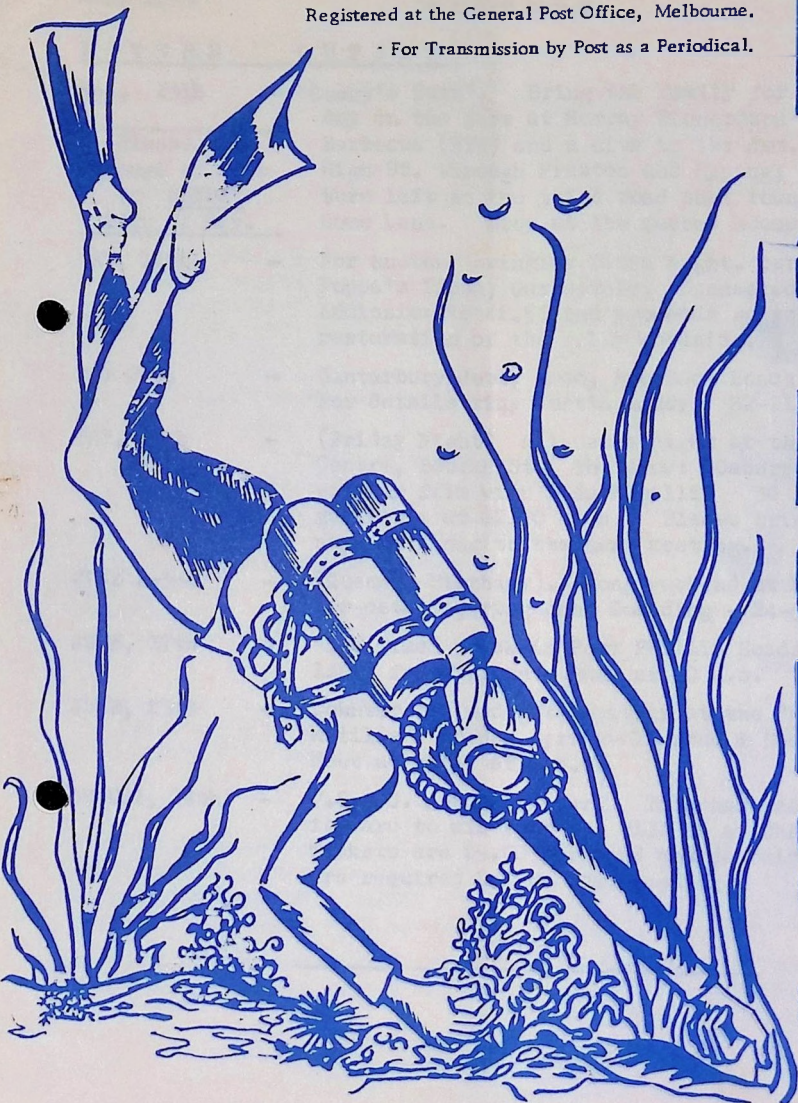


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# FATHOMS



## VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

FUTURE OUTINGS

- MAY, 13th - "Cocky's Turn". Bring the family for a pleasant day on the farm at Murray Richardson's. Barbecue (BYO) and a dive in the dam. Follow High St. through Preston and Epping; at Epping turn left at the third road past township, Harvest Home Lane. Stop at the second house on the right.
- Please note  
change of date  
to SUNDAY  
13th of May.
- MAY, 14th - For another swinging Pizza Night, turn up at Poppa's Pizza, Gardenvale. Sponsored by S.D.F. Admission is \$2.50 and proceeds go to aid the restoration of the Polly Woodside.
- MAY 20th - Canterbury Jetty Road, Rye Back Beach area. For details ring Justin Liddy, 82-2112
- MAY, 25th - (Friday Night) A theatre night at the Cinema Centre, Bourke St. The show: "Cabaret"; award-winning film with Liza Minelli. 30 tickets are available at \$2.20 each. Please bring your payment along to the next meeting.
- JUNE 2-3-4 - (Queen's Birthday). Long weekend at Mount Gambier. For details, ring John Goulding - 24-5074.
- JUNE, 17th - "The Time" wreck in Port Phillip Heads. Boats leave from Sorrento Ramp at 10 a.m.
- JUNE, 23rd - Counter Tea and get-together at the "Waltzing Matilda", corner Springvale Road & Heatherton Road. Meet at hotel at 6 p.m.
- AUGUST, 24th - V.S.A.G. Annual Dinner. This has been moved forward to mid-year and will be at Chateau Wyuna. Tickets are \$5.00 per head and deposits of \$1.00 are required by the next meeting.
-

