

MOUTHPIECE

MARY WHITEHOUSE IS OUR ROLE MODEL ~ "MORALS NEED TO COME OUT OF THE GUTTER"

5th JULY 2001

CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

**NICK GALT
CHAIRMAN,
HUSBAND
AND FATHER**

It seems like yesterday that I produced my first article under this heading but already we're in June and almost half a year has passed.

The season is already in full flow, with successful club trips to the Red Sea and Scapa Flow behind us. Having reduced our hard boat bookings after struggling to fill them last year, all this year's bookings are full. It seems that it's either feast or famine on demand for dive boats. If anyone can work out the reason for this please let your (confused) committee know the answer! The start of this season also saw the Wreck amnesty come to a close with members reporting several years worth of finds to the Receiver. It will be interesting to see what, if any, follow through there is from the Receiver.

On the subject of dive bookings, look at the RIB schedule and get yourself on. Particularly our newer members, the RIB is there for you as well and while the more experienced members of the club try to schedule dives appropriate to those new to the sport, it is also important that you show initiative in getting the RIB booked for dives. The situation with this year's intake of Club Divers is very disappointing as of the original 12, most have dropped out and only 1 is ready to dive this season. This is a problem that has direct impact on the



club's ability to survive. We have always recognised that without new members the club would wither and die. For some reason it seems very difficult to either maintain new member's interest or get them to the point where they're diving, a problem that the committee has considered but hasn't been able to find the solution to. One consideration is the pattern of training. Possibly the traditional October to April training period is too demanding on trainers and trainees alike. One option is to consider more concentrated weekend training. Whatever the answer, it is something we will have to address for the future. On a brighter note, we have several very keen members who have come in over the winter and with several new ITC qualified members who are very keen to start training, we are now able to spread the training load more evenly across the instructors. We are already considering next season's dive schedule with a May trip to Scapa looking a distinct probability and Peter rumoured to be looking at an overseas trip beyond the Red Sea. Enjoy the summer's diving and **please remember to support the social events which are planned for the year.**

CAUGHT "RED HANDED"

FULL STORY INSIDE. SEE RED SEA TRIP

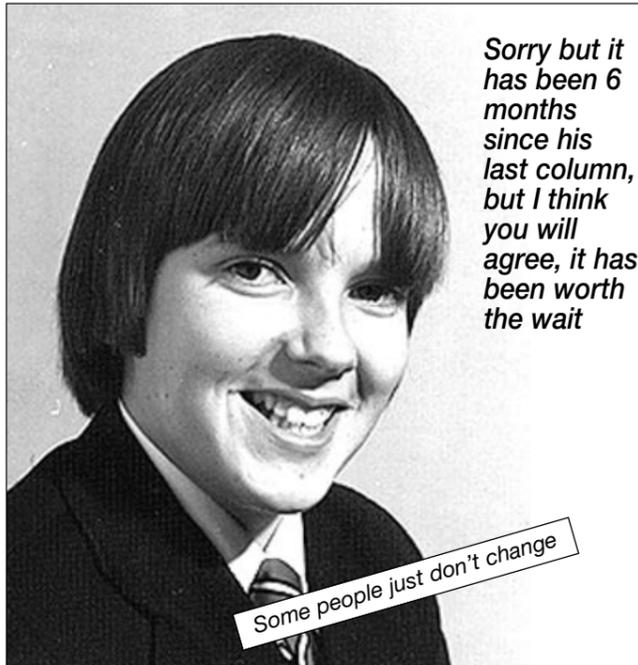
The "Moral Policeman" took this candid picture after a night of steamy passion.

I leave you to draw your own conclusions about this sordid little affair and to debate the moral implications for this great club of ours.



**THIS PUBLICATIONS
GREAT MORAL
CRUSADE
CONTINUES**

GLORIOUS WORDS FROM GILBERT'S GOB



Sorry but it has been 6 months since his last column, but I think you will agree, it has been worth the wait

Some people just don't change

DIVING OFFICERS REPORT

JUNE 2001

With the diving season now well underway, I am glad to say as I write this column the sun is shining, the sky is clear, and there is no wind to upset those of you who are contenders for the Chunders Cup!

For those of you that did not go to Scapa Flow or out to the Red Sea, both trips went very well and all had some memorable dives. Likewise, some good diving has been had out of Weymouth

MV 'Our W' which has a hydraulic lift instead of a ladder to get into the boat, and MV 'Taurus' out of Eastbourne. So if you have not got wet yet, as they saying goes "get on with it before the summer is over".

Congratulations go out to Kam Lee for passing the Club Instructor examination as well as Gareth and Gwyn Davis for becoming Club Divers. There are also plenty of you that only have a couple of pool lessons or open water exercises to do before you get to your next diving grade, so once again "get on with it before the summer is over".

On a more serious note BSAC has just changed the rules relating to medicals. In general terms in the future when you come to renew your BSAC / Branch membership you also self declare that you are fit to dive, and depending on your age you do not need to undertake the 1, 3, or 5 yearly medical. However if you do suffer from any number of conditions listed on the form, or have been treated for decompression illness, you need to seek advice from a Medical Referee. All the details including a Frequently Asked Questions fact sheet can be found on the club notice board at the Pool in the Park, alternatively this information is also on the BSAC web site.

For those of you that have not seen the Branch RIB recently it's now parked in my front driveway in Woking. So with the boat more accessible to those of you with tow bars fitted to your car feel free to come and use this valuable diving facility. Alternatively, you can always ask me when the boat is going out next as I am always looking for the 4th person to make a trip viable.

Finally, there has been a lot of bad press recently relating to diving accidents around the UK, so please lets all have an incident free summer.

