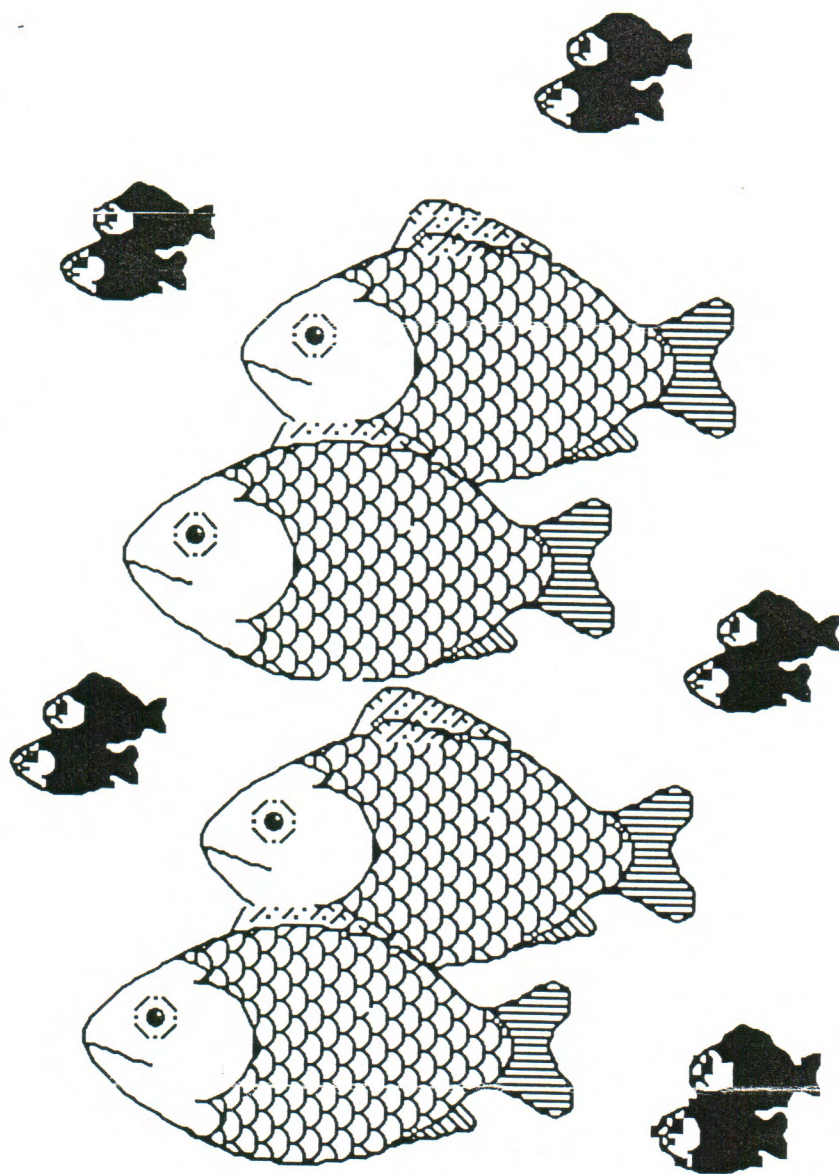


SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS



WETRAC

MARCH 1993

**MINUTES OF SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS CLUB MEETING
HELD ON 15th March 1993
at BANKSTOWN SPORTS CLUB**

Meeting opened by Brian Colwell at 8.15 pm.

APOLOGIES: Lynn Keller, Karin Smith, Peter Booth, Sue Cambourne, Russel Stoker, John Beddie, Michael and Wendy Cufer and Ilona Kandilas .

VISITORS: Barbara Sweetman, Judith McDonald and Kym Vallins.

MINUTES FROM MEETING 15th February 1992:

Read.

Accepted by Michael McFadyen

Seconded by Martin Kandilas.

INCOMING CORRESPONDENCE:

Brisbane Water Aqualung Club, information from Shadrack Resort, Eden, Fun Dive Folics, Ryde Underwater Club, "No Douts" (UTS), Sydney University Underwater Club, and "Devious Undercurrents" (University of NSW).

OUTGOING CORRESPONDENCE:

Letter to Underwater Visual producers Association of Australia Inc.

Letter and payment to Dept of Consumer Affairs, regarding reservation of club name.

Letter to Lina and Scott Bell in reply to their inquiries about the club.

Copy of advertisement to be included in this years Dive Log.

