



It was about thirtyfive years ago when I was in Eyemouth with the Burton Diving Club.

deeper water to get into the safety of the dock walls. — *Don*

The weather was very bad and no diving was taking place, so we were on the dockside in Eyemouth in a storm..

The fishing fleet were coming in and the Harbour Master was at the dock entrance guiding the boats in.

He worked with the skipper of the boat with hand signals, holding the boat until a wave built underneath it, then his arm came down and the boat drove forwards, riding on the



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Photos by Bob Higson

EYEMOUTH TRIP

It was 2 o'clock Fri and we were finally on our way to Eyemouth Diving gear all packed into Colin's car. It was to be my first but hopefully not last experience of a dive boat in the North Sea complete with lift and free coffee! The six of us Trevor, Colin, Steph, Bob, Gary and the excursion organiser Terry were

staying at the Marine Quest B&B in Eyemouth looking forward to 2 days diving on the Marine Reserve near Eyemouth. Terry rang to check on our progress and informed us that the lodging was directly opposite the lifeboat. After a tour of all 3 Eyemouth Lifeboats (so this is what they spend my 10p

contribution on!) we saw Terry standing dockside gesturing towards the accommodation down a short alleyway hidden behind a fleet of fish delivery vans. After a brief tour of the town an agreement was reached to dine out immediately at the local Italian restaurant. We retired early about 2am after a hearty meal as Terry said we needed to be up early to checkout the beach. I remembered

.....or was it the choice of dish from the Italian Menu. Terry woke early at 4:45 and announced it was time to get up, apparently British Summertime is somewhat different in Eyemouth or perhaps it was those seals we have to remember to check? After a lovely cooked breakfast we loaded our Dive gear aboard the boat and our skipper Ian soon sped out towards the first dive of the



my BSAC training.....something about checking all seals. I was woken 30 mins later by a strange sound and smell, Trevor on the Bunk below had been kidnapped and replaced by a seal, I could clearly hear the grunting snorts it was making and the aroma of fish

morning. I leapt off the step the lift afforded and signalled to my dive buddy Colin to ascend into the depths of the sea. We found the bottom at around 16m and began to explore the small reef ahead of us. We had been joined by another group of divers aboard our boat and

it was one of these we stumbled across now as we passed the myriad of life crabs, lobsters, a shoal of inquisitive fish, the diver lay motionless on the sea bed or so it seemed. Was he/she OK I signalled to Colin but as we approached a face turned towards engrossed in the many settings of today's modern digital camera, a diving hazard I understand. The vis was about 2 to 3m becoming less on our second dive and after an unsuccessful attempt to practice a controlled deco stop. I was determined to conquer my buoyancy control and make full use of my DSMB this time by adding just another 2kg of weight. We drifted a little off target on the second dive but Ian our skipper seemed to find us quite quickly as I clung to my DSMB whilst awaiting the luxury of being lifted out of the water to be greeted thankfully by the smell of fresh coffee and shortbread. We dined that night at the local public house retiring early at 2am again after synchronizing watches this time. The second days diving took us to the famous Cathedral rock or thereabouts in our case. The dive went well until the ascent when failing to factor in a cylinder change I found myself bobbing the last 3m to the surface leaving Colin to complete his safety stop alone. All at once I was aware of

a boat approaching me at speed, I waved my DSMB and signalled to the skipper of this 3 hulled monster that I was OK but he swiftly lowered the lift to greet me aboard as I scanned below the surface looking for my lost buddy who was now positioned directly below the boat. I climbed onto the lift for a better view of rising bubbles but the new skipper completely misunderstood my pleadings and I found myself hauled a board with fins dutifully removed by 2 new diving companions. I removed my hood and explained the predicament to the new skipper but the other two divers had spotted bubbles and seeing me aboard a different vessel and thinking I was in trouble Colin allowed him to be lifted onto the new boat. The mix up was soon sorted out and we were gratefully returned to rejoin Trevor, Steph, Terry and Bob. Our own skipper Ian was less concerned for our safety bur inquired after my boat spotting skills3 hulls versus 1 and was the coffee any better than his? All too soon we were headed safely back to Eyemouth without further incident. I really enjoyed my first club trip in the open sea. Thanks to all who made the trip possible?

Gary T.

HULLO is the newsletter of the Hull Branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club.
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