

**The  
Diving  
Club**



# The Hyperbaric Times

**Issue 107**

**Pre-AGM 2004**

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## Editorial

It's a bumper issue, but really all I've got to say is

## A Message From the Editor

Just in case you hadn't noticed it's the AGM this Wednesday at the Maiden Over starting at 21:00 - and there'll be food.

So you don't miss it, I've repeated the fact a couple of times through the HT

No more to say - just be there and have your say!

*The views expressed in the articles in this newsletter are personal and should not be taken to be representative of The Diving Club or its Committee, unless specifically stipulated to be so*

### Special points of interest:

- Copy to be received by 26/11 for inclusion in the December 2004 issue (out 01/12/04)
- AGM Wednesday 10/11/04

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Peter Winn



***The Christmas Party 2004***  
***at***  
***The Holiday Inn, Caversham***  
***on***  
***Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> December***



**Tickets £39.95 per person**

Price includes a 3 course meal, ½ bottle of wine each  
and disco until 1am

Room rates are £75 per room bed and breakfast and include full use of hotel facilities!

So go on, make a relaxing weekend of it!

**To reserve tickets please inform a committee member  
with full payment and your food requirements!**

Or contact Nicki on 07786 985434



**DRESS CODE: BLACK TIE**





## CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

### **Fan Of Honeydew Melon**

*Served with a red berry compote spiked with Ruby Port*

### **Terrine Of Chicken Liver Pate**

*Served with a homemade Apricot and Onion chutney and Melba toast*

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Traditional Roast Turkey**

*Served with traditional accompaniments*

### **Entrecote Steak (6oz)**

*Served with a Chasseur Sauce*

### **Fillet of Scottish River Salmon**

*Served with a pink prawn volute*

### **Woodland Mushroom Crumble**

*Sauteed woodland mushrooms, served with a Tarragon and Wild Garlic, in a creamy Dijon Sauce topped with a light Brioche crumb*

\* \* \* \* \*

### **Christmas Pudding**

*Served with a Brandy Sauce*

### **Individual Milk Chocolate Delice**

*Served with a duo of Fruit Coulis*

\* \* \* \* \*

**Fresh Filter Coffee or Tea served with Chocolate Mints**



# *Jamaica Diving - Part 1*

## Diving in Jamaica

Due to the pressures of university life it has taken me a long time to write this report, but I finally thought it was about time I told everyone about diving in Jamaica.

The holiday got off to a very bad start. The skies were English skies - wall to wall grey all day and boy did it rain! It was supposed to be the dry season! The wind was blowing a gale and all water sports were suspended, although someone managed to rustle up a surf board from somewhere. Not exactly the image you would expect to see on the Caribbean Ocean! As it happened I went down with a cold on the first week of the holiday so I wouldn't have been able to dive anyway.

