



Sea Braggin'

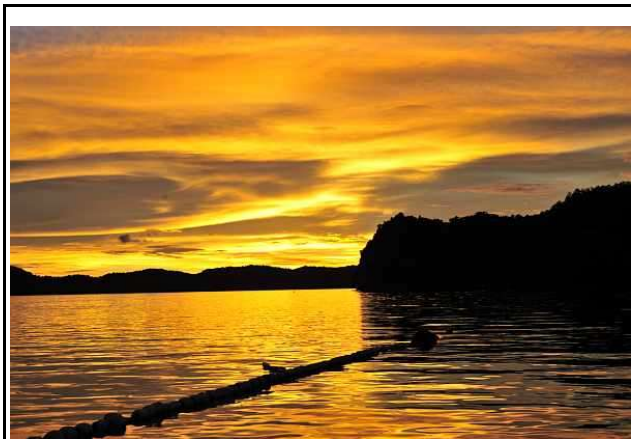
MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

December 2008

Palau Trip Report

By Mark Ridsdale

Palau is a group of 500 islands with the principal island being Koror. Palau boasts over 1500 species of fish, 200 species of hard and soft corals. Water temperature is consistently 29 -30 degrees and offers 24 wreck dives and 51 dive sites - there are more but not listed for recreational divers.



Sunset in Palau

The majority of the dives are drift dives which adds a dimension of challenge for the still photographers when the current has momentum. Most of the dive sites were 30 - 60 minutes away by bullet boat - say 35 - 45 nautical mile trips. Best to do these bullet runs when it is raining - the rain doesn't sting - it belts you!

Steve and Sue, Eddy and Louise, Geoff and Margaret, Peter Trayhurn, John Prior and Mark Ridsdale went on the trip.

We had a stopover in Cairns and Guam on the way over. Dave (Glock 45), John (Baretta) and I (Glock) had a 9mm shoot off at the local gun range - we all won the event having hit the target at least once out of 40 tries.

The Hotel - West Plaza - Malakal - the rooms were largish, clean, well appointed - not quite what was depicted on the web as a standard room - nor was the Oil Refinery storage depot next door highlighted - made for an unusual view.

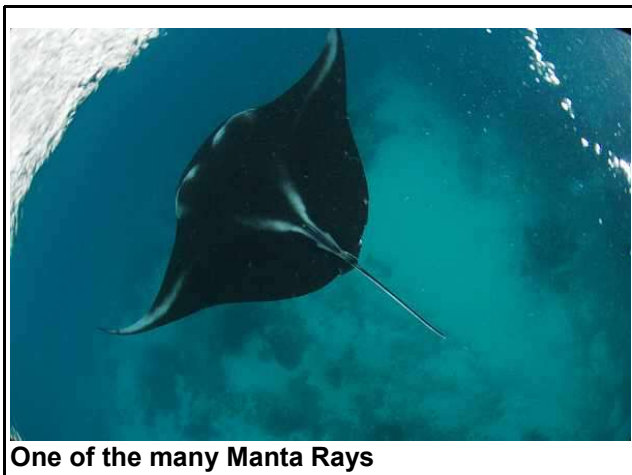


View from the hotel!

Our dive operator, Sam's Tours is a serious operation handling up to 100 divers per day on 10 boats - compressors the size of bedrooms - free nitrox - we know Peter can smell out a bargain - so he dived with twins.

Our group was allocated a boat, Divemaster and boat driver - Jim and Jimmy - just to cut down any confusion. Both were great. Jim, an American from Chicago who has been with Sam's for 4 years was just superb as the Tour Leader. The boats (and we had a few) were a piece of plastic - well moulded - with twin 150hps on the back - probably scooted along at 70 -80 klms per hour. Lunches on board were great: rolls, sushi, asian food and free drinks.

On day one we did two dives, the first, Big Deep, was a reef dive – a sheer wall down to about 45 metres plus which was very pretty but not a lot of variation. This was the get-to-know-you-dive. After chastising Jim, we then went to the German Channel which was much better despite a little current. Here we saw sharks, huge GTs, blue trevally, dog-tooth tuna, turtles, and other pelagics. It was on this dive that a Manta Ray decided to dive bomb our dive group – coming within a foot as it skimmed between us!



