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FATHOMS



VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

The following is a list of the Directors elected at the Annual General Meeting in September last;→
 R. Addison, W. Gray, J. Stewart, B. Heather, M. Davenport,
 J. Evans, P. Reynolds, Mrs L. Addison, P. Matthews,
 W. Brett, J. Noonan.

From these Directors the following Officer-Bearers were appointed for the next 12 months.

PRESIDENT	R. ADDISON	(Tel 232 3087)
VICE-PRESIDENTS	B. HEATHER	45 5505
	J. EVANS	45 6449
SECRETARY	J. NOONAN	
TREASURER/ ASSISTANT SECRETARY	J. STEWART	88 4452
LIBRARIAN	W. GRAY	232 7220
QUARTERMASTER	P. REYNOLDS	232 5358

In addition various other positions associated with certain activities of the Group were filled from the Directors as follows:-

SOCIAL SECRETARY	J. EVANS
SOCIAL COMMITTEE	P. REYNOLDS, B. HEATHER, M. DAVENPORT
DIVING COMMITTEE	F. COUSTLEY, W. GRAY, J. EVANS, P. REYNOLDS, J. STEWART.

All Directors seek the co-operation and assistance of members to further the aims of the Group laid down in the Constitution, and it is hoped that helpful suggestions will be forthcoming from members. Even constructive criticism of your Directors, their

actions on behalf of the Group or their intentions, will be welcomed. The Directors you have elected have control of the future of the Group for 12 months, help them to make it a year of advancement and prosperity for the Club.

THE NEXT GENERAL MEETING of members is scheduled for 8.30 P.M. at Scots Church Hall, Russell Street, City on Friday 17th November 1967. Come along with another Club member or bring a friend. The meeting will be followed by the usual diving chit-chat over a cup of tea or coffee and biscuits.

CLUB DINNER

Due to our inability to book the most desired venue for the 1967 Club Dinner Dance, we have arranged a booking for Friday night the 1st December at the "Didjeridoo Restaurant" located at 417 Beach Road, Beaumaris. Those who attended previous Group Dinner Dances here will remember the good times had by all and will be keen to book again. However, as we have only booked 30 places - first in first served will apply. Contact Jeff Evans (45 6449) for reservations. Tickets \$4.50 each.

OUTINGS PAST

October 29th - Shag Rocks - Mt. Martha. Although this spot offers excellent diving would be divers with the

exception of the Dive Captain and one other were dissuaded from presenting by the very doubtful weather forecast - winds 15 - 20 knots and choppy seas - another washout although there would have been good swimming and sunbaking.

OUTINGS FUTURE

November 25/26 - Weekend. Gold Dive in the Thompson River at Walhalla. With the present risky bushfire situation in this area as in most of the State, the advisability or otherwise of pursuing this outing will be considered at the next meeting.

December 10th - Rye Back Beach. Low water here is at 11.00 a.m. and subject to suitable weather conditions the area offers excellent diving and snorkelling. There is a good beach for lazing on after strenuous diving efforts and a barbeque tea will round off a good day - weather permitting?

DIVIDED WE FALL

Many years ago the Victorian Sub Aqua Group was an affiliated Club with the U.S.F.A., a body formed by the affiliation of a number of Diving and Spearfishing Clubs throughout Australia. The aims of this body were to further the sports associated with the underwater world, to obtain uniformity for a code of ethics for divers and spearfishermen and to speak as one powerful united voice, on behalf of all, in matters which effected the interests of divers and spearfishermen.

For reasons now obscure to even the older active members of the Group, & probably completely unknown to the younger members, our Club dis-affiliated from the U.S.F.A. Some now claim it was due to personal enmities and animosities which developed between our members and the executive of the Australia wide body whilst others claim that to retain its own identity and to preserve its acknowledged high standards of safety and integrity the Group had no option but to dissociate itself.

Over the years a number of other clubs have taken this action whilst many of the new clubs which have formed in the same period have not affiliated with the U.S.F.A., which many felt leant too heavily toward the often irrational spearfishing side of underwater sports to the subjugation and even exclusion of diving interests.

However, the wheel now seems to have made a full turn and if what your Editors have heard is correct, the U.S.F.A. now has a more balanced outlook and ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ caters for both fields of endeavour and also can boast a more stable and mature Executive in control. Having read thus far the reader has probably thought to himself what is all this getting to, so I will endeavour to now bring home the point.

At the present time in Victoria alone, we have the U.S.F.A., and the S.D.F. both claiming to represent various aspects and opinions of all Victorian Divers, yet in effect they have no liason with one another nor for that matter with a large number of Clubs in Victoria which are active and vitally interested in anything associated with diving. With two bodies making this claim which is obviously incorrect, no wonder the Clubs and Divers of Victoria cannot present a united front on matters of vital concern such as underwater conservation and powerheads to name but two. In the case of the latter, mainly due to the efforts of individuals, it is now possible to obtain a permit to own powerheads

in Victoria. However, this took almost three years to bring about and it is not yet satisfactorily resolved as under present legislation powerheads may not be carried or used on Sundays. If the authorities concerned had been approached by a unified and strong body no doubt better results could have been achieved in much less time and also the authorities would have ~~been~~ had much more confidence in & co-operation from those in whose interest the approaches were made.

