dive Leaders; this enabled us to instructor the Practical Rescue Management section of their training session.

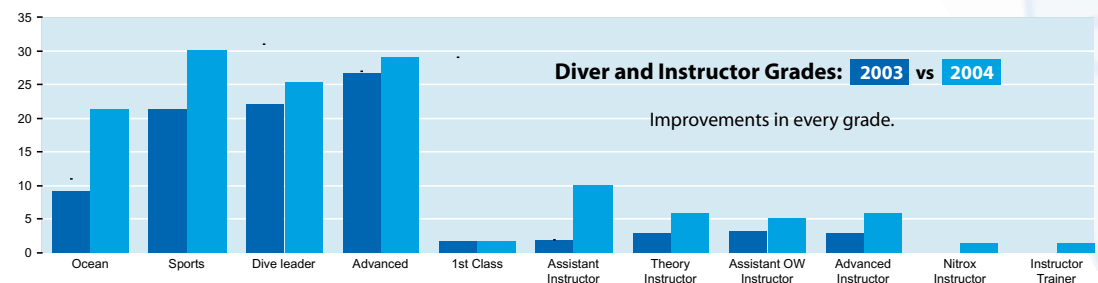
As we have two RIBs used on a regular basis, we need to ensure that we have sufficient boat handlers and Diver Cox'ns. Three members and a club RIB attended the boat handling course for the South East region. All who attended thoroughly enjoyed the course. With the ever growing number of boat handlers in the club, we arranged a GMDSS course. All twelve participants passed This was a very popular course, so much so that we needed to arrange another date for spring 2005.

Qualifications :

The total numbers of qualifications gained in 2004 were:

12 Ocean Divers, 9 Sports Divers, 3 Dive Leaders, 3 Advanced Divers, 4 Assistant Instructors, 3 Assistant Open Water Instructors, 3 Open Water Instructors, 1 Advanced Instructor, 1 Nitrox Instructor and finally 1 Instructor trainer.

The main aim in 2004 was to get all trainees to Ocean Diver standard. Our priority for 2005 is to progress these Ocean Divers and have our Assistant Instructors and Assistant Open water Instructors qualify as full Open Water Instructors.



Try Dives



Words - Dave Beadling
Photos - Andy Ethell

Kingston & Elmbridge BSAC were pleased to be able to take part in the **National Come and Dive Week** back in September 2004 and we had over twenty people in the pool with us to try scuba diving and see what they thought about it. A small group of club members organised the event, which took place during our usual Thursday evening pool session at New Malden. As can be seen from the photos everybody enjoyed themselves. Thanks to Trish Emery, Sarah Jenner, Stella Harrison, Sandra Argent and Jo Eaton for organising the evening.

As well as taking part in the National Come and Dive Campaign, we run try dives for groups and individuals throughout the year. In an attempt to make it easy for people to come along and 'have a go', I have taken the unofficial position of try dive organiser, giving people outside the club an initial point of contact. Since I took over this role in September we have arranged numerous sessions for individuals as well as evenings for local groups, including ten Adventure Scouts and eighteen Air Cadets.

Organising and running try dives is very much a team effort, with thanks due to all the instructors who help out and special thanks are due to Bret Champion, our Equipment Officer, for sorting out the kit and getting it to the pool on virtually every occasion as well as instructing.



The Welcoming Committee! Sarah Jenner, Sandra Argent and Stella Harrison



Chris Knight checks a mask fit



Brett Champion welcomes the first try-diver of the evening.



Gren Hamlyn passes kit into the pool



Giving confidence to a first-timer.



Chris Drabble talks through the basics

Open Water Training

Newhaven & Gildenburgh



Sandra Argent

Inland Open Water Training took place at nearby Wraysbury Water as well as at Vobster Quay, Gildenburgh and Chepstow. Introductions to Sea Diving were organised at Newhaven, where it is possible to dive off the beach sheltered by the sea wall. On one occasion Andy Goldby turned out to help with our training. This site was unfortunately prone to onshore winds, and like much UK diving during the year had its share of blown-out days. Such is the nature of our sport...



Regional coach, Andy Goldby gives "first-class" advice.



Ready to go! Newhaven

Gildenburgh

I woke on the Sunday morning of 11th April with a heavy heart no bright sunshine to lift my spirits just the thought of what lie ahead. I had travelled up the night before with Alison who was also hoping to complete some sports diver drills and having seen the delightful accommodation Gildenburgh had to offer the year before we had booked into a B&B for the weekend. I mean after a days diving at Gildenburgh we deserved a little bit of luxury and there was of course always the risk that some very efficient Health and Safety Officer had finally got round to condemning those on site caravans.

Once at the lakeside, with large cups of steaming tea John announced that my first dive of the day would be with Julia and Diane. The three of us quickly got together for a briefing and it was agreed that because I had lots of shiny new kit received at Christmas and for my birthday and because it was probably more or less the first dive of year for us all, we would jump in not worry about drills and just have a dive for the fun of it – yeah right, the good feelings of my bangers and beans was already beginning to wane. Buddy checks completed, fins attached and my new computer lit up like the flight deck of concord I gritted my teeth and leapt off the pontoon to join Julia and Diane already in the water and looking as keen as mustard. Slowly and painfully my semi-dry suit filled with freezing water and as Julia cheerfully gave the decent signal I grimaced trying not to think of the pair of them in their woolly bears and dry suits, real divers get wet.

We descended down the shot line to the top of the double decker bus and began our exploratory dive around its carcass. It is amazing how after a couple of months off during the winter it takes a while to get your kit sitting correctly, and your buoyancy neutral again and to be honest, I floundered around behind the pair of them in a cloud of silt for some time. Diane being as brave as a lion, in fact she is not that brave I just resemble a chicken when it comes to small dark spaces, penetrated the top deck of the bus whilst I clung to the side with Julia hovering mid-water, perfectly and with ease next to me (I hate her), obviously I am the only one that gets rusty during the winter months.

When finally I had lost the feeling in my fingers and toes and with the thought that I wouldn't be able to hold my regulator in much longer if my teeth didn't stop chattering I indicated to my buddies that I was cold and we began our ascents. Whilst ascending I experienced a ringing in my ears, great the cold had now numbed my brain as well.

I dragged myself and my kit out of water and headed for the warmth and comfort of the cafeteria, how stunning that wooden shack looks when you are soaking wet and freezing your arse off, it suddenly resembles a log cabin on the banks of Lake Geneva. It wasn't until I was sitting in the cafeteria refuelling with more bacon and tea that I realised the ringing in my ears wasn't in fact my brain in a state of deep freeze but the rapid ascent alarm on my new computer.

I was happy blindly bobbing to the surface along with what I had originally thought were my smallest bubbles, clearly the smallest bubbles are so small you can't actually see them and I have probably been ascending too rapidly the surface for the last year.

There was still no sign of the sun, palm trees or bronzed body boarders when I headed back to the lakeside for my second dive of the day. This time, new kit, freezing water, ringing computer and reels and drills to contend with.

We had a briefing and dry-run with our reels before kitting up and plunging back into the water. Alison was going to start leading the dive with her reel and I would take over half way through which was a bit of a relief because I was still ploughing through the bottom of the lake churning up silt and was grateful for the opportunity to try and sort my buoyancy out undetected.

Alison was a legend with her reel and would be a hard act to follow particularly as my hands were already shaking with the cold and for some strange reason I couldn't lift my fins off the floor of the lake. I am convinced some supernatural force was holding them down, it couldn't be my in ability at buoyancy control surely?

My drills were going well, the reel jammed immediately and I couldn't even attach it to the platform, I then got that familiar feeling you get when the alarm clock fails to go off the morning you have an important meeting, the trains are delayed and it is lashing with rain. The feeling you get when you know everything is going to go pear shaped and that you should actually stay in bed for your own safety and that of those around you.

Yep, got the feeling and it all went pear shaped as expected. I don't really want to recount the entire dive needless to say I got tangled in the line which resulted in Julia trying to free me while I battled to stay mid-water with a reel that had a mind of its own and continued to unravel despite my vain attempts to keep reeling it in and trying to keep everything taut. I think Julia may well have been the only thing that was taut that afternoon.

Back on dry land I congratulated Alison on passing her drills, through gritted teeth and with a false smile plastered on my face that looked vaguely like the Cheshire Cat from Alice in Wonderland. I am generally not a bitter person and can only assume that I must have been suffering from some sort of surface narcosis.

Back at the B&B that evening, Alison and I gloated over the fact we had en-suite facilities and had hot showers and decent beds to look forward to. I secretly chuckled at the thought of poor Diane and Kristian in their penicillin ridden caravan!

Everyone that was staying for day two met later that evening in the bar of our B&B for a couple of drinks and dinner, great news for Alison and I because it meant we only had to stumble upstairs to our beds. I spent a couple of hours worrying about my reel whilst John and Mark dashed in and out of the lake completing various drills with those of us that were left and finally after drying up the urn of tea, I ventured outside and began kitting up.

Kit in place, buddy checks carried out, although god help me if I ever had to master or assist John in any shape or form, he wears more kit than the whole of Mikes Waterfront store and all I could do was focus on his octopus and inflate/deflate buttons the rest passing me by in blur, we jumped in and headed down the shot line.

Finding myself back at the bus, you never see a bus more than once in London so I count myself lucky seeing the same bus again in one weekend, I successfully attached my reel and we began our exploratory dive.