REFLECTIONS -

Well, here it is - early May and once again V.S.A.G. has scraped through another season without any diving mishaps. As winter approaches and a few divers look at the unfriendly bleak seas and decide to give it a miss until next summer, let's take a look at our standards and see if we can do anything to improve them.

Immediately the cry is heard, "there's nothing wrong with the way I dive" or "my gear's okay", or "it couldn't happen to me anyway". But during the last 12 months diving fatalities have been in the news once too often. That once was when the first accident occurred.

Let's have a look, bearing in mind the club's motto, which is .....???

Firstly, gear: how many of us have made do with makeshift gear at one time or another, just to get in the water? How many of us wear life jackets? How long has the club insisted on life jackets and how many people, newcomers apart, still haven't got one? How many of those who have them know how to use them or those of their buddies? How many divers could buddy breathe without fumbling? How many have dived alone or lost contact with their buddy? How many of us have spent a night on the tiles and jumped into the water the next morning?

I wonder how many of us could pass the various tests for different grades of divers? How many of us use a divers' flag, or know how to use a spear gun safely, both in and out of the water? How many of us know our own hand signals, or more important, our buddy's hand signals at the time?

Don't think that I'm stating a 'holier than thou' attitude because at one time or another I've done the wrong thing on most of these questions myself. The point is, having done these things have I learnt anything; and more important, have you?

Sure, let the others laugh at you for being over safety conscious - who cares anyway? Can they laugh with a gutful of water, face down in the middle of the bay?

JUSTIN LIDDY,  
President, V.S.A.G.

FLOTSAM and JETSAM

Without doubt the "Boatman of the Year" Award must go to Bazza Truscott, who is getting the reputation of being a crash hot wave shooter. Remour hath it that in his early days Bazza was a surfie. However, this being the case or not, Bazza and his trusty boat "Marie" are certainly showing the surfies a thing or two about wave riding. In a recent interview Bazza made the comment: "I just love the 'ruggedies' ". Recent exhibitions of Bazza's skill have been through the Rip, Tidal River and Sorrento.

The roughies however are not too kind to Bazza's boat and in the near future "Marie" will need to be rubbed down and given a face lift. Like the old Chinese proverb, "Many hands make light work", so it is when converted to the nautical phrase - "Many rubs make face lift". The word will be passed around when work is to commence so that we may all have a go to get the job done and thereby get Bazza back to bashing the Bomboras.

.. ..

The above article must surely solve the mystery as to why all boats are called after females. Boats like women, and in particular, ex-wives, are always after more maintenance.

.. ..

The CUDDLY COUPLE competition at Wilsons Prom. was won by CHUBBY and GLOLIA.

.. ..

The Mt. Gambier weekend on Queen's Birthday, June 2 - 4th is coming up pretty soon. Already two 6-berth cabins have been booked. As it may be necessary to get more accommodation, please contact John Goulding, phone: 480-1411 (work), or 24-5074 (A.H.) if you're going. In order to make sure of accommodation do this before 22nd May.

.. ..

FLOTSAM and JFITSAM (Cont'd.)

For a bloke who claims he doesn't believe in BLOOD SPORTS,  
Justin certainly left his mark at Wilsons Prom. -

1 Roo

1 Kelpie

and a few dead "marines"

.. .. ..

V.S.A.G. members seem to be all round water sportsmen. The  
Wilsons Prom. brigade showed some fine examples of water skiing.  
Indeed, thanks must go to Dave Moore who handled his boat with  
great delicacy.

.. .. ..

The "fastest man on land" non award goes to Dave Carroll.  
Although he managed to beat the incoming tide down at the Prom,  
he cheated by crawling the first 10 feet.

.. .. ..

I'm keeping my identity anonymous in case people mentioned in  
this article have a go at me.

AL K. HOL.

