

Lorna Allen

## SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS

### NEWSLETTER

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**          NOVEMBER 1985  
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President: John Blaszczak  
Mansfield  
Treasurer: Ross Hipwell  
Secretary: Audrey Mansfield  
Dive  
Organiser: Gary Roberts

Photographic Officer: Terry  
Social Secretaries: Miriam Roberts  
Rhonda Gale  
Karl Krieter  
Publicity Officer: Cindy Belveal

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## 25TH SILVER ANNIVERSARY

Held on Saturday, 9th of this month at Bankstown Sports Club.

Well, to all those who couldn't attend, we'd like you to know what a great night we had.

People began arriving around 7.30pm for a couple of pre-dinner drinks and our illustrious "El Presidente", B.J., opened the evening with a few words of welcome.

Then we attacked the delicious Smorgasbord consisting of curried beef or sweet and sour pork for entree, then a selection of cold turkey breast, chicken pieces, leg ham, roast beef and assorted other cold cuts and a selection of salads for main course. Dessert was cherry cheesecake.

Between courses the short but very well delivered formalities were taken care of, with B.J. asking one of S.P.D.'s founding members, Bob Smith, to cut the cake. Then he presented Bankstown Sports Club's Representative with the Commemorative Plaque as a good will gesture from the S.P.D. Club.

The raffle for the instant bar was won by Peter and Lesley Stratford, with 2nd and 3rd prizes going to Ron Gale and Martin Kandilas respectively.

With the formalities over, we were able to rage to our hearts content - with a suprising number of budding John and Olivia's in our group!

A round of applause should go the the D.J. who really kept everyone going with prizes for all sorts of things from best Rock N' Roller to Peter Allan look-a-likes!

Things started to close around 12.30am, some needed prodding to leave at 1am. We trust everyone had a safe trip home and hope to see you all in fine form at the Christmas Party. - Miriam Roberts

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23 November 1985 - 11 Bolognese, 58a Thompson St., Drummoyne, 436 0036.

We hope to finally have dinner at this lovely little restaurant, rather than just the antipasto this time. If anyone would like to join us just give us a ring and let me know real quick!

Miriam: B.H. 772 1100/A.H. 771 3459  
Rhonda: B.H. 774 2000/A.H. 618 2221

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## CLUB DIVES

### Barron's Hut Night Dive. - October 26

After a week's postponement due to bad weather and big seas, the seven of us, Peter Stratford, Peter Flockhart, Lyn Moes, Dean Williams, Mark and Anthony (2 non club members), and myself set off for Barron's Hut at about 7pm in bright sunlight. Some NIGHT DIVE - we forgot about daylight savings!

After waiting a short while for the sun to sink, we geared up and went in. Peter S, Mark, Lyn and Peter F went first, and the rest of us followed about 5 minutes later. On the way down we saw the others coming up. Peter S was just shaking his head. Then we saw why, or should I say we didn't. There was about 6 - 8 inches visibility. I think we averaged about 2 1/2 minutes bottom time.

Oh well, so much for the dive! We ended up doing what all good divers do when there's no dive - all back to my place for dinner and a few beers. Thanks Miriam. - Gary Roberts.

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### Sunday, December 8

TUGGERAH DIVE: Meet at 9am, Dolans Bay Wharf.

\*\*Please be sure to contact Gary the evening before each dive.

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## CHRISTMAS PARTY

### Saturday, December 14

Miriam and Gary have bravely volunteered their house for the second year as the venue for this year's celebrations.

A B.B.Q with salads will be provided at a cost of \$3 a person or \$5 a couple - tickets at the door. Drinks BYO. 7pm.

The address is 784 Henry Lawson Drive, Picnic Point. For those who haven't been to Miriam & Gary's before, there is a perfect outdoor entertainment area and swimming pool so bring your cossies (or not) but either way you can plan on a swim.

Everybody welcome! Hope we see you there.

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Some of our club members were fortunate enough to be part of a diving trip to Papua New Guinea last month, arranged and organised by Lynn and Pat Manly.

Here are their views of the trip which they were kind enough to submit to the Newsletter.

### IMPRESSIONS OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA

After a long flight to Port Moresby from Brisbane and a few delays through customs, we waited, hot and tired for the flight from Port Moresby to Rabaul which arrived some one hour or so late. A stop at Hoskins on the way through gave us an idea of the beautiful dive sites to expect. Lyn Manly dropped the Wallindi Brochures off to Tim, the Dive Master.