Alan Gilbert

Want to dive on the RIB you only have to ask Alan Gilbert, Tel: 01483 766396

Diving in Phuket Island, Thailand.

By Kam Lee

I would have loved to dive with the club in the Red Sea again this year. But for one reason or another this did not happen. Instead Simmi and I spent two weeks holidaying in Phuket, Thailand.

Phuket is an island on the southern end of Thailand, in the Andaman Sea. Obviously I could not miss the chance of a few days diving whilst I am there. Apparently Phuket and the nearby Similan Islands are some of the top dive destinations in the world.

After a few days relaxing with Simmi, I was itching to suss the dive scene. I visited a few dive operators and in the end I went for one called Dive Asia. It's one of the biggest, the list of qualification seemed impressive, and the dive boat look nice, big and comfy. Their dive shop was closest to my hotel as well! As it turns out, Dive Asia was really OK. Very safety conscious, well organised and well equipped.

The best diving is on a live-aboard to nearby Similan Islands and Burma. It could be of any duration. 2,3 or 4 days trips being the most popular. As this is not a purely diving holiday, so I have settled for 4 day trips instead. This allowed a planned 11 dives, including a night dive.

The 4 days and 11 dives cost £135. This includes pick up and return to hotel, tank and weight, breakfast, lunch and two dinners. Unlimited fresh water but have to pay for soft drinks and beer.

DAY ONE. It is to a nearby island call Raja Yai. I have pick this as the first dive because I know it is going to be a easy dive. Especially the first dive of the season. The pick up from the hotel was on time. After a pleasant 1 hour boat ride we were there. The water temperature was 29 °C. The weather was good and very sunny. I was so sun burnt that I was like a red lobster for a few days afterward. The diving itself was a bit boring compare to Sharm or El Gouna, but it was nice. Perhaps what was really bugging me was that I am on my own.

Diving in Phuket Island, Thailand Continued

I was the only BSAC qualified diver. All the others are PADI. The divers are either Japanese or German. I was pretty much the only English speaker. (Except for one very loud American underwater camera salesman call Len.) It did worry me a little that my diving skill may not be up to their standard. Will I be letting BSAC and my side down?

This proved to be a very imaginative fear. I was buddied with Len. (He is a PADI Advanced Open Water Diver and the only other English speaker). The Thai buddy check goes like this: "Kam are you ready?" "Yes" lets go!" and that was that. He did have a very unusual stride entry. Both arms are outstretched as he jumped off the boat. As a consequence, his elephant trunk, Spare Air canister and underwater camera flew off in all directions on hitting the water. I was a bit concern that he might have knock himself unconscious with his whacking big camera! Anyway he survived it. He was a nice guy. He did lend me his very expensive Apollo Bio fins to try on the second dive. (And I must say they are very good.)

After entering the water and watched a bit of OK-ish sea life, I was bored. What was more interesting was to watch the Japanese divers with their expensive gauges and octopus trailing everywhere, bobbling up and down, struggling with their buoyancy control. Some even have their dive guide operating their elephant trunk continuously as they fin pass. Talked about not touching the corals! I cannot say the Japanese and Germans are particularly eco friendly to the under water environment. (I have also discovered from subsequent days that the Italians beat the lot in trashing corals!).

So here I was stressing myself out unnecessary in the beginning, so desperate not to let my side down and stay cool. What unfounded fear. So thank you Surrey Aquanauts and all my instructors for teaching me all the skills that I have!

DAY TWO. It turned out to be the best dive day. The weather was fine. In the morning we dived the King Cruiser. It took two hours to reach the wreck. It is an 85 metre Catamaran passenger ferries that sank in 1997. It was upright, with the top at 12m and the seabed at 30m. There were lots of fish but no corals yet. We swam around the wreck a few times exploring the multi level decks with deck furniture. There are quite a few swim through. Although wreck penetration was not allowed. My German buddy and I did it anyway. Naughty! Actually it did dawn on me afterward that I was the only diver carrying a dive lamp! How can anyone dive a wreck without a whacking big lamp? It was a very enjoyable wreck dive. The interesting thing was, although we speak different languages on the surface but underwater we seemed to communicate quite well with hand signals.

In the afternoon and after a very short boat ride we dive a site called Shark point. Corals are abundant and colourful. Lots of fish and some really big wrasse, boxer fish and barracudas. I mean bigger than me!



Will somebody please hurry and invent a waterproof FAG

DAY THREE. There were four dives planned for the day including a night dive. The island is call Raja Noi. It took about 2 hours to get to the site. A tropical storm started when we left harbour so the sea was pretty rough. (A bit like back home!) On this day most of the divers are German doing their Dive master or Nitrox training. I was one of the few day passenger. During the two hours to the island one or two Germans managed to loose their breakfast. However once we reached the sheltered dive sites, the swells calmed down quite a bit. In the first dive, due to the poor weather and very fast current. It was one of the fastest drift dive I have ever done. Towards the last 20 minutes of the dive we have to hang on to rocks and watch sea life go by before our ascend and pick up. Otherwise we would have been swept to anywhere. Because the current was so strong that it was really undiveable, the boat moved

on to some other more sheltered sites later. The second, third and night dives were nice. A bit tiring though.

DAY FOUR The plan was a 3-hour boat journey to nearby Phi Phi island with 3 dives. An even bigger storm blew up and we were right in it!

It really was rough! High winds, 3-4m swells, rain, thunder and lightening right next to the boat. As a result half the Germans lost their lunch, breakfast and yesterdays dinner. I did feel sorry for one Singaporean who was sick on the way there, sick when he entered the water, sick underwater, sick when he surface and sick again on the way back. Because of the bad weather some people had difficulty getting back on the boat after their dive. So the dives were cut short and we headed back home early. After a total of about twelve hours in the swells since we set off in the morning.

