

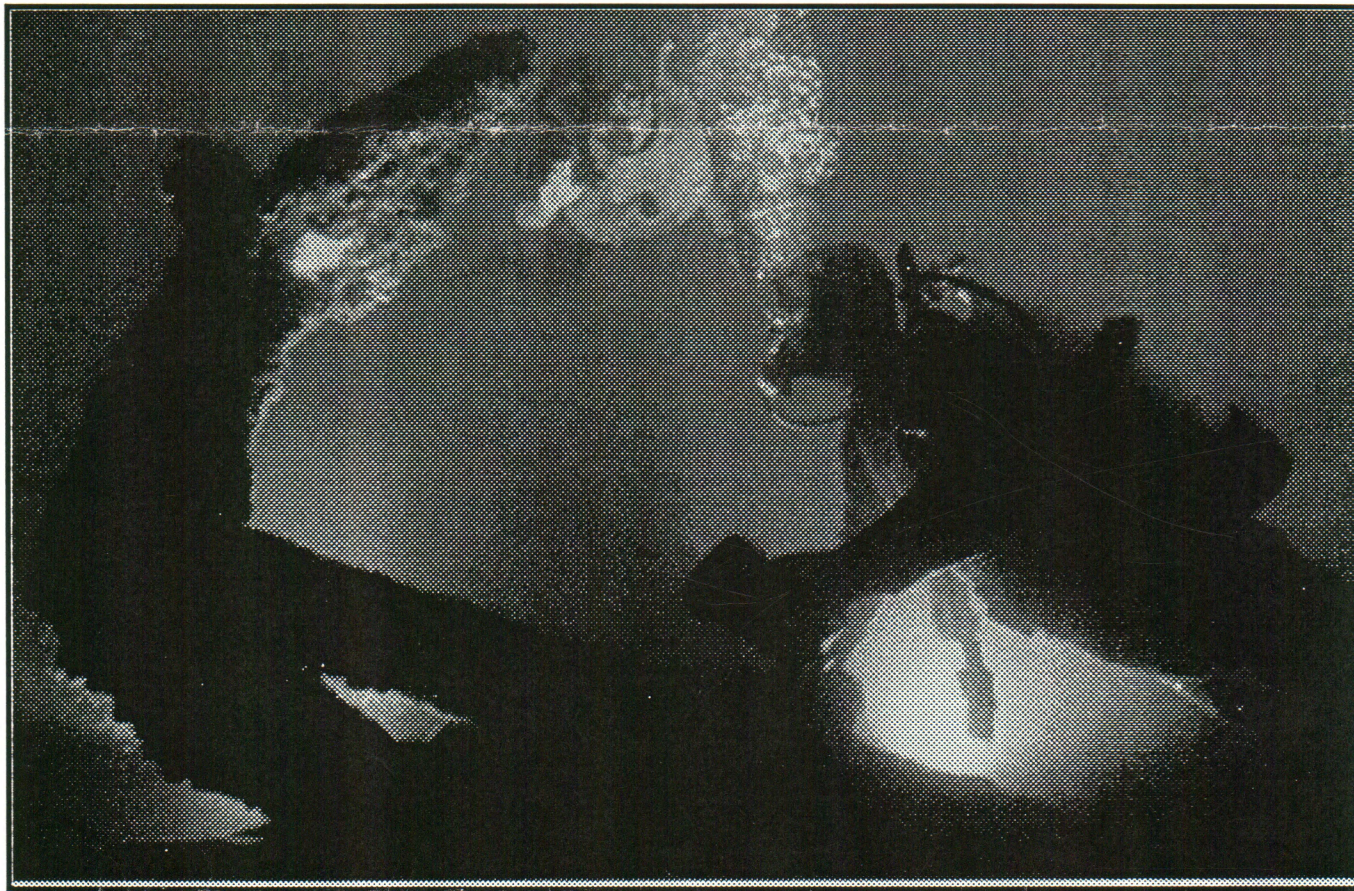
# WET RAG

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE  
SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS' CLUB (established 1962)