We arrived finally in Rabaul about 6.30pm tired and hungry, and met at the airport by Peter and Henrietta from Rabaul Dive Shop. Unfortunately, we found we had arrived safely but our luggage had not. Anything that was heavy had not been loaded onto our plane in Port Moresby. No diving gear! We could not believe we had come all this way and we couldn't dive! Peter assured us that we'd have our gear and clothes by the next morning so we were driven to the Kiaunna Hotel.

The place was being remodelled and as there had been two hotels burnt down in the past few weeks in Rabaul, the accomodation was very sparse. We decided to have dinner and a few drinks at the R. Yacht Club and lucky us, we found they were having Pig on a Spit Island Night with traditional dancing. We bought our tickets and had a few more drinks. About 10pm we finally got some dinner which by the time we were through was more like a plague of locusts leftovers than anything else. We staggered back to our rooms after taking some photos of the locals doing some amazing dances in "interesting" costumes. Hope our photos turn out!

7am: Pat, Lyn and Peter Anderson went with the boys to collect our luggage from the Airport. Luckily it all arrived and we jumped for joy and got ready to go diving.

9am "Island Time" we got to the Dive Shop, were split into 2 groups and went diving. We went from Peter and Henrietta's house (Brenda, Martin, Neil and Lynn) to Georges Wreck (100ft) taken out by a local club member Bryce. Had 1000ft vis. Got eaten alive by mozzies and sandflies but the dives were great - the Bi-plane being the highlight of the day - the vis fantastic.

The rest of the time we went diving from the boat ramp next to the Yacht Club and did the Italie Maru. That was great.

We dived the Hakki Maru the next day and that was unreal. We saw guns and saki bottles but we didn't have enough time at 130ft to look around even the stern section very well. So we elected to dive it again the next day and did the bow section. It had rained a bit the day we were diving so the water in Rabaul Harbour was dirty but we still had 80ft vis. I loved the Bi-Plane and the Hakki and would like to dive them again and again. The other wrecks we did were interesting too - and a couple we didn't get to dive sound fantastic.



We had dinner the next few nights at the New Guinea Club which is cheap and friendly. Talked diving to the R. Club members who took us out and went sight seeing the day before we went to Walindi. We had a look at a Japanese bunker and articles brought up from the wrecks; went to Queen Emma Museum, got some Japanese bottles from there and saw landing barges in the tunnels around Rabaul (where the Jap soldiers hid) - 250 miles of tunnels around Rabaul! Lyn, Neil and Pat climbed a volcano on our last day there - Neil seemed disappointed that there wasn't any lava there to see! They hired a canoe and paddled across to this volcano and had a trek through the jungle.

We left Rabaul happy but ready to get some Reef diving in at Walindi Plantation. Lyn Manly said when she arrived at the Plantation it was like stepping into Paradise. The thatched huts are roomy and very quiet (after our noisy rooms in Rabaul) with jungle noises all around. We spent each day after a huge cooked breakfast going out diving to the magnificent reefs in calm blue water and a comfortable dive boat.

The fish life and soft corals, nudi's and shells are unbelievable; the water so blue and clear and the dropoffs so spectacular that it is hard to describe. We dived as deep as we wanted and spent our deco looking for shells and taking pictures in 10ft at the top of the reefs. We saw lots of barracuda schools, some sharks (grey reefys), BIG tuna, schools of batfish and lots of lovely Cowrie and Cone shells all over the reefs and in the sands around the islands. At lunch time we snorkled.

All our washing was done when we arrived back in the evening and after a leisurly shower, stroll and drink we were served dinner, then talked about the day. Then we dozed off to the jungle sounds, the horses, cats, dogs, frogs etc. Sun streaming in the window woke us in plenty of time for a late breakfast before the day's diving. One night it rained all night and part of the next day, but the weather didn't bother us as the water was still warm and clear.

The last day was spent packing and a tour of the bombed B52 bomber and the hot springs for those who liked to go. Some of us just sat around the pool sipping cold drinks and working on our logs, suntans and generally relaxing before we have to leave this wonderful holiday paradise.

Lyn and Pat Manly are organising another trip up here next year and I hope I can manage to come again. I didn't want to leave, it is definately THE most beautiful diving spot! - Lea Hackett.

