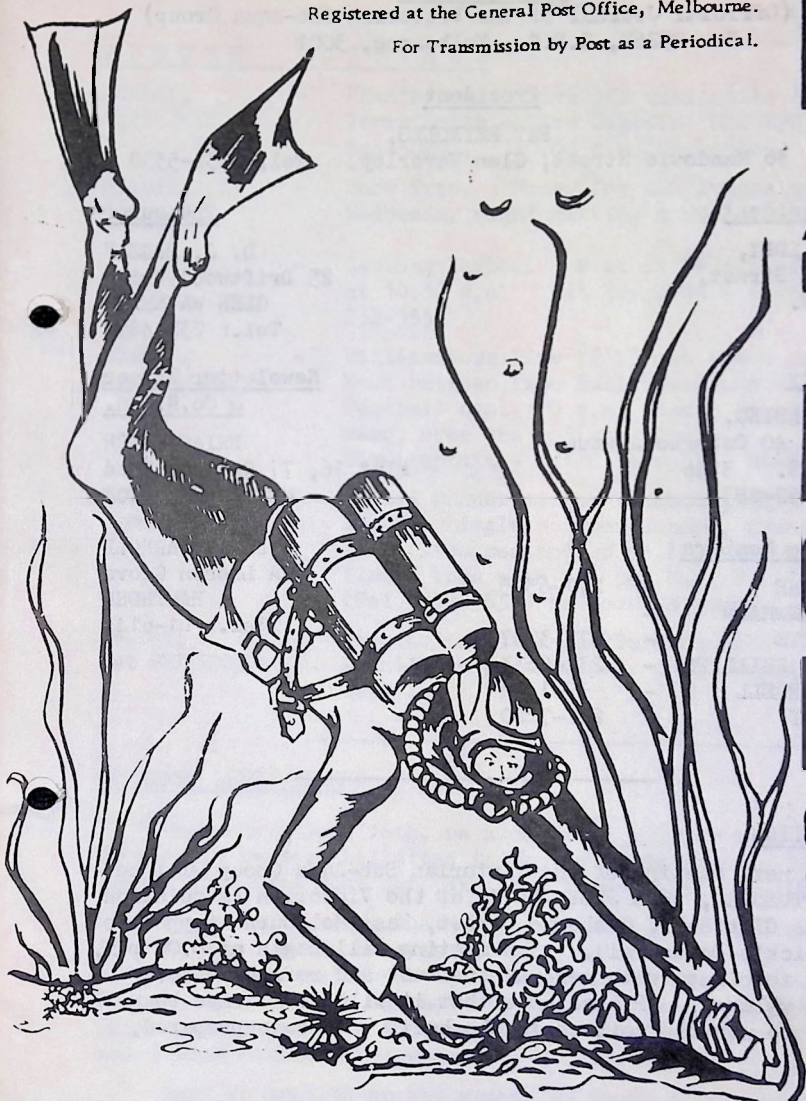


JULY 74

3c.

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

FATHOMS



VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

FATHOMS

(Official Journal of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group)

Box 2526W, G.P.O., Melbourne, 3001

President

PAT REYNOLDS,

36 Mandowie Street, Glen Waverley. Tel.: 232-5358

Vice PresidentJUSTIN LIDDY,
14 Tower Street,
HAWTHORN.
82-2112TreasurerD. J. McBEAN
25 Driftwood Drive
GLEN WAVERLEY
Tel.: 232-4894SecretaryJOHN GOULDING,
Flat 6, 40 Osborne Avenue,
GLEN IRIS. 3146
Tel.: 252-883Newsletter Editor
& Co.N. Ed.BRIAN LYNCH
Flat 16, 77 Queen's Road
MELBOURNE, 3004Committee MembersDAVE MOORE - 277-6395
ADRIAN NEWMANN -
ALAN CUTTS - 877-3287
MARGARET PHILLIPS - 232-9633
IAN COCKERELL - 35-1392
BILL GRAY - 232-7220DAVID CARROLL
28A Lisson Grove
HAWTHORN
Tel.: 81-6145CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on TUESDAY, 16th JULY, 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.

