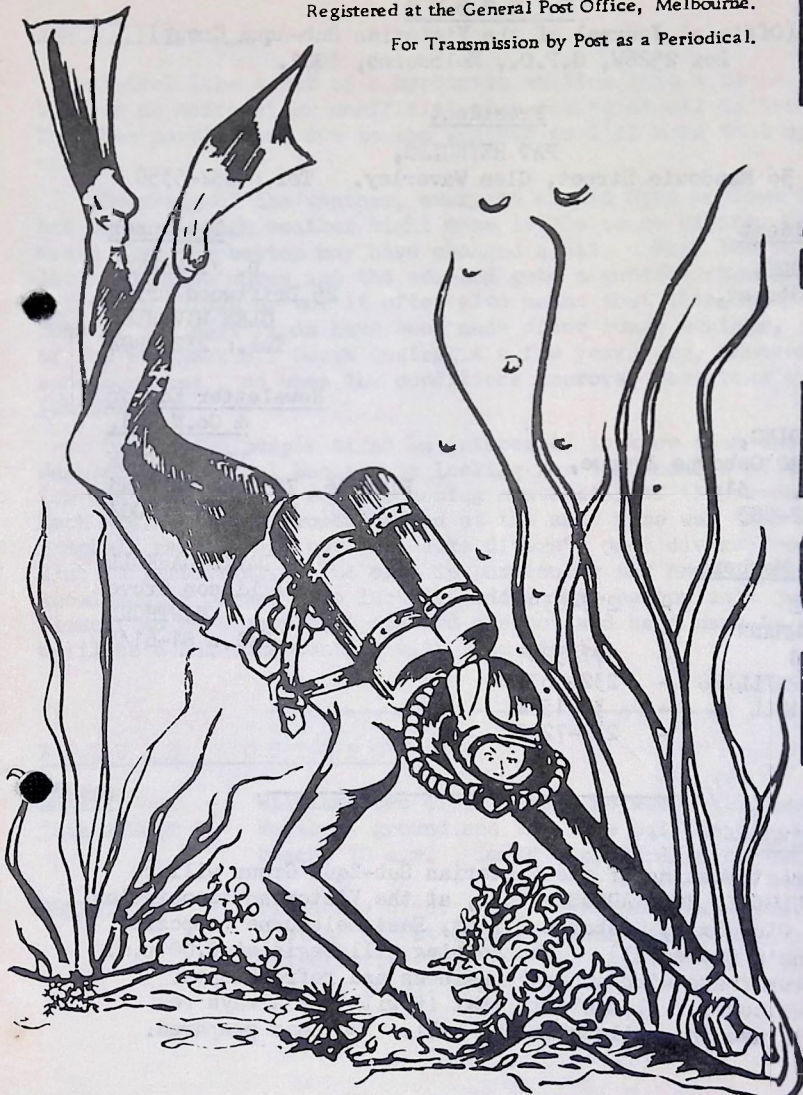


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FATHOMS



VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

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(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, 20th AUGUST, 1974, at the Victorian Association of Youths Club 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. Please note that it will not always be possible to use the toilets in the hall. So come prepared.

E D I T O R I A L

I feel like a bit of a hypocrite writing this time as I haven't been on an official or unofficial club outing at all in the past month. This has partly been due to the weather so I'll make that my main excuse.

Speaking of the weather, everyone should have noticed how rough it has been. Rough weather might mean little or no diving, but it also means that the bottom may have changed a bit. When the water moves a lot, sand also moves and the sea-bed gets a general churning. This may cover things up but it often also means that things may be uncovered. Some of the best finds have been made after rough weather, (e.g. wreck of the Wauchank off South Australia a few years ago, uncovered after sand movement), so when the conditions improve, keep your eyes open (abrochlos).

One or two people might be interested to know that the Port Campbell Historical Society is looking for descendants of Tom Pearce (so the rumour goes) for the coming centennial of the wreck of the Loch Ard. Another rumour heard at the same time was that the Port Campbell ranger does not "not like divers", just divers from one Club in particular. The club in particular was named, and by a knowledgeable person (who luckily, added that he couldn't judge them himself as he'd only just started the job and he'd have to wait until he'd had some contact with them first.)

