



Neptunes Sounding Newsletter

Calendar 2018

- 10/2 General Meeting; Tommy on Cenote diving
 10/6 Annual Neptunes Flea Market
 10/7 River Run, 10AM ; after dive chowder at Billy Burchill's
 10/9 Board Meeting
 10/16 Program : Ethan Gordon Photography; newsletter assembly
 10/28 Club Dive @ clubhouse 9 AM
 11/4 Club Dive @clubhouse 9 AM
 11/6 General Meeting
 11/11C Club Dive @clubhouse 9 AM
 11/13 Board Meeting
 11/20 NC Wreck Diving by Rob Robison; newsletter assembly
 12/2 Club Dive @clubhouse 9 AM
 12/4 General Meeting
 12/9 Club Dive,@clubhouse 9 AM
 12/11 Board Meeting
 12/18 Program TBA & Newsletter assembly

2019 Calendar

- 1/1/2019 Club Sober Up Dive, Pleasure Bay

ACTIVITIES, ANNOUNCEMENTS, & REMINDERS

- Special thanks to our two recent speakers, **ScubaPro Rep John Stella**, who regaled us with his stories about the Grecian wrecks he has been diving on in the Mediterranean the past few years. And, Special thanks to **Zach Whalen** who shared his knowledge and



photography of grey seals with us at the beginning of this month.Both were extremely well attended and outstanding in every way!

- Neptunes Flea Market** Hanover Rt 139 (389 Columbia Rd). It is the Club's biggest fundraiser of the year with up to 100 tables/vendors participating. Help us make this the best ever! **Contact** 781-391-1034 or 781-826-4696 for more information, rent a table, or sign up to help.
- RIVER RUN** , North River , Bridge Street (Norwell) entry at 10:AM on Sunday, **Oct 7**, with chowder warmup afterwards at Billy Burchill's.
- Oct.16 Ethan Gordon, Boston Sea Rovers President**, to share his underwater photography.
- Next month's edition will feature the BSC Treasure Hunt, Shark Dive from Point Judith, and the Competition Dive at Pemberton Point in Hull.

AUGUST / SEPTEMBER DIVES

June 2: Club U-853 dive. *Story and photo by Todd Alger*

Planning for the dive trip to the U-853 started a few months ago at our "second meeting" at Darcy's. We got into a discussion of dives we would like to do and a few of us all wanted to do the U-853. I volunteered to put the trip together and did a web search for boats still doing the dive. I found "Canned Air" online and spoke to the captain and set it up for June 2. It turns out that Chuck had been out with

them a few times and highly recommended them. Over the course of time, we filled the boat and then a couple divers dropped and a couple divers were added and we had seven divers ready to go on June 2. The divers were **Todd Alger, Rob Vice, Doug Eaton, Matt Meyer, Garrett Kane, Chuck Zarba** and an old dive buddy of Chuck's and possible future Neptune, **Dan Clifford**. We all made it down to Rhode Island by 7am or earlier. When I left my house, it was clear and hot and humid and it stayed that way until just past Providence. Suddenly, the skies clouded over and the closer we got to the boat the foggier it seemed. We were a little concerned about the fog, but the captain said it would lift and we were all set to go. The Captain turned out to be right and we had great weather on the water. The sun burned off the fog and it was very calm with just some small rollers every now and then.



For some background, the U-853 is a German U-boat that was sunk at the very end of WWII off the RI coast, closer to Block Island than to the mainland. It is designated a war grave and divers are required to respect the dead if penetrating the wreck. The wreck sits in just under 130 feet of water and is considered an advanced dive. Most people dive the wreck on Nitrox to expand bottom time. I believe everyone on the boat was diving Nitrox, and we also all took extra time on our safety stops.

We had one minor hiccup on the trip. The mooring ball that is typically on the wreck was not there, and the captain had brought along a mate to set that up after we grappled onto the wreck. The mate did his dive and believed he had sent the mooring ball to the surface, but it got hung up and he and the captain spent some time trying to get that squared away. Once the "pool" opened up, we all splashed in and had a great time on the wreck.

