

F A T H O M S

(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 President

JUSTIN LIDDY,
Flat 1, 15 Holloway Street,
ORMOND.
Tel.: 58-3811

Treasurer

D. J. McDEAN
25 Driftwood Drive
GLEN WAVERLEY
Tel.: 232-4894

Secretary

JOHN GOULDING,
Flat 6, 40 Osborne Ave.,
GLEN IRIS, 3146
Tel.: 252-883

Newsletter Editor
& Co N. Ed.

BRIAN LYNCH
Flat 16, 77 Queen's Road
MELBOURNE, 3004

DAVID CARROLL
WARRION, 3249
Victoria

Committee Members

DAVE MOORE - 277-6395
ADRIAN NEWMAN -
ALAN CUTTS - 877-3287
MARGARET PHILLIPS - 232-9633
IAN COCKERELL - 35-1392
BILL GRAY - 232-7220

CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on TUESDAY, 19th MARCH, 1974, 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. Please note that it will not always be possible to use the toilets in the hall. So come prepared.

FOREWORD

Summer is fading into autumn, which means that for us the roads will be less congested as we drive around to our dive spots. It also means that on some Sundays we will be participating in sports other than diving. Last year a small rodeo was held down on Stud Road, from which some of us are still recovering, and I believe that the horses are better now too.

Seriously, though, now is the time for suggestions for alternative activities on some of those cold, dark Sundays when the water does look a little cool. Any thoughts that you may have, please pass them on to Marge Phillips, our enterprising social secretary.

We are pleased to report that the three club members who underwent the Naval Underwater Instructors course are still with us, although they look rather tired. We are very fortunate to have in the club, family men who were willing to give up six weekends in order to further their own already considerable diving expertise, so that all of us within the club could benefit. Our thanks and congratulations for staying the course therefore go to our club president, Pat Reynolds, Safety Officer, Alan Cutts and last but not least, Bill Gray. Well done fellas.

A warning here to anyone contemplating instruction now under the three gentlemen above. Fitness is a premium, so now is the time to start those early morning or late evening jogs or swims around the block, don't try buddy breathing with only half a lung, yours that is, not the one on your back.

EDITOR

.. .. .

FUTURE OUTINGS -

- 24th MARCH - Tube trip, Rubicon river. Meet at Taggerty.
Dive captain Justin Liddy.
- 7th APRIL - Coal Mine dive Anglesea. Meet at Winchelsea.
Dive captain John Goulding.
- 25th-28th APRIL - Eden. Details from John Goulding

FORTHCOMING EVENTSEASTER - WILSONS PROM.

Five unpowered camp sites have been booked for Easter. The following people have, by a show of hands at the February General Meeting, indicated that they will be coming:

A. Neumann, B. Lynch, T. Smith, J. Liddy, D. Moore, M. Synan,
B. Truscott, K. Stewart, P. Reynolds, D. Carroll, P. Smith,
J. Goulding.

Others that might be coming are R. Parker, R. Code, P. Zonnenbergs,
A. Pol.

This is one hell of a lot of people to put on 5 sites but it can be done if it is planned.

The camping conditions are: sites must be booked for a minimum of 4 nights.

Fees are 50¢ per person/night. Children under 6 - no charge.
1 Vehicle is permitted free to each camp site. Each vehicle extra will cost 50¢ per night.

No pets allowed.

J. Goulding will pay for these sites during March, however, the finances are a little involved and these will be explained at the March General Meeting or at Wilsons Prom.

One question which does need answering is: Who will be going down on the Thursday evening and who will be staying to Monday evening.

A Trip to Eden is proposed in the latter half of April to cover the period -

Anzac Day - Thursday, 25th
Friday, 26th
Saturday, 27th
Return to Melbourne, Sunday, 28th.

Details will be announced later.

J. GOULDING

FLINDERS TO DROMANA

On a warm, sunny Sunday we arrived at Flinders pier ready to visit our old friends at home on Seal Rocks. We had two boats Bazza's Marie and Dave's Celeste would you believe. We set out across quite a lumpy sea, with Bazza in the lead and Dave alternately surfing and flying in the wake. Apart from almost losing the windscreen our journey was uneventful with the shifting planes of the sea providing us with a continual moving scenic ride.

