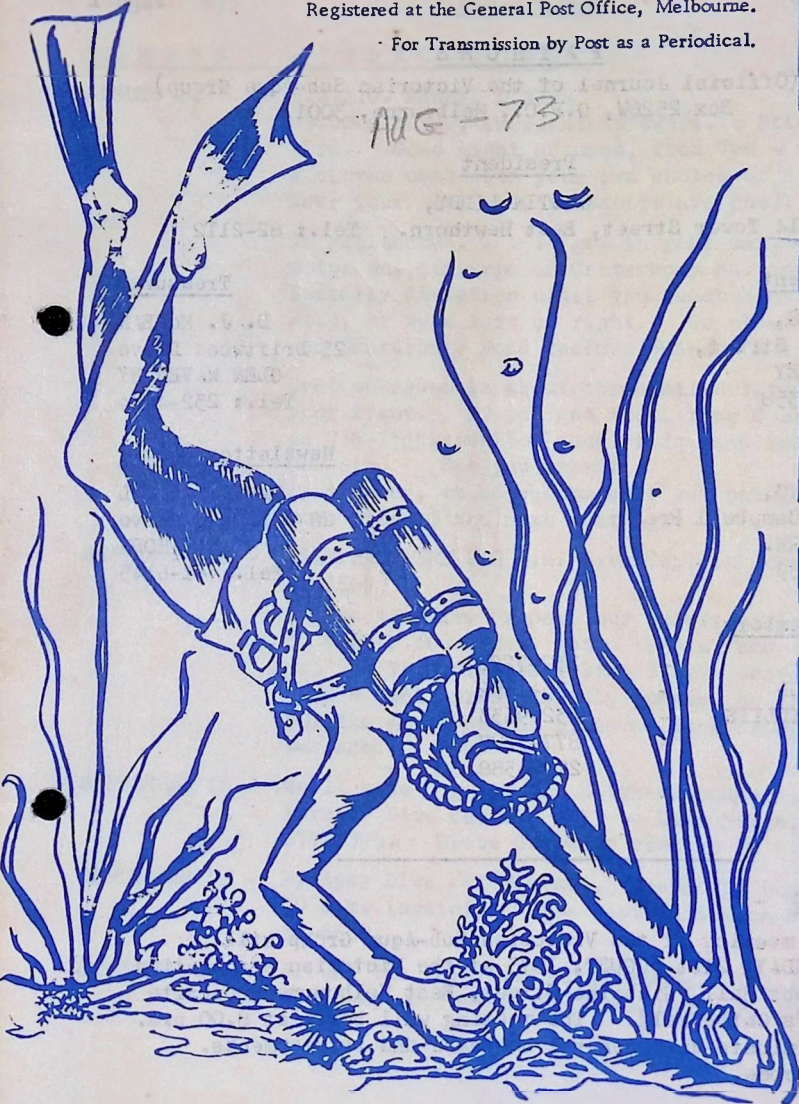


Registered at the General Post Office, Melbourne.
For Transmission by Post as a Periodical.

AUG - 73



FATHOMS



VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

F A T H C M S

(Official Journal of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group)
Bcx 2526W, G.P.O., Melbourne, 3001.

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CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on TUESDAY, 21st AUGUST, 1973 at the Victorian Association of Youth Clubs Hall, Gisborne Street, East Melbourne (opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral). The meeting will begin at 8.00 p.m. and will terminate with general business and refreshments. Visitors welcome.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- AUGUST 24 - V.S.A.G. ANNUAL DINNER
 \$5.00 a throw, incidentals extra. Bring your own bird. Good night assured, from 7pm - midnight. 4 course menu with your own choice of drinks. Wear your good gear (wetsuits are cut).
 To get there . . . get in your car, and turn the motor on, converge on Canterbury Rd. and head in an Easterly direction until you reach Montrose. Do not stop, or turn left or right. Go straight through and Canterbury Road becomes Swansea Road.
 Chateau Wyuna is about three miles further on to your right. If you get lost, ring Chateau Wyuna on 736-2555, swallow your pride, and ask them where you are. See you there!
 (By the way, those who haven't yet paid, have to come good at the next meeting.)
- SEPTEMBER 2 - FLINDERS PIER (10 a.m. Dive Captain John Goulding, 82-1569)
 Before the dive proper, our safety officer will conduct a few little tests to see "how great thou art". This will be followed by a scavenger hunt with a small prize (kindly donated by John Goulding) for the most unusual piece of junk brought to the surface.
- SEPTEMBER 16 - We'll have a go at the Holyhead and/or the Kelp Farm. Dive Captain will be Dave Moore, Tel.: 277-6395. Leave Sorrento ramp at 10 a.m.
- SEPTEMBER 30 - Mystery Dive off Portsea. Leave the boat ramp at 10 a.m. (again!) Dive captain Adrian Newman, 52-6568.
- OCTOBER 14 - Around the "Rip" with Don McBean. Tel.: 232-4894. Rye ramp, opposite the Pizza Parlour, 10 a.m.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