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

FUTURE OUTINGS

- SUNDAY, 14th JULY - "Manta Board" Dive off Quarantine Station. Terry Smith - Dive Captain 842-2927 (Bus. 544-3029). 10.00 a.m. Sorrento.
- FRIDAY, 19th JULY - Snow Trip. Money for ski lodges and hire on the Wednesday night meeting at Terry Smith's place.
- SUNDAY, 4th AUGUST - Geelong Harbor. Meet at "Verlherf Carnival" at 10.30 a.m. Pat Reynolds - Dive Captain - 232-5358
- SUNDAY, 18th AUGUST - Williamstown Dive (I'll get there yet). Meet between Time Ball Tower and Williamstown Football oval, 10 a.m. (South of the Naval Dockyard, over the railway line). Dive captain - David Carroll. 81-6145
- FRIDAY, 23rd AUGUST - Annual Dinner at the "Cuckoo", \$13 a double or \$7.00 a single. Smorgasbord, dancing, floor show, licensed and so on till the wee small hours. Please book with and pay Marg Phillips (Tel. 232-9633) as soon as possible.
- SUNDAY, 1st SEPTEMBER - "Pinnacles" dive or "Fortsea Hole" Details to be arranged. Pat Reynolds - Dive captain.

SORRENTO LONG WEEKEND

On Monday, June 16th, we awoke to a bright, sunny morning. Once again we were billeted in the Nautilus Caravan Park, all well except that Dave must not take four legged pets into the vans.

Anyhow we put the boats in, eventually and headed off towards the 'George Roper', however Terry, complete with new engine, had already checked out the scene and announced that it was bad news. So we headed back to our now old faithful lady, Eliza Ramsden. After waiting a while for the tide to slacken, down we went, Bazza and I accompanied for a change by a lady, Carey.

When we arrived on the wreck, we found that visibility was good around sixty feet. We also found that the Eliza like any other aging lady, had changed somewhat. Persons unknown had

Sorrento Long Weekend (Cont'd.)

burrowed into her and it was now possible to swim beneath the rusting girders of her deck supports, and glide between iron stanchions previously covered by sand. There were still quite a number of fish, inhabiting the wreck - leather jackets, sweep, old wives, reef fish and under the sloping sides, a large cuttle fish hung motionless, not even a ripple.

Twenty-five minutes after entering the water we surfaced into bright winter sunshine, we climbed back into the boats, and prepared to return to Sorrento. The only black mark on the day's outing was the tragic loss of Dave's camera. It has now joined the Eliza on the floor of the Bay, it seems, and last seen the cuttlefish was snapping everything in view.

We arrived back at the Nautilus Caravan Park and all piled into the lovely hot showers, Bazza really loves that hot water. After cleaning ourselves and the caravans, we all headed back to Melbourne, passing the Liddymobile, and the Goulding go-cart somewhere round about the Rye pub, finishing off a good long weekend.

BRIAN LYNCH

RINGWOOD CLUB CAR RALLY 30/6/74

Sunday morning 11 a.m. and the Smiths were early for once. Di was navigating and we were set to beat all comers. First section was OK, but we ran foul at Cranbourne Cemetery. The grave of poor old Magnus Petersen was nowhere to be found. Divers and others in droves were digging up graves all over the place. On finding the last resting place of old M.P. we crept surreptitiously out hoping no-one would notice.

From here we started to lose ourselves. We turned left into Scott Street and observed at least 50 cars full of people cruising up and down waving their hands in signs of desperation. We found a line of red arrows pointing to God knows where, followed them, and around about Tooradin opened the panic envelope. As we broke the staple and couldn't reseal said envelope we wrote a dirty note to the trial director inside and

Ringwood Club Car Rally (Cont'd.)

tried the next section. We finished the trial with only half of the rest of the questions wrong, determining on the way to lynch the trial director.

We had a barbeque at Pt. Leo, followed by a night dive. Only one V.S.A.G. member took on the night dive - guess who? (Pack of pikers). Anyway it was a good day. We got a good turn-up between Ringwood, Bass Strait and V.S.A.G. and many thanks to the trial director, Harvey Allen. The winner of the rally, by the way, was Dave Moore, ably navigated by Patricia.

SUNDAY, 7th JULY -

Well, it finally happened! Someone else has now seen Williamstown water with 40 ft. visibility.

Early this rainy morning, after two successive calm days, two wet-suited figures were seen wading out in a southerly direction off Williamstown back beach. After various comments about "pair of bloody mad idiots", "Feel like a goose", "of all the ridiculous ways to spend an afternoon", etc. etc., Keith and I took the plunge and went into what must be about the coldest water I've dived in over the past year, i.e. since last time. The first few minutes were bad, but once the lips, chin and forehead go numb, there is little else to feel apart from various pains wherever the wet suit leaks.