TREASURERS REPORT:

The financial status was not read in the absence of the treasurer.

PHOTOGRAPHIC OFFICERS REPORT:

The George Roberts Competition has been judged. These slides and the judges comments and scores will be presented after the meeting.

Len Brown from the Australian Photographic Society contacted Brian regarding a Photographic Expo at darling harbour May 13-16th. He has offers some space on his stand which can be used to promote the Club upcoming AV. We were asked to supply some underwater prints for the 21m x 4m stand. The expo is close to the AV night and would be a great opportunity to sell some tickets. and hand out fliers promoting the AV and the Club.

SOCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT:

Club Dive planned for Sunday. Meet at water St. More boat owners required. Please contact George.

Joe has organised a weekend to Seal Rocks 8/9th May. Dives could include the sharks and Satara (weather permitting). The dive operator will be Ron Hunter and accommodation at Forester in "Ronnies Shack". The cost will be approximately \$160 depending on the number of people.

George reported that the Mexican night was a success with 12 people attending.

Joe has written a report on the Mulloway/SW rocks trip, included in this newsletter.

See the Social Calender for more events.

DIVE REPORTS

Michael McFadyen informed us that some type of "idol" has been placed on the Tuggerah, behind the boiler. Reasons for its presence are unknown.

He also dived the Bombo with great visibility, although there was a dirty layer at about 60ft, which was about 5ft thick.

John Beddie and Michael McFadyen dived the Arch at Shellharbour. The water was a chilly 15°C. It was a great dive in clear water.

Jenny and Ron Mines, and Vicky and Brain Colwell just returned from 11 days on Lord Howe Island. The weather was good until the last few days. Most dives were in excess of 100ft visibility. They saw whalers, soft coral, a 5-6ft cod when both Brain and Ron had 55/105 micro lens on their cameras.

They also spent an afternoon looking for crayfish, when the swell started to pick up. They were just about to abort the dive when an huge crash of water turned the area into a washing machine. They finally escaped, with Ron losing a fin, weight belt and mask.

In all the conditions were good except for the last three days, they did lots of walks, including mountains and photographs.

BJ went on a "exploratory" type trip on Mike Ball's Spoilsport which went up as far as Rain Island 520 miles off the York Peninsula. He did an incredible drift dive for kilometres with pelagics and lots of 1:2 macro. Some great night dives with tips which were attracted by the lights, Rays, a big whale shark (BJ in Lyra as someone suggested). The weather was perfect in between cyclones. The trip was highly recommended.

Michael McFadgen, John Beddie, and Peter Booth dived the Undola/Tuggerah. There was blue water on the top with a red algae layer 3-6M to 20 M. Clear on the wreck, although dark.

Peter Jermyn dived the Bomb with his underwater video setup. With friends he also dived the pipeline at Nelsons Bay. Excellent growth. The visibility was acceptable.

Rob Nickling reported his first dive in a while, to fix the leak in his pool.

GENERAL BUSINESS

BJ asked if it was possible to use the stand at Darling Harbour to promote sponsors for the AV.

Rick reported that the court case regarding the alleged theft of gear off the Caterthan had been adjourned.

Peter Jermyn reported that "Sea Reef" were missing a diver.

The meeting was ended with Brian showing the slides from the entrants to the George Roberts.

GEORGE ROBERTS WINNERS.

The winner for the Novice section was John Fowden. Congratulations John. There were insufficient entrants for the opens section, so there was not a winner for this category.

MEETING CLOSED 9.45pm.

GENERAL INFORMATION

CLUB STICKERS.

These are available for \$1.00 each. See Lynn for supplies.

INCORPORATION OF SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS CLUB.

Incorporation documents finalised and sent to the Dept. of Consumer Affairs.

RAFFLE.

The raffle prize of a trip on Max western's Sea Tamer II was won by Flav. Thanks to Max for the prize.