When we arrived at Seal Rocks, the waves were breaking high on the rocks, and we were worried that we would be unable to drop in. However, Bazza edged us in, and we dropped anchor quite safely with two packs of seals in the water on either side of us and the rocks themselves covered with our furry friends with Dave alongside us we slipped into the water.

Entering the water around a seal colony is always for me a slightly unnerving experience, due to the fact that seal steak is always on the shark menu, and perhaps brother shark is short-sighted. However, the most dangerous thing in the water at this time were John's orange flippers, and Bazza's strong right "arm". We swam over to, and dived down amongst the seals, they are so graceful and beautiful under the water, so different to their stumbling progress on land, they glided all around us, with their eyes round as tennis balls staring at us.

Visibility was poor, and I must say that often when large white shapes appeared out of the gloom, it was most re-assuring when they veered away, turned on their sides and two flippers appeared, not one dorsal fin. While one group gambolled in amongst the surfing seals, the other party headed into the rocks and sat amongst the basking seals, and there is no truth in the rumour that Dave Moore has a harem on Seal Rocks, they are all just good friends he told me.

We left the seals somewhat regretfully and headed back towards Flinders, meeting Terry Smith just out from the pier. Terry's proud boast is that he takes his boat anywhere and believe me he does just that.

Since the conditions were not suitable for diving we hauled out the boats, and headed back across the peninsula to Dromana. Arriving there we again launched the boats, well Bazza's and Dave's anyway, Terry's we merely threw that over the

wall. Then off we went, Hurricane-bound. The tide was running quite fast and so after anchoring, we fought our way around the boat and down the anchor line. Once reaching the bottom we ran a ski rope from the anchor and circled around collecting scallops, Barry and I also collected Justin and Johnny, but that's another story.

Returning to Dromana, we then commenced ski-ing, and I must say that ski-ing seems to have become almost as popular as diving amongst club members, although some of us spend almost as much time under the water ski-ing, as we do diving. Finally, we pulled the boats in and in the gathering darkness drove home after a good day's diving, swimming and ski-ing, good job we have Mondays to recover in.

BRIAN LYNCH

.. .. .

THE FLINDERS ISLAND TRIP (or How we didn't find the "Sydney Cove")
Wednesday 6/2/74 - Thursday 14/2/74.

Despite the fact that it looked over several periods of time that we were destined never to get away, the day finally came when Robert Adanson and I stepped out at Tullamarine on the first leg of the journey. Men cheered, women wept and I even ran into an old girlfriend, who unsuccessfully tried to pretend she couldn't remember me, no doubt to cover up the inner turmoil which had erupted in her with my sudden reappearance. We were then escorted by her onto an Ansett DC9 which towed us off on the first step to Tasmania.

It took me quite a while to get my bearings, but once I succeeded I began to point out various spots of interest to Rob, until I was politely told to shut up, as what I had imagined to be part of Cape Otway was in reality Northern Tasmania. Slightly crestfallen, I started looking at my boots while Rob examined the air hostesses, until we were tipped out at Launceston.

At this stage we changed over to a Fokker Friendship for the next leg, to Whitemark. We stormed out into the unknown and by the time we'd knocked down our coffee and biscuits we were there. The most interesting part of the journey was seeing the delivery system of the general cargo. Unloaded goods were towed away from the aircraft on a trolley, and next thing, a horde of people descended upon it, flinging aside everything

from frozen chooks to pick handles, until they had found their own parcels. Somehow everyone got their goods and nothing was damaged lost or strayed.

Practically the whole of the afternoon was then spent in trying to find a way of getting to Rum Island, about 30 miles south of Whitemark or Preservation Island which is about 200 yds. from Rum Is. We finally found that the local taxi, flown by a Reg Munro, would deliver us to Preservation Is. if we could get permission from the owner. We managed to contact the lessee, a Mr. Bensemann, in Launceston and rolled back to the airport the next morning after camping the night on the beach in front of Whitemark.

Thirty minutes later the small island showed up below us and although the plane acted as if the undercarriage was retracted, we landed safely at what must be the world's most classic airstrip (Rough as bags, with century old stone ruins near its centre, a bend of about 15 degrees near the middle and a final obstacle consisting of a herd of black Angus cattle mixed with a mad bunch of sheep. Some obstacle course!)

We found that there were two families camping there, due to leave on the Friday (next day), and that the boys in the families were mad keen on diving, so after a short exploratory walk around the coast of the island, we headed off for a dive with them.