WILSON'S PROMONTORY - APRIL 20th-25th, 1973

Throughout Friday morning, starting from about 9 a.m.,  
members of V.S.A.G., along with the rain, began to trickle into  
Tidal River. As we set up camp amid the rain and the mud,  
one was reminded of various other club trips which had started  
out equally disastrously but ended up as really great outings.

After setting up all shapes and sizes of tents and moaning  
about the lousy weather, about midday we had a quick count

around and found we numbered about 20-25 souls. We then went for a quick look at the beach to see what great diving lay in store. We walked the length of the beach in a howling gale and some idiots even insisted on walking on to Little Oberon ..... but not your hero; he headed for camp and spent a very frustrating hour trying to find it! Friday finished reasonably early after a bite to eat and one or two ales to allay the depression brought on by the miserable diving prospects.

Came the dawn on Saturday, unfortunately, and our valiant crew now numbering some 33 bedraggled specimens, arose to find the weather had not improved at all. Diving was out again. After general discussion various groups split up and went wandering in the bush. Both children and adults at this stage found that the parrots and other birds in the area could be induced with the aid of a few bread crumbs to perch on one's arm or shoulder. Chris, Craig and Samantha were especially entranced and became the subject of many "outstanding" photos over the remainder of the time there.

By this time the weather finally started to improve. So much so that Tony, Bazza and one or two other hardy souls went for a swim off the beach. They even managed to make it back to shore after much strenuous dog-paddling! Others of the group went walking again (a ridiculous exercise really). Dave Carroll 'volunteered' to make the trip into Pester for much needed supplies and the author spent the afternoon wondering just what shape his car would return in.

Saturday night was party night - "Cat" Carroll again starred with his rendition of whatever it was and Tipping again managed to tell a few colorful jokes.

Sunday showed definite signs of improvement weatherwise, so much so that Dave Moore decided to take his boat for a run at Yanakie and find out how many people could ski. About half, according to reports reaching the author who spent the day in camp waiting for some people to turn up from Melbourne. Anyway, that's my story and I'm sticking to it. Sunday night passed, strangely enough, much the same as the previous nights and then to bed.

Wilson's Promontory (Cont'd.)

Monday morning the weather wasn't quite up to scratch for diving so again members split up, some to snorkel in the river, some to go hiking, some to just be lazy and some to make the perilous trip to Foster for lunch - Johnny, Dave, myself, little 'ocker', Pat and Keith and Dianne made the trip. It was only through my legendary skill at the wheel that we only managed to hit one kangaroo and also Foster in time for lunch.

After lunch and a short scenic drive of some 60 miles we made it back to camp in time to see Chubby leave and Adrian and Dave heading for a little spot of skiing at Yanakie. Shortly after we were met by Tony, Bazza and crew just back from a short hike to Sealer's Cove in the rather good time (for them) of some two hours each way.

Monday night for a change we all headed for the luxuriously appointed Tidal River Picture Theatre where we were superbly entertained by one of the truly great motion pictures of our time. I think from memory it starred Charlie Chaplin and commentary by some highly talented members of a little known bunch of "ruggedies". I think it was the same night that John Goulding and I had a slight argument with a tent rope - the rope won.

Tuesday - finally and at long last the gods were kind to us and we woke to a dead flat sea (maybe a bit far out but...) and cries of "get your gear on". After a truly remarkable show of team spirit we had three boats in the water and Dave's half under and were on our way to the Glennies for a great day's diving. Divers included your much beloved Pres. and Sec., plus John, Bazza (captain to his friends), Dave, Rob, Keith, Dave Moore and Pat, Adrian, Judy and Rob Wadsley.

First stop was in the little bay on Great Glennie for a bit of a snorkel. After about an hour we were invaded by several other boats all containing divers, so we headed out along the coast where we donned tanks and went chasing the elusive cray. Four rather well fed specimens were uncovered along with a few fish. Then around the island to another likely spot but after 150 ft. of anchor line had not touched bottom we gave that away and headed for Ramsbottom Rocks where we located the bottom at 60 ft. on the edge of a really fantastic drop off to 95 ft. It was one of the

Wilson's Promontory (Cont'd.)

most spectacular sections of ocean floor we could remember seeing. Those who didn't go in didn't see it and are now cursing themselves for missing out. Then it was time to head in and thanks to Dave Moore's expert navigation we only missed Tidal River by 2 bays. We brought the boats in through the surf to a safe landing and all hands helped to drag them out of the water and on to trailers. The spectators repeated their Port Campbell trick and stared in disbelief at the silly idiots in wet suits and various stages of undress (Tipping).

