



# Buddy Line

November - December 2010



## Celebrating 50 years of Fostering the Sport of Recreational Scuba Diving in Scarborough

### "MERRY CHRISTMAS "

By Jack Purchase

Unfortunately there is no article by the president available at time of publishing as he is out of town on business. Also no picture of incoming executive is available as yet. Watch for both in your next edition of the Buddy Line.

The annual elections were held at the November General Meeting and the following is the slate of incoming officers for the year 2011:

#### Elected Officers- 2011:

President	Jack Purchase
1st Vice President	Rick LeBlanc
2nd Vice President	Dieter Auperle
Treasurer	Adrian Van Vroenhoven
Secretary	Nora Mark

#### Appointed Committee Members:

Training Director	Mike MacCabe
Marketing Director	Patricia Streiwe
Social Director	Heather Courneya
Buddy Line Editor	Vivian Reid

### Suci Annual Awards Dinner & Dance Held at Bluffers Restaurant- Nov.13

article by LeeAnn Smith

On Saturday December 13, approximately 60 SUCI members and their guests attended the kick off to "Our 50<sup>th</sup> Year" at our annual Awards Night Dinner and Dance. The event was held at Bluffer's Restaurant – offering a peaceful night time view of the marina beautifully illuminated by a full moon!

Guests enjoyed appetizers while mingling with a pre-dinner cocktail – and I saw more than one person circling the prize table..... But that would have to wait until later. The evening was officially kicked off with a wonderful buffet dinner of mixed salads, roast beef, chicken cacciatore , penne pasta, and seafood crepes with roasted potatoes and vegetables. The dessert table

was full of assorted pastries and cakes – as well as a lovely fresh fruit assortment (or so I was told).

After dinner we moved to the "business" portion of the evening, with a welcome speech by our President Jack Purchase. Jack read a humorous article from a 1976 Buddy Line – where it seems the highlight of the dance that year was the Miss SUCI contest.....

Our Training Director Kari MacChesney is currently sailing the seas on a luxury yacht, so we welcomed back Mike McCabe to the position and he gave us an overview of our yearly training initiatives.

I seized my rightful microphone back and thanked the incredible 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Committee – who also acted as Dance Committee: Janet Hulbert, Nora Mark, Dieter Aupperle, Walter Cang and Patricia Striewe.

Special thanks as well to the SUCI Executive: Jack Purchase, Marilyn Ricci, Mike Durst and Nora Mark for their support.

We kicked off the prize draws with the 1<sup>st</sup> of 3 special prizes for SUCI members – and our winner was Keith Evans (you're welcome Keith) who chose a travel pack of a suitcase, wet gear bag and regulator bag.

We then had a special message by Walter Cang, representing the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Committee, who gave us an outline of their plans for the year. The highlight of that was a fashion show with models Nora Mark and Dieter Aupperle wearing the outfits that will be available for purchase at the January meeting. Once again – SUCI will be the most fashionable dive club around!



A 2<sup>nd</sup> prize draw was held – and Jack Purchase was the winner and selected the red scuba tank. That left the purple tank for yours truly to win later on in the evening – which I plan on kitting out with a pink mesh to match my dive buddy.....

We then moved to the Awards portion of the evening, and Mike McCabe had the pleasure of presenting our Trainee of the Year Award – this year a tie – to two deserving recipients: Barbara Rotschild and Heather Lemieux. I put on my 1<sup>st</sup> VP hat and was honoured to award the Diver of the Year trophy to Serge Zinchenko – who had his beautiful family with him on this special night.



*2010 Trainee of the Year Award presented to Barb Rotschild & Heather Macdonald Lemieux (co-recipients) by Training Director, Mike McCabe*

*2010 Diver of the Year Award presented to Serge Zinchenko by 1st VP, LeeAnn Smith*



Again this year, thanks to the generosity of our supporters, we were able to offer a draw prize to everyone who attended. We had a trivia contest to determine the order of the prizes – with questions taken from the fun facts that adorned the tables – based on the year 1961. Some were answered easily and others – well

let's just say they struggled and I'm still not sure if Al or Adrian actually ever answered the question.....

