



*The World Chief Guide*

*Olave Baden-Powell*

*Dive Bell*

*Olave wrote the follow of an adventure while in Bermuda (1930)*

I had the luck to be allowed to walk down on the bottom of the sea. This sounds rather odd, but actually I went down in a diving helmet, which was one of the most exciting things I have ever done.

This happened at the Aquarium, which is a world-famous one, on the edge of Harington Sound.

I went in my bathing dress and dived into the water and then stood at the edge of the bank whilst some men put the helmet over my head. It rested on my shoulders, and then they screwed in the window in front of my face, and attached the air-pipes and made all secure and safe for me. Then I just walked away, and down into the deeper water, breathing ordinarily, and the air that I had breathed and finished with went out at the top of the helmet through one tube, and other fresh air was being pumped in through another tube, so that I had a constant supply of nice clean oxygen to keep me going! It was simply fascinating. I walked on and on, over the rough surface of pebbles and rocks and coral ridges, my feet swishing through sea-weed, and with fishes darting hither and thither all round me.

One came flipping up and looked in at my face through my window, and then darted away between my fingers as I put up my hand to try to catch him.

There was a wonderful greenish-bluish light as one walked down at that depth, thick and opaque, and I could see the rubber air-tube which was attached to the helmet disappearing away into nothingness, which made one feel miles away from anywhere, and absolutely lost!

I loved it, and though to a certain extent it was rather eerie walking about at the bottom of the sea, I felt that I wanted to stay and go on and on, and I was quite sorry to have to turn round and follow my pipe back to the surface.

So I have a lot to thank Bermuda for.

*From "Travelogues" by Olave Baden-Powell*