One of the many Manta Rays

On day two we did the Siales Tunnel which is a huge cavern starting at about 35 metres and going right through the reef for about 30 - 40 metres with three exit points silhouetted by the blue ocean – just awesome! After exiting we then rode the current along the wall – with spectacular fans, sharks, pelagics and all manner of life. We also dived Ulong Channel – a drift dive using dive hooks, you would have thought it was a shark feed with large GTs, schools of blue trevally, barracuda, reef runners, large ball of fish – '000s being herded by Giant GTs and sharks – it was all happening.

Day three saw us head to Amatsu, a World War 2 Tanker sunk by the Americans – About 800 feet long and 8,500 tonnes. A 40 metre dive – very enjoyable with quite a bit of penetration – I did get stuck and accidentally put my hand down – well whoever was supposed to be doing the housework did a lousy job as clouds and clouds of silt went everywhere – poor Dave and John behind me – I have apologized a number of times. Not a lot of

growth on the wreck but worth the experience – say 8 out of 10.

Helmet Wreck – another World War 2 casualty – about 500 feet long – 3,500 tonnes – a sub chaser still with depth chargers aboard. Ordnance, rifles and helmets were on display – the wreck – not bad say 7 out of 10.

Chandelier Cave – A natural limestone cavern with 4 amphitheatres – this is spectacular – this is THE MUST DO. Starting at the entrance – say 10 metres in and then ascending once inside – the first boasts a stalactites formation the shape of a chandelier hanging from the ceiling of the cavern – each of the other 3 amphitheatres were different in what they offered but all spectacular. The swim out from the 4th with all lights off was eerie. You know you can do all the reefs and wrecks you like but to experience an underground cavern of this magnitude as a recreational diver was priceless.

On day four we went to Ngemelis Wall. The boat trip out was not that much fun in a boat doing 70 – 80 km/h with rain bullets whacking pelting us. The wall dive was pleasant – not a lot of action – but them's the breaks. Lunch on the island was great apart from Peter who had his from a floating esky lid whilst sitting in the 33 degree water.

Ngercheng Outside – a great blue water dive with a few sharks, trevally, turtles and large sea fans – a great dive with many happy snaps taken.

Short Drop Off – well I am not sure of the 'short' bit – not far away was a 700 metre abyss. Great blue water dive – plenty happening – interesting reef formations – great coral, sea fans etc

Chuyo Maru – small freighter – steel stanchions rising from the deck heavy with marine growth and fish life – probably the best ecosystem of the three wreck dives. Rating 8.5 out of 10.

Chandelier Cave. Yes we did it again, because we could and it was a freebie for all us except Eddy as it was his first venture into the cave. Another feature was Peter doing a submerged photo shoot without tanks, mask - advertising Sam's Tours



Inside Chaandelier Cave

Blue Holes - Temple of Doom - Blue Channel. - This dive is in the blue water of the Philippine Sea and was it "Blue". Viz was probably 60+ metres. The start of the dive was in the middle of a reef about 5 - 8 metres from the surface - just a dark blue opening - it descended down to about 35 metres - it was a huge cavern with an opening to the outer reef. Another not so obvious opening off this cavern was the Temple of Doom where on the 5th May 2002, 5 Japanese divers got lost and drowned. The opening was tightish requiring the "don't kick up the bottom" kick. The Temple of Doom is actually bigger than Blue Holes but has no skylight - it is dark - there was the skeleton of a hapless turtle which ventured in but alas not out - maybe it was a kamikaze turtle. We exited after awhile checked the memorial plaque for the divers and exited to the reef wall which meandered for a good swim until we came to Blue Corner. We had used up a lot of bottom time and only had a few moments with the reef pick - there were sharks, schools of juvenile barracuda, shoals of black snapper and trevally, and the odd dog-tooth tuna.

Blue Corner - with plenty of time - we arrived at Blue Corner and picked in. The action was a little subdued due to a languishing current but it is mind-blowing to be high on the precipice of a blue abyss with current coming straight up and at

you. There were the resident grey whalers, a few scattered schools of Jacks, Spanish mackerel, and reef runners - a great dive.