Don't ask me how, it was more luck than anything else, but I managed to reel out around the lake to a platform where we practiced some well needed fin pivots and buoyancy control and back again safely to the bus passing a rather bemused pike on the return journey, who was clearly as shocked at my control as I was. We had a look round the bus and then began our ascent back up the shot line, obviously a better dive because my ears weren't ringing either.

An hour later the car was loaded, I had warm dry clothes on and we were all able to sit down to hot chocolates whilst John signed our log books and qualification records, another weekend at Gildenburgh was safely over.



Open Water Training

Wraysbury Water & Vobster Quay



Fredrik Hjelset

Vobster March 2004 by Fredrik Hjelset



Instructing in Vobster Quay

before you know it, you're driving past a fence with a lake behind it. I was late of course and got lost as well, so by 9:30am the lower car park was full, but you can load your kit off and then drive your car 50m up the road to park, so its not a problem. Entrance is £12 with a £10 key tag deposit (for id just in case).

Luckily Jo and Dave had got a space by the water so we kitted up there (at least someone got there on time!). David had prepared a Diving Timetable for the day, and this allowed for us trainee Sports Divers to do some training dives and (deputy) dive marshalling. The instructors for the day were Dave Tresidder, Joanne Eaton and David Beadling. In the trainee lot were Mark, Andy, Alison and of course myself. The idea was to get 3 dives done, so we could all get some good training dives and practice dive marshalling.

The site is well laid out with the main entry point directly in front of the main building, allowing for a nice easy swim out to one of many numbered buoys. The entire site is roughly 1/3 mile long and 1/4 mile wide, with most of the diving around the 16-24m mark and a few 'black holes' of 35m+. Places of interest include the old 'Crushing Works', the 'Stone Delivery Tunnel', a cruiser named 'Jacquin II' (if you're missing a 42ft yacht, its in 17m of water in the middle of Somerset), some random welded structures and pipes and a blockhouse.

After marshalling duty and some buoyancy checks David and I entered at the main entry point and descended to 16m after a short surface swim. I was to do a simulated decompressions stop for my Sports Diver training, so we had the chance to swim around and enjoy the sights. Visibility was about 5m with the temperature 6 degrees away from freezing. We saw the crushing works, consisting of a high brick wall and some superstructure, as well as the tunnel before eventually ascending and doing the drill. By the time we surfaced I was a bit on the chilly side with the water being only 6°C (No, Norwegians think this is just as cold as you Brits), so looking forward to a nice hot tea!

The next two dives consisted of smb and reel exercises for me, and I believe Andy and Alison did some smb drills, navigation and rescue training. After the reel exercise visibility was down to 0.5m - sorry, this is why they call it training! Marine life is fairly limited, on the first dive I caught sight of movement on a girder and it turned out to be the home of a fair number of small crustacean/sea lice creatures. I'm not sure if they have plans to release any fish in Vobster Quay, but there is food for them. Speaking of food, the burgers aren't bad, and they have something called the 'Mega Deco Bap' at £4.50, I didn't see anyone eating those all day though.

By the time we finished our 3rd and last dive it was getting close to 4:45pm, which is last-diver-out-of-water at Vobster. We changed, debriefed, packed up and headed for the nearest open pub in Somerset. I believe everyone had some good training dives at Vobster Quay, the facilities are good, the visibility is ok and its not too far off major roads. It almost feels like a mini version of Stoney Cove. If you want a nice safe place to get your kit wet and do some training then Vobster Quay is a good alternative to Stoney Cove. There's less to see and do, but there are also less people, and who knows, maybe there will be some more attractions or marine life soon!

Wraysbury Water

We are lucky to have an inland dive site within eight miles of the clubhouse. Wraysbury, (Raspberry to its aficionados), is easy to get to but hard to get around, thanks to the incredibly low viz always experienced in this murkiest of clay pits. Anyway, as they say, if you can dive in this, you can dive anywhere.

To fool trainee divers, we organise Wraysbury training sessions for bright, sunny days to fool them into thinking that the water will somehow be warm too!



Instructor Dave Beadling considers the afternoon's schedule with Training Officer Jo Eaton

UK Diving

The Farne Islands



Stella Harrison

A large range of diving was organised as usual.

There were trips to Scapa Flow, Plymouth, Weymouth and Lyme Regis as well as outings for the RIBS to Dorset. Foreign outings included the annual Red Sea Liveaboard, (on the Oyster, a month before its ill-fated near loss of a diving party!), and a trip to a new location, Marretimo, Sicily, where we were the first to sample a new diving operation there. Divers also experienced classic Sicilian behaviour when jealousies between rival owners resulted in the theft of members' kit from a moored-up boat overnight. It was never recovered; a sour note in what had been a good week at a brand new destination for divers.

Just two representative trips appear here, drawn from the branch newsletter.



A glass-calm sea, Christine Corner reflects on a great day's diving.

The Farne Islands by Stella Harrison

The Farne Islands are situated just off the coast of Northumberland. They are in the care of the National Trust, and are noted for their large colonies of sea birds and as a home of the grey seal. The seal colony is one of the most important in Europe and the grey species of seal, which is the rarest in the world, is the largest surviving carnivore in the British Isles. This dive trip has been organised for a few years now and is very popular, so when the opportunity came up we were keen to go.

We met at the dive club for 08.30 all of us eager to get going. Jim and Kevin had picked up the mini bus and Peter and Colin were driving the van with most of the kit. As soon as the kit was stowed and Bo had got the bacon and sausage sandwiches (not an easy task for a veggie!) we were away although a little later than planned.

The journey is about 365 miles, and on the way I kept hoping that it would be worth it. The traffic wasn't too horrendous considering it was a bank holiday weekend. We made three stops on the way and the time was spent laughing, joking, and sleeping, with a few drinks thrown in.

It was raining when we left the club-house, but the further north we went the better the weather got. When we arrived in Seahouses at 6.30pm the sun was still shining. We found the campsite easily as there weren't that many to choose from, and tracked down Len who had picked up all the keys for us.

The caravan allocated to us can only be described as luxurious. Exceptionally clean, well designed and surprisingly comfortable. The master bedroom even had an en suite loo! Gas central heating, very handy for drying out dive gear, and a brilliant shower (big enough for two) to wash away the salt after a days diving. Having had a look at Len's van I definitely think ours was the best. Each caravan had a monitor who was responsible for sorting out the food for the weekend and I was the monitor for our van. We were advised to bring enough food for breakfasts and lunches for the weekend, which seemed a bit of a pain (a bit like taking coal to Newcastle). On reflection it worked quite well as we didn't have to worry about shopping over the weekend.

That evening we wandered down to the harbour, had fish and chips; then onto the Schooner Inn to 'discuss arrangements' for the morning.

Saturday 28th August.

Two boats had been booked Wavedancer 1 and 2. There was a shortage of advanced divers, due to some people dropping out, so Len had the unenviable task of re-arranging who went on which boat. We met on the slipway in the harbour at 10.00 to load the kit on to each boat. Timing was important as the boats could only moor in the harbour when the tide was in - too late or too heavy, and the boat would be grounded. With the right kit on the right boat, off we went for the first dive of the day.

On the way out to the dive site, about half an hour, buddy pairs were decided. Kit fiddling commenced, as always, and the general atmosphere was fairly relaxed. Our skipper, Colin, was not a man of many words, so the briefings were brief. When he did speak his accent was fascinating; that said we were all too busy watching the seals popping their heads out of the water to look at us.

We formed an orderly queue and did a giant stride into the water when the skipper's mate gave the OK. The water was 15 degrees, a bit chilly, but the visibility was pretty good 10-15 metres. The first site, called The Hopper, was a reef/wall dive. At this point I can only speak for me and Jim and say that we saw an abundance of sea urchins and soft corals, white and pale orange deadmans fingers. A few good sized fish, starfish, jellyfish, hermit crabs, and lobsters. But I never saw a single seal.

My disappointment increased back on board, as it sounded as though most of the others had seen plenty of seals. After a reasonable surface interval and lunch, we made off to the next dive site which was called Blue Caps. Once again, a pretty dive and this time I did see two seals diving down into the gulleys but they didn't come very close. Back on the boat we stowed our kit away and headed back to the harbour with plenty of time to shower, change and go out to eat. Len had booked a restaurant, Jennings, in Seahouses for us that evening at 8.30pm so we all met for a drink first. In the restaurant we were all on separate tables and consequently some of us got served first and others had to wait; it can't be easy to cater for twenty people and serve them all together. After dinner we made our way through to the karaoke bar, which was mostly full of kids, some stayed on, but when you are married to the 'Horlicks Kid' you say goodnight to everyone and make your way back to the caravan!!

UK Diving

The Farne Islands



Wavedancer II - A stable platform



Can this really be all ours? Len Hards keeps watch.



This is what we came for



Sarah Jenner sharing her drink with Peter Argent and Gren Hamlyn

Sunday 29th August.

We met at 9.30am the weather was still good, sunny but a bit breezier. There was a bit of a chop on the way to the dive site - Longstone Point - near the Lighthouse. Jim, as most of you know, is famous for sharing the contents of his stomach with everyone else on the boat. He did however manage to keep his breakfast to himself - until after the first dive! That dive went well for us. We descended to about 15 metres and finned gently along the wall. We came to a gully and went in to have a look. Lo and behold we found a seal that looked as if it was sleeping on a bed of kelp just a metre away. We kept still and watched it for a while, if we moved suddenly it opened its eyes wider, if we kept still it half closed them. I don't know how long we stayed there enjoying the encounter but I didn't want it to end. Then suddenly the seal was up and away - a very special moment! We saw five seals on this dive.

