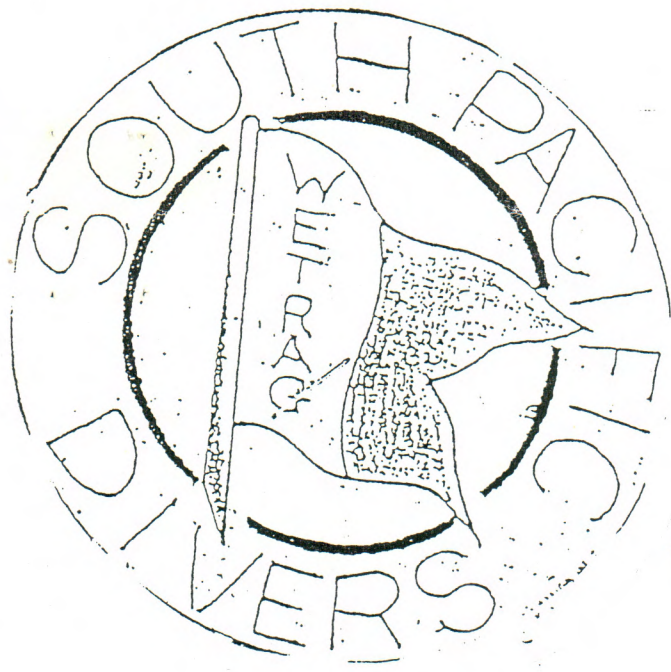
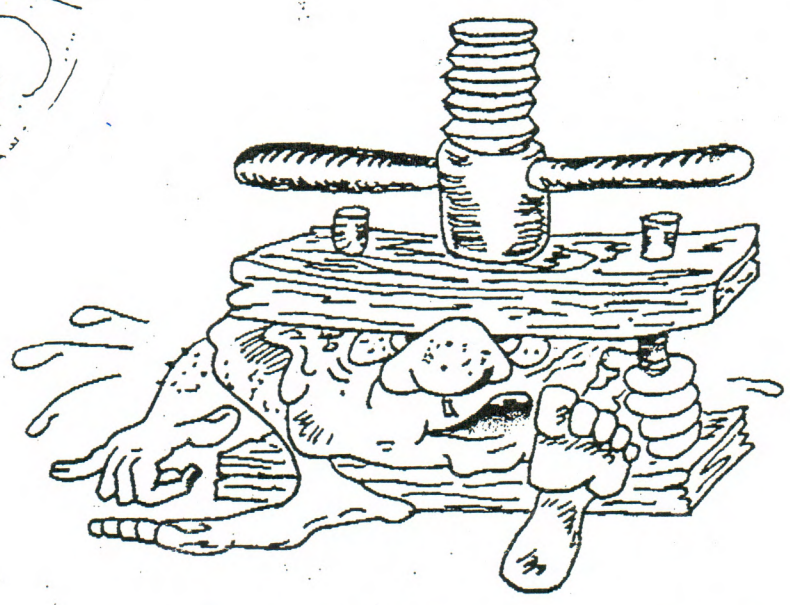


S O U T H P A C I F I C
D I V E R S



PHOTOGRAPHIC
OFFICER



GOAHEAD, YOU SON-OF-A-BITCH,
GIVE IT A TURN!
I WORK BETTER UNDER PRESSURE!

Brian

W E T R A G

J U N E

1 9 9 0

MINUTES OF SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS MEETING
HELD ON 18/6/90 AT BANKSTOWN SPORTS CLUB
MEETING OPENED 8.15 P.M. BY MARTIN KANDILAS.

APOLOGIES: David House, Bob Lewis, Ilona Kandilas, Kim Tape,
Penny & Doug Smith

VISITORS: Bob Hackett.

NEW MEMBERS: Neil Hanson, Peter Giessmann

Minutes of last meeting read. Accepted by Gerald Brown.
Seconded Rick Latimer.

CORRESPONDENCE: Ryde Underwater Club.

