
Club Boat Dives
Weekends Away

Social Outings
Wreck Diving

Reef Diving
Boat Diving

Shore Diving
Night Diving



South Pacific Divers Club

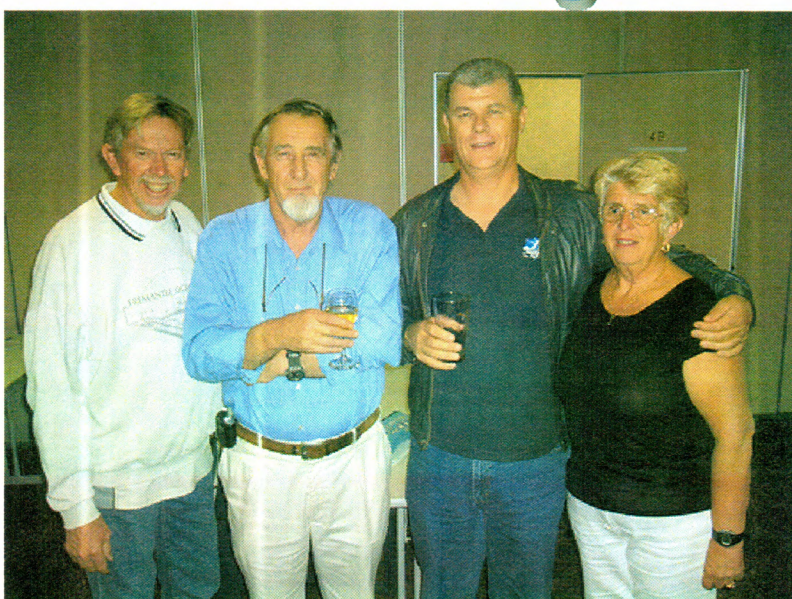
www.southpacificdivers.com



Established 1960

Wet Rag

May 2006 Edition



GATHERING OF OLDER DIVING EXPERTISE. CLUB FOUNDATION PRESIDENT (LIFE MEMBER) DENIS ROBINSON, (WRECK DIVER) PETER HARPER, (LIFE MEMBER) MARTIN KANDALIS AND UNSTOPPABLE DIVER JOAN HARPER AT MAY 1ST SPECIAL MEETING

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The South Pacific Divers Club Newsletter "WETRAG" is published by South Pacific Divers Club. All material submitted to the newsletter should be sent to the Editor, P.O. Box 823 Bankstown, NSW 1885. or geoff@utilize.com.au

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

SPD Meeting 1 May 2006

Thanks to those who attended the meeting on Monday night. It was nice to see some old faces in the room again and to rekindle the spirit of SPD. With the members voting to keep the club alive we can now put the issue of the special resolutions behind us and move forward with a bit more momentum. The speech by Denis Robinson and the subsequent movie footage shows us what a heritage this club has and how divers went about exploring the underwater world. This was real diving, before it became "easy" with the advent of Government rules and regulations, greenies, insurance companies, liability concerns, fluro coloured dive gear and questionable training standards.



Thankfully SPD has always seemed to have members that have pushed the boundaries of the sport whether it was wreck location and exploration, deep diving, photography, caves or re-breather technology. I hope this trend continues and that this spirit is passed on, for now is the time for all members to pull together and contribute the skills and knowledge they have to get this club moving forward again.

There are club dives organized, so get in and support Geoff's efforts. Think about where you want your club to go and be pro active. I would also like to encourage some of the younger members to put their hands up when nominations are called for at the AGM in July. Committee positions are time consuming but the friends made and involvement in doing something you love is rewarding. So give it a go.

Lastly, I would like to give recognition and thanks to the current committee for the jobs they have done so tirelessly over the last few years. Remember they're the one that have kept this club going all that time.

Blue skies, Blue Water,

Glen Percy

TEMPORARY EDITORS CORNER

'A man alone is in bad company.'