Back on the boat, some of the others hadn't seen any seals, which just goes to show that it is down to luck, and being in the right place at the right time. With Jim puking and others feeling sick by this time, the skipper managed to find a fairly quiet spot for lunch.

Second dive was Brada, a sheltered bay with loads of seals popping their heads out of the water. Jim, Len and I dived together, I decided to take a waterproof disposable camera with me, and try to get some pictures of the seals. This turned out to be a really good idea, we dropped to 3-4 metres and it seemed as though there were seals everywhere. We didn't move very far as they were coming to us, nibbling at fins, reels, arms and legs. Popping out from behind rocks, hanging vertically in the water with their heads up looking around. One swam directly towards me, allowing me to stroke it and then it veered away, it felt very soft. It wasn't long before I had used up all the film, and I just hoped that I would have at least one decent picture. Len, being the more sensible one of the three of us, went up to get a bearing on the boat so that we could get into deeper water for the boat to pick us up. Back on the boat Len told us he had counted 12 plus seals with us at one point. A truly memorable dive! Bo and Tony's seal count - nil!

Back on dry land, having showered and some of us eaten, we were discussing how we could fit a trip to Lindisfarne into our busy schedule. To visit Holy Island you have to drive across a causeway, which is underwater at high tide. Terry looked up the tide times in the information pack in the caravan and it was open from 19.00 to 01.00. It was an ideal opportunity to see some of the area, and we decided to go that evening. Often, when diving we miss attractions above the surface, so that we can see as much as we can below the water. We let everyone know what we were planning and ended up with a minibus full. We arrived on Holy Island - very quaint - parked up and had a wander. Lindisfarne castle was closed, but we had a good look round the Priory ruins, a quick visit to St Mary's Church to sign the visitor's book and make a donation and visited the local pub just to see if the beer tasted any different! After a drink we all climbed back into the bus came back across the causeway, admiring the moon as we went, passing Bamborough Castle on the way back which I am reliably informed is also worth a visit if time permits. Arriving back at Seahouses most of the others wanted to be dropped off to get something to eat. The rest of us went for a 'not too late' night as it was a 7.45am start

Bank Holiday Monday. Woke up and the clouds were gathering. The boat had to be back by 2pm because it was the RNLI day in Seahouses. Cylinders were loaded from the slipway quickly and we were away. On the way to the dive site the heavens opened before we could get our drysuits on, and we were soaked. (Almost worth it to see two complete rainbows) Again quite choppy. By the time we reached the site - North Hopper - the sun was out! Jim and I had a really good dive spending the majority of it at 10-12 metres amongst stunning soft corals, urchins and starfish. We sat on a shelf and were visited by a seal just as we were about to deploy our SMB. It nibbled my arm, came closer still giving me a good view down its throat, and looked as if it was laughing. With that off it swam only to return seconds later for a nibble at Jim's fins. Back on board the boat we ate lunch and then realised it was only 10.30am! During the surface intervals we had been meeting Wavedancer; but today they were nowhere to be seen. This was a bit of a drag, as there were rather primitive toilet arrangements on our boat (men peeing over the side, women balancing on a porta potti in the wheelhouse with no curtains!). and we had been nipping across to use the loo on the other boat.

Our skipper radioed through and due to the adverse weather forecast Julia, as dive marshal for Wavedancer, had cancelled the days diving. No decent loo for us today then!! By this time of course the sun was out and we were all drying off. We felt for the others as we knew they would be feeling let down and disappointed at missing a days diving.

The last dive was Brada as it was reasonably sheltered. I think we were all getting the hang of it by now and to Len's surprise we were all lined up ready to get into the water together, minimal faffing having taken place. Jim and I got swept into the bay and kelp beds making it hard work to get out again. It wasn't long before the swaying kelp had Jim throwing up again. In the end we surface swam into deeper water and inflated our SMB so the boat could see us, watched curiously by the seal audience that had gathered around us. The boat picked us up and the skipper had a good laugh about us getting

UK Diving



Juliet Ansell

stuck in the kelp. With everyone back on board we established that we had all had some brilliant seal dives over the weekend. We quickly stowed our kit away preparing for a choppy trip back, but it wasn't too bad at all! Back in the harbour it was quite busy. We transferred all the kit from the boat to the van and returned to the campsite.

Most of us spent the afternoon in 'The Olde Ship' swapping stories, comparing notes and generally having a laugh and relaxing. Terry and Irena had organised a meal in Seafields Restaurant for 8pm for twenty of us, and the meals had been pre ordered which made life easier for everyone. After a leisurely meal and a toast to a great weekend and absent friends by Bo, some went on to 'The Schooner' and others went back to get organised for the return trip in the morning. To sum up the trip, fun, excellent diving, and a really good laugh. On reflection, any doubts that I had about the trip being worth the length of the journey have gone, and yes it is definitely a trip not to be missed.

Lastly, organisation was particularly difficult this year as there were a few last minute changes, and it is only because everyone put in a lot of effort that the trip was so successful – teamwork in the true sense of the word – thank you and well done everyone!



A room with a view. A hut at Lindisfarne

Lyme Regis

When you go diving in Lyme Regis in the middle of April you take your chances on what the weather is going to do. We did and had the best weather you could possibly imagine, the sun was shining, the sea dead flat calm, perfect diving conditions albeit around 9 degrees!

The twelve that went were, John Rapley (alias Mr Grumpy but more about that later), Mark East, Brian and Shirley DeLuce, Pauline King, Bret Champion, Jon Wilson, Paul Sutton, Ted and Lorraine Sutton and me. We arrived almost all together so after booking into the B&B we headed off for dinner at the "Mad Hatters" restaurant. It was the first time we have been in there and it comes thoroughly recommended!

This is probably the most relaxed diving weekend I have ever been on as we didn't have to meet the boat until 11.15am so we able to have a leisurely breakfast on the terrace before strolling down the road for a spot of shopping (we had John with us, and he does like his shopping!) Then it was off the meet Dougie, our skipper on Blue Turtle. The set up is that you have to unload your car at the quayside then go a park it in the car park and walk back. Bit of a faff but most people manage this without it causing too much of a problem – except John of course! There he was in the car park, waiting patiently whilst the little kiddies were being lifted up by their Mummy so they could feed their pennies into the parking machine, one by one, the smallest denomination possible..... then he lost it! He moaned and groaned and possibly swore, surely sure not, not in front of the little kiddies!!!! Mummy said to the little kiddies "take no notice of the grumpy man" and continued to feed in the pennies whilst John looked on fuming!

The first dive was on the wreck of the St. Dunstan which was struck by a mine in 1917. I had been looking forward to this as I had dived this particular site 4 years ago to the day and the night before I was eagerly telling Pauline all about it before we went to sleep. I had kept my log book and had gone into great detail about who I was diving with, what we saw, what I had for breakfast, that kind of thing. The next morning, I had Mark and Bret telling me what I had done as well as they had overheard me, said I kept them awake..... me!!..

The second dive was on the wreck of the Baygitano, a steamer that was torpedoed in 1918. Paul came up with a very large crab which spent the night in the mask bucket..... By the time we had finished diving it was getting quite late and we were booked into the local curry house for 8.30, so it was full steam ahead to get back, washed and changed and out for the evening. Brian, Shirley and Pauline decided not to curry with us and had their meal in the pub which apparently was very nice. We spent a very enjoyable evening in the curry house where the food & banter was first class as usual.

The next day was another sunny day, again with breakfast on the terrace. At around 10.30 am Mark & I were walking down to the boat and passed Shirley walking in the opposite direction with a lost toddler that she had found wandering around on the Cobh. Eventually, after walking all the way round to the other side, the father turned up to claim the child, but it could only be Shirley that's finds lost children just before we're due to go out on the boat!

The first dive of the day was on the wreck of HMS Landrail, this was a First WW gunship blown up by a mine. Again the diving conditions were excellent, I have never seen the sea so mirror flat that far out. Paul came up with an enormous lobster and we chilled out during the surface interval with soup & rolls. The second dive was on High ground reef where there is an abundance of fish life and its very pretty. All too soon the weekend came to an end, another perfect weekend at Lyme Regis. On our way back we stopped off at the Botany Inn for roast beef and real Yorkshire puddings, yum!

UK Diving

Some hot and cold days in 2004



Hi-tech. Trish Emery decompressing at Scapa Flow



Mark East climbing aboard the "Invincible"



A perfect day. Things can only go down from here.



King of cool. Dave Beadling shows us how.



Queen of cool.



Marshalling divers in Salcombe

Overseas Diving

Red Sea Liveboard June 2004



Jean-Claude Magliotti

Departure 4 June 2004 Gatwick-Hurghada: First big plus of holiday, when coach brought us to Oyster live-aboard at the marina in Hurghada, shoes off on boat for the duration of trip and for me wearing toe-protectors 12 hours a day at work, my feet would also get a holiday! The boat was brilliant, clean, air-conditioned rooms, with en-suite bath/ shower, great food, 3 times a day and a crew who couldn't do enough for you. Diving facilities also very good, 2 zodiacs, nitrox facilities and my only complaint was no 15 litre cylinders available and I always use a 15 litre when I can as I'm a big lump who likes air and doesn't mind carrying the extra weight.