PO Box 823, BANKSTOWN NSW 2220



December 1994



**Photograph:** One of the anchors of the SS *Kelloe* (together with Rick Latimer in background).

**Photographer:** Mark Spencer of Coogee, third placegetter in this year's AUPY Competition.

**The Wreck:** The SS *Kelloe* was an iron hulled collier built by J. Laing in Sunderland, UK, for J. Foster of London. Launched in April or August 1866, the *Kelloe* displaced 500 tons and was 165 feet long and 28 feet wide. Powered by a two cylinder engine, her first regular destination was Hamburg, Germany. After a number of different UK owners, the *Kelloe* was purchased in early 1891 by the Wallarah Coal Co. for use in its Australian coal mines. At about 10 pm on 12 May 1902, the *Kelloe* left the South Bulli coal jetty bound for Sydney. Just over two hours later, the SS *Dunmore* left Sydney for Shellharbour to load blue metal. At about 1.30 am on the 13th, the two vessels approached each other just north of Botany Bay. Suddenly, the *Kelloe* made a sudden turn to starboard and the ships collided. The crew of the *Kelloe* abandoned ship and were all rescued. The *Dunmore* was taking water and the Captain ran her aground inside Botany Bay. Today the *Kelloe* lies at 51 m straight off St Michael's Golf Course at Little Bay. The boiler, engine, driveshaft, winches, anchors, prop and rudder are all prominent while the hull is opened like an onion. A great dive.

South Pacific Divers' Club is proud to announce that **Jean-Michel Cousteau, Rodney Fox and Reg Lipson** are now members of the Club. See page 6 for more details.

Meetings of the Club are held at 8 pm on the 3rd Monday of each month in the Emile McDonald Room of the Bankstown Sports Club, Greenfield Street, Bankstown. This month the meeting (an informal one) will be held on Monday, 19 December 1994. A highlight will be a show of member's strange, weird and funny slides. Got some? Bring them along.



### President's Message

This year has gone so fast it's hard to believe Christmas is only a few weeks away. Some great diving is happening at the moment and planned for future Club activities in the New Year - just keep an eye on the *Wet Rag* for details. Committee members Peter Flockart and Merridy Cairn-Duff were absent from our last Club meeting. Peter had an enjoyable two weeks on Heron Island while Merridy was diving the Coral Sea with the *Undersea Explorer*. While you're reading this, I'll have been diving in Melbourne, Port Fairy and the NSW South Coast.

On behalf of the Club I would like to thank Max Gleeson for his interesting talk and slide show at our November Club meeting. All present appreciated Max taking the time to come along and showing us his excellent photography. For 1995 the Committee have planned a speaker from the SLSA/Westpac Rescue Helicopter Service and a rep from the Navy clearance diving unit. Fellow Club member Peter Norris will be showing some of his recent films, including footage from Club members' trip to Lady Elliot Island last February.

Don't forget our **CLUB CHRISTMAS BBQ**, on **SATURDAY AFTERNOON 17 DECEMBER** at Cabarita Park (near Concord). It should be a great day, so come along and catch up with people you haven't seen for a while. The Club will be supplying meat, beer, soft drinks, etc. So we have an idea of numbers for the day, please RSVP to Carina Gregory (046 25 8630-[h] or 046 20 1423-[w]) or Barbara Sweetman (550 1712 [h] or 319 3144 [w]). Bring the kids along as there is a swimming pool and playground area within the park. Check details later in the Newsletter.

I'd like to thank our sponsors for the Christmas Raffle. First prize, a weekend for two with double diving both days and accommodation, has been donated by **Dive Nelson Bay** dive shop. Like last year, **Barry Andrewartha** has donated one year's subscription to *Sportdiving Magazine* and **Kodak** have donated slide film. I'd like to thank them all for their support. Second and third prizes are also worthwhile (see details later in *Wet Rag* and on tickets). Don't forget to either return your raffle tickets to the Club's postal address or bring them along to the informal 19 December Club meeting when the Raffle will be drawn.

Anyway, hope to see you at the **CHRISTMAS PARTY/BARBECUE** on **SATURDAY 17 DECEMBER** at **CABARITA PARK** from 3.00 pm. Just look for the South Pacific Divers' Club banner hanging from one of the park sheds. On behalf of the Committee, have a great Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Regards, Leo Mayer

### Photographic Officer's Message

I had a fantastic time at Heron Island, diving with Jean-Michel Cousteau amongst others. Attached to the *Wet Rag* this month is a copy of the proposed rules for the 1995 Australasian Underwater Photographer of the Year Competition. Please read them and if you have any questions/suggestions, you can raise them at the next meeting.

Application forms for the 1995 George Roberts competition will be available at the December meeting. Come along and hear how the competition will be run this year.

