



Battlefords Scuba Community

Fall 2019 Newsletter # 25

The Year in Review!



Our Summer Home at Atton's Lake
is our playground and our
classroom

From ice diving, to garbage collecting,

We Play and We Learn!

The Prez Sez

Another local diving season has come and gone, and now we turn our attentions to diving abroad or to the next local season. How prepared for those dives are we? Is there more we could be doing to prepare ourselves? How long has it been since the last dive? Our safety, no matter where we dive, is OUR responsibility, at least in part. I see more and more reports of fatal dive accidents where simple measures could have made a great difference in the outcomes.

One of the most enjoyable ways of maintaining a level of readiness is simply to keep diving – pool or lake. Most of us started diving for fun, so let's have a little fun and go diving with a friend.

If someone has had a long hiatus in their diving, maybe a refresher (PADI calls it Re-Activate now) session in the pool (and the lake for that matter) is a good idea. Just a quick review of some very basic skills that really do enhance the diver's safety and a review of some basic dive theory is all that is required by the way is left open for the diver doing the review to ask for assistance with any dive skill they might use (how many of us practice alternate air use regularly?). Recording that session in your logbook may save you from having to do a pool session when you get to the tropics so that the guide can appraise your skill level, and, give you another day of diving.

If you are going someplace new to dive, remember to ask about a Discover Local Diving orientation that will familiarize you with the sights to see, the hazards to avoid, the local procedures such as entries and exits. Most often the diver being oriented gets a guided tour which can certainly raise the comfort level in a relatively inexperienced diver.

Maybe taking another certification course is your way of keeping skills sharpened. There are lots to take, one pertaining to almost every dive situation you can imagine – night, altitude, deep, cavern, navigation, drift, boat – the list goes on. Your horizons expand while you polish up previously learned skills. And one of the interesting things about doing this is that you may hear an Instructor explain some aspect of diving in a way that all of a sudden clarifies areas that have been cloudy to you.

DAN has come up with a course entitled Prepared Diver. It can be done as a certification course for any certified diver or it can be a review of things, we should all remember no matter where we dive. It deals with topics such as squeezes, entries, planning a dive, air management and common mistakes divers make and how to avoid them. The subject matter could make for an interesting evening of discussion, and the club is looking at doing such an evening this winter.

Whatever the choice may be, it is our own safety that is at stake and it is up to each diver to look after herself or himself first and foremost, and other divers when we are able to do so. Let's have fun, but, be safe while doing so.

From your executive to all the members, we hope everyone has a very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous 2020!

Dennis McCullough

BSC Stories

THEY OVERCAME – Dennis McCullough

There can be a surprise around each corner, some not so good and some very good, and teaching scuba is no exception to that rule. I thought I would share a few of my surprises. They warm my heart, make me chuckle, and most of all they make me admire the indomitable human spirit, and maybe give me a few grey hairs, although you'd hardly notice them.

The first story comes from the first open water course that the club held. Wilda O'Brien phoned to ask what the upper age limit was for learning to dive. When I informed her there was no such limit she asked if I would teach her to dive and informed me that she was 79 years young (if only I knew how young!). I said I would need a physician's approval and sent her the forms. When she phoned that she had gotten the necessary permission we put her on the course. It was only later that I learned she had fought with three doctors before one would sign the approval (the others said she was too old – the fools) and with her family who were of similar thought. Wilda worked long and hard and finally completed the course. She decided that completion dives in cold water would not help her arthritis, and she passed on going to the tropics on her own to do the deed was maybe just a little more than she wanted to undertake. However, she kept her skills up and a few years later, on a trip with the archeology society to Greece, she did get to dive with the fish in the Aegean Sea. Only later did I learn that this all took place after her first run-in with cancer. One tough lady, that one!

