



N O V E M B E R

1 9 8 9

MINUTES OF SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS MEETING  
HELD ON 16/10/89 AT BANKSTOWN SPORTS CLUB  
MEETING OPENED 8.10 P.M. BY MARTIN KANDILAS.

APOLOGIES: Lyn & Pat Manly, Noel Taylor, Lyn Keller, Ilona Kandilas.

VISITORS: Andrew Jones, Max Western, Paul Cootes, Michael Rzoska, Julie Rzoska and Mick Byers. Mick & Max are now members.

Minutes of the previous meeting read. Accepted: Jim Smith  
Seconded: John McDermott.

CORRESPONDENCE: Ryde Underwater Club, Brisbane Water Aqualung Club, Illawarra Underwater Club, Fun Dive Club.

<u>TREASURERS REPORT:</u>	Balance as at 9/10/89	\$ 904.91
	Receipts	52.00
	Less payments	45.20
	Total	\$ 911.71
	Petty Cash	20.00
	Investment A/C	7401.37
	Current Balance	\$8332.72

DIVE REPORTS

The club dive held on Sunday, 8th October, turned out to be quite an ordeal, but nevertheless a good day was had by all. You will see the "dive report" further on in the newsletter.

Lyn & Pat Manly, John & Kathy McDermott, Eve Thomas, Neil Koos, Doug & Penny Smith, Bob & Vinnie Nickling spent a weekend diving with the seals at Montague Island. Great vis, good weather, lots of baby seal pups, reports of sex in the sea, with mating seals everywhere.

Saturday, 14/10/89 Max Western took a group to a reef 2 km south of Jibbon bommie. A large manta ray was seen, 12' across the wings.

Jacquie Stohl, Karin Smith, Max Gleeson, May Elliott, Martin & Ilona Kandilas dived the Yongala off Townsville from the MV Hero.

Unfortunately the vis on the Yongala was not very good, average 30'. Fish life was prolific, big groupers, lots of pelagic fish. Water was warm, spent 2 days diving the Yongala then the wind blew up. Had to go out to Old Reef where they anchored for 3 days and searched in vain for the wreck of the Gothenburg.

A combined effort of snorkelling and scuba diving failed to find the wreck so ended up doing reef diving which was mediocre to good. Food was good, seas were rough but had a good time all in all.

## SOCIAL EVENTS

A night out at the New Harmony Restaurant at Greenacre is being organised for 3rd February 1990. Reports of this restaurant have been very good, with plenty of food for your money. Booked for approx. 30 people. Let's have some numbers attending at the next club meeting.

Banquet - \$18.50 each  
Grog extra.

Boat dive from Port Hacking for Sunday 29/10/89. 9.00 a.m.  
departure from Dolans Bay boat ramp.

MEETING CLOSED 8.45 p.m.

Martin Kandilas showed some slides from his recent trip to the Yongala

COME ALONG TO OUR NEXT MEETING ON 20TH NOVEMBER 1989.

## COMMITTEE

President	- Martin Kandilas	Ph: 7263570 (h) 7260022 (w)
Secretary	- Jenny Mines	Ph: 6029851 (h) 6008844 (w)
Photographic Officer	- Graham Wakeling	Ph: 6034224 (h) 6051611 (w)
Treasurer	- Davinia Nickling	Ph: 6452315 (h)
Social Secretaries & Dive Organisers	- Sue O'Grady	Ph: 5171966 (w)
	Peter O'Grady	Ph: 5261188 (w)
	Lyn Keller	Ph: 6445862 (h)
Publicity Officer	- Ron Mines	Ph: 6029851 (h) 6023544 (w)

## UPCOMING SOCIAL EVENTS

Bristol Point booked for 20+ people, 23-24/2/89. Please indicate your interest.

Kid's Xmas Tree/Bar-B-Q - 17/12/89 Sunday, 10.00 a.m. Georges River State Recreation Area, Henry Lawson Drive at the end of River Road, Revesby. Club will supply meat for barbeque. Santa will be arriving in his 'sleigh-boat' with presents for the kids (parents to supply a small gift for their kids).

Parents, please nominate how many kids at next meeting or to Martin Kandilas by phone before meeting.

Club Christmas Party - 7.00 p.m. 8/12/89 Bankstown Sports Club.  
Smorgasbord and disco, bar at members cost. Tickets selling fast.  
Get in quick. A hamper will be raffled on the night.