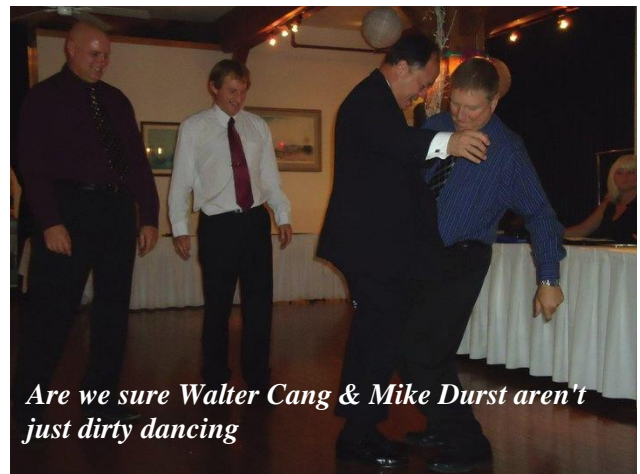
*At the Open Water Weekend in the Summer the infamous "Fin Race" takes place. Now at the Suci Dinner Dance the Club has instituted the "Snorkel Race"*



*Keith Evans showing onlookers, Rai, Serge & Scott "This is how it's done"*



*Rai Krob checking out Mike McCabe's technique*



*Are we sure Walter Cang & Mike Durst aren't just dirty dancing*

After everyone had received their prize and SUCI members had also selected their choice of a red or blue 50<sup>th</sup> year backpack, compliments of the Anniversary

Committee – we were ready to open the dance floor – but not before 10 good sports participated in my “Snorkel Game”- with Rick Leblanc narrowly besting Mike McCabe and taking home the giant yellow snorkel..... (Mike feels he was cheated as he was distracted picking up Rick’s fallen glasses – I sense a rematch at Open Water).

The dance floor was opened and a hard core devoted group danced and partied until the lights came on at 1pm – and the same kind folks helped me pack it all up – and clear it away – thank you guys!!!!

Special thanks to our Dive Shops and members who so generously donated prizes to SUCI. Please take a moment to thank them the next time you are in the stores – or at our December meeting.

Aqua Sub – Norbert Pietkiewicz  
Aquarius – Marc Paszyn  
Dive Source – Brian Pallock  
Innerspace – Roman Mizanski  
Scuba 2000 – Alec Pierce

SUCI Members:

Jack Purchase  
Nora Mark  
Norm Erickson  
Gillian Harding  
Patricia Striewe  
Dieter Aupperle  
Penn Penev  
Richard Hepburn  
Heather Courneya  
Mike Durst  
Scott Hulbert (care of Janet)  
Faith Sahadath  
Shoeless Joe’s  
50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Committee & Executive

## DIVING IN COSTA RICA - NOV. 2010

*article & pictures by Faith Sahadath*

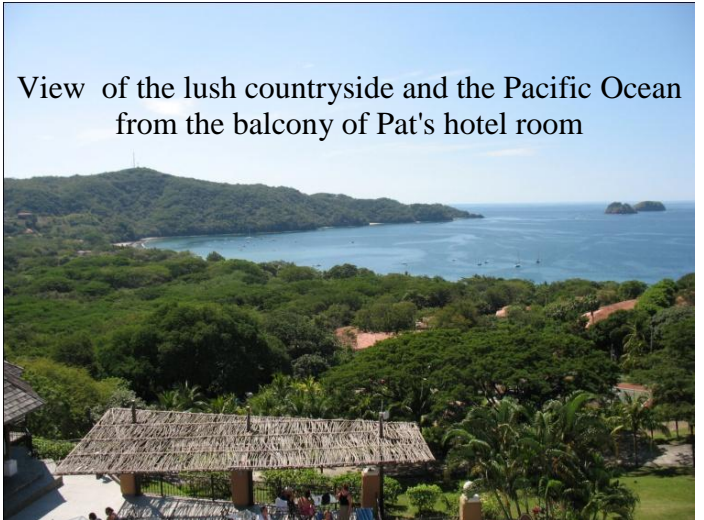
It was early morning at our airport in Toronto as we had to check in 3 hours prior to boarding. There were many other travelers heading south in the area.

Our group consisted of 25 or 26 divers, all off to dive in Costa Rica. I had read and heard about this area, and when this opportunity came, I made sure to sign on. The plane was full. The route of this particular Sunwing flight was Toronto to Liberia in Costa Rica, on to Panama City than back to Toronto.