DIVE REPORTS

Lyn Vincent reports a group of club members dived Seal Rocks over the long weekend. Saw 8-10 sharks, only dived Saturday due to rough weather. Monday dived Halifax.
Martin Kandilas dived the Tuggerah. He says the net is nearly gone and that the big wobbies are back.
Bob Hackett dived Jervis Bay. 50' vis on the Arch. Seas rough but nice.

GENERAL BUSINESS

Ron Mines suggests we have an assistant photographic officer each year as an understudy. The understudy will become the photographic officer the following year, thereby assuring we will have a P.O. each year to come.

Brian Colwell has been nominated as next years P.O. Rick Latimer nominated as sponsorship co-ordinator.

Rick suggests again we start thinking of video for future A.V.'s.

John McDermott suggests we could be in strife with the Taxation Department. Once we start saving money we are subject to paying tax. After the A.V. we should think of ways to spend the money! Martin suggests we need to keep some money in reserve to cover any unforeseen expenses in future A.V.'s.

Plaque laying weekend to be organised.

9.15 p.m. Meeting Closed.

NEXT MEETING 16th JULY.

Winners of the raffle - Vest donated by Aquasports - Lyn Keller.
Ron Mines won the port.

DATES FOR CLUB MEETINGS FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR - UNLESS OTHERWISE ADVISED

20/8/90
17/9/90
15/10/90
19/11/90
17/12/90

COMMITTEE

President	- Martin Kandilas	Ph: 7263570 (h)	
Secretary	- Jenny Mines	Ph: 6029851 (h)	6008844 (w)
Photographic Officer	- Graham Wakeling	Ph: 6034224 (h)	6339377 (w)
Treasurer	-		
Social Secretaries & Dive Organisers	- Sue O'Grady	Ph: 5284482 (h)	5171966 (w)
	Peter O'Grady	Ph: 5284482 (h)	5261188 (w)
	Lyn Keller	Ph: 6445862 (h)	
Publicity Officer	- Ron Mines	Ph: 6029851 (h)	6023544 (w)

SOCIAL EVENTS

August - Saturday night to be confirmed. Restaurant night at Bach Dang - asian food - 63 Rickard Rd, Bankstown.

22-23/9/90 - Bottle dive course run by Steve Cross.
Sat a.m. Lectures at Martin Kandilas's house.
Sat p.m. Bottle dive.

Sun a.m. Bottle dive.
BBQ after dive.
Sun p.m. Clean up.

Need volunteers with boats. Cost will depend on number attending course.

Hard hat course - Neil Vincent to enquire further.

Long weekend in October - Currarong caravan park. Plaque laying.

GENERAL

The following is a list of suggestions for some equipment the club needs badly. Any further suggestions welcome.

Gas BBQ, tools for BBQ, and gas bottle.
Tarp
Salad bowls, urn, esky.
Lanterns

Another A.U.P. of the Year night has passed and was a success thanks to a number of people.

We had a full house with over 700 people attending. Martin and Graham have done a very good job organising the A.V. Rick did his usual superb job of M.C.

Not too many hitches on the night other than the raffle prize causing some upset but thanks to our jolly Rick all is smoothed out.

With so many prizes being donated especially five of these being dive trips, this will no doubt spur on a lot more photographers to enter next years comp.

At the next club meeting, 16/7/90, nominations will be called for the next committee so please all club members attend so you can have your say. Visitors also welcome.

Meetings are held at Bankstown Sports Club, Greenfield Pde, Bankstown. Time is 8.00 p.m.

WINNERS OF THE AUSTRALASIAN UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR.

OPENS

1ST	GARY BELL
2ND	DARRYL TORCKLER
3RD	LANCE ADRIAN
HON.MENTION	MARK SPENCER
BEST SLIDE	BOB HALSTEAD

NOVICE

1ST	JACK DRZYMULSKI
2ND	STUART McEWAN
3RD	GEORGE MOORE
ENCOURAGEMENT AWARDS	BRENT HEDGES
JOINT WINNERS	GRAHAM WRIGHT

CAVE DIVING CATEGORY 3 EXAM

17TH MARCH '90

Submitted by Neil Vincent.

