

The ANU SCUBA Diving Club Newsletter

May 1997

The Club has been having a ball over the last couple of months! We have had some well-attended dives to some great spots and there is more great diving to come! Check out the updated calender.

Newsletter feedback

We are continuously looking for ways to improve the newsletter (well, perhaps not continuously, but at least every now and then ☺). If you have any suggestions on things you would like to see included in the Club newsletter, or just generally comments, feel free to get in touch with me.

Eden

Steve Greatbanks

This, being only the second club dive that I'd frequented, I was keen to see what Eden and the infamous tugs had to offer. Once Christiane's car was full with dive kit and enough beer to last the three day trip over the Canberra Day long weekend, there was even room left over for a tent. After coaxing the car over Brown Mountain, we managed to arrive at the campsite on the Friday night before either of the boats. Just about managed to get the tents up in the dry for a change, had a beer at the Seahorse Inn and then crashed out. Christiane (in true Teutonic fashion) was up at dawn, but as there was no pool and no sun loungers to put her towel on. She decided to wake me instead (of which I could have been more appreciative) to witness the sunrise through the palls of smoke from back-burning that dogged the weekend. The boats had arrived during the night, and slowly people started appearing to prepare for the first dive. Apart from the smoke, the seas were perfect and the first dive was on the Tasman Hauler (the larger, deeper and better preserved of the two tugs, lying between 15 and 30 metres). Another dive boat was already on station so we used him as a mark and both Cherokee and Daffodil dropped their anchors right on the tug.

I wasn't really prepared for the scale of the wreck or quite how strange it was to see the boat underwater. I was also impressed with the number of jewelled anemones over the upper structure, but there weren't that many fish, although a chunky Blue Groper sticks in the memory. Other people on the dive were lucky enough to see a seal. We had a swim through some of the superstructure and revelled in the total lack of any current. I'd not dived to 30 metres before and I suffered with a reverse squeeze which made surfacing rather uncomfortable, and by the time I'd reached the surface, I felt decidedly green. On the way back in, I managed to projectile vomit over my wetsuit, and managed to get some over the side. If there are some strange stains on the port pontoon of daffodil, I'm to blame; even so, the dive more than made up for the discomfort. Because of that, I took it rather easier the rest of the weekend. The boats however did not! They

were in constant use the whole weekend and took a real pasting, which is great news since that's exactly what they're there for.

The keen people headed out for a night dive, hoping to do the Tasman Hauler, but some thoughtful soul had stolen the buoy, and having arrived in the area when it was just too dark to see the marks, they could not find the tug. Eventually they settled for a dive on one of the points instead, and commented that there were so many Sea Urchins about that it was impossible to set down. Also, they came back very cold, after constant surges of very chilly water. I, meanwhile, was enjoying a few Coopers and marvelling at the size of Australian insects (and particularly a very large, malevolent species of jumping ant that we had camped on, and which had taken aversion to Jann and Kimberley).

The Sunday was more of the same, with dives onto the smaller tug and the tunnel (with the *very* large Wobbegong who was unhappy at being disturbed). I went out for a brief dive, but managed to see the seal I'd missed the previous day, and what a little show-off he was! Only two of the divers managed to get to the tunnel, the others following the wall (with very nice soft coral growth) the wrong way. The night divers were better prepared this time, and lots of very impressed people returned. Jerry made a comment that it was as good as anything he'd seen up north, which is high praise indeed. I however missed this, but I did have the solace of beer.

Monday saw a change of personnel with some faces arriving and some going (which happened over the whole weekend). We found time to do another run out to the tugs, Cherokee to the big tug, Daffodil to the smaller tug, and again there were lots of beaming divers. Jerry engaged in some piracy and plundered the Cherokee of snakes before making our escape. On the way in we were lucky enough to be intercepted by several Dolphins which jumped around both boats and surfed along in the bow waves; an incredible experience which made my weekend. Typically, as soon as Matthias tried to snorkel with them, they disappeared.

After striking camp, conditions were good enough to do the Gladstone, so we headed off to Merimbula to launch the boats. I missed out on this one, and went to see the aquarium instead. Apparently there were vast numbers of fish, and Matthias even managed (somewhat unwisely) to stroke an Angel Ray. As the dive was so shallow, everybody managed to do around an hour, though there were some interesting experiences with strong surge, whisking people from 11 to 6 metres in an instant. On their return, the very cold (but smiling) faces were glad to see a constant supply of coffee and tea right next to the boat ramp. A very civilised way to end a great weekend of diving. Luckily the irate fisherman who lost his line to Christiane's boat driving never managed to catch up with her. Can't wait until next year to see all the stuff I missed, and to try and get as many dives in as the seven managed by the keener folk this time.

Thanks to Jeremy for his efforts, which made the whole thing run seamlessly.