As '*one*' person I often wonder whether I am headed in the right direction or whether I have a plan that will be all conquering throughout life. Mistakes have been made on the course I have travelled, but if they are considered part of the learning curve, then again, that must just be part of the plan.. It feels good to be back at South Pacific Divers Club after being on 'leave' for six years. When I left I had reasons but when I heard that the club could fold it was time to spring in action. It was time for everyone to do their bit.

I have a motivational tape once that outlined a story of a little kid walking along a beach after a storm. Thousands and thousands of starfish had been washed up on the beach and were dying as the tide receded. In the distance the kid saw an old man walking towards him. Every so often he would stop, bend down, pick up a starfish and throw it back into the sea. Considering what he had seen the man do, against the mass of starfish dying on the beach, the kid approached the Old Man and said

"What are you doing? There's thousands of starfish dying here. You can't make a difference by throwing some back in...."

The Old Man smiled... bent down... picked up another starfish. Looked at it then threw it into the ocean. He smiled and said to the kid..

"Well I just made a BIG DIFFERENCE to that one..."

The message here is that if each one of us is prepared to make a contribution, big or small, it will make a difference. It is clear from the Special Meeting on the 1st of May that South Pacific Divers Club with renewed enthusiasm will rebuild and emerge stronger than ever. So Let's Go Diving.

Geoff Cook





FROM SPDC HISTORY FILE



Think Deep 1970 Australian Record Scuba Dive

The sun bore steadily down on us and we were conscious of it as we would be of an intense scrutiny, but without the unease this would normally bring us. All around us the sea, the sun's rays glancing off it, stretched calm and flat and a slight haze softened the contours of the distant coast-line. It was very still and the only sound was that of the water slapping lazily against the side of the craft, making us wish it would go on forever, and that we had nothing else to do but allow ourselves to be lulled into a sensation of delicious torpor, which would have been very nice if only we had the time. But we didn't. We were out there because we had work to do.

A beautiful sunny day, with no wind and dead calm sea. **It was Sunday, March 22, 1970.**

I called everybody to the rear deck of the boat and out-lined the plans for our deep dive program. Twenty-six faces looked back at me. There were no doubts about it, they all wanted to go deeper than they had been before. As a general rule, each diver was allowed to exceed his previous dive by 50 feet, give or take a few feet. When and where and with whom they had made their dive was also taken into consideration. They were divided up into small groups, given specific instructions and procedures to follow. Timekeepers were allocated to log all dives and deck hands would do all the manual work. There were dozens of little jobs to do — shot lines, anchor lines, hookahs, hoses, ladders, stand-by divers, safety divers, echo sounders, radios, food and drink, bunks and diving equipment all had to be taken care of.

Suspense was in the air. Everyone knew there would be dangers, but they were there solely because of that. That's why they joined the club. Some would try a deep dive sooner or later, anyway, and it was better that they do it under the control of the club, rather than try it alone. Sure, they had all learned the theory of diving during their basic training courses, but they joined the club for the experience no school of diving can teach. What they had read in books now seemed far away, unreal, unconnected. They were here to see for themselves, but respecting the deep and myself they would follow the plans without question. Here was an opportunity for them to see a practical demonstration of deep diving, and it seemed normal that I, their president, should do it.

Richard Taylor, my diving buddy, would accompany me. Ross Miller, the skipper of the 56-foot trawler we were on, switched on the two-way radio and made contact with the smaller high speed craft around us in the event of any emergency. We were 12 miles out to sea off Sydney at a spot known as The Peaks — the top of a mountain rising up from a sandy plain to within 245 feet of the surface of the South Pacific Ocean. The Peaks is better known as the venue for big game fishermen.

"Hey, Robbo, that's the last man up from 250 feet. Your team had better start getting ready for your dive." It was Robyn. She was keeping track of the divers going in and out. Everyone called me Robbo, among other things. "Get their names and depths recorded," I instructed her.

