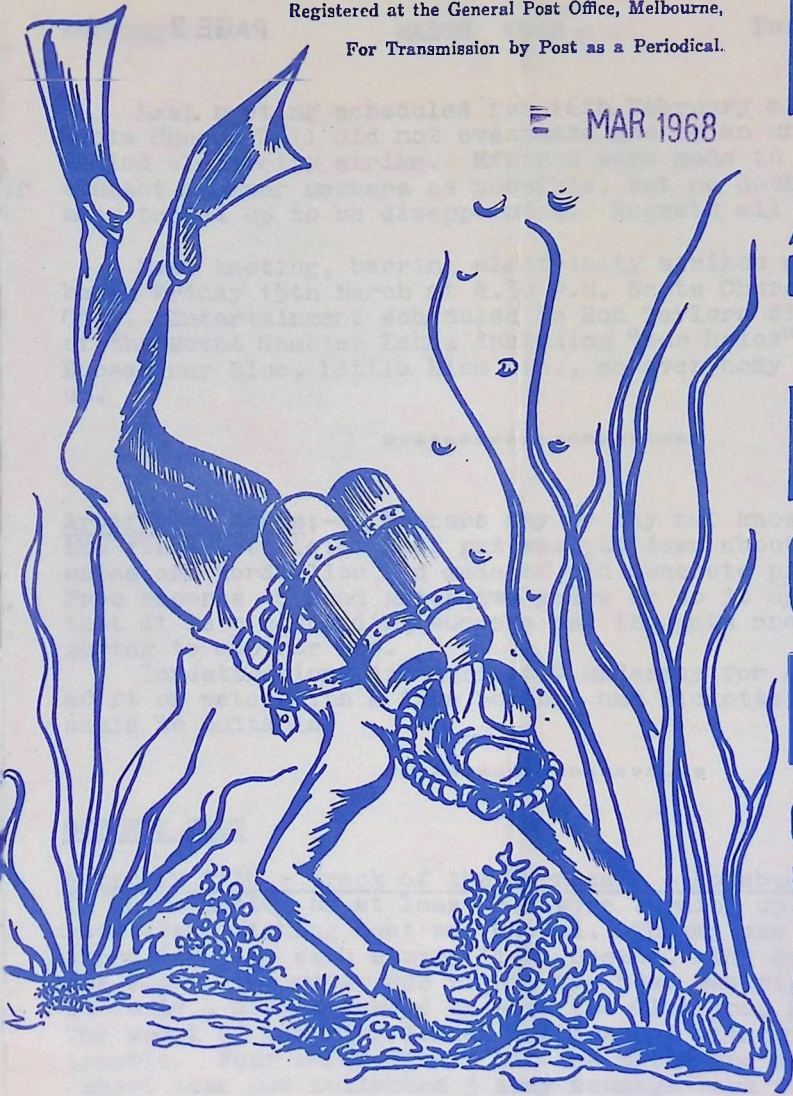


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# FATHOMS



## VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP



Last meeting scheduled for 16th February at Scots Church Hall did not eventuate due to an unscheduled electricity strike. Efforts were made to contact as many members as possible, but no doubt many turned up to be disappointed. Regrets all round.

Next meeting, barring electricity strikes will be on Friday 15th March at 8.30 P.M. Scots Church Hall City. Entertainment scheduled is Ron Taylors film of the Mount Gambier Lakes including "our holes"- Riecaninny Blue, Little Blue etc., so everybody turn up.

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Artificial Reefs:- Members may or may not know that the first Artificial Reef ~~put~~ was put down about 4 miles off Mordialloc and made of old concrete pipes. From reports to hand after two years or so it appears that it is a resounding success and thoughts are now moving to another one.

Investigations are currently underway for about 60 ft of water with a firm bottom, and Ricketts Point could be suitable?

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### OUTINGS PAST

February 11th - Wreck of the Hurricane - Rosebud.  
In anticipation of at least 8 divers turning up, a good sized fishing boat was booked. The day was sunny and warm with a very light breeze. The day was right, the water was right, the boat was right- but only 4 divers turned up - so the Club lost \$12. The wreck of the "Hurricane" was located without trouble. Four eager divers hit the water and in short time had collected 3 army sausage bags full

of scallops. A greater portion of the wreck was located and inspected but there was no loot left.

Some 3 hours later, all scallops de-shelled, we headed for the pier - sold our excess scallops and headed for Jeff Evans' place at Rosebud for an enjoyable shower (cold) - he had not turned on the Hot Water Service. Back to Rosebud - took on food and then headed for home.