The next story begins with the first open water course this club held. I was delivering a crew pack to Noreen Barclay who quickly introduced me to husband Mark who was just coming up the stairs from the basement. She added that I had just delivered the material for the scuba course, at which Mark loudly proclaimed that there was no way he would ever do that sort of #\$\$%# with a goodly number of salty four-letter descriptors include. Later Noreen explained that Mark was less than comfortable in the water (which made perfect sense for an avid sailor) as he had, as a two year old, "drowned" in an industrial septic tank filled with sludge, oil and all sorts of other delightful things. It was several weeks later that Mark appeared at one of Sunday morning sessions at the old pool carrying a mask, snorkel and fins with him. He complained that there was no peace in his house since wife Noreen and daughter Nyna had completed their confined water/classroom training and asked if I could give him some pointers on snorkelling and he would practice on his own in the pool. Dedicated did not describe Mark as he ploughed up and down the pool, clearing his snorkel, kicking away the miles, doing a few surface dives and a little swimming underwater. They left for a hot holiday in Cuba where Noreen hoped to find a PADI shop to do her completion dives. Upon their return, Noreen caught me at one of the pool sessions and said Mark had something to tell me. A few minutes later Mark appeared with a rather enigmatic look about him. He asked if I knew what had happened to him while in Cuba (my first thought dealt with Cuban rum and my second was a Cuban jail cell). When I assured him I had not idea, he proudly produced a photo of Noreen and him, both in scuba gear with a Latino diver in front of a sunken boat in front of what looked like a wall. He explained that Manuel's English left a little to be desired, as, it appeared, did Noreen's explanation. To make a long story short, Manuel thought both were seeking to go diving and included them in his group of four, two of whom Mark described as "big Hell's Angels types" who turned out to be more terrified than Mark. Manuel entrusted Mark to Noreen and took one of the big guys under each arm to dive in the Bay of Pigs. Mark's relating of Manuel's

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stuffing rocks in Mark's CD pockets to get him heavy enough to go down while managing the biker dudes added a little colour to an otherwise mundane story. The photos he was holding was taken in front of a sunken shrimp boat (which I later learned lay 75 feet below the surface). The crux of the matter was the question of when the next course would happen. In the end, Mark finished his confined water/classroom modules a year later with daughter number two, Shea. The rest is pretty much history and the man who was never going to do that #\$\$%# has become an avid diver and an intrepid navigator. And a great dive buddy.

Fast forward a few years, and there was a devious wife who wanted to take hot holidays in the winter, but her husband felt winters were for skiing. Solution – she bought him a scuba course on the CJNB Radio Auction and created a monster. Robert Turpin embraced diving with a passion, and on their first hot holiday he logged 25 dives while Joanne waited patiently (well, maybe not so) on the beach. Joanne had been coming to the pool sessions with Robert and I remember well her first approaches to swimming in the lap pool – life jacket firmly in place, noodle clamped under her arms and a look of sheer terror on her face. She slipped down the ladder into the water and clutched the edge and she pulled herself along the side, not venturing beyond the drop off (I think there are still fingerprints in the tiles). Lots of encouragement from friends within the club – and dogged determination – kept her going and gradually she moved herself away from the edge, and, ventured into deep water and then began to jump into the deep water. One fine day, Joanne asked me when the next Discover Scuba was slated for – she wanted to give this scuba stuff a try to see if it was for her. Well, she survived that, and before she could change her mind, she registered for an Open Water Scuba Diver course, and brought along a friend who had been thinking about scuba for a while. Somewhere early in dive three in the pool, we could see the anxiety fall away and Joanne relaxed and enjoyed herself. Within weeks she was back from a trip to Mexico, certificate in hand and nine dives in her log-book. Another avid diver had been created and her log-book quickly filled up and her certifications accumulated.

The friend Joanne brought along for the Open Water Course had her own tragic story. Leanne Bartko lost most of her left arm in a farm accident and was left with a stump of about half her upper arm. This was new territory for me – what adaptations did I have to make to techniques and equipment to meet her needs and remain within the standards? There was a long conversation with David and Connie Faas about their ideas and mine (David sorted through which BCDs would allow the inflator hose to be moved from the left shoulder to the right shoulder so that we could modify one of their rental BCDs. We looked at the new model with an inflator button on the lower left front portion of the BCD and debated the pros and cons of that equipment.) I ran our thoughts past the PADI training consultants in Rancho Santa Margarita, California, and they were okay with our approach. But Leanne solved many of our problems when she said she wanted to use the same equipment as other divers because when she travelled shops might not have the modified equipment and might not be willing or able to make the modifications. With Leanne's patience and assistance, we were able to work our way through the list of skills and meet the requirements. And off she went with her dive buddy Joanne to the beautiful waters of the Mayan Riviera for her completion dives. Over that winter, Leanne made a number of trips to Playa Del Carmen that involved a considerable diving – never did get the exact number, but she was hooked and persuaded hubby and son to take up the sport.