The following two hours (no joke) were spent in collecting half a dozen clay pipes and pipe stems, a stone bottle about a century old, a stoneware jar seemingly about the same age and a 1923 Sydney beer bottle which we couldn't carry. At one stage a few thousand salmon enveloped us and later on while we swam around the stern section of the "William Albert", they turned up again.

Finally the blood circulation almost stopped and we called it a day, exited, changed and shivered all the way back to Dianne Stewart's Mum's place, where we had a great afternoon tea, watched the lacrosse and Keith cut his finger.

D. CARROLL

BRIAN'S BUCK'S BOOZE-UP

FRIDAY, 28th JUNE - BISTRO SERENA, CITY.

Ably organised by the Goulding, us divers turned up in force to send Brian off to that state of euphoria known as wedded bliss. Those that turned up were Brian, of course (a bit wary and reluctant), Johnny, Keith Stewart, Terry Smith, Harvey Allen, Dave Moore, Rob Adamson, Pat Reynolds, Don McBean, Bob Scott, Peter Smith and, of course, I went along just for a small one !! The evening started pretty quietly with Brian busy frisking everyone that came within 3 ft. of him. After one or two just to get the taste, we all converged on the biggest table and for a change had a few more.

Then it was time to put on the nosebag with Harve leading the way by ordering 4 Entrees. The steaks had to be seen to be believed - thick, juicy and well cooked. While these were being prepared we decided to have one or two more and also bought Brian a bottle of claret. We'd heard he likes a Rough Red !! Then the food turned up which interrupted the drinking for about half a minute. Never mind, it didn't take long to get back into the swing of things and festivities flowed and gurgled on till rather late.

Brian, at this stage, was beginning to worry as he'd heard about Aussie buck's nights in some detail. So about 11.30 p.m. we left, only because we got thrown out. Out on the pavement we all turned to say "Good Luck" to Brian only to see him running madly down the road screaming, "Rape" or something. But let it be said here for the record and much as it saddens us to admit it; not one of us so much as laid a finger on the old man of the sea, apart from shaking him heartily by the hand and wishing him all the best and every good wish for the future. Even Harvey was restrained (forcibly) and his nugget confiscated. Brian was so relieved that he spent most of Monday ringing up and thanking those present for not touching him.

P.S. Alan Cutts, Bazza and Dave Carroll all sent their apologies and also their very best wishes.

REST IN PEACE BRIAN, ANOTHER DOIVER DONE HIS NIGES.

JUSTIN LIDDY

SATURDAY, JULY 6 -

For most of us Saturday the 6th slipped by, much as usual. Brian Lynch and his ex-fiancee, Dianne, had a bit of a celebration however, something to do with a wedding.

It all went off without a hitch however. The bridegroom seemed very calm, the bride was radiant and on time, the bestman remembered the ring and everyone was very happy. Admittedly one or two of the usual people slept in, or so we heard, and missed the ceremony.

The reception was held at Vermont and with representatives from all walks of life the afternoon was well spent. Apparently Brian managed to lock his car to keep all confetti from entering, but someone forgot to tell him of the traps that lay in tin cans and bits of string, tooth paste and yellow paint. It is said that he just grinned when he saw the various decorations on the Hillman, and mumbled something about other people's turn will come.

Last seen Brian and Dianne Lynch were noisily heading down a quiet street, sounding something like a honeymoon couple.

ROGER FLUFF

C H E A PG E A R

Tanks, Regs. Wet Suits - all sorts of diving gear
at trade prices. Also all types of camera gear.

Contact: Adrian Neumann,
Flat 6, 195 Brighton Road,
ELWOOD. Vic.

Or at Club Meetings, or Phone 38-9208 Bus. Hrs.

COMMITTEE NEWS -LIBRARY BORROWING RULES

1. Lending is for period of one month maximum.
Book may be re-borrowed if no one else wants to borrow it.
(Must, however, be brought to the meeting.)
 2. A fine of 50 cents a month will be paid by anyone who keeps a book longer than accepted time.
 3. Under Section 96 of the V.S.A.G. Constitution, any member who fails to pay fines within a month of the fine being imposed, shall have his name struck off the register of members.
-

HANDBOOKS:

The U.I.A.V. is to bring out a book and we can make use of this book.

DOG TAGS:

\$1.50 brings you a stainless steel chain and safety catch and an anodized aircraft-type aluminium dog-tag engraved with your name, telephone number, blood type, allergies, next of kin and any other pertinent data.