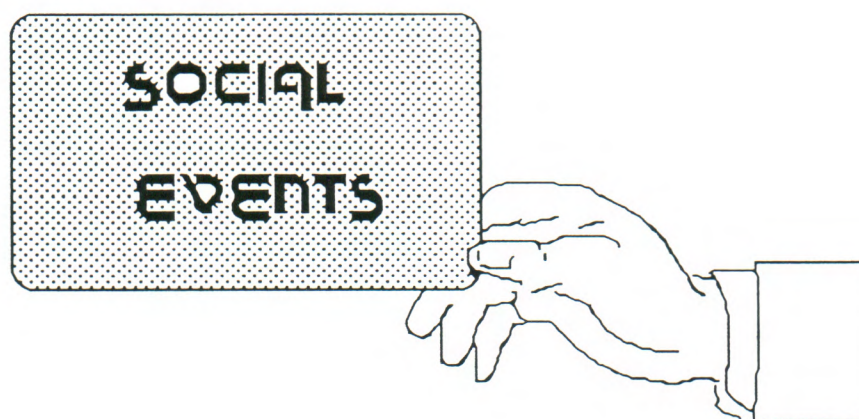
Contact number for bookings is **567 - 2658** or **018 - 280 - 791** for the B°AT PHONE.

BJ and Michael Latimer won the bottle of wine each..

VOLUNTEERS !!

Volunteers are needed for:-

- **TICKET SALES** for the AV. - Chris Wright are volunteered, more help needed. See Ron if interested or at least would like to help.
- **Stand-in Treasurer** for the month of July and August, includes preparing end of year statement. Please see Lynn.
- **Stand-in Secretary/Publicity Officer** for August newsletter, involves taking minutes for July and August (Annual General Meeting) meetings, preparing, photocopying and mailing August newsletter. Please see Sue.



DIVES and SOCIAL

APRIL 93

19th Monday - CLUB MEETING

MAY 93

2nd Sunday - CLUB DIVE
Boat Owners please contact George.

8/9th Weekend - SEAL ROCKS TRIP.
Diving with Ron Hunter, staying at "Ronnies Shack".
Approximate cost \$160. Contact Joe if interested.

13-16th - PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPO - DARLING HARBOUR

17th Monday - CLUB MEETING

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

MAY CONTINUED

- 20th Thursday -** HYPERBARIC CHAMBER - PRINCE HENRY HOSPITAL
Tour and Lecture
Meet 6.15 pm at
Starts 6.30pm, expected to finished by 9.30pm.
Contact Sue ASAP if interested.
- 22/23rd Weekend -** JB WEEKEND
Staying in Myola Caravan Park.
Boat owners and divers please contact George.

JUNE 93

Garage sale, please indicate to George or Joe if you have some gear you would like to sell.

FUTURE EVENTS

Wreck Course

NOTE: More details on future social events will be provided at the next club meeting.

DATES FOR FUTURE CLUB MEETINGS

(unless otherwise advised)
Next Meeting

19/4/93
17/5/93
21/6/93
19/7/93

Club Meetings are held the third Monday of each month at Bankstown Sports Club, Greenfield Pde, Bankstown, at 8.00 pm in the Emile McDonald Function Room. Come early and enjoy a meal at the bistro.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

POSITION		CONTACT HOME	NUMBERS WORK
PRESIDENT -	RON MINES	602 9851	602 3544
TREASURER -	LYNN KELLER	644 5862	
SOCIAL/DIVE ORGANISERS -			
	GEORGE NICHOLS	502 1564	286 4000
	JOE INGEGNERI	798 8896	
		Mobile (018) 862 328	
PHOTOGRAPHIC OFFICER -			
	BRIAN COLWELL	772 4462	524 2236
SECRETARY/PUBLICITY -			
	SUE O'GRADY	528 4482	694 5681
		OR	694 5685
		RING FOR FAX No.	

ALL CORRESPONDENCE SHOULD BE DIRECTED TO:



SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS CLUB
P.O. BOX 823
BANKSTOWN 2200

1
MULLOWAY AND SOUTH WEST ROCKS DIVE REPORT.
by Joe Ingegneri

Attendance for the week trip was good. Six in total. Members were myself, Russell Stoker and Nicole Gibbs. Non-members were Joanne, Christine and Monika.

At 10.30 p.m. after a long and agonising drive of about nine hours (after I ran over the goanna, we stopped for lunch and Russell shattered his windscreen - his air-conditioning was not adequate enough!), we arrived in Mulloway. We found that we were locked out of our accommodation because bloody Gary from Dive Quest forgot to leave the key. Well, instantly, everyone decides to group together and attack the organiser, which was me! At this time, we had three choices - break in or sleep in the car or ask the neighbours if they knew the whereabouts of Gary or Chris. After a few phone calls, they located Gary, romancing his wife in a restaurant in Woolgoolga. Meanwhile, we were getting eaten alive by bloody mosquitoes. At this particular moment, if Gary or Chris were present, I would have killed them. Luckily, Gary turned up about half an hour later, I was just happy to see him by this time.