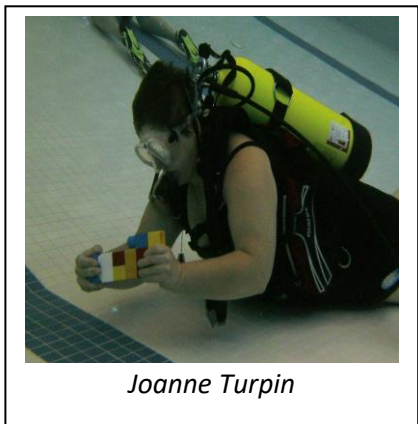
A third party joined these two ladies in the water for the open water course – John Baker who had lost a lower leg but not his interest in diving. This took some different adaptations, but these were easily

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done. John was waiting for his water leg to arrive, so he was left with hopping across the deck to get into the gear from a seated position or from a place in the water. Swimming in a straight line was a bit of a challenge but it was manageable. Balance for some of the skills resting on the bottom of the pool posed some problems, but solutions were found. And John left for Hawaii to do his completion dives. John's challenges did not end when he left the Aquatic Centre – he got the first two completion dives done and celebrated with an afternoon on the beach and this resulted in a nasty sunburn and blisters on his stump. He was unable to finish his completion dives on that trip. Two years later, John did finish the completion dives and received his certification, much to his satisfaction.

Another couple of years passed and Leona Sharpe approached me about trying scuba. Leona had started coming to the pool with David who was a certified diver. Leona, like Joanne, had a healthy fear of the water, but over the period of a couple of years she moved from the life jacket/noodle stage onto swimming somewhat comfortably. When she came to me, she was the only hold-out in the groups of friends that travelled together for a post-harvest party somewhere in the tropics – everyone else was a diver. Leona had done some snorkelling on these trips, and taken some photos, but she decided she wanted to get down and close up to these creatures of the depths. With great trepidation, Leona tried the Discover Scuba and decided to go for the big prize – certification. It was an epic battle between anxiety and will-power with Leona as the battlefield, but overtime Leona's will-power won out and she completed the confined water/classroom portions of the course before setting off for Roatan to do her completion dives. She came home with her certification complete, and several dives under her belt. Then the fever took hold, on her next trip she logged forty-three dives and several certifications.

Some of us struggle with a skill or two; some of us are not totally comfortable. Here are six whose struggles out to be a lesson to all of us. I feel humbled when I think of their courage and tenacity to achieve something they wanted, something that came so much easier to some of us. A tip of my hat to each of you – you have taught me much!



BSC Stories



Leanne Bartko



John Baker



Leona Sharpe

DIVING ADVENTURES – Dennis McCullough

There are times when a phone call leads to some fun diving and there are others that lead to much less fun but some real stories to tell although many people would likely question the sanity of those involved. I had one of each this year, and, of course, I had to share the fun with some others – and I sometimes wonder why they answer when they see my number come up on their call display.

The first one of the calls came late one evening in July when a cabin owner called to say that he had no water and wondered if he could get a diver to change his intake quick. He had the filter and he knew where the intake was. Besides we could see it from the surface. Oh, and his next-door neighbour needed his intake changed at the same time please. A quick call to Richard ensured I had help and that we could tackle the job the next day.

We set off and arrived without incident, but, were informed that it had been very windy for the past couple of days and that the water might be stirred up a bit. The cabin owner gave us a location – straight out along the side of the dock for about two hundred feet in about 6 to 8 feet of water. We figured we would locate the intake and mark it with a buoy and then come back for the filter which was about 4 feet long and 5 inches in diameter and take it out on a float. Well, the water was stirred up alright and the boat that was there to help could not find the intake. However, employing our search skills we soon found the intake pipe and we able to follow it to the filter, and got it marked. We brought the new filter out and took it down and exchanged the filters with no difficulties and returned to shore with old one. Piece of cake, we thought.