Some had made it to the bottom and had a look around. A couple didn't quite make it due to the increasing pressure on their ears and, unable to equalize, had to return to the surface. One diver, Barry Lines, had become dizzy from the effects of nitrogen narcosis and returned when he was only five feet from the bottom. Barry had been down to 200 feet before with no effect and it would appear that 240 feet had now become his limit. It is generally believed that nitrogen gas which is in the air we breathe affects the brain when under pressure, or at depth, producing a narcotic effect not unlike that brought about by alcohol.

The anchor was being hauled in by at least 10 divers who had completed their dive. I didn't help them for I knew that if I did any work I would become "narco" sooner than I would expect, and possibly drown.

The other guys in the deep dive team were dozing in the sun, trying not to be concerned too much with the proceedings. Mental relaxation is most important prior to a deep dive, as it is also linked with early symptoms of narcosis. I lay down on the deck of the trawler and tried to get a quick sleep, contented in the knowledge that all the dives had gone according to plan. The sun was beating down on my skin and I could feel the perspiration running down my face.

The diesel engines thundered into life and we headed farther out to sea to deeper water. "How do you think they'll go?" I could hear the skipper asking a group of divers over the blap blap blap of the exhaust.

"Dunno. Both Richard and Robbo know what they are doing. Robbo's been diving longer than anyone in the club can remember, but he's only been down to 241 feet before - the time he took Joan Riley down and set the women's record." This record has since been broken by Kathy Trout who dived to 300 feet.

"The pair of them dive together a lot and Richard's been down 306 feet in Piccaninny Ponds, over in South Aussie." "Yes, but Piccaninny is fresh water." "That doesn't matter -- 306 feet is 306 feet." "How come they don't got narco? They're no different to anyone else." "There's got to be a limit on how far they can go. That's what we're here to find out."

I tried to put their conversation out of my mind . . . "only 241" . . . "longer than anyone can remember". It was impossible to sleep in this heat. If I tell them to be quiet, they'll say I'm a cranky old bastard and shouldn't dive today. Old! At 33! The thought was enough to make one shudder. I slept on that. I felt a hand on my shoulder, gently shaking me. "Wake up Robbo! Time to get your gear on." Kim Woodward was an American in Australia for a diving holiday. Although he had not known me long he knew that if I were to be ready on time I should start getting ready first.

"Are we there already?" I asked. "Yep. the echo sounder is reading 60 fathoms, and the bottom is smooth and flat." I made a rapid calculation. "Hmm, 360 feet, eh?" I checked the air pressure in our tanks. The gauge read 2500 lb psi - they were nice and full. I looked across at Richard. "Can you outline the plan of the dive?" I asked. "Just to be sure."

"Yes. We head down the shot rope together and our safety men, Johnnie Sumner and Rick Latimer, will follow. They'll bring down the hookah and tie it off at 150 feet. I'll try and get a shot of your depth gauge and a shot of the bottom and then we come back." "Not bad," I said. "Except don't expect to be taking that second picture because it's only a bounce dive. A few seconds passed and we were warm. We hung on to the diving ladder and relaxed.

Two hundred yards away we knew the big game fishing club was trying to hook record size sharks, White Pointers and Makos were their quarry. I looked underneath me and was greeted by the clearest blue water you could imagine. Absolute rest was essential before we submerged. We transferred to the rope that led to the shot line up forward. The southerly current seemed to be at a standstill. The sea was flat — dead flat. I had never seen it so flat and we were miles from shore. "When you're ready, we are." The rubber hood over my ears muffled the voice. I looked up. Robyn was setting the time bezels on two watches just as a double check. All around her were 20 or so faces looking down at us. Most of them were in the 20 to 25 age-group. The sun behind them made it hard to see their faces but we knew they were thinking of what lay ahead of us. After all, most of them had been down to 250 feet, so they had a fair idea. They also knew that if one diver should have to return to the surface for any reason, the others would also return despite their own feelings. The club works as a team with no one shirking his share of the work, such as pulling in that anchor rope while we watched. No one grumbled because they knew why.