German Channel - back again with an expectation of seeing the elusive manta. We were rewarded as we meandered on a slow drift dive up the channel to the manta cleaning station, we were suddenly being escorted by a stealth bomber - the manta easily 3.5 - 4 metres across - it just cruised past us and went straight for the cleaning station - we positioned about 5 metres away and watched this magnificent ray put on a display of coming and leaving, circling the cleaning station 3 times - probably lasted about 10 minutes and then the manta disappeared into the deeper waters - what a spectacle. We finished off the dive and everyone was hyped by the 3 fantastic dives that day.

Turtle Cove - guess what we saw - turtles. This was a reef / wall dive - very pretty - plenty of happy snaps taken

New Drop Off - A wall dive with plenty of plate coral, colourful corals.

Pelieu Express - a denuded reef due to the strong currents - crystal clear viz - not much action as the current wasn't running that strongly - a few sharks a few schools of this and that - made for a pleasant experience. The highlight was a manta ray which scooted from the surface right down the wall leveling off at about 35 metres and disappearing at a rapid rate.

Pelieu Wall - this is sheer abyss diving - nothing but blue beneath you - very colourful reef - a few pelagics and quite a few turtles for the happy snapper.

Yellow Wall - Peter and I did this dive whilst the others did a World War 2 land based tour. The wall was shrouded by yellow soft corals just looked awesome. A few pelagics and few sharks - there is always sharks, some turtles - a pleasant dive. The highlight was when a turtle swam up to Matsu, our standby dive guide and looked into his mask and then turned and swam to me and then turned and swam to Peter - plenty of happy snaps taken - I think the turtle is still recovering from blindness.

Yuro wreck – originally built for World War 1, it was rearmed and used in World War 2 – sunk by American forces it was laying about 15 metres in the bow and 35 metres to the deck at the rear. Upright Stanchions encrusted with marine growth was worth seeing. Whilst this wreck can be penetrated the visibility due to the divers from another dive boat was silty and so our gang avoided the penetration. Rating 7.5 out of 10.

Dexter’s Wall – this was a colourful wall with extensive fans, great formations and turtles everywhere – must have sighted at least 12.

Blue Corner – yes this is the third dive here --- it is just an awesome experience in blue water with the abyss, strongish current, reef picks, schools of pelagics and sharks – you know it is almost orgasmic!

Virgin Blue Hole – well it ain’t a virgin anymore!! An “L” shaped dive – about 30 metres straight down and about 50 metres to the side wall of the reef – these limestone reefs are something – absolutely stunning for recreational diving.

Siaes Wall – pretty wall with fans – very blue water – sharks again!, turtles a few schools of pelagics, a bit of a drift dive – very pleasant.



A giant fan at Siaes Wall

Ulong Channel – this dive starts with a wall and then descends into ultimately a sandy plateau. The drift is constant probably covering a couple of kilometers. There is heaps of action from sharks in the gutters as come off the wall, areas of expansive lettuce corals, coral outcrops; sponges – areas where titan triggers have decimated the bottom – must have seen dozens almost in schools. When we surfaced from that dive the weather which had been sunny had turned and the water was bouncing around the black clouds and monsoonal rain was pelting down. Topside visibility was about 15 metres. Jimmy our boat captain did a sterling job finding everyone – safety sausages are just wonderful.

Japanese Flying Boat – in about 20 metres, viz 10 metres – highlights – relatively intact, reasonable coral growth, access to rear gunner’s position, a bit of macro for the enthusiasts – an enjoyable experience.

The trip was fantastic - A MUST DO AGAIN and a MUST DO for those who haven’t been as yet – this will be rescheduled for a visit in 2010.

Shiprock Diving & Prawn Sandwiches: What a Combo'

**1st November 2008
By Carol Martin**

The planned Saturday deep dive got canned due to big seas and Michael feeling like a bowl of ice cream from Coogee – so it was off to Shiprock to join the rest of the guys for diving and prawns thereafter at Pauls Ps’ place.

We met at 10am on a not so sunny day – the brolleys were in use when I got there but that didn’t deter all the divers and already the cars were shuffling in and out and dropping off people and equipment in the one way street.