The next cabin owner had his intake located just as precisely – straight out from the southernmost panel in his living room windows, not realizing straight out could be anyone of about 120 degrees of the compass – a bit this way or a bit that way – and about 200 feet We did a lot more searching and after

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four hours or so, did manage to find the intake and get out. the filter changed. We got well-acquainted with the effect of a strong southwest wind causing wave action and blowing our float from where we wanted to be all while we were making a circle 150 feet in diameter in about 6 feet of water. Not quite the piece of cake we thought, but not terrible. And the cabin owners invited us to stay for a beer or two and some dried ribs. It was a good day – two filters changed, no harm done, seven hours in the water. Time to go home.

But that was not to be, quite so quickly at least. The neighbour on the other side of the original cabin owner had come over and asked the fellows to send us over to see him before we left – he had two water systems at his cabin, one pumping no water and the other providing a much reduced flow. We had a visit with the crew there and found that they wanted to put the intakes on stands they had manufactured (basically three legged stools that weighted about one hundred fifty pounds) that they would bring out by boat for us as we were changing the filters. We arranged to return in two days to take care of this.

Their location system was a little less precise and it took a fair bit longer to find the first one – two hundred feet was closer to three hundred and over here was more like over there. Then the fun began! We headed out in the direction indicated for the distance indicated and began the search. Three circles of 150-foot diameter yielded few results – we did find the three intakes we had changed filters on and passed over what we thought was a capped line. The crew at the cabin offered to blow some air through the line so we could follow the bubbles to the intake. That was not a tremendous success as the water line was much bigger than the air line and the air took the path of least resistance, coming back past its source. Frustrated, we were about to call it a day when the fellows in the boat said they had found it. Sure enough – the air had blown the silt away from around what we thought was a capped line and we had a hole two and a half feet deep and three feet across in the centre of which was the filter, tilted about forty-five degrees from the vertical sticking up out of the silt. It was still firmly implanted, and we could not see the end of the filter to which the water line was attached. We surfaced and passed on the news to the boat crew who went ashore to pass the news on to the owner who passed on the order to put a rope around the filter and pull on it with the boat. Richard and I expressed our concern that pulling on it would likely break the filter rather than pull the line free – the answer was that it did not matter as it was not working now. They did, it did, and we were proven correct in our concern. By this time, dusk was falling, and we called it a day. The owner had called the installer (the line was less than a year old) and he claimed that the problem lay with the fact that the line had silted over and sucked the filter downward – that he had left plenty of slack for 10 to 12 feet on line to lay on the bottom between the intake and the point where the line went underground. No amount of discussion about the angle of the filter or the fact that three other filters in the immediate area, two of which had been down for three years, would get him to admit that his installer might have made a mistake; we did get the admission that he himself had not been on site and that his installer had not dropped the filter into the water but rather relied on the owner's family to drop it in from a personal water craft. We left the matter with the cabin owner to resolve with the installer but said we could return to dig the remains of the filter and the line out if that was his wish. Nothing further was heard – no response to e-mails or phone calls.

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These were not bad days – the weather was quite warm, the water was warm, the visibility was reasonable until we stirred it up, and the people were reasonable to work with. Too bad we did not feel comfortable with logging the dives – they were a little too shallow in our minds.

About a month later the phone rang again, and it was a fellow wondering if he could get a diver to help with the installation of a boat launch on Turtle Lake, once he got his permit. Again, Richard said he was available so long as it did not conflict with harvest. As a back-up plan, I approached Mark and he said he would be available. Time passed and there was no work. A phone call revealed that they were still waiting for their permit. Some details did emerge – they were setting in one-foot thick pads six feet wide and varying in length from twenty through thirty feet and they needed the divers to remove the chains once the pads were lifted into place. Would call when they got the permit!

On October 17th, the call came – the permit had arrived, but highway crews were working on the access bridge and we could not get to the site (later realized that the pads could not get to the site). We would have to wait, but they still wanted to get the work done before freeze-up. That sounded okay yet, as while the weather had been miserable there was no ice on the lakes. Ten days later the arrangements were made – Richard had a cold but would be our shore supervisor and Mark and I would be in the water.