There are two coasts to this country- the Caribbean and the Pacific. We are on the Pacific side of the country. Our accommodation, Villa Sol is about 10 minutes from the airport. Another ten minutes takes us into the nearest town Coco. Our dive shop was Deep Blue Diving. (deepbluediving.com)

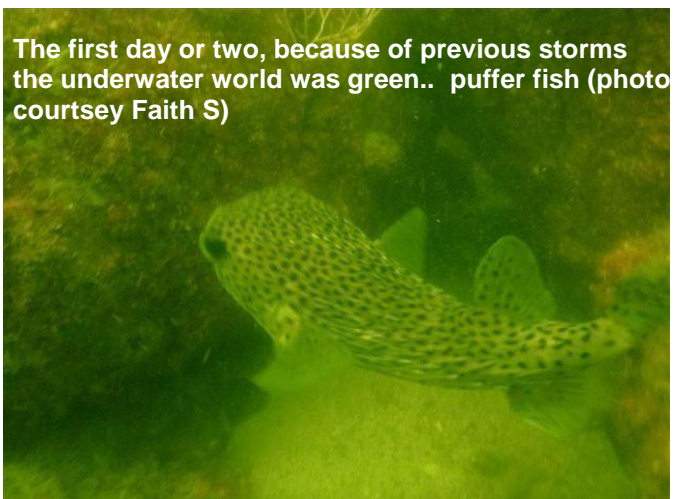
Ahh, the dive shop. Oliver and his wife are the owners and operators. We were met at the airport and returned at the end of our stay... we were taken diving. The arrangements went without a hitch.

This is a volcanic country. If we are not going uphill, we are going down... tidal flats.



Sometime we had to walk out to meet the tenders (small boats) which took us to our dive boats because the tide was low. The sand in this area is black - remember volcanoes... We had to practice our diving skills....., follow the dive master..., stay in visual contact...

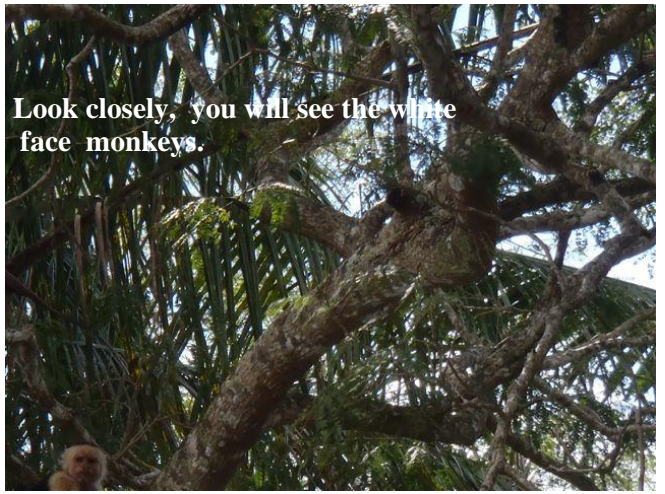
There had been storms two weeks prior to our arrival and the visibility was not good. By the end of the week the fish had their colors back, and there were lots of fish in this area.



Stingray (courtesy photo Faith S)

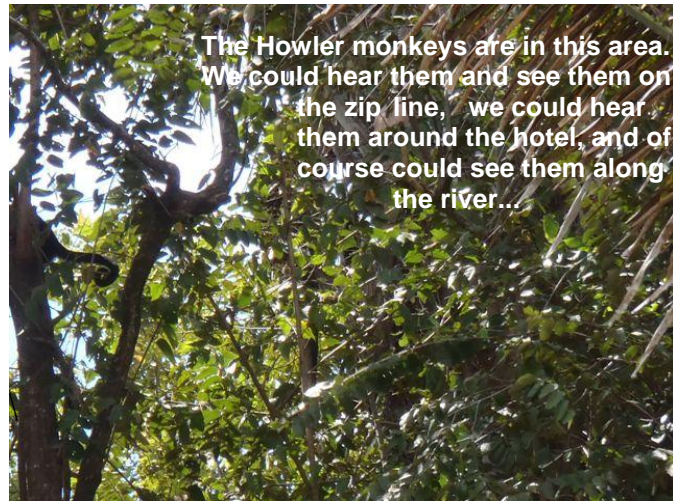


Look closely, you will see the white face monkeys.



At this time of year the turtles are mating and laying their eggs. We saw some of the nests and some of the turtles swimming. We swam in the ocean just down the hill from our hotel. The water warmed up and was getting clearer as the week progressed.