On the 17th of March this year I presented myself for a category 3 exam at Goulden's Waterhole in Mt. Gambier. Once in the water I seriously questioned my sanity in putting myself through this torture test.

The category 3 test is the highest level examined by the C.D.A.A. After the 3 hr theory test there are 4 parts to the practical test. Each is examined by 2 examiners who write a report on each part. So in the day you have to perform for 8 different examiners who are looking for anything to fail or drown you with.

The first part is easy. A gear check: number of lights, compass, knife (even took it out and tried to cut his finger. It did!!), fin and mask straps taped, deco tables, slate, types of clips used, tether, guide line reel, streamlining of hoses, on and on and all this gear had to be accessible but not foul guidelines.

Part 2 following a guideline with your mask blacked out so that you can see nothing. All done by feel. The aim of this test is to assess your ability to extricate yourself and your buddy from a tunnel that is completely silted out. The examiners look for buddy contact and communications, not becoming fouled in the guidelines, buoyancy control, not losing contact with the line and arriving at the correct end of the line (i.e. the cave entrance). The line took 35 minutes to negotiate. It began at 20' and reached depths of 50'. It wound its way through the branches of a dead tree, crossed itself on a number of occasions, in another section there felt like about 10' of "slack" line between two tie off points 2' apart (really easy to foul your tank then have to untangle it with your buddy blindfolded). The last section of the line ran along the underside of the roof of a cave. There were heaps of tie-offs that had to be crossed by unclipping the tether line from the guide line and reclipping on the other side without losing contact with the line or losing direction.

I had trained with Lyn but she decided the day before the exam that she was of sound mind and didn't want to do the test. So I was buddied with a guy from Adelaide named Simon. We worked out a communication system in the 30 mins before the test and off we went. For the first half we went well, then we came to a crossover with slack line. The lead diver works out which way to go and clips onto the line. He then shows the following diver which line he is clipped on to. The following diver then feels the situation and decides which one he feels is correct. If both agree (which is the usual case) both continue on. Simon picked the tight line and indicated which line he was on. I checked and didn't agree. I tried to signal to him but could not find him. I checked again and still thought I was right but I still could not find Simon. I had to make a decision. Follow where I thought Simon had gone, take off my blacked out mask and fail, or follow what I thought was right. I decided to follow where I thought was out and face the wrath of the examiners. I followed

the line to the end, the correct end. Simon unfortunately went back in the wrong direction to the start and theoretically died. The examiners agreed with my decision. They said that if two divers could not agree on the direction to go, each diver goes in the direction he thinks is correct.

They do not tell you results until the examiners have a meeting after the tests so they allowed us to continue to the next test, maybe only for the entertainment of the examiners.

Test 3 was a task loading stress test. Two divers, one reeling and one following clipped to the guide line swim across the sink hole down to about 35'. After about 50' I tied off on a tree branch, then headed off in a different direction. After another 20' the examiners removed my mask and air supply then Simon's mask. I turned and indicated to Simon that I had no air. We began to buddy breath. I wasn't quick enough in taking in the slack line and some of it tangled around Simon's fins. The cold water disorientated us when it hit our faces. We settled down, organised our breathing while I untangled the line. Once this was organised we then travelled back to the tie-off point with no masks, one air supply and reeling in guideline. At the tie-off I untied the guide line while Simon supplied me with air. Then we continued to the safety of the surface. On the surface we changed lead and repeated the test again. No problems but I was glad it was over. I really hated that test.

Test 4 is pretty easy. It is a buoyancy control test. A shot line is set in 50' of water and the diver being tested has to ascend and descend to the depths indicated by the examiner without the use of fins or arms. Once at the levels set, a diver must hold position without use of arms or legs for up to 5 minutes using only B.C. and their lungs. The diver is then required to swim 1/2 metre above the silty bottom using a finning technique that will not disturb the silt.

Goulden's Waterhole is a very silty sink hole with a water temperature of 15 deg.C and a normal viz of about 15'. After one hour of testing viz was about zero to 2'.

