

Your Ticket to
Adventure &
Travel Around
the Diving World

Getaways

Blown Away

FIVE GREAT WRECKS
FOR EASY EXPLORATION

DIVERS KNOW WELL that special sense of exhilaration: Descending for the first time on almost any wreck, you are traveling not only through space but through time itself into history, towards a capsule forever frozen yet bursting with life, a story still being told. Think you're not advanced enough to discover those thrills and chills for yourself? Here are wrecks in Chuuk, Grenada, Bermuda, Barbados and Palau that will only whet your taste for more.

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The *Fujikawa Maru's* bow gun is an icon of the sunken fleet at Chuuk's Truk Lagoon.

Legend of the Deep

BIANCA C, GRENADA



Guide Peter Seupel illuminates the mast of the *Bianca C*, a 600-foot luxury liner.

EVEN AFTER MULTIPLE VISITS, I still find myself drawn to Grenada's pristine beaches, lush mountainsides, towering waterfalls, friendly people and great diving — and especially one legendary wreck.

Ironically, its present resting spot isn't the first time the *Bianca C* has met the ocean floor. During World War II, the Germans torpedoed its almost-finished hull near Marseille, France. The ship was later raised, rebuilt and set to sea as a luxury liner, where it served for about 15 years — until one calm, sun-

ny morning in 1961. As the *Bianca C* sat peacefully anchored off of Grenada's St. George's harbor, an explosion ripped through its engine room, the beginning of the end for this majestic ship. Locals improvised a now-legendary rescue effort, saving all aboard but a crew member lost in the initial explosion.

With my guide, Peter Seupel of Aquanauts Grenada, I giant-stride into the cobalt Caribbean. From the surface, I can't see the wreck. It's 165 feet to the sand; Seupel has the boat drop us a little upstream in the mild current so we

can drift back toward the wreck as we descend. It's a bit of a strange feeling, descending into the blue with no reference point. Seupel adjusts our bearings a couple of times as we descend, and then I spot what looks like a reef taking shape below. But it's no reef — it's the rear quarter of a massive wreck that has broken off and lies on its side.

We start our dive at the stern, where we look down on the enormous rudder and propeller and begin our tour forward. As we pass a small gap between the rear quarter and the rest of the wreck, I spot the ship's pool, now at a depth of 100 feet, and take a moment to admire the tile and handrail, still largely intact. Seupel swims ahead, toward a structure that used to be the smokestack



Bianca C's pool (below) is still visible; Carenage harbor, St. George's (above).



schools of fish and a goliath grouper that eyes us as if to say, "This is my turf — back off."

Respectfully we do, and as we drift off the bow, I prepare myself for my favorite view of the *Bianca C*. As the current gently pushes me forward, I turn around and am rewarded with the classic "bow of the *Titanic*" view of this splendid wreck. Once sleek and stylish, its bow still juts proudly forward, as if breaking an imaginary wave. I look over at Seupel, appreciating the same view. We make eye contact, and I know what he's thinking: Those who dive this wreck become addicted to it. He knows I'll be back, and so do I. — EG

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— much of the superstructure has caved in on itself, but there are still some recognizable items, such as the davits that dot the edge of the structure.

Moving on we encounter a single majestic mast, which towers proudly over the forward deck. Encrusted with sponges and corals, it's surrounded by

More on the Web sportdiver.com/grenada

As the *Bianca C* sat peacefully off St. George's harbor, an **explosion ripped** through its engine room.