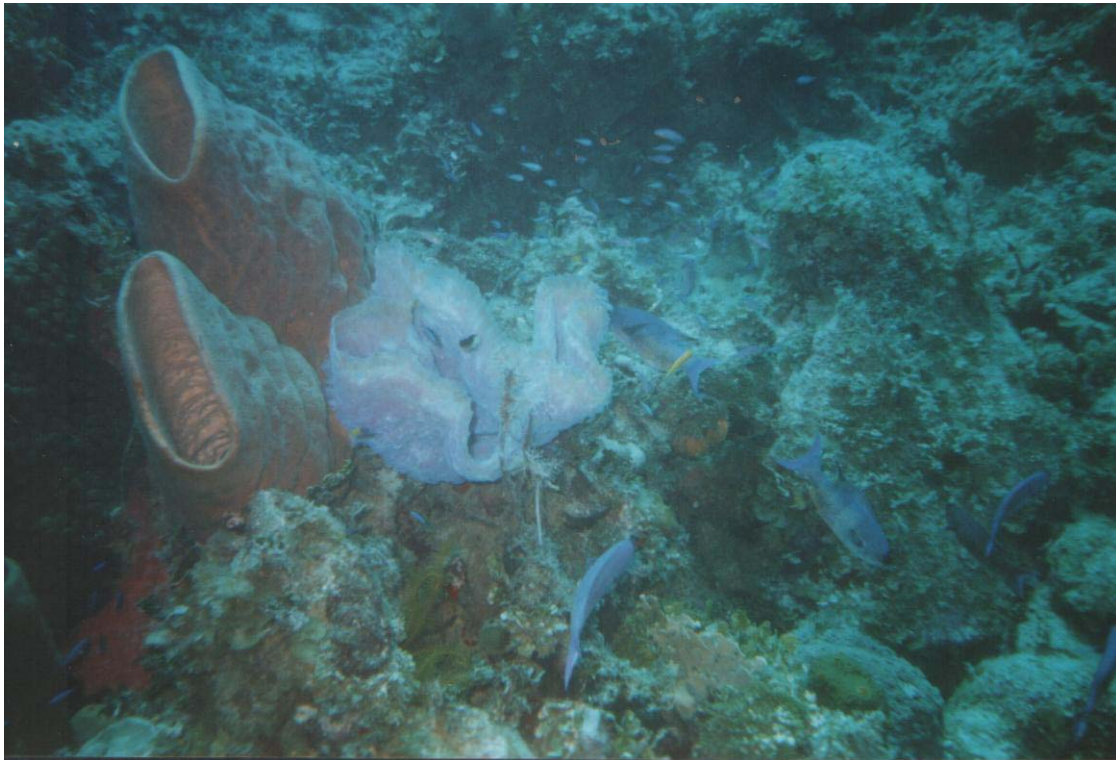
We were staying in Runaway Bay Jamaica at a hotel called the Royal Decameron Club Caribbean. We chose it as it was cheap! It wasn't bad, bit basic but the dive centre was on sight and this more than made up for the hotel. The dive centre has drying facilities for its guests which meant that the room didn't become like some huge Chinese laundry! As we were staying the two weeks before Easter there weren't any other teenagers around so my daughter (Kirsty) asked if she could try Discover Scuba, something that she has 'ummed' and 'arhed' about doing for sometime now. Naturally we were delighted as if she learns to dive, we can do more without worrying about leaving her at the hotel or feeling guilty.

The water sports resumed on the second week and she was able to do a pool and an ocean dive. Afterwards I asked her if she wanted to do the Padi Junior Scuba qualification. She said she would think about it and then said no more. However, it is the nature of teenagers not to appear too enthusiastic! In the evening I said 'how did you rate the diving then?' and she replied 'I would give it 11 out of 10.' We were delighted when she went on to do the rest of the course and now only has the final 2 modules to do when she is 15 in order to become a full open water diver.

We went diving everyday of the second week. The reefs are beautiful with huge barrel sponges and giant sea fans. There weren't all that many fish but I wondered if this was because of all the storms the first week. We did however see a Lobster, a Sting Ray, Puffer fish and lots of Blue Chromis. Visibility wasn't as good as it should have been due to all the sand which had been stirred up.

We dived with Jamaqua Divers. They have 3 small speed boats which took no more than 7 divers at a time which made the diving very personalised. No more than one dive boat went to any one reef. They do 3 dives a day at 9am (to 30m), 11am and 3pm. There was lots to see; they have a number of wrecks - we dived on the Reggae Queen which is a 100ft tugboat which was sunk in 1993 as an artificial reef for divers. They also have a 1972 Mercedes Benz which was sunk by them in 1994 and is next to a beautiful coral wall, a London bus, and two Ganja planes which were used to transport marijuana in the 70s. One is a Cessna and the other an Overhead Rockwell they were both sunk by the dive centre in 1992. They are on top of a coral

*... visit the Bob Marley Museum ...*



Sponges on one of the reefs  
(The only good under water photo Chris took!)

wall that goes down to 150ft. You can find details of this dive centre at [www.jamaqua.com](http://www.jamaqua.com)

If you plan to visit Jamaica there are plenty of things to do as well as diving. We climbed the famous Dunns River Falls and went horse riding in the Blue Mountains. You can also visit the YS Falls and see the crocodiles in the Black River, go bamboo rafting on the Rio Grande, go mountain bike riding in the Blue Mountains, swim in the Blue Lagoon where they made the film, visit the Bob Marley Museum, swim with the dolphins and watch the famous cliff divers at Rick's Café. We have been to Jamaica twice now and there is always plenty to do.

**By Ingrid Wallace**

## Jamaica Diving - Part 2

# Virgin Diver

The thought of diving used to leave me cold. My parents (Chris and Ingrid Wallace) were both divers and I couldn't see what the joy in breathing from a pressurized tube at the bottom of a freezing ocean was. It didn't interest me one bit, and an awful fuss having to put on wetsuits, sort out equipment etc. for half an hour of looking-at-a-pretty-fish.