The following morning, we thought we would be able to sleep in, not the case. We had to worry about food because everything shuts at midday in this neck of the woods. Anyway, a couple of hours and \$100 later, we were equipped with enough food for the week and ready to dive that afternoon.

Our first dive was North West Solitary, in approx. 20 m to 7m or so at shallow. Bottom times were mostly over the hour mark. Viz was about 15-20 m, not at its' best according to Chris but, we were not about to complain. Our dive was great - it's how diving should be - clear viz, warm water (about 24 degrees), heaps of fish and calm weather. Our first dive ended with no hassles of any kind and a nice boat ride home.

Once back at the shop, we sat down to a welcome caffeine intake, followed by calorie laden biscuits. Meanwhile, our little mate, Kale, from next door washed our dive gear, for a very reasonable sum of \$2.00 a tub, including hanging it up (the little buggers' got a hell of a business going if you ask me). And then, commenced our fight for the showers. Eventually, we were all clean, fed and ready for bed.

The following day, Sunday, we were greeted by a not so friendly southerly wind which grounded us. So, we had a lazy morning, and in the afternoon went for a drive to Coffs Harbour Dolphin Park and swam with the dolphins, (what a buzz). They are the most lovable creatures in existence (apart from myself that is!). They even made Russell smile, and let me tell you, that's an achievement. The dolphins are a lot more powerful than I expected. I realised this when I saw Russell and myself being dragged across the pool holding onto their dorsal fins at a fast rate of knots. Another feature is that they are so gentle and precise it's amazing.

This meant a great deal to me when they were taking a four inch fish out of my mouth to eat - the things we do for a photo! Meanwhile, Monica was snapping away with the camera, because the rest of us were not so prepared with film. The day ended with our race for the shower routine, feeding and then ready for bed.

Monday morning weather was nice to us. We were in the boat and ready by 8.30 a.m. We dived North West again. Diving as always, was great with no dramas except a small one....Nicole, my darling and Monica were separated from the group. The rest of us eventually returned to the boat with Christine a little stressed because she was low on air and had no idea where she was. Christine stopped us and produced her gauge with a look in her eyes saying "hey guys I trust you, but sh** I'm about to die"! So, I reassured her with the o.k signal and then pointed up to the boat which was only 5 m above us! (I think she felt a little silly by this time).

Well, we all surfaced with no sign of Nicole or Monica - I was a little worried by this time. We positioned ourselves for a good vantage point and looked for bubbles. Just as we were about to place bets on the distance that they surfaced from the boat, we spotted bubbles 50 metres away on another mooring! The only problem with that was the lack of a boat above! The laughing eventually stopped and the southerly winds returned, so we cut it short and started for home.

Our boat trip was better than a Luna Park ride. Finally we made it back, just a little wet! That night all was as usual, except for one thing. Russell found a miniature backgammon game, which meant the end of our early nights.

6 a. m. Tuesday morning and we were all up and about. Most of us were sleep walking except for Monica who was as happy and cheerful as ever, making her breakfast with that ***** blender of hers! We were all up for our white water rafting adventure. So, off we go in search of this place. Monica stayed behind saying that she could not afford it and Joanne was conveniently not home at the time but we all knew that they were just chicken....or....perhaps they were the smartest of all?. We found it, paid our money, signed the form (you know, the one that says if you kill yourself, we didn't do it) and fitted ourselves with life jackets etc.

Then, we climbed on the bus for a two hour journey to the Nymboida River. Upon arrival, we were served breakfast and coffee before our lesson on "How to white water raft without serious injury". The ride on the raft was beautiful - floating down a river with cliffs on one side and thick forest on the other - the only way out was up or forward. It's just one of those things that has to be experienced. The same goes for the rapids. I'm sure that anyone who has tried it would not hesitate to do it again, even though a change of underwear is needed several times a day! The day was almost perfect with water fights, small bush walks, cliff jumps, swims and drifting down the river without a raft. Our only problem occurred two rapids from the end of our day. This one was BIG.

Our guide gave the order to jump left (an order given just before impact with large obstacles on left). So, Russell did just that, except, he should have stopped 2 foot sooner. Instead, he landed on me and sent me on a roll entry, right into the middle of a bloody big rapid. Well, because I'm such a nice guy, I suggested that Russell come with me so we could both share the experience (what are friends for?). Anyway, what seemed to be hours later (probably only 3 seconds), Russell and I are still gasping for air under the boat, with fast moving rocks acting as back scratchers. Let me tell you, this was not an amusing situation. Eventually, we surfaced (coughing) and a rope was thrown followed by the words "GRAB IT", and we were quickly thrown back into the boat. I'm sure Russell was as glad as me to exit the water by then.