See you on the 19th, Peter Flockart

### Newsletter Editor's Message

As I indicated last month, some great articles for the *Wet Rag* came in so close to the publishing date that I could not include them for space reasons (no matter what, the *Wet Rag* will not exceed eight pages in length, the minutes and one or two extra pages). This is because it gets too hard to fit more in the envelope. If you have something that may be of interest to other members of the Club, jot it down and send it to me. As long as I have space, it will get a go, even if it may have to wait till the next issue.

This month we have an article by Scott Leimroth on a visit to Seal Rocks, one by Martin Kandilas on his early diving and Suzanne Evans has written about the Club's Montague Island trip.

On 11 November 1994, numerous members of the Club attended *A Night to Remember* at the Sydney Convention Centre. Organised by *Sportdiving* together with a number of dive companies (Uwatec, SSI, Heron Island, Sonar Wetsuits and Land and Sea Sports), it featured Jean-Michel Cousteau as the main attraction. Jean-Michel, spoke on many subjects, including sharks and the future of the marine environment.

Other guests included Rodney Fox, Ron and Valerie Taylor and Andrew Wight. Reg Lipson was the MC. Rodney presented a promotional film made for a new ride in the Universal Funpark in Florida. Although a touch over the top in parts (as admitted by Rodney), it was very entertaining and informative. Ron showed a compilation of footage on more than 20 species of shark together with explanation on each species. Andrew showed a bit of footage from his recent trip to an island off South Australia where he and his wife Liz lived with sea lions for some time. *A Current Affair* did a story on their trip the next week.

All in all, a great night which was enjoyed by the more than 1500 guests at a cost of only \$10.

Good diving, Michael McFadyen



**COMMITTEE MEMBERS**

The following members are on the committee for the 1994/95 year.

<b>Position</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Home No:</b>	<b>Work No:</b>
President:	Leo Mayer	708 5742 (answering machine provided) Fax: 227 1114 or 227 1886	
Treasurer:	John Fardoulis	634 4607	831 9246
Secretary:	Suzanne Evans	891 1964 (answering machine provided)	
Photographic Officer:	Peter Flockart	371 0265 Fax: 374 2688	210 2382
Publicity Officer:	Merridy Cairn-Duff	630 6575 Fax: 868 2732	805 1748
Dive Organisers:	Scott Leimroth Geoff Cook	759 6501 543 5817 Mobile (018) 29 4897	529 4340 543 5817
Social Secretaries:	Barbara Sweetman Carina Gregory	550 1712 (046) 25 8630	319 3144 (046) 20 1423
Newsletter Editor:	Michael McFadyen	558 8181 Mobile (015) 27 6556	585 6454

**BOAT OWNERS CONTACT LIST**

The following members of the Club are boat owners. They generally go out diving most weekends and often need extra divers to make up numbers. Why not give them a call one day. If you are a boat owner, why not give a non-owner a call (see the membership list distributed regularly) and invite them along with you.

<b>Name</b>	<b>Home No:</b>	<b>Work No:</b>
Sue Armstrong	(042) 94 2769	697 2248
Martin Atkins (lives in Jervis Bay area)	(044) 43 4631	(042) 74 0210
BJ	709 5535	
Peter Booth	529 3818	
Jean-Michel Cousteau	0011 1 805 899 8899	
Geoff Cook	543 5817	(018) 29 4891
Bruce Cremonesi	668 8126	645 0286
John Fardoulis	634 4607	831 9246
Martin Kandilas	725 7808	725 7808
Rick Latimer	645 4405	(042) 61 5631 (018) 64 7329
Bob May	(045) 79 1053	(045) 75 1177
Leo Mayer	708 5742	
Ron Mines	602 9851	602 3544
Robert Rubesa	740 6571	695 2063

**Remember, the following dive charter operators support the Club. You are encouraged to utilise their services when diving in the area they serve.**

Max Western, *Sea-tamer II* (Port Hacking area), 567 2658 or (018) 28 0791.

Peter Hall (a Club member), Twofold Dive at Eden, (064) 96 3384.

If you are going to Jervis Bay (or want to dive there) how about phoning member Martin Atkins who lives in the area. He is always looking for dive buddies. See his numbers above.



## DIVE REPORTS

### Montague Island by Suzanne Evans

Up at the crack of dawn, weary eyed, but excitement builds as we think about the day to come and the special treats it holds in store for us. Minnie the kangaroo greets us at the door in hope of sharing some raisin toast. Looking out over the farm, the morning dew sparkles in the rising sunlight and Jim, our keen bus driver cries "all aboard!"

The drive from Mogendoura Farm, Moruya, to Narooma is a real country experience. The land is wide and green and the air is clean. We salute the cows and sheep and note any youngens still suckling or unsteady on their feet. Quite a change from a normal hustle/bustle routine morning of trekking to work in the city for me.