Those who came along for the dive were: Carol Martin, Donna Cassidy, Ron Walsh, Ray & Andrew Moulang, Ian Gowan, Peter Flockart, Paul Watkinson, Rob Walker, Garry Edwards, Eddie Ivers, Rob Trudgeon, Mike Scotland & Paul Pacey.

I soon discovered that I had left my hooded vest at home and thought I may

be having a short dive; no one so far had a spare. However, I wasn't quite the last to show up (OK I was second last) and good ol' Mike Scotland came to my rescue by having a spare vest & hood. Fitted me like dress - and kept me toasty warm.

Myself, patient buddy Eddie and Mike joined the others in the relatively warm water (why was the water warm where the rest of the group were?) of the Hacking River. Visibility wasn't bad at 8-10 metres varying throughout the dive depending on how many divers were around and where you were.

Sponges were looking quite magnificent, huge variety, coloured and very healthy. They seemed to be positioned like tiered terraces with whole walls laden with them with one particular type looking like mobile stalactites/stalagmites swaying and hanging with the flow.

Almost as soon as we got in and ditched Mike, Eddie and I came across a very large octopus keeping a keen eye on us. It moved about quite freely constantly searching with his arms for a feed and probably an escape route. We left it in peace after blinding it with our torches and carried on down the wall. It was Nudibranch central with many different and splendid species seen - think it was mating season with several on the same sponge/rock and quite a few "charging" along the sand in search of a mate. Good sized schools of sea pike and bream were up in the shallows throughout the dive.

After about 60 mins we thought we should turn around and slowly started to drift back. Eddie was scrutinising something in the sand and beckoned me over. Although he didn't see the pipefish he was looking for, he did find a blue ringed octopus. This was a first for me and I was amazed that a tiny little thing could cause so much harm if annoyed (I didn't). We meandered back in a bit of a drift, past the pineapple fish and the cave - had a quick chat and caught up with Mike. He was photographing a large sponge and on closer inspection, two sea horses - and as luck would have it, they were perfectly positioned for a photograp. We were soon joined by Donna and Ron and with

photographers around, Eddie and I scarpered.

After an 80 minute dive, we hauled ourselves back up the slope and headed over to Mr Pacey's for the promised prawns.

Paul had put out the welcome mat and had a great spread ready for us with the coffee warm and the beers cooled by the time we got there. Prawns were damn fine also!!

A great mornings dive and lunch was had by all. We really have to be thankful that we have that quality of dive site with the variety of sea life and all within relatively easy access right here on our doorstep.

A big thank you once again to Paul for organising the dive, lunch and letting us descend on his place yet again. Madam Pacey also deserves a mention for allowing her kitchen and dining area to be taken over by a mob of divers on a delightful Saturday morning.

Stockton Beach

By Jessica

Setting off from Sydney around 6ish we arrived at Fly Point, Nelson Bay just before high tide. Lining up is an intimidating group of Ray & Andrew, Donna & Ron, Mark & Heinz, Peter & Carina, Michael, Kelly & Veto (MKV) and of course myself & Eda. Suiting up Mark discovered he had left the most important fin behind – the one that contained his mask. Veto MKs 16 week old baby dog (max weight 2.5 kg fully grown) did not seem to mind the unexpected company on the shore. The dive plan was to enter together as a group ... then scattered in all directions. Ray and Andrew took off to natter with now single Heinz, Peter became too engrossed in 'nudies' to move so Eda, Carina and I formed our own group... or so I thought. I had difficulty staying with them due to Edas erratic direction changes and odd finger counting. I decided to enquire about the dive exit using my slate. Eda just stared at me strangely ... I again pointed to the message were she grabbed my slate and wrote "who are you". Laughing so hard I almost flooded my mask I decided not to let her know - Mark wasted no time in formal introductions on surfacing. After a lovely hot shower provided by Michaels car and a loan of two-way radio (thanks Heinz & Ron) each car set off for lunch (exotic pies) and then on to Stockton Beach.