Not long after our ordeal, we went ashore for an already cooked BBQ and then a bus journey home. The day was an incredible experience but we were all glad to be home.

On Wednesday, we were all up bright and early for our double dive (supporting bruises). This time we dived North Solitary Island at the Bay of Anenomes. For those that haven't been there, the name says it all. The fish life and growth is amazing - it was like diving in a tropical fish tank. Nicole had ear trouble so she had to miss out on the first dive. The rest of us had a great dive. At lunch, we snorkelled over to the island to eat whilst our operator changed our tanks.

Our second dive was in the same spot, different direction. It was just as great as our previous ones. After a good couple of hours bottom time, we were sufficiently water logged and ready for our journey home and our run for the shower!

Thursday was a downer due to that pain in the butt southerly that kept showing its' ugly head. By this time we all knew we were going to miss out on our total eight dives. But, we were still wrapped with the amount and quality of dives we had done so far. So the day was used to pack, relax, do repairs, spend money and develop film (remember earlier I wrote that Monica was snapping away with the camera? Well, to cut it short, the silly boofhead forgot to put film in the camera!). After a small amount of abuse - a couple of hours worth - we all got ready for a return to the dolphin pool to re-enact those precious moments. It also gave Joanne a chance because she missed out on the first one (she was too busy chasing males up the coast). Yes this time we had film. Later that evening we decided to give Sizzlers a go. So back up to the shop for a sh**, shower and shave.

On the way out the door, Greg, their instructor, said that this was Sizzlers busiest night, by this time we were starving and did not care. When we arrived we were greeted by a line up. It then took a grand total of 10 minutes to get a seat. (bet nobody has ever done that in Sydney). what happened next I'd rather not mention. "IT WAS DISGUSTING". Finally we rolled out the door and went home.

Fridays weather was suitable for diving. North West was our destination. Upon arrival, the sea was calm so we went further on to North Solitary and did our diving at the Bay of Anenomes once more. As per usual, the diving was perfect with bottom times in excess of an hour. Then came our lunch routine with a short snorkel to the island, pushing esky's. Then of all times to see a turtle, it had to be when my camera was in the boat. An hour or so later the signal was heard to return to the boat, so we packed up and prepared for our second dive. Russell and myself waited in the drink whilst the rest geared up. we then spotted a snorkel that was dropped earlier so we free dived to about 12 metres (thats a mean feat for people in our condition). By this time the other boat load of divers was already enjoying their dive, then their instructor (Greg) spotted the snorkel and naturally picked it up not realising that Russell was half a second behind. Russell then grabbed the other end of the snorkel hoping that Greg would let go. ... "he wouldn't".

So there they are playing tug-o-war over this snorkel. Russell not long after needed to surface for obvious reasons, so he let go and attempted to ballistic missile to the surface. Greg must have felt lonely, so he grabbed Russell's fin, obviously wanting to play some more. So it was a bit silly, but god it was good to watch. (Russell didn't think so).

Our next dive was as good as the previous 5 done before. You can always tell because everyone surfaces with their gauges in the red. (Naughty, bad divers). Finally our dives came to an end and our captain was waiting to take us home. Guess who came to see us off, our mate "the southerly". So instantly our boat trip turned into another Luna Park ride, and as always, I'm sitting on the side of the boat that's mostly under water. So I donned my mask (I lost my snorkel on the last dive, and I don't think Russell was going to get this one for me) and I skip breathed my way home.

When we arrived we all sat and had our caffeine shot, and gear washed for the last time by our new found friend Kale. By this time he had scored approx \$10 from each of us (no wonder he was smiling when we left). Joanne and Christine had to leave for Sydney due to other commitments. Eventually all our packing was done, the place was cleaned, money paid, money refunded, group shots taken and the dog patted goodbye. We were then off to our next adventure to South West Rocks with Noel Hutchinson.

Upon arrival, Noel was waiting to show us around. Our accommodation was different. It was a gym!. So you can imagine how BIG our lounge room was. There were 3 other rooms with 6 bunks in each. Finally, "A BLESSING", there was 2 bathrooms with 2 showers in each and 2 thrones. we also had a VCR, TV and heaps of video's to watch. Later that evening, Robin, Nicole, Ben, Sue and Pam arrived. It was 1.30am so not much was said.