5 June 2004, Dive 1: Steamed out of Hurghada first thing a.m. to our first dive at 'Shoab al Erg. Shallow inlet between two reef heads dubbed 'muppet reef' by the initiated due to its lack of challenge. Buddying with Howard Hope on dive and also sharing berth with him, great! Howard's off-the-wall humour would guarantee a great time. Very shallow dive, max 13metres and quite a lot of damaged coral caused by anchors and muppets. Fair sized turtle seen, good first dive but I remembered it being better, especially coral and sea life. Was I deluding myself after all these years?

5 June 2004, Dive 2: Steamed out to 'Um Usk' another shallow reef dive while enjoying a great meal and lounging on sun-deck. Buddying with Howard and sea life much better than previous, though coral still disappointing. Maximum depth about 16 metres.

5 June 2004, Dive 3, 'Jacks Hunting: [Night dive 'Um Usk'] Got lucky this time. Hunting jacks, up to three foot long blitzing us out of the darkness and zipping feet away from us. When you get four of these underwater pit-bulls, in under ten seconds, powering their way within hands reach, you know you are experiencing one of those magic moments that makes diving worth it! It looked like they were using the confusion created by our lights to facilitate their hunting, great to be there and came up from dive pumped up and looking forward to a beer and a fag. Not a bad first day. Unfortunately, Howard left his camera on boat so no pics but at the speed the jacks were moving, chances of a clean shot would have been slim.

6 June 2004, Dive 4, 'Currents and cock ups' Shadwan Island: After a delicious breakfast we were briefed for our first wreck dive, the Giannis D. This was after all, the Northern Wrecks we were diving and it would be nice to see a few. Previous dives had been sedate affairs off the Oyster itself. This was going to be off the Oyster's zodiacs.. The northern Red-Sea can be a treacherous place for boats and divers if it is not treated with respect and despite the lack of tides and the warm temperatures, rapidly changing conditions, bringing strong currents, bad sea conditions and razor sharp coral can make for a nasty combination. The Oyster moored in the lee of the wind, on the calm on the south side of the reef, and we kitted up and were brought to the wrecks by zodiacs. The north side was fairly rough, no wonder wrecks happen here, (swells and breakers of 6' plus). Our guide, Rahim, used a technique I'm sure would not be approved by BSAC to find the wreck, ie, holding onto the side of the zodiac with throttle gunned by the pilot, face down fully kitted, in the water in the prevailing conditions. He then plunged down to tie the shot line when the wreck was visibly spotted which we were supposed to

descend. Through some misunderstanding the pilot told us to dive when the shot line was not tied and most of us blasted our air forcing our way through the current to get to the wreck. I used about 80 bar just getting there and only by dumping all my buoyancy and using my knife in the sand to pull myself against the current. By the time we had all got to the wreck and found our respective buddies, it ended up being a very short dive indeed but it was exhilarating and a good lesson for further dives. Hey, this was more like the fun chaos I had experienced in Saudi all those years ago!

6 June 2004, Dive 5, 'Carnatic Wreck' Calm after the storm: [Second wreck off 'Shadwan Island'] Was this the same place we had struggled through a few hours ago? Off zodiac (sea conditions unbelievably better) down to the Carnatic (sunk in 1867) another wreck off Shadwan Island and conditions optimum. Magic dive with great viz through the wreck and plenty of sea-life. Howard snapping away and some lovely pictures taken by him.

6 June 2004. Dive 6, [Dunraven wreck]. During another enjoyable lunch, steaming to new reef, 'Shoab Mahmoud' where we dived on 'Dunraven' wreck, off zodiacs. Howard had problem with kit, so ended up buddying with Rahim Hamada (dive master. Oyster). Great dive with 2 large humpback wrasse, 1 metre plus (used to call them jewfish in Saudi) and lots of large grouper around the wreck which was in a serious state of decomposition. Down to about 30 metres and return to boat via zodiac after deco, water really warm and calm.

7 June 2004. Dive 7, 'Shark Reef' Iolanthe wreck (the Bog-Standard wreck). First dive of the morning and Howard and myself almost didn't make the dive after a late night enjoying a few drinks etc. Missed the briefing and scrambled frantically into our kit off the zodiacs into a magical wall dive. Swirling cylinders of hundreds of shoaling barracuda and unicorn fish and a vertical wall dropping off into the abyss to our left. The wall flattened out during the dive and I thought I really had had a vodka too many the previous night when I saw a vast expanse of glistening ceramic toilet seats strewn everywhere. Knew I must be ok, when most of the divers in buddy pairs, started squatting on them. Yep, this is definitely a K&E dive! Later found out a freighter, the Iolanthe, carrying a load of toilet seats sunk here, my fault for missing the briefing. Surreal! Really enjoyed breakfast when we got out, despite the previous night's excesses.

7 June 2004, Dive 8, 'Shark Observatory'. Great wall dive again with wealth of sea life, groupers, jacks, grunts and Howard still testing his camera with very professional results but no sharks. Attacked by a territorial trigger fish guarding its brood during the last 15 minutes of dive. They can pack a nasty bite when protecting their young and have to be treated with respect. Secret to remember, if you see a lone trigger fish in a limited area with no other fish around them, keep clear. This is one of the reasons spear fishers so easily decimated them in the Med and the proliferation of spiny sea urchins in those areas (their favourite grub). Only down-side of dive, right ear giving me stick.

7 June, Dive 9, Thistlegorm (wreck) As I said very heavy, late, previous night, chatting with Billy Bremner till 3 am. As I hadn't felt the full shilling on the first two dives of the day decided to give the third dive on the Thistlegorm a knock on the head.



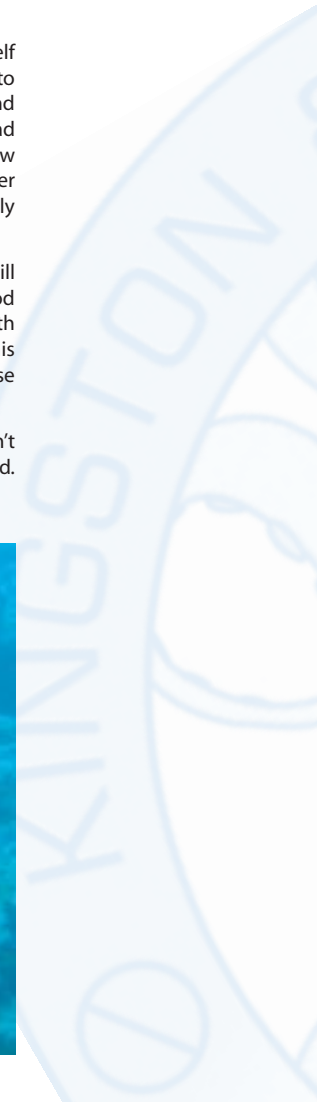
Divers on the line. The Carnatic is clearly seen below resting on her port side.



Len Hards buddies Cynthia Doughty on her 300th dive.



A delighted Cynthia.



Overseas Diving

Red Sea Liveboard June 2004



Jean-Claude Magliotti

Billy going on dive as if previous night had not existed (oh to be young again!). Howard also in a bad way due to a serious ear infection and having to give up the next few days diving, a real shame.

Thistlegorm wreck, WWII British military transport sunk by the Luftwaffe based in the Med loaded to the gunwales with Bren-gun carriers, BSA motorbikes, artillery and other military hardware. Went down on night-dive (recuperated by then) buddying with Billy and Cynthia as poor Howard loaded with ear-infection. Great dive and saw first bat-fish (yellow banded angelfish, gorgeous), Billy leading dive. Only problem, about 5 other boats on same wreck and a bit like Piccadilly Circus in wreck. On shot line during deco, Billy asked us to kill lights and amazing spectacle of dozens of divers at depth with lights winking in and out of wreck. A bit like 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind' on acid.

8 June, Dive 10, Thistlegorm (wreck). Early morning dive with Billy Bremner and Cynthia Doughty. Great dive. The Italians and Spaniards still in noddy land from the other boats and wreck to ourselves at about 7 am. I pulled a nasty one on Billy as he was proudly displaying a 4" spent cannon shell to Cynthia, slowly swam round the back to about 6 inches from his ear, took reg out of mouth and shouted 'BOOM' as loud as I could. Mass of bubbles out of his reg but give him credit, he didn't drop the shell. In and out of wreck to rear prop which was enormous. Fantastic dive, big mass of barracuda, large grouper and at least a dozen grey-batfish at bottom of shot line.

8 June, Dive 11, Kingston (wreck), Shag Rock.

The only reason we dived this wreck is because our chairman, John Rapley, insisted we do it because of our club name, Kingston & Elmbridge. I honestly believe the wreck was from Kingston on Hull but give John all the credit. As far as I'm concerned, this was the best dive of the holiday. Rough rib dive in bad sea conditions, negative buoyancy entry now as we wouldn't make the same mistake as we did on the Giannis D. The wreck (wooden boat in advanced state of decomposition shallow water) not very interesting but lying in the most fantastic unspoiled coral, it took my breath away. Made our way down toward the Oyster along vast expanses of pristine antler, table and brain-coral swarming with goatfish, grouper and sweet lips in amazing viz.