I must say I was a trifle taken aback as I had for some reason expected the waters to be teeming with giant crays and the visibility to be quite a bit better than Piccaninnie Ponds. In fact it was typical Port Phillip Bay conditions all the way.

Next day the families left and we settled down for four days isolation. The island was teeming with wildlife, Cape Barren geese, Mutton birds, Pacific gulls, gannets, big black Joe Blakes mice, quail and so on. We spent one evening parked among mutton bird burrows while thousands of parent birds came silently in from the sea to feed their young. We had to lie down most of the time as they were flying so low, and it would not be fun to catch a mature old bird in the face at 20 m.p.h.

We managed to find traces of the camp of the survivors of the "Sydney Cove" wreck over the following days and also traces of the wreck offshore. The type of material seen falls into several categories (coarse red Indian earthenware commonly made any time in the last 4000 years, black-glass spirits bottles made in England before about 1780, hand blown gin-type bottles made in Holland

before about 1790, unidentifiable wood covered with pitch and containing hand made copper nails, fragments of rust (casts of nails) burnt mutton bird bones and shell fish, clay pipe stems and lastly two forms of hard-paste hand-made and hand-painted Chinese porcelain made near Canton between about 1720 and 1800 and exported via Arab chows around the Malacca Straits into the Bay of Bengal to be further distributed by the East India Company which by the way originally owned the "Sydney Cove".) Incidentally, all of the abovementioned items were of a fragmentary nature so no items were taken from the island, sketches, photographs, and dimensions of the items found were taken instead. Unfortunately, the area in which the wreck lies has been filled with sand about ten feet deep over the last two hundred years, and it would be an extremely hard and probably expensive job to locate the remains of the ship.

On the Monday morning, we managed to snorkel amidst a shoal of hundreds of salmon feeding on small fish while gannets dived on the remaining ones. Needless to say I ended up taking thirty-six photographs of the same subject in about two minutes. The fish looked like a silver wall with bricks about two feet long, with a gannot dotted here and there throughout it.

The plane picked us up on Monday evening and we spent the evening at Whitemark pub breaking the drought and chatting to the locals. Next morning we hitch-hiked about 20 miles north to Emita and camped near the Wybalenna Chapel and the museum. That day we were shown over the north of the island and looked over the "City of Foochow" with the custodian of the museum and that night were introduced to the finder of the "City of Edinburgh", Mrs. David Virieux, who drove us to the site on the Wednesday and put us right on the wreck. Considering the fact that it is 134 years old, there is a lot remaining, mostly material similar to the Loch Ard type, but with less brass and fewer bits altogether. That afternoon Rob rested while I like an idiot, hiked about 8 miles along a beach to see the site of the "George Marshall" wreck and the campsite of the survivors of this wreck. After scrambling around in the sand for an hour or so I ended up with some pewter ware and then headed back. Next day we had dinner at the home of Mrs. Virieux, admired her great bottle, pot-plant, gemstone and wreck souvenir collections, tripped over another tiger snake, photographed her pet wombat, looked at her drive-buggy and were finally driven to the airport in time to catch the plane home.

What I must close with is this. I don't think I could have

had as good a time anywhere and I'm sure Rob will agree with this. Everyone we met went out of their way to be helpful, especially Mrs. Virieux and the lady from the Museum and we are extremely thankful to them for this. The main drawback to the whole island is the almost negligible transport available. Apart from hiring a car for 20c per mile, minimum \$7 per day, you may charter a boat, which can run up to \$15 per hour, charter an aircraft or hitch hike with the emphasis on hike, because though cars practically never pass you without stopping to give a ride, they also practically never pass you, there being so little road traffic on the islands.

DAVID CARROLL

.. .. .

CLUEMAN OF THE YEAR

Here is the league table for our club championship for 1973/74 and the coveted Clubman of the year trophy. Still an open contest with last year's champion still grinly holding on in third place. However, it rather looks as if the winner will be in the new final five with outsiders Adrian, Pat and that fast finisher "Cat" Carroll coming up on the rails. Points score up to 26.1.74:

1.	D. LYNCH	-	81	points
2.	J. GOULDING	-	72	"
3.	J. LIDDY	-	64	"
4.	D. MOORE	-	61	"
5.	B. TRUSCOTT	-	57	"
6.	A. NEUMANN	-	42	"
7.	D. CARROLL	-	37	"
8.	P. REYNOLDS	-	36	"
9.	K. STEWART	-	33	"
10.	A. CUTTS	-	28	"
11.	T. SMITH	-	28	"
12.	D. McBEAN	-	26	"
13.	R. ADAMSON	-	24	"
14.	M. SYNON	-	23	"
15.	P. SONNENBERG	-	19	"
16.	W. GRAY	-	15	"
17.	M. PHILLIPS	-	12	"

etc.