The next morning we were up and ready to dive. Our first dive was Fish Rock Pinnacles approximately 30m-10m. Visibility wasn't much chop compared to Mulloway, only about 10m, still better than Sydney. The main thing that caught my eye was the number of wobby's lounging around, they were ... everywhere, also Lion Fish. I saw more on this one dive than in my whole diving career thus far.

Our surface interval was as usual, coffee biscuits and the odd joke. One entertaining moment was as follows; we are sitting in the boat nice and quiet, Monica reaches into her bag and pulls out a small bottle of water, opens it and takes a gulp, 3 seconds later she said "a fishing boat", we all looked at each other thinking where's the rest, but nothing else was said. At that moment quick thinking Noel jumps across the boat grabs this bottle of water takes a gulp and said "It's true it is a fishing boat". (mind you the boat had been there all morning)!, then he looks at Monica all wide eyed and said "where did you get this water, it's good sh**". Well that was it, we all cracked up. (we all thought it was funny, I suppose you had to be there).

Our next dive was the famous Fish Rock cave. We could only go as far as the shafts this day, due to excess surge at the other end. For those that havn't dived in a cave before I won't lie it's definitely a "rush". The cave itself has a large opening and stays fairly roomy all the way through till the shafts (approx 80 mtrs). The shafts then angle downward about 45°, and are a metre or so wide. Then comes the tunnel, it goes along for about 10 metres and has plenty of room to stand if needed - approximate depth 24 metres. Throughout the cave sea life is plentiful, eg wobby's, crays, lion fish, bullseyes, soft corals, fans, etc. Words of wisdom from a person who has been there. If possible only dive in pairs leaving more distance than you usually would before the next divers come through, for obvious reasons.

Outside the cave and general area the sea life was amazing, there were billions of schooling fish, tonnes of pelagics, and heaps of morays and wobby's. Soon after we surfaced to a comfortable boat trip home, till the sand bar that is. That's right, this place has one as well. (what a pain). not much left to do except jump over for a short swim and walk to the car, while Noel stayed behind and waited for the tide. later that evening we all sat down to a bloody lovely seafood platter that Noel was nice enough to organise, followed by some light entertainment with some dive video's

The next morning we dived the cave again. It was beautiful the second time around. (We weren't so scared this time) And we all surfaced with smiles. During our surface interval Noel gave us a choice in dive sites (bad move) eventually half dived the cave again and the other half dived Black Rock. I cant speak for the rest, but Black Rock was great. our whole dive was spent feeding morays, dodging wobby's, playing with turtle and chasing the biggest ray I have ever seen. An hour or so later we surfaced to a not so comfortable boat ride home, and Noel had another long and lonely wait for the tide. Once home we all packed our belongings, pigged out and generally procrastinated for as long as we could. Then out of nowhere appears this lady asking if we knew a young lass in green shorts and a white top. We asked why! she replied, she is lying on the ground around the corner. So off we go to her rescue. It was Pam. The silly sausage tripped and sprained her ankle. (Sh** all she had to do was tell us she wasn't ready to go) so out comes the lollies and first aid and an excuse to stay longer. Soon after we were ready to go so the usual pay money, group shots, see you soon and pat the dog were done and off we went.

Guess what happened on the way home? Russell's car broke down again this time it threw a fan belt leaving behind a leaking harmonic balancer seal (for those that don't understand) IT PISSED OIL EVERYWHERE! Russell then stopped at the local garage asking for help there reply was SORRY DEAR NOT TILL MORNING so a short discussion later we decided to chance it with an extra 8 litres of oil.

All went well till about 30kms from home when Russell pulled over and got out of the car with a not so friendly look on his face "why"? Because it did it again this time it was the little gear on the cam shaft which drives the distributor shaft in english THE BLOODY THING WAS STUFFED AND WE COULDN'T DO SH** TO FIX IT. At that stage we were left with no other choice but to call a tow truck. 5 or so calls later to local tow companies we ended up calling the N.R.M.A. because nobody would get off there fat backsides to earn some money. NO WONDER THE COUNTRY IS STUFFED.

6.30am and \$160 in debt the tow truck finally pulled up outside my place with the only thing on our minds being sleep despite the sh** a good time was had by all.
Even Russell

P.S.

SORRY ABOUT THE LENGTH I
HAD TO LOOK BUSY AT WORK.