One gets the impression that Bazza's boat is hard to launch over sand - finally at the cost of a wheel bearing on the trailer we all made it back to camp for a well-earned shower and dinner. The crayfish went down well, helped by the diminishing supplies of perishables.

Wednesday dawned bright and clear, darn it, and we were all busily engaged ripping down our little home away from home. It was argued by various members that a lunch stop at Korumburra would be an essential highlight of the trip home.....it was.

It strikes me as strange that even though we sometimes strike lousy weather on trips away with the club, we always seem to have a really great time. Even the visitors, once they get over the initial shock, seem to join in and really VSAG it.

Thoughts on the Prom.

Squeaky beach does squeak, Goulding has a picture to prove it. It's very hard to open sardine tins when Bazza's boat is flat out - ask Tipping.

Dogs are not allowed - ask Chubby.

A snake's hiss is not necessarily dangerous.

Dave and Adrian like early morning calls.

Justin can't jump fences.

Rugged birds can't work walkie-talkies.

Nobody falls off skis at Yanakie.

The critics of the cinema at Tidal River are right.

Not true that the VSAG 'chain' was over 15 ft. long.

Very true that Easter 73 will be well remembered.

Written by JUSTIN LIDDY ✕ (his mark)  
in collaboration with TONY TIPPING.



HOW BIG IS THE AUSTRALIAN WORK FORCE?

The following are the stark facts facing us :

Population of Australia	..	..	12,000,000
People of 65 and over	..	..	<u>2,800,000</u>
			9,200,000
People of 18 and under	..	..	<u>2,000,000</u>
			7,200,000
People working for the government	..	..	<u>3,400,000</u>
			3,800,000
People in the armed forces	..	..	<u>950,000</u>
			2,850,000
People in banks, Insurance and Council offices			<u>2,100,000</u>
			750,000
People in Asylums, Hospitals and engaged in horse or greyhound racing	..	..	<u>600,000</u>
			150,000
University students and others who won't work			<u>125,000</u>
			25,000
People in prison	..	..	<u>24,998</u>
			<u>2</u>

You and me - and you'd better pull your socks up, because I'm sick of running the country on my own.

M. PHILLIPS.

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# FATHOMS



## VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

F A T H O M S

(Official Journal of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group)  
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CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on TUESDAY, 17th JULY, 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.

FUTURE OUTINGS

- JULY 22 - Horse riding at the Wallingford Riding School, Bergins Road, Rowville (off Stud Road, near Rowville drive-in). A chance for all frustrated cowboys to show their style. Start - 9 a.m., horse hire - \$1.50 per hour. Please inform Margaret at the coming meeting as the booking must be finalized. Barbecue following.
- JULY 29 - Boat dive in Port Phillip Bay, between channel fort and Pope's Eye. Leaving from Sorrento ramp at 10 a.m.
- AUGUST 24 - V.S.A.G. annual dinner. This has been moved forward to mid-year and will be at the Chateau Wyuna. Tickets are \$5.00 per person. Confirmation and deposits must be in by the next meeting.
- 

Last Wednesday night saw the resignation of Bill Jansen as editor of "Fathoms". Bill has produced the newsletter for the past 2 years and never missed a deadline, and that in itself is no mean feat. There have been times when material has been pretty scarce, but Bill always managed to come through with an interesting and informative newsletter. Some of the articles appearing have met with mixed reactions from various members whose hides aren't as thick as they should be, but all in all, we still think Bill's a decent sort of a bloke. So all that's left to say is "Thanks Bill for a job well done".

JUSTIN LIDDY,

Pres., V.S.A.G.

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EDITOR'S MESSAGE -

With the publication of this issue I will no longer continue as editor of "Fathoms". The position will pass to the capable hands of Dave Carroll, who has been a regular contributor to recent issues.