As we approach the Narooma bridge, the view is as bold as impressive, even to those who have seen it many times before. The blue water of the river winds its way around the sleepy town and continues on through the rolling hills of green.

A quick stop at the Ocean Hut for last minute air fills and down to the marina to greet the *Kato II*, our huge, luxury 41ft diving boat for the day. Peter and his crew are most welcoming and load all our diving gear on board for us. Away we go!

The ocean is as calm as an aquarium for our entire trip out to the island and with the sun starting to rear its hot head, hats, sunnies and cream are donned and the water is looking very inviting.

As we approach Montague Island we can smell the strong odour and hear the deep throaty grunts which lead our eyes over to the rocks on the island, where some big bulls are sunning themselves whilst staking their ground. The younger fur seals seem to be annoying them as they bound around in their good humour. The larger and generally older seals try to isolate themselves high up on the rocks or even away from the main area altogether, so they may close their eyes and finally get a bit of peace.

For most of the day, a majority of the colony prefer to be in the cool water, whether they be lazing on the surface with a flipper in the air or frolicking and playing chase and wrestle with fellow mates.

No sooner had we hit the water on the Seal Plateau than our frisky friends were upon us. Some come quite close, almost eyeballing my camera to my delight! I have my suspicions that the best part of their day is making fun of clumsy, awkward divers and showing off how their smooth, agile manouvers are accomplished with almost the twitch of a whisker. They hang upside down in front of me and I can't advance the film any faster. Just when you are looking into their beautiful, big, bulging eyes and you think you've made a friend, with the flick of a tail they're off.

Frustration sets in when all of a sudden the seals seem to disappear. Now one possibility that I'm always aware of is the unwelcoming presence of a manacing shark. Keeping to my own code of safety precautions, I "hit the deck" to check out the scene thoroughly. I reason with myself and seeing a seal cruising past or I catching sight of one close by, I relax. This incident part of an embarrassing moment when after the dive one of the divers mentions that a seal was lounging around behind me for most of what I now realised was my figment of ordeal.

Lunchtime on the boat involves fresh bread rolls with a wide variety of yummy hot soups. At the same time we watch the seals playing on the surface and feed some albatrosses and mutton birds which are hanging around expectantly. A few snorkellers swim over close to the island and join in the fun antics with the furry residents.

Following the main fur seal group, we came in slightly west for our second dive. Our group leisurely perused a gutter where we found Port Jackson sharks lying all over a huge wobbegong shark, who did not seem to be the least bit worried.

We found some banjo ray sharks and lots of other interesting marine creatures. After my dive buddy suffered a bad leg cramp, we decide to stay up in the shallows where we found a magical spot around a bed of sea grass. The seals seemed to come from nowhere and to our surprise they stayed and played for what seemed like an eternity, as well as a photographer's dream.

But all good things must come to an end and eventually we head for home. I sit back and read the looks of happiness and exciting memories on each diver's face, knowing full well we were all full of contented emotion.

Back at the farm our enthusiastic trip organiser, and most talented chef, Peter Norris cooks us a barbeque which would satisfy royalty. Peter projected some of his underwater films for our night's entertainment and, as usual, we were all very impressed with his work.

The following day was spent lazing around the farm, horse riding, bushwalking, playing with Minnie the kangaroo and relaxing in general. All in all an excellent weekend!

### We Knew it was Going to be a Good Weekend when... by Scott Leimroth (Part One)

We arrived at 1.30 am Friday morning. Rick Latimer made his way towards the front door but there was no key on the step.

RL: *Don't worry, I know how to get in. Scott (Leimroth), climb in the window.*

SL: *What about John (Fardoulis)? He's taller!*

RL: *You're fitter.*



SL: *Okay then.*

Seconds go by and a low pitched cough is heard from the other room.

SL: *There's someone in here.*

Voice: *Who in the f... are you?*

RL: *Alan sent us.* (In a soft murmur)

Voice: *That's okay then. Your flat is around the back.*

### **The Adventure Begins.**

Half an hour after settling in, a large thud was heard outside. Rick jumps up and proceeds outside with John's video light. Upon returning, Rick mentioned that the light was no longer working. The viz tomorrow will be definitely 30 m plus, it has to be, the video light is broken.

Next day, with the dive team ready to go, John makes final preparations to the boat and engine. There seems to be a problem. No pressure in the fuel line. After a few minutes I point out that the fuel line is on backwards. This solved, the mission is on again, provided I stop reading the old scuba diving magazines (late '70s and early '80s) we found in the flat.