This is the first "Fathoms" that I have edited and knitted together, and here I would like to pause and with ink-stained fingers, raise my diving helmet to Bill for his efforts in producing our magazine, which I think we all take farr too much for granted. However, my eyes are opened now, and I would like to say an appreciative thankyou for the tremendous job he has been unselfishly doing, and to wish him a well earned rest from decyphering and rewriting, our literary efforts.

Locking down our mailing list, I notice that our tiny magazine travels halfway round the world, so start sharpening your pencils foreign correspondents. Next time you are on an cutting or down on a dive, keep your eyes peeled, you might be asked to write about it. Those of you with current log books will have a head start. So with that thought in mind, I'll leave you to read all about last month's activities.

D. C.

R. I. P.

It is with deep regret that we announce the passing of yet another diver, into the clutches of the female of the species.

Even though this young man is one of our newer members, and has been ably instructed in survival techniques, he still got caught.

It was on or about the 22nd of July, 1973, that the new first leaked out to horrified and disbelieving V.S.A.G. members, so now join with me in offering sincere condolences and the bloody best of luck to Dave and Pat. May all their troubles wear little wet suits!

JUSTIN LIDDY,

President.

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS

We have at last a report by one of our many overseas correspondents (name dropping again!) who writes, from a somewhat shaky position on the top of Table Mountain, Cape Town, South Africa.

Dear Justin and V.S.A.G.,

(23.7.73)

Well the last week has been very good to me - firstly, I started work as a barman in a clicky lounge nearby; six nights a week, 7pm - 2am, ~60 or so clear plus tips. Then yesterday I had my first dive, a boat dive off Castle Rocks, down near Cape Point off the Cape of Good Hope. There was a reef at 60 feet about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile out, plenty of small fish and two sharks - a sandy 2 ft. long and a small blue pointer about the same length. I went mad with the camera, just like Dave Carroll did in Ewans! The bottom was similar to Flinders and vis was 30-40 ft.

May only be here until 6 August as Noel has not yet got a job. If we leave we'll go on to Johannesburg and work until the end of November when we're due to set off on our safari trip North.

I won't be diving every week as it costs me \$2.50 to hire a 40 cubic ft. tank but I'll send an item for the newsletter within a month or so on the place generally.

Hope Johnny got my last card and thanks again for the fabulous send-off you gave us.

Tell Sier I suppose he still never fronts to meetings. Also thank Val for the beer mug!

TIP.

P.S. Funds are bad here, but cost of living is far less.

WALHALLA TRIP

On Sunday, 15th July, the club descended into Walhalla. If you change the first letter of this town to a V you arrive at the old Norwegian world for the underworld. Unfortunately we saw more underground hiking than Vikings.

The weather wasn't too bad and got progressively warmer and as we set out many anxious glances were sent over our shoulders to where the bay seemed tranquil, quite a good day for diving Dave Carroll was

heard to say again and again and -

We covered the final few miles into Walhalla over a windy dirt road, just right for bushrangers we were told and indeed after seeing the photographs in the town museum I don't think that we would have been too surprised if Ned Kelly himself had fronted up. We rendezvoused in front of the old bandstand where Keith treated us to a one-man band recital before we commenced building our fire for the barbecue. This presented somewhat of a problem until Keith, ably supervised as always by Justin, tore up a house or two, covered the debris in Volkswagon fuel and then leapt for cover as the barbecue took off. The highlight of the lunch was the arrival of Murray and family and more important, the addition of one more torch to our collection.

After lunch we decided to go look for gold. Complete with torches, miles of rope and bags of confidence, we set out to find the lost mines around Walhalla. About two hours, three dead-ends and a high ridge climb later, we felt that perhaps the miners had taken all there was to be found anyway. We slowly retraced our steps downwards where Adrian once again rekindled our interest and led us further away this time by car.