Once I was back in the hotel room, I was genteelly swaying from side to side like a pendulum for hours afterward. Simmi was laughing her head off.

Do you know despite the really bad weather during the last two days of diving, I have managed to keep my dinner! I really wonder do I deserve the Chunder Cup!!!

For the non-divers, Phuket is a wonderful holiday destination. Good food. Good shopping. Good weather. Good scenery and extremely friendly Thai hospitality. You can do anything from lounging around the beach all day doing nothing to trying out all kinds of water sports on the beach to numerous activity tours organised by the holiday operators. The restaurants, bars and nightlife are second to none. There are little Thai boys and girls and all the shades of HE SHE ITs in between to keep you happy if so desired. There is always something for everyone. It is highly recommended. Simmi and I will be back again (for the fifth time!) In the mean time I must do some work and earn some money. Not all dentists are rich dentist!

Kam

RED SEA HOLIDAY (WITH DIVING THROWN IN)

By The Editorial Staff

THE CLASS OF 2001

Peter Grey, Sarah Simpson, Hajo Roozendaal, Jane Weisz, Andy and Linda Bangle, Sally and Graham Walker, Jo Grainger, Angela Harker, Steve Willett, Mathew Collins, Adrian Faulkes, John Lord, Chris Howard and Daria Coleman, Jon Poz and myself.

As usual, I as rushing to leave to pick up John Pos and my boy Mathew at the agreed time of 7.30am. More haste less speed should have been the by-word for what followed.

Without wishing to insult Egyptian wine, it must be likened to stale cats urine filtered through a collection of Kam's old dog ends contained in Steve Willett's ripe underpants, with just a soupçon of bleach. The result is Egyptian wine.

With this in mind, I grabbed four bottles of my Penfolds Schiraz wine to 'decant' into four plastic bottles (to save weight in my suitcase). However, two slipped from my moist hands and smashed on the kitchen floor.

Good start to the holiday. I was mortified and left to pick up the boys.

Because of my fear of delays on the M25, we took the scenic wibbly-wobbly way to Gatwick through Fetcham and Dorking. Trouble was that, as usual, we had not read Peter's instructions properly and checked in first, THEN tried to find the rest of the lads on the wrong side of passport control. Which was why we were a bit spread out on board the aircraft. Still, I did have time to purchase a 4 litre box of Baramundi red wine. My palette was saved.

The journey was easy and pleasant and the Hotel looked splendid, bathed in the atmospheric night lights. As soon as we arrived, Sarah and Hajo were met by 'Her Friends' and we were all ignored. Mathew was very fortunate, fighting off fierce competition to share a room with me. Lucky or what. The rooms were good and clean. The food in the restaurant was buffet style and was more than adequate. Peter had previously negotiated a great deal with the hotel whereby we could all dine every evening at a ridiculously low price of £22. Bargain. Bonz would have been delighted.

Mathew and I quickly sorted out our vast collection of face creams, anti-ageing creams, moisturisers and beauty products. It was so re-assuring to meet somebody with more beauty products than I (wish they had worked).

Next morning at 8.00am, we were met by our driver who drove us to the boat, the Genwa Star, a nice white jobby with a pointed bit at the front and a blunt bit at the back with a sun deck. We were all introduced to the crew and Adam Hathout, our dive-guide from The Dive Tribe, whilst Sarah and Hajo were re-introduced to more of 'Their Friends' and we were all ignored again.

Sorry to upset the Ruffy-Tufties in the club, but there is nothing to compare with the ease of warm sea diving. Sun bathing before, kitting up in a fraction of the time, minimal gear to put on (leaving you with that

constant nagging doubt that you have forgotten something), guaranteed crystal clear warm waters with an abundance of marine life and finally, being able to pee-pee in your suit. Heaven!

The first wreck of the holiday was the 'GIANNIS-D', Sunk in 1983, a large merchant ship in very good condition. Still ship shape she is a fantastic dive and we all had a great dive.

Second dive was the 'CARNATIC', a P&O steam-sailing ship sunk on Abu Nuhas reef in 1869. Lying on its side this was still a fabulous dive but strangely, we saw no signs of its cargo of champaign, port and gold bullion.

My dream and I am sure I speak for us all, was to come the next day when we planned to dive the 'THISTLEGORM', in spite of the fact that we had to leave at 5.00am. Still, no pain - no gain.

I dived with Mr. Nicey, John Lord.

At 26 meters, the bow section lay perfectly preserved. Upright, with it's starboard anchor anchor chain leading away into the distance, as though she had dropped anchor just a few moments before. I love wrecks not for what you can find or take (sorry) but for the sheer romance. This was so easy to imagine the dive bombers unleashing their load. The noise and horror of that day in 1940 can so easily be pictured as one drifts over the exploded, twisted metal.

On either side of the deck, the two steam locomotives have fallen overboard, leaving the two tenders behind, firmly fixed to the decking. As you descend into the fore holds, the shape of the Triumph army motorcycles become clear, as they lie neatly in their rows in front of the ships boilers. Coal spills over the

cargo. As you descend even further into the ship, you come across the rows of Bedford open top trucks.

The hatches in the cabins have been opened revealing the drivers interior. Most of the trucks seem to be still loaded with their cargos of rubber waders and wellington boots. An unlikely cargo for a wartime ship on its way to the warm waters of the Mediterranean.

Enfield .303 rifles are scattered about the lower decks in their racking boxes.

The sadly disappointing thing to me is that in spite of the laws regarding taking anything from the Red Sea, the souvenir hunters had stripped the bikes of their badges and petrol caps and the lorries of their steering wheels, gauges and anything that could have been quickly and easily taken. Naive of me, I know, but with this ship in such a marvellous, intact condition, this action seems almost sacrilegious.