Launching the boat was an interesting exercise, we had to use old style man power. As soon as it hit the water, John was violently ill, claiming it was the food he ate the night before. After an uneventful trip out, with the crew wondering if Rick Latimer - "Wreck Diver" (see elsewhere in *Wet Rag*) would be able to find the marks. The anchor is dropped and after a few tense moments, it hooks in first go. There is a strong southerly current running and after rigging the boat's gear lines, mermaid line, oxygen for deco and getting three people in twins in a 3.4 m boat, we are ready for anything. Except, of course, John going over the side without warning. Rick's first thought is "Why is the deck vertical not horizontal?". I think "Why is Rick crawling up the deck and why is this water pouring into the boat? Why am I here?".

After sorting out this small problem, we entered the water and pull ourselves hand over hand against the current down to the *Catterthun*. We pass through a layer of dirty water and at about 35 m the current stops and we could see what appears to be a large reef. A moment later, it becomes clear, it is the wreck, most of which is visible. The view is amazing as we float down towards the anchor, the huge engine prominent with the two boilers in front of it. The anchor lays just forward of the boilers and the viz must be 40 m as we can see the bow clearly from here. We swim forward, a school of huge Jewfish living in the bow, a few bones (probably from horses which were part of the cargo) evident amongst the wreckage. The anchor chain still runs from the hawse pipe. We swim back to the anchor which

we have moved to the port side of the boilers. The view is incredible, with a donkey boiler mounted on one of the two large boilers.

The rear of the wreck is littered with debris, a few pieces of porcelain still visible. Our time is up too quickly. As we release the anchor and begin our ascent, the full glory of the wreck in this visibility becomes evident. The engine stands above the wreckage which we continue to watch until it fades into the gloom.

The dive was incredible, nothing could be better than this and we were right, as most of our 50 minute deco was done horizontally on the line as the anchor had caught on something.

The deco concluded and the team proceeded to enter the boat, Rick "Wreck Diver" Latimer first. Defying gravity and balancing like a beached whale, he finally made it.

During the trip back, John and I suffered greatly, not from seasickness, but from Rick's singing of old (and we mean old) sea shanties. Through divine intervention, Rick's singing was overpowered by the noise of the engine revving madly. The rubber bush in the prop was slipping allowing the prop to rotate only at very low engine speed. Minutes later, the low rumble of thunder could be heard and dark clouds started to grow in the distance. Rain started to fall.

RL: *Man the oars. Scott, you're the fittest.*

SL: *What about you Rick?*

RL: *I should steer, I have the best knowledge of the area.*

So John and I slaved away rowing until shelter was finally found. Rick "Wreck Diver" Latimer now had a new nickname, "Captain Bligh". The lack of engine power meant that the boat could not be beached properly so the tanks were unloaded and a long rope attached allowing John's car to pull the boat ashore. Finally back on land, the crew were still mesmerised by the awesome dive.

Part Two of this epic adventure will appear in the January 1995 issue of *Wet Rag*.

## **DIVE SITES TO REMEMBER**

### **Clifton Gardens**

Another great night dive site is Clifton Gardens. Located near Taronga Park Zoo, Clifton Gardens is an old time picnic area on the northern side of Sydney Harbour. The main attraction here is a very large swimming enclosure and associated ferry wharf. The parking is very easy to find and it is a simple stroll across the picnic grounds and down the wharf to the start of the dive.

After entering the water, swim around the pylons before heading over to the swimming enclosure.



Follow this back to the beach and you will have a great dive. As well as the normal Harbour fishlife, you will see sea horses (look on net and pylons), pygmy leatherjackets, blue ringed octopus and many other small marine creatures.