At Easter of this year, I went to Runaway Bay, Jamaica. I love being on holiday and every year my favourite thing to do is to meet people, make friends and have fun with them. So I wasn't best pleased when my latest set of friends left to go back home on my fourth day of being there. Ten days on my own? My parents were going on a dive that afternoon, and they said I should try the hotel course of just basic skills, one dive in the pool, and one dive in the ocean. I was a bit dubious at first, I had visions of me strangling myself with my regulator or dropping my tank on my buddy's head. The pool part was ok, but the ocean? There were crabs in the ocean! And sharks! In the end I agreed because I thought it would be something to tell everyone back home, and I had nothing better to do.

So I enrolled, and the next day we went down to the dive center to assemble the equipment for the pool dive. Uriel, my instructor went to put the tank with the BCD onto my back. Nothing prepared me for it. I honestly thought I was going to topple backwards and smack my head on the concrete. It was like someone had resurfaced the Titanic and strapped it to my back. And now I was going to have to walk to the pool!! The pool being about 100 meters away, and considering I couldn't even hold my standing position without dangerously swaying, I had no idea how I would ever make it there. I bent double and literally clawed my way there. Also, to get to the pool, you had to walk through the main restaurant, where everyone was having breakfast. Oh God. Everyone was more interested in me and my turtle impression than the Calypso Band who was *supposed* to be that morning's entertainment. Everyone except for me in that hotel finds it hilarious. Hmm.



Having finally made it to the pool, we eventually started Scuba-Diving for the first time. We practiced basic skills such as removing and clearing the regulator, regulator recovery, flooding the mask and clearing, removing the mask and clearing it, etc. And so now I was ready to go in the ocean. I was still pretty scared, but I thought my pool dive, with the exception of total hotel humiliation, went successfully so I was feeling more confident.

## *... I was breathing at the bottom of the ocean?!*

My instructor Uriel was ever so nice and he put me at ease. I was a little afraid of the roll-back entry; I had no problems with the falling over backwards bit because I had my trusty tonne-tank helping me, but I was worried about hitting my head on the boat. I did it perfectly though, and after a little read-justing of my mask, I was ready to go. As we held on to the line and people gradually disappeared underneath the surface, I suddenly faced a whole new worry; being able to equalize. I had awful problems on planes, and I worried that this might hold me back. Every centimeter as I edged my way down the rope I squeezed my nose and blew gently. Suddenly, before I had even realized, my feet were on the bottom. I looked round to see other people arriving too. I couldn't believe it, *I was breathing at the bottom of the ocean?!* It seemed unreal; that was the only way to describe it. We swam round the edge of the reef, looking at shoals of fish, loads of multi-coloured coral and sponges as big as me (which isn't hard, but they were still pretty amazing). I even saw a neon blue baby shrimp which was so cute, it didn't move; I think it must have died of fright to see me, a newbie diver, gawping at it. When Uriel signaled for us to start our ascent, I was annoyed. Why couldn't I stay down here? You've finally captivated me with the concept of diving, and now you're snatching it away?

Upon returning to land, I realized why my parents were so crazy about it. *Me* like diving? I wanted to do it more and more. The dive centre was offering a 'Junior Open Water' qualify course, and I was desperate to take it, but I wasn't sure what my parents would say because money was tight. Surprisingly, they were thrilled I wanted to continue. The only problem was the two dive instructors were leaving for their holidays on the Wednesday and now it was Sunday evening! Monday we were on a trip and so I just read the first 3 chapters of the *Go Dive!* book on the boat. I felt like a walking dive-manual by the time I had finished that evening. Tuesday morning I was up at the crack of dawn to watch 3 hours worth of videos and take my written tests. I had two other teenagers on my course, one boy aged 17 who I had previously had a game of Pall with and another aged 12. On my test I achieved 28 out of 30 which I was very happy about. We were now all ready to start our pool dive, I was a bit nervous about the free-flow regulator skill; I could see me swallowing the pool. But, again I achieved it!