Burrewarra and Black Rock

Larissa. Arney

The diving calendar proclaimed a weekend for beginners and rusty divers. 'That's me,' I thought, and promptly signed up. I pondered briefly on why Bill wrote 'Who knows what adventures await this time?' but dismissed it as an in-joke that would be revealed to me in time.

Saturday's dives at Garden Bay (just south of Mosquito Bay) and Black Rock were good and I think I remembered all that I had been taught in my course. We also saw cuttlefish, octopus, a big blue groper and a few different types of wrasses.

Sunday dawned and after deciding Burrewarra Point was too rough we headed back to Malua

Bay to dive Black Rock, this time in search of the bubble cave. Five of us set out in Daff, and I thought to myself that I was lucky to have four other more experienced divers with me. Hmmm...

After carefully securing the anchor we headed around the north end of the rock to the bubble cave. Jeremy found it, and in the process of looking at it, we kicked up quite a lot of sand. Then came the first indication that the dive wasn't quite going to go as planned. As the sand settled we discovered that we had lost Steve and Jeremy had charged off in the direction of the boat. Feeling more than a little uneasy, Christiane, Martin and I swam back to the boat. Or, should I say, where the boat was when we descended. That's right, much to our dismay, the boat had been picked up by the current and was happily floating to Bateman's Bay and beyond. Martin swam valiantly in an effort to catch the boat and was fortunately rescued from this tremendous task by some passing fishermen who let him hitch a ride to the runaway Daff.

Meanwhile, Christiane, Jeremy and I stressed about the whereabouts of Steve. He was soon located thanks to the rescue boat, sent out after our trusty shore observers noticed that Daff was making a getaway. Seconds later, Martin was spotted on the horizon (well maybe a little closer than that) with the recaptured Daff firmly under control. The remainder of the journey past without incident but we were all glad to be back on dry land.

It was certainly an experience and one that I'm not sure I want repeated in a hurry — it was only my third boat dive! Thanks to the guys that rescued us and to the vigilant shore patrol who sent them out. No thanks though to the coast patrol who were doing their best not to rescue us! I had a great weekend — though it's a hell of an initiation for a new member!

Lady Musgrave Island

July 5 – 17th 1997

The exact dates for Musgrave have been finalised.

Our charter boat, the *Hyland C*, will be available for loading from 1600 on Friday the 4th of July. This leaves us Thursday and Friday to drive up there. The boat will leave Gladstone at 2200 on the 4th of July. The boat will arrive at 0600 on the Saturday 5th July where we will change over with Steve's group.

We will then spend 12 luxurious nights basking on a tropical island and generally having a good time.

The boat will pick us up from the island on Thursday the 17th July at 1600 and return to Gladstone around midnight.

By this stage everyone who has put their name down for Musgrave should know whether they have a place (ie have paid their deposit) or if they are on the reserve list. If you have any doubts, please get in touch.

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The Diving Calender

If you want to go on a dive please get in touch with the trip organiser around one week beforehand.

**Ulladulla: Brush Island
Anzac Day Long Weekend
April 25 – 27th**

There is a lot of good diving to do in the Ulladulla area. North of Brush Island is fish-packed Boiler. Further out to sea are the twin bombies The Pinnacle and The Pleasure Dome. These bombies are certainly some of the best dive sites on the south coast.

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**Tathra/Bermagui
May 17 – 18th**

Tathra has some really lovely diving. The wharf is a nice easy shore dive populated with fish, octopi and friendly sea horses. There are also rumours of some fantastic pinnacles further out to sea, which will definitely be worth investigating.

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**Jervis Bay
Queen's Birthday Long Weekend
June 7 – 9th**

Who can argue for a republic when the Queen's birthday long weekend gives the chance to explore the sights at Jervis Bay?

This time we intend to camp on the south side of the Jervis Bay at Bristol Point. This will give us the chance to explore some favourite sites such as Summercloud Bay, The Bogey Hole and the place that Kristina found called *The Place* (no points for imaginative naming!).

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**Working Bee at the Dive Shed
June **WHEN 21st ??** 10am**

This is our last chance to do work on our gear before the Musgrave Island trip. If you want to ensure that the gear is in good health and boats are working make sure you come along

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Dive planning get together

Wednesday September 3rd 7pm
The Bridge above the Student Union

It's spring and the time has come to plan the dives for the remainder of the year. Come along to have your say about where the club will dive over the coming months.

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Montague Island and Bermagui
September 28 – 29th

It's seal time again! This is our traditional post-winter dive and we will go down to Montague Island to play with the seal colony that visits at this time of year. Note that this trip is one weekend before the Labour Day long weekend so that we can avoid the rush. Accommodation will be at the Mystery Bay campsite in bushland surroundings.

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