So, on October 30th, after the coldest night of the year so far, we set off – the lake had been open on Saturday when Richard stopped to take a photo of the job site. But we did take lots of winter clothing as the water would be cold and any wind might be really miserable. The fellow in charge made arrangements for us to have access to hot water at one of the nearby residences and the lady of the house was nice enough to offer us a place to warm up and she had hot coffee ready. At the pre-arranged time we arrived, but no pads were there yet nor was the equipment. The boat dock was still in the water (the crew explained that they left it there so we could have a good view of what had to come out of the water before the new pads went in. And the ice on the water was thick enough to walk on if one was careful! Not quite what we had bargained for – but we were prepared.

And why could this whole thing not wait until early spring? Well, the long and the short of it is that the permit expires on March 31. That was not likely going to be much better, and likely worse in many respects!

Finally, the track hoe and excavator arrived, and work could begin – the track hoe broke the ice while those of us standing around tied the sections of the environmental curtain together. It was fairly rigid with the cold and was designed for water at least ten feet deep whereas we were in water no deeper than five feet. Fortunately, the crew used the track hoe to drag it around the edges of the open water, but that did not alleviate the problem created by the stiff rubberized fabrics twisted beneath our feet when we entered the water. Before the curtain was placed, the dock was dragged out for the winter.

The old pad was pulled out piecemeal by the track hoe and the site was given a quick once over to level the surface. Then it was our big moment – Mark and I waded into the murky, cold water covered with floating ice pads looking for the edges of the old pad that had been left there as a guide. Our job was to mark the edge of the pad so the next one could be set in place. So, there we stood holding survey stakes in place to mark the spot as the track hoe, and as we got closer to the shoreline the excavator, lowered the huge blocks in place. The crew on shore kept cautioning us to stay clear, but that was a little hard to do while marking the edges, but the operator was great at controlling the swing

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of the pad while in the air and the placement of the pad in the water. The first one went in like a charm, leading up to hope this was not going to be a long day. Then came the first lesson – concrete that had been sitting outside for long periods at minus fifteen degrees when immersed in water immediately forms a substantial coating of ice that remains (likely until the water warms in the spring) making the surface a slick slip and slide surface which because of the slope made standing difficult and walking nigh unto impossible.

The water was so stirred up that we could not see inches in front of our faces. Unhooking the chains was a matter done by feel – follow the chain from where it disappeared under the surface to the point of attachment and then by trial and error (by braille in my book) figure out which way the hook was secured. The water was just deep enough to start with that I had to get my face wet but on the ones that followed even that could stay dry. But the hands were wet and handling the chains made them miserably cold.

So Mark and I slithered our way around marking each stage of the project, taking a few minutes while they hooked up the next pad to put our feet into the tub of hot water and bending over to get our hands into the same tub at the same time (definitely not a photo opp). Richard ran like a mad midwife hauling five-gallon carboys of hot water for us and we cannot thank him enough!

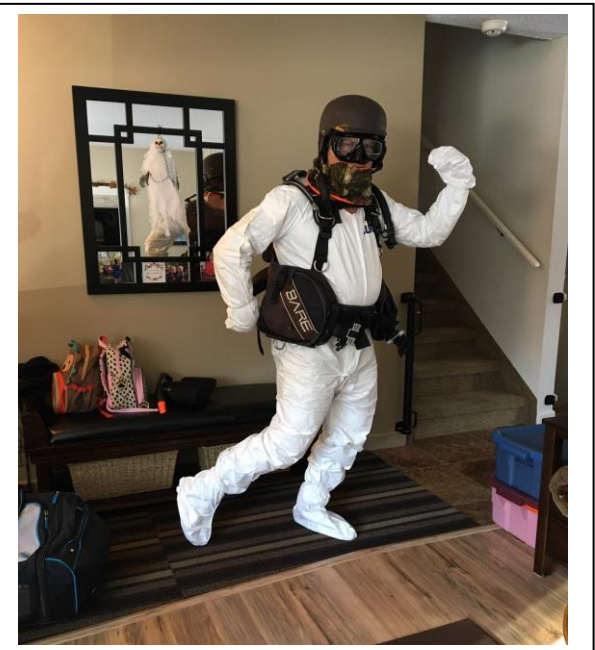
The last two pads were to be placed in deeper water and that meant donning gear. My hands were pretty much two blocks of ice making it difficult to assemble gear, but Richard jumped in to take care of that and to get it onto me. It was hard to find time to acclimate the regulator to the water temperature while the fellows were rushing to beat the oncoming darkness, and with the standing around between immersions, we froze up. Mark was right there to turn the air off when I did not need to breathe and to turn it on again when I needed. But we got the last pad into place and after five hours in the water we were done.