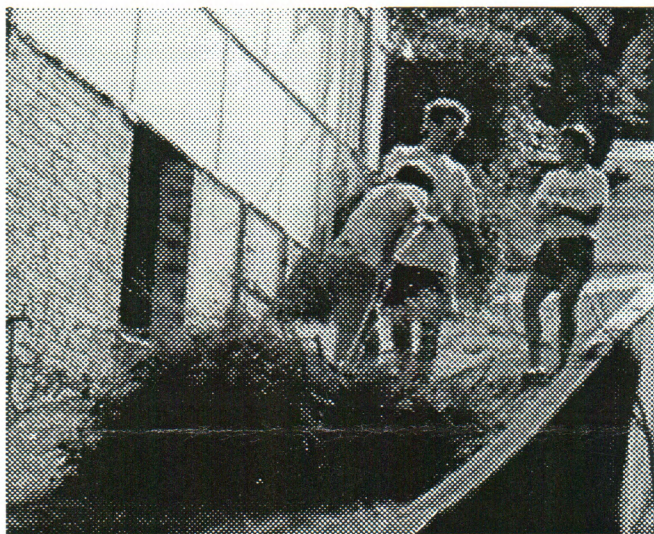
### Hanging Rock, Marley Point

Located south of Port Hacking, Hanging Rock is visited usually only in calmer seas due to its greater distance from safe waters. I dived here in late October and had a magic dive. There were more fish than I have ever seen anywhere. Millions of yellowtail and yellow-finned pomfret massed over the rocks, obliterating the sun. Huge schools of trevally drifted around and numerous one-spot pullers did their strange ritual dance. Not only this made it a great dive, the visibility was 15 metres and the swim-throughs as long as ever (as if they could shrink). The maximum depth of 24 metres and ability to finish in the shallows makes it a site not to be missed.

### QUOTES OF THE MONTH

*No wonder we don't get too many divers along to Club dives.*

John Szwecow at John Fardoulis's parents' place as huge piles of rubbish are hauled up a steep hill (see photo below of Editor, John F and John S)



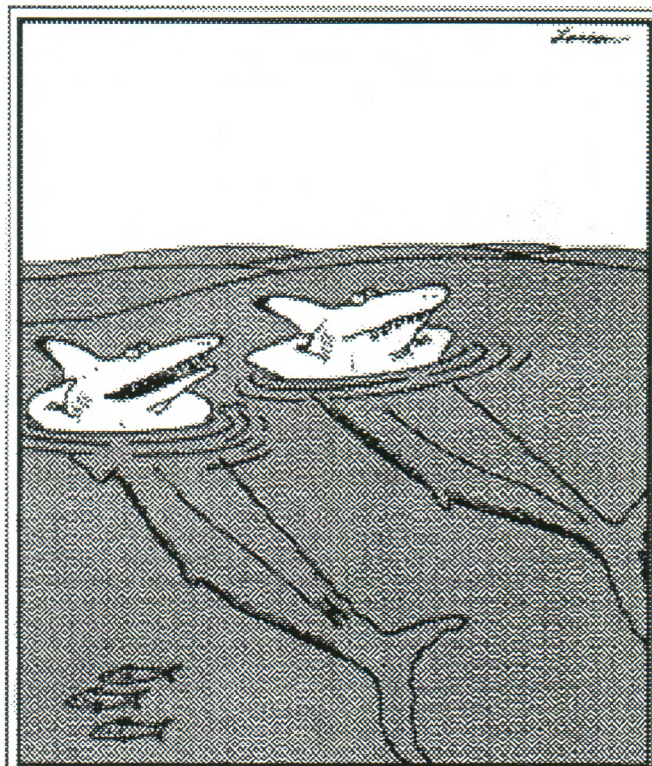
### NEW MEMBERS

This month the Club is very proud to announce that three very prominent and highly regarded divers have been accepted as Honorary Members of the South Pacific Divers' Club. At the recent *Night to Remember* held in Sydney, Jean-Michel Cousteau, Rodney Fox and Reg Lipson agreed to an invitation from the Club to become Honorary Members. The Club is honoured to have these renowned divers as members of the Club, especially as it is believed that the South Pacific Divers' Club is the first in Australia to offer them such an honour. We are also only one of a very

few clubs worldwide to have the privilege of Jean-Michel Cousteau as a member.

Once again, South Pacific Divers' Club leads the way.

### CARTOON OF THE MONTH



"Gee, that's a wonderful sensation....Early in the morning, you just woke up, you're tired, moving kinda slow, and then that oooooold smell hits your nose - blood in the water."

### RECENT DIVING ACTIVITIES

On the weekend of 26 and 27 November 1994, 10 members of the Club took advantage of an invitation from the Club's Treasurer, John Fardoulis, to visit his parents' place at Woy Woy for a spot of Central Coast diving. Although the weather was very hot and the wind quite blustery, we still managed to fit in a couple of dives. On the Saturday, we dived the wreck of the *Valiant* before adjourning to the pool to cool down a bit. That night we had a BBQ and a few quite beers beside the pool which overlooks Brisbane Water. The next day saw us doing a bit of hard labour (see Quote of the Month) before travelling by boat to Maitland Bay for a picnic and some jet ski riding. We finished with a dive in Maitland Bay (not the greatest) and then the trip back to Brisbane Water. A very good weekend was had by all, despite a few minor hiccups.