March, 1974

FATHOMS

Page 9.

Remember to sign your name against the outing or activity in the log book, within one month of it taking place. I have the book at all club meetings, and it is up to everyone to make sure of their own name being recorded.

DAVE MOORE

.. .. .

"FUN" RUN ???

Most of you will no doubt have heard Brian Lynch rambling on about running the Fun Run on March 3rd. Progress reports over the last few weeks show that he had increased his distance to twice round Albert Park Lake and was supremely confident.....

March 3rd was fine and hot and as I write this the temperature is around 30° and Brian is flat out on the floor recovering, and might add, very well too.

Denise and I picked up Brian at his place at 8 o'clock and headed into the starting point at the Treasury Gardens where we joined up with about 3000 other aspiring runners. There were old and young, male and female, all shapes and sizes and all eager to get going. Finally round 9.15 they were away down Flinders Street and into St. Kilda Road. We left them at this point and went on ahead to Brian's in Queens Road. Brian finally pounded around the corner well to the front but just a little dry so I offered him a beer but he knocked it back and settled for a glass of water. The original plan was for us to go on to Brighton and wait but Brian was looking a bit hot and bothered so we (Denise, Rob and myself) decided to keep pretty close and keep the iced water and wet towel up to him.

And so on into Fitzroy Street and down to Marine Parade past the St. Kilda Marina where Brian began to flag a bit and we began to wonder whether he was going to make it. So I threw water over him and he got his second wind. So on we went towards Brighton with Brian the grateful recipient of cold water and towel every half mile or so. Then wonder of wonders Brighton was only 2 kilometres away and getting closer. Brian was still up in the 1st 200 or so and going strong. To quote him, "Beif this little run is

going to beat me." And beat him it didn't for just on 73 minutes after he started he crossed the finish line and fell in a heap.

Ten minutes later he'd downed a beer and hit the water, not bothered in the least about the Ecoli count. So I took him down another beer, and he sat in the shallows and said, "Bloody hell, I didn't think I'd make it but when the next Run for Fun ???

The afternoon was spent quietly recovering with Terry and Judy Smith and family back at Brian's. Perhaps a few of us younger swingers could take a lesson from the "oldie" and try and be a bit fitter. Bloody well done Brian!!

JUSTIN LIDDY

.. ..

ROUND AND ROUND THE RIP

On Sunday, 24th February, we assembled at Sorrento Boat ramp at 10 a.m. Three boats, sorry, four, were used - Bazza's, Dave's, Don's and Terry was there too. We headed off quickly because of the tide changes, our first objective was to be the George Roper or Holyhead wrecks just outside the Bay entrance. Arriving in the Rip with Bazza at the wheel we found it to be just a little hilly, so after cruising through we turned around and headed back towards the "Eliza Ramsden". Unfortunately we missed Dave, whilst searching for the Eliza marks and we could see him in the distance about to take on the big waves, flat to the boards as usual. So, urged on by the others we turned round to try to head him off. We began to slowly overhaul old Dave, who looked to us as if he were trying to ram a large tanker, passing out through the Heads. Much to our relief, Dave being a poor shot, missed the larger vessel, and then saw us and turned round. I'm sure that Dave's boat is the only one in Melbourne that skips from wave crest to wave crest, well, as Dave says, there is no point in descending into the troughs, you only have to climb out the other side. When we all got back to the Eliza we found half of Melbourne there, too, so we decided to visit Corsair Rock and look for the "Time" (Three o'clock you say, Shut up Eccles). Passing some hardy surfies who were in the Rip with nothing but their boards for protection, we anchored just

off shore. Going down in about fifteen foot of fast-running, ten foot visibility water we searched around to no avail. Surfacing we got back into the boats discovering Justin had turned green, could it have been something he'd eaten?