"All okay?" I asked. I saw three hands make signs like circles. "Let's go then!" I put the mouthpiece of my aqua-lung between my teeth. The air tasted nice and cool. Simultaneously, four black-suited divers slid below the surface with scarcely a ripple. Our aqualungs would give us just enough time to get down and back, and decompress without any delays. They were full of plain ordinary air, the same air everybody breathes, except our air was cleaner and unpolluted. Johnnie Sumner saw to that. He filled our tanks with his compressor and we put our trust in him.

The shot line, a heavily weighted nylon rope fastened to the side of the trawler could be seen disappearing straight down below us - - a seemingly endless white line that vanished into a midnight blue void.

As our ears felt the increasing pressure we squeezed our nostrils together and blew. This forces internal air against the ear drums and relieves the discomfort. This process must be continued all the way down. At the speed we were descending, we were blowing against our ears as fast as we could take a breath. Some divers wiggle their jaws and swallow air, but this practice is dangerous on deep dives as the digested air will expand in the intestines and cause severe gassing on ascending.

A knot in the rope flashed by, we were already at 120 feet, only just getting started. I cleared a faint trace of water from my breathing hoses and mask. I looked over my shoulder and could see our safety men looking after the hookah hose. Richard's fins were flicking close to my face mask and rather than have it knocked off, causing me to waste precious seconds, I pulled on down the line and drew level with him.

Suddenly I was aware of the quietness. Richard's bubbles were no longer bursting in my face. My own bubbles were exhausting at the rear of my head and spiralling toward the surface. I knew the divers on board would be watching our bubbles break the water, guessing how deep we were by their size and pattern. Some would keep check of our breathing rate and if the pattern changed speculation would run high. I glanced at my depth gauge - • 200 and something feet. There should be another knot soon. Yep, there it was, 240 feet and the sunlight was almost gone. There was nothing to look at except that blasted endless white line in front. It had

an almost hypnotic effect on me. A cold chill ran through me and I shivered for a moment — thermocline, a strange separation of layers of water at different temperatures.

Transparent jelly-fish were all around us and then they were gone just as suddenly as they had appeared. We were below them now. My suit warmed up again. It seemed warmer than before — somehow more cosy. I was glad I had changed my mind and bought a thicker wetsuit. It was more difficult to get on and off than the old one but at that depth it made all the difference. There was less tugging on the rope. I guessed that Sumner had stopped and was waiting at 250 feet. We were hardly pulling on the rope at all now. Our suits, compressed by the water, had lost all their buoyancy and we were now sinking. The only sound was the rhythmical ring of the steel cylinders on our backs as we drew the air into our lungs. I could hardly hear Richard's breathing — only the sound of my own air howling through the hoses 10 times faster than up at the surface. The air seemed thicker. All around us was solid blackness. I should have felt cold, but I didn't. In fact, I was quite warm. Twisting my left wrist, I checked the torch that was hanging on a short lead into my hand and shone it on my gauge. I was amazed to see it was still on. The light was a reddish orange. It had been switched on at the surface because we had figured at this depth the switch probably wouldn't have worked anyway. The light from the torch glowed a kind of comfort, like coming into a warm house on a cold, wet night. There seemed to be only two of us. I glanced up and could see Latimer 15 feet above us, silhouetted against the half-light as he hung on to the rope at 317 feet. He was there watching us. He would await our return. I looked back. We were still going down into the black-ness, still sinking. I shook my head and wanted to rub my eyes, but my fingers only pressed on solid glass. A constant throbbing sound pulsed through my body — my heartbeat. It sounded as if it was from inside my head which was swimming. It was like going under chloroform. My vision was spiralling. I moved my hand in a circular pattern in front of my face — the signal to Richard that I was getting sleepy. I tried to focus the torch on my depth gauge for Richard to get a photo, but it was useless — all I wanted was sleep.