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Pat and I snorkelled away from the main reef and headed in the direction of the pinnacle. The other divers in the group had already dropped onto the spur which lay 130ft below the surface. We drifted slowly down amidst a steady flow of rising bubbles.

Thirty feet down I could see the divers at 130ft; they looked like models in an aquarium. Neil and Lyn Vincent were photographing a giant gorgonia; Martin K. was working on a spray of soft coral whilst Lea and Brenda swam wide-eyed across the reef trying to take in the scene before them. North Emae Pinnacle is every divers' dream: gold soft coral, crimson and dusky pink gorgonias, red fire whips and grey barrel sponges, all in an ink blue sea. A special dive location in a fascinating country. - Lyn Manly



As the Fokker F28 taxis onto the runway, I look around at the other people sharing this flight from Port Moresby to Mount Hagen. The Air Niugini hostess is beautifully dressed in a lime green uniform, adorned with pictures of the magnificent bird of paradise, this contrasts her face which bares the soot black tatooing of a childhood tribal initiation ceremony; the Papuan lady beside me has a child on her lap. As the plane races down the runway towards takeoff the child becomes frightened and begins to cry. To quieten the child the mother opens her blouse and begins to breastfeed.

The town of Mount Hagen in the New Guinea highlands is a town in change where the European culture and the traditional New Guinea cultures are mixed in the most hotch-potch ways. The town's market is the best place to observe the mixture. Men walk about in full tradition dress, bird of paradise plumes in their head-dress, pigs' tusks around their necks and wearing only "arse grass" around their waists. Men in European T-shirts proclaiming "10 years of Independence" or "Bik pela bia, South Pacific Lager", jeans and boots.

An old man walked towards me, he was wearing "arse grass", an old suit coat that had never been washed and he was carrying an umbrella. He stopped in front of me, presented his hand for me to shake and greeted me with a smile which showed his red rotted teeth from years of chewing bui and the words "Abernoon". I greeted him similarly and he walked on his way.

Motorbikes are very rare in PNG, even though the roads are more suited them than a car. The people have found that you cannot fit a whole village with its produce and pigs onto a motorbike but you can onto a Toyota Ute! A Toyota Ute with the whole village in the back is called a P.M.V. (Public Motor Vehicle).

While travelling to Kundiawa in a Toyota Coaster bus, a PNG lady came on board with a cus-cus (opossum) on a stick. The cus-cus had its tail securely tied to the stick. It was a pet that would end up as cus-cus stew as soon as it was large enough!

Pigs are prolific in the highlands. Piglets are treated as we would treat a pet dog and are walked along village streets with a string tied to their front leg! Every time the pig stops, it has its leg pulled until it follows. Because of this abundance of pigs it is essential to watch where one places one's feet while in the highlands!

Simbu people were regarded as one of the most feared people in the country. Now that cannibalism and tribal warfare are things of the past, they still retain this reputation except it is displayed in their driving skills - or lack of them!

The Chimbu Gorge has a road that winds its way from Kundiawa to Kegesugl. On the left, the cliff face rises away from the road and on the right is a drop of 400 metres into the river below. Fatal accidents on this road are common.

Along with 10 other people we were sitting in the back of a Toyota Ute of many years, going up a steep grade. The engine stalled, the starter motor would not start, so the driver decided to clutch start it by rolling BACKWARDS down-hill! It started before we went over the edge. The driver of a Caterpillar D9 was not so lucky. We came across his tractor in a raging gorge river 20 metres from road level near Bundi. The accident had happened about 1 month ago and it was not going to be salvaged because of the cost and risk of having 2 in the river. When I asked a native from a nearby village what had happened he simply said "Dis pela him go buggar up".



The PNG villagers tend to be very hospitable and generous people. Effort sometimes has to be made not to offend their generosity. In a village in the swamps of the Ramu river we were invited to eat some pig meat. The meat was fatty, charred black and still had hairs on the hide. These people were extremely poor, living in this harsh swamp area and their offering was one of great honour. It could not be refused without offence being taken - we chose a suitably small portion and ate, to our surprise the meat tasted very nice. However, we did not overdo our hospitality by accepting seconds.