Richard rose to the occasion with more hot water and then getting my gear off and then the suits. But his job did not end there – our cold hands made dressing a problem. Richards practice with the grandchildren came through as he pulled clothes into place (although he refused to button my shirt) and got us into winter wear. I am sure we all have different memories of the day – Mark's zoot suit was a highlight and it certainly helped him get through the day – Richard's presence everywhere and every time we needed help – my hands that were numb for a week.

This day was not nearly as enjoyable as the earlier one, but as you can see, we got pictures and we have stories to tell.

It is days like these that make me appreciate what really good friends I have!

BSC Stories



BATTLEFORDS SCUBA COMMUNITY

COMING EVENTS

2020

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| January 12 | Re-Activate Day (refresher) |
| January 19 | Underwater Gymkhana |
| January 26 | Discover Scuba (public) |
| January 21 – February 2 | Open Water Scuba Diver course |
| February 25 | Deadline for entries for the Underwater Photo Contest |
| March 1 | Underwater Photo Contest Judging |
| June 8 | General Meeting and Dive Prep Night |
| June 20 & 21 | Dennis' Definitely Diving Days |
| June 27 & 28 | Open Water Completion Dives |
| July 1 | SUC Canada Day Dive at Mel & Greg's each (Lake Diefenbaker) |
| July 19 | Women's Dive Day/Beach Clean-Up |
| July 25 & 26 | Open Water Completion Dives |
| August 2 | Drive 'n' Dive |
| August 15 | Change to Saturday dive day from Tuesday dive night |
| August 22 & 23 | Open Water Completion Dives |
| September 26 | Pumpkin Carving Dive -- Wainwright |

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PARKS & RECREATION CONFERENCE – Dennis McCullough

In mid-October members of the Battlefords Scuba Community manned a booth at the NationsWEST Field House on behalf of the Saskatchewan Underwater Council and the club during the Annual Fall Conference of the Saskatchewan Parks and Recreation Association. This was part of the Non-Profit Expo intended to highlight the role of non-profit societies in community life, particularly as related to recreation. The theme at the booth was “Bringing Scuba to Your Community” to stress to the many municipal and provincial recreation authorities in attendance that people did not have to go to the “big city” to learn how to scuba dive.

The booth featured a series of videos showing diving in Saskatchewan lakes and in pools, chiefly the Battleford Co-op Aquatic Centre, and featured front and center in the video was the club’s Discover Scuba for Schools program, showing youth trying scuba for the first time and having fun while doing so. There were handouts about the Battlefords Scuba Community, the programs of the SUC, DAN, the dive shops within the province and the skin/scuba clubs in the province along with SUC pins and copies of the SUC Dive Sites Manual.

The focus of the material available was that authorities could contact the SUC or the member clubs to help with the development and operation of a program to introduce scuba diving to the community and even to offer some certification programs. The support for all dive related programs the SUC provided to the clubs was outlined, and basically includes such activities as skin diving and underwater hockey as well as the usual diving programs.



There was considerable interest generated by the videos of the Discover Scuba program with people interested in the mechanics of the program – funding, selling it to the schools, finding instructors and equipment, and we were able to provide most of the answers. There were some authorities who asked if the club could come to their community for a Discover Scuba if interest could be generated. There were lots of visiting about the attraction of such programs to many people. It will likely take time to get the word out to more communities that we are here, and we are portable, and we will come to their facilities.

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Amongst the suggestions we made to the organizers were the following:

- That the Non-Profit Organizations be in attendance for the entire conference rather than just one evening
- That the Non-Profit Organizations be close to the bar and social activities rather than located in a quiet venue out of the flow of traffic

Amongst the suggestions we made to the SUC was that they budget for this event annually and involve the clubs, particularly those close by, in the proceedings.

Watch out – we are coming to get you!!