14 divers sat for the exam. 10 passed. This was the last category 3 ever. The system has been reviewed to eliminate this type of stress testing and the new system is made up of intensive training, diving technique and equipment seminars with the final evaluation being made diving in actual sink holes and caves.

Emphasis is being changed to high tech equipment, more conservative dive planning, (Canadian navy tables), and training and equipping divers to dive every dive as a solo diver not relying on a buddy.

THE JERVIS BAY MARINE PARK PROPOSAL

Some Community Questions

Federal and State Environment Ministers have agreed: Jervis Bay is to become a marine park. Here are some common questions on the Park proposal, and their answers.

Will the whole of Jervis Bay become a Marine National Park?

Yes, but the waters will have multiple zones which enable a variety of activities to take place, as well as applying different protective measures to each zone.

Will recreational fishing be banned in the Bay?

No. On the contrary, recreational fishing will flourish as proper management practices and greater controls on commercial fishing enable fish stocks to improve. *SPEARFISHING WILL BE BANNED UNLESS WE CAN CONVINCE THEM THAT SPEARING IS RECREATIONAL FISHING*

What about other water sports?

Sailing, windsurfing, scuba diving, snorkelling, boating, and swimming are all compatible with a marine park.

What is the future of commercial fishing?

Commercial fishing will continue in the Bay, although with some restrictions. For example, sanctuary zones will be closed to fishing. From a conservation point of view, no bottom dredging could be permitted in any part of the Bay.

What is the future of prawning in areas such as Lake Wollumboola?

Appropriate zoning within the marine reserve would enable the continuation of existing recreational prawning activities outside sanctuary zones.

What role will the Navy have in Jervis Bay when the Park is declared?

The Navy is part of the history of Jervis Bay. HMAS Creswell in particular is part of the heritage of the area and is a valuable tourism asset, as well as a continuing facility for the training of midshipmen. The Navy will stay.

Will homeowners be affected by a Jervis Bay Marine National Park?

No. The proposed Park covers only the waters in and adjacent to the Bay.

How will the foreshores and hinterland of the Bay be managed to ensure the Bay's exceptional water quality is maintained?

A number of choices are available, including the extension of existing nature reserves and the declaration of new ones, controls on urban development, establishment of a total catchment management committee, development of a regional environment plan, conservation agreements, a national park, or combination of these.

Will I have a say in the Marine National Park plan?

Yes. State and Federal Government Departments will draw up draft plans which will go on public display, with full community participation in drawing up the final plan. You will have a say.

For further information on Marine Park proposals for the Bay, contact the Jervis Bay Protection Committee inc.
Telephone (044) 416751 or 430404. Write to PO Box 732 NOWRA 2541.

MEDIA RELEASE

13 FEB 1990

THREE NSW WRECKS PROTECTED

The remains of three shipwrecks located off the NSW coast have been recommended for protection under the Commonwealth Historic Shipwrecks Act.

The Director of Planning in NSW, Mrs Gabrielle Kibble, recently recommended that the DUNBAR (1853-57), the WALTER HOOD (1852-70) and the YARRA YARRA (1851-77) receive provisional declaration under the Act.

The Director is the delegate for the administration of the Act in this State.

The federal Minister for the Arts, Tourism and Territories, Mr Clyde Holding, announced the declarations late last year.

"Protection of these wrecks is necessary to ensure the historic and cultural significance of these sites is not lost," Mr Holding said.

"Under the terms of the declaration, interference with these wrecks, or the removal of any parts or articles from the them, is prohibited without an excavation permit," he said.

Diving is still allowed on wrecks. The new measures mean that wrecks can be explored and enjoyed without being damaged for future generations of divers.

Interference with the wrecks and removal of any item from them can attract fines of up to \$10,000, imprisonment for five years, or both.

People who are in possession of relics which were removed from the wrecks before the declaration should contact the Director of Planning with details.

These people will not be instructed to relinquish custody of the relics. The information they provide, however, will help to develop a better record of these ships and their history.