\$16.00 ea SPD members  
\$21.00 ea non members

#### DIVE TRIPS

The planned night dive on board Max Western's boat, Sea Tamer II is for either Friday 1/12/89 or 15/12/89. Choice of two dive sites, the Tuggerah or a reef. Please make your booking at the next club meeting.

Cost \$20.00 ea reef  
\$25.00 ea Tuggerah

We can book both nights. Boat takes 10 divers. Max's prices have recently gone up but being the benevolent chap that he is, he will hold his old price for this dive.

Green Patch has been booked and deposit paid for 24-25/11/89. There are still a small number of vacancies.

Cost \$12.00 ea SPD members  
\$15.00 ea non members.

Bristol Point has been booked for 20+ people 23-24-25/2/90. Please indicate your interest.

#### GENERAL

At the next club meeting discussion should take place as to the future of the A.V. night and Australian Underwater Photographer of the Year award.

This is the real core of the club activities and is very important to the future direction of the club. So please lets hear your opinions.

#### \*\*\*\*NOVEMBER RAFFLE\*\*\*\*\*

Glen Percy, owner of Aqua Sports Scuba Centre at Yagoona has most generously donated a 3mm Neptune "Artic" wetsuit vest to be raffled at our November meeting.

This has a retail value of \$86.00 and is perfect for either tropical water diving with a lycra suit or with a full wetsuit for added warmth in winter.

Support your club and come along on Monday, November 20th and buy a couple of tickets.

Thanks again to Glen Percy. Aqua Sports has a good range of diving equipment for all tastes and budgets and Glen is most helpful. 708 2826.

Support Glen, because he supports us!

#### AQUA SPORTS SCUBA CENTRE

##### SPECIALS

ALL LARGE & X LARGE BOOTS ON SPECIAL  
NORMALLY UP TO \$40.00  
NOW \$25.00 TO \$29.00  
While stocks last.

HOODED ARCTIC VESTS  
MOST SIZES  
WITH OR WITHOUT SLEEVES  
ALL 1/2 PRICE \$43.00

PLEASE REMEMBER ALL S.P.D. MEMBERS GET 10% DISCOUNT ON PARTS & LABOUR,  
AND SERVICES

Glen doesn't know all the club members, so when you buy something, let him know.

#### CONGRATULATIONS

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To Sue & Peter O'Grady, married on Saturday 4/11/89 and honeymooning in Western Samoa.  
Their dive reports from their honeymoon should be very interesting.

8 / 10 / 89

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

A gusty WSW wind greeted us as Max Westerns SEA TAMER 2 roared around Jibbon Point on course for the UNDOLA.

White horses everywhere, with a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  - 2 M chop driven by gusts which easily got to 30 knots on occasions.

"What the heck, we are SPD" I thought. "No 30 knots is going to beat us."

As it turned out, it nearly did.

If you haven't been out with Max before, let me tell you (as a boat owner myself) it is pure joy. The vessel is a 7.5 metre Marlin Broadbill, or a bloody big aluminium cat for the uneducated. Heaps of room, well laid out and it goes like the clappers. The Undola is 12 miles from Dolans Bay by water, and into a 2M sea we made it in under 22 minutes.

To cut a long story short, it was the most frustrating  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours Max and I have ever spent. I have over 100 dives on the Undola and I pride myself on being one of very few people who can always find it. The marks aren't easy at the best of times.

We found it alright but anchoring was a different story.

Mother nature had different ideas on this day though. A surface current running about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  knots from the north, a mid water current running in an easterly direction with wind and sea somewhere between WSW and S.

The big cat was being swung around by the wind, and no matter what we tried the anchor would not go in.

It was getting embarrassing, so after eleven tries your President said " \* # @ ! lets go to a real wreck. One we can anchor into!" "Where?" ten voices cried out. "Where else?" I said. The rest is history. On our first go we hooked the Tuggerah ( we only just got it - but we DIVED !)

The sea flattened out very quickly as the wind abated , and the water was warm and clear. We had at least 50 ft bottom vis and everyone was stoked. Congratulations to Wayne King - his deepest dive by a long way AND HE DIDN'T RUN OUT OF AIR ! Ron & Jenny loved their first deep dive on home territory ( 160 ft in Rabaul doesnt really count, does it ?)