Conservation, which is an accepted thing in many other parts of the world, and which would do us credit to have in Victorian waters, is currently a wonderful idea being tossed around like a ping-pong ball from Club to Club and Department to Clubs - and the way Clubs now stand, it may remain so for years whilst the things we wish to preserve in the limited areas concerned will be irretrievably lost.

It is time that all Victorian Clubs banded together under a united banner with all other Clubs in Australia. The U.S.F.A. has the basic Australia wide affiliation of many clubs and groups and it would appear logical to seek to increase its membership and where differences occur to iron them out within the confines of one strong body so that we can present a unified front on any matter to the outside world so that the image presented is one of maturity, stability and reliability on behalf of Sport and Science.

Remember fellow divers if you don't agree with the way a National body operates you don't change its views by taking your mask and flippers and going home, you stay with it on the outside and work to bring about a change acceptable to all.

The Victorian Sub Aqua Group could do worse than to open negotiations with a view to rejoining the new look U.S.F.A. and spearhead a move aimed at an Australia wide federation of underwater sports.

CONGRATULATIONS to Jan and John Driscoll on the arrival of a daughter recently - we trust that all are getting plenty of sleep.

WELCOME BACK to Peter Robertson who has returned from Adelaide. Already there is renewed interest in radios in the Club and Peter looks like being the mainspring in this move. We are very glad to have you back with us Peter and hope to see you on plenty of dives.

PICTURE NIGHT

Jeff Evans, Social Secretary, reported that the Club made \$15.00 profit on the recent Group picture night "KHARTOUM" at the Plaza. Good effort Jeff - next one lets have a lot more support from Club members and friends. Don't forget to contact Jeff about Dinner Dance tickets.

I ENCOUNTERED AN AMPHOMETER - OR HOW THEY COP YA

There was little traffic about on that sunlit afternoon as I turned the car from my quiet street into the main road. The only vehicle in sight was a little old Austin labouring up the hill. I stepped on the accelerator and we gathered speed, the car and I, and overtaking the aging model, effortlessly passed it by, leaving it chugging beetle slow behind. Stimulated by the short burst

of speed I settled myself more comfortably in my seat, leaning a little into the seat belt. The slim curve of the steering wheel was cool and firm in my hands. The engine was running smoothly. Checking the speedo, I found we were over the "35". Caution told me it was time to slow down, but exhilarated by the glowing day and the rushing movement of the car, I was in no mood to resist the heady call of speed. From the crest of the hill the park lay to the right, its sunburnt playing fields guarded by a perimeter of tall, shining leaved gums. On the left a row of wheel kept houses, set back comfortably among their shrubs and yellowing trees, basked in the golden sunshine. The clear road ribboned ahead for miles, the laned bitumen smooth and inviting. The motor purred and I thrilled to its power, accelerating almost ~~unconsciously~~ unconsciously, gaily flinging discretion to the wind. Down the hill we flew and began to ascend the rise, and then our dashing progress was slackened. Too late I noticed the fine cable that lay snakelike across the carriageway. Guilty braking was of no avail. At that speed I had little hope of slowing sufficiently and the message ~~flashed~~ flashed on to the waiting dials as the wheels passed over the second wire. Quickly onto the road stepped a uniformed figure, one hand upraised imperiously, the other beckoning me into the kerb. Meekly I obeyed. A cold voice asked to see my licence. Fumbling a little, my trembling fingers finally found it and I handed it over. It was given back after scrutiny the leggy policeman strode round the car. What could he be seeking. I suffered a moments panic wondering what grave fault he could find with my vehicle. However, evidently no hitherto unnoticed defect was apparent for he made no comment. Have you any excuse for exceeding the speed limit His stern voice asked? - An excuse - swiftly my mind darted here and there like a trapped bird, feverishly seeking some escape. I glanced round wildly hoping for some good excuse to present itself to me, but there was no help in sight.

Parked unobtrusively round the corner of a side street waited a police car - there was no help there. While there on the footpath stood that horrid machine - the amphetamine, cold, accurate, accusing, - that impersonal robot would have no pity for me. Another uniformed figure bent over its dials, no doubt eagerly awaiting another victim. A passer-by sauntered slowly along, staring curiously at my discomfort. Shamed, I slid low in the seat, trying to hide my crimson face beneath the dashboard. Then I looked up into that implacable face under the stiff peaked cap, into those cold impersonal eyes, still waiting for my reply. I gave up. Nothing short of a fatal illness would be acceptable I could see. I helplessly shook my head. No, no excuse. My voice was small and sheepish, for guilt was heavy on me. Silently he wrote out my ticket, and held the blue paper towards me. Dumbly, I accepted it, glancing at the print with abject awe. So it was a \$10.00 fine. Oh, well, it could be worse. Then the policeman stepped aside and beckoned me on. I let in the clutch and moved off slowly, chastened, humiliated, contemplating my crime. Could it really be me who had done this thing. Exceeding the speed limit by 20 miles per hour. Me - Respectable Citizen - reliable, law-abiding, kind to little children, the pet dog's friend, How could I have forgotten the deadly destructive power of that juggernaut under my controlling hand. Appalled at my own thoughtlessness, humbled and shamed, I travelled on slowly through the autumn day, less eager now to reach my destination. What could I tell my diving companions? Better not mention this - And where will I find that \$10.00. ????

W.G.