

Brennan Shoal & Moreton Is – Club Dive Jul 05

John Kelley

In my mind Moreton Bay had become one huge bar crossing. I had taken the helm, why, I have no idea. Perhaps the weather forecast had given me false hope. The waves got worse and worse as we ventured across the Bay. By the time we reached Moreton and I had buried the nose in the back end of a wave, the ever-increasing height and confusion of the water brought back topsy-turvy memories for me and it was time to hand over to Phil. He ably guided DIVER 1 around the top end of Moreton. Shelter from the 15-20 kt wind could not be found except at the base of the cliffs at the lighthouse. We struck out to Brennan Shoal determined not to let the rough sea and wind ruin a good dive.

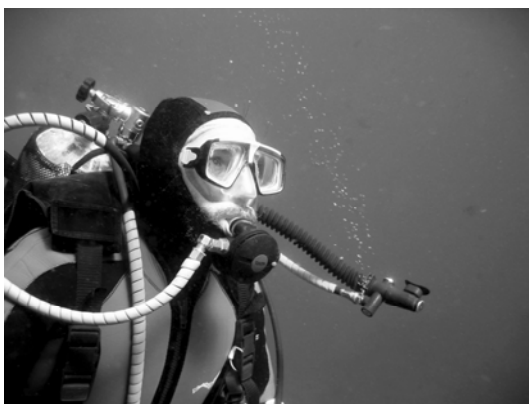


Eastern Pomfrets



Ash in the jagged tops – you'll fit through

We put the pick right on the spot – within several metres of the high spot of the shoal and it was good dive. Like a painted aquarium schools of small, colourful fish hovered about the jagged rocky outcrops. Ash inspected various man-made artefacts like an old anchor and he tried to squeeze through a 4m swim-through but it was a squeeze and he decided it was better to go through twice and exit the way he entered.



Ash



Banded coral shrimp

We disturbed a big, old turtle that had a damaged left fin which appeared to have healed but with a distinct bend. He seemed to manage well. There were patches of anemones and banded coral shrimp. All round this is a great place to dive and much life to be discovered and uncovered. You get plenty of time as we only touched 18m away from the rock.



On the surface it was still rough with a not-too-warm wind. Some discussion ensued for the location of a second dive and we took a chance on the base of the cliffs – it really was the only calm spot around the whole Bay. Large boulders covered in pretty algae and also a lot of sand.



Moreton Lighthouse and Cliff Face

This is the grave yard of shells. This is where they come to be jammed between boulders and finally crushed to the white sands of Moreton. So many shells and so many patterns that the end result became art forms and I went around photographing the “natural arrangements”. Unfortunately a lot of other things come to be jammed in the rocks and crunched – plastic coke bottles, bits of aluminium and runners.



Shell jam

A sandshoe with “AIR” on the heel caught my attention and I envisaged taking my reg out and grabbing this sandshoe for air. Yuk, sucking on the back end of an old runner. Anyway there

must have been some live stuff around as a school of bream ducked around the boulders with us. In a weird way this was a memorable dive.



Coke on the Rocks



Running "AIR"