Inquiries may be directed to:

David Nutley,
Maritime Archaeologist,
Department of Planning,
GPO Box 3927
SYDNEY 2001.
(ph) 02 266 7734

Department of Planning

"Dunbar"

The "Dunbar", a square rigged clipper of 1321 tons, retains a prominent position in the history of the Australian sea tragedies. The vessel was owned by a prominent shipowner of the time, Duncan Dunbar. He was the first to introduce clippers on the Australian run in 1850. On 20 August 1857 the vessel was carrying 63 passengers and a crew of 59 when it struck rock off the South Head near Port Jackson. Only one person survived. Today the site and associated artefacts are tangible representations of the social history of emigrant travel in the 19th century and of the extreme dangers faced by those who aspired to a new life in the Southern Continent.

"Walter Hood"

The "Walter Hood", a fast square rigged hardwood clipper of 937 tons, was built for the England-Australia trade. Serving on the White Star Line between London and Sydney for 18 years, the "Walter Hood" played an important part in the development of the New South Wales Colony. In early 1870 rough seas forced the vessel ashore near Ulladulla. Of the 35 passengers and crew, 15 were drowned. At the time of her completion the vessel was the largest vessel ever built in Scotland.

"Yarra Yarra"

The "Yarra Yarra" was an early colonial iron paddle steamer of 555 tons and built in 1851. It was one of the first two vessels acquired by the Australian Steam Navigation Company. Apart from being involved in the rapidly expanding coal industry, the "Yarra Yarra" was a very popular coastal passenger steamer. While attempting to enter Newcastle Harbour the vessel was lost with all hands. The loss of this vessel prompted formation of the National Shipwreck Society of NSW to afford relief to dependants of men lost at sea.

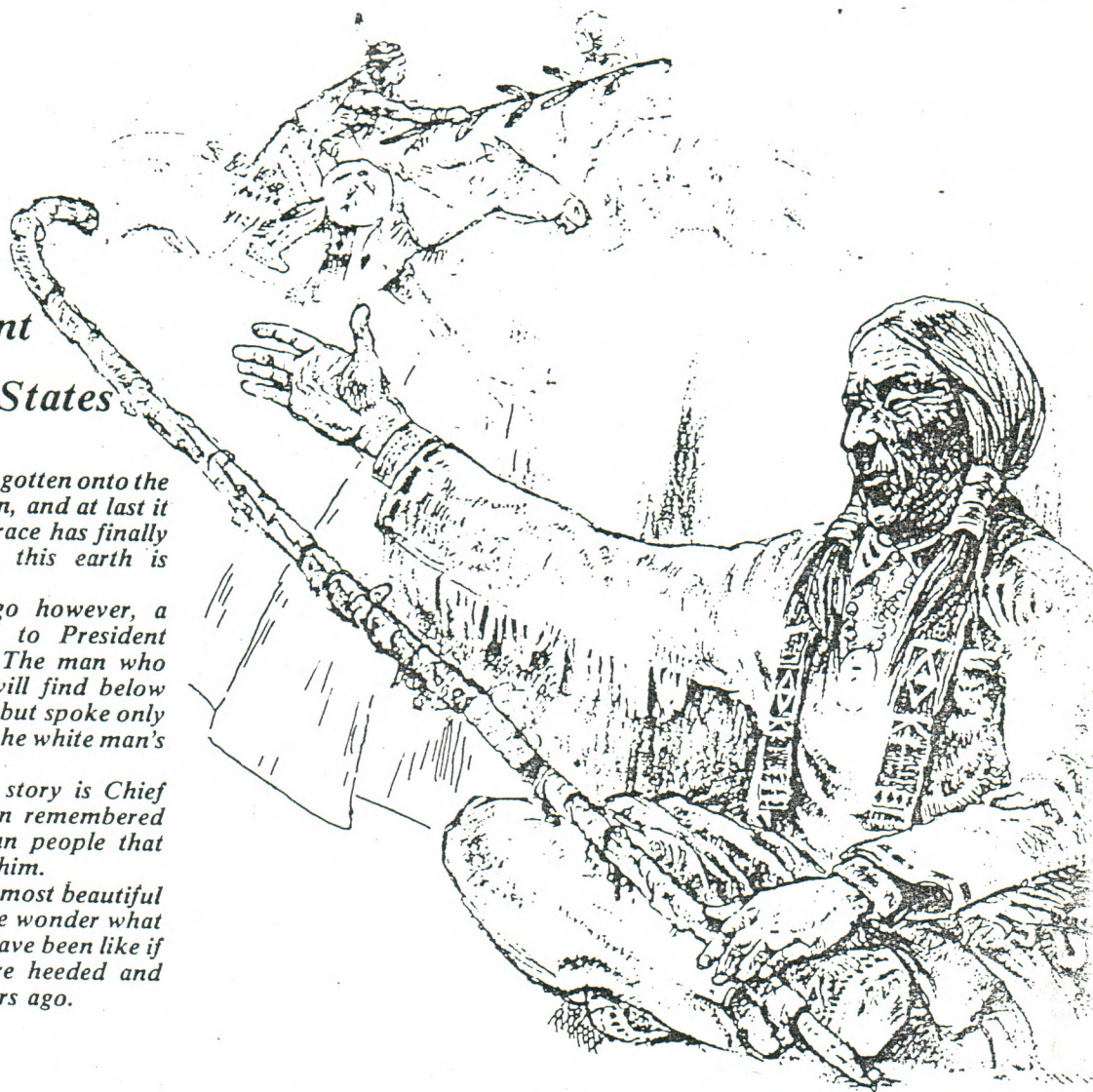
The Famous Words of Chief Seattle to the President of the United States