So it was we came eventually to the most famous mine in the area; Long-tunnel mine, and we really found out the hard way why it was so called. The entrance was damp and further into the hillside. The mine floor became a river precariously crossed by a series of boards. We all, women and children included, intrepidly went on and on until we finished up in a large man-made cavern with fireflies sparkling in the ceiling. There were several openings around the walls which were tentatively explored, in fact we lost Dave and Murray at this stage without really noticing that they were missing.

We decided at this stage to explore an upward passageway and seeing a speck of light way above us we began a rough uphill underground hike. Eventually we clambered out into the daylight and walked around the hillside back to the cars.

Gratefully we fell into the cars and drove through Walhalla to the cemetery, which we found precariously balanced on the side of a hill. It seemed as if a lot of old Walhallians were buried standing up. At this stage we found Justin doing his Dracula act, looking most at home, but with a very grave expression.

Finally we climbed into the cars and drove wearily home to Melbourne. It certainly had been a Sunday with a difference,

instead of spending the afternoon 40 feet underwater, we had been for a change several hundred feet underground.

Those present were Justin and Denise, Adrian and July, Keith and Diane, Pat, Annette, Scotty, Samantha, Murray, June, Joanne, Sue Ellen, Dave Carroll and myself - Brian Lynch.

COMMITTEE NEWS -

After many hours of solid work and many, many words being uttered, at the two committee meetings, great things were decided.

Good news comes first, and it was decided that the club would give some financial support to Terry Smith's latest construction, a two-man Manta Board, to be built over the next few months with other members' help. Terry has shown in the past that he is second to none in producing first-class diving aids. A Manta-Board would be a great help in exploring a much larger area of the Bay than we could possibly cover normally. If you want to do some homework, get a map and just mark on it the spots you have dived, heard about or even think you might have some knowledge of. They would probably cover a sixpence! There's loads of ocean cut there and these days, its "first come, first served".

Next the bad news. (It might be disagreeable, but so is a lot of medicine.)

There is no record of the following people holding current medical certificates. If they cannot produce such certificates (or proof of their having been recently medically examined as the club constitution requires) by the end of August, then they will not be allowed to dive with the club from that date until a new medical certificate is forthcoming.

John Noonan
Peter Lustig
Neil Knight
David Carroll
Paul Beecher
Charles Croft

Margaret Phillips
Gordon Ryan
Fritz Lotzner
Peter Attwood
Phil Partridge
Val Jones

Alan Cutts
Ian Cockerell
Don McBean
Rob Adamson
John Carson

DIVER PROFILE

(or know your Buddy)

- AUGUST DIVER - JOHN GOULDING
- Home - Flat 2, 80 Campbell Road, Hawthorn.
- Age - elderly 27, but looks younger.
- Sex - Yes
- Profession - Tin Can Executive
Secretary of V.S.A.G.
- Hobbies - Wearing wet suits
Monsterring
Falling over things
- Last Book Read - Kama Sutra Backwards
- Opinion of L.B.R. - Confusing
- Favourite Quote - Can you read backwards?
- Last Accomplishment- Didn't fall of his horse at the VSAG rodeo.
- Profile - Strong willed and of an inquisitive
intellect. Has a sensitivity to problems,
that is often concealed by a logical approach
to getting confused. Has been known to blow
a horn.
- Likes - Women, lemonade, women, lemonade with a dash,
women and getting bogged.
- Dislikes - Noisy women, coarse language, noisy parties,
loud music, alcohol and broken differentials.
-

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS 1973-74

NOMINATION FORM

We, the undersigned, being full members of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group, hereby nominate:

.....
for the position of Director.

Signed: Date: / /

Signed: Date: / /

I, hereby accept the above nomination for Director of the Group.

Signed: Date: / /

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WILLIAMSTOWN

On Saturday, 21st July, Dave Carroll, John Goulding and myself went for a snoopy snorkel around the rocks of Dave's second home, Williamstown. Dave had prepared us for an interesting inshore dive. What none of us were prepared for, was the extremely arctic conditions prevailing at the time. The water was very cold, and we began to ice-up almost as soon as our masks hit the water.

However, we tried to ignore the icicles forming before our eyes, and investigated the rocks and sea-bed coming across trails of broken china and some clay pipe stems. We finally arrived at the scattered wreckage of the WILLIAM ALBERT, a lighter. This is an interesting wreck, this vessel made a heroic rescue of survivors from the steamship "DANDENONG" when it lost its propeller off Jervis Bay late last century. It is ironic that almost a century later the William Albert followed the Dandenong to a watery grave.