F U T U R E O U T I N G S

- SUNDAY, - Williamstown dive. Meet between Williamstown
18th AUGUST Football ground and the Time Ball Tower at the back beach, 10 a.m. David Carroll dive captain, 81-6145
- SUNDAY, - Pinnacles dive. Pat Reynolds dive captain.
Meeting at Pat's place, Wednesday 28th August (8pm)
(Alternative dive subject to weather, etc. the Portsea Hole).

FUTURE OUTINGS (Cont'd.)

- SUNDAY, - Manta Board search off Sorrento (or Flinders)
15th SEPTEMBER and Cape Schank. Leave from front or back beach
subject to weather. 10 a.m. Flinders pier.
Dive captain - Dave Moore.
- SATURDAY, - Loch Ard Dive
26th SEPTEMBER Camp Friday night, Saturday night. Hope to
SUNDAY, dive Saturday, early a.m. and Sunday also.
29th SEPTEMBER Brian Lynch, Dive captain. Meeting at Brian
Lynch's place, Wednesday (8 p.m.), 25th September.
- FRIDAY, - Annual Dinner at the "Cuckoo".
23rd AUGUST \$13 double, \$7 single. Contact Margaret
Phillips.

SOCIAL OUTINGS

(Marg. Phillips organizer.)

- Ice Skating Night to be arranged for Thursday night, 19/9/74.
Boat trip up the Yarra and Barbecue, October 20th.
Tennis Party at Liddy's, November 9th.
Christmas Pool Party at Bill Gray's, December 7th.

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS (that's a joke)

Some of the club members may be interested in parts of a letter recently received from Adri Tol who now resides in Launceston, Tasmania.

Here follows the pertinent parts, read on -

"The reasons I couldn't come (on a proposed trip to the Furneaux Group - Editor) are several. As I am the only resident associate of my company in Tassie, there is no replacement for me. Further, and this might be very important for the V.S.A.G. too, I bought a highly seaworthy 32-ft. fishing boat. At the moment it is on the slip. I've ripped the deck off and the well out. I am converting it to a motor-trailer and hope to finish it before Christmas. After it is finished, it will be available for cruises and diving (on an "amateur charter" basis.) You understand that every weekend I don't work on it means a week's delay in completion!

NEWS FROM OVERSEAS (Cont'd.)

I see in your equipment description that you do not contemplate taking SCUBA gear. I read in "Wrecks in Tasmanian Waters" that the 'Sydney Cove' was beached on Preservation Island on 8/2/1797, the remainders must indeed be in very shallow waters. On future occasions I can arrange (cheaply) to have a compressor on board, and then not making use of Scuba gear would be madness. (Also tanks and backpacks can be hired for small amounts).

I have been diving twice with the Launceston Sub-Aqua Club. The first time was at Long Point, north of Bicheno (East Coast). That was about 3 weeks after heavy rains and viz. was reduced to about 5 ft. We had more fun with the four wheel drives!

The second time was at Queen's weekend. Then we went to Waterhouse Point, N.E. of Birdport (North Coast). Viz. was about 60 ft., the sea almost as smooth as a mirror. Of course we went after cray, we ate cray every meal!

I met Ken Atherton of the L.S.A.C. He is the Safety Officer of the club and he introduced me to it.

Pass my regard on to the other will you?

Regards,

ADRI.

(Have done so Adri - ed.)

Whilst on a Tasmanian vein it might be mentioned that a small group of Victorian divers (the ill-fated three of the aborted Loch Ard dive of the 21/7/74 so far) are going to Preservation Island on 2/9/74 until the 6/9/74 with the intention of looking again for the 'Sydney Cove'. We go with the kind permission of Mr. Bruce Bensemann of Launceston who has also informed us that he is selling the island, mainly because people have been landing on it and plundering it of food reserves, tools, gas cylinders and other equipment. What this means is that due to the utter selfishness of some people, a person who is apparently a great bloke has been forced to give up not only owning, but also looking after a beautiful bit of Australia. We don't know who the new owners will be or what their attitudes to the place will be, but it may turn out that the island could be changed greatly, made totally restricted or who knows what.