We seem to have all gotten onto the conservation bandwagon, and at last it appears that the white race has finally decided that, perhaps, this earth is worth preserving.

Over 145 years ago however, a message was delivered to President Pierce in Washington. The man who spoke the words you will find below could not read or write, but spoke only from his observation of the white man's ways.

The author of this story is Chief Seattle, and he has been remembered enough by the American people that they named a city after him.

Seattle is one of the most beautiful cities in the USA, but we wonder what the whole world might have been like if these simple words were heeded and acted upon so many years ago.



Lament for Brother Earth

'The Whites, Too, Shall Pass... Perhaps Sooner Than the Other Tribes...'

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. The Great Chief also sends us words of friendship and goodwill... That is kind of him, for we know that he has little need of our friendship in return.

We will consider your offer, for we know that if we do not sell, the white man will come with guns and take our land.

What Chief Seattle says, the Great Chief in Washington can count on as truly as our white brothers can count on the return of the seasons. My words are the stars... they do not set.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us.

We do not own the freshness of the air, nor the sparkle of the water. How can you buy them from us?

Every part of the earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sand shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk amongst the stars... but we are part of the earth, and it is a part of us.

The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of pony and man... all belong to the same family.

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves, that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us.

He will be our father and we will be

his children, so we consider your offer to buy our land... But it will not be easy for this land is sacred to us.

The shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water, but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you land, you must remember that it is sacred.

You must teach your children that it is sacred, and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lake tells of events and memories in the life of my people.

The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father. The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you land, you must remember, and teach your children that the rivers are our brothers, and yours... and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give your

brother.

The Red Man has always retreated before the advancing white man, as the mists of the mountain runs before the morning sun... But the ashes of our fathers are sacred. Their graves are holy ground, and so are these hills, these trees. This portion of the earth is consecrated to us.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of the land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land what he needs.

The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his father's graves behind and he does not care... His father's graves are his children's birthrights are forgotten.

He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

Man does not weave the web of life, he is merely one strand

I do not know. Our ways are different to your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man, but perhaps this is because the red man is a savage and does not understand.

There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in the Spring, or the rustle of an insect's wings. But perhaps it is because I am a savage and do not understand.

The clatter only seems to insult the ears... And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whip-poorwill, or the arguments of the frogs around the pond at night?

I am a red man, and do not understand. The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond, and the smell of the wind itself, cleansed by the midday rain, or scented by the pinion pine...