We took a few tours. One was a river tour, to see the birds and the monkeys. There were many types of herons, iguanas, crocodiles, and two different species of monkeys - white face, and howler monkeys. We could hear the howlers in and around our hotel..



The Howler monkeys are in this area. We could hear them and see them on the zip line, we could hear them around the hotel, and of course could see them along the river...

We are on our way to the river, to see where our migratory birds spend their winters..



This is a crocodile. see him smile... People fish and swim with care along this river that runs from the volcanoes to the sea



See the tiny bats resting. They are trying to look like a snake so that nothing will eat them...



Pat & Sital

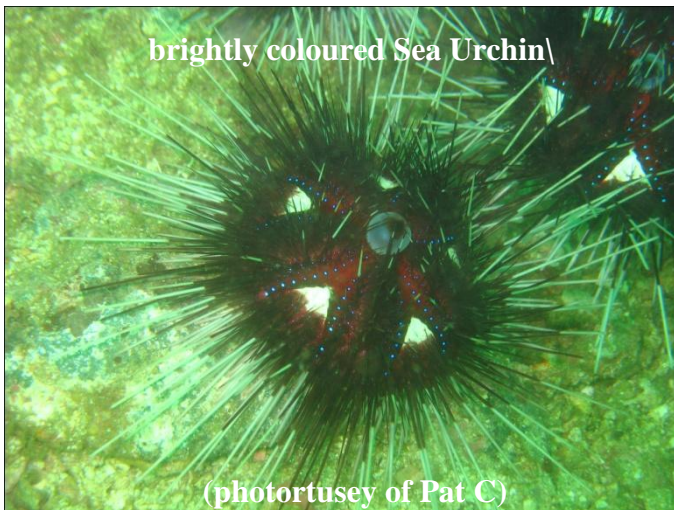


Two More Migratory Birds. - Faith & Helene

Another day we did the zip line tour deep into the country. I am not comfortable with heights, and told the operators this. The operation was handled very safely, and I was comfortable with it. Others in our group were so happy with this activity they were doing the superman, and upside down rides.



By the fifth day of diving, the water had cleared up. The divers that dove this day, saw mantas, sharks, whales among other creatures. Isn't this just the way - the day we must leave the diving is wonderful.



brightly coloured Sea Urchin\

(photortusey of Pat C)

I had a new camera, and it was giving me the finger, while it did its own thing. By the end of the trip, I had learned how to operate it successfully.

Many of us were strangers, but over the course of a week, we grew to appreciate each other's company. I had the pleasure of getting to know a very interesting lady, and certainly hope to dive with her again.

Would I go back to Costa Rica? Oh yes! This is a very interesting country. Would I dive with the same dive shop again? Yes, most definitely. Our trip was arranged by Sue Costelle. A diver herself, her specialty is arranging these trips.

Spacious basement bachelor apartment for rent. Bellamy & Eglinton. Separate entrance, shared laundry, utilities included, steps to TTC and minutes to GO train. \$600 per month. Call Patricia at 416-708-5684 if interested in viewing this apartment.

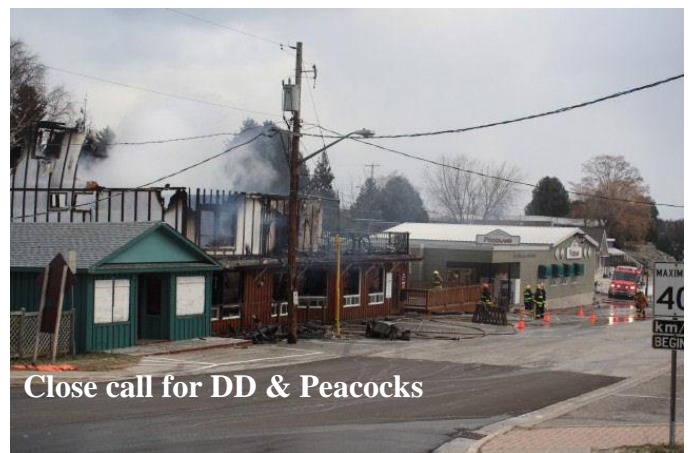
## Tragedy in Tobermory

No, it wasn't a diving accident, but it is the loss of a place that has been near and dear to all SUCI divers who frequent Tobermory. It was the recent fire at the Crowsnest on November 26th. The Crowsnest was owned and operated by former SUCI member **Todd Ziegler**.