In looking back through old issues, many references appear concerning poor attendance at dives and meetings. During the past two years I have seen great changes take place. Old members dropped out and a surge of new ones took their place. New faces appeared on the committee. The points system, plus youthful enthusiasm have brought consistent large attendances. These are year round divers who enjoy the sport for it's own sake.

With this resurgence of enthusiasm in the club I wish to sound a word of caution. We must maintain our safety record. Organization is the keyword. Equipment check-outs, diver check-lists and adherence to rules are a must. With enough thought given to these essentials, we can indeed be a group to be proud of.....the best club in Victoria.

BILL JANSEN.

---

IT'S (NOT YET) TIME

On Sunday, May 17th, we gathered at Rye and then at Sorrento for, as the title suggests yet another boat dive on the Time wreck just outside the Bay. Unfortunately, although the Bay was calm enough, the water outside proved too rough to tempt even Barry through the Rip. We therefore decided as the tide was almost right to search for the elusive 'Eliza Ramsden'.

Despite the fact that wrecker Carroll was not amongst us, we lined up the Marks from the centre of the Bay, virtually in the wake of a large passing tanker. Letting the anchor down, we blindly tried to locate the wreck by dragging for it. After two fruiterers, or should it be wrockers' attempts we tried it the hard way. Barry and I swam down the anchor rope, and surveyed the bottom, sixty feet down, whilst being towed by the current at a pretty nippy rate through the Bay. The

floor at this spot somewhat resembles the Sahara Desert although whatever snags there were the anchor seemed to catch on.

After about fifteen minutes of our underwater ski-ing and anchor rescuing, we came up the line, at right angles, now I know what a flag feels like. We then abandoned the search as the Eliza being a woman of course refused to co-operate and stayed out of sight. So, feeling hungry by this time, we headed further into the bay on our way to the Hurricane wreck, with its accompanying scallop beds. Of course, this is easier to find as it is marked by a wreck buoy. On the way there we called in on a Bull seal sunning himself on a deserted lighthouse. The small was quite strong, the seal didn't seem to mind this, but when Justin announced his intention of joining him, the seal hit the sea. Funny that.

When our fleet, of two boats, arrived at the Hurricane, we found that we had been beaten to the scene. Two somewhat familiar figures were about to enter the water. However, it seemed we were mistaken, because when one of them accidentally hit the water minus his weight belt, he called to his rapidly descending buddy in some sort of strong foreign language I think. After assisting them to the bottom with the missing weight belt, and then with our anchor, we followed them down. As usual the Hurricane self service store obliged, and about a hundredweight of scallops plus shells, were loaded aboard the boats.

We then loaded ourselves aboard too, upped our wandering anchor, and followed our foreign divers into the sunset. On the way back to Rye we ran into a school of dolphins, some of whom insisted upon escorting Dave's boat in - I suppose they felt safer where they could see him. We landed at Rye, where the fitter members of the club participated in a quick trot up the beach and back. Who said our divers aren't fit.

Those present were in order of appearance, Justin and Denise, Barry and Craig, Tom and family, D.T., myself, Jay Cody, Dave and Pat, Adrian and Judy and Ian Richardson deputising, we are told, for Murray. The boats were supplied by D.J. and Dave, and surprised guest appearances were made by Chubby and Frank.

We all then headed home, after an excellent day's outing, the weather had been very kind to us and our winter day's outing surpassed many of our summer misadventures. Many divers it seems put their wet suits into mothballs at this time of year, but if

the water is right once you are under it, the month doesn't seem to matter and although Barry doesn't agree with me, the temperature doesn't vary much fifty feet down. The season only becomes apparent once you leave the water, and anyway even at this time of year it's still warmer than the English channel.

BRIAN LYNCH

---

NEWS NOTES

The club will now follow the practice of appointing a dive organizer for each month. He will act as contact and liaison for all outings in co-operation with the dive captain. Name and number will appear in each newsletter. July organizer is Justin Liddy - 82-2112.

The S.D.F. has been negotiating with boating authorities for the posting of signs at all launching ramps in the bay. These will advise boaters of their responsibilities concerning divers. A suitable sign is now being planned, and any designs or suggestions will be appreciated. Contact Frank Maguire, tel.: 786-4940.