On the first dive, I explored the bow section. I stuck my head into the blast holes and shined my light around to look into the boat and even think I saw a bone. We did our long surface interval and then dove the wreck again. On the second dive I explored the stern section and was thankful for the light Rob had loaned me. It was very dark in the stern area. I swam around and saw the mooring chain and line going down through the U-boat and up toward the surface. Unfortunately for me I was swimming at the level of middle of the boat and not on the sand. Rob on the other hand was swimming lower in the water near the sand and spotted something unusual. He swam over and picked it up and found some great dive gear—a helmet with a video cam light attached to either side. Another potential artifact of the year! We finished up our dive and headed back to port after a successful day diving the wreck.

I think as a group our biggest hurdle was lack of sleep. None of us slept much the night before with the excitement of diving and the knowledge that we had to get up extremely early for the 1.5 hour plus trip to RI to make our 7am start time. So we were all pretty exhausted after a long but very fun day of diving.

Graves Light Dive, Saturday, Sept 1. Neptunes **Tommy Lo, Garrett Kane and MaryRose Largess, Mark Zipeto, Chuck Zarba,** and I boarded the Sandra Jean, captained by **Kevin McKenna**, at the Quincy Yacht Club, and motored out to a submarine rock mount a little bit north of Graves Light. Seas were calm after the previous day of heavy surf pounding the coastline from the South Shore through Boston Harbor and beyond. Skies were clear, sunny and bright. A terrific day to be out on the water.

By the time we reached the dive site, Neptunes **Todd Alger and Joe Kilcommons** were already on site, anchored, and finishing their first dive. Tommy acted as first mate on our boat, ensured the anchor was secure, and gave the all clear sign to open the pool for diving. Despite having retched over the side nearly the entire trip out to the dive site, Mark Zipeto suited up, as did all the rest of us, save



poor Garrett, who spent the nearly the entire trip flat on his back on deck suffering from sea sickness or a hang over or the



after effects of dramamine or some combination. You will have to ask him to be sure to get the right story. Evidently, this was not his day.

I headed down the anchor line with my camera and a new strobe and photo-videocam light set up with the intent of testing it out. I had just settled in on the bottom when Tommy swam by with a lobster—an egger—for me to photograph with him holding it up. I obliged. Next, Mark Zipeto dropped in on me and needed help. One of his integrated weight pouches had fallen out of its pocket, and even though it was still attached to the BC, I was unable to reinsert it into its



rightful place for him. Undeterred, he swam on. Chuck Z finned by sometime in all of this commotion as well. In the meantime, I searched for subjects to photograph and found numerous lobsters, sponges, Forbes and Northern star fish, cunners, and mussels, not to mention the anchor itself, which served as suitable test subjects.

After surfacing and enjoying a decent surface interval, we went in to enjoy dive 2. By now the current, which had begun to move a bit. So when the divers encountered some difficulty. Fortunately, a buoy attached, which Tommy heaved out for the them in. Kevin made it back on his own because and was able to bull his way through the early

Once everyone was back on board, Mark Todd and Joe on their boat because it was faster.

our own return to port. On the way in, we stopped so Tommy could help a fellow yacht club member locate a lost mooring



interval, Chuck, Mark, and Kevin hopped was slack when we anchored, initially, began their return to the boat, they Captain Kevin keeps a long line with a divers to grab onto, and we pulled he turned his dive sooner than the rest beginnings of the tidal change.

decided he wanted to head in with So we transferred him over and began

in a small cove (Success!), which added another 45 minutes or so to our return travel time. By the time we reached the dock, Mark Z was starting to feel a sense of apoplexy—we were much later than he had anticipated—and the afternoon winds had picked up, making the offloading of gear a veritable rock-and-roll experience. All in all, it was a great day on and under the water: depth 49', vis 5-15', temp 66°.



Plymouth Beach Dive, Labor Day, Sept 3. Neptune Jon Willis and I met up with new members **Brendan Pursel** and **Donna Maass** at Plymouth Long Beach for a relaxing shallow low-tide dive. After suiting up, we headed into the



water and dropped down. Shortly afterwards, Donna began experiencing difficulties with her mask and surfaced. Brendan and I helped her reposition her mask so her hair was out of the way and the mask skirt was tucked in under her hood forming a watertight seal. As we moved along slowly looking for interesting critters, Donna kept disappearing. Turns out she was unable to find neutral buoyancy and kept shooting to the surface because she was using too much air to inflate her BC.

After the dive, we learned she was grossly overweighted carrying 32 lbs. on her 110 lb. frame, wearing a 5 mm suit. Next time, she will carry much less lead and certain. Despite these equipment dive.

