



Sounding

Newsletter of the South Shore Neptunes

ANNOUNCEMENTS, ACTIVITIES, & REMINDERS

Calendar 2020

7/2020 Great Annual Fish
Count Rescheduled for
7/24/21
8/2 Duxbury Outing CANCELED
8/4 Zoom General
Meeting 7:00PM
8/11 Zoom Board Meeting
7:00PM
8/18 Program: Andrea Doria by
Dave Clancy
9/1 General Meeting 7PM
Zoom
9/8 Board Meeting 7PM Zoom
9/12 BSC Treasure Hunt
Rescheduled for 2021 TBA
9/15 Program 7PM John
Blackadar and others: Early
club dive trips to Isles of
Shoals, Bonaire & more; Zoom
9/20 Tropical Fish Rescue
Rescheduled for 9/18/21
9/26 SSN Flea Market
CANCELED
10/6 General Meeting 7PM
Zoom
10/13 Board Meeting 7PM
Zoom
10/? North River Run Float TBA
10/20 Program 7PM TBA Zoom

Newsletter: To help add interesting content to the newsletter during these unusual times, please send me (robisonr25@yahoo.com) any first hand accounts, stories, photos, or both about your exploits as a Neptune for potential publication. Photos or clippings enhance stories, so please include them if you can. Don't forget to provide contact info in case I have questions.

Club General and Board Meetings are now being held **on Zoom** until further notice. **See Club Facebook page** for pics and brief writeup.

Sounding will be emailed to you until further notice.

All Club activities and programs listed on the Calendar or not that are in conflict with the stay-in-place quarantine **are also CANCELED until further notice.**

Don't forget to visit the **club store** at <https://hangouts.google.com/call/2nubGQzycrWwT8HOMnlXAGEE> for the latest in club swag.

New site: www.divecommando.net. With the help of Neptune Jon Willis, I am creating a new site to publish slide and video montages of the best of the photos and video clips I/we make each month or particular period of time. Right now, you can find two slide shows, one made from the first three dives off Commando this season, and the other chronicling the shore dives made from February to July 16, 2020. Hope you will visit and enjoy www.divecommando.net!

Rob

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JULY/AUGUST CLUB ACTIVITIES & DIVES

Diving the WW1 Dock on the Back River, Saturday, Aug.1, 2020. Story by Rob Robison; photos by Rob R and Chuck Zarba



Many of you know of my aversion to diving the Back River because of its muddy, near-zero vis and numerous potentially dangerous or hazardous underwater obstacles. Neptunes **Jeff Finnell**, past President **Chuck Zarba**, and I (because Chuck badgered me :-)) met at the Back River to dive the WW1 Dock on a beautiful, first day of August, Saturday morning. We offloaded our gear onto some carts—thanks to **Doug Eaton** for loaning me his—and trucked the equipment over to the dive site, waited for slack tide, geared up, and dropped into the 70°F water, to a depth of 20+feet, with 2'-3' vis. Chuck hauled in a slew of vintage soda bottles, 1 beer bottle, and 1 unidentified object. Jeff must have set



the club record for the longest dive in the near-zero-vis of the river, while I



took all the underwater hungrily devoured a between us and called among friends on the



photos. Afterwards, we package of 8 hot dogs it a great day diving into it river.



From Saturday, July I made a total of 7 locations with a 12 of whom were Neptunes.

Stories and photos by Rob

18 through Sunday, July 26, dives in 6 different different dive buddies, 10



Night Dive at Plymouth Beach or Return of the Alien. Saturday eve, July 18. There he was, the long-suffering Neptune, **Doug Meyer**, in a brand new wetsuit, up to his neck in Plymouth Beach ocean water, 506 days since his last dive in Cozumel, MX, December, 2018. It was even longer since last I saw Doug getting wet down in Morehead City, NC in August. What a pleasure to make this particular night dive with the king of night dives himself, making his return to dive Nirvana. Nothing but a genuine night dive that started at 8:30 PM, just as the last rays of the sun

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From

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disappeared from the heavens, would suffice for this moment. In all seriousness, it was great to see him back in action, accompanied by his retinue of night dive paraphernalia: blinking strobes on his back, on his car, on a flag and float with 2 small Princeton Tech lights and 2 strobes attached to illuminate our position, plus an underwater torch of significant power. As it happened, **Matt**, his son and also a Neptune, accompanied him as well. Both were more than happy to help me attempt to locate the 3-button Hollis DG03 wrist dive computer that I had lost there two nights prior.