It was so eerie, journeying through the cargo holds and corridors in utter silence, with just ones own thoughts for company. Every so often a blaze of light would intrude into this amazing time capsule, as the lovely video camera lady from the Dive Tribe Centre, recorded our



They were never seen pawing each other!



Some let the side down by drinking too mush!

Colours almost oversaturated our eyes, colours that only nature could produce.

After each morning dive, we surfaced to a fine Egyptian lunch freshly prepared. After lunch, we would sunbathe, rest, sleep (if you dared) or enjoy the rapier sharp wit and sophisticated banter of the ~~perverse~~ diverse collection of congenial members that is our club.



Hair-Sharing again



On one such lazy afternoon, that dance-floor lounge lizard Dr. Adrian Foulkes, slunk along the bench seat of the upper sundeck and deposited his manhood next to poor little vulnerable Barby Doll Angela. Unfamiliar with the ways of the wicked world, she was putty in his hands. I sat opposite, transfixed by

his cool line of patter, ready to observe and learn.

"How old are you now, Angela," was his opening line, sheepishly spoken in his melodic Welsh accent.

Wow, I was in awe.

"No children yet, Angela ? Your body clock is ticking away you know. Do you realise that your eggs have been sitting in your body for the last 20 something years and they're probably all manky by now."

I was really learning a whole new poetic chat-up line from a master.

amazing journey.

This was indeed a 5+ Splat Rating on my dive log and one that will be hard to beat.

We dived the stern section in the afternoon, which lay at a 45° angle. Two guns were still intact on the deck and one of the props clearly visible. As I drifted away from the wreck, I turned to see the whole wreck before me in all its glory, with scores of divers, like flies, circling the 'Thistlegorm'. I felt small and totally in awe of man's achievements to build such structures, but such thoughts faded into insignificance when this ship is placed into this wonderful underwater environment which is nature.

That evening we all returned with huge grins on our faces. As we docked, Sarah and Hajo were met more of 'Their Friends' and we were all ignored again. Every night we ate in the hotel where Sarah and Hajo met more of 'Their Friends' and we were all ignored again. The waiter staff permanently kept our huge table for us. The restaurant was buffet style with a different theme every night. Each night we were served by an Egyptian Freddie Mercury look alike - after he died. He would find or saying something that made us laugh. When he had established what that was, he had a wonderful, endearing habit of repeating that all night and every single bloody night. If he was not 'playing' with me, he would play with Andy. BUT unfortunately he was no good at reading that subtly sign that clearly said "Piss off, I am now very bored with you, please stop doing it." One night, he insisted on repeating his performance with Andy, thirty two times too often and Andy nearly punched his lights out.

Whilst the lads drunk their beers, I would take in a decanted bottle of my boxed wine to drink with my dinner. On the third night, I was rumbled by the manager and who insisted that I pay corkage. But as this was only 3 English pounds, what the hell. After dinner, we would go down to one of the bars where Sarah and Hajo would meet more of 'Their Friends' and we were all ignored again.

On the third day, the wind picked up big time. Jane (the Tardis Bag Lady) containing everything that you would ever need in your whole life from, the cradle to the grave and beyond, would often be seen on the sun deck with her windometer. On one occasion, she recorded a wind gusting to 70 mph. Unfortunately this meant that we were no longer able to dive anymore wrecks, so we were forced to dive the reefs. These were of



In the Egyptian heat, Peter NEEDED a bath



Dr. Adrian giving fertility advice

RED SEA HOLIDAY (WITH DIVING THROWN IN)

CONTINUED



Angela never got drunk - no way!

"Well, I may not have decided yet who will be the father of my children," came a very good reply from Angela.

"You know, you want to use them up before they get any worse and shrivel up completely," he said.

Seeing my 'once in a a life time' opportunity, I saw my slot and jumped in with both feet firmly in mouth.

Licking my lips and rubbing my masculine thighs in rampant anticipation, I put my hand in the air and shouted, "Angela, let me be the father of your children."

You could almost hear her considering the splendid, selfless, sacrifice that I had proposed, and, with head tilted sweetly to one side, she replied, "Thank you Pat, BUT I would like my children to have hair."

Gutted in one stroke.

But hay-ho, life goes on.



Daisy Chain

That night, we ended up watching an 'Egyptian Dance Evening' in the grounds of our hotel, whilst Sarah and Hajo were met up with more of 'Their Friends' and we were all ignored again.

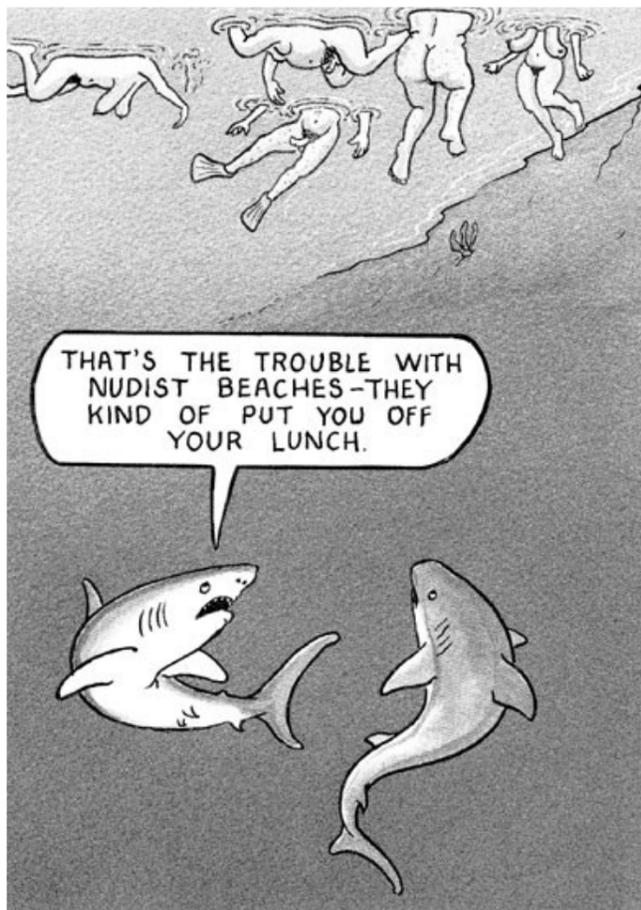
At best, the show was extremely tacky and it reminded me of my children's school plays but the props were not as professionally made as at school. We were shown a belly dance routine by Fatima, who was kind enough to drag me up onto the stage for the express purpose of sexually exciting the women in the audience. Well I am not just a sex object and I refused to be treated as such. However, I did paraded and gyrate in front of the hordes of braying females as a gesture of goodwill.