Considerable discussion took place at the last committee meeting on the most appropriate diving flag. The S.D.F. policy is to promote the St. Andrews Cross flag. Various interstate and spear-fishing authorities use the code A flag (blue and white panels) while the international flag is the "H over D", which requires two different flags. For clear recognition the first would be preferable, whereas the other flags bring conformity with other bodies. What do you think?

The Underwater Instructor's Association will be sponsoring an advanced course for instructors. Several clubs are sponsoring selected members to attend.

Can you think of something that needs inventing? One of our brainy members will be undertaking this as an engineering school project. How about artificial gills?

Research has been carried out by Les, Dave and Bill lately on a suitable buddy line, with convenient quick release. "Buddy diving doesn't just mean being in the same ocean together".



The Ministry of Aboriginal Affairs has requested copies of "Fathoms", to help in formulating youth programs. Possibly an idea for a future joint outing?

The points score to this date are as follows:

J. LIDDY	-	218	D. McBEAN	-	38
T. TIPPING	-	186	D. CARROLL	-	30
B. TRUSCOTT	-	144	D. MOORE	-	27
P. REYNOLDS	-	115	K. STEWART	-	22
B. GRAY	-	112	I. CARSON	-	20
M. PHILLIPS	-	105	M. RICHARDSON	-	17
A. CUFTS	-	85	T. ARMSTRONG	-	12
I. COCKERELL	-	83	M. RYAN	-	11
R. ADAMSON	-	82	G. RYAN	-	6
J. GOULDING	-	81	R. ADDISON	-	5
L. WALKLING	-	75	J. NOONAN	-	5
B. JANSEN	-	71	P. BEECHER	-	5
F. MAGUIRE	-	64	C. GROFT	-	3
B. LYNCH	-	49	F. COUSTLEY	-	2
A. NEUMANN	-	44	P. ATTWOOD	-	2
B. SCOTT	-	41	V. JONES	-	2

---

PUB NITE - WALTZING MATILDA - 23/6/73

First arrivals on the scene, looking forward to a few lemonades were Brian Lynch, Justin and Denise, Ian Richardson and Carolyn. After some initial confusion in finding our table, a young lady in waitress uniform insisted on providing us with some liquid refreshment. While this was going on more and more people began to arrive. There must be some attraction in the brand of lemonade they serve there. By 7.30 or so there was a fair crowd of V.S.A.G. sitting around sharing a lemonade or two!, including Murray and June Richardson, Adrian and Judy, Keith and Di, Dave and Fat, D.J. and Irene, Carl and Barbara, Paul Rainbow (just back from overseas and dropping names everywhere, Andray Kamelkov and, of course, Bazza and Marie, who never leaves before the food runs out.

The evening went very well, with plenty to eat and the occasional lemonade. Of course there were some idiots who had to get up and dance, but we won't go into too much detail. The

floorshow was well received with special emphasis on a tribute to Bazza.

Around 11.30 p.m. we were forced to leave as they shit the place down about that time. All in all a good night was had by all.

JUSTIN LIDDY

---

AUSTRALIAN UNDERWATER FILM EXPOSITION - DENRY THEATRE. 24/6/73

This is the first time such an exposition has been staged in Victoria and even though there were some technical problems the majority opinion was an outstanding success. There were 5 or 6 short films covering a fairly broad spectrum of diving activities. Notable was John Harding's "Aquariers" which has not been finally edited yet and commentary supplied by John Harding on stage. Also of interest was an old "Movietone News" excerpt on a spearfishing championships in N.S.W. and an ill fated underwater commercial for face cream which apparently didn't live up to expectations (the face cream that is). There was also an American film on underwater habitats and submersibles. Then came interval and a chance to get out of a rather stuffy theatre and say hello to a hell of a lot of familiar diving acquaintances. Also in the foyer was a display of diving gear put on by Dale Chapman. Then it was back to the underwater realm with films by Ron Taylor and Walter Staack which provided varied comment from the still attentive audience. The evening finished with a few more comments by John Harding and the drawing of a couple of lucky seat numbers. One prize was an after dive jacket from Dale Chapman and was followed by a pair of Rocket pins and a diving course from Southern Aquanauts. The pins were won by Les Walkling, but unfortunately due to his not getting down to the stage quick enough, he missed out. After that little setback and a round of farewells, we all shot thru.