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition. The white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffalo on the prairie left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and do not understand how the smoking from these iron horses can be more important than the buffalo, that we kill only to stay alive.

If all the beasts were gone, men would die from a great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beast soon happens to man. All things are connected...

Teach your children what we have taught our children, that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know: The earth does not belong to man, man belongs to the earth. This we know: All things are connected, like the blood which unites a family.

Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely one strand in it. What he does to the web, he does to himself.

But we will consider your offer to go to the reservation you have for my people... It matters little where we spend the rest of our days.

Our children have seen their fathers humbled in defeat. Our warriors have felt shame, and after defeat they turn their days to idleness and contaminate their bodies with sweet food and strong drink. It matters little where we spend the rest of our days... they are not many.

But why should I mourn the passing of my people? Tribes are made of men, nothing more. Men come and go like the waves of the sea.

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all: We shall see.

One thing we know, which the white man may one day discover. Our God is the same God. You may not think so, you may think now that you own him, as you wish to own our land, but you cannot.

He is the God of man... and his compassion is equal for red man and the white. This earth is precious to him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt upon the Creator.

The whites, too, shall pass... Perhaps sooner than the other tribes.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly, fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land, and for some special purpose gave you

dominion over this land, and over the red man.

That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand what will be when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest are heavy with the scent of many men, and when the view of the ripe hills is blotted by talking wires. Where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone.

And what is it to say goodbye to the swift pony and the hunt? The end of living, and the beginning of survival.

We might understand if we knew what it was that the white man dreams, what he hopes to describe to his children on long winter nights, what vision he burns into their minds so that they will wish for tomorrow.

But we are savages. The white man's dreams are hidden from us.

When the last red man has vanished from the earth, and his memory is only a shadow of a cloud moving across the prairies, these shores and forests will hold the spirits of my people. For they love this earth as the newborn loves its mother's heartbeat.

So If we sell you our land, love it as we have loved it. Care for it as we have cared for it. Hold in your mind and memory this land as it is when you take it....

And with all your strength, with all your might, with all your heart, preserve it for your children, and love it as God loves us all.

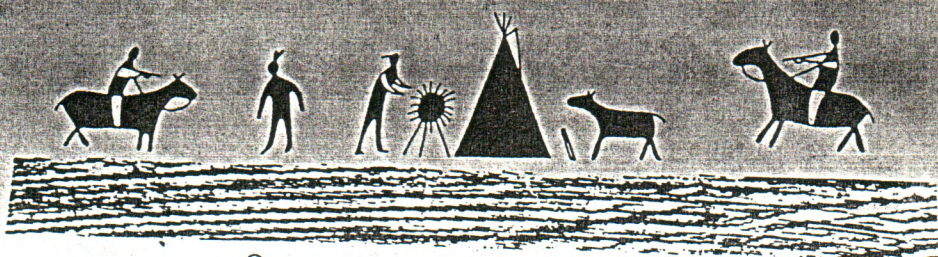
One thing we know... Our God is the same God. The earth is precious to him....

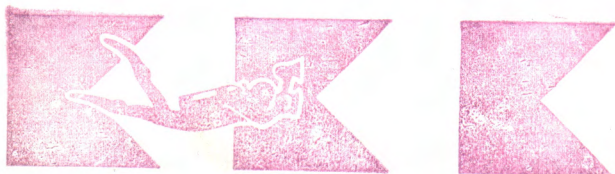
We may be brothers after all. We shall see.

Chief Seattle in his address to President Pearce on the site of the land the United States wished to purchase.

As a sad note to end this, the treaty was signed, and the Indians were allowed to choose their favourite valleys as their reservation. Soon after the war broke out, and miners and settlers swarmed into the treaty lands.

The spirit of Chief Seattle's people was forever broken.





SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS

P.O. BOX 823 BANKSTOWN 2200



Australia Post
has the **Speed**
you need

MR. RICK LATIMER
105A ROBERTSON ROAD
BASS HILL NSW 2197