Our next objective was Pope's Eye, arriving there we slid around the current and anchored in the sheltered eye protected by the man-made rock walls. Here we could step out of the boats and stand on the sandy bottom whilst adjusting our gear. Fairing off, we left the warm shallows and began to swim around the rocks against an ever increasing current. Unfortunately there is not much fish life left now due to over-zealous underwater marksmen, but the weed and sponge growths are interesting and when after completing a half circle you turn and glide back along the rock walls the sensation is exhilarating.

Upon returning to the boats, we discovered that Justin had somehow lost his green colouring and was back to normal. So much so, that he donned skis and ploughed back towards Sorrento. When we pulled in the beach we discovered that Rob Adanson had finally arrived, having forgotten that time and tide wait for no man.

We spent the rest of the afternoon ski-ing, avoiding large black rays and being filmed by Rob, and to crown the afternoon off, Barry decided that I hadn't fallen off enough times without help, and cheerfully towed Justin and I through the wash of the Sorrento ferry, well a third of the way through anyway. Bottoms up!

BRIAN LYNCH

.. .. .

'EAR 'EAR 'EAR

A common topic heard about recently deals with ear pain encountered whilst descending. Some might be interested then in an article dug out of the July 1970 issue of Australian Diver in which the effects of pressure on the ear are partially considered. The person mentioned in the article used the following procedure in diving.

Quote - " my normal practice was to wait until the first pangs of discomfort were felt before equalizing pressure in the ears by use of the mask compensator. This usually occurred at about 20 feet. Gradually, as more and more reefs forded beneath us into the limpid

depths of the coral sea, the apparent need for equalizing diminished, until I was able to dive 30 feet without discomfort. Not until "Reef Spirit" was safely moored at Gladstone and I had consulted the local "sawbones" for an ear blockage, did I find out just how my ears had adapted to the pressure.

For the last week, my hearing had steadily waned until all conversation, and even my own voice, was reduced to garbled confusion of animal noises."

He was practically deaf. The reason for this can be understood if you have the energy to wade through the following data.

The outer ear is separated from the middle ear by a fine wall of taut skin, the tympanic membrane, forming the ear drum. In turn the middle ear is connected to a canal of slight diameter called the Eustachian tube, whose function is to admit air from the throat and thus maintain equal pressures on both sides of the drum. Sound vibrations in the air produce similar vibrations in the flexible eardrum. These pulses are then transmitted to the inner ear where the auditory nerve collects them and delivers the message to the brain.

As the diver descends, the middle ear remains at atmospheric pressure while the external pressure increases. The pressure gradient which thus exists, distends the eardrum inward and produces pain. Actually, the Eustachian tube slowly allows pressure to build up in the middle ear, but much more slowly than the external pressure increases. (Normally, to alleviate the pain, the technique of nose bleeding is used, whence higher pressure air is allowed into the middle ear to balance the outside pressure).

By waiting for the discomfort to be felt, the diver quoted from above was continually subjecting his ear drums to this pressure gradient and flexing, dive after dive. The adaptive processes of the body responded to this aggravation by gradually strengthening the membrane of each ear drum with tissue, making them thicker and more resilient. As a result they could withstand the pressure without distortion and pain. However, this thickening of the eardrums had the bad effect of diminishing their sensitivity to sound vibrations. The man almost lost his hearing. (Similar occurrences are encountered among workers in noisy industrial situations, band players, tractor drivers and so on). What he had to do was abstain completely from all diving for a very long period to even allow his

hearing to improve.

This is an extreme case, but it should be seen that waiting for equalization to become necessary instead of continuously equalizing can have a detrimental effect upon hearing (apart from the more obvious one of bursting an eardrum) even if one does not follow this procedure continuously.

DAVID CARROLL

.. .. .

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

"Savotage killed 345 in Jet" say Turks.

Mrs. Hearst pleads: "Please let Fatty Go."

"Heath told, "Its time to go".

"Rockets guard White House".

"Hunger and disease killed more than 100,000 people in West Africa".

,..... And so it goes. These are just a few of the sub-headings in tonight's 'Herald' which tell of the misery, horror and disarray in the world around us. Whilst at home the most startling piece of news reports that a well educated and university degreed woman was fined \$300 for running a massage parlour which offered "Specials".

Whoever said the words "Australia - The Lucky Country" might be accused of making a huge understatement. But will it always be so?