At the moment it is one of the most unspoiled places I've ever seen and it makes me sick to hear of what has been done by stupid people. It reinforces what this club has always stated and abided by. What you don't own, leave alone.

Editor

LOCH ARD GORGE - 17/7/74

Just to show that the V.S.A.G. is still interested in the area (I hope that I'm not being too presumptuous!), during my last mid-term break, whilst carrying on down at Warrion (Colac) for a few days and with the weather absolutely R.S. like it's been for the past month, I thought a bit, decided I wanted to go for a dive, reasoned out that the only likely spot within coo-ee was that interesting little protected Gorge on the Western Victorian coast-line.

After a torrid few hours driving through the rain, squalls and red mud which the Otway Ranges are infested with at the moment, I called on a few ex-teacher mates of mine near Timboon and succeeded in talking one person into coming along. Of the six people from that area with whom I have snorkelled and who fully know my capabilities and the typical conditions likely to be encountered, not one obliged. Instead they pointed out a recent acquisition to the Victorian Teaching Profession, a lovely lass who was very interested in Australian history, etcetera and who had seen films of doivers on T.V. and next thing we were on our way. On the short run from Timboon to the coast I explained fully what it would be like, the superb visibility, the excitement of finding bronze statuary and silver artifacts, the basics of snorkling, the use of a buddy line (which I used) and then we hit the area.

One or two seagulls being swept seawards glanced down at us as we forged through the rain, down the stairs to the beach. I hastily donned the mighty Spirotechnique and the lady, Barbara Piker (she's certainly no piker) whipped into a 5/16" pro-suit which I'd picked up and she (bravely and trustingly) and I (confidently) flapped forwards. Well, we did find some artifacts, several pieces of broken glass microscopic in size, a couple of beer cans and a bronze coat hook (O.K. so who wants a statue).

.../6

All of this treasure was found not more than twenty feet from the shore. What lay beyond twenty feet out I do not know as we never got that far! Barbara kept standing up and I keep looking feverishly just to show how easy it was done.

After a long dive of about ten minutes we exited, remarks were made about it not being Great Barrier Reef standard, excuses were made about luck of the game and how it was normally and then back to Timboon. I never even got to show her Eva Carmichael's cave.

P.S. Realizing that the bad weather could not last, and also realizing that I needed a new buddy, I talked a couple of Swinburne mates into coming down the following Sunday.

For those who think Port Campbell cannot get rough, and who can remember the height of the cliffs, take note of this. It was so rough, waves were breaking OVER the tip of Mutton Bird Island and at times the entrance to the Gorge was TOTALLY obscured by spray. Whenever a wave entered the gorge, the water came right up to the centre cliff and when the wave receded, the shoreline moved back about 80 or 100 feet beyond where it normally is. This happened about once every 20 seconds. Needless to say we didn't dive, it would have been too hard keeping up with the water.

CHEAP GEAR

Remember, in these days of shortages of everything, you can still get Tanks, Regs., Wet Suits, all sorts of diving and camera gear at trade prices.

Contact Adrian Newmann,
Flat 6, 195 Brighton Road,
ELWOOD. Vic.,

or at club meetings, or phone 38-9208, Bus. Hrs.

GEELONG

The cold wind doth blow,
and we shall have snow,
and what will poor Robin do then :-

probably dive at Geelong. The words of the old nursery rhyme certainly rang true on Sunday, 4th August. The wind was howling, the rain lashed down intermittantly and now and again a watery sun weakly showed its face. It was in the face of these very adverse conditions that the more rugged members of the club dived on the remains of one of the old Geelong piers.

Actually once we hit the water it wasn't too bad, and the temperature of the water could possibly have been higher than the windswept beach road we launched ourselves from. In fact as we entered the water our lesser companions dived for their cars. Anyway back to the action. All that remains of the old jetty is one set of pylons about thirty metres out from the road.