Enough of history, at this stage our teeth started chattering like Spanish castanets, and we began to head back shore-wards, after about 45 minutes of a very cold immersion. The visibility, though, was very good, and we had a very interesting dive, at all times within forty feet of the shore, which seems to bear out Dave's oft repeated saying:

"When the wind and sea are up and conditions
cause a frown,
You can take your gear and calmly dive at
Williamstown".

BRIAN LYNCH

BUY, SELL, SWAP, UNLOAD

National 4-track Stereo (reel to reel, twin speaker) tape recorder. Approx. 1 dozen recorded tapes, good condition.

€100 or nearest offer (will take €99.95)

JOHN GOULDING, 82-1569

One Hawaiian Sling, used once at Wilson's Promontary. Owner now does not believe in killing the poor little fishes. €10.

JUSTIN LIDDY.

PRESERVING ARTIFACTS

One of the most common type of souvenir brought to the surface is of iron. If it's not brought up its usually because mostly the diver has tried this before and found that the damn thing corrodes away in a matter of days.

DO NOT DESPAIR !

With a little bit of work and some patience iron objects can be preserved.

Iron souvenirs are usually covered with a series of layers of rust, sand and shell concretions. Gently chip away the loose garbage until you come to the base metal. Next get a container (glass or plastic) and make roughly a 10% mixture of sodium hydroxide (caustic soda) and water (about 1 part soda to nine parts water). Cover the object with the solution and leave for about six weeks (yes, six weeks). Add water regularly to keep the liquid level over the object, and keep kids, clothes, fingers, etc. well away. At the end of this period, replace the liquid with another batch and also add some zinc (the more the better). Leave again for some time and it will be noticed that bubbling commences. After a period of weeks this bubbling stops. Remove the object and wash thoroughly with running water.

The object should now be back to new metal. The parts

that were rust will have been lost, but all the remaining metal preserved.

It is best to now give the object a short acid dip (a few minutes in weak battery acid or diluted soldering fluid) to neutralize any remaining caustic soda. If this is done, rinse again in water and then dry thoroughly by rinsing in methylated spirits.

When the object is dry it is finished, though to prevent further rusting, it is best to paint it completely over with clear varnish or Estapol.

Iron might not sound the best type of souvenir for appearance, but wrought iron, commonly used up to the turn of the century forms an attractive swirled surface because of the nature of the metal. Many objects (e.g. ring bolts, rings, tools, axes, knives, weapons (?) etc.) can often be found in the centres of rusty, amorphous blobs that one would normally not look at (witness, Dave Moore), so if you feel energetic give it a try sometime.

(CAUTION: Caustic Soda is a very corrosive, poisonous chemical. If accidentally swallowed or splashed onto skin, wash in/or see a doctor immediately.)

CAMERA HINTS

For those of us who find that color slide film breaks the bank, read on.

A recent American discovery is that color can be projected from black and white panchromatic film.

To do this, two identical photos are taken of a subject, one through a Rattan 58 tri color filter and the other through a Rattan 25 tri color red filter. The slides are developed in the normal way and projected simultaneously on the same screen, the "red" slide through the red filter.

What comes out (to the human eye and brain) is a color projection, almost identical to a color slide.

"THE ANNUAL ROUND-UP"

"There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the folks from V.S.A.G. were on their way,
They were coming to ride the horses, to break the
brumbies in
And each man and woman was riding their's to win."

Well, that was the atmosphere when I arrived at Wallingford Riding School at 9 a.m. on Sunday, 2nd July. Some of the toughest bronco busters in the business has gathered there that morning to re-capture the spirit of the "Man from Snowy River." All the red coats and jodhpur types stayed home that day because no one rides when the VSAG rides; even the horses were a bit reluctant to take us on.

Our band of fearless riders showed great chivalry in allowing the women to mount first. One by one we swung into our saddles and waited for the barriers to go down.

First to get away was Justin on a fiery steed named Bojangles. He was followed closely by Denise with Pat Reynolds and Keith Stewart taking up the rear of the first group of horses. A large gap to Dave Moore and Pat, with Adrian, Judy and Di Stewart hemmed in on the rails. Bill Gray was slow to start but came up quickly followed closely by John Goulding and Bill Goodwin who came up on the outside to tackle the leaders. Marg Phillips flew from the starting stalls like a jumpy jet and was soon well placed on the inside of the field.