Jon and I returned to the water for a hairy crabs or decorator crabs on the blurry, not shown. Sorry! We also saw hermit crabs, shells, sponges, and tunicates and other delectable beginning to wreak havoc on the plant because they have no natural enemies the sight of a fairly large school of sea



end of our dive. Total combined dive time: 96 min, 17', 66°.

Cenote Dive Cancún, México: Dreamscape. *Story by Tommy Lo (No photos).* On my last trip to Mexico 2 years ago, I missed out on the opportunity to dive a Cenote. Everyone said I should have done it. So this time diving a Cenote was on the bucket list. To do some research I spoke to Marshall: he had done it before. He said it was great. Lots of stuff embedded in the walls. Very cool looking. And very pretty. Then, I went to Darcy's the night before we left to talk to our editor, Rob R (I thought he had dived a Cenote) who recommended it but never had dived a Cenote.

When I went to the dive shop in Cancún to book the dive, they asked my cert level and number of dives and how good my buoyancy control was. I told them advanced, 1000+ dives, good buoyancy control, but I'm usually crawling around rocks hunting for lobsters. I didn't tell them I got my advanced on a Blackbeard's trip because one of the guys just became an instructor and wanted to write off the trip on his taxes. (I did have to rescue a girl at 130ft. on that trip but that's another story). So they tell me we're going to Cenote Dreamscape with 2 other people.

enjoy the dive a whole lot more, I am issues, we all enjoyed a nice hour-long shorter second dive and found some eel grasses—photos of these are some interesting moon snails, lobsters, invasive sponges foraging on club munchies. These sponges are and animal life that surround them in our waters. Finally, we also enjoyed lances flashing by, as we neared the

Dreamscape is known for the stalactites and stalagmites. Dreamscape is for a limited number of divers and no snorkeling. The dive shop clerk kept warning me that Dreamscape is for advanced divers only and that they usually don't take too many people there. Some of the swim-throughs are very narrow, but I should fit through. I later learned she was right; in some places it was about 3 ft. across and 3 ft. top to bottom. Also, not much current, so if you kick up the bottom, it stays cloudy for a while. They gave me tons and tons of warnings about the dive. So much that I was getting real nervous and almost canceled. But I was thinking after some of the dives Blackie put me through, how bad can this be?

Day of the dive: Well, the other 2 divers canceled. Chickens! Dreamscape is about a 45 minute ride from my resort. Regal, the dive master, gave me more warnings all the way there. Then, it's at least a mile on a dirt road (I kept thinking the movie Deliverance). On the dirt road we went over new hand signals. All of the hand signals I've known are out the window, and we're diving rule of thirds: one-third of a tank in, second third out, and last third just in case. The biggest thing was not to panic and try to shoot to the surface; otherwise, I'll become a unicorn with an inverted horn.

We get there, it's a big hole in the ground filled with water. We bring our gear down some rickety stairs to a wooden platform. As we assemble our gear together, I inform Regal that I don't have an octopus, so if he needs air from me we need to share my regulator. His response was why not, and I tell him I never needed one. Well, half way through the dive, I'm thinking if my (30 yr old) regulator fails I'm screwed.

We do a buoyancy check and off we go. I'm diving with 10 pounds, a first for me. This Cenote is filled with stalactites hanging from the ceiling and stalagmites coming up from the floor. There are also tree roots that have grown through the ground and taking water from the Cenote. Some of the stalagmites are very thick and some are thin and some go from floor to ceiling. Ten minutes into the dive I switch on my GoPro to hopefully get some video. It ran for about 5 minutes and died. Piece of crap. Well, five minutes later my light died as well. Another friggin' piece of crap equipment. So here I am swimming through a narrow area of the cave with no light on. To signal the dive master I was to use the light in an up and down motion. Well, that ain't going to happen. The water was so clear that I was just able to see well enough from Regal's flashlight. A few minutes later, we entered a larger chamber and I tugged the dive master's fin a bit, so he turned around and I show him the light was dead. He gave me his spare light and we proceeded. At the halfway point there is a dome that we could surface in to. We looked around and saw many stalactites and tree roots growing through the rocks. The first part of the Cenote bottom time was 48 minutes. I returned with 1500 lbs. left in the tank. Todd would say what a waste of air.

