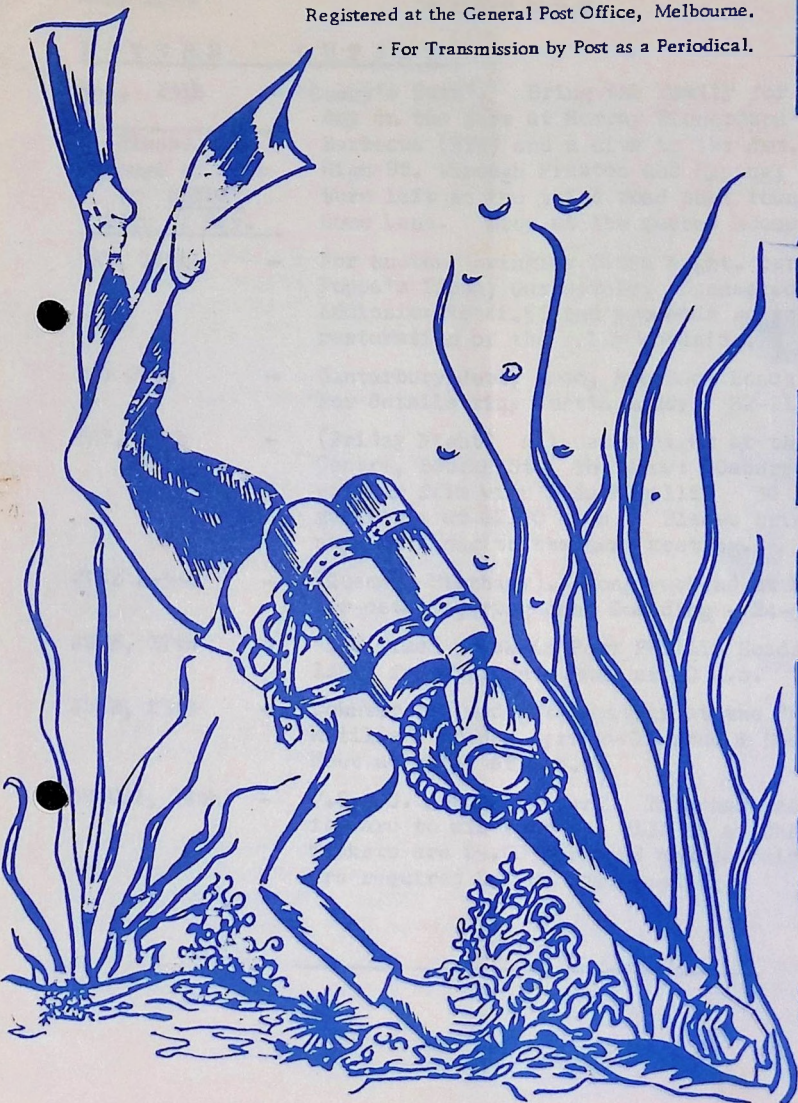


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FATHOMS



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.

"PATRONS"

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