Summing up, a very enjoyable and informative night out for the diving community and let's hope more such functions come up in the future.

From V.S.A.G. -

Justin Liddy and Denise, Bill Gray, Marg Phillips,  
Brian Lynch, Murray Richardson and family,  
Ian Richardson and Jeanette, Dave Carroll,  
Bob Adamson, Dave Moore and Pat, Adrian Neumann and Judy,  
Les Walkling and Helen, Keith Stewart, Terry Smith,  
Frank and Lyn Maguire, Ian Cockerell and Gloria,  
Chris Ward and Delia, Charles Croft, Max Synon,  
Peter Sonnenborg, Frank Dombey.

---

This report is the sequel to our last unsuccessful attempt to find the elusive Eliza Ramsden. However, this time, thanks to the Mako Clubs echo sounder we found it the easy way.

Once again we were blessed with a fine sunny day and also with an excellent turn out of divers, over thirty of us waiting impatiently for the afternoon. We set out from two points, Rye and Sorrento, with the faster bigger boats coming from Rye captained by Norm and D.J. We met the Mako boat at Popes Eye and followed them out towards the Heads and the last resting place of the Eliza.

Diving this particular wreck is hazardous due to the fact that it is only possible to dive at slack water and then only for around half an hour. At all other times the current makes it impossible. Thus once we had located the wreck and had one anchor lodged in it we anchored the other four boats and secured the area between them by roping all the boats together. Then we were ready to dive. There is a terrible fascination about going down onto a wreck. As we grouped on the surface prior to descending we knew that about 45 foot below us lay a dead ship. You grip the anchor line and haul yourself down, the water is green, broken only by the upward ever expanding bubbles of the divers already below you.

At first all you can see is the opaque water, but you continue climbing down until there she is. You wait, holding

onto shell encrusted uprights until you are ready to explore. At this point she doesn't really resemble a ship, more like a reef. As we move along her and then glide down her sides past gaping empty portholes she begins to take on familiar lines until coming to her bow, and gazing upwards to where the prow towers above us, we realise that she is still a ship upright and sailing on a sea of sand. All her sharp once sleek sides are now softened and encased entirely by forests of marine growth, and we feel like apologising for disturbing her grave. But then the mood passes and wreck fascination takes over again, down, in and around the tide-swept skeleton we go. Surrounded by hosts of unafraid inquisitive fish who simply treat us as part of their world. One trumpeter insists upon sharing my mask to such an extent that I have to almost lift him bodily out of the way. The fish use the wreck, as they always do, as an oasis in the watery desert but their size and numbers are surprising especially as our last few bay dives have been virtually fish-less.

We move slowly in a silent world although the number of divers swarming over the wreck reminds us of Bourke Street on a Friday night, no sound but your own air intake can be heard.

Having circumnavigated the vessel we prepared to return to the surface again via the anchor rope. Slowly we ascend, keeping pace with our air bubbles until finally our heads break into the sunshine and here we are back in 1973 and brought back to reality by the bay slapping you in the face.

We climbed back into the boats, all of us trying desperately to find marks on the shore so that we could revisit the site without riding on the anchor. Heading back to Rye and the girls waiting patiently on the beach we all agreed that the dive had been exceptional. We then went our separate ways with eight of us finishing off the day with fried rice somewhere near Rosebud. It only remains for me now to list the cast of thousands in alphabetical order.

Alan Cutts and Glenys, Adrian and Judy, Bob Scott, Barry and Chubby, Chas. Croft, Chris Ward, Dave and Pat, D.J., Frank, Garry, John Noonan, Justin and Denise, Keith and Di, Murray, Paul Beecher, Peter Saunders, Pat, Annette, Scotty and Samantha, Phil, Neville, Rob, Roger Townley, Terry and yours truly, Brian Lynch.

A "LITTLE" BIT OF KNOWLEDGE IS DANGEROUS

"The Buddy system is the biggest single safety factor in scuba diving. It makes two divers responsible for each other's safety, over and above all other safety precautions which the diving supervisors may take."

- U.S. Navy Diving Manual of March, 1970.

It also stated that "Buddies are a pair of scuba divers working as a unit, each of the pair is responsible for his buddy's safety throughout the dive. It further stresses that the buddies must maintain a continuous contact."