SKIN DIVING – Denis McCullough

An Alternative for Youth

On every Open Water Scuba Diver training course, we do a session on skin diving skills, and for many of us that session quietly slides into oblivion. It gets forgotten that there is a Skin Diver certification course and that, to some, skin diving is as much as they want or need. And we go on scuba diving. But skin diving definitely has a place in the world of diving.

There is a difference between skin diving and snorkelling. Snorkelling is a surface activity with mask, snorkel and fins – viewing the underwater world from a distance. And no worries about clearing a pesky snorkel! Skin diving is an underwater activity using mask, fins and snorkel – getting up close and personal with the underwater world.

Skin diving is a great way to fill time between scuba dives – fishing, photographing, scouting sites, spear fishing and the like. But it can also be an end in itself – a lead-up to free diving or an independent activity.

I had an opportunity this past summer to present skin diving to three children 12 years of age and younger, and they loved it and got very enthusiastic about it although it was not what they had originally wanted to do. Their mother had contacted the club with a question about getting the children certified as scuba divers. She informed me that they had become intrigued with diving after watching a cartoon series on television. When she said they were tiny children of 12, 10, 8 and 6 years, I realized we could not certify them all by PADI standards and that the Club preferred not to have to deal with divers under 13 years of age. And when I met the children, I realized the problem was even greater – some of the tanks were bigger than the kids themselves.

They were enthusiastic. They were comfortable in the water. They were eager to learn. So, I suggested we do skin diving and mother agree that the three older ones should give it a try – and they

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readily agreed. They soon could clear their snorkels easily and we went to work on getting down to the bottom of the deep end, and then on swimming further underwater. We made a game of recovering various smaller items from the bottom, increasing the number slowly and then the size of the objects. Then we increased the distance between objects. One day two of the three discovered that they had actually crossed the pool underwater picking up their “treasures”. The underwater hockey challenged them for a while – to see who could push the puck the furthest along the bottom, but when it came time to try the game with its checking, pursuit and passing, underwater hockey lost its appeal for they had never played any team sports and we not interested. It was back to the challenges of how far can you?



By the end of the sixth session the children had mastered the use of their buoyancy control device and we happy to be in the deep end for the best part of the two-hour pool session – up and down, back and forth. And they were excited to be headed off on a winter’s seaside adventure. And they are promising to come for scuba when they grow a bit more.

Skin diving seems to be a great filler between regular swim lessons and something more advanced, whether that be competitive or synchronized swimming or scuba diving. It builds confidence, develops physical skills and fitness, and it keeps them in the water.



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DRIVE & DIVE – Dennis McCullough

The Club's first annual Drive & Dive was held at Atton's Lake Regional Park on Sunday, August 4, 2019. The event combined the "pwang" of striking a gold ball with the "splish-splash" of entering the water – golf and scuba diving on a sunny warm day in an idyllic setting. To some a nice walk ruined by a little white ball followed by immersion in cold murky water but to others, a relaxing round of an enjoyable game with friends followed by a refreshing and relaxing dip into the cool, silent water on a warm day – more likely, to most, some other combination of the four components.

The turnout was low, but the fun quotient was high. Leanne Ross, Vance, Tammy and Miranda Rendle of Lloydminster joined Adele Perrett and Dennis McCullough for the event. Tammy came as the official shore supervisor for the event while Adele was surface supervisor for the diving portion of the day.

In the spirit of fun, no one kept score during the golf. Everyone had fun, from the serious golfer Leanne through the first timer Miranda. And if someone had gotten serious, we always had the option of implementing some fun conditions into play.

Lunch was served by the ladies at the Clubhouse as the participants got to know each other and the first photos were taken.

Following lunch, the crew headed off to the boat launch for the water activities – Adele to kayak and the rest to dive. Four divers made the first dive of the day and made a tour of the underwater amenities at Atton's, and yes, the sunken boat was there! On the way back some garbage was collected for the Dive Against Debris. Three divers made the second dive and more garbage was collected. A good day.

Everyone won. We met some new and fun people and introduced them to Atton's. The guest enjoyed the new lake. We supported our favourite park and golf course. The lake was a little cleaner when we finished. Most importantly, everyone had fun and that was the major objective. We all plan on doing this again in 2020 and we hope more will take part. Will you join us?



*Polish up the gear
and let's go 2020!*