Second part of the cave system, we changed tanks and off we go there were more stalactites. Parts of this dive had areas of air pockets and the stalactites just pierced the surface. It was really cool to see. This part of the dive was a bit darker and there were more areas where the fresh water mixed with salt water. The vis where the 2 different waters mixed reminded me of the thermocline in the quarry where everything went fuzzy. There were also lots of interesting rock formations hanging from the ceiling. This part of the cave structure was shorter than the first dive. I had only used 800 lbs of air so we turned around and went back the opposite way we came. I finished the dive with 1800 lbs of air

Throughout the dive I kept thinking of *The Temple of Doom* movie where the Mayans would make human sacrifices into the Cenotes. Yes, I'm looking for bones. But the floor was mostly sand littered with broken pieces of stalactites. We did come across a shrimp running around the bottom. There were many small fishes in the Cenote, including the blind cave dwellers. In some of the pictures of the Cenotes you will see divers hanging on the guide ropes. Well, I was told not to touch them cause it's strung out really tight like a guitar string. When it breaks the ends will shoot 20 ft.... in either direction. Just follow the yellow rope and don't touch it.

Life in the cave consisted of lots of small silver fish and the one shrimp that we saw. I kept wondering what was in some of the deep dark holes that we saw. I did see the shadow of a fish about 3 ft. long. It turned out to be a small fish near my dive light. Ha!Ha! The joke was on me. It was a great dive followed by some snorkeling with the kids in the Cenote back at the resort, which had lots of bigger fish and some turtles in it. By the way, the BBC filmed a documentary in this Cenote talking about cave and cavern diving.

Tommy Lo

Saturday Dive Sept 8 .Story by Tommy Lo

The weather was supposed to pick up but Neptunes Ken Hayes, Rob Vice, Todd Alger, Joe Kilcommons, and I wanted to see if we could get a couple of dives in before it went bad.

We loaded up at Quincy Yacht Club and headed out. Heading up to Hull Gut wasn't too bad. After we cleared Lovell's Island and headed for Hypocrite Channel, the water started to get bumpy.

As we drew closer to Green Island, we knew Graves Light was out of the question. We had 2 to 4 ft. seas. I made the executive (and safe) decision to go around and hide behind outer Brewster Island. Since I didn't know the Flying Place cut-through too well, I decided to go the long and bumpy way (Check out the video on Facebook)

When we moved to the lee of Outer Brewster Island, we found the Keepah (Boston Scuba) already anchored and another boat of divers anchored as well. Then, Todd and Joe showed up and anchored, too. Rob V and Ken geared up and went in, then I went in after them. We each caught 1 lobster a piece and then offered our catch to Jesus (AKA Rob Vice).

At the end of the first dive, the winds changed and our sheltered cove was covered with white caps with 4 ft. seas rolling in. At this point we decided to head home and attend the Hough's Neck Chowder fest. Joe stopped and picked up a message in a bottle floating in the harbor. It's on the club Facebook page. Check it out.



North Carolina Wreck Dive Trip Aug 23-26: Diving the U-352 and Other North Carolina Wrecks from Morehead City's Olympus Dive Center. Story and photos by Rob Robison

The genesis of the NC wreck diving trip at Morehead City was actually late winter early spring of 2017, when Neptune and dive instructor **Rich Bowers** organized the original trip. Unfortunately, it was blown out by Hurricane Irma. A number of us agreed to reschedule for August of 2018. I took advantage of the trip to



include a stopover in Charlotte, NC to visit my senior year roommate and his wife, plus return to Augusta, GA with my wife, Carol, so she could visit her parents' graves, and search for their old homesteads and summer vacation spot on Edisto Island, SC. We took advantage of the proximity to Charleston to spend a day there as well, take a horse-drawn carriage ride tour of the central city, walk the open-air markets, visit Fort Sumter, and sample some southern cooking. From

Charleston, it was a six-hour drive to reach Morehead City, where we enjoyed an early dinner on the waterfront and bedtime, after checking in at the dive shop and discovering the boat boarding time was 6 AM the next day.



Dive Day 1 After organizing myself bright an early, I headed out of the hotel around 5:40 AM and promptly tripped over a drainpipe and put a medium deep cut in the palm of my right hand and a very slight bark in my right knee. After some hotel



antiseptic and bandaging, I made it to the boat on time, where I met up with Neptunes **Rich Bowers, Doug and Matt Meyers, Rob** defunct Northeast Scuba shop Carlton, dive instructor). Four to and headed, not for the wrecks intentionally sunken wrecks that



Our first dive was on the tug 20 25 yards away named the www.youtube.com/watch?