We met at the pylons, paired off and dived down to rediscover old Melbourne. Well that was the idea, in the beginning all that we found was oozing, liquid mud. We seam out along the line of the old pier, all to no avail, just mud, mud and then more mud. We searched around and then began to swim back towards the shore. Then our first success, I found an old golf ball, then almost rubbed noses with a rather large toad fish, at this stage the water was gradually becoming more and more arctic-like, and so we began to swim in. However a last minute dive around the wooden piles resulted in some old pieces of china, and one old spoon, and so the day was not a total blank.

Then it was time to climb out, to use yet again the luxurious changing bench overlooking the water, a little sparse but really beautifully air-conditioned. The day was not the best for diving, but those of us who went in enjoyed it. The lucky few are listed below -

Bob, Peter, Carey, David, Trevor,
John, and myself,

BRIAN LYNCH

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS 1974-75

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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GENERAL GUFF

For those tired of eating crayfish, abalone and scallops, those who can't find any or those who can't be bothered preparing them, they might like trying another delicacy which has been staring them in the face for as long as they have been diving. Apparently sea-urchins have to be tried before one can judge on their probable taste. The Commonwealth Government has recently announced a several thousand dollar grant towards opening a sea-urching industry in Tasmania. The light-coloured urchins are supposed to taste best, the purple ones being slightly iodine.

First step is to catch one (this is not too hard), then cut through the shell around the "mouth", lift the mouth away and the stomach, etc comes with it. Rinse the hollow shell out and then scoop out the yellow stuff inside and force yourself to swallow it. No cooking is required and I'm waiting for someone else to try it first.

TIPPING'S TRAVELS

Diani Beach, Kenya. 17/7/74.

Dear Pat and all the VSAG crew, how are you all? I'm fine - have spent nearly 3 weeks on this beautiful coast so far and am certainly not in a hurry to leave. Since I last wrote to Johnny Goulding we've been surfing and snorkling on the coral reefs around Malindi, Lamu (an island off the North Kenyan coast) and now here where I had an interesting dive this morning amongst coral, beautiful tropical fish and one mean looking sea snake. My friend Stooppy and I are also doing lots of running in preparation for the Kilimanjaro assault in about a week, weather permitting. I guess the Victorian weather's pretty lousy these days but I hope you're still managing the odd good dive.

Regards,
TONY.

P.S. I think I'll qualify as the greatest name dropper ever to leave Aussie.

ELECTIONS

The general elections will be held at the September (Annual General) Meeting. Nomination forms are included in this newsletter. Remember, anyone may stand for nomination.

Present Office Bearers -

President	-	PAT REYNOLDS
Vice-President	-	JUSTIN LIDDY
Treasurer	-	D.J. McBEAN
Quartermaster	-	PAT REYNOLDS
Social Secretary	-	MARGARET PHILLIPS
Secretary	-	JOHN GOULDING
Diving Officer	-	ALAN CUTTS
Safety Officer	-	ALAN CUTTS
Training Officers	-	ALAN CUTTS and PAT REYNOLDS
Librarian	-	ADRIAN NEUMANN
Medical Officer	-	KEITH STEWART
Editor & Co-Editor	-	DAVID CARROLL and BRIAN LYNCH
Delegates to S.D.F.	-	JUSTIN LIDDY and BRIAN LYNCH
Deputy Delegate to S.D.F.	-	ADRIAN NEUMANN
Points Scorer	-	DAVID MOORE

MOUNT HULLER SNOW TRIP

On the weekend of Friday, 19th July, we exchanged our usual underwater gear for above snow parkas. Under the guidance of ski-master Terry Smith, we assembled in Blackburn with our snazzy hired ski gear, and then headed off safari style to find the snow. We left our nice warm cars halfway up the mountain and transferred in a blizzard to snow covered landrovers which carried us up to the village square, from then on we were afoot for about half a mile trudging through thigh deep snow until finally after a couple of round trips, we, and all our gear were firmly established in a beautifully warm hut.

During the night it snowed, and in the morning everything was dazzling white, seemed the lemon-fab lady had been around. After a good breakfast, out we went, strapping on these long planks of wood, all we novices discovered just how easy it was to fall flat on your back, front or any other part of your anatomy which happened to be around. We laboriously and painfully made our way to the foot of the slopes, where we found that the chair lift wasn't working. Terry then took us in hand, and marched us up the darn mountain, leaving Justin and Shirley in "school".