As the weeks diving progressed, so did our diving skills to such an extent, that towards the end, Peter Grey and his dive buddy, John Pos, actually returned from a dive - together !.

We saw the dolphins on occasions, but this time, they only accompanied us as our boat gently powered its way through the waters and not underwater.

Diving on the fourth day, Mathew and I were lucky to find a camouflaged octopus hiding in a coral outcrop.

Now I know that I can be a bit of a prude at times but I make no apologies for what I can only say is a complete lack of morality on behalf of Sorry Sarah and Hajo. Every dive that I went on and every dive that everybody else went on, we were all subjected to the appalling site of Hajo engulfing Sarah in his octopus vice-like grip. Often, they did not practice safe diving, obviously running out of air on many occasions as we saw Sarah's chest heaving, their lips and things locked together,



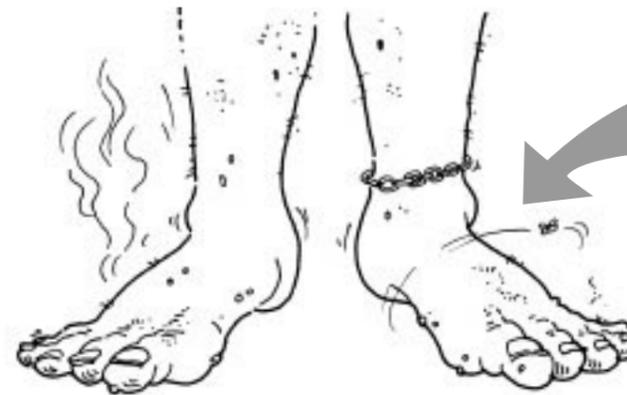
sharing air under water, obviously passing spent air from one set of lungs to the other. But even this paled into insignificance compared with the goings on involving that other debauched couple, holding hands and things. The Bangles were also canoodling and they should know better.

But it was not all fun. There was also tragedy on the trip. Peter Grey had his Speedos swimming trunks stolen one night, I ask you. Is nothing sacred. Peters speedos can be likened to the Turin Shroud of the Diving World. For somebody to steal them was unforgivable, even if they were a source of sexual gratification. Fortunately, they did eventually turn up, but I certainly would not have worn them again, given what happened to them.

On the last evening, we had our usual party evening. This year I did not have Nick with me, so I did not stay behind in the room with him and read our books. I summoned up all my courage and faced my demons. Unfortunately, I disgraced myself yet again by getting rat-arsed. I am sorry for losing control again and boring every to death with my drunken tales. Whatever I said, and I do mean WHATEVER, I was only kidding and it is all untrue. I think it was the last four 'Long Island Teas' that tipped me over the edge, sorry.

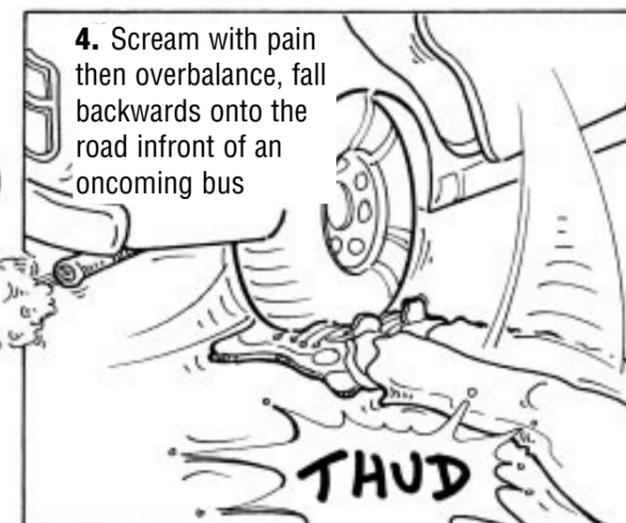
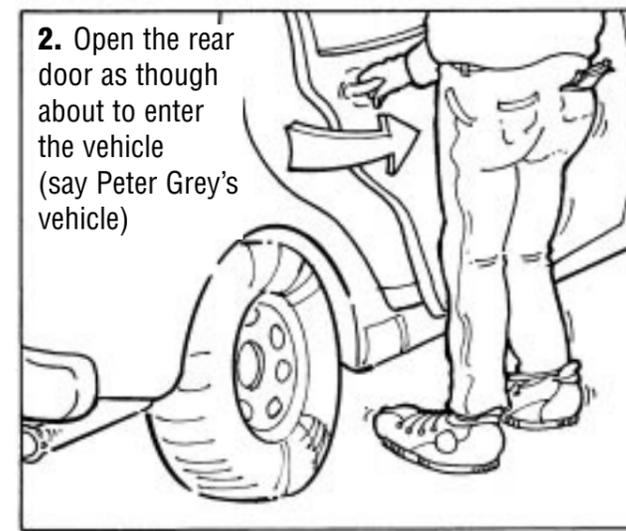
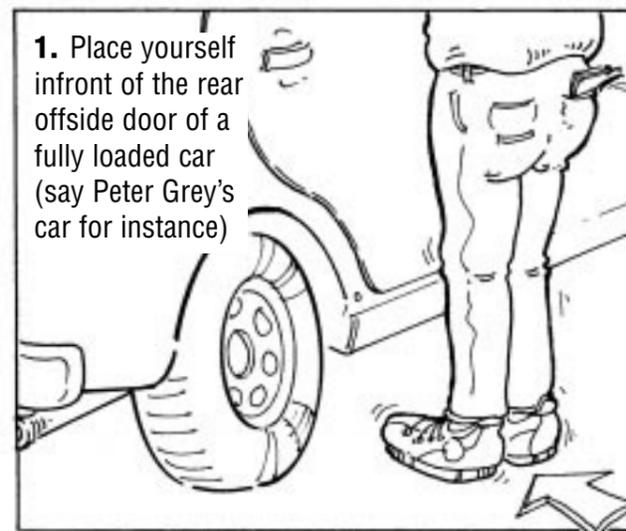
I was sad to leave Egypt, the mystical land of the Pharaohs, a land who's art and buildings were the glory and envy of the ancient world, a country that gave us a civilisation that was to last 3000 years and is unsurpassed to this day . However, Hagada is nothing like that. Wall to wall crap. Row upon row of unfinished buildings and slums. Somebody said "It's like Bairuit on a bad day - after Ghengis Khan had passed through, setting off a nuclear bomb behind him.