Our open water dive was that afternoon, and I was feeling exceptionally confident because of my last ocean dive being so successful. I started my descent with my other instructor Maria, but all of a sudden I couldn't equalize. No matter how hard I tried I could not manage it. Maria kept telling me to go back up, but nothing worked. I wanted to cry, I had tried so hard to learn and achieve everything, and now I couldn't even get my head a foot below the surface. All of a sudden though, it cleared and I could continue. It took me 20 minutes from leaving the boat to get to the bottom, but I guess everyone has bad dives. I was dreading the 'take off your mask, put it back on and clear it' skill as I have very long hair and I could see that getting in the way, and also I imagined myself forgetting the regulator in my mouth and breathing through my nose. Not a good move if you're sat at the bottom of the ocean. I managed it though, and was so grateful when we returned to the boat that we had all passed!



*... don't knock it till you've tried it.*

Later on in my last week, my parents and I went out for another dive with the dive master Paul. It was my first dive as a qualified diver. As we reached our dive site, a Rastafarian on a dive boat next to ours remarked, "She looks like a professional!" I was more than proud! Our dive was to a wreck, the 'Reggae Queen', 16 meters down. I was worried I was getting too close to the coral at one point, I have been stung by coral before while snorkeling in the Bahamas and know how incredibly painful it is, but I just remembered how the book said 'everything looks closer in the water' and so I just kept my arms rigid by my sides and safely glided past it. We saw loads of beautiful fish, a lot of sea cucumbers and even a sting ray! I was incredibly pleased, it was a lot of fun, and the water visibility was extremely clear which made the dive even more enjoyable.

We went on a few more dives after that, including one down to 19 meters, my deepest yet, where we saw a puffer fish that was the spitting image of my late guinea pig, Fudge.

I had an incredible time in Jamaica, especially diving, and was so proud that I got qualified. Next year I'll be 15 and so I'm completing my full adult open-water course in Cancùn, Mexico at Easter. (Although I will do the theory and pool dives bit in this country.) I used to be the most cynical person ever about diving, and now I am the mascot for it. I didn't realize how much fun it would be, which was foolish of me because then I had never done it before. I guess the saying is right, don't knock it till you've tried it.

**Kirsty Wallace**



**!!!AGM!!!**



# *A Weekend of Firsts!!*

## **Orientation Diving weekend**

**14/15 August 2004 - Swanage**

When I first learned to dive, I asked those several people in the club where a decent place would be to get some sea water diving experience. Swanage pier was suggested. Never having been to Swanage I was surprised that a pier, in a seaside holiday resort was one you could park on, kit up and jump off. Since then I have been there many times, but always to get on a boat, whether it was to the Kyarra, or drifting on Peveril Ledges, or the wooden Trawler (Fleur de Lys) in Swanage bay. However, I never tried diving off the pier myself. Then, when I put the schedule together for the Orientation diving and discussed with the skipper of Swanage Diver (Peter Williams) a vague plan for the August orientation dive, the tides indicated that we would need to leave early to catch the right tides for drift diving on Sunday morning. This made it a logical idea to go down to Swanage on Saturday for pier diving.

The story of the weekend at Swanage started a couple of weeks before when I suddenly had a panic thinking 'I haven't booked a B&B yet'. The second thought was '... oh, help... it's August, there will be no room at the inn!' Clare worked her socks off trying to find somewhere for Roger, Lesley and myself. An off the cuff 'at this rate we will be sleeping in the car' led to a suggestion that we camped. On my list of the many things I have must do before I am ... er... 30, camping had never seriously figured and the nearest I had got to it was sleeping in Dad's tent in the garden as a child when we had visitors and my bedroom doubled up as a guest room. Never let it be said that I am not up to trying something once. It obviously seemed like a good idea to others as well, as Simon and Rob were in the same boat. However, judging by the emails and conversations over the next few days, it was obvious I was the green one!

Armed with a sleeping bag and a borrowed stove, Lesley picked me up early on a lovely sunny Saturday morning hoping that the parking on the pier would not be filled by the time we got there. Phew... just in time- only one or two spaces were left and after a bit of nifty parking we were in!

Over the months, about 30 people had expressed interest in diving on Saturday under the pier, and the 12 boat spaces available for Sunday had filled rapidly. Whilst there had been cancellations and latecomers, final numbers for pier diving were 18. Most of us managed a couple of dives under the pier, which was interesting. With a max depth of 4.7m (shallow tides, apparently!), it was not exactly challenging club diving, but good viz, lots of fish and a couple of bits of treasure.