The way we started the dive you would've thought we were plebes, or in reality, that I was a plebe. I was so focused on finding that computer, thinking that it had been lost on the return part of the dive on Thursday eve, that I kept trying to head southwest toward the beach we were leaving, instead of northeast, which is out to sea. After two aborted attempts—go figure—I finally pulled my head out, realized which way was offshore, and caught up with the father-son duo. All I had to do was follow the lighted float and descend the tow line to catch up.



Although we didn't recover the dive computer, there were a few objects of interest in the water: an Ocellated Lady Crab, which looks similar to a Blue Crab, but lacks rear spines/horns and seems a bit larger, uses sand-colored camouflage, with dark circles on its back, and sports elongated tapering pincers, instead of the shorter stubbier ones of the Jonah and Rock Crab varieties, and flat, somewhat rounded, paddle-like swimmerets on its hind two legs; lots of short lobsters and maybe a keeper or two taking advantage of the nighttime to strut their stuff out in the open; a large interesting volcano look-alike barnacle clinging to a rock; and a dead fish that had a huge bite taken out of its belly.



We ended the dive 61 minutes after it began, in 63° water, reaching a max depth of 17'. Vis was an unspectacular 5-7'. Special thanks to Doug and Matt for their help and support. Although our search was fruitless, the dive and camaraderie were worth every minute of our efforts. Besides, Doug and Matt were able to see first hand what it is like to follow the sun; that is, the 9,000 combined Lumens from my two monster video cam lights!

Diving the Graves on the Sandra Jean. Sunday, July 19. I was planning on trailering Commando up to Quincy bright and early the next morning, expecting to follow Neptune **Tommy Lo** and his Privateer and a few other Neptunes out to whatever dive sites they had planned for the day. As dive day drew near, it became apparent that too many people must have wanted to dive and Tommy's boat would not do, so the Sandra Jean was enlisted to ferry everyone out. Tommy convinced me it would be a better experience if I ditched my own small craft for a dive morning on a larger boat, and truth be told, he was

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right. There's much more room on the Sandra Jean. Besides, I had been waiting an entire year for this moment so I could order a sub from Bernie's General Store near the Quincy Yacht Club. Bernie's has the most delicious rare roast beef sub I have ever eaten. (Sorry no pics. This sub in my hands does not last long enough to be photographed!) Bernie's was closed when I reached the front door, so I called Tommy, who trailed behind me in arriving at QYC, and he picked one up for me.



While waiting for the Sandra Jean, Tommy spied a yacht club member's boat seemingly on the verge of sinking at its mooring. He raced out to it in a club dingy and started pumping the boat out. Someone else from the yacht club came to help, enabling Tommy to return about the same time the Sandra Jean arrived and we had begun loading up. Eventually everyone reached the dock and loaded their gear.

We set off from the QYC dock around 9AM for unknown points near Graves Lighthouse, anchored in about 35' of water, and suited up. Before anyone dropped in, I mentioned I'd be waiting on the bottom at the anchor taking photos of them as they swam down the line, but that was not entirely to be. Some of the guys don't use the anchor line for descent, and **Todd Alger** beat me into the water. **Doug Eaton**, last dressed and last one in, was descending after I had already started my ascent and had turned off all my photo equipment. I was able to take shots of **Chuck Zarba** and **Ken Hayes**, who met me on the anchor line, and Tommy Lo, whom I startled because he had avoided the anchor line and was swimming away from the boat stern when I found him by accident. **Amanda Eaton** came along for the ride and did not dive.