I know that we all had a wonderful time and thanks must again go to Peter Grey for organising another great weeks holiday and socialising with a spot of diving thrown in.



HAVE YOU GOT JUST ORDINARY FEET ? WOULD YOU LIKE TO SWIM & DIVE WITHOUT FLIPPERS ?

IF THE ANSWER IS YES, WHY NOT TAKE 4 EASY
STEPS TO ACQUIRE YOUR OWN FLIPPER FEET



After you have been told to "Stop bloody moaning and get in the car", wait for the pain to subside and then look down and marvel.

BINGO!
A pair of permanent
"Flipper Feet"



WEYMOUTH WEEKEND

9th ~ 10th JUNE 2001

Not sure exactly what happened on Friday night as it was my birthday, but apparently I had a really good time. At the B&B, Peter presented me with a bottle of fine wine which was downed in near record time and the night was under way. At 1.00am, lost, walking alone for 30 minutes, swaying badly from side to side,



The lucky girls queue up on my bed

I was found and rescued from the streets of Weymouth by 'The Lads', outside the very nightclub where we had been boogying the night away. They then steered me back to the Double Three Guest House, the B&B where we were staying. Fortunately, the first days diving on Saturday did not start until 10.00 so the lie-in was most welcome. The owners, Kathy & Ron, who are both divers, gave us a hearty breakfast before we took the seven minute leisurely walk down to the quay side.



The morning was clear, sunny and calm, so no "Chunders Cup" offerings (yet). The first dive was to be the Aeolean Sky, a large 16,000 ton cargo ship, lying some 12 miles south east out of Weymouth. She sank in 1979. The holds are big and open and it is easy to drop inside, in poor visibility, get confused in the very open twisted cargo holds. The visibility on the Saturday, however, was excellent some, 12+ metres. This was an excellent dive. My poor young buddy Mathew was diving in a semi-dry suit and with the water temperature at 12oC, suffered with the cold.

The second dive, by popular demand, was a scallop bash, but this did not produce a bumper crop.

With the questionable business of diving out of the way, we quickly returned to port to begin the evenings entertainment. We were booked into the 'Old Rooms Restaurant' for a relatively cheap meal that unfortunately was not the best but the company was, so that made up for it. After dinner, some of us went on to a nearby Jazz Pub. We had to pass through the stage area where a band (and I use the word loosely) was playing. The lead player was a tall, inanimate person with the personality of a zombie. But, by comparison, he was dynamic. His audience was, to put it mildly, just plain dead. Warily, we crept past the upright corpses, taking care not to waken them. At the back of the building, we paid our money and played Mini-Ten Pin Bowling. Competition was mean, Nobody was prepared to take prisoners, In the end we all felt sorry

for Peter and let him win. By this time, the evening was whimpering to a climatic close and we returned to my room, where we polished off the Booby-Cake that Mathew so kindly gave me the night before. So large were the mammaries, that we could only eat the right one, leaving the left side to be eaten the following day on the boat. However, I did wake up in the middle of the night and feeling a little bit naughty, I raised the icing bra-top and stole the remaining left nipple. Sorry !

Because I had thoughtfully appointed Steve as a 'Drink Monitor' for this diving weekend, nobody suffered a hangover on the Sunday morning, otherwise I would have excluded them from diving.

Because of late slacks on Sunday, we decided to do a little shallow dive in the morning and dive the M2 in the afternoon. Although the

Even Hitchcock would have been amazed



weather was fine again and the air temperature good, the water was still very cold so Angela and Mathew decided not to dive the first dive, reserving their resolve for the M2.

I love this submarine wreck. Even after 70 years, she still looks very ship shape, sitting upright and intact at 30 metres. Now covered with Dead Men's Fingers on the bows, she is an amazing site as you swim below and look up at the bow section, with the sun shining down through the clear waters. Again visibility was 12m+.