Christian, and 7 other divers from the now that Rich either taught or worked with (Steve five-foot seas kept us relatively close to shore we had hoped to visit, but to some of the are being used to create artificial reefs.

James J. Francesconi and a smaller one about Tramp (Watch them sink here: <https://v=UjCdt0tp0Qc>). We enjoyed a nice dive with

an oyster toadfish sighting (See club FB page) along with a fairly large sting ray, balls of bait fish, blue and yellow striped runners, butterfly fish, large schooling spade fish, (some schooling juvenile 'cudas, I think), adult barracuda, and more.

The second dive took place a short distance away on the Indra, a former WWII transport ship, later converted to a machine shop during the Vietnam war ([Wreck of the Indra \(AR-330\) - Wreck Diving](#)). It was a more difficult dive to finish, that is, get



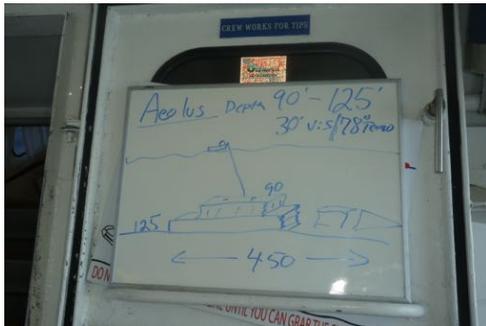
back on board the boat, because of the increased wind and wave action. My camera, clipped to my BC, hung up in the granny line, and in the process of extricating it and myself from the predicament, I almost floated up high enough to get bopped on the head by the bottom of our boat's bow, which was pounding up and down in the 3-4' waves. Fortunately, I escaped that debacle in the nick of time and was able



to climb back on board unscathed.

The wreck itself was uninteresting; however, we were smothered by voluminous clouds of small bait fish, a number of tiny blue and yellow (AKA bicolor) damsel fish, yellow runners, urchins, a black sea bass with an orange eye that blended with a couple of orange rust streaks on the decking, a beautiful Christmas wrasse, a sand dollar, and more. Both of the day's dives were at 65' more or less, with water temps at 77 and 74 degrees, respectively. Vis hovered around 30'.

A nice touch to end the day was the entire dive group headed by Rich Bower getting together for supper at the Yellow Fin Pub, next to Sanitary Restaurant, a few blocks away. Then, it was time to watch a little football and turn out the lights early to be fresh for the next day's dives.



Dive Day 2 presented us with the opportunity to dive on two 100'+ deep wrecks. I was feeling a bit queasy and unsettled, so I skipped the first one on the wreck of the Aeolus. **Neptune Rob Christian** described that dive for us:

"The second day (8/25), seas were calmer (2-3'), allowing passage past the shoals to the deeper wrecks featured in the "Graveyard of the Atlantic." There was talk amongst the mates of possibly diving the U-352, but conditions were not ideal. Given a better forecast for the following day with the same divers on board, the U-boat trip was postponed.

"The first of two dives was the Aeolus, a 426' cable repair/attack cargo ship built in June 1945, and commissioned under Lt. Commander Francklyn Swicker (<https://www.history.navy.mil/research/histories/ship-histories/danfs/a/aeolus-aka-47-ii.html>). The ship was fitted in the Boston Navy Yard and initially purposed for

transiting the Panama Canal. The ship was sunk as an artificial reef in July 1988.

"We began descent at approximately 9AM to a max depth of 114 feet and a temperature of 77 degrees. The wreck offered multiple open levels, with wide open hatches allowing for easy and safe passage through the multiple levels without leaving the wreck. The bottoms of these hatchways entering the hold appeared to descend into a dark bottomless abyss. A diver may descend into the hold, look around, and quickly realize further foray is best left to experienced tech divers.

"Ocean life included plentiful large jack fish with yellow tipped tails, having the appearance and demeanor of yellowfin (albeit a bit smaller). Others reported having seen sand tiger sharks and a baby octopus or two. Visibility, while excellent (25') by local standards, quickly dipped to 10-15' as a murk of silt passed across the site (possibly due to sediment in a current or kicked up by other divers). Despite the reduced visibility, we made our way down the anchor line to an orange wreck reel laid out in advance and all made the return ascent without incident."

After a nearly two-hour surface interval complete with change of location, we made ready to drop in on the wreck of the Coast Guard Cutter Spar, for our second dive of the day, which ...