Surgeon Captain Stanley Miles of the R.N., through research has found that heading the list of major predisposing factors for fatal accidents was inadequate safety precautions. In his words: "Inadequate safety precautions. This applies solely in this context to the ability to remove a diver from the water should he become in difficulties and implies primarily adequate supervision and attendants and the use of a lifeline or buddy line".

The B.S.A.C. requires that its members remain within touching distances, i.e. 6 feet, of each other.

The Royal Navy diving Manual states that "when diving..... a diver is always to have a lifeline securely attached to him except.....when operating in pairs, when swimmers are always to be attached to each other by a buddy line".

Our own, Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Carl Edmonds, R.A.N. apart from freely quoting all of the above, also readily acknowledges the "line" taken by people such as Paul Tzimoulis, editor of "skin diver" and Wade Doak, editor in chief and publisher of "Dive South Pacific". I personally feel that if only one tenth of the wisdom that comes from these people was taken to heart, then we would all be far better off, safety wise, than now. Another interesting point from Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Carl Edmonds, R.A.N., in his review of the last 10 diving deaths along the Eastern Australian coast. "In eight of the cases the person in difficulty was unable to be rescued because his "buddies", when he had them, were unable to find him and surface him in time." By the way, the other two were due to decompression sickness. He adds

further -

"Of these diving fatalities that have occurred in the past twelve months, over half were in "very experienced divers" - not sensible or safety conscious divers, just experienced."

In his wisdom, he asserts three factors that are almost always essential for first aid treatment of serious diving accidents, and almost always absent in fatal cases;

1. A buddy line for communication and assistance with rescue.
2. An inflatable life jacket.
3. Training in resuscitation.

"These refer to first aid given by divers, not first aid from ambulance staff and medical officers. The latter groups give secondary aid and definitive treatments."

Remember, (in Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Carl Edmond's words) -

If you don't know where your buddy is, then you haven't got one.

If you have to search for your buddy, then you haven't got one.

If you can see your buddy, but can't reach him, or if you can reach your buddy in time, but can't get to the surface, you may as well not have a buddy.

From Mark Herrell's, "The Principles of Diving": "No diver shall be beyond the reach of immediate effective assistance.....if diving is to be done in dark or tidal water a lifeline should be worn, and the divers should operate independently. But in good visibility the divers can often work more efficiently in pairs, being linked with a buddy line so that they maintain contact."

And, most important of all, this vast span of knowledge was gained simply by reading Dive South Pacific, Vol. 11, No. 6. It's in the Club Library, along with stacks of others, including all the "Skin Divers" and diving manuals you could immediately want.. The whole point of this article is that there's probably more diving knowledge around, than we as humans could ever consume, so let's get amongst

it, and learn a bit more than our basic scuba theory. Let's open our eyes and see that no one is infallible as a diver; for our sake, hopefully to put us on the right path to becoming knowledgable, sensible, and safety conscious divers. Let's realise the potential that exists in this knowledge and learn from the people in the know. I can't see how anyone could ignore such logical principles, especially when they come from people of the calibre of Surgeon Lieutenant Commander Carl Edmonds, R.A.N. and Co.

Dive Safely,

LES WALKLING

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F L O T S A M      &      J E T S A M

Well, this column is going to look pretty thin this month because its been some time since your correspondent had his flippers wet. Instead he's been keeping in and out of mischief in Singapore.

The last V.S.A.G. function I had the pleasure of attending was Tony Tipping's farewell party at Paul Sier's. Boy, what a night. I'm sure that all who attended will agree that this was a great party, and a fine tribute to Tony who certainly worked hard for the club.

Many thanks to Paul Sier for providing the venue, Brian Lynch for organising the food and the many others who bogged in and helped. Pat Reynolds; that wild bearded man proved to be pretty tame when it came to washing dishes.

I didn't get a chance to do any diving in Singapore, but there are fairly active clubs on the Island. Due to the great amount of shipping in and out of Singapore harbour, and around the coast most of the divers go north to the Malayan coast, where the water is much cleaner. Singapore is a fascinating place - the city is one of a 1000 contrasts. The blend of delicate and ancient Oriental ways and customs mixes with the throbbing of Western 20th Century civilization so as to make a changing and very colourful country.