Jenny got a tiny bit narced at the beginning, but loved the dive. Lots of FAT wobbegongs and absolutely no current. Thanks to Doug Smith, Wayne, Ron & Jenny, Lloyd Tape, Bob and Dianne and Graham Wakeling for being so patient at the Undola site.

They all agree - it was worth it.

LET'S DO IT AGAIN.

4 boats and 10 divers set out in windy conditions, from Dolan's Bay boat ramp at 8.00 p.m.

Due to the change that morning to daylight saving, John & Kathy McDermott were late. Arriving at the ramp they were told of rough conditions outside and decided not to get their boat wet.

I wish we had the same good sense!

Martin seemed to be the only one that knew where we were diving, until he broke off from the rest of the flotilla, to pick up Max Western from Jibbon Beach, so Max could show us where to dive.

The reef site was sort-of between Jibbon Point and Sandshoes and although Max conveyed where to go to Martin, the message was'n't getting through to the other boats.

It was a case of "your guess is as good as mine" (sound familiar Martin?).

Anyway, our illustrious Pres. indicated an area about the size of Tasmania and then shot through to take Max back to Sea Tamer.

Simultaneously Rob, Doug and I threw our anchors over, then we started to notice how big the swells were, particularly as they came up over the reef.

All of the anchors dragged and we stuffed about for quite a while anchoring and re-anchoring. Martin returned and we all eventually got in the water.

What a bloody waste of time! The water had so much suspended shit (I do mean shit) in it. There was a mongrel of a ground swell and the only thing of interest I saw was Martin's anchor bouncing northward across the flat reef top.

Eleven of my twelve minutes bottom time was spent trying to hook his anchor in.

We struggled back on the boat and found the swell was even worse. Then I went to start the motor and guess what....flat battery.

She'll be right I thought. Our 70hp Evinrude kicks over easily with the pull starter.

26 pulls later I was very close to seasickness. I decided to try once more, then if no go, we would start the small motor and charge in to Jibbon on 10 hp.

My prayers were answered and it started. The anchor came up real easy and we bolted for sheltered water.

About an hour later, sitting in the sun in calm water, Jenny and I started to feel human again. It actually took me an hour to start to feel hungry.

Anyway, we spotted Martin's boat towing Rob's Haines Hunter into Jibbon. Appar ~~enly~~ flat batteries were the order of the day.

Doug and his crew of 3 were so impressed with the conditions, they bolted for Dolan's Bay straight after the dive.

I can assure the club membership that no participant of this dive would have anything good to say about it.

It's best forgotten.

Ron Mines

9 Pages following  
contributed by  
Neil Vincent

Padstow Heights,  
Sydney

Dear Barry,  
Recently I had the pleasant opportunity to be one of three judges at this year's South Pacific Divers club annual underwater photographic competition as I have on occasions in past years, since its inception.

I would like to take this opportunity to say that the overall quality of slides entered, was in my opinion, a little disap-

pointing compared to previous years that I have judged. By no means does this take away the high standard of winning entries and place getters, the gap between those that won prizes and those that didn't was quite noticeable.

You see, to achieve a position in the top three, either beginners or open section of the competition, one cannot simply go out on a couple of weekends, shoot some film, then enter them in the competition and expect to win or even get a placing, it just does not happen that way. It takes dedication and many many hours underwater in all conditions both winter and summer. One must explore as yet the unexplored avenues of underwater photography and come up with something new and exciting, a formula no one has yet exhibited, instead of copying others to a lesser or higher degree. Be a little creative, study top overseas photographic magazines, apply their techniques and ideas to your style of photography, don't ever let yourself become stagnant in ideas. By being imaginative, who knows you may be the next winner.

I would also like to take this suitable time to compliment Mark Spencer on two particular slides he exhibited, to me they both showed a level of thought and creativeness which in most cases sadly lacks in many underwater photographic competitions. Also I would like to comment on the night of presentation of prizes, the screening of movies and guest speakers. For the very first time, I attended, and what a night it was. A little down on numbers present, I was told compared to other years, probably due to the increase in ticket prices, but remember, the club must run at a profit to ensure creditors are paid and there's upcoming film nights in future.

Guest speaker Stan Waterman topped the evening with an interesting and entertaining talk about his latest films. Andrew Wight gave a talk on cave diving at Pannikin Plains on the Nullarbor, which was first class. Club member Rick Latimer acted as master of ceremonies, is to be congratulated for the splendid job he did on the night. Top marks goes to another member Graham Walkling, responsible for organising the photo contest, and to Corporate Theatres Pty Ltd who presented the audio visual program.