The dive itself was interesting: numerous large boulder and rock slab formations coated the area that clearly had undergone great seismic activity in their formation, judging by the deep crevices and fissures that abounded on the site. They were carpeted with baby mussels. Vis was initially 20'-25' or more in some places and a chilly 52°F at 36 feet where the anchor lay. While cruising slowly around the anchor area, I noticed that the invasive Compound Sea Squirt (AKA Rock Vomit) was beginning to make inroads. After the area had calmed down from initial dive activity, a juvenile winter flounder appeared

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and then a beautiful Rock Gunnel. Lobsters peeked out of various cracks and crevices but were short. The Chicks (keepers) and larger ones (Selects) were found down another 10–20 feet deeper at this site.



Dulse

Continuing to cruise the area, I saw a brass clip attached to a line sitting near the anchor chain. Chuck had tried to clip his wreck reel line to the chain to help guide the way back to the anchor and ascent line. I rewrapped his line on the anchor chain and secured the clip so that he wouldn't be shocked to find it no longer was guiding him home, so to speak.



Once on deck, I started warming up and watched everyone else return. Soon, a pile of lobsters was being banded and stuffed into nylon net bags to be hung off the back of the boat. Just about everyone came back with at least one and most with more, except for yours truly who was photographing instead of hunting for meat. While the post dive BS was in action, yours truly gobbled down that rare-roast beef sub like there was no tomorrow and gulped heavily from my

steaming thermos of decaf trying to warm up.

We changed dive sites, and against my better judgment, I suited up, and dove again only to last 12 minutes on the second dive at 44' because I was so chilled. Fewer divers came back with lobsters, but the total haul for the day was staggering. I'm going to leave the storytelling about quantity to Todd, Tommy, Ken, and Doug. For the rest of us—Chuck, Amanda, who did not dive, and me—there was the club bar and a few bottles of Bud apiece to keep our parched throats lubricated and the stories flowing. Special thanks to **Captain Kevin** for a great experience on the Sandra Jean as always!

Morton (Little Pond) Park, Red Spring Beach. Thursday, July 23. Divers Market divemaster **Brian Smith** and I had been planning a Commando boat dive, but the weather forecast for Thursday looked iffy. In fact, the harbors we would have used to launch from were filled with fog, so our decision for a low key pond dive was a good one. Instead of diving yet again from the main beach, where all the underwater figurines are located, we entered from Red Spring Beach, about a quarter of a mile down the road





around the pond. We hadn't dived this area in more than a year or two, so it was refreshing to visit a site less frequented.

We reached a depth of 24', on a 42-minute dive, in 65° water, with maybe 10-20' vis, saw a rainbow trout just on the edge of the visibility line, many minnows, an abandoned, nee tossed overboard, utility sink that was aswarm with minnows, and a line of trash. One could tell easily where the boat fishermen were anchoring, based on the beer cans and plastic cups we found dotting the rim of the kettle bowl slope to the deepest part of the pond, more than at least another 25-30 feet below the deepest point we reached on the dive.

It was delightfully refreshing to make a relaxing dive, without the pressure of having to find game or special critters to photograph or having to worry about toothy beasts appearing out of the gloom, and just enjoy diving for diving's sake with another likeminded dive buddy. Coffee and coffee rolls cemented a great buddy experience diving into it. If I could embed it in the newsletter, you would be listening to *Ode to Joy* right now.

Beadles Rocks. Saturday, July 25. (Ed Note: I have been calling this spot *Beetle Rocks* for years, not realizing it was actually named for one of the founders of Rexhame/Marshfield/Green Harbor, Joseph Beadle and his family. A special hat tip for this information to Neptune Rob Christian: <https://marshfield.wickedlocal.com/article/20151014/NEWS/151018238>)

Neptune **Rob Christian** and I were as excited as could be to meet at the town landing in Green Harbor to launch *Commando* for yet another dive. The weather seemed absolutely perfect and the surface water was like glass. As we zoomed around Blackmon's Point and trailer park and headed north up the coast to Beadles Rocks, we noticed a fog bank hanging off in the distance. Undeterred, we quickly suited up, backward rolled off *Commando's* gray tubes, and headed down the anchor line only to find that we were in 50' of water (51°) and in the middle of the sand. I had misjudged the anchoring spot. Twelve minutes later, we decided to head back up and move to a different location closer in toward the rocks. On the way back to the anchor, I spotted a beautiful juvenile Hermit Crab.