It has been discussed several times over the past year and generally agreed upon as being a necessary item to be worn whilst diving, in fact, all the time. Please bring your money and the information required at the next general meeting. See Dave Moore.

MEDICALS DUE:

Harry Truscott, Justin Liddy, Fritz Lottner.

Committee News (Cont'd.)HAVEN'T GOT MEDICALS FOR:

Adrian Neumann, Dave Moore, Max Synon, Terry Smith,
Pat Reynolds, Murray Richardson, Bob Scott, Paul Sier.

FLOTSAM & JETSOM

The Portsea Hole dive on June 9th was well attended by regular members, trainees and a handful of visitors. The weather was mild and the sea looked quite reasonable; that is from the shore. Dave and Terry loaded up their boats at the Portsea Pier and set out to what turned out to be quite a surprise. The relative calm appearance of the sea was deceptive and even Dave who normally will take his boat anywhere (just to keep up with Terry) turned a peculiar shade of white. The sea was really chopped up and the boats which were carrying the maximum safe number of occupants began to ship a lot of water. With the prospect of having to swim the half mile back to shore, you can imagine the panic in those two little boats as our twenty-nine divers all attempted at once to don flippers and blow up safety vests.

Arriving safely back at shore with a little help from the roaring 40 trade winds our undaunted divers headed towards the Portsea Reef.

The events of that Sunday seemed a little odd. As you know there is good hearted rivalry between the wooden boat owner, the plastic boat owner and the tin boat owner. With the absence of the former, the plastic boat captain thought he would be master of the seas. But Terry and the tinboat complete with new power plant hanging on the back certainly proved a force to be reckoned with. In fact Terry says that it was his bow waves which caused Dave's boat to half sink that day.

And so on we go to the Queen's Birthday weekend.

FLOTSAM AND JETSON (Cont'd.)

Careful planning by the organisers ensured good weather naturally. Suitable dive venues which included wreck dives, Portsea hole night dive, back beach dive, etc. etc. were decided upon and eventually resulted in two dives on the Eliza Ramsden.

Once again there was a good turn-up at the Nautilus Caravan Park and the presence of all the boat owners ensured that good dives were had by all.

Seems that our boys and girls are getting a bit soft though, fancy piking from the night dive. Was it that the night air was too chilly or was the entertainment too good in the caravans - on the television, of course.

The weekend didn't pass without its drama. On the Sunday dive Max Synon reckoned he saw a port hole, so it was inevitable that the dive should be repeated on the Monday to confirm earlier reports.

Naturally, we're not saying whether we found one or not, but I'd be surprised if Max sees his "port hole" in the same place again.

Sunday night the little green man came around and sprinkled happiness and joy wherever he went. Chubby was armed with one of those little green flares and delicately tippy-toed around the place waving his little fairy wand and making the whole place look like the bloody crystal palace on flight night. John was singing "smoke gets in your eyes". Harvey was laughing. Pat Creffield sporting a nice green handprint on her backside ran around like Cinderella trying to find the able gentleman who's hand fitted the pattern. Dave Carroll exclaimed that it was the work of the Leprechorns. Thank goodness no-one knows the identity of the phantom writer of this article. Imagine the wrath which would be brought to bear on the poor unfortunate should the identity (or identities) of the author(s) be known.

FLOTSAM & JETSOM (Cont'd.)

Then on we go to the non-nautical event of the year. The Ringwood Underwater Group extended an invitation to V.S.A.G. and Bass Strait Club to come join them in a car rally. One has to be cautious of this sort of thing especially when the offer is made by Harvey Allen and his constant companion "Landy Scrubbars". V.S.A.G. members arrived in force and with the cars angle parked in the service road at Dandenong it looked like the start of the Monte Carlo Rally.

Obviously the route planners had twisted minds for within moments of starting, our competitors were spread out half way across western Gippsland.

Without doubt, every couple contemplating going down the road of wedded bliss should be made to go on a car rally. Boy, do those women get hysterical. Well, that's done it for now.

INYA BUTZ

REPORT ON U.I.A.V. INSTRUCTOR TRAINING COURSE

by Alan Cutts.

The course started with two complete weekends at Monash University. In these two weekends we received lectures in Gas Laws, Medical aspects of diving and resuscitation methods by Sgn. Lt. Comdr. Knight. Protective clothing, equipment, diving techniques, general safety precautions, theory of teaching, legal aspects of diving and boat handling and also class handling were entered into in great detail by Lt. Willee.

