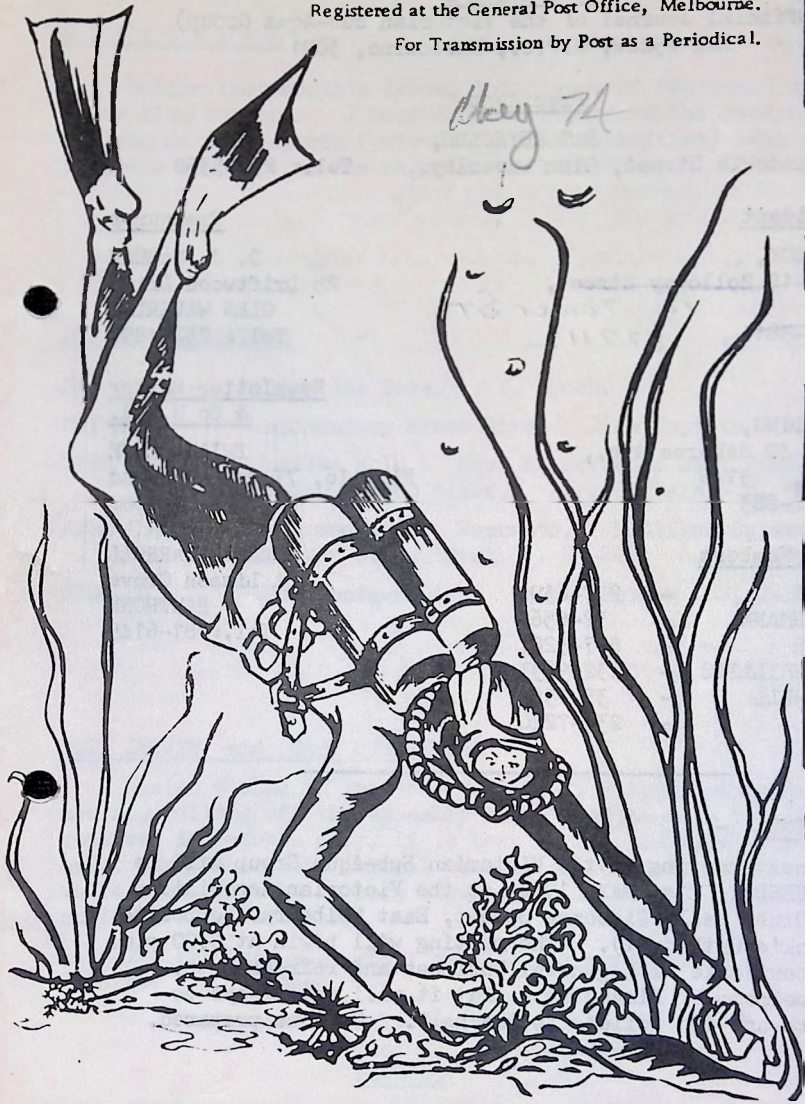


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May 74



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 President

JUSTIN LIDDY,

Flat 1, 15 Holloway Street,

ORMOND.

Tel.: 58-3811

14 Tower St
822112Treasurer

D. J. McBEAN

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

Committee Members

DAVE MOORE	-	277-6395
ADRIAN NEUMANN	-	52-6568
ALAN CUTTS	-	877-3287
MARGARET PHILLIPS	-	232-9633
IAN COCKERELL	-	35-1392
BILL GRAY	-	232-7220

DAVID CARROLL

28A Lisson Grove

HAWTHORN

Tel.: 81-6145

CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on TUESDAY, 21st MAY, 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.

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

EDITORIAL -

Unlike last month's issue, this issue of "Fathoms" contains quite a few dive reports. I hope this will improve the reading value also. As long as the reports (private or club activities) keep rolling in then the standard of the magazine will improve.