My congratulations go to Max Gleeson winner of the open photographic section, to Gary Bell who took out second place and to an old acquaintance of mine Bob Halstead from New Guinea who came in at third place, also to the winner and place getters of the novice section.

The whole night was a wonderful success and I wish South Pacific Divers club all the best in future. I have a feeling Sydney scuba divers will see a lot more of this first class annual event.

Regards  
Tom Byron

LETTER TO THE EDITOR  
'SPORTS DIVING' OCT/NOV

SOME INTERESTING  
COMMENTS FROM SOMEONE  
WHO WAS CLOSE TO THE  
OPERATION BUT WHO COULD  
LOOK FROM A DISTANCE

## **VERY URGENT REQUEST FOR SUPPORT FROM THE 'SAVE JERVIS BAY CAMPAIGN'**

# **Five minutes now could save the bay!**

THE Prime Minister has announced that the decision to move the Navy to Jervis Bay is under review and alternative sites are being examined. This review is currently in process. This dramatic change in the Government's position is a major break through for the campaign.

The next month could be the most critical point in the campaign to save Jervis Bay. Right now we need Mr Hawke's office to receive large volumes of mail which:

1. Congratulate them on the decision to reconsider the move and
2. Call on the Government to declare the area a National Park and Marine Reserve.

It is important that we don't stop the Navy and then leave the bay open to other developers. A national park and marine reserve is the only way to ensure the bay is preserved permanently.

It is critical that this mail

goes in now and that everyone who cares for the bay sends a letter. It doesn't matter how short a letter, please don't put it off, please sit down now and write just a few sentences and post it off. Ask your friends and members of any groups you are involved in to do the same.

**A little effort by a lot of people now could save the bay.**

*Send your letters to:*  
**The Hon. R.J.L. Hawke  
ACMP  
Prime Minister  
Parliament House  
Canberra 2600**



THE DEPARTMENT OF  
THE PRIME MINISTER AND CABINET

CANBERRA, A.C.T. 2600

TELEPHONE: (062) 715111  
FACSIMILE: (062) 715414

3 November 1989

Mr N. Vincent  
PO Box 3366  
PARRAMATTA NSW 2124

Dear Mr Vincent

Thank you for your correspondence of 25 October 1989 to the Prime Minister.

As the matters you raise fall within the portfolio responsibility of more than one Minister, copies of your correspondence have been forwarded to the Minister for Defence, the Hon. Kim C. Beazley and the Minister for the Arts, Sport, the Environment, Tourism and Territories, Senator the Hon. Graham Richardson for attention.

Yours sincerely

John Phillips  
Ministerial Officer

When you write to the  
prime minister you get two  
ministry for the price of one  
stamp (\$1.50) That's good value  
in this day and age. So get  
out your pen and paper and  
do it.  
Neil.

## LIGHT SIDE

## THE DESIGNER DIVER

## If Only Fish Could Read

By David Doubilet

**T**he vast school of silversides covered the top of the reef like a cloud. The school cascaded from one coral to another. The sea's surface was completely calm. I looked up through the school of silversides, towards the surface, and I could see white clouds and sky.

It was a beautiful undersea moment. I raised the camera housing, peered through the viewfinder, and adjusted the two strobes which were attached on long aluminum arms. I angled one strobe to light the swirling fish and another to light the diver who was slowly, gracefully swimming above the fish school. I motioned the diver toward me. As we swam through the fish school, the fish parted, then formed a silver tunnel around him. *What a picture! Clouds! Sun! Reef! Fish! Action!*

BLAP. I shot the whole roll very rapidly. And to quote Rudyard Kipling, "a smile ran around my face two times." Alas, I had forgotten the key rule of underwater photography — that is, "paranoia pays."

The yellow boxes came back from Kodak. Hungrily, greedily, with fat banker's fingers, I tore into them. I found the roll. The silver fish were there, the clouds, the edge of the reef and the diver swimming through the fish. Perfect. Except the flash that illuminated the diver revealed not an oceanic explorer, a person one with the sea caught in a magic moment of dazzling dancing fish. No — the diver was a swimming billboard. From the tip of

his fins to the top of his hood, everywhere, there was something written on him. He was in essence a shrine of product identification: Scuba Schwantz, Tunazoom, Uncle Jack's Aqua Shack, Whaleface, Turtlehide and Sea Assassin. There were vertical words printed on the stripes of his wet suit trousers, there was writing on his BC, down his arms and across the top of his mask.