I have to tell you straight away my only experience with sand was a trip to Fraser Island and lots of Western Australian coffee rock roads prior to the Stockton weekend. Eda I must say is the bravest person seeing as she sat in the passenger seat with nothing to hold onto fully aware of my complete lack of expertise – go girlfriend. Perhaps she was trying to make up for the little buddy incident earlier.

Stockton Beach is 32 km of wind blown dunes south of Anna Bay – NSW largest mobile mass of sand. The Worimi people are the traditional custodians of Stockton, and as part of reconciliation in 2007, co-manage this land with the NPWS. This year the annual Stockton Beach trip (originally started by club guru Les Caterson) was under taken in my soon to

be favourite gear - reverse from Anna Bay. Buying the permit to drive on Stockton at Anna Bay I blatantly lied to the lady in the servo that I would "stick to the tracks" - if she only knew (snigger).

Arriving at the 4WD access road to Stockton our tyres were quickly deflated by a diver at every wheel. Heinz our designated leader guided the way ahead. I got stuck within minutes of setting off and it had to be right in front of the tent belonging to the family who we gate crashed - shame. With glee they shouted out helpful hints like "have you let your tires down" and I discovered my favourite gear – reverse in Low Range. Finally catching up I attempted my first dune ascent – it took me three goes and involved the use of "truck" shouted loudly - Donna accidentally deleted the evidence - bless. The "lack of momentum" problem was solved with switching from low range to high range (like I said I am a novice) and a bonus stopped the nasty burning gear smell (sure to pay for it in the future).

At the first official stop Ron and Donna pull out two skis with modifications for sand dune tobogganing. Despite encouragement, only Andrew 'ate sand', the rest of us decided not to get medivaced out so early in the trip. The Tank Traps (TT) were our next destination however an impossibly large soft dune needed negotiation first. "I think I can ... I think I can" (Peter or Ray) ... "You know I can" (Ron) "Course I can" (MKV) ... "Yeah right I can" (E&J). Heinz ever the dare devil attempted a near vertical incline prior resulting in spaghetti and vegemite mixing with beer – a few hastily cleaned half empty beer bottles quickly needed consuming as we admired the TT's. The TTs were heavy concrete pyramids laid down to slow the movement of invading tanks during WWII - Mark however swears this is proof of Egyptians were here first.

Eda kept the rest of the fleet up to date with my various predicaments including when my favourite gear failed and my engine died. Calls for help were quickly answered with broadcast predictions of terminal failure – does NRMA have a chopper battery service? Heinz came to the rescue with hot water and pocketknife

whilst a large antique German spanner produced by Ron was completely useless but very funny.

Heinz continued to prove his skills, and also stop my heart from beating whilst he lead the way, thinking “do I really have to do that”. Kelly started a little commentary that proved my lifeline “soft”, “momentum”, “steep” to help us get around. Several dunes defeated me initially but every now and then I got it first go – you’d have thought I had won an Olympic medal. Last stop before camp was Tin City where Mad Max was filmed. Tin City is a fishing squatters camp of huts precariously dotted in the shifting sands. Veto with tutoring was fast becoming expert at digging in her gigantic sand pit much to Kellys disgust.

Arriving at our campsite the dark clouds began to loom over the protective dune. Veto was especially vulnerable to ending up bird of prey dinner as earlier a sea eagle with a ‘doggish appetite’ had been spotted. With tents erected we settled down for ‘happy hour’ nibbles and drinks. A suspicious red 4WD and later gun shells found set the scene for possible intrigue. Thunder followed by heavy rain and wind tested our shelters – some proving better than others at wetting the huddling campers. Eda, Carina and I retired to car based waterproof comforts. A badly erected toilet tent (yes by me) proved its amazing ability to repeatedly fold up quickly with just a breath of wind becoming a trap for the unwary.

With the fire finally started, by Michael using a dangerous contraption, camping officially began. Andrew fell in love with a piece of Oregon wood saved from fire and the way he sniffed other pieces he obviously wanted save them all. Camp ovens appeared filled with exotic recipes of herbed prawns, mustard pork, marinated lamb and BBQ hot plate sizzling aromas filled the air to the envy of “dinner in a can” campers. As sated divers sipped their beverages Ron brought out his guitar and playing favourite tunes we all joined in song (well the bits we remembered anyway). Tall stories were told, plans were made and challenges were set. A highlight was the re-enactment of a wedding waltz,

where the bride was accidentally dropped in the sand by her husband and recovered enough to complete the dance. Bit by bit the happy pose retired to their tents.