Ed.DIVING CALENDAR -

- MAY 12 - Pinnacles Dive. B. Lynch.
 MAY 26 - Exploratory Wreck Dive. Dive Captain - Dave Carroll.
 JUNE 9 - Portsea Hole. Meet at Sorrento Boat Ramp. For timing, check tides. Dive Captain - D. Moore.
 JUNE 15-17 - Long Weekend. Sorrento. Nautilus Caravan Park. Contact J. Goulding.... 25-2883 A.H. 480-1411 - Bus.
 JUNE 30 - Williamstown Dive. Dive Captain - D. Carroll.

TEE SHIRTS and CAR STICKERS -

Adrian wishes to announce that the T Shirts, windcheaters, etc. are now rolling off the assembly line. As he does the items received in batches only, it is best to let him have your T-shirts etc order early while the initial rush is on to avoid waiting later on while items dribble in more slowly, and it takes longer to collect suitably sized batches.

The stickers will start rolling off once the majority of T-shirts are finished.

Address: A.T. Neumann,
 Flat 6, 195 Brighton Road,
ELWOOD.

"THE BLACK HOLE OF ANGLESEA"

7/4/74

"Ever dived in a coal mine", said John. "No", we answered. "An experience not to be missed", he went on, and painted a picture of gin clear water, deep diving and flooded galleries just waiting to be explored. "Let us widen our fresh water diving knowledge and swim where no man has trod, well not for some time", went on John, waving his can of fosters brain food at the stars.

So we went, imagining as we journeyed westward that we were about to become club pioneers, diving into a tractless wilderness to carve out a new diving venue.

Alas, like Cinderella, the Ball ended too soon. We arrived at the site just outside Anglesea, under cloudy skies and with a hint of rain in the air. We inspected the water and although it didn't look too promising, John assured us that it would be better once we were in. Arriving back at the cars we discovered that our wilderness was to be the meeting place of various motor bike clubs, we were, in fact, parked on the course, and within minutes trail bikes were hurtling all around us. Trying to cross the trail looked like becoming as difficult as crossing Bourke Street against the lights in the rush hour.

However, despite all the distractions, we kitted up and made our way laboriously down the muddy slopes, aided by Craig. Upon entering the water we found that it was cold, and had the consistency of thick pea soup. Two feet under the surface it was impossible to see down, sideways or even up. We did try, getting to a depth of 35 feet, at which point the blood started turning to ice, as always the spirit was willing but the flesh weak. After 15 minutes of genuine London fog 35 feet down we called it a day. The only good point about the day was that some of us were able to test new equipment. Dave Carroll, complete with Jenzi, and his pristine spirotechnique suit really looks the part these days. In fact, with the number of new suits multiplying weekly I am beginning to feel quite shabby.

Anyhow we came ashore and began drying and changing to the musical sound of gear changes and bursts of exhaust fumes. We decided therefore to move on for lunch which we partook of just outside Torquay, beside the road. Here Justin lit his barbecue, despite the falling rain and the funny comments, and we all enjoyed toasted hot cross buns before heading home.

Those taking part in this epic dive were in order of appearance -

Justin, Denise and Caroline
 John and Dave (such a nice couple)
 Barry, Marie, Craig and Samantha, and
 myself and Diane.

And the moral to this story children is, never, never listen to Johnny when he's inbibing the amber fluid, crossing his fingers and his knees, and there's an R in the month. He was right, though, he did promise us an experience we were not likely to forget, and we won't.

BRIAN LYNCH

.. .. .

DIVING AT MOUNT GAMBIER - APRIL 25-27th

Judy and I arrived at lunchtime on Thursday in time to give Harvey Allen and Barry Degenhardt of R.U.G. and also that old Hell's Angel from Melb. Scuba, a hand to set up camp.

After a quick snack it was off to "The Pines" for a dive. On the way back we had a look at Hole three Adelaide divers died in. This hole is to be filled in so we found out via the local paper. Off again this time to "The Kangaroo" hole for a dive (so named because of the fossilised kangaroo remains to be found there). This is one hole where safety lines must be used as it silