



## Didn't We Have a Wonderful Time the Day Weekend We Went To Bangor-Trearddur Bay

Its Friday afternoon, the weather looks rubbish, the weekend outlook is bleak, a great way to start a camping weekend in North Wales.

So, full of adventure we pack the Priestley mobile and set off for Anglesey. We haven't actually booked a campsite but the weather looks bad enough to put most sane people off going anyway. Rain, all be it mainly drizzle, stays with us all the way



up to Manchester but as we join the M56 a glimmer of light shows on the horizon. Crossing the Welsh border is like we've entered a different country, the sun is shining and the birds are singing.



On arrival at night and just to campsites not our humble abode. the road, Andy and Justine are



Bagnol campsite we're told its £7.50 per person per pitch wherever we can get. Fortunately the oversubscribed so there is still plenty of space for Mick and Angie are already here, Pete's just down Lozzy are expected before 9:00 and Chris & somewhere.

Pete set up his caravan and decided to eat in, so Mick Angie Wendy and I went to the Seacroft Hotel for dinner, Andy and Lozzy were close so we waited for them before ordering. By 10:00pm everyone expected to be there was there and the plans were made for the next day, 7:00am kick off for launching at 8:00am



Saturday morning came in a blazing glory and almost everyone was up and about at 7:00 buzzing about the days diving.

True to Scubanauts planning we eventually launched at 11:00 and made our way to the second dive site the Havso. Mick, Pete and Lozzy go in first, to clear some space on the boat. Andy and I go second because we were going to be down the longest and Justine and Chris were to drop in when the first set got back. All went well until 15 minutes into our dive Andy and I got separated. Being true professionals we each made our way to the surface, Chris picked Andy up and towed him back to me and we went for our second dive. All went well until 20 minutes into our dive Andy and I got separated. Being true professionals we each made our way to the surface again. Thinking 2 dives were enough we decided it was only fair to let Justine & Chris have a go so I got de-kitted and swam over to Andy to keep him company whilst they prepared for their first dive of the day.

By 12:30 we were back in Trearddur Bay. The general consensus was the diving was easy though a bit murky, a little life but nothing special, no wreckage worth mentioning and I'm hungry. Mick also noticed he had a hole in his boot which was letting in water, lots of water. Oh yes and Nick turned up!

Due to his wetness Mick dropped out of the second dive with a promise that so long as the weather held and his black witch repair job did the trick he would join us again tomorrow.

Not to be put off the rest of us decided to try the Missouri, a wreck that can be dived at any time in a cove just around from Trearddur Bay. We have co-ordinates but it's a big ship in a little bay so we can't really miss it. As Mick wasn't diving we managed to persuade him to cox.

We eventually arrive on site at 17:30 after much planning and discussion and decide to let Chris and Justine test the water, Pete and Lozzy follow with Andy and I going in last, with a promise of no more than 1 hour as it's getting late and Mick's not really dressed for the occasion (barefoot). 70 minutes later, being the true professionals we are, Andy and I surface. Of course I blamed Andy for not keeping check on his time and of course he blames my bloody Suunto for incurring stops. We all agreed however that the dive site was much better with clearer visibility and a bit more life, although again not much of a wreck.

Owing to the lateness of retrieving the boat and preparing for the evening most decide to put up with fish and chips from the takeaway round at Pete's. Andy, Lozzy, Wendy and I rush to get to the  
air, exhausting  
by 10:00 I was  
Sunday. Besides  
strong winds and



Trearddur Bay Hotel for food. A combination of sea diving, good food and general tiredness meant that ready for bed, so no firm plans were made for the weatherman said it was going to be a mixture of heavy rain.

By 8:00am we were all up and about and relishing the day which, although looked slightly overcast, didn't look as bad as expected. Of course we still didn't launch until late morning and the guy on the slipway did warn us of impending storms but we were there now so we decided to get at least one more dive.

Pete had hurt his back the day before so he dropped out, Justine had a headache (not Chris this time) so she dropped out, Lozzy needed a rest so she dropped out but Mick's boot was healed and Nick offered to make up the numbers.

As we prepared our kit it became increasingly obvious that Nick just didn't want to dive.

"Oh, I've forgotten my weight belt".

"Never mind you can use Lozzy's".

"Oh, I've forgotten my mask".

"Never mind you can use Justine's".

"Oh, I've forgotten my hood".

"Never mind you can use my spare".

“Oh, I’ve forgotten my gloves”.

“Never mind you can use some of my spares”.

All out of excuses we got him on the rib and set off with Lozzy coxing.

This time we had done some research (read a book) and noted transits for the wreck of the Missouri. So, with photos of transits on Mick’s camera we headed out to search for the real Missouri. Lining the transits up we noticed a white bobby thing in the water almost exactly where we wanted to be. Could someone have already buoyed the wreck? Why didn’t we notice this yesterday?

Undaunted Andy Mick and I drop in and descend the line, Chris and Nick follow. What a great wreck! Not too deep, the bow standing proud and still enough of the ship left to recognise. As a buddy threesome we scour the wreck looking for animals and interesting artefacts to take photos of. Mick and Andy swim off ahead as I settle on the floor to take yet another boring photo of yet another boring blenny when, just as I click the camera, a wobbly mass perches itself next to me.

an octopus. The others are too far I decide to wait for them to notice pictures of the octopus. Being the I’m soon missed and they both the seabed taking pictures of a



Closer inspection shows it to be ahead for me to chase back so me missing and take loads of true professionals that they are turn to find out why I’m lying on rock. Andy recognises it first

and starts flashing his camera, Mick struggles to get his camera out of his pocket, but before he does the octopus swims off. Andy notices it settle just a little further away so we give chase and Mick gets his pictures before again the octopus swims off. By now our hour is nearly up so we start heading for the shot but Andy has other plans, he wants more octopus action and swims in the other direction. At the shot Mick and I give him a few minutes before deciding to ascend. 70 minutes from the start of the dive we reach the surface, of course Mick and I blame Andy and of course Andy blames the octopus.

Inspired by our tales Lozzy decides to join us for the second dive, Pete’s gone off to Holyhead and Andy decides he is too wet from his now oversized neck-seal to do another dive but offers to cox. Our second dive is again on the Missouri but this time we’re on a mission to find the boilers. As we approach another rib places a shot in the water not far from the white buoy then leaves. We head over to the shot and find a bump on the sonar so we decide to see what’s down there. Mick Lozzy and I go first with Nick and Chris following. Our mission on this dive was to find the boilers and we succeeded thanks to the expertly laid shot, this was too easy so we then decided to go for the longest dive of the trip if not the year (80 minutes)! Whilst rummaging around I found an eel in a hole with just a portion of his head sticking out. I caught Lozzy’s attention to show her and Mick followed. The eel retracted into his hole at the site of Mick’s camera. Undeterred and determined to test his new camera to the max he shoved it into the eel’s hidey place and clicked. As he pulled the camera back the eel followed him out and it was a big bugger!

Being the last night we all get together for a meal at The Olde London Road and after another good meal and a few drinks we retire to our dwellings.

It's Monday morning and a slow start to the day, breaking down tents and prepping the boat for the journey home. With everything packed we take a run down to the Galley Café for breakfast then onto the beach to fly Mick, Andy and Nick's Kites'. After a slow start Mick gets his up, Andy has 2 but his Batman is damaged so he sticks with his 2 hander, Nick got a bargain one from the dive shop, just £3.50 but he failed to get his up and so, slightly embarrassed packed it away.

Eventually we get bored and decide to start the journey home. All goes well, hardly any traffic hold-ups, I can't believe how well the traffic is flowing, when I notice a bit of a wobble from the trailer. As I look in the wing mirror I see plumes of black smoke emanating from the nearside trailer tyre, must be a puncture. I pull into the inside lane with Andy behind me and go to inspect the damage. A hole the size of a tennis ball is on the tread of the tyre, so we have to put the spare on. All goes well until we lower the trailer to the ground and notice the spare is flat. By this time we have



and it's not long before PC Heddlu the number plates and a call to control to reports of stolen boats or vehicles and make light conversation. It turns out he is weather and PADI trained but has a small compressor to pump the flat tyre but he has to mount the grass verge to plug it into his cigar lighter. It's a slow process but we soon have enough air to limp it to the nearest service station 1 mile down the road. PC Heddlu offers to escort us to the services, but when we get there there's no air pump. PC Heddlu informs us there is another 15 miles down the road and bids us good day. As luck would have it an RAC van pulls into the services with a compressor on board, so we talk him into pumping the tyre up and are soon on our way. The rest of the journey is uneventful except that as soon as we enter England again it starts raining and doesn't stop all the way home.

created a bit of a tail back arrives. A quick check of make sure there are no PC Heddlu is happy to a diver himself albeit warm nonetheless a diver. Andy

I think everyone who went on the trip will agree we had a great time both under and above the water; the weather was good to us, the campsite was above average; the local amenities, foodstores, dive shops and eating and drinking establishments were all excellent. Our only downers were the local councils rip-off launch fees (£20 annual registration + £12 per day) and the fact that the local council forgot to open the only local toilets on the Sunday until dinner time.