A little seedy from post-adrenaline-grogg-seeking-behaviour (well me to be specific) the sun rose to another day. Generous amounts of bacon and eggs were leisurely cooked and Veto walked the dunes on her long leach – a tiny enthusiastic speck in the distance. Tents deflated and the cars were packed up with now very sandy gear we set off.

Scoffing at Marks predictions of gravity defying “bonnet in air” stunts we headed for the Norwegian bulk carrier ‘Sygna’ wreck. During a winter storm in May 1974 she split in two after she was ran aground by the sea – now rusted metal hulk is continually pounded by surf. Allegedly this wreck can be dived but the weather being rarely favourable combined with Stockton beach being white pointer breeding ground makes it a very unique dive (yeah right).

Stockton beach now resembled either a wide racetrack or at other times narrow track with gentle dips at times – horses, quad bikes and other 4WDs began appearing. Congratulating myself of on my dipping expertise the largest mother of all dunes became visible. Just making it to the top was a feat in itself then looking down made me feel plain nauseated. Bombarded with instructions to “watch someone else first”, “go in first gear”, “don’t touch the brakes ... or any pedals” and “KEEP IT STRAIGHT” I trembled. My eyes glazed with fear and my pulse hammered away as “Jebbediah” is 53m high and “dips” at 60 degrees! First to go was Heinz so eager to test the dune he left Mark behind. Eda recognising I had to go right there and then or never jumped in with me – I told you Eda is brave! As we went off the edge I had no idea where the rest of my body was as I held the steering wheel. Eda too terrified to scream did not need to as I let out a massive primal howl all the way to the bottom. With shaking jelly for bodies we watched Heinz attempt to retrieve Mark unsuccessfully and then everyone else come down ... did I just do that? I am reliably informed other

passengers kept their eyes closed and I heard a few squeals. Mark - still standing at the top of the dune was told to walk down- poor Marky Mark. On our way out via Lavis Lane the last dune ascent proved too steep for two years of parking passes that went flying from my console - why do I hoard? Driving out along the bumpiest track we stopped to inflate the tyres with those dinky gadgets you attach to your LP hose and free the hubs for those that needed too.

Some headed straight home and others to refuel stomachs/cars. MKV had a frightening brake down on the F3 cut and were nearly rear ended by oncoming traffic. Luckily the engine started just long enough to get them a little further up the cut so as to coast in were there was a bit of shoulder to stop on. Several of the group saw them but could not stop. Eda and I were in the slow lane and stopped to pick up their dive gear and dog bed. MKVs car was towed to a dealer where Veto had her second big life experience - smuggled onto the train in Kellys Bilum bag for the long ride home to Jannali. Veto now a veteran of adventure did not let out a single woof - little did she know how important this was. Feeling sorry for MKV after my long hot shower I picked them up from the station and drove them home to Kirrawee.

A big thank you to Ray for organising this trip and to all the lovely club members that instructed, encouraged, cheered and jeered. If I can you can too - see you at Stockton next year- Woo hoo!

The Wanderers

By Carol Martin 12 October 2008

A planned club dive to the Wanderers, a 40m plus deep reef dive off Cronulla. Organised by Michael McFadyen there were two boats - Le Scat with Michael, Les, Eddie, Ian, Carol & Ron, and Down Under with Dave C, John E, Mark & Peter F.

Weather was nice and sunny, with flat ocean conditions. Several fishing boats were around the site but we had no trouble anchoring. After allocating buddy pairs the diving started.

I was buddied with Ian and we formed the second dive team. The anchor was tucked in under a small ledge (put there by Les I assume) in 40m on the edge of the reef. Ian hooked up a reel and we set off following a small wall along the sand edge. There were lots of small sea whips - a veritable garden of them - and all manner of sponges, small southern gorgonias, a splendida nudibranch, sea perch, white ear scalefins, leatherjackets. The thing I most liked about this site is that the reef is in pristine condition.

