

SEAL HUNT ON LONELY ISLAND:

At the entrance to Westport Bay, Victoria, stands Seal Rocks -- swept by huge seas rolling in from Bass Strait. Only rarely can boats make a landing there, and so the rocks have become a haven for seals. But today after waiting three months for calmer conditions, men go out with orders to bring 'em back alive. Seals are protected but permission has been granted to catch six seals for Melbourne's aquarium. As the boat nears Seal Rocks there's a general alarm.

Seals don't need radar to detect the approach of danger, and they flip off to safety as fast as their flippers will flap. Birds which nest in this inaccessible spot wheel above the invaders. And then the chase is on -- a dangerous chase over slippery rocks. They look cumbersome, but they're faster than you think. And they'll fight -- their strong jaws can tear pieces from your flesh.

Once in the water they're safe enough. And they get there in a hurry. Some are caught napping, basking in the sun. They run the wrong way and are quickly netted. That one weights 130 lbs. Here's one making a getaway. After him, boys. Quick, once done there he'll race you to the water. But the seal catchers know their business and soon he's tangled up in a net, tighter than Sir Arthur Tadden's. So while the ones that get away get further away, the ones that didn't, go into special boxes in which they'll be taken back to the mainland.

That's the 5th one caught -- one to go. And there he is. Chasing real slippery seals over real slippery rocks isn't our idea of fun -- but to the seal catchers it's all in a day's work. The boxes go aboard the boat and it's back to the mainland -- and Melbourne aquarium. They take to the water as if they'd lived all their lives there.

And a guy that came from Seal Rocks last year puts on a turn for them. Look at this, fellers, betcha you didn't have a slippery dip on the rocks -- and cop this high dive. Know sumpin' else, they bring your dinner to you. Saves you the confounded trouble of chasing the blasted fish. Come on, fellers, hop in. Free fish? Why of course. If only the old bull back at the Rocks could see me now.

---

Approx 350 - 400ft.