Never one to miss out on an opportunity, when I learned that there were a few spaces on the hard boat Mary Jo in the afternoon, we decided that a trip out to the Kyarra would be a good way to finish the day. 6 of us went out, and had a great dive. The viz was excellent and the sea was calm. By the time we returned to the pier it was after 5pm, time to pack up, find the campsite and then pitch the tent. When a mound of canvas appeared from the depths of Rogers car, swiftly followed by some big sticks, a couple of mallets, string, and a sheet of green plastic, I began to wonder how those who had managed to get into B&B's were enjoying their warm showers. I am not sure whether it was Rogers expert instruction, or the lure of the dinner table booked for 8pm, or the warning I had been given from Clare to do exactly what Roger asked us to do which focused our minds but, much to the amusement of some other happy campers, whose dive slates

## *... except seaweed, a couple of spider crabs ...*

double up as scorecards, (I tried not to be offended when we scored a 7/10), we had our sleeping quarters ready quickly.

As the weather had been so fantastic during the day, Swanage was busy, we decided trying to get dinner together would be tricky in Swanage, so we opted for the Halfway Inn, which is somewhere between Swanage and Wareham (Probably about halfway J). The food was great, we spent a lot of time chatting about everything, and beer and hot chocolate consumed. Finally, before we fell asleep in our beer it was time to head back to our luxury apartment. I don't know if it was the fresh air, the effort of putting up the tent, the excellent food or something else but we slept like logs.

One by one, at 6am three alarms went off in the tent. It was so quiet, I am sure that the rest of the campsite just loved being woken up to the theme tune from the Muppets! We managed to get back to the pier by 7am, where some of us recognised the similarities it has with Stoney Cove - Divers, queuing up at sunrise to park as close to the entry point as possible. Time for a quick breakfast and kitting up before the boat was due at 8am. Everyone



was on board, in good spirits, ready to go 5 minutes early, which impressed the skipper. The weather did not impress the divers though! A far cry from the sunny day before, it was cloudy and the rain started just as we left the pier. One good thing, though, was the sea was flat.



The first dive was on Peveril Ledges. There was quite a bit of life down there at about 13m, cod, wrasse, spider crabs, lobsters and so on. This drift was more than a little gentle. So gentle that one buddy pair went in a completely different direction to the others, thus, on surfacing, had a 20-minute wait for the boat. Still.... There was a helicopter picking up climbers off the cliff for entertainment.

After a break on the pier for hot chocolate and muffins, we were back on the boat ready to leave by 12 noon. Peter took us to Dancing Ledges for the second dive, and promised that it would be a little more drifty than Peveril. Again, we were at about 13m. The bottom was covered in plant life, and within minutes of beginning the dive we saw a cuttlefish. Sadly, my camera had gone to sleep and by the time it woke up the current had taken us beyond it.

We ended the dive after about 45 minutes of not seeing very much except seaweed, a couple of spider crabs and the odd mullet. There was apparently another fish for someone to identify. The diver asking was asked to describe it, so that we could consult the slates. 'About this big, sort of dark, with a classical fish



## *Hooter's first go at a talc bottle ...*

shape' OK, you smarties out there.... Name the fish!!!

After a very swift dekitting we left the pier to do the demolition work. The tent came down in about 20 minutes and it was off to the pub for the ritual pint and logbooks. Most of us had lunch, and again the food was excellent, after which we went our separate ways home.

I started this piece with the title: 'A weekend of firsts'. These are most of the ones I know about....

1. Many people's first dive under Swanage pier (including mine!)
2. My first dive on the Kyarra looking at the wreck not digging for treasure
3. Rob and Julia's first UK dive
4. Martin's first boat dive
5. My first camping trip
6. Several people's first club dive
7. Roger's first time in a tent with two women
8. Lesley's first nitrox dive since qualifying
9. Hooter's first go at a talc bottle (he ran out of water bottles having tossed them over the side)

Among the divers, there were probably other firsts, all going towards valuable experience. I did have another, which was not diving related, but thanks go to Nicki & Gary!

As always, everyone who came along for one or both days of the weekend left having had a really good time. No diving problems, no non-diving problems, sunny weather on Saturday, although it was a bit grey and rainy on Sunday.