"was sunk as a diver friendly wreck just yards from the Aeolus. Known as a popular spot for Sand Tiger Sharks, the 180 feet long and 37 feet wide Spar sits on its site at a 45-degree angle in 100 feet of water and is completely intact, allowing many opportunities for a diver to penetrate the wreck."



Source: <http://www.olympusdiving.com/north-carolina-diving/nc-wreck-diving/wreck-uscg-spar/>



As we descended the anchor line toward the wreck, The Spar slowly came in to focus. Rich and I followed Steve Carlton toward the prow of the boat. A nice sized jack swept by us suddenly out of nowhere. While we swam, clouds of bait fish enveloped us and then disappeared. Vis



stirred up by the slight current, some of the microorganisms. We found corals growing on completely extended in a filter feeding frenzy matter in the water column. We also found a deck at about 103 feet. When we circled back anchor line in search of the sand shark (not metal because the divers who reached that much silt), the jack from nowhere burst into pressed the shutter button on my camera. j a c k — a



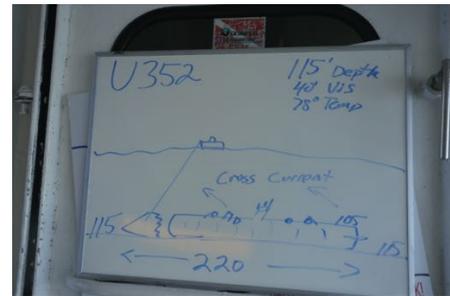
was a hazy 15-30 feet, due to the silt being stirred up by the divers, and the presence of purple sea cucumber all alone on the side of the ship and at times created by the abundance of particulate matter toward the stern of the boat and the seen hiding under a twisted piece of part of the ship first had stirred up too view like a flash of light. Reflexively, I Later, I discovered it had captured the blur of speed—with one of the

During just off grouper, much headed through cluster of school of dozen or keeping above.



multitudes of baitfish seemingly protruding from its mouth. the dive, our efforts were monitored by a large barracuda that hung the port gunwale. A large snapper, which some mistook for a also glided head down off the port side of the ship, there was so good food hanging around for the taking, I guess. Dive completed we up the anchor line an enormous comb jellies and a barracuda, a half so, which had been tabs on us from

Dive Day 3 Sunday, August 26 was the day we had been waiting for: calm seas, improved vis, and finally, the weather window the captain wanted to take us 25 miles out to sea to U - 3 5 2 . A submarine, it was sunk off the coast by a US Coast Guard Cutter/Destroyer who detected when the torpedo intended to sink the US vessel prematurely yards astern. Thirteen German sailors went down with the charged ship, while 34 were able to escape and reach the unclear how many of those survivors were actually rescued by Guard. Gary Gentile's book, *Shipwrecks of North Carolina*, detailed accounting of the complete history of this German vessel.



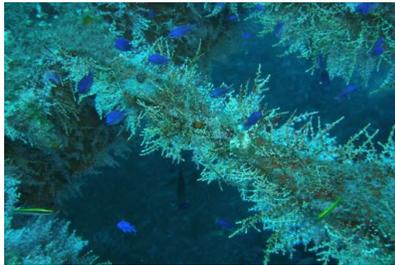
After crewman Travis tied in the boat and set the wreck reel line to guide us on the sub remains, the captain briefed us. What is left today is the pressure hull, conning tower and periscopes on a slant, fore and aft torpedo tubes, some exposed, a

piece of the prow with anchor windlass gear exposed and coated with blue sponge, and diving planes. Unexploded ordnance abounds in and around the sub wreck on the ocean floor.

Armed with that information, down we went toward the sub at 90-120 feet. As it came in to view (40' vis, 80°-81°), I spotted the blue sponge-coated windlass and section of the bow it was part of completely separated from the pressure hull. Turning right, we found the pressure hull with its open forward hatch swarming with bait fish, coral bushes feeding away, and rib points protruding from where the superstructure had once been attached to the pressure hull. After a photo op for Rich and me at 106' holding on to one of the attachment points, we swam across the top of hull to the conning tower (90-100'), which was host to schools of silver bait fish. I had difficulty taking a good shot of the tower and its periscopes, so no photos of it—sorry! Toward the stern of the submarine we could make out a school of jacks swimming about, probably trying to figure out how to avoid a spear fisherman hunting them from his private boat anchored more than 110' above. Then, it was time to head back to the ascent line, make our safety stops, and return to the security of our dive boat, Olympus.