Sorry to hear this news but glad to hear no one was hurt and, hopefully, it will be open for the next dive season.



Goodbye to the Crowsnest



Close call for DD & Peacocks

Thanks Todd for letting us know.

## CAMP X and GEORGIAN BAY SEARCH

article & pictures by Michael MacAllister(C) 2010  
feedback@rogers.com

The sun was just going down over the western horizon on a summer evening last June as my friend, Dave Lloyd, and I headed the boat toward Whitby harbour after only about two hours of performing a sonar survey of the water south of the Camp X site. We had gotten started late, after looking for an appropriate place to launch, not having put a boat in anywhere in this area before, and the necessity of doing some last minute repairs to the trailer that afternoon.

It had been decided that we should cut short our survey as we had observed that the ammeter gauge, which shows the condition of the boat's battery, indicated that not only was the battery not being charged, but that the needle began to drop rather rapidly. It was losing power. The refueling dock and launch ramp were now in sight. "Take the helm Dave, and I'll get the fenders out"..... Dave moved to take the wheel and throttle. "What are ya slowin' down for, keep the revs up!" I'm not slowing it down the throttle's full forward' What?" That's when the engine chugged slowly to a halt.

"Have you got a paddle?" Dave asked. "Yeah but it's just for show this his thing's 22' of fibreglass and weighs 3,500 lbs."



We put our SOS flasher on and alerted a passing sailboat, with the universal waving crossed arms, they said they would send someone out for us. As we were waiting, Dave looked around and remarked "you know you should really have a dinghy." "Yeah, yeah, and what good would a dingy do?"

They sent two guys in a ten foot Zodiac out to tow us in.



We had started out a week earlier to take the boat "Aquaero" (from the Latin 'A Quareo' meaning "to search for") out on a shakedown cruise on Georgian Bay where it had been stored. I wanted to make sure that the boat and sonar unit were working okay, before we put it on the trailer and towed it down to Lake Ontario for a survey of the lake bottom just off the former Camp X.

Camp X was a WWII spy and saboteur training facility established south of Oshawa on the shore of Lake Ontario in 1941 by Sir William Stevenson, at the request of Winston Churchill, in order to train agents from the Commonwealth and the occupied countries in guerrilla warfare and was also a radio interception station equipped with very large antennas and high powered amplifiers for intercepting the transmissions of Reinhardt Gehlen's "Black Orchestra," the network of Nazi spies in North America. Gehlen was the head of Abwehr, the military intelligence section of the Third Reich. Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond, had taken training courses here.



"One of these demanded that he swim a lengthy distance underwater and place a limpet mine on the hull of a derelict tanker, an experience he later used in his book LIVE AND LET DIE. Fleming also furthered his knowledge of ciphers, and the use of explosives and other explosive weaponry." (The James Bond Bedside Companion by Raymond Benson, pub. 8986 by Galahad Books 166 Fifth Ave., New York)



Lyn Phillip Hodgson, an expert on Camp X, and author of several books on the subject, has told me that there may possibly be a jeep on the bottom, probably mostly covered by sand, and there have been rumours of other interesting things beneath the waves.



The day that Dave and I were to launch the boat the previous week, didn't look too promising as we arrived at Penetanguishene Harbour, it was getting pretty foggy with a light drizzle.

"Jeez I don't know Dave, it doesn't look like a good day for boating, maybe we better....." 'ah Come on, you got a depth finder and a GPS don'tcha' "yeah but..."

Well, Dave's always up for boating in just about any kind of weather, so off we went.

We had planned to take the boat from Pentang to the shore near the cottage where we were staying about an hour away. When we reached the half way point, we were almost on top of the Latitude and Longitude co-ordinates shown to me in 2000 by Peter Hamelin of Georgian Bay WetWood, on one of his side-scan scrolls taken from a towfish (the send-receive transducer unit of a side-scan sonar, towed behind a boat)

I had been shown this at his shop in Midland (google "Dirty Jobs - Underwater Lumberjack") when I had come around looking for images of WWII Harvard Training aircraft, on the lake bottom, that he was supposed to have. The picture looked like a triangle with one point slightly longer than the other two.

I have been looking for it ever since. Four underwater searches have been undertaken on these numbers in the last few years with no luck. In 2009, when I installed a Humminbird 798ci sidescan unit (no towfish, the transducer is mounted to the transom) I went over the area until I almost got dizzy, and saw nothing on the screen.