Absolutely perfect hunting ground for reef-sharks. I did try to insist that we stay for an evening dive here but it fell on deaf ears. If anyone dives this place, please insist on a dawn or dusk/ night dive as you will be regaled with the spectacle of white tip and if you're lucky other varieties of reef sharks nosing in the coral to grab their prey, an awesome sight. I was at last back to virgin pristine coral and sea life I had experienced 20+ years ago and give you my thanks for that John. Its nice for a middle-aged fool to recapture his youth again. Photos on following page do not do justice to the wonder of virgin reefs we saw where we are just onlookers on the wonders of this world. Please, whatever you do, make sure you don't damage the wonder around you with sloppy diving or tell the Italians or Spaniards about this place as it is very special and has to be kept that way. Total magic!

8 June Dive 12, Gubal Island Barge

Steaming to next destination inwardly fuming we hadn't stayed on Shag Rock where I would gladly have spent the rest of my holiday. Sea choppy and wind fairly strong when Oyster entered a sheltered mooring to lee-side of wind. Diving with Billy and Cynthia again, great! Very uninteresting dive in shallow sandy, debris strewn bottom when we came to resting remains of barge sticking out of sand. Whoa, suddenly Billy points out the grand-dad of all moray eels skulking under rusting metal sheet. Girth of body about my waist size with pathetic grape-fruit sized head incongruously attached, curled in figure eight but at least 10 foot plus in length. Not six feet away see a scorpion fish about 18" long and a Crocodile fish about 3 foot. Felt I had entered the land of the giants, all within the confines of this little rusty little barge, what was the

8 June, Dive 13, Gubal Island Barge

Same as previous dive but night dive, poor grand-dad moray being blitzed by a dozen diver's torches and camera flashes, diving with Cynthia and came back well within air reserves due to limited interest.

9 June, Dive 14, Gubal Island, Ulysses wreck

Rib dive with Billy leading, sea choppy and blustery wind. Our pilot 'Yosri' dropped us bang on wreck which was about 20 metres below and with a 2 knot current that was some achievement. Pulling ourselves along wreck to stop drift sweeping us away. Lovely sea-life around ship and then drifted with Billy on current along wall at an impressive rate doing superman impressions, a drift dive with a difference. Large pelagic fish in open waters off the wall, very good dive.

Surface to find Yosri with rib about 20 yards away, first two on rib and tell Yosri in my broken Arabic that the only thing to make this perfect was a fag and 'top man' promptly hands us a couple of cigarettes from a water-proof pouch with a lighter.

Best non-post-coital fag I've ever had! Other divers now surfacing getting on rib, some moaning abysmally about crap dive, couldn't find wreck etc, etc, WHAT?

9 June, Dive 15, Sha'ab Abu Nahas, Chrisoula K, (the nervous wreck)

Rib dive down to Chrisoula K. Sea really surging and rough. Wreck actually at right angle to reef with part protruding from water and bottom down to 30 odd metres. Down with Billy and Cynthia and as soon as I'm on wreck notice something isn't right. Massive sections of wreck actually shifting by up to 12 inches with tons of metal moving in different directions under the surge. Gaps in hull appearing and disappearing with movement. Hmm, must be careful where I put my hands. Down to side of wreck where enormous lifeboat davits a few tons a piece majestically swaying like oversized pendulums in unison by up to six feet at right angles to the wreck. Totally awesome sight accompanied by an eerie metal on metal creaking and groaning like metallic souls in agony. I had never experienced this before and was completely overawed.

Pay back time for Billy when I 'boomed' him on Thistlegorm, he disappeared while I was gogging the wreck and next thing I know, pair of hands pop out of port-hole of wreck and grabs my neck, I s**t myself!

Second best dive of hols, sorry, Kingston still top of my list.

Will gloss through last dives as a bit of an anticlimax after Chrisoula K.

9 June, Dive 16, With Billy and Cynthia back to Sho'ab al Erg, (Muppet reef)

9 June, Dive 17, With Billy, night dive, (Muppet reef) good fun back to Oyster with lights out to see phosphorescence, good fun.

10 June, Dive 18, Giftun al S'gheer. Fantastic wall dive with Howard well enough to join me and Billy. Great dive.

10 June, Dive 19, Hurghada Bay, Al Mina wreck, Mine sweeper. Ok dive down to mine sweeper, viz fairly poor.

Well that's about it folks, whatever you do please do go on this club dive if given half a chance. I also have to give a massive thanks to all the crew of the Oyster who made this holiday so special and to those good friends who's photos I have inserted and to everyone else involved in organising the trip. Next year's trip in June is fully booked but you always have the odd person who may drop out at the last minute and sneak in there as I did..

I know that when finances and work schedules permit I'll be back, I owe it to myself!

Not goodbye but 'au revoir'



Blue spotted ray on the wreck.



Jean-Claude Magliotti on the tilting deck.

Overseas Diving

Marettimo



Katy Randles

Why the Muppet theme you ask? This was the rather uncharitable name given to ocean divers on the trip, but then they did call sports divers 'Fraggles' which included me as a PADI Advanced diver unfortunately. We have yet to get our own back on the more advanced divers – so names in a hat please!

But I digress... what I really wanted to focus upon was what great fun our week spent in Marettimo, one of the Egadi isles off Sicily really was. Organised by our one and only chairman John Rapley (Batman).

This was certainly be a dive holiday to remember – and not just for the diving, which was of course excellent. Amongst other amusing mishaps several people, and they shall remain anonymous, nearly departed the boat without the help of their weight belts and one even managed to complete a whole dive without one. Applause must go to Ian Emery for this feat – and also for the resilience of his better half in not giving in and letting him have some of her weights. Quite right too. Jokes about Stones in Your Pockets of course now run riot at the club.

The holiday began with weather more akin to Torquay than the semi-tropical paradise we had built up in our minds. Day two sticks in my mind most of all – we set out in the boat, named the Tresette, amid rocky seas and had barely been gone an hour when I nipped into the tiny cupboard that was the toilet. On exit someone helpfully told me they had some bad news for me: all the stuff I'd carefully heaped into the overhead net including my rucksack, had gone overboard! However the good news was it was all recovered – just sopping wet, including my mobile! So being the coldest person on the trip I was less than pleased to be without my fleece in the bracing air.

From day three onwards however we had beautiful sunshine, flat calm seas and fantastic visibility underwater too (up to 40m). We were treated to colourful coral walls, with yellow and red gorgonians, nudibrancs and many sightings of scorpion fish and morays. The water was crystal-clear and a comfortable 23 degrees, making each dive a pleasant experience and a real feast for the eyes. Some among the group were lucky enough to see a Spanish dancer on their dive, but for me the most memorable sight was a brief glimpse of a large moray (around a metre long) snaking through the sea-grass and hurrying into a nearby cave. Despite being told that we should see lots of lobsters on a couple of the dives, they proved illusive, and when we did find one it made for an uncomfortable subject of the spotlight, with so many torches shining on it.

Having never dived in a cave before I think many of us felt like real cave experts after we explored at least one cave every day. Apparently there are over 400 caves both under and above sea level around the island! One of the most memorable dives was the "Cathedral" cave with an entrance at 29m, and a height of around 10m – with its impressive stalactites and mites it was both eerie and inspiring. It could also be particularly pitch black when neither you nor your buddy has a torch to speak of!

One of the best days was the last – when Marcello, who runs the dive shop, took us to the 'tunnel of love'- a cavernous channel just off the island. We dutifully donned our masks and fins and the waves forced us bobbing along, shrieking and echoing through this brilliant natural fairground ride – and spat us out at the other end. Some group members liked it so much that they had to go through twice – and we probably could have left them there all day!

Marettimo was a great place to get away from it all – with hardly any cars or roads, a low season population of under one hundred, and a mountainous backdrop. Approaching the island on the hydrofoil you couldn't help but be impressed by the rugged landscape, with its tallest peak, Monte Falcone (700m) shrouded in mist. Local hospitality didn't disappoint either – with a little help from my rusty Italian and everyone else adding an 'o' to everything they said we soon made firm friends as well as managing to obtain food for the week.

The discovery that Sicilian wine typically contained around 14% alcohol around the middle of the week explained a few sore heads – particularly the last Saturday of the trip. John and Michelle both celebrated their birthdays at the end of the week, which added to the general party atmosphere after we'd been dragged out of the water on our final dive. We had a meal in the restaurant on Michelle's birthday on the Friday night and on the Saturday night for John's birthday we had a great party in the Garden of Chris's apartment which went on until the early hours, Marcello and the dive guide's joined us and there was a great buffet and loads of wine and beer and party tricks, Chris even made a new friend!

Our Italian dive guides were also great fun throughout the week and won themselves a few female admirers (in fact all the girls on the trip!) – sorry guys, Gaetano was gorgeous!

So thank you John for organising a great holiday, to Marcello and the dive guides for looking after us so well and expertly showing us round the stunning dive sites. And of course to everyone for making it such a good laugh and don't forget that Muppets rule and Fraggles rock!



The obligatory group shot.



Gren Hamlyn and Sarah Jenner hanging around.



Off gassing in Sicily.



Above the below.



The "Cathedral"



Into one of the many atmospheric tunnels.

The Clubhouse

A year of improvement



Howard Hope

Workdays

The clubhouse is a wonderful asset, but also a huge responsibility. Every year, four or five Sundays are earmarked as workdays and volunteers requested to help with maintenance tasks. This is normally out of diving season so that there are no excuses for absenteeism!

An average turnout of ten or a dozen members is just enough to keep abreast of all that needs to be done. With all the basics completed last year, this year some cosmetic work has been possible. The lecture rooms in particular have always been quite soulless and were treated to some fun decoration by Training Officer Jo Eaton.