The driver of a PMV offered me a bottle of beer, I gratefully accepted. When I had difficulty opening it with a coin, he offered to do it for me. To my horror he bit the neck of the bottle off and handed it back! Sensing my fear of drinking with broken glass, he opened another one, this time only removing the bottle cap with his teeth. He swapped with me which he proceeded to drink.

Madang is a beautiful town with many parks and ponds. This is a result of early German occupation. They filled in the swamplands to prevent the breeding of the anophelines mosquito and the spreading of malaria. These ponds and parks are now peaceful places of beauty, filled with flowers, trees and water lillies. However, beware as a sign near a number of ponds warns: "ITAMBU, LUK AUT PUK PUK" or "Beware of crocodiles".

Pidgin English has enabled a common language in a country that has 700 different languages - that is 45% of all the world languages. Some signs seen on our travels are worth repeating:

Outside a house - "ITAMBU, DOK HE SAVE KAI KAI OL MAN"

"Beware, Dog understands that all men are food"

On the safety card in the plane - "SAPOS BALUS I BUGARUP, YU MAS WORKIM DISPELA OL SAMTING:

- Rausim Lik Lik Gumi,
- Putim finga belong you long hole na Suim Switch oli
- Karamapim long Gumi Igo down
- Workim ol dispela samting Taim Balus I Bugarup"

Which Means - Instructions for the operation of the emergency locator beacon:

- Remove the rubber plug,
- Insert finger
- Push the rubber toggle switch downward
- Do all these things as the plane crashes.

Same Instruction Sheet:

"Balus go bugarup yu mas rausin fols tits."

Means: "You should remove your false TEETH!"

The word in pidgin for fence is BASIM.

The word for milk is SUSU.

So it only follows logically that the word for BRASSIER is "BASIM BILONG SUSU"

The most widely accepted and probably the most useful item of handicraft invented by the PNG people is the bilum. This is a string bag that comes in all sizes. It is normally worn by women with the strap across the top of their head and the load hanging down their backs. I have seen it used to carry fruit and vegetables: 30kg of sweet potatoes, firewood, meat and fish, even small children and babies. I read an article about a helicopter pilot in 1978 who landed and was being greeted by the villagers when he noticed that one of the men had a bilum containing a human arm.

Papua New Guinea is a land of contrasts and a land where the unexpected is the normal. - Neil Vincent.



The Mitsubishi Bi-plane in Rabaul presented a challenge to me. I had not been able to successfully photograph this unique wreck on my first visit to PNG. On this trip we dived on the plane a total of three times. Each dive presented varying conditions. On the last dive we entered the water at 10.30am, sun streaming down, the viz was great; we could see the plane from the surface in 90ft of water. Everything came together on this dive! I was able to photograph the entire plane from many different angles. The brilliant coloured soft corals which hung down under the wings undulated in the slight current and provided dramatic photographic subjects. This plane dive is unique, being the only one of its type in the world. - Pat Manly

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- Brenda Park!

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#### UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY COURSE

Lyn and Pat Manly of Seascapes Photographics will be conducting several courses during the next two months.

Saturday & Sunday, November 23 & 24, 1985

- Pro Diving Services, NELSON BAY. Cost \$120.

Saturday December 7, and Sunday December 15, 1985

- (over 2 week-ends)

- Pro Diving Services, COOGEE. Cost \$120.

- Bookings: Direct to the respective Pro Dive Shop.

- Enquiries: Pat or Lyn Manly Ph: 728 6808

#### PHOTOGRAPHIC DIVE SAFARI TO LORD HOWE ISLAND

Sunday February 16 to Sunday March 2, 1986

Dive Leaders: Pat and Lyn Manly

15 days / 14 nights: 12 dive package \$1300

15 days / 14 nights: 24 dive package \$1570

15 days / 14 nights: snorkel/non scuba diver package \$998

- includes airfare, accommodation, diving (depending on package), transfers, boat diving, tank, weightbelt, air. Accommodation is at Leanda Lei self-contained units. No meals are included.

EMPHASIS ON THIS SAFARI WILL BE ON UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY.

Contact: Pat De Groote Ph: 665 6333.

SeaLife International, 27 Alfreda Street, Coogee.



# DECEMBER 1985

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14 XMAS PARTY
TUGGERAH						
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31 N.Y.E. PARTY				

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January's Diary is still being organised so details will be in the December issue of this Newsletter.

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