We had a bottom time of 18 minutes and reached a depth of 45m. After a long slow ascent, then deco stop we hit the surface after 49 minutes.

Once all were back on board both boats motored into Jibbon beach for the obligatory morning tea with all manner of cakes, hotdogs, buns & pies to be had, all washed down with coffee and tea.

Regular events

Thursday Night Dives

If you do not currently get the email each week advising the location of the dive, please email

michael@michaelmcfadyenscuba.info

and advise that you would like to be added to the list.

Please make sure that you let Michael McFadyen know if you are coming in case the weather means we need to move or cancel the dive.

Other Dives

Many other dives are advised in the news section of the Club's web site.

If you are interested in a dive, have a look at the news section a few days before a weekend and you may find others already planning a dive.

You can also place your own news item there (but remember it may time to appear as it needs to be authorised by a web site administrator).

UP AND COMING EVENTS

Tasmania February/March 2009

Four people have already booked flights for this trip leaving Launceston airport 27th February and returning to Hobart airport 8th March. Cost is approximately \$1450 plus airfares to and from Sydney. Further details available on the club website

Thailand March 2009

Feeling adventurous - the following is some prices for a trip to the Simian Islands leaving Phuket for 4 days (5 Nights) on a liveaboard. Total of 4 days diving = 16 dives. the average cost per dive after discount assuming 28 baht \$Aud is about \$56.00. I have dived with these guys before and now they have a new boat which looks great.

Obviously it would be great to stitch this excursion with an extended holiday. There are deals to be done or alternatively those that wish to stitch their own deal due to frequent flyers and timeshares can do so.

Indicative cost assuming Aud:28Baht and after 20% discount is detailed below.

The boat with all in cost is \$900 - \$1000 for the 16 dives.

Deals regularly offered is stay 8 nights, including airfares and transfers for about \$1300 - \$1400. Add some spending money (Guys add \$1.50, girls \$1500.00) and that would be about right. I guess a budget of \$3000 will see you sloshed, well feed and some tailor made gear to bring home.

Check out the website www.diveasia.com the new boat comes on line in November 2008.

Thinking about the trip 28 - 14th - 18th March 09.

What I have done in the past is to arrive in Phuket in the AM of departure of the dive boat - check what I gear I don't want with the hotel I am booked to stay with when I get off the boat. Spend that day at the hotel (pool etc) and then get picked up and delivered back to the hotel - works well

For those that are serious a deposit will be required say 25% of the Dive boat cost (\$say \$250.00) to secure your spot. Let

me know whether you want a Travel Deal or whether you want to do your own thing. Please contact Mark Ridsdale if you are interested Ph. 0419 243717

OTHER NEWS

Thanks From Janine Jenkins

Thanks to all those in the club who sent me their best wishes, cards, flowers, phoned or visited me in hospital after my skiing accident. I was overwhelmed at the love and concern, and certainly appreciated all the funny jokes told. I'm doing really well now and should be up walking by Christmas.

Thanks from The President

A big thank you to outgoing committee members Kelly McFadyen (President) and Shiela Baldock (Secretary). They leave the club in great shape with nearly 100 members. Diving activities have also been breaking records with 5 boats and 22 divers at a recent club dive at Marley Point. That's more than anyone remembers for a club dive. The club benefits significantly from the voluntary contributions of people like Kelly and Shiela.

For Sale: Olympus C-5060 Accessories

Janine Jenkins (m 0412 508 377) has the following items for sale:

| Item | Paid | Used |
|--|------|-------|
| Olympus PT-020 housing rated to 450 40m | 450 | twice |
| Full Ultra Light Dual Tray, handle ball joint arm system | 538 | twice |
| Olympus 0.7x wide conversion lens | 325 | new |
| Olympus conversion lens adaptor | 70 | new |
| Inon UCL-165 M67 2x macro lens | 275 | new |
| Inon dual M67 lens holder | 110 | new |
| Athera optical 100 wide zoom port | 660 | new |
| Olympus wide lens and step adaptor ring for C-5060 | 418 | new |

Reasonable offers will be accepted.

The Committee is:

| | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|--------------|--|
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Please send items for the Newsletter to me by the 28th of the month