Arriving exhausted somewhere halfway up the mountain, we had hot chocolate, and then upon asking Terry how we got down, we were all horrified when he said - ski down. Well, first off we tried, Terry was very patient, going from first one awkward person to the next. Di started us off by efficiently gliding from side to side and gradually disappearing down into the mist.

We all finally made it down, and back to the hot chocolate, thereafter we found that we could get down reasonably well, and then each successive trip the going became easier. Round about my fifth trip down just when I was getting cocky, I "collected" me mate "Argus" right behind his knees. It took Terry ten minutes to sort out our entangled skis, during this time we lay there looking like a pointed fence.

Saturday evening we had placed all our wet clothes in the drying room, and then we ate, drank and slept. Round about midnight, Justin insisted upon waking us all up. I'm getting married, he reckoned; myself I reckoned it was the cheese I'd eaten, but after I pinched myself a few times I realised that he was real. Must have

Mount Buller Snow Trip (Cont'd.)

been the snow. Anyway we all wished both he and Shirley the best and went back to sleep. When we arose on Sunday morning he was still of the same mind, and so now five club members will have hit the matrimonial trail this year, not many bachelors left.

Back on Buller the snow was even deeper and once again the rugged members of the club fronted up to the chair lift. We skied and skied and skied some more, the snow was great and we all enjoyed it immensely. Once again Terry did his watching-over-us role and we were all grateful for his assistance and timely words of advice. Everyone was out trying the boards with the exception of poor old Johnny, whose knee was rather a weird shape, well, a little more weird than usual.

We left the warmth of the hut around 4.45 after making it spick and span. Arriving in the square we found a long queue waiting for the land rovers to take us down to the parked cars. One hour and a quarter later we left the square. Wet and cold, were we glad to see the cars. We drove home without too much incident, rendezvousing at Terry's. We all enjoyed the weekend very much and a vote of thanks goes to Terry for organising it, and for his tremendous encouragement on the slopes, despite his flu-germs.

Those ruggedies present were -

Terry & Judy, Justin & Shirley, Dave & Pat, Peter & Diane (Smith), Johnny & Marie, Tor Hangen, Diane & me.

BRIAN LYNCH

F L O T S A M and J E T S O M

They say that mad dogs and Englishmen will go out in the midday sun and that I do believe, but pray tell what sort of rugged individuals would brave a weekend in freezing temperatures at Mt. Buller in the charge of Terry and Judy Smith. Those, whose names appear beneath are awarded one of the highest honors to be bestowed on V.S.A.G. members and friends. I speak, of course, of the coveted "SHITOFF" AWARD.

As you obviously guessed "SHITOFF" stands for -
"SO HAPPY IN TIME OF FEELING FRIGID".

Those in sttendance were:

Terry, Judy, Peter and Diane Smith, Pat Creffield with fiancée Dave, Brian Lynch with child bride Diane, Justin Liddy and surprise fiancée Shirley Cowley, John Goulding with divers' Moll, Maree James, and, of course, skier extraordinaire, ARFER LEGGOLF.

We all stayed at the Maganni Ski Club and our host for the weekend, Terry, will explain that the name comes from an ancient aboriginal term for a rare type of kangaroo. This I would agree with. The ski style of our members did remind one of our furry, hoppy, up-and-down friends.

Under expert guidance of Terry and Judy, we were quick to catch on and within minutes we were doing snow plows, pirouettes, double twists, back flips, having kittens, crying, crawling and generally showing the local ski bunnies how its all done. Dave and Brian showed promise. Pat Creffield showed she had a forked tongue. Di Lynch showed that she was boss. John showed that alcohol kills pain. Maree James showed Dave the yellow snow. And we think that Justin must have showed Shirley!! As for me, well I'd been there before so headed off for the big slopes - you know, down the wheel tracks behind mini minors in the car park.

It was a great weekend and special thanks to Terry, Judy, Pete and Di.

Going back before forward as is usual fashion. We had a Manta Board dive down at Flinders on 14th July. This well attended