

# ANUSC CLUB NEWSLETTER August 1993

**Well here it is - the long awaited ANUSC winter newsletter! It's been a busy time for some of the club, racing North to Queensland to avoid the Canberra winter. Everyone is now back, and thinking about snow or what to do when the weather improves. Well, things are warming up slowly so here some tales of warmer times to start you up again, then some dives for you to try out,**

**\*\*\*\*\*and notice of the clubs AGM\*\*\*\*\*.**

**JJW**

## MUSGRAVE ISLAND DIARY

It all started on a cold and rainy Canberra morning when five cars set off in convoy from Norm ("*I haven't grown a beard in years and now it's white*")'s place at 7.15 am. Some chose to travel in more style like Siggie ("*if the body wants it, give it to him*") flying into Brisbane from Japan and others cruising to the island on the Lady Musgrave after flying in from France.

Loading up in Gladstone held the prospect of steak tartare and cold bean island dinners hanging over us as James ("*I drive the car with the fuel gauge that goes 'thunk'*") discovers that Gladstone has run out of shellite. After overcoming this setback, everyone helped load up as Guy ("*has anyone seen my clothes bag*") rushes off to Fosseys. After a final 'civilised' dinner and some last minute pilfering of wine glasses, we returned to the boat and bed ("how come all of the good beds at the back of the boat have been taken by the LMI veterans"). The trip out started smoothly and then we left the harbour. Two hours out and the captain comments for the first of many times, "Sea sickness" as bleary eyed bodies rushed to hang like limp rags on various rails of the ship for the remainder of the journey.

Once on the island and set up, life fell into a pattern of dives interspersed with eating, reefwalks, whale watching and general relaxation. A typical day on the island might have been as follows:

The mornings started at first light as Dominique (the early morning call) raised her dedicated parents for clean up duty diligently left by the previous nights revellers. Others emerged more slowly, taking their time preparing for hard days lazing ahead or recovering from the exploits of the night before - after all, living in 'Island time', with the first dive scheduled for '*after breakfast*'. There was no hurry. Breakfast usually brought the first

sightings of the whales. Tristan, or more commonly referred to as 'God', would often be heard in idle chatter with his disciples predicting his next whale sighting (pod number and location to be announced).

9.00 on the dot brings the first attempts to fire up the compressor ("*the cords broken again - better bring in the experts*"). By 10.00 the first tank is filled and the night divers can head off on their 'after breakfast' dive before midday. Dives are varied and interesting, some highlights being:

- Tris ("*look there are whales ahead*"), Kris ("*they're right under me*") and Siggie ("*quick pass me my snorkel*") snorkelling on top of a mother Humpback whale suckling her calf with Rod ("*I wonder if they'd freak if they knew the Black Duck was heading west without a driver*").
- A dive on Manta Bommie via Fairfax held many attractions. Kris ("*I don't breathe underwater*") snorkelled with dolphins under her at Fairfax. John ("*Have some more Dr.*") sees them as hammerhead fins. Snorkelling with whales giving birth ("*John, did you let on that it wasn't true?*"). Setting up anchor over shark gutters and sending down James ("*the long haired drug smoking hippy.*" "*Not!*") to release the anchor in a raging current only to get swept into the Tiawanese trawler (probably after those dolphins of Kris). And finally, to let out the Cherokee on the glassy smooth sea to go in quest for the grandpa shufflenose ray spotted by Norm and Michelle (*Los Dos Moustachios*) at Manta Bommie.
- 'The long dive'. It started as a normal dive. Gear check and into the water "OK let's go down". At the bottom the destruction began. I could immediately see that it was going to be a long dive. Flap, Slash Flap. A trail of broken coral. Klunk. Push, shove. Where are you? Get the fuck away from me! No, not that way!
- Jeremy ("*G and T at sunset. Ahhh, this is the life!*") showing off his years of experience in hurling was observed conversing to Rod ("*Yeah*") about the dive. A quick turn and hurl over the back of the boat and casually continue with the conversation. JD ("*It's time for a weather update*") showed his inexperienced method of hurling as Guy ("*has anyone seen my regulator*") questioned "Do you play much sport?" JD "I'll tell you on the island". Guy

“What’s your PhD on?” JD “I’ll tell you on the island” Hurl, hurl, hurl... “There I feel much better now. Can I drive the Cherokee home”.

Other highlights included a drift dive through the channel, a sunset cruise (“*where are the G and Ts*”) in the Cherokee after a very boring dive (“*we’re never letting Jeremy choose the dive site again*”), Jeremy (*the great white hunter* - provider of tinned tuna for dinner) setting a shark onto Jann (“*I only slice and dice*”) by pulling its tail and John (“*I only do it to look like a churub on the boat bow.*”) pissing on Ian (*the man with the unusual fetish for putting large sea cucumbers in Tristan’s BC pockets*) completing an hour dive. The Tinny (*this way up*) proved itself once again to be the perfect boat to dive Battery Bommie. Also, an expedition to catch dinner by Jeremy, Rod (“*There was a pack of about twenty hammerheads in the lagoon*”), John and Kris turned into a comedy of errors by a raging current that was about one Knot.