In addition, some underwater photographs were framed and put up to replace the old ones which were beginning to fade and show their age.



Andy Ethel works on the lighting circuit



Training Officer Jo-Anne Eaton poses with her handiwork- a dull wall cheered up with old charts.



Accountants have their uses- in this case clearing undergrowth! Club treasurer Graham Evans turns his hand to earthy problems.



If in doubt- give it a clout. Recent new member Steve Hall works on the back door frame.



The most important man on site. Rob Lea makes the tea!



The never-ending work of scrub clearance; Jean Claude Magliotti and Chris Chapple work by the gates to the car park.



Groundforce. Jim Harrison attacks the weeds.



There's a lot of clubhouse to maintain!



Jonathon Markwell brings along his son Thomas.



The new steel clubhouse sign frame gets concrete footings. Member Jean-Claude Magliotti works for Luxcrete, so he is the natural choice for the job!



The Clubhouse

Furniture Day



Gren Hamlyn

An investment in furniture

By the Christmas party at the end of 2004 it was very evident that the clubhouse furniture was on its last legs- literally! What we had was already second-hand when bought. (Former Chairman Brian DeLuce had sourced it from another local club upgrading its fittings some years ago). Now it was our turn to improve our surroundings. Existing chairs and tables were regularly in need of running repair and becoming potentially dangerous.

What made the situation more urgent was our policy of renting the clubhouse to outside parties. Clearly the place was becoming less and less desirable as a venue as the furniture deteriorated.

The committee decided in midsummer 2004 that the accounts were rosy enough for new furniture to be chosen and bought. Around £2,000 was earmarked for the purchase. It was something of a daunting prospect, as we needed at least forty chairs, ten tables and five barstools to replace what we had. Several suppliers were considered and the final decision, based on the funds available and value for money, was made to buy from Ikea.

The nearest branch of the store was ten miles away in Croydon, so we were very lucky to have a member, Chris Chappell, who is an owner-driver of commercial vehicles. Chris went with Chairman John Rapley and Treasurer Graham Evans to write the giant cheque and break their bodies shifting all the boxes of, (self-assembly), furniture to the clubhouse one Sunday.

Another Sunday was then chosen expressly for volunteers to come and glue and screw the mass of items together. Six men did it in a morning, so that when the photographer arrived there was no work to be done, and the new tables were tested for their ability to hold beer glasses, which they did with flying colours.

All was not over yet, though, as there was the small matter of disposing of the old furniture still to be dealt with. This was done by the simple expedient of building a giant bonfire in the car park, which also consumed the mass of cardboard boxes in which the new had arrived.

The Chairman, not known for showing his feminine side, (ever!), took all the neutral- coloured seat-covers home and dyed them dark blue to fit in with the clubhouse's scheme.



Goodbye to all that.



Out with the old. Our old furniture is piled high.



In with the new. The new tables and chairs are christened.



The Clubhouse

Making use of the facilities



Howard Hope

A visit by the Nautical Archaeological Society

The clubhouse was used for a talk by the NAS in October. Other local BS-AC branches were circulated in an attempt to generate good relations. Several members from Leatherhead BS-AC attended together with one or two from Putney. Unfortunately one attendee was suddenly taken ill with food poisoning, which resulted in the talk being disrupted for some time while an ambulance was called.



Mark from the NAS speaks to us.

Talk by the NAS

The Nautical Archaeology Society (NAS) is a non-government organisation devoted to further interest in our underwater cultural heritage.

What does the NAS do?
What courses do they offer?
Can we help?

Most of the evening talk will focus on the full range of the club's activities which is aimed at groups, clubs and individuals who regularly dive in the UK and have developed an interest in diving historical sites and sites to be preserved or protected in the UK and abroad.

This evening will feature a presentation on the full range of the club's activities which is aimed at groups, clubs and individuals who regularly dive in the UK and have developed an interest in diving historical sites and sites to be preserved or protected in the UK and abroad.

This is a free event for all in the area and the club will be pleased to provide refreshments for all those who attend. The event will be held in the clubhouse and the bar will be open for the evening.

This event is provided FREE courtesy of Kingston and Esher BSAC. Members will be encouraged to contribute refreshments for a good time.

Thursday 14th October 2004.
Bar opens 8:30 talk starts 9:45.
For further details contact David Tinsley on 020 8942 7472.

The Computer



During 2004 Dave Tresidder obtained a second-hand computer for the clubhouse. It is kept in one of the two lecture rooms and holds not only all the BS-AC training slides and slates but also tide tables for the British Isles, allowing instructors and dive organisers access to all the information they could want. A printer was purchased to allow the information to be disseminated.

The RIBs

The RIB's received new VHF radios, O2 kits and flares in 2004. The old radios in particular were giving cause for concern and both were replaced with improved units.



A tight squeeze. The two RIBs in their shed.

Lottery Grant Committee

In mid-2004 a committee of four members under the experienced leadership of Chris Hunka was formed to investigate the possibility of a Lottery Grant for the branch. Our long-term dream of building our own brick clubhouse has proven impossible, as Kingston Council will only grant us a short-term lease on the land we currently occupy. However, we have many other ambitions, which are being considered.

Special Achievements

More silverware for the trophy cabinet



Sarah Jenner

The Elmbridge Sports Awards

In the first week of November 2004, Chairman John Rapley and committee member Howard Hope went to an evening event at Air Products Limited in Hersham to accept an award for the Best Senior Sports Team in Elmbridge. With the silver-gilt cup came a cheque for £275 to be added to club funds.

The prize is awarded annually by the Committee of Elmbridge Borough Sports Council to the team that is seen as having achieved highest in the Borough over the preceding year. Kingston and Elmbridge only entered the competition after making it clear to the sponsors that we were not strictly a 'team' as such, as divers are not in the business of competitive sport. However, after explaining our position we were encouraged to enter and delighted three months later to find ourselves the winners.

The prize is a particular honour in light of the fact that other entrants included two Thames rowing clubs whose membership include teams who had competed in the recent Olympic Games.

However- and here lies the pleasure for us- it was acknowledged that our 'team' of 140 divers have achieved highly all together, and not just in selective individual effort.

The new cup fills a space nicely in the trophy cabinet something that the 'Heinke' cannot, (at least not without a major rebuild!).



A delighted John Rapley displays the trophy for the local press



The branch trophy cabinet is in the entrance to the clubhouse

Personalities. Three achievers in 2004

It is invidious to single out individuals in any club, but in 2004 three members achieved some distinction in the diving world.

- **Dave Tresidder** became a Regional Coach, following years of courses dedicated to self-improvement (His experiences at Fort William were covered in our entry of last year).
- **Rachel Sharp** added to her impressive list of qualifications by becoming an Advanced Instructor. Rachel's father, John, was a founder member of 'K+E' and she has given her time tirelessly to the branch for many years. Now she will take her skills beyond the branch doors.
- **Marcus Greatwood** has distinguished himself by becoming Britain's number eight freediver. Although this is not strictly a BS-AC activity, Marcus has brought his team of students to the club as Social Members. Marcus is also a qualified Scuba Diver.



Rachel Sharp



Marcus Greatwood



David Tresidder



Social Activities



Social Activities continued apace, and highlights included;

A trip to see The Ceremony of the Keys at the Tower of London organised by member Colin Williams, who is buildings supervisor there. A paintballing day, somewhere deep in the Surrey woods. Two Music Evenings one with Blues Band Soft Touch and a Seventies Night with a live saxophonist. Another fancy-dress Halloween Night for members and their families, with lots of red makeup in evidence. As well as the bar and music there were seasonal games such as apple-bobbing on offer.

In addition there were plenty of meals booked in popular local restaurants: an all-you can eat Chinese and an uproarious evening in November at the Greek Vine in nearby Claygate. (Don't ask where the policeman's hat came from!). The Chairman could not attend as he had a cup to collect from the local Sports Council. What a blow..

Jack the Ripper Walk and the Ceremony of the Keys by John Rapley

On Monday 13th September, a large group of club members and friends/relatives gathered outside the clubhouse for the coach that was booked to take us up to London for the Tower of London/Jack the Ripper evening.

The coach left promptly at 5.30pm, and Chris Chappell rang at 5.35pm to say he was on his way.....Len told Chris to carry on up to London and meet us at Tower Hill in his Jag!. A few other members who either work in London or could not make the coach met us in London as well.

We were dropped outside the Tower, where the driver would meet us at the end of the evening. We met up with Colin Williams who led us to our first stop - you guessed it - a pub!. We just had time to finish our drinks when Chris's Jag turned up and we all had to leave to meet our guide outside Tower Hill tube station.

We were then given a guided tour around the City and East End of London. the Brick Lane area, and the sites of all five of The Ripper's murders in the early 1800's. Some of the streets around Brick Lane are still very atmospheric, and you could just imagine what they were like back then in the pea soup fog and gas lamps with no proper sewage or drainage systems, awful unemployment, cheap gin and plentiful prostitutes.....I found it very hard to concentrate on his talk with the aroma of the dozens of curry restaurants in Brick Lane, not having eaten for 5 hours! So, as we passed Tubby Isaacs' seafood stand I had to get a carton of jellied eels, which kept me going.