### **Morag Ward**

Dive Organiser

#### **Divers, Saturday:**

Morag Ward	Kevin Tanner	Andy Neatham	Roger Selwyn	Lesley Avann	Nicki Smith
Gary Palmer	Tim Burge	Dave Dommett	Martin Day	Rob Sellwood	Simon Lamb
Pete Barton	Julia Scholtens	Lee Ballinger	Martin James	Matthew Tanner	Paul Rowse

#### **Divers, Sunday :**

Morag Ward	Gareth Mitchell	Roger Selwyn	Lesley Avann	Pete Barton	Julia Scholtens
Martin Day	Rob Sellwood	Simon Lamb	Nicki Smith	Gary Palmer	Paul Rowse

# *Farne Isles Club Dive*

*31 July-1 August 2004*

Let's get the only bad bit out of the way. Friday, North on the M1/A1 was always going to be a patience tryer, but did it have to start on the A404? We were ok though, arriving in Seahouses about 8.45, the pub was still serving food and we arrived in time to meet Toby, our skipper.

Our boat, Sovereign II, has the old family home as the divers B&B, not 2 minutes from their family run pub, The Lodge. Once the scramble for rooms was over and orders for breakfast left on the list in the hall, thirst and appetites were satisfied as the last few arrived.



The burning Question - who were our mysterious long standing club member and buddy, Les and Martin? Once we met, got through introductions the fun began. Talk of ABLJ's and forgetting cylinder harness had us rapt. What would tomorrow bring?

It brought a lie-in, for those who could. Breakfast 9am, boat by 10.15. Morag and I wandered around Seahouses, on a bit of an explore and parking space bagging trip. After a good breakfast cooked by Ailsa, ably assisted by her 2 year old granddaughter it was down to the harbour, via Trotters Bakery to buy lunch. Sort out the gear and into the queue of divers. Our turn soon came, and it was down some steep

steps and on to the boat. Soon we were loaded and on our way.

Off we went. Comfy boat, loads of room with there only being 9 of us. There had been some late cancellations, which, despite all efforts, we had been unable to fill. Glances went towards Les, yes he has an old suit, he also has the hose attachment under his left ribs, and surely it would become clear.

We got a 10 minute warning which got us moving. On went a flexible loo seat? So that's an ABLJ, looks more like a life-jacket than the things we wear. But if you're happy and it works why change?

Down I went with Morag on to The Somali in 27m. We were looking for treasure - lead soldiers really. The water was so clear, tad cool at 12°C, but you could see for metres. The wreck was a pleasure to dive. I was amazed to keep finding reels of 35mm film, another of its cargo. We found no soldiers, just two large bottles firmly stuck fast as we were releasing our DSMB. Andy found a small bottle with something inside, which we hoped wouldn't leak in our company!

Two hours later and we were on a scenic dive, Hopper Rock. Good clear guidance from Toby and we were on target. Dived a wall and found a gully, up and round a rock then play time began. I know now we are the entertainment provided for the seals. Not the other way round! Morag kept nudging me but when ever I looked it wasn't possible, not even with her fins, (which now have teeth



## *... but some of the men turned in to pastry connoisseurs, Border Tarts ...*

marks in them) for her to move around that much, then we spotted the playful seals. They'd appear in front, glide off, appear to our side and come up from beneath. Absolutely anywhere, whenever they wanted. The dive ended when the swirling bed of kelp became too much for me. We don't talk much about what happened then, but Andy stopped smiling after he and John C failed to find the camera in the kelp below the boat, after it snagged on the ladder as Andy left the water.

Back to shore where we found most gear could be stored in the hold, we took the cylinders to the family shop, which were soon filled.

Over beer and food in The Lodge, a search plan was formed to put to Toby the next day. Scythes were considered to clear the area but decided too environmentally risky.

Should have known Saturday's 9am start was a fluke. Breakfast 7am, Trotters 7.45, yes open on the Sunday, boat 8am. Still had our walk and took the car down for a good place, £3.00 all day parking. We re-loaded out cylinders. As we were doing this, a very animated Jane told Andy a guy had found a camera! Off strode Andy and sure enough it was the one. Safe and sound. Many thanks to the three who dived that spot for their honesty.