I closed my eyes and the blackness blended in — it was so easy. . . Richard grabbed my wrist and, turning the gauge reading 330 feet towards himself, fired off a photo with the camera held in his other hand. The flashbulb burst the blackness like lightning. To hold my wrist and take the photo, he had to let go the rope and grip it in the nook of his elbow.

Richard gestured *Up! Up!* pointing towards the surface. He squeezed my hands around the rope and saw that I started going up, hand over hand. First one hand closing around the rope and the other releasing — a simple easy movement — close hand, pull up, let go, grab again, pull up ... up to the others ... up to the sunshine.

Looking back, Richard saw that I was going the wrong way — Down!!!

I had reversed the hand over hand movement. My co-ordination was good, but I was sinking to a depth where the books say we should be dead — 340 feet!

God knows what thoughts were racing through Richard's mind as he sped down and grabbing me by the shoulder, pulled me up. He looked into my eyes, but according to him, they only stared blankly back at him. He reversed my hand over hand movement and we started up again — or was I going the right way and it was he who was going the wrong way? Up, down, horizontal - - it all seemed the same.

Richard stopped and shook his head. He thought for a moment, and then we continued up. Rick Latimer saw what was going on and despite his own drowsiness descended to give Richard a hand to pull me up. They saw that I was okay-sleepy, but okay.

Somehow I feel subconsciously I opened the valve on my FENZY life jacket and the air poured in, only to be squashed almost flat by the surrounding water pressure. "It made a funny sound:" Rick Latimer later commented. But funny or not, the expanding air in the jacket was speeding me up to the surface. At 250 feet the waiting Johnnie Sumner watched the three of us loom up out of the blackness. He looked into my mask and saw I was okay. Both Richard and Latimer nodded. We were all okay. We headed up, exhaling heavy sighs.

The sunlight started to filter down through the water. I could hear noises - bubbles, tanks resounding their deliverance, giving up the air they had stored in them, a reserve rod rattling against a tank, a dull clunk, a lead weight against steel, popping, fizzing, buzzing, crackling sounds which could have been under-water static, but was more likely air escaping from the intricate maze of tubes inside my own head.

The keel of the trawler appeared like a whale with a dozen black figures dancing and cavorting around divers, people. I was awake. The jackets we wore were becoming larger. We exhaled harder, for should we hold our mouths shut we would explode or at least suffer an air embolism, an excruciating tearing of lung tissue. We paused at our first decompression point and somebody was looking at my fingers, bending them to see if I was in pain, testing my reflexes. A face looked in at me as though I was at the bottom of a deep well. The needle on the decompression meter moved into the next zone and we moved up. The expanding air in my jacket was belching from the safety valve, forming vibrant pools of quicksilver which meandered their way to the ceiling. We followed in their wake and dashed through the roof of our watery

world. Divers started undressing me, stripping me of my weight belt, aqualung, fins and mask. My feet barely touched the rungs of the ladder for hands were holding me up from all directions, hundreds of fingers transporting me like a colony of ants passing a bread crumb. I was on board. My body weight suddenly gained 145 lb. In the water I had weighed nothing. My legs buckled beneath me. "Watch out! He's collapsing - grab him!" Kim hollered. A dozen hands caught me and lowered me on to a makeshift seat. I looked at their faces and nodded thank you.

"Are you okay, Robbo?" a dozen voices asked. I nodded a dozen yesses.

"Cup of coffee, Robbo?" inquired Robyn. I nodded yes. I hesitantly put my lips on the edge of the cup. It was just right, it didn't burn. They had already thought of that. "Vot 'apponed to you, Robbo? Did you krinkle?" It just had to be Janson's; his voice and accent always seemed to filter through. It wasn't a loud voice, but it made us all smile.

"I guess I must have gone to sleep," I blurbed as I dribbled coffee down my chin and all over my wet-suit.