The fog had really closed in by this time, we couldn't see 35 feet. This was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon and we had the running lights on as well as a flashing green LED, and were sounding the horn periodically, but I don't think we were in any danger of collision, since I'm pretty sure we were the only ones dumb enough to be out there.

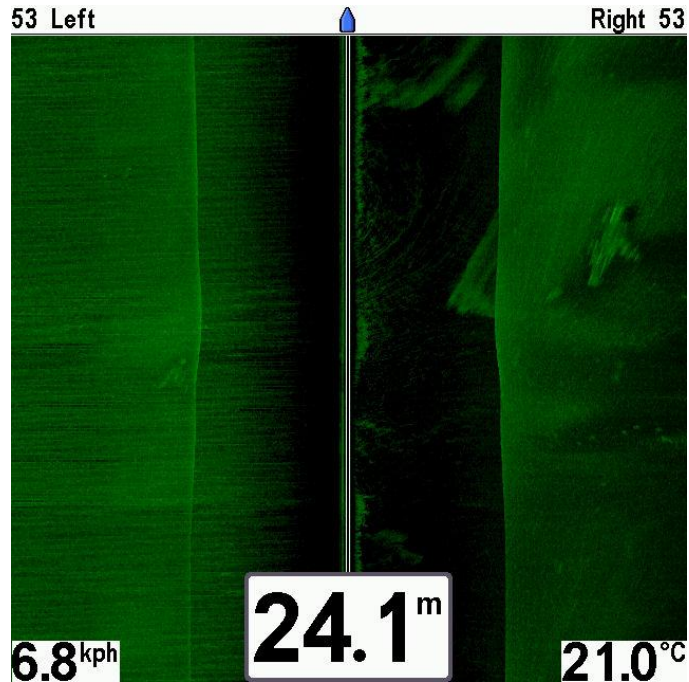
"Hey Dave, since we can't see a damn thing out there anyway, how about we circle around the numbers Peter gave me and watch the screen." 'Sure...ya got a beer?'

Well the beer was in the boat's icebox, which had a bunch of Dive gear piled in front of it so I hit the horn once more, let go of the wheel, and pulled the throttle back to near idle, about 5-6km/hr. I began to pass Dave the gear to pile it forward in the bow and the boat began to circle and drift westward. After we re-stowed the gear, I opened the ice box, handed Dave a beer and blew the horn again for good measure, (boat still drifting westward, but we hadn't noticed, because I wasn't looking at the screen, and you couldn't tell, what with the fog). I figured if he was going to have a beer, I might as well too since it was my beer, might as well have a smoke too..... .....now let's see where's my smokes? (boat still drifting) I had a lighter here somewh..."

....."HOLY CRAP WHATS THAT!" Dave looks around 'what, where?'

"On the screen look!" It looked like a catamaran, or two pontoons linked together, at 75' of depth. We circled around to pick it up again, and saw something else on the screen. The boat had drifted about 400 metres west of the co-ordinates that I had been given while we were occupied shuffling equipment around, and now we began to see several objects on the bottom in about five locations all in approximately a 150' area at 75'. This after seeing only miles and miles of sand since leaving

Penetang. Only one image is included here because the others all have the numbers included with the image.



After we had captured about ten images from the side scan, we headed further west at ten - twelve km/hr following the previous GPS tracks to our destination, Thunder Beach, still sounding the horn about every 3 minutes. As we came around the point the sun began to burn through the fog and we soon could see the beach about two miles away. By the time we reached shore the fog had completely dissipated and the sun was shining, beautiful!

We dropped anchor about 100m from shore, (3' deep) put on a CD and cracked another beer, we made it, we're home!

A month later, after the aborted Camp X survey we returned to Georgian Bay with my neighbour Gail Overton, a Diver and former SUCI member, and after I installed a new alternator and voltage regulator on the engine, we went out to the site, but found the vis pretty bad at 25' almost zero at 50' due to an overcast and particulate in the water so we called the dive. The following week, the last week in August we made another attempt but had to call that Dive also as one of the Divers was feeling ill, and it was a 35min boat ride to shore, so we high-tailed it back.

I intend to go back to the site on Georgian Bay next May, and dive there until I find and identify whatever these objects are.