The tour was over in around an hour and a half - after which we were led back to the Tower of London, through the gates and into the Tower of London Club bar (men had to wear collar and tie), where we could quench our thirst and rest our weary feet. The bar prices were even cheaper than our clubhouse! Shortly after our arrival our Fish & Chip suppers arrived. Most people had cod & chips, others had pie or chicken & chips, and Colin had even laid on a jar of pickled onions - the food went down really well - mine went down really really really well - I had finished before most had started!

At 9.35, we gathered outside the bar and were led down to see the Ceremony of the Keys. Every night at exactly seven minutes to 10 o'clock the Chief Warder emerges from the Byward Tower wearing his long red coat and Tudor bonnet, carrying in one hand a candle lantern and in the other hand the Keys. With solemn tread he moves along Water Lane, to Traitors Gate where his escort provided by one of the regiments of Foot Guards awaits him. He hands the lantern to an escorting soldier and the party moves to the outer gate. En route all the guards and sentries salute the Queens Keys. After locking the outer gate the Chief Warder and escort retrace their steps. The great oak gates of the Middle and Byward Towers are locked in turn. They now return along Water lane towards Traitors Gate where in the shadows of the of the Bloody Tower archway a sentry waits.

When the party approaches the sentry challenges, "Who comes there?" The Chief Warder answers: "The Keys." "Whose Keys?" the sentry demands. "Queen Elizabeth's Keys." "Pass Queen Elizabeth's Keys. All's well" is the sentry's final rejoinder. The party then proceeds through the Bloody Tower archway and up towards the steps where the main guard is drawn up. The Chief Warder and escort halt at the foot of the steps and the officer in charge gives the command to present arms. The Chief Warder moves two paces forward, raises his Tudor bonnet high in the air and calls "God preserve Queen Elizabeth." The guard answers "Amen" just as the clock chimes ten and the bugler sounds Last Post. The Chief Warder takes the keys to the Queens House and the guard is dismissed. It was very british and very entertaining.

On the way back to the bar Colin showed us the two cells, either side of the clock tower, where the Kray Twins were locked up whilst awaiting trial - they are the last prisoners ever to be held at the Tower. Then an excellent impromptu show of fireworks was seen nearby, probably on the Thames somewhere. It was time for a couple more pints and then we made our way back to the coach where we were whisked back to Tolworth in about 25 minutes. very enjoyable evening, thanks for organising it Colin!



New member Andy Ethell gets into the Kingston and Elmbridge groove.



Irena Webster in an arresting pose.



Suspicious confirmed. Our equipment officer Brett Champion is in league with the devil.



Paintballs - Weapons of Mess Destruction.

Social Activities

Dinner Dance



John Rapley

The Annual Dinner Dance took place at the historic Burford Bridge Hotel at the foot of Box Hill, Surrey, and a local landmark. It was there that Nelson spent his last days before Trafalgar with Emma Hamilton, although the Tithe Barn where functions are held dates back to mediaeval times.

The event was extremely well attended, and our guests of honour on the top table were George Brookes, (Chief Heinke Trophy adjudicator, and ex BSAC Chairman), and Tony Marshall, both from HQ.

After an excellent meal, each gave a brief speech and the Chairman John Rapley was then presented with a cheque for £1,000 and a plaque in recognition of our successful Heinke Trophy entry.

The handing-out of branch trophies followed, And, the 2004 winners were..

- Crawley Cup:** **Alan Dunster**
*Awarded to the person who caught and weighed-in the biggest shellfish for the year
This year, a massive lobster won it for Alan*
- Underwater Photography:** **Ian Emery**
Awarded for a picture of a scorpion fish
- UK Waters Photography:** **Rachel Sharp**
Awarded for a picture of a cuckoo wrasse
- Trainee of the Year:** **Sandra Argent**
Sandra used courage and determination to overcome all obstacles and has now qualified as Sports Diver. She has been a member of the committee and has got involved in our work days and generally is willing to help whenever she can
- Plunge Trophy: (Male)** **Marcus Greatwood (19.28m)**
- Plunge Trophy: (Female)** **Gill Hassell (19.58m)**
This is an eccentric club tradition, and involves taking a shallow dive from the deep end and remaining totally still until you sink, stop or run out of breath. The length of your dive is then measured.
- Jeff Betts Trophy:** **Alan Dunster**
Awarded for the best underwater find – Alan presented a Makers Plate, lovingly restored and declared
- John Parker Trophy:** **Alan Dunster**
Awarded for the best presented underwater find – Alan presented a small plate off a fire appliance. It was polished and mounted on a wooden block.
- Lady Diver of the Year:** **Jo-Anne Eaton**
Jo-Anne was deeply involved with the committee and last year took on the thankless task of training officer, where she did a fantastic job. She is very organised, has arranged lots of open water training and has worked well with the Diving Officer in order to ensure that anyone needing extra help got it, and as if that was not enough she has decorated our training rooms.
- Logbook Trophy:** **Jo-Anne Eaton**
Given to the person who has logged the most hours underwater.
- Marion Trophy:** **Howard Hope, Jonathan Markwell, Jo-Anne Eaton, John Rapley, Gren Hamlyn**
Our most prestigious trophy awarded to the person who has done the most for the Club. This year it was awarded to the team that put together, and won, the Heinke Trophy.

A raffle at the event was generously sponsored by local dive shops and diving related companies, and raised a healthy £364. The remainder of the evening was then spent dancing the night away until 1am.



Well pleased! Jo-Anne Eaton wins "Lady Diver of the Year"



Celebrations go on into the night



Old comrades. Ex chairmen John Parker and Brian DeLuce.



The Heinke co-ordination team take the Marion Trophy



Guests of honour George Brookes and Tony Marshall with President Gerry Hassell and "Trainee of the Year" Sandra Argent

Social Activities

Ski holiday to Val D'Iserre, February 2004



Terry Webster

Our president, Gerry Hassell, organises an annual ski trip to Val D'Iserre

Arriving at Gatwick on Sunday 1st Feb we were upset to see Lynn and Olga totally distressed as Lynn had lost her passport probably in a house move, and after a night searching, was refused boarding. It took Lynn until Thursday to get a replacement passport, at which point she flew out to join us. Their friend Gill had also suffered a calamity, in that she had recently broken her arm on a dry ski slope and with arm in plaster she was unable to ski at all. These events must have been very disappointing for Olga especially as today was her birthday.

Apart from that, with preflight drinks at 8.30am, the flight and transfer went without hitch and we arrived at our chalet at 4.00pm in time for dinner. With snow in the resort, and 3 feet deep on top of cars that had not moved recently, and fir trees with fairy lights made a beautiful setting. The chalet is huge with separate dining rooms on each floor. It is situated near to the centre of the village and 5/10 minutes walk or short bus ride to the main ski lifts. The food in the chalet was excellent and good quality wine flowed all evening. The chef and chalet staff were very welcoming and looked after us exceptionally well.

After dinner on the first evening, we congregated in the lounge and with the usual Salsa demonstration from Kevin Morgan, the dancing started and developed into a party. Everybody joined in and had a wild time – Olga had a great Birthday party! Kevin was introducing skiing exercises into the dances, and shouting out "plant that pole! and "pick the apple off the tree" Every day on the slopes for the rest of the week he would be reminded to plant that pole. The star of the party was undoubtedly John Rapley (who else) who gave us a phenomenal display of break dancing. Must remember to bring the video next time! It was only the following day that he realised that he had twisted his ankle, and even with painkillers, he could only turn in one direction.

At dinner one evening, one of our group called 'Munchkin' collapsed on the floor and stood up holding an armful of firewood which only seconds before had been in service as a dining room chair. Later on in the holiday he attempted the same trick, but not so dramatically. Those chairs were more dangerous than skiing.

On the first days skiing, the beginners, Alex, Louise and Eraina went off for their lessons on the nursery slopes near the village and Julie had private lessons. Kevin and Dave had skied in the past and soon found their confidence skiing with Mark East Gerry had a large group which Irena and I joined. Among us, were relatively new skiers Brian DeLuce and Kevin Morgan who did fantastically well, on very challenging slopes. Others did their own thing. With 28 skiers of different levels, you can't stay together the whole time. Communication was enhanced with the use of walkie-talkies, which are a worthwhile investment.

One day it was Eraina's birthday, and everybody sang happy birthday to her on their walkietalkies. We were on a ski lift at the time, and the experience brought tears to my eyes. It was such a pity that Eraina had her walkie-talkie switched off.

The 2003/04 ski-season started slowly, but with big snowfalls later in January and some blizzard conditions. The sun started shining on the week that we arrived and we were blessed with blue skies, spring conditions and perfect pistes. It was a week before the French school holidays and 2 weeks before English schools half term, so we enjoyed quiet slopes and no lift queues. It could not have been better.

Val D'Iserre is an excellent ski resort. You can ski to Le Fornet, where there is a cable car, nicknamed the "scare chair", which takes you over the top of a sharp ridge into a summer ski area, and which has a restaurant whose specialty is Lamb Shanks (to die for). Gill Hassle reserved the table for us, in her best French, You can ski over to Val Claret and take the funicular railway to the Grande Motte, which at 3456 metres is the highest point you can reach without climbing, and is another summer ski area. On the other side of Val Claret is a steep black run called 'Col Des Ves', which feels almost vertical at the start, and is good practice to check if your skiing technique is ok. There are many more runs around Tignes and Val D'Iserre, enough to keep you occupied for a couple of weeks. Another challenging run is called the Face, which is a world cup run, where a reasonable level of fitness is required. I must remember to get fit for next year so that I can beat Irena. John Rapley courageously attempted a timed giant slalom run, but when he discovered that Bill Reid beat him by 0.6 of a second, he called him a b*****d. Gill's son Ross showed how it should be done, before coming a cropper in a spectacular wipe out!