After a two-hour surface interval during which we motored a short distance away and re-anchored, it was time to gear up for the last dive of the weekend on the Hardee, an oiler owned at one time by the namesake of the restaurant chain, which was sunk to create another artificial reef. By now, the water had changed from green, blue, and murky to the cobalt blue of the Gulf Stream and Caribbean—just incredibly beautiful!



Descending the down line toward the wreck sitting between 90-125', we passed through a school of large comb jellies and an immense school of bait fish. Once on the wreck we were met by a forest of thin young corals, tiny fingers wide open and feeding near the hatch opening along with a blizzard of jack fry and more, plus a nice scattered school of beautiful blue chromis. White Christmas tree worms, their plumes extended, greeted us on the top of the bridge as did a smattering of sea urchins and lemon colored Christmas tree tube worms and a pair of colorful juvenile puffers. I discovered a large bristle worm and pointed it out to Rich who insisted I take a picture of it with him pressing his face close by.

He even tickled it with his gloved finger. Then, it was time to return topside. We made a safety stop around 56' and again at 20-25' where we clung to the granny line in a huge school of comb jellies for extra lengths of time to be certain we were more than off gassed time-wise before ascending the final 20' to the boat.

Back on board, I overheard Rich telling everyone within earshot he had just seen his first nudibranch ever and had had me take his picture with it. I realized then he did not understand that he had been posing next to a bristle worm whose exterior hairs are extremely dangerous to the touch. Had he pressed his bare skin to that critter, his face would have been severely stung, tenderizer or any other remedy would have been of sleep-inducing Benadryl, in assuaging the burning endured for who knows how long.



To sum it all up, Day 3 diving was the finest of our underwater experiences, in my estimation, due to the visibility, 80-81° water, and above all the myriad critters and sights we encountered, not the least of the engineer types who are deeply interested in the probability were not as excited as I about seeing the fish and larger critters occluding our vision of the wreck. Never having had the opportunity to enjoy that luxury before, I wallowed in their dazzling swirling beauty. In addition, our captain and crew were outstanding, professional in every way. The boat was large enough to accommodate up to 25 divers; it enjoyed a roomy dive deck and lounge below deck, along with a roomy (for a boat) electric head that really worked. Our entry was a giant stride into the blue from about 6-8' off the water, unless we wanted to jump off the fantail which was closer to sea level. Sitting right next to the forward entry, I enjoyed the long drop to the water. It was a little like parachuting into the void. Dockside, the Olympus Dive Center was easy

pressed his bare skin to and no amount of meat effective, save a huge dose sensation he would have

three days worth of surface conditions, delightfully interesting which was U-352. Some of wrecks themselves in all enormous schools of bait

to reach, well situated on the dock near accommodations, restaurants, and night life, extremely well stocked with dive gear, SeaLife camera gear, and accessories, and much more. Thirty percent Nitrox was what we used every day, whether we brought our own tanks for them to fill or rented theirs. The total organization was well oiled, professional, and accommodating. We couldn't ask for more. It was a great dive experience, should you have the time and inclination, well



worth adding to your bucket list.

As you can see , Neptunes have enjoyed a very busy month of diving. I would be remiss not acknowledging the many contributions to this newsletter made by Neptunes **Todd Alger, Rob Christian, Tommy Lo, Theresa Czerepica, and Jon Willis.** I also would like to thank **Rich Bowers** and his side kick *Steve Carlton* for taking me under their wing and buddying with me on the NC dives. Their knowledge and experience were very helpful, especially when venturing down on the deeper wrecks. As a group we have been having so much fun diving into it. I hope you are enjoying reading about our exploits, as much as we are enjoying experiencing it all, and I the retelling. There's more to come. Until next month, I hope to see you somewhere diving into it with gusto.

Rob

Flea Market and Craft Fair

Saturday Oct, 6, 2018
8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.

Rt. 53 HANOVER
Tractor Supply parking lot

Admission 50 cents
Sponsored by
The South Shore Dive Team
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(781)-391-1034 or (781)-826-4696

www.southshoreneptunes.org The Hotline (617)-804-5637

All kinds of items!

FOOD!

Set up time 6:30 A.M.
Rain Date Sat. Oct. 13, 2018