Once back on board *Commando*, we checked on the fog bank, which appeared to be closing in on us. So, instead of moving to a new dive location, we bailed out and returned to the harbor. On the way back, we spied a bob of 4-6 Gray seals not far from Brant Rock swimming and cavorting slowly up the coast in very shallow water, a first as far as this diver is concerned. I have never seen a group of seals actually swimming up the coast here before. Beers, cocktail shrimp, and fried haddock ended the morning in a glorious fashion and softened the blow of a less than fulfilling dive agenda for the day.



The Old Post Office. Sunday, July 26. Tom Thomas, a mechanical engineer for the Electric Boat Company in Groton, CT, drove up from MA, make his first *Commando* dive with me. We loaded up the *Zodiac* on the ramp in Green Harbor, pushed her off the trailer and into the water, hopped aboard, and opened up its 50 ponies to 2/3 throttle, as we headed around Blackmon's Point north toward Beadles



Rocks, making an easy 18.5-19.2 kts. Early bird fishermen had beaten us to the location, and a large craft with outriggers already deployed was cruising up and down the reefs when we arrived. Not wanting to be misidentified as a blackfin tuna or some such while underwater, we turned around and headed back into a stiff breeze toward the Old Post Office site.

After dropping anchor and allowing the boat to swing into the wind, we suited up and descended 21' down the anchor line to the anchor, disentangled the chain and rode, then headed on a North X NWest route across the boulders along the rock/sand line. Along the way out and back we found lots of short lobsters hiding under the rocks, displaying only their claws from back in their holes, perhaps one really nice keeper, lots of Dulse kelp and Irish Moss, some large rock/stone slabs and incredible looking boulders, one of which I have dubbed the Man in the Iron Mask (Pictured at left) for its appearance on account of the way the Compound Sea Squirt colony has covered most of its surface area. Visibility was easily 25'-30,' and the water temp a cool to brisk 54° at 27'. On our way back, we ran right into the anchor line and slowly made our way back up to Commando and the warmth of the summer sun, after a beautiful, peaceful, relaxing dive together.

Wow! The action is great, the hunting for the hunters seems to be going exceptionally well, and for we photographers there is always something of interest to capture for posterity. How good is that? If you haven't done so already, now is the time to join us diving into it before the remaining summer months escape us.

Safe living and safe diving everyone!

Rob

FROM THE ARCHIVES





Duxbury Outing, August 6, 2017. Thirty-one sun-worshipping Neptunes, family members, including 10 kids and guests, enjoyed Sunday, Aug. 6 at the Annual Duxbury Beach event. Thanks to all who organized, set up, cooked, cleaned up, and transported. The Outing is truly a labor of love. Above are some **photos** from the day, courtesy of **Tommy Lo** and **Theresa Czerepica**.

PARTING SHOTS & THOUGHTS

In Celebration

Born to **Neptune Eric Cantor** and his **wife, Lauren**, a baby girl, **Claire Charlotte Cantor**, on July 28, 2020. **Congratulations** from all of us to you two and the little nugget!



Photo courtesy E. Cantor

Thanks

Special thanks to **Dave Clancy** for his presentation on the wreck of the Andrea Doria. It was excellent!



Judy Bacon

In Memoriam

From Life Member **Dave Clancy**: **Judy Galvin** was one of our first female SSN members. Her husband Tommy Galvin also was a club member. In later years, Judy and Tom divorced, and Judy moved to Texas, remarried, and now lives near my wife, Myra, and me in suburban Houston. We are still close friends with Judy.

This week Judy's current husband, **Douglas Bacon**, died and was buried in a private service. Doug was a retired U. S. Marine and oil industry geologist. In case some club members want to contact Judy, here is her address: Judy Bacon *627 Chevy Chase Circle, Sugar Land, TX 77478; *email: debpig@msn.com*

And in case the club wants to make a donation in Doug's name, his preferred charity is the Wounded Warrior Project. If sending a donation, be sure to mention that it is in memory of Douglas Bacon, recently deceased, of Sugar Land Texas.

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INFORMATION