"Hell! The needle on my decompression meter has moved back into the danger zone," Richard suddenly yelled. "Get back into the water fast!" I spluttered a mouthful of coffee all over the deck as a hand pushed me over the rail and into the water. I opened my mouth to say something, but a mouth-piece was thrust between my teeth. A face mask covered my eyes and nose. A hand on my head pushed me under as I had no weight belt and my rubber suit was trying to float me. I pulled down on the rope, cleared my ears and descended to 20 feet — and waited for that little needle to move back to the surface zone. We hung there, suspended above 360 feet of the clearest blue water we had ever seen and the sea was flat — dead flat.

Once again we were in the same ocean that only minutes before had spewed us up from its black soul. I felt I was being regurgitated, as if enough was enough. Divers were buzzing around us like bees around a hive and all we could do was to look back at them and the bottom of the trawler.

The needle was calibrated to simulate the phenomenon of nitrogen gas dissolving in our bloodstreams, balanced against time and depth. We obey our meters like men obey their gods which was why we were back in here. At long last, our meters 'mercifully allowed us to surface. We stayed a little longer just to be sure, then we popped up and climbed aboard.

A voice crackled over the two-way radio, telling all and sundry that they had just landed a 300-pound White Pointer shark. "You blokes were lucky," the skipper said. "You could have been eaten." And, you know, he was right. We hadn't thought of that. Seems to me that a diver's worst enemy is himself, next to that bloody sea!

The sea looked back at us and smiled.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN GETTING RID OF SOME OLD DIVE GEAR?

South Pacific offers to all members a posting area to advertise the sale of some of your excess dive equipment. As we have a number of new divers in the channel looking for start up equipment let just get it happening.. Best news of all... It's a free service.

NEW MEMBERS AND OLD MEMBERS ARE WELCOME TO ATTEND OUT CLUB MEETINGS AND DIVE OUTINGS.

South Pacific Divers Club is again a social diving club whose members have a common interest in scuba diving, wreck diving, cave diving, reef diving and photography. An active calendar of 4 or 5 dives a month is being organized including weekends away to the favourites, Nelson Bay, Seal Rocks, South West Rocks to the North and Bass Point, Jervis Bay, Narooma, Bega in the South. South Pacific Divers Club holds monthly meeting at the Bankstown Sports Club on the third Monday of every month. Meeting start at 8.00pm and include a guest speaker and video/slide show.

Upcoming Club Social Night. Imax Theatre.

Date: Wednesday May 17th 2006

Time: 6pm (arrive 5.45pm)

NPA~Marine Fundraiser

Special Advanced Movie Screening of Deep Sea 3D
Be amongst the first in Australia to view the latest marine IMAX masterpiece.

Join NPA~Marine and some special celebrity guests for a fundraising preview of Deep Sea 3D. Narrated by Johnny Depp and Kate Winslet, moviegoers will swim with some of the planets most unique, dangerous and colorful creatures in the ocean.

Ordering tickets:

To book your ticket please visit our online shop
<http://www.npansw.org.au/onlineShop/or> call the NPA
office on 9299 0000

Tickets are \$12 each or 5 tickets for \$50
Location: LG IMAX theatre, Sydney, 31 Wheat Rd,
Darling Harbour

All profits go to NPA~Marine's conservation work. For
more information on NPA~Marine or the event please
visit www.marine.org.au

WHAT'S BUBBLING

NSW OFFERS FUNDS TO SINK SHIP

NSW has added a \$250,000 sweetener to its bid to have the Federal Government sink HMAS Canberra off the state's coast.

NSW Premier Morris Iemma said the wreck had potential to be a major tourist attraction, particularly on the state's Central Coast.

Mr Iemma said his Government's initial bid to have the navy frigate sunk in NSW waters had been "significantly strengthened" with yesterday's offer to help cover its decommissioning costs.

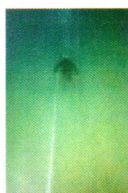
The Premier said he advised Defence Minister Brendan Nelson of the revised bid in a letter yesterday.