First dive we went to Knivestone. Billed as a three level dive, around 24, 18 and 10 metres. We only saw Les and Martin on our dive until we surfaced when below turned into diver soup. Our dive was mainly at 22m. A lawn of Dead-man's fingers spread every where. We were kept so busy with bits of wrecks and sea life that we missed the upper levels. Others did them and had as much fun as we did, and they got more seal play up there.



Lunch was a gentle bob around on the sea, most of us were happy to watch the jellies floating by. Toby drifted the boat so he could chat to his cousin, but some of the men turned in to pastry connoisseurs, Border Tarts versus Peach Melba tarts?? (Toby declined the offer of a bit of tart, claiming to know who works in Trotters!) We heard the tale of how to dive without your cylinder harness without your ABLJ.

Last dive of the weekend was the reef off Longstone. 17 metres, clear water, some debate about the viz, numbers of 8 to 15 metres were voiced. Plenty, what ever. During the dive we spotted an Octopus, who after a photo fled only to settle and be photographed again. Shrimps and a "something" posed on Dead-man's fingers for Morag to capture. Another Octopus, she may have missed the big lobster (No, I got him too!!) but she did get the two feeding crabs. My buddy seemed happy to be clicking away and I was happy to hunt and pose for her.

Back to the shore by 2pm, off loaded the gear and we split up. Some for food, others grabbed a snooze. We went to near by Dunstanburgh Castle. Then it was to The Lodge for a final meal. Almost all the menu

## *Do be prepared to fight for your pudding ...*

was sampled over the weekend and I heard no complaints. Do be prepared to fight for your pudding, get your choice in quickly or be disappointed, no cake for you Steve!

Oh! Yes Every one enjoyed the weekend so much that next years trip has been booked with Sovereign for 2/3/4 July. Cost is yet to be confirmed, but should be around £28 per day + £20 per night B&B. Maybe we could fill Sovereign II and III, we'd only need 24 to do it!

For more information on Sovereign Diving, check out their web site at [www.sovereigndiving.co.uk](http://www.sovereigndiving.co.uk)

### **Divers:**

Clare Selwyn   Morag Ward                      John Campbell   Jane Wilkinson   Andy Neatham  
Steve Cushion   Michelle Ransley           Les Ruse                      Martin Moore

**Clare Selwyn**

**Aug 2004**



# AGM & Food

# The Diving Club AGM 2004

Please, be there!  
(there'll be food this week!)

The Maiden Over

Wednesday 10th November 2004

Starting at 21:00

The Diving Club

AGM 2004

Nominations are invited for the positions of

Chairman

Secretary

Social Secretary

Treasurer

Membership Secretary

Webmaster

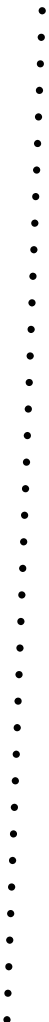
Publicity Officer

Dive Organiser (1 or 2 positions)



We're on the Web  
[www.thedivingclub-reading.co.uk](http://www.thedivingclub-reading.co.uk)

DiveStyle  
 Mikes Waterfront Warehouse  
 Maiden Lane Shopping Centre  
 Lower Earley  
 Reading, Berks  
 RG6 3HD  
 Tel: 0118 926 2288  
 Fax: 0118 926 9616  
[www.divestyle.co.uk](http://www.divestyle.co.uk)



The Diving Club is a chapter of the PADI Diving Society and aims to allow newly qualified divers and existing members a forum to meet and dive with other divers. We are a PADI orientated group, which accepts divers from any diver-training agency (eg BSAC, SAA, NAUI, IANTD etc). We have close ties to DiveStyle, who conduct all our training and offer us use of their pool sessions for equipment testing and practice sessions when space permits.

**The Diving Club - Committee Members (at the moment!)**



President	Peter Wright	0118 926 2288	07768 726599	president@thedivingclub-reading.co.uk
Chairman	Andy Neatham			chairman@thedivingclub-reading.co.uk
Treasurer	Nick Hill			treasurer@thedivingclub-reading.co.uk
Club Secretary	Brenda Taylor	0118 9775748		secretary@thedivingclub-reading.co.uk
Orientation Dive organiser	Morag Ward		07904 207306	diveorientation@thedivingclub-reading.co.uk
Club Dive organiser				diveadvanced@thedivingclub-reading.co.uk
Social secretary	Nicki Smith		07786 985434	social@thedivingclub-reading.co.uk
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	Roy Stevenson			