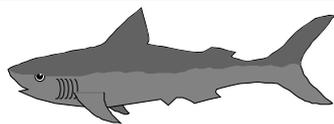


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# The ANU SCUBA Diving Club Newsletter

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September 1996

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\*\* intro \*\*

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## Shell Harbour

*Marcus Schortemeyer*

When Tristan wrote his report about this year's Brush Island trip, he concluded: "Looking back towards the coast from the Cherokee, I pondered that the view probably hadn't changed much since it was seen by the crew of the Endeavour." Well, Cook's crew would certainly notice some changes today if they anchored at Shellharbour. It provides an extra-idyllic setting with exquisite views of the Port Kembla steel works. What I enjoyed most at the Shellharbour caravan park was the short walking distance to the pub!

Diving at Bass Point brought us to the famous Arch (not to confuse with the Arch in Jervis Bay) – very nice swim-through. Some 80-100 m further west there's a beautiful cave – inhabited by a big school of yellowtail and a grumpy cuttlefish. Well, Jakob and I were so fascinated with the place that we stayed there a little too long – leading us into our first alternate air source exercise in real life. With the anchorline in reach and the boat in sight, this was more interesting than worrying, though.

A nice additional feature was the permanent noise from the horn of the Cherokee, probably due to a short-out. The noise stopped, though, before our fearless driver went nuts. The second dive of the day went to the *Pinnacle*, also at Bass Point. An interesting structure going down to 27 m, it's not quite as nice or impressive as its namesake off Brush Island. Two other members took the opportunity to repeat our little air share adventure of the morning.

On Sunday, the diving was off Wollongong, where we searched for the *Bombo*, a ship that sunk in 1949. The wreck is turned upside down and broken in the middle (it apparently broke when hitting the bottom), but since it's in 32 m depth, its structure is relatively well preserved. The huge propeller, for instance, is still in position. The wreck offers lots of swim-throughs and is home for lots of fish.

The major problem was to find the *Bombo*. The marks Phil had seemed to apply to an area of about a square mile, and we were not even sure which island was the proper mark. Finally, with me short of believing that the *Bombo* story was a legend, the Daff crew with Bill, Jason, Peter and Wendy found the right spot. For me, also due to the excellent visibility, this was the best dive of the weekend.

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## Jervis Bay

*Matthias Regner*

Jervis Bay? The name had been mentioned to me countless times by excited people deeming it to be the greatest spot on the NSW coast. A good example for the affection towards Jervis Bay was Jackie who, full of anticipation, couldn't sleep any longer on Sunday night and took off from Canberra at 3:30 am! So I was anticipating the scheduled long weekend trip to Honeymoon Bay. What 'long' actually meant wasn't clear to me until Friday afternoon, when I realised that the Commonwealth's Head of State is still the Queen. While this seems strange to me I certainly don't object to a long weekend (I assume anybody can turn into a Royalist as long as there is a number of public holidays to be ripped off the whole matter).

On the way coastward Karen stopped at the lookout from the mountain range (700m altitude) to enjoy the view over Nowra and Jervis Bay, which is nothing short to breathtaking. Already, the warm feeling of having escaped Canberra's freezing winter cheered me up.

After our arrival at Honeymoon Bay there was nothing much to do but to stroll along the magnificent white beaches while wait for the next dive which was to Bone Island. Before setting off however, everybody around had a big smile at this crazy German squeezing himself through the narrow water- (and perspiration-)proof fittings of a dry suit.

The dive was excellent, little more to say as my vocabulary doesn't allow for an elaboration on the variety of species around. It was kind of relieving, though, to see everybody shiver on the way back, hehe. Ah yes, the way back was little less exciting than the dive itself, with a couple of seals

and penguins crossing our way and the majestic sea eagles cruising above our heads. Amazed I asked Jeremy, which kind of animal it was that had not been seen in these waters before ("seals? penguins? dolphins? sharks? whales...?"), and the only "no" I got was to orcas. Brilliant!

The night saw a merry gathering of a crowd of 23 around the numerous cooking devices, heavy duty-proven on many dive-trips and bushwalks. Once more, after my first club-dive three weeks earlier at Shell Harbour, I was astonished by the cooking excesses of some of the present. Above all Jeremy, who rejoiced in his preparations as if it was to be his last dinner. And once more I decided to be better prepared next time. The evening ended (or began) with Michelle, Jeremy, Bill and myself under Bill's luxurious Tarp. This being my first try of Marijuana it is clear that I don't remember the following very accurately. However I do remember Michelle's sudden exit. Well, sudden may be yet an understatement as it appeared more like a "Scottie, beam me up (into my tent), there is no intelligent life on earth (under this Tarp)!" The last thing I recall is Bill's statement, that my pillow was way too low to prevent nasty bugs from crawling into my ears.

Sunday was generally the same procedure: Great diving, this time at the Arch and the Docks. During the former Chuck decided to teach everybody a lesson in how not to see the wood for the trees: Although both anchors virtually hit the Arch, upon exiting he would still claim to have missed it. Must have been distracted by some little mermaids, I reckon. (Jeremy, have you seen mermaids at Jervis Bay before?).