Sub. Lt. Sleeth lectured on diving techniques in fresh water, i.e. lake, river and cave diving, also night diving. Underwater navigation was entered into in great detail. Searches and search techniques were also mentioned. Last, but not least, there was Chief Petty Officer Brown, known to some of the diving fraternity

Report on U.I.A.V. Instructor Training Course (Cont'd.)

as "Buster Brown" who instructed us in the care and maintenance of equipment.

With the lectures, slides and films were shown, to clarify and/or simplify the lecture. The lectures were very well delivered and even the slightly slower members of the group were able to follow and understand the lectures.

On the 3rd Saturday of the course we boarded a scallop boat at Shepherd Bridge and motored down the river to Gellibrand Pilelight where we met Lt. Willee and some of his divers who were only too keen to see what sort of people they were going to deal with. The Navy brought a novice with them, to see if they could show us how to instruct him in the art of diving. Lt. Willee was the supervisor and one of the Navy divers was the instructor. I must say that for a person who had no experience in diving the novice did remarkably well, and as Lt. Willee said, "a natural". After lunch we took turns at being instructors, supervisors and novices.

On Sunday we went by boat to Station Pier where we tried to carry out our own novice instruction course, which didn't quite work out, possibly due to poor visibility. In the afternoon we did some compass swims and a box search. We also did a lot of rope signalling.

On Thursday the 21st February, we had a night dive at Station Pier which turned out to be more interesting than was previously thought. Our task was to cut pieces of water pipe and angle iron to make up a chain. Whilst we were busy below the surface in absolute darkness, a navy diver was busy removing masks to make sure that no one panicked. This was the best and most interesting night dive that I have been on.

The last day of our instruction by the Navy was held down at Gellibrand Light. On this occasion we simulated deep diving and decompression. This was also a very interesting exercise as none of us had done decompression in this manner before. We were told by the attendants when to come up and when to stop. All this was done by rope signals.

Report on U.I.A.V. Instructor Training Course (Cont'd.)

The Navy then put on a demonstration to see how good we were at rescue methods. Their divers were busy getting into trouble whilst one of our instructors was busy supervising them. This turned out to be quite a shambles in the end. I have now come to the end of the Navy's section of the course and would like to say that the use of life lines should be compulsory for all divers. The diver has constant communication with the surface and vice versa. I would like to thank on behalf of the U.I.A.V. and myself, the Navy personnel for the great amount of time and effort which they put in to training us.

The next section of the course was conducted by the Australian Volunteer Coast Guard Association who instructed us firstly in basic seamanship rules. We all now know what side of a channel to travel up, what certain buoys mean, what speeds to observe and also about privileged and burdened vessels. We covered boating regulations in great detail including what types of lights must be used by various craft at night, distress signals and refuelling procedure. Knowing how to read a compass and being able to set up one on a boat was a very interesting topic. I could have spent another couple of days on this section alone to get a full understanding of the workings of a compass.

The next thing we went to was tides and tide tables. We had to work out problems concerning sand bars and reefs, drafts of boats and height of tides. This section of the course was also a little rushed I feel, but I managed to get a fairly good working knowledge of tides and their tables.

The last Saturday of the course we spent a fair amount of time on revision and also tying knots. We then had an examination which lasted 1½ hours and on completion of this we were examined on the knots we had learned. After lunch we went for a ride in the boats to test our knowledge on compass courses, we also tried to recover divers from the water by virtually plucking them from the water. This does not work from the side of a boat as many of us tried, but it does work from a diving platform on the rear of a boat.

The next part of the course was man overboard procedure.

Report on U.I.A.V. Instructor Training Course (Cont'd.)

This was done at a speed of 20 knots, with two divers rolling off the side of the boat. The first two contenders wore wet suits and thought it was great, the next two wore only togs and thought it was even more exciting because they didn't bob to the surface like a cork. We then went for a run down the bay and a well deserved swim. It was getting fairly late by this time so we went back to Frankston, recovered the boats from the stinking creek, retired to the Coast Guard building for a quick cup of coffee and then the boat was washed. We went to the Frankston Vines for one or two quick ales and then headed for home. Thanks for this section of the course go to Commodore Beard, Lyle Detez, Reg Doe and the boat owners.

Special thanks should go to the wives and children of all who attended the course for having to put up with the lack of his help or hindrance for 5 weekends.

ALAN CUTTS