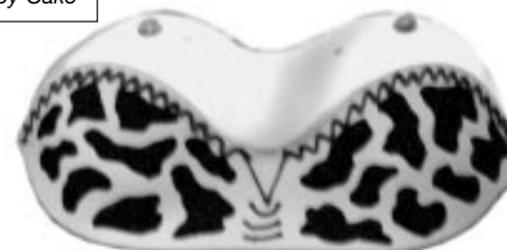
The anchor chain extends out in front into the distance as though she has just dropped anchor. The hanger doors are still open. It is wonderful to stand in the conning tower of this vessel and imagine what it might have been like back in the years between the two world wars when she was in service. The bodies of the sailors are still onboard although safely sealed inside forever.

On the way back we had a fantastic trip in the glorious late afternoon sun. As we ate some of the Bread and Butter Pudding that the landlady had given us, seagulls followed in the hope of picking up a tasty morsel or two. They then proved to be great sport as we threw chunks of cake high into the air and watched them dive down and catch the cake in mid-air. As they filled their stomachs, we were accompanied by three jet skis. They used the bow waves to great advantage, repeatedly jumping high into the air behind us. All this was against a superb backdrop of the cliffs of Portland Island.

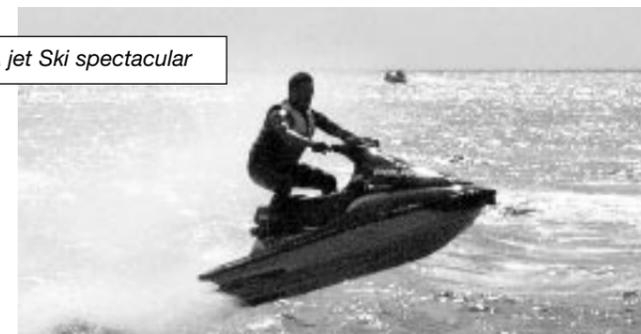
I hope we all had a good weekend and thanks to all who actively helped to fill in a few gaps in the organising of the dive. I am sorry to have missed my chance of diving from Weymouth again in August. I hope that the boats have been booked again for next year as bookings are now being taken for this popular dive resort.

Special thanks must go to Peter Grey who after five years wait, has now decided to seek revenge for my attempted murder of him at 'Scapa Flow'. My feet are now semi recovered, but Claims Direct advise me to wait two years to see how things develop.

The Booby Cake



A jet Ski spectacular



SORRY, BUT THERE IS NO SIMILARITY AT ALL

Knowing my love (as a ruffy-tuffy diver) of dolls, Mathew kindly gave me a 'Thunderbirds' doll of 'The Hood'. I was really chuffed, but imagine my surprise when it was pointed out to me that the doll looked like me ?

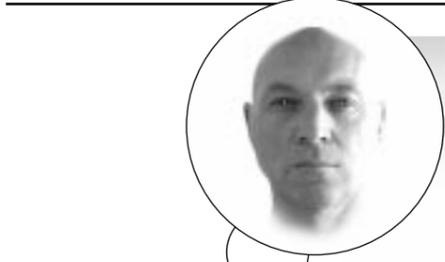
So this months picture from the "Separated at Birth" section is dedicated to me. Personally I cannot see it myself, can you ?





The Amazing Story of Barbie a lovesick girl (with great taste)

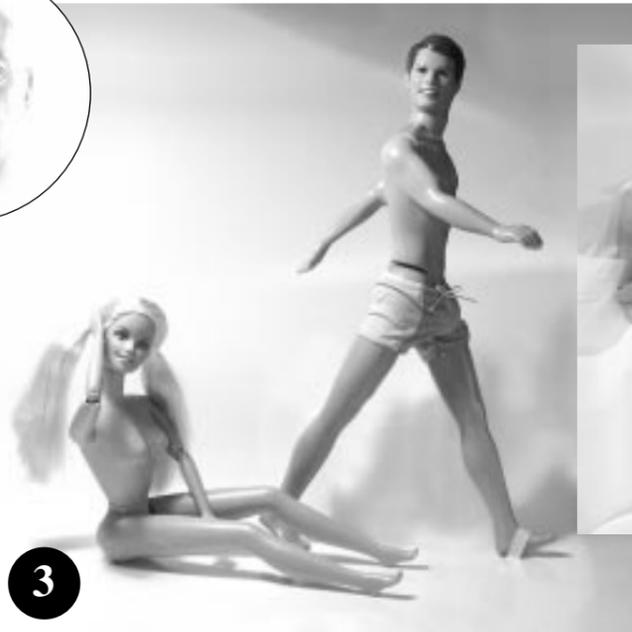
Anonymous actors have been used in this reconstruction to protect the anonymity of Angela and Pat. Any resemblance to anybody living or dead is a complete co-incidence



1 As soon as Barbe joined the diving club, all she could think about was her heartthrob. He, being so young and virile, she knew he was beyond his reach, so



2 ...she devised a cunning plan to trap him into bed, regardless of the consequences.



3 One day, whilst on holiday in the Red Sea, she decided on subtlety and lay about naked by the pool. As he walked past, Ken (name changed to protect the innocent) heard somebody coughing, wolf whistling and asking him if he fancied a good time baby .

4 Ken, being a ruffy-tuffy diver, was used to the admiring glances of women, especially when wearing his sexy diving gear, so, wearing only his Speedos and lunch box, he could not believe his luck ?



5 Of course, once she has tasted his sweet kisses, the inevitable happened. She fell hopelessly in love with somebody else. But by this time, she was desperate and throwing caution to the wind, they hurriedly undressed each other.