On an extended afternoon bushwalk Bill discovered a mysterious "Black Lake, only 400 m away!", packed with Eagles sitting in the trees. Consequently, he would try to persuade the whole bunch of divers to join him for a late-night "spot-lighting" walk, followed by a camp at this lake's beach in order to watch the eagles rise in the early dawn. Be it due to a couple of pulls at Jeremy's superb joints or to the shattering round of mind-boggling jokes (starring actor-director Bill and actress/actor Michelle and Roy), Bill couldn't find many enthusiasts for spending the night out. Finally he set out with two followers: Bush Rat (will anybody please tell me where this name comes from?) and myself.

Thanks to Bush Rats do-it-yourself supernova headlight we spotted billions of amazing things, that is, billions of little possums. All of them, as Bill put it "having their small brains fixed on us". In fact, the possum watching at virtually every tree delayed us so much that Bill began to press on in order to reach the Holy Grail before weariness would weaken our guts (or was it after all a BIT further than just the claimed 400m?). We followed. Soon Bill would decisively leave the track and soon he would.....stop abruptly giving some vague statement that he was probably too stoned to find the right way through the 'Dickicht'. Meanwhile both, Bush Rats supernova headlight as well as Bills had renounced their services which left us a bit desperately with a tiny MagLite. On the spot it was decided to stay where we were (right in midst the forest, covered only by a leafy roof) and to get up early at dawn. No sooner said than done we lay comfortably on a

leafy soil in a surprisingly warm spot. Perhaps I should mention the fantastic sound effects throughout the night. We were immersed in a ceaseless rustling and moaning and cracking. Being not used to such things from good old 'up above' maybe I would have felt quite uneasy. But the comforting snores of these two outback-indigenous Crocodile Dundeeds dispersed my worries (then again it might have just been the effects of Jeremy's hand-on earlier).

Indeed, I survived with only a few Mossi bites and we left the place to venture further into the Rainforest. Finally a glade opened up before us and there it was: The Black Lake (which appeared completely black indeed, yet at the same time quite clear), surrounded by some swampy marshes. To make it short: The eagles were already gone and we had to make do with a few kangaroos and... ..ducks. Still, the scenery was great and worth the while in any case.

Back with the others, Crocodile Head was on schedule and a group of six set out to get a good chunk of nitrogen narcosis, as if the nightly intoxication wasn't enough. Unfortunately, a south easterly wind had risen and with it quite a swell. Yes, quite a BIG swell once we had left Jervis Bay. Amid the five-second intervals of 'horizon 5 meters away - horizon 20 miles away' no one was keen to plunge down to more than 50 metres. So we traded Crocodile Head for the somewhat calmer Midwater, where we fell upon what looked like a garage sale for rusty anchors. Strangely, the salespersons were missing. Fair enough for Bill and later Frank: Each grabbed one of the dozens of anchors laying around to let them see the light of the world again.

So, I guess that's all, isn't it!?

Okay okay, it isn't! Remains the little episode of my inglorious 'jumping' off the Cherokee in full speed on the return trip from Midwater. Of course, this was ONLY A TEST on how efficiently the team would be working to rescue a man overboard! (Yeah, and pigs can fly!)

Anyway, already looking forward to next years trip to Jervis!!!

# The Diving Calender

# Equipment Rules – Tanks/Vests/Regulators

The ANU SCUBA Diving 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 in the green double garage on North Oval, 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 SCUBA Diving Club and the Sports Union. Persons not known to the issuing officer may be asked to show their Sports Union/Student card and may be checked against the list of current members. You can not borrow a 2nd set for a non-member,
- 2) Gear is available free of charge on Club dives - subject to a \$10 deposit, refundable when the equipment is returned **the next week**, 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) 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. **If you don't ring a gear officer, or a Club official if you can't contact one, to arrange return of your gear you must expect to lose your deposit.**
- 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.**
- 7) 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.**
- 8) **NEVER EVER leave tanks or hoses or vests in your car in the hot sun.**
- 9) **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 by the borrower.**

Gear Maintenance Officer Eric Wenger

phone: 248-7394 (H)  
x4425 (W)

email: [wenger@rsc3.anu.edu.au](mailto:wenger@rsc3.anu.edu.au)

## Gear Issue and Return

(Thursdays only unless you arrange otherwise)

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

Bill Keating 241-8028 (H) x3460 (W)	Eric Wenger 248-7394 (H) x4425 (W)	Jason Haines 285-2001 (H) x8175 (W)	Karen Edwards 241-7807 (H) x3766 (W)
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bill@cs.anu.edu.au	wenger@rsc3.anu.edu.au	Jason.Haines@anu.edu.au	karen@rsc3.anu.edu.au
29/02/96	07/03/96	14/03/96	21/03/96
28/03/96	04/04/96	11/04/96	18/04/96
25/04/96	02/05/96	09/05/96	16/05/96
23/05/96	30/05/96	06/06/96	13/06/96
20/06/96	27/06/96	04/07/96	11/07/96

In an emergency (only) call Bill 241-8028 (H) x3460 (W)