HMAS Canberra, a long-range escort frigate, was decommissioned in November last year after being commissioned in 1981.

FUNDRAISERS TRUDGE the harbour depths

ANOTHER bottom-of-the-harbour scheme is unfolding in Sydney. In the depths of Chowder Bay, six new bottom-dwellers have joined the sea creatures that call the waters home. This weekend the six are trying to stride their way into the record books by breaking an 82-kilometre record for the world's longest underwater walk.

The only woman in the group, Jayne Jenkins, said she was suffering from jet lag when she agreed to take part. "I didn't realise there would only be six people. I thought there would be about 50 or 60 people all walking [for] about an hour." Jenkins, 53, a freelance underwater photographer and journalist, said walking her dogs kept her "reasonably fit for an old bird".



Wearing

wetsuits, weight belts and thick-soled dive boots, Jenkins, David Strike, David Thomas, Dave Harasti, Simon Hadwin and Samir Alfirih began their record attempt at midday yesterday. In shifts they each took turns walking for half an hour 50 metres into the waters off the former naval base and back again, using a rope as a guide. The plan was to tag team until midday tomorrow, by which time they hoped to surpass the record by at least eight kilometres. Sleep would be taken in four-hour blocks.

Chowder Bay's rich marine habitat meant the walkers had lots of company. By day, with visibility about five metres and water temperature about 19 degrees, their fellow creatures of the deep included snapper, octopus and flathead. "We've got a big numb ray in the middle of the track," Jenkins said. "They give you an electric shock if you step on them ... but it hasn't zapped us yet, thank God."

Money raised from the submarine effort will go to the rescue service CareFlight. For a gold coin donation, onlookers were welcome at Clifton Gardens on Chowder Bay Road, Mosman, as were divers wanting to keep the group company on their laps

DIVE REPORT

Chicken and Champagne Breakfast Dive.

Anzac Day - 25th of April 2006

ANZAC Day today was not the best weather day for a South Pacific Divers 'chicken and champagne breakfast dive. But what was good was getting the back diving as a Club.

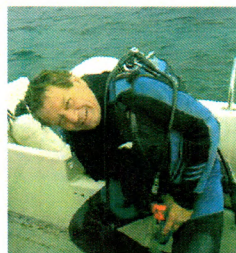
Martin Kandalis, Leo Bergagnan, Carina Gregory, John Fadoulis and I all blew the dust out of regs and dived out of Port Hacking. We were slow gearing up and we were a little unsteady on our feet. Some of us had gear that had apparently 'shrunk'. Diving in the lee of the weather we were amongst friends and their boats. Around us there were a heap of old familiar faces of former members. But getting in the water was worth it. A reef dive along 6 fathom reef with a few Pineapple fish under a ledge and a Blue Devil Fish just topped it off. 55 minutes



All 4 boats rafted up back at Jibbon Beach and tucked in to the chicken and munchies a plenty. Champagne and coffee...and rain showers... and then sun again...

Couldn't have started off the rebirth of the club better.

Barjumba



Special General Meeting

Comments from Denis Robinson (Foundation President)

My recent trip to Sydney to compete in the Australian Masters Track Cycling Championships coincided quite nicely to attend a special general meeting of South Pac.

It gave me a chance to catch up with both old and new friends and to try and support the club in any way possible. I had been worried for a few weeks prior to the meeting that all was not well and that there was a distinct possibility that Southpac may fold.

"No way was this going to happen" became the catch-cry of the support group.

The meeting was chaired independently by long time stalwart Glen Percy, who gave all present the opportunity to speak. The result was a vote of confidence that the club will go forward. "Well done, Glen" on a wonderful job in trying circumstances.