Lunch time would bring a respite from diving as everyone rushed to get their traditional LMI jaffles. Following lunch, people would head off for another dive or for some serious reef walking, which itself brought its share of interesting and amusing moments such as John (“*I’m fitter than a fish!*”) chasing and catching a fish with his bare hands as Rod (“*I caught six of these once and we ate them. They were poisonous!*”) tried hurling his knife at them, and failed. The small octopus found by Kris (“*I was the only one that didn’t get a reputation on the island*”) was much admired by all except Norm (“*what are you all looking at there*” Answer “*a hole*”) who came along too late after JD (“*the octopus will never get away in this rock pool*”) lost it.

As the shadows lengthen on LMI a small group head off to the tower to watch the sunset. The cooks in the tent whip up their speciality, what will we have for dinner today? Perhaps sauerkraut with that special ingredient (“*where’d you get that smoky flavour*”) or mud crabs, a barbecue or chicken and pasta yet again. And for dessert chocolate mousse or banane flambe (or should that be “*lantern flambe*”). The reading gang set up their lanterns on the table preparing for the night and Jeremy and Kris frantically set up their tripods to catch the sunset that failed. The G and T club are foiled again. Darkness falls and as people gather around the table the inevitable question is asked “is the compost lid off?” or “is the wind blowing from the toilets?”. The fridge (“*just tip it upside down, that’ll fix it*”) has been opened again. As pre-dinner conversations revolve around sharks, seasickness and “*fucking*” (the ultimate measure) the dinner

time readers get out their books. As Norm (“*so what’s been happening these last three days*”) becomes grossly involved in dinosaur monsters, Guy (“*has anyone seen my teaspoon*”) discovers how to solve decision problems using  $3\pi(A-C/DB)\sin\theta \tau\Delta/2AB$ . The night divers head off to return with fantastic tales of wonders they have seen, and dinner is finally served (“*Siggi have some more*”..... “*No, no I couldn’t....but if some were to fall into my plate I couldn’t say no*”).

After dinner most wander off to bed and soon only the dedicated are left. The Dr or the Frogmouth would come out as well as the occasional Worm and the nocturnal exploits of the LMI inhabitants would begin in earnest. After the ‘*ten o’clock weather report*’ according to the quantitative ‘*misery factor*’, the ‘*yellow instrument*’ and the movements of the ‘*short brown legged reef runner*’, there might be an expedition to the tower or a midnight reefwalk. The formation of the ‘*ANU night diving club*’ provided a highlight with the weary new members drifting off to bed at 3am after (Marlene) consuming all of the alcohol on the island during Skull and Pass the Pigs courtesy of James (“*how much will it cost to buy the negatives*”).

Finally all are asleep. That is all but the centipedes lurking in the unwary’s tents as Kris was all too rudely awoken by one biting her on the lip and Albane (juggler extraordinaire) had the misfortune of finding two in her tent on the one night. Rod claimed he saw a six inch one wriggling on the toilet rails.

The dawning of the last morning brought everyone out of bed uncharacteristically early to pack up and get ready to leave. The boat ride back was uneventful but pleasant with the inevitable ‘*Hunt for Red October*’ emerging. A motel was found in Gladstone with an extremely hospitable proprietor (“*come in and have a drink, I’ve only got rum left*”) and we set off to put the local pizza joint out of business as John (“*keep on bringing out the pizzas*”) and Guy (“*has anyone seen my diving gear*”) took ‘*\$6 for all you can eat*’ literally, and more. Two full days of driving got us back to Canberra to collapse and wish for another holiday to recover from the one we had just had.

Blondie and Special K.

### Club meeting June 3rd

A club meeting was held on the 3rd of June, where some business was conducted, a new dive calendar

planned, a CPR demonstration given by an ANU trainer and his lovely dolls, and after some final discussions the meeting was concluded.

### September 18/19                      The South Coast

Possibly around Ulladulla, but check this one with Phil who knows more dive sites on the coast that most.

Contact: **Phil Herral**                      ,                      **ah 2375175**  
**w 2976031**    **or**                      **2974951**

### Labour day weekend                      Montague Island October 2/3/4

The sharks will have gone at this time of the year but there will be 100 of playful seals in the water off the Northern point of the Island. In addition to this, schools of big fish, great underwater growth, magic vis and spectacular dropoffs, Montague has it all. Last year we had dozens of seals playing around us during the dives. Don't miss out this year. Camping at Mystery Bay in the sunniest spot we can find.