Those who wished to remain in the yard were left in a cloud of dust caused primarily by late comers Dave Carroll and Brian Lynch.

The chilly crisp morning air was a pleasure to breathe, and as we raced to the far corner of the paddock, I practised every trick that I'd learnt as a boy on my faithful old steed "Mcbo", the rocking horse.

There's something to be said about the old saying "Horses for Courses". It was pretty obvious that our horses preferred

the course which led them towards home. Once their heads were turned in the direction of the stables there was little that one could do, except "Stick with it". This gave us plenty of excitement as the horses would race up the hill at breakneck speed. It was during one of these stampedes that little Judy proved that people do bounce when they eject from fast moving objects. But although Judy met her Waterloo in a puddle of mud, she later proved her delicate femininity by winning the fashions on the field contest.

It was a really fun morning and although there were a few sore bums and bones they were soon forgotten at the Bar-B-Q which followed.

JOHN GOULDING

JOKE TIME

The elderly woman had complained of an abdominal swelling and some pain. After a thorough examination her doctor pronounced her pregnant.

"That's impossible", she gasped. "I'm 79 and my husband, although he still works, is 86."

When the doctor insisted that despite their advanced ages, they were to be parents, she insisted upon phoning her husband straight away.

When he husband answered, the prospective mother immediately burst out with, "You old goat, you've gone and made me pregnant".

There was a short pause, then the old man stuttered, "Oh my god, what am I going to tell the wife?"

FLOTSAM and JETSAM

Our industrious President has just rung me to advise that all articles for "Fathoms" have to be in to the Editor by tomorrow at the latest. So here I am sitting in my studio striving to beat the dead-line. I can almost feel the tenseness that a daily paper editor must go through in order to get the first edition out on to the streets before the lunch-time crowds.

Noticed an article in the "Age" recently about the derelicts of Melbourne. These homeless men and women who wander the streets searching for whatever they can find to make their miserable lives a little more comfortable are an unfortunate part of our society. Well, one is a little closer to us than many of us know. No, its not Brian Lynch! Its some poor old bloke who makes his home under the stairway around the back of the Victorian Youth Clubs Hall. On any night of our General Meetings you can see him there wrapped up in his newspapers trying to keep "warm". Perhaps anyone with an old blanket might just leave it for him sometime. Our secretary who is somewhat of a night owl tells me he often stumbles over similar types inside the G.P.O. when he goes to clear the mail box in the wee hours of the morning. These guys seem to have their favourite spots and John witnessed quite a battle one night when someone pinched another bloke's corner.

One a more cheerful topic we note further talents being shown by V.S.A.G. members who excelled themselves at the horse riding day. My votes go to Judy (Neumann) who won the maiden handicap. Even the horse couldn't keep up with her!

Many of the comments made in this article might not be understood by some members, but that's only because they weren't there to enjoy the events described.

Noticed in the June edition of "Skin Diver" that experiments show that the growth rate of blind lobsters is about 10% faster than that of normal lobsters. Maybe that why Bazza Truscott the "BUG KING" has been reportedly seen taking little blind-folds into the water with him.

Have heard that cigarette advertising is going to be banned from T.V. in the not too distant future. The policies of the Federal Government seem a little obscure in their dealings with the T.V. industry. On the one hand they are trying to promote Australian content shows, but then they go and ban those bonza Australian commercials that have given us such "Greats" as Stuart Wagstaff, Tony Barber and of course Paul "Hero" Hogan, and what's to become of Boris and the boys in the band?

Well now I've filled some space and met my deadline. I look back over what I've written and recall the words of Mark Twain who wrote, "It usually takes me more than three weeks to prepare a good impromptu speech".

Signed: A. NONYMOUSE

NOTICE OF FORTHCOMING ELECTIONS AND THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

The Annual General Meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will occur at the September Club meeting. The club constitution states that one-third of committee members, that is those longest standing in office shall stand down and may offer themselves for re-election.

Those standing down are :- Pat Reynolds, Alan Cutts and Don McBean. They offer themselves for re-election accordingly. Bill Jansen will also be standing down, but will not be available for re-election. Thus there will be four positions vacant.

Nomination forms are included in this newsletter and nominations must reach the club secretary 14 days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

"PARNONS"

Registered at the G.P.O.
MELBOURNE for transmission
by post as a periodical.

If not delivered within
14 days return to :
Box 2526W, G.P.O.,
MELBOURNE. 3001

Postage Paid
LHM, VIC, AUST
3001

Cat. 1B1