February 25th - Wreck of the Kahki Riki at Williamstown. Ten members turned up on an extremely hot day as evidenced by the crowded beach. A great deal of swimming minus rubber suits was indulged in - a little diving after lunch but no evidence of the "wreck". John Stewart's wreck is now "suspect"???? However, a very enjoyable day, among friends in the swim, was had by all.

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#### OUTINGS FUTURE

March 24th - Mornington. Meet at the pier at 10.30 a.m. Following the usual pier crawl, good diving is to be had in the bayside waters where scallops and oysters are to be had. The area lends itself to picnic lunches and possibly a barbecue tea, perhaps with the scallops and oysters.

April 12th to 15th - Easter at Portland. This is an excellent long break - every year it is a success as far as this Group is concerned so anyone thinking about it - stop hesitating and make up your mind and come. There will be two members boats at least - and plenty of suzz excellent diving and bountiful supply of fish. The camping facilities at Centenary Park are very good and there is a kiosk within the area. If so desired Caravans with electricity can be booked - but booking should be done early.

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SOCIAL JOTTINGS:

~~xxxx~~ With pleasure we report the recent marriages of two members;-

Gordon (Titch) Ryan to Diane

and

Neil Knight to Barbara

On behalf of all members we extend to these young people all the best for a happy future together.

And Surprise - no doubt acknowledging that it was time to share his accumulated wealth and that in another 40 years he might finish up a crusty old sea-salt mending N.I.C. instruments on his own - Frank Coustley we understand has announced his engagement.

All joking aside Frank its wonderful news and all your buddies in the Group extend to you and your fiancée Fay every happiness for the future - How about giving us the pleasure of meeting the young lady at one of our meetings Frank.

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DIVING TRAINING

The Diving Committee reports that it is ready to undertake the new seasons training programme. A pool has been arranged (City Baths) and new gear has been acquired.

If you know anyone desirous of undertaking training advise them to contact any of the following members of the Diving Committee :-

P. Reynolds	Telephone	232 5358
W. Gray		232 7220
J. Evans		45 6449
R. Addison		232 3087

The cost is \$10.00 in advance for 4 training sessions and a sea dive. All necessary gear supplied free for training.

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### SURVIVAL AND ACCIDENTS

If we know some of the things which may take place under the water it will help to give you confidence in overcoming it.

### VERTIGO

The sensation of giddiness may lead to the more serious symptom of Vertigo in which there is not only the sensation of spinnin but objects actually appear to rotate. It is a dangerous phenomenon to experience under the water for all sense of direction may be lost. It may occur either while on the bottom or during or after the ascent, but most frequently it is noticed just after leaving the bottom. We know it is uncommon to have more than minor discomfort in the ears during ascent as the Eustachian tubes do not hinder the escape of air. Yet pushing off the bottom could in some way cause over-pressure which in turn disturbs the delicate balancing organs associated with the middle ear. However, Vertigo may be due to other causes. It can be a symptom of de compression sickness, but this is not likely in the type of diving done by members in the Club. Giddiness may also be a manifestation of nitrogen narcosis or of recent sea-sickness, but in either case the other aspects of the circumstances would reveal the cause.

The Vertigo may be relieved by descending again for a few feet to reduce the relative overpressure within the ears, but if it recurs on leaving this depth the problem of ascent still remains. It has been necessary for such a diver to be led to the surface by

a co-diver and for another to slip his weights and rely on buoyancy.

It must be remembered that Vertigo may not come on till after surfacing, sometimes when blowing ones nose, and it may be dangerous to drive a car after diving particularly if there has been trouble clearing ones ears.

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### PROM TRIP WITH THE BASS STRAIT DIVERS

The weekend promised to begin disastrously enough, with two empty cylinders and a sudden electricity strike on the day we were due to leave. Normalair came to the rescue, draining out some of the last air for me from their storage cylinders.

At an assembly point in Clayton the twenty of us grouped up were allotted cars, packed heavy gear in a van supplied for the purpose and were away by 8.30 p.m. We straggled out along the road to Port Franklin, flying low, the eagerness to arrive first (I found out next morning) resulting from the old hands' desire to bag one of the three available bunks on the boat for the night. The losers rolled out bags beneath the pine trees near the wharf - the fishermen's shed being decidedly too "high" after a week of hot weather.

Intermittent bouts of slumber, laced with swotting the odd mosquito, and cursing the full moon, whiled away the hours to first light. A cup pf coffee and biscuit revived most of us enough to get on with the stowing of the incredible amount of diving gear, camping equipment and food piled knee deep along the wharf. Port Franklin, at that hour, seemed a smaller and scruffier version of our own anchorage at Warnet, - mangroves, winding sluggish stream, cows squelching in the mud beside the channel.