John Rapley and a group of expert skiers including John Oldham and Gill's sons, Ross and Max, signed themselves up to ski the Tarentaise tour, an all day off piste run of 60 kilometres. Unfortunately John had contracted a severe stomach bug and had to withdraw. Apparently he was sick in a basin with a non-functioning waste, and had to remove the contents by hand! After 5 days of sunshine, the last day brought snow, winds and poor visibility. After pretending to ski a bit we enjoyed a long lunch in a restaurant at Le Fornet, which specialised in tarteflet a mouth watering potato & savoie cheese dish.

Helicopter trips and paragliding were also on offer. In fact John Oldham brought his own paraglider. Unfortunately some people booked these trips for the last day, but had to cancel because of the weather. Enough about skiing. The après ski was happening both on the slopes and in the villages. Live music and dancing in the sunshine in the snow with a beer or vin chaud is not a bad way to spend an hour or so.

The evening entertainment consisted of nightclubs and pubs, some with live entertainment including 'Club 21', (where no-one is over 21!), Morris pub, Dick's T Bar and the Warm Up Café were frequented. Fred is the expert on nightlife in Val. Some evenings we just chilled out and enjoyed after dinner conversations about such things as hamsters, glass tubes and accident & emergency departments. Apparently they are all related. I can't say what everyone did, because we were all doing different things at different times. Like John Rapley for example, who stayed out till 5.00am and returned with a smile on his face!



Communications

Keeping the membership informed



The web-site by Jonathan Markwell

Our Branch web site, www.kingstonbsac.co.uk remains a vital tool in both keeping members up to date with our myriad of activities and is also important in attracting new members to the Branch. We use this to provide information (such as training related material, forms and the Branch newsletter), advertise dives, social events and training schedules and as a means of marketing the branch and providing contact details (for Try Dives and membership enquiries). The Notices page allows us to post news, reminders and the latest information on events in real time.

The site includes a web mail facility, which can be used to distribute messages to every member with an email address at the same time, or to just a single recipient. Together the web site and email distribution facility allow us to stay in touch with members who may not visit the Branch on a regular basis and therefore access information which is routinely displayed on club house notice boards, which are still used to inform those who have yet to enter the Information Age!

We receive very positive feedback on the quality of site design and the comprehensive information it contains, which is supplemented with our own links to a wide range of external diving-related sites. In addition, we are pleased to agree to our own site being linked to from other organisations, not just the BS-AC HQ, BS-AC Travel Club and BS-AC Ring, but others such as Kingston Council, various diving directories and search facilities.



Newsletter by Grenville Hamlyn

2004 saw Grenville Hamlyn take on the role of producing and improving the club newsletter.

Newsletters are now to be published quarterly at dates that fit-in nicely with various key phases of the dive year.

Gren understands that a club newsletter can be a significant expense and effort. But he firmly believes that an informative and well supported newsletter is worth the investment, as it pays dividends in both member participation and satisfaction.

The effectiveness of a volunteer organisation like Kingston & Elmbridge Sub-Aqua Club depends on communication. And, a good newsletter provides the same information to every member at the same time, in a form that can be kept and consulted at any time.

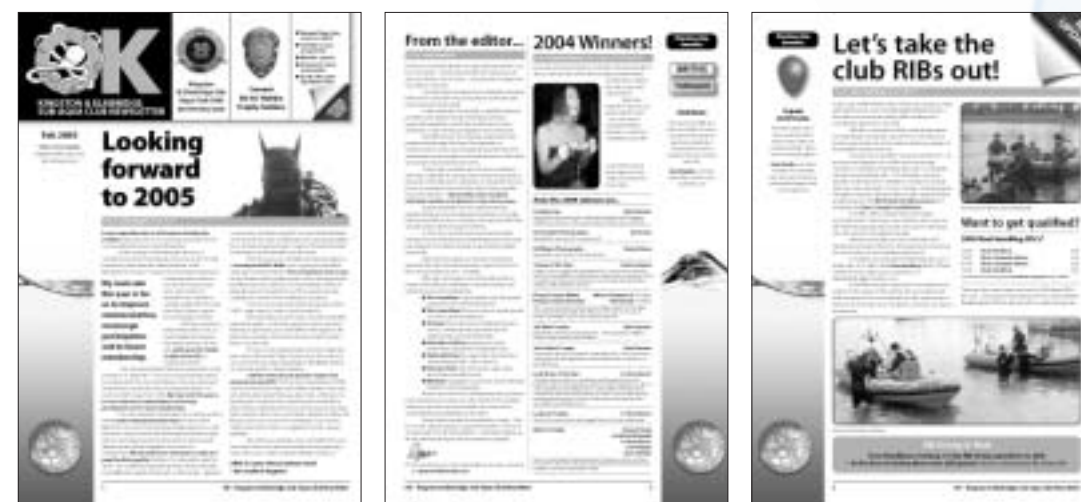
A good club newsletter also serves as a meeting reminder, a calendar of coming events, and an announcer of club and committee actions and plans. In doing all this it also serves as a permanent record of the club's history and the lives of its members – Importantly, it also recognise individual member contributions to the club's success.

A good newsletter can also help prevent any perceived cliquy-ness, by keeping all members up-to-date with the activities of various members and groups within a large club such as ours that supports a diverse range of interests.

The newsletter is designed to allow for input from various members.

- **The committee** provides updates and information pertinent to all committee positions
- **Sub committees.** Kingston & Elmbridge have several special groups set-up, the newsletter makes sure that we all know what is going on.
- **Trainees** tell us all about their experiences and offer funny stories.
- **Recreational Divers** offer trip reports and information regarding equipment configuration etc.
- **Technical Divers** within the club are doing amazing stuff and planning expeditions.
- **Dive marshals** can promote upcoming trips and offer ideas about future trips.
- **All members** are invited to ask questions communicate anything that might be of interest to the membership. One member even provides a recipe for each issue using British sea-food as ingredients.

Articles don't have to be Shakespeare to be published, they just have to be interesting to at least one other member.



The newsletter is not only better designed than before, but is packed with information from the committee and members.

Accounts



Graham Evans

	2003	2004
Ordinary Income/Expenditure Income		
Bar Sales	15,662.11	16,188.11
Dinner Dance tickets	-44.60	862.80
Hall Hire	897.00	634.50
Membership Dues	8,586.24	7,900.72
Miscellaneous Items	2,492.67	3,147.81
Pool Income	3,579.00	2,854.10
Total Income	31,172.42	31,588.04
Expense		
Air for try dives	0.00	0.00
Bank Service Charges	-4.00	8.00
Bar misc costs	89.39	71.31
Bar Purchases	6,879.14	7,297.27
Contract Labour	2,010.00	2,135.00
Depreciation Expense	3,649.00	4,058.00
Dues and Subscriptions	50.00	125.00
Gifts and Donations	0.00	222.30
Insurance	1,904.43	1,836.56
Licenses and Permissions	72.48	127.38
Miscellaneous	54.86	223.64
Pool Hire	7,410.31	7,968.43
Postage and Delivery	20.23	41.89
Professional Fees	80.00	100.00
Rent	2,078.75	2,000.00
Repairs	5,717.98	2,411.12
Stationery	428.56	16.54
Telephone	69.26	69.59
Uncategorised Expenses	0.00	0.00
Utilities	1,177.19	1,543.63
Total Expenses	31,695.58	30,589.70
Net Ordinary Income	523.16	675.13

	2003	2004
Other Income/Expense		
Other Income		
Interest Income	208.92	229.11
Total Other Income	208.92	229.11
Net Other Income	208.92	229.11
Net Income	-314.24	446.02

Looking ahead to 2005

2005 itself marks the branch's fiftieth anniversary, and a committee was formed to plan events in that year. Our hosting of the BS-AC AGM will come in the middle of a very important year for us, and there will be a very special Dinner Dance to top the year off.

Postscript: The Asian Tsunami Disaster 26th December 2004

It was almost inevitable that a diver from Kingston and Elmbridge should have been caught up in the Asian Tsunami disaster. In our case it was Rosie McKimmie, who was out at sea on a dive boat when the surge passed. Warned by radio not to return to shore, the diveboats waited twelve hours at sea before coming in to the scene of devastation now so familiar to us all through the media. Rosie also experienced the secondary waves that followed and wrote a moving account of her experiences on the club intranet.

A collecting box was set up on the bar immediately after the disaster that raised over six hundred pounds in just two weeks.

Meanwhile, at Ko Samui on the east coast of Thailand, ex-Chairman Adele Smith and her husband Wally had just moved into their retirement home there. (We gave them a farewell party last autumn). Together with other ex-patriots, they banded together and arranged a local 'Live Aid' concert using local hotel entertainers. They raised an unbelievable £150,000 just days after the wave struck. A monster effort. We were very proud of them.

Seven reasons why divers and trainees chose Kingston & Elmbridge BSAC in 2004



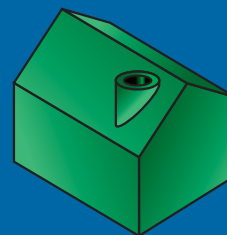
2 x weekly training nights



A full programme of diving



Nitrox available at cost



Clubhouse with full facilities



Fantastic social scene



Quarterly newsletter



FREE air to all members