Many thanks to Sam and Helen Fardoulis for their hospitality.

### ISPY

A current committee member was spotted at a Roselands record shop rummaging through some



CDs. When asked what CD was desired, the reply was *Chains* by Tina Arena. Nice song? I'm not sure.

The same member was observed (from afar) on the Thursday night at the Blackmarket Nightclub in Inner City Chippendale by another current committee member. Coincidentally, I am informed that Thursday night at the Blackmarket is "Hellfire" (read bondage and discipline) night.

Hmmmm!!!

## OTHER BITS

**And Now, for Some of You Newer Divers** by Martin Kandilas

Being now well on the wrong side of 40 and a member of SPDC for 15 years, (does this now qualify me as an old fart?), I thought perhaps some of the new members, or new participants of this wonderful pastime of ours, might be interested in the costs involved when I started skin diving more than 30 years ago. Mum helped me buy my first wetsuit from Sydney Wide Discounts (on the site of the present Bankstown Sports Club) when I was an eager 13 year old. It was a two piece Sea-Bee smoothskin, and it cost a whopping \$30.00. It took me nearly a year at my paper round to repay her. The pants were shot to pieces in less than 12 months, so she loaned me a further \$27.00 for the very latest Parkway "Shark Skin" ankle-to-waist pants from the USA. They lasted about three years before I simply outgrew them. After I graduated to scuba, I used to get air at Mick Simmons' at Haymarket and later at Johnny Sumner's shop at Beverly Hills.

Recently, I was rummaging through a box of odds and ends which had been stored in the garage for many years and I came across a little scrap of paper. After realising what it was, a whole lot of memories and more than a little nostalgia came flooding back. I remembered it was a note I had written in November 1969, at the tender age of 19, about hiring some diving gear. I had organised with a guy from the Clovelly Divers Shop to hire a tank and regulator. A friend, Graeme Wells, was to join me for our first ever scuba dive the following Saturday. The note gave details of the costs of hiring the gear:

Clovelly Divers - 65-1047 (ask for David). Full tank of air (72 cubic feet) \$2.50. Lasts 1.5 hours at 40 feet, plus 10 minutes reserve. Sea-Bee regulator \$2.00. If both hired, \$4.00, or \$7.00 weekend. \$10.00 deposit.

And now the real nostalgia. I made out a weekly budget, as pay day was that Friday and I earned a whopping \$29.90 weekly gross. My calculations were: Tax: \$2.55 (yes, that's right, two dollars fifty five); Board: \$8.00; Car payment: \$8.20; Petrol: \$3.00; Lunches: \$2.50 (no McDonalds in those days); Fares: \$2.10. Weekend diving hire: \$4.00;

Lunch: \$1.00 (a hamburger, chips and a drink). The surplus, of course was zero, but at 19 who cared about finance? The one thing that really used to cripple me was the \$8.20 per week for the bloody car! But then again, that also included provision for tyres, registration, insurance and parts.

To put things into perspective, petrol was 39 cents per GALLON in 1969, that's about 8 cents per litre. That \$3.00 would get 325 miles (520 km), as a Volkswagen Beetle ran on the smell of an oily rag. We used to go away on Friday nights to Jervis Bay, cramming the car with diving and camping gear. Diving ourselves stupid, often three dives a day, with lots of spearfishing in between, we would pack up late on the Saturday night, drive home and do it all again the following weekend. Looking back through my old log books, I did over 200 dives in one year at JB alone.

I bought my first cylinder from Mick Simmons in 1971. It was a brand new Healthways 72 steel, and it cost my full Policeman's weekly pay of \$60.00. I moved to Maroubra in 1973 and dived the *Bellbowrie* and *Malabar* quite a lot in those days. Pro Dive increased the price of air fills from 40 to 60 cents, Rick Poole getting so many complaints he decided to compromise at 50 cents. He did a special deal, filling my new (twin) 72s for a bargain 70 cents! I bought a brand new Siebe Gorman Merlin Mk V twin hose reg. from him for \$69.00. They were affectionately named "Heinke Honkers" but were beautiful, easy breathing regs. Even in zero visibility on the Birchy, Mr Latimer could always find me as the bloody thing made so much noise. I bought my first Fenzy for \$199.00 in 1974 (expensive), and a pair of US Divers jet fins, which cost \$15.00. I left the fins on a trawler after a dive on the *Tuggerah* with SPDC later the same year. Rick's lasted 25 years!

