

A weekend away with the dive section is always a good one and this weekend was no exception as we took off to Rottneest for our first ORSSC dive section Rotto weekend in March.

Boats set off Friday morning from Ocean reef, Hillarys and Mindarie for the first day of diving. A few had to do a drop off first to deposit baggage (non divers and non essential gear) on the island before going back out to get wet. Some of the boats partnered up and others snuck off to their secret spots.

There was a big swell rolling in but not a lot of surge for some reason? Though it was not the season for whales there must have been lots around with colds as the water was full of what looked like mucus (the technical diving term is snot). This made the visibility pretty poor over the weekend but it did get better as the days went on.



A few of the divers managed to bag some crays while the rest of us just swam around pretending we were not actually trying to catch any and were just admiring the scenery. If asked we were just carrying a cray loop as a spare for the other divers.

The usual rush to get the tanks in for a refill occurred that afternoon before the compressor was closed. We might not have been in such a rush if we had known how good the fills would be (not). Chuck decided the only way he might get a decent fill was to stand watch over the tanks and supervise their filling. The rest of use just went and had a pint instead, priorities after all.

Later that evening the remainder of the ladies, kids and Steve B (I wanted to included Steve B under ladies but my co-author said she would not allow it) arrived by ferry. When everyone got settled in it was time for dinner but by that stage one native lady of Rotto, Ms Quokka couldn't resist Daz our gallant leaders' manly charms, she couldn't stay away, risking life and limb to be near him even scaling the wall many times to get his attention to no avail. An early night for some including Steve and June on their love (pronounced Looove) boat as they were back out diving Saturday morning but of course the good old reliables as always were last to bed (no banshee's on Rotto it seems).

The next day while the crews were off diving, the kids, and the big kids Daz and Carrie were having fun in Thomson Bay on the inflatable pontoons and were

glad of the extended time given considering it was such a hot day.

With the visibility improving most crews were out for a dive at a reasonable hour with pleasant weather to enjoy while sitting around waiting between dives. It really is a hardship at times!

That evening there were stories as usual of how many crays that were almost caught and as the night went on and the beverages flowed. "Loose lips sink ships" was the quote of the night. As one diver let it slip to one of the kids why his dad hadn't managed to catch any crays because the loop that said kid had bought for his father's Xmas present was at the bottom of the ocean, Loose lips sink ships".

Another member of the dive section claimed to have given up alcohol for lent but apparently champagne didn't count and managed to consume many a glass but sang hymns to offset this, mmmmm a bit like carbon miles she thought perhaps.

Phil and Chuck were very excited to find out they still had it when it came to the chicky babes as they were invited on to the doosh doosh boat to party with the young ones. This was made known not just once, not twice but all night long (on you boys).

We did have a great excuse to keep the golden nectar flowing though none is normally needed but it was Rob Adams birthday that weekend. Apparently he is only 25 and has lived a very interesting life. A free bicycle was thoughtfully provided for the duration of his trip as a birthday gift by some kind soul. Others did not fair too well on the bicycle front though due to some light fingers. Perhaps the Quokkas were out joy riding?

As the night went on and things got fuzzy we discovered if you were unsure of any of your fellow divers names just calling Rob, Dave or Steve was a sure way of getting a response as we have at least seven of those names in the section.

Dave and Kate decided to sleep under the stars on their open boat Saturday night with the intention of being lulled to sleep by the tranquil sounds of the ocean but I don't think Dave got a lot of shut eye as the ocean sounded more of a banging sound on their aluminium pontoon hull.

Up early Sunday morning to pack and some home on the ferry while others head off for another dive or straight home. All in all another great weekend away, but then aren't they always.

H & R Thomson

