

A SNORKEL BY ANY OTHER NAME IS STILL
A WEIRD TUBE.

LAST DIVE:

As we were driving past some small ponds and lakes, that were not covered with ice, we still hoped that there would be a frozen pond where we were going. At eleven o'clock we were to meet, (as everyone was coming from different directions) at a place called the Quarry, a restaurant that we hoped would be open. Bob P, Jim S, and Lois, arrived at 5 min. to eleven and Anne, Alan, Neal, Larry, and Larry's father were there waiting. Lois' parents were going to join the caravan, so we waited for them, Larry invited everybody to his fathers home for a wienie roast. Everyone together in three cars, we headed on to the dive site, as the restaurant was not open. Driving up an old dirt road and over a small hill we found the dive site. Also the weather started to clear up and it seemed to be turning into a nice day. There were two other clubs at the dive site. Bob had met one of the other clubs before, and we had a nice time at the dive site hearing some of the experiences of past dives. Lois, Larry, and Lois' father were snapping pictures while Anne, Neal, Bob, and I were preparing for the dive. Bob entered the water and I slipped in behind him. Anne and Neal went into the water next, as we did'nt have to worry about finding the exit hole in the ice. The ice was melted all around the edge of the pond, with a thin plate of ice across the center of the pond. The water was about 35 ft. deep and the water was 38° but dressed in our wet suits we were not cold, except for our hands. The ice was so thin that you could not rest your arms on the ice for support but if you were under the ice it was an effort to brake. The ice was only 1 / 4 inch in thickness but Neal tried to swim through the ice head first, and found out that he made a mistake and a bit of a headache. The water was very clear, and there was a lot to see. Anne and Neal found an old boot among the barrels, rocks and bottles, they also had seen a fish swimming among the two dozen divers in the water.

After the dive, if you were to stand around in your wet suit, the cold seemed to chill you to the bone. Taking off the wet suit and drying your body, the weather was nice and warm (50°). Bob was running around in just a bathing suit after his dive. Alan said, that we could'nt call the dive a real ice dive, because the ice was too thin. Bob wants to try again but the rest of us felt that we had better make it another year.

SPECIAL THANKS TO...

The little wienie roast, at Mr. & Mrs. Sonkin's home, it was a full-fledged banquet. There was doz's of hamburgers, a mountain of potato salad, lb's of hot dogs, and the most fantastic tasting baked beans (and only the flavor lingered on). Neal wants to adopt the recipe for the baked(mmmmm)beans for after club meeting appetizer. After we all had our fill, Larry had shown some slides that he had taken on his past dive trips to the Islands.

And maybe Larry can bring his slides to one of the meetings for some after-meeting entertainment, so the rest of the SG's can see and enjoy them. SO, a special thanks to the Sonkins for making the almost ice dive turn out to be such a wonderful time for all that were there.

TREASURE HUNT;

There are many legends on record pertaining to lost treasure and some great finds have been made by a few who knew how to analyze them and put them in their perspective. These legends usually appear in old historical records, unpublished manuscripts, old letters or old books can be found in antique shops, flea markets, Salvation Army stores, Good Will industry stores or estate sales. Finding them will require diligent search and much patience but when you do find them the rewards can be overwhelming.

TREASURE CLUE:

Before surrendering to the British in 1760, the French commander of a fort at Isle Royal buried a large amount of gold. Dug up a century later, it was lost again when the finder was drowned in the St. Lawrence River near Waddington, N. Y.