Oh yes, our first ever scuba dive. Graeme and I drove to Long Reef and did a rock hop. We saw a few blue groper and red morwong, Port Jackson sharks and a couple of kingies. Someone told us about the shark gutter, and we were forever looking over our shoulders for those feared grey nurses! How things have changed. The sensation of actually breathing underwater was fantastic. Oh yes, that reserve. The bloody J-valve was down instead of up for the whole dive, but as we didn't go below 50 feet, when the air started to run out, I just surfaced. Life was so simple in those days. C-Card? Never heard of it. Deco tables, computers, BCDs, wrecks. It just goes to show that a lot has changed since those salad days of 1969. But the sheer joy of diving hasn't. A quarter of a century and 3,600 dives later, I still marvel at this wonderful art of breathing underwater. But I wonder, whatever happened to good old Parkway Sharkskin and black Continental Giant fins?

Happy diving, Martin.



## UPCOMING DIVING ACTIVITIES

Scott Leimroth is organising a dive trip to the **SS Yongala** off Townsville in **December/January**. If anyone is interested, contact Scott (759 6501h) for more details.

A trip to **Jervis Bay** in **January** is also in train. More details soon.

A trip to **Jindabyne** is planned **late February or early March** to dive the old township. With cheap accommodation (about \$5 a night) for 10 people or so, hire boats available.

Over the **Christmas/New Year** period, many members of the Club are on holidays and looking for diving buddies. Anyone interested in diving in the **Sydney area** between 26 December 1994 and 8 January 1995, contact Michael McFadyen on 558-8181 [h] or (018) 27 6556.

Michael McFadyen, Leo Bergagnin Eddy Labour and some other members are planning a trip to **Vanuatu** from **9 to 20 September 1995**. The main aim will be to dive the **SS President Coolidge** (10 to 12 times) as well as diving the **Qantas aircraft** and other wrecks in Port Vila Harbour. The trip will spend four nights in Vila and seven in Luganville (Espiritu Santo). Details are yet to be finalised on accommodation, but it is likely that we will stay at Bougainville Resort in Luganville and dive with Exploration Diving. The total cost of the trip for the 11 nights accommodation, air travel, 18 dives (but not food and grog etc) will be under \$2,000. See Michael for more details or phone on 558-8181 [h] or (018) 27 6556. This promises to be the trip of 1995.

## UPCOMING SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

### Christmas Party/Barbecue

Our major social event is the Club **Christmas Party/Barbecue** which will be held on **Saturday 17 December** at **Cabarita Park** from 3.00 pm. Drive to the end of Cabarita Road at Cabarita and look for the South Pacific Divers' Club banner hanging from one of the park sheds. Meat, salads, beer, soft drinks, etc will be provided. Bring the kids or a friend, eat and drink, enjoy the company and play volleyball or touch football. Please RSVP to Carina Gregory or Barbara Sweetman on (see page 3).

## LAST MONTH'S QUIZ

There was no winner to the last month's quiz questions that accompanied a photo of a 4WD underwater. The correct answers to the questions are that it is a SandRover lying at a depth of 13 metres off South West Rocks and it was sunk by Noel Hitchins of South West Rocks Dive Centre.

## THIS MONTH'S QUIZ

In Port Vila Harbour there is a Qantas aircraft that had an accident while attempting a take off on 10 June 1951. It lies at a depth of about 41 metres and is intact except for its engines and interior fittings. The questions this month are what make and model of aircraft is the plane and what caused the plane to have its accident. The person with the closest answer to the above question at the 19 December meeting will win a bottle of wine. Just tell the Editor your answer.

## NEXT CLUB MEETING

The next meeting will be held on Monday 19 December 1994, starting at 8 pm in the Emile McDonald Room of the Bankstown Sports Club. Many members of the Club will be meeting in the bistro for dinner before the meeting, why not join us at about 7.30 pm. The meeting will be an informal one, mainly just a pre-Christmas get-together and a chance to show your funny and strange slides. There might even be a prize of a bottle of champagne for the best/worst slide.

## FUTURE CLUB MEETINGS

Monday 16 January 1995, Monday 20 February 1995 and Monday 20 March 1995.

## NEW LIMITED EDITION CLUB STICKER

The sticker below is a reproduction of the Club's original logo. A small number will be available for sale for \$2 at the next meeting or send \$2 to the Club and we will mail one out with the next *Wet Rag*.

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