There can be no doubt that we are certainly fortunate to live in this country and maybe we as divers are more fortunate than landlubbers, because we have the chance to explore more of this wonderful land than others who are content to ride on top of the water, or just look at it from afar.

However, there are some people in this country who want to bring some of the joys of the underwater world to a group of people who

ust be considered by our standards to be less fortunate in many ways. We recently met Barry Armstrong from the Ministry of Aboriginal Affairs. Barry wants to show a group of kids a past-time which they might enjoy and which will give them an opportunity to mix with people of a different colour and from different walks of life. The V.S.A.G. is going to be involved in this project in a small way and your support will be required. So when the time comes, remember just how lucky we are.

A note arrived the other day from South Africa from Mike McGougan. You'll remember Mike the New Zealander who dived with us for a few months. Anyhow Mike sends best wishes to the club and wishes to thank Justin, John, Brian, Bazza, Dave, Terry and the others who helped give him such a good time.

Mike's going to seek out ex-patriot Tipping. One can only imagine the bedlam that will break loose when these two get together.

On Sunday 10th February we had a dive at Seal Rocks. Although the visibility was poor and the depth no more than 12 feet, snorkelling among the Seals is indeed one of the most interesting dives around. This was followed by a trip over to the Hurricane to gather a feed of scallops.

While recovering from a cold, Secretary John took the opportunity to go trout fishing up the Goulburn River, at his private hideaway at Kevington. He reports that one trout was so big he had to tie his line to a gum tree in order to secure the fish. The fish pulled so hard on the line that not only did it eventually ring-bark the tree but it made the river bend.

This column was first inspired by the activities of the VSAG members last Eastern at Wilsons Iron. Already 17 divers have indicated that they will be going back again this year, so by all accounts it should again produce a source of literary wealth.

The prize for the cuddly couple is open to all mixed pairs, but my tip is that Justin and Denise might get it.

Last year's winner of the fastest man on land, Cat Carroll, doesn't look like being beaten, but there are some other pretty good contenders for line honours. So Dave, build yourself up on the

pies and baked beans and you should have no worries.

Poor old Lynchy is automatically disqualified from entering because of his recent Moomba Fun-Run exhibition.

JUSTIN TIME

.. .. .

BENDS KILL !

From analysis of diving accidents in New Zealand and overseas, it is clear that every diver runs real risks when he ventures below 80 feet and/or breathes two tanks of air a day.

BENDS, NARCOSIS AND EMBOLISM - ALL CAN KILL.

The National Water Safety Committee, Dive Magazine and the N.Z. Underwater Association all recommend a pattern of diving safety which has never gone wrong.

EQUIPMENT

S.C.U.B.A. 70 cu. ft. tank filled to 2250 p.s.i., 2 stage downstream valve with purge button.

BUOYANCY COMPENSATOR
CONTENTS GAUGE

DECOMPRESSION METER
WEIGHT BELT

DEPTH GAUGE
UNDERWATER WATCH

DIVING PATTERN

- * Check your buddies gear. Check air.
- * Plan directional and depth pattern.
- * Appoint a dive leader for the group.
- * Establish the rule: if separated, surface.
- * Pair off on surface for final pre-dive check.

- * Steady descent to maximum planned depth, pausing to inflate compensator. (It is a mistake to leave compensation until you bottom)
- * During the dive check regularly all instruments.
- * Ascend gradually up cliff face or anchor rope if possible, to ten feet before the D.C.P. meter reaches the red sector, the limit for a "no decompression dive". Make a routine 5-minute stop at 10 feet even though within safety limits.
- * On the last dive of the day, breathe up all remaining air in the shallows, to increase the safety margin for bends.
- * Remember a novice or a big man can breathe a tank dry 3 times faster than an old hand.

LIVE TO ENJOY YOUR SPORT

from "Dive" - South Pacific Underwater
Magazine.

..

DAYGLO - DAYGLO

A point which must be considered when diving is what effect will the visibility have upon your dive. If it is easy to see thirty to forty feet (extraordinary visibility for most Victorian waters) it is so much easier and safer in completing your dive. In poor conditions of visibility one has to rely much more on being able to identify contrasting drapes and colors to identify buddies, other divers, etc.

The three easiest colors to see underwater are silver, white and orange. In poorer conditions, silver loses out to white but fluorescent orange kills them both, especially in really poor conditions. Without wishing to plug a commercial name Dayglo orange has a quality possessed by no other paint; the