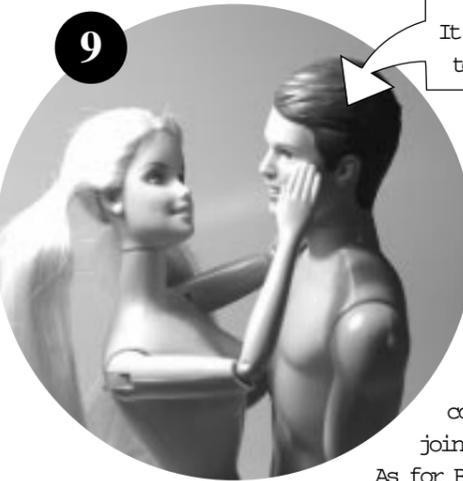
6 Never had she experienced anything like it before. The earth moved, but that could have been as a result of the curry the night before. Despite never having smoked. now seemed a good time to start.



7 Two minutes later, and with a big grin on his face, ken waved Barbie goodbye. He could not help thinking that he was just cheap. His bodily fluids drained, he felt used. Women can be so cruel at times, he thought.



8 Six days later (for a Barbie doll pregnancy is very short due to the small size of their bits), Barbie's efforts were rewarded. She gave birth to a beautiful bouncy baby boything, weighing in at 2 grams. Both Barbie and baby are doing well in St Pygmy s Hospital, Chertsey. There was great celebrations in the club and indeed throughout the country, that Barbie had taken heed of her Welsh doctor s advice, and had a baby before all her eggs had become completely manky.



9 Whatever happened to Ken I hear you ask? So hurt was he as a result of the clandestine liaison and coupling, that he joined a nunnery. As for Barbie, she still dreams of her hero in Speedos and hopes to find him again one day to make her dream come true again.

BABY GILBERT TUCKS IN

Latest picture of the lovely Baby Gilbert seen here inwardly digesting a copy of Safe Diving Practices. Hurry up, we need new members



"Quotes of the month"

by Captain Anonymous the little boggy man who is always listening over your shoulder ~ so be warned !



Thanks go out to you all for the usual collection of stupid quotes.

"I'll guide you in. Ahhh (sigh), there you go" Jo to Nick. at Woking Pool 4.1.01

"You can position me in the back" Jo to Steve this time. at Woking Pool 18.1.01

"Will you get down on your knees, big boy" Sarah to Pat. Cricketers Pub 18.1.01

"That's a big knob" Sarah to Steve. at Woking Poole 18.1.01

"That's a big knob" Sarah to Steve. at Woking Poole 18.1.01

"I don't charge a lot these days" Foolish Pat to Sarah Unguarded moment.

"I will be sleeping with Pat" Nick to assembled throng at Cricketers Pub 18.1.01

"Push it harder, more, more, a little harder, a few more inches, yer, you're there" Nick Galt, Chairman, said whilst bending down on the floor in front of the Landlord of the B&B in Weymouth 10.6.2001

"I avoided being bullied by always attaching myself to the biggest, ugliest, bastard in the playground - Steve, let me be your BITCH?" Nick Galt to Steve Willett Weymouth 10.6.2001

"I'm better on my back" Linda Bangle to Graham Walker Cricketers 14.6.2001

"I'm ready, you can take me whenever you want" Sally Walker Cricketers 14.6.2001

"I haven't had it out for two years" Pat Gibbon Cricketers 28.6.01

"I was wrong" Chris Knights Cricketers 28.6.01

"Sorry" Sarah Cricketers 28.6.01

"Steve, would you like a drink" Answer "No thanks" Steve Willett Cricketers 28.6.01

*Please join in the following functions.
Remember, its your club !*

**IMPORTANT DATES
FOR YOUR DIARY
DURING 2001**
Please keep these date free NOW

- Sunday 29th July** Winery & Vineyard Trip
Denbies Winery at Dorking, Surrey.
Late morning visit and wine tasting at the vineyard followed by lunch at the local pub.
See Jo Grainger for details.
Tel: 01932 406581
- Sunday 19th August** Club Summer BBQ at Littleton.
The cost will be £5 for adults and £2 for children.
Tickets available from Nick Galt at the pool every Thursday night
- Saturday 17th November 2001** Annual Dinner Dance. One week later than usual so PLEASE KEEP THIS DATE FREE.

**WE ARE ALWAYS
LOOKING FOR NEW
MEMBERS SO DO YOU
KNOW ANY DIVERS
WHO WOULD LIKE TO
JOIN OUR CLUB
OR
ANYBODY WHO MIGHT
BE INTERESTED IN
SCUBA DIVING AND
WANTS TO GIVE IT A
TRY ?**

If so, then get them to contact Nick Galt 01483 489716 or
Alan Gilbert on 01483 766396

GREENPEACE

Ever thought of joining? We could do with your support in trying to keep our seas clean and alive with fish. Join now by contacting Greenpeace at Canonbury Villas, London N1 2PN or phone for details on Telephone: 0171 865 8100 Fax: 0171 865 8200. E.Mail: gp-info@uk.greenpeace.org Web site: <http://www.greenpeace.org.uk>

We only have one world, so do help to save it.

**WINERY AND
VINEYARD TOUR**

**Denbies Winery
Dorking
Surrey**

Sunday 29th July

Late morning visit to the winery and tasting followed by a Sunday lunch or snack at the local pub.

See Jo Grainger for details and to reserve a place 01932 406581

Families and Friends welcome.

THIS WILL BE GREAT

**CLUB ANNUAL
SUMMER BBQ**

at Littleton Pit, Chertsey

Sunday 19th August

Diving in the morning for those who wish.

BBQ served about 12.30pm

Cost: £5 grownups (inc Pat); £2 kids & OAPs.

Entertainment: Messrs Willett & Gibbon will continue their "push the other into the water while fully clothed" game. All betting odds and tickets available from any committee member.

We will be using the Sailing Club's facilities (BBQ pit, tables, loos and their bar will be open as well).

Can bring own drink.

Get your tickets at the pool on Thursday's, no excuses!

THIS WILL BE REALLY GREAT