We cast off at 5.30 A.M. (NOTE: Contrast Sub Aqua

outings!) and were well out in Corner Inlet by six. A little later, fruit juice, followed by O.S. sixe sava encased in rolls, began to appcar, assembly line fashion, fr from the volunteer cooks working miracles in the galley below. Washed down by tea or coffee, a few of us began to wonder if this was really the ideal breakfast to hold down in the face of the stiff easterly blow developing.

Our boat, the "Mirrabooka" is an immaculately neat 36 foot ex-shark boat, now turned exclusively charter, run by Reg Truscott - a careful, considerate and obliging Captain. Without taking any risks, he will set a diving party down anywhere within reason, providing you pay him \$50 per day for the pleasure. And he knows the Prom like ~~your~~ own backyard.

his  
7.30 a.m. saw us in our gear lined up at the side awaiting out turn to check with the Dice Captain, before inspecting the bottom of Freshwater Cove, under the brow of Mt. Singapore, the last point on Corner Inlet. My diver here was particularly enjoyable, as we had arrived at slack water, and the reef dropped away rapidly from twenty to eighty feet. The marine life was something to see - sponges, stars, crinoids, molluscs, and for me, the first sight of basket stars in their natural habitat, made the dive worthwhile. A prolific hydroid fauna kept me busy writing and bagging specimens until the first cylinder ran out. I felt quite at home in this water - just about as murky as Westernport!

Due to unfavourable wind, tide and fog, Reg as unwilling to take to the Channel for a while, and we waited in Corner Inlet until lunch time. This smorgasbord was served on paper plates on the roof of the deckhouse; the variety of food would have done justice to any restaurant.

Finally, conditions improved sufficiently for the run down the east side of the Prom to Refuge Cove



during the afternoon. My self-esteem rose considerably, when two hours out, and queasy in the roll, I found that the very quiet group in the stern had already succumbed, given up - and thrown up. It was a relief to slide into the calm green anchorage of Refuge. Another mass effort, the dinghy loaded to the gunwale for many trips, and the gear was transferred to the beach. We were lucky to find that a previous group had erected a rustic type shelter, tables and benches, so our domestic arrangements were made easy.

Yet another enormous meal of the best steak I've ever had 9 (maybe I'm dwelling on food, but what housewife ~~doesn't~~ wouldn't, when she didn't have to stir one pot for a whole weekend!) served en masse, canteen style in queue, wash your own plates afterwards. After which, we tottered in varying degrees of exhaustion into our bags. A few hardy souls went garfishing, and one I'm told, got dunked in the bay.

Sunday's timetable followed the pattern of the previous day - up with the sun, breakfasted, packed away, to the next cove, and in the water by eight. For the Prom, the visibility was poor due to the northeasterly ~~xxx~~ blowing. There were compensations, though, in the delightful caves winding below the granite boulders of the coastal cliffs. One cave was filled with bright yellow gorgonia (photo of which I messed up) and others were full of pink and yellow bryozoa. Fish were reasonably plentiful, but ~~it~~ seemed to know what a speargun meant. A few good crays were taken.

After emptying two more cylinders, it was time to get back aboard for the four hour trip to port. Heat, fatigue, and monotony were alleviated by sudden outbreaks of water fights for which the ships buckets were much in demand. Even Reg in the wheelhouse didn't escape a ducking, but he took it in good part. Another horror to be avoided until you were at bursting point -

particularly after a cold shower landing on your hot sunburned back - was the small (just standing or sitting room only) alcove reserved for such emergencies. This cubicle was entered by a vertical ladder and was possessed a lid which couldn't be locked from the inside. The sequence of events can be left to the imagination. Victim given just long enough to settle down inside, when up goes the lid, and in goes a bucket of water.

There's much more to tell, but I'll fill up the Newsletter if I go on. I was eating tea (?) back home at Essendon at 7 a.m. Monday. Work that day was a matter of just staying alive till knock off time. The B.S.D. boys certainly know how to turn on a trip of this sort. Their success lies in the fact that they have community club camping gear, everyone does his bit, and this keeps the club spirit moving. Few of our members know that the first trips of this sort around the Prom were pioneered by Sub Aqua, in the dim diving past. We could return it to our outings by joining with the B.S.D. who have an annual weekend, and Easter trip, and usually have vacancies. It has certainly been the best diving trip for organisation diving, and company I've ever had, for the total price of \$7.50 per day.

Any takers for Easter? Ring their Secretary, Eddie Tootell Phone 337 6435. (I should get an honorary membership in B.S.D. for this free ad.)

-----JAN.