We didn't see anything that appeared to be of any interest on the screen south of Intrepid Park, which is

what the south western part of the former Camp X



is now called. Oh, and after the incident at Whitby/Camp X, I picked up an inflatable at an auction.

*For more information see:*

*"Inside Camp X" by Lynn Phillip Hodgson*

*"The Real Intrepid" by Bill MacDonald*

*"Behind the Glory" by Ted Barris*

<http://www.chaa-recovery.ca>

## [Live-aboard Exuma Cays, Bahamas](#)

article & photos by Cheryl Maughan

A few weeks after returning home from a diving trip to Bonaire, I received an email from a member of the Etobicoke Dive Club about a live-aboard charter on board a boat called the Sea Dragon in the Bahamas. I had always wanted to try a live-aboard dive vacation but was nervous about the sea sick factor, which I've been susceptible to in the past. After deciding to go for it, and armed with a bag full of anti-nausea meds, the day of departure, November 6 finally arrived.

Anxiously watching the path of Hurricane Tomas approach the Bahamas, I set off for the airport meeting up with the other divers including Heather Courneya from SUCI. We arrived to an overcast Bahamas but no rain. I was surprised and happy to see four dogs (two ten week-old pups) on board. They belonged to the captain (Dan) and his wife (Sue). Heather was concerned about her allergies but probably spent more time playing with the dogs than anyone else.

The Sea Dragon set off the next morning for the crossing over to the Exuma Cays. The crossing was a little rough and a few people were suffering with seasickness (although shockingly not myself). Rob, one of the divers, had injured his Achilles tendon a few weeks earlier and was wearing a cast, but he was determined to dive on this trip. I was impressed when I saw him under water finning with one leg. One day even doing four dives!

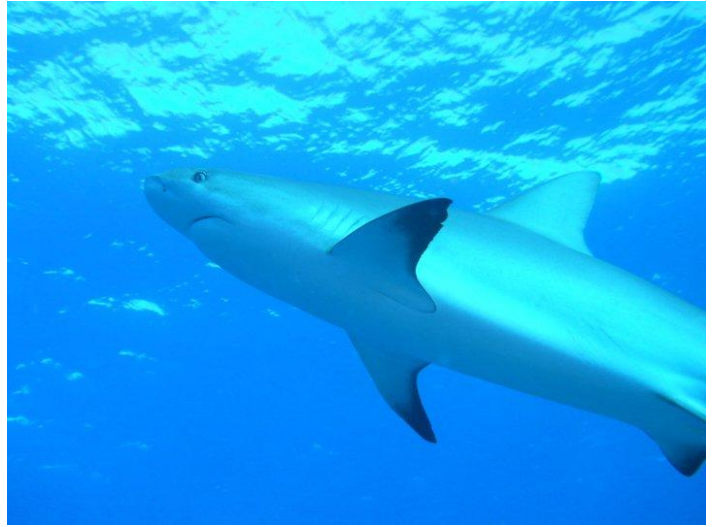
Although having never been diving in the Bahamas before I had been told it was good. The water was 80 degrees and visibility greatly improved after Hurricane Tomas passed, lol. On one dive while returning to the boat, my buddy and I saw some movement ahead on the sandy bottom. As we approached, it lifted it's HUGE head and looked at us. We couldn't believe what we were seeing. The most enormous sea turtle we'd ever seen. Had to be over six feet long. Probably the most



exciting moment I'd ever had while diving.

We followed him for a minute until he'd had enough of us and swam away. The captain informed us what we'd seen was a loggerhead sea turtle.

Another great dive was at Danger Reef. We were excited after having been told we would be seeing sharks on this dive. I think Heather was geared up and in the water the moment we stopped. She immediately informed us she saw a shark. We quickly suited up and



jumped in. After spotting a reef shark, we were approached by several large groupers.



After coming across several barracuda and a few lionfish (being careful not to get too close) we started heading back. That's when we spotted several reef sharks. There's nothing quite like locking eyes with a shark that's swimming right towards you. Everyone enjoyed this dive so much we asked the captain to return the next day and did it again!

Before the trip began, I wasn't sure if I would like staying on a 65' boat for an entire week but for me the days flew by. Between stopping at the little islands every morning and evening to give the dogs a run along the beach, one delicious meal after another and all the diving – then falling asleep to the rocking motion of the boat was so peaceful. Heather was already planning her return trip to the Sea Dragon while still on board. I might have to join her.