Contact **Jeremy Weinman h 2547502**  
**w 2495051**

October 14th The next

**Club Meeting (AGM in fact)** 8pm, in the Sports Union club meetings room (the old Sports Union Admin office, next to the counselling center). Apart from the usual chores like picking a 'management team' for the next year, and hearing me tell you that we haven't spent all of our savings, we'll get to discuss any other pressing matters. For example, I'd like to propose we change our name to

the ANU SCUBA diving club (such heresy!). We'll then plan our dive calendar and show slides from some recent expeditions to warmer places (which is the real reason why we come along to these meetings).

### October 30/31    Jervis Bay

JB is packed with great divesites, particularly those off the front cliffs. Apart from the big dives out the front there are a number of good dives within the bay (maybe this time we'll get to middle grounds!). There are really four potential boat ramps (Currarong, Honeymoon bay, Murrays beach and Summercloud bay) so we can choose where to launch to suit the prevailing conditions. Steve hasn't decided yet where to camp but he'll tell you when you call. This should be a great dive weekend. Make sure you come along.

Contact **Steve Harding**    **w 2513134**  
**h 2512834**

### Further away (December 6-11th)

**The Tasmanian Wilderness Games has an underwater component to be held around Bicheno.** This is an IV like event open to registered students only. Fairly cheap diving and a few social events. While the ANUSC isn't planning on going as a club, we'd be happy to provide club gear free for any club members wishing to attend. Contact Jeremy ASAP for more details.    h)2547502

## GEAR ISSUE AND RETURN

(Thursdays only unless you arrange otherwise)

\*\*\*Remember, people will only attend if you contact them beforehand\*\*\*

Also, try to contact people at home. They need to work during the day to support their diving.

<u>Siggi Schmid</u>	<u>Steve Harding</u>	<u>Kristina Sands</u>	<u>Michelle Karas</u>
New listing in Turner ?(h) 2494190 (w)	2513134 (w) 2512834 (h)	2417812 (h) 2492222 (w)	2411281 (h)
26/8/93	9/9/93	2/9/93	16/9/93
23/9/93	30/9/93	21/10/93	14/10/93
7/10/93	28/10/93	4/11/93	11/11/93

**In an emergency (only) call Jeremy (h) 2547502, (bh) 2495051.**

## EQUIPMENT RULES

### TANKS - VESTS - REGULATORS

The ANU Skindiving Club has several sets of SCUBA equipment, purchased and maintained with a combination of Sports Union grants and Club generated funds. This equipment, stored in the **relocated** ANUSC gear store next to the Sports Union recreation office, is subject to constant and demanding use so the following rules have been formulated in the interests of all club members, of the Sports Union, and of the issuing and maintenance officers.

- 1) One set of gear is provided only to qualified divers who are current members of both the ANU Skindiving Club and the Sports Union. Persons not known to the issuing officer may be asked to show their Sports Union card and may be checked against the list of current members.
  - 2) Gear is available free of charge on club dives - subject to a deposit (currently \$10), refundable when the equipment is returned on time, complete and unabused, clean and with the **tanks full**. Borrowers are not guaranteed exclusive use and may be required to share with other club members on a dive.
  - 3) When not required for club purposes, equipment may be hired for private use at a fee of \$20 per set, plus the usual deposit. Equipment is for the support of diving as a club, and is not available for private use when a club outing is scheduled, regardless of however many sets appear to be spare. The club does not accept advance bookings for the use of equipment.
  - 4) **Note that Sports Union staff do not have a key to the club storage room and do not accept gear for return.** If you leave returned gear at the office you must expect to lose your deposit. Equipment may be borrowed and returned around 5:30 pm on Thursdays, via the rostered issuing officer, **who attends only on request**. In order to allow everybody fair access, gear **must** be returned by the Thursday following the week of issue.
  - 5) The member signing for gear remains fully responsible for it until it is signed back in. Negligent loss or damage will be treated in accordance with current policy of the Club and the Sports Union, which retains ownership of all club equipment. Borrowers are expected to keep track of all gear issued to them, particularly on dives where it is shared.
  - 6) **To avoid damage, please remove jacket vests from tanks before transport.** After use wash ALL gear in fresh water, rinse out vests internally, and return them half-inflated. Hose down your tanks and tank boot. **Ensure that the dust cap is tightly fitted to the reg before soaking. Water in the reg will damage it and can result in total failure of your reg or gauges. Apart from the danger to you or other users, this costs us lots of money to replace.**
  - 7) **NEVER EVER leave tanks or hoses or vests in your car in the hot sun.**
- In the interests of safety and to avoid inadvertent re-issue, all faulty gear must be labelled as such on return, AND reported personally to the gear maintenance officer.**

Gear Maintenance Officer: Steve Harding - phone 251 3134 (w)