He said it was a long way for me to come from W.A. for a five minute meeting, that may be true for some, but not for me. The meeting's decision gave me great relief as I had seen the gestation, birth and growth of South Pacific for 46 years. And I know Joan Harper, sitting next to me, shed a tear out of her good eye. Joan lost the sight of an eye in a spear fishing accident many years ago.

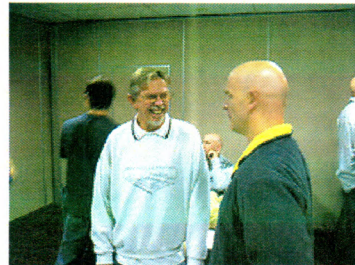
After the meeting I showed some early footage of club activities and it raised a few comments like "why would you want to jump out of a plane with a good engine?"

How did I go in the bike race? No medals, only finished in the minor placing due to Sydney's cold weather. That's my excuse. It has got absolutely nothing to do with some heavy training at the Sportsman's bar in the 14 ounce weightlifting competition with Cookie and Co.

On a more serious note "Welcome back" to all former South Pac members. The books are open, renew your membership. Leave your bags at the door. Let's make the meetings more enjoyable and entertaining. We have trips to go on and wrecks to find.

Join the bunch and help get the show on the road. We have a big party to prepare for, the 50 year Golden Anniversary of South Pacific Divers. I hope to see you there.

Denis Robinson
Foundation President.



Join Now

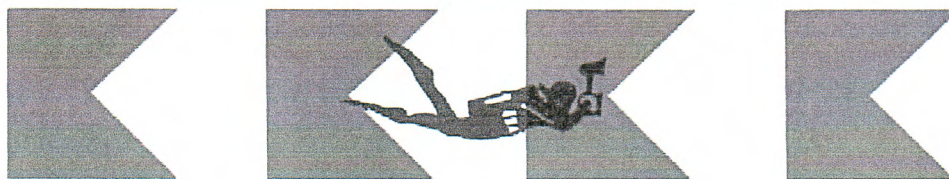
**Membership form
on last page**

May 2006

<u>Mon</u>	<u>Tue</u>	<u>Wed</u>	<u>Thur</u>	<u>Fri</u>	<u>Sat</u>	<u>Sun</u>
1	2 	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15 Club Meeting 8.00pm SS Bega DVD	16	17 IMAX Advanced Movie Screening of Deep Sea 3D	18	19	20	21 9am Club Wreck Dive and BBQ Long Bay \$10
22	23	24	25	26	27	28 Dives 8am 10.30am S S Bombo Wollongong
29	30	31				

June 2006

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
			1	2 	3 Club Boat Dive Valiant Palm Beach	4
5	6 	7	8	9	10	11 Club Boat Dive 8.30am Port Hacking
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19 Club Meeting 8.00pm Whale Shark DVD	20	21	22	23	24 	25 Club Boat Dive Annie M Miller Lunch at Doyles
26	27	28	29	30		



SOUTH PACIFIC DIVERS CLUB

P.O. BOX 823 BANKSTOWN 2200

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I wish to apply for membership for one (1) year tick.

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

..... Post Code.....

TELEPHONE: Work:.....Home:.....Mobile:.....

E-Mail Address:.....

Diving Certification:..... Certification Number:.....

Are You a Boat Owner:..... Type of Boat:.....

CURRENT MEMBERSHIP FEES: Single \$50.00 Family \$75.00

Please Note that Membership for 2006-07 has been increased to cover Insurances

DIVING MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION:

I/We..... hereby apply to join South Pacific Divers Club Inc.
I/We understand the Club is non-profit, non-affiliated with any training organisation and is for certified divers. South Pacific Divers Club Inc does not offer instruction, advice or supervise its members' divers. It is a condition of Club membership that members exercise their own judgement in accordance with their training in deciding whether and/or how to participate in any particular dive, the technique used, or choice of equipment and that any clarification in regard to these matters should be referred to a qualified instructor or my/our certifying agency.

I/We have read the above conditions and accept same as a condition of membership.

SIGNED..... DATE.....