There is a simple rule in composition: If there is any kind of writing in a photograph, the viewer's eye will automatically go to it. This is wonderful if you photograph Time Square on a rainy midnight, with the neon signs reflecting in the mean street's puddles.

We, however, go underwater into an alien land, an untouched country, far away from our consumer society where we are what we buy. The fish can't read. They don't really, honestly care whether we have Mercedes masks or K-Mart fins.

The problem with underwater photography is size relationship. It's very difficult to tell how big or little something under the sea actually is. A topside landscape, such as a picture of, say, Yosemite Valley, does not need a person in the picture to define it. Underwater "landscapes" usually do. Also, underwater landscapes are usually blue. The common photo technique to capture underwater landscapes is this: First you light up an interesting item in the foreground, such as a treasure chest full of gold doubloons and pieces of eight or a giant phallic pink sponge or a sea fan of

brilliant orange. In the background, the "little diver" swims distantly in and out of the coral jungle. Then there is a Big Diver Technique. In this composition a "big diver" (i.e., a diver in the foreground) stares dumbly at the aforementioned treasure chest, sponge or coral. Usually the flash will illuminate the diver so that he or she will look like a pole-axed cow. Direct flash tends not to be a particularly complimentary light. Divers in such pictures also almost universally look like they were stuffed into their wet suits or lycra dive "skins." Incidentally, dive skins made of the miracle fabric lycra only look good on miracle bodies, Nautilus gym creatures. The rest of us subaquatic humans look like overstuffed sausage casings. Divers also feel that they must assume a graceful position, a pose. This usually is something from a bad, early-1920s neo-Grecian "wave the scarf school" of modern dance — back arched, toes up and fins pointed, and arms gracefully extended. Lovely. And everywhere you look there is writing.

Somehow in these visual alphabetic exercises, the beauty and wonder of the undersea world gets lost.

There is another type of underwater picture that has become somewhat of a minor classic. This is the "Giant Head" picture. This is what it looks like: It is a close-up image. In the foreground are innocent sea creatures, like clownfish swimming back and forth through the tentacles of their anemone home. In the background there is an enormous face

mask filled with two giant wide-opened eyes. The light from the flash also spotlights massive areas of sweaty flesh behind the faceplate. There is, of course, a product name written on the top of the mask. The real question is, what are the clownfish thinking? Probably something like this: "Aieee! It's Godzilla again."

A few months ago I went to my local dive shop to order a new custom wet suit. I wanted a simple, 1/4" one-piece warm-water wet suit. No stripes, just the simple basic colors. The price was astounding, humifying. Welcome to the real world. I then said that I did not want any writing or logo on my suit. My friend, the dive shop owner, then said, "Oh, that will be extra." But he is a pretty perceptive person and somehow noticed the thin tendril of smoke emerging from the edge of my collar and the fact that the whites of my eyes had turned aircraft orange and that laser beams were shooting out of them, destroying the "Snorkels of the World" display on the other side of the store.

"Why," I cried, "can't a product be known for its good design and superb craftsmanship? Why must the company logo and product name be plastered all over everything? I'm about to spend over one million interstellar credits for this rubber garment, and I'll be damned if I'm going to advertise for them!"

My friend, the dive shop owner, in order to diffuse a messy customer melt down situation, said, "Let me pose a hypothetical question. What if they gave you all of this stuff with the writing on it?"

I said, "No problem. Uncle Jack's Aqua Shack. Scuba Schwantz. Tunazoom. Whaleface. Turtlehide. Sea Assassin... bring 'em on. Hell, I don't care what I wear anyway!" After all, thought I, I'm the photographer. No one ever takes picture of me. I look like a stuffed sausage. But of course they never give the stuff away. You have to buy it. So the next time you wade into the restless sea looking very much like an Indianapolis racing car plastered with sponsor's names, remember that the customer is always right.

*David Doubilet is a contract photographer for National Geographic. His new book "Light In The Sea" will be released in October.*

5 OCT 1989 10:55 FROM COLIN CHAPMAN, NICE  
FROM G.I.O. MAYFIELD

19. 5.1989 10:48

WEST END SPORT FAX 049-611010

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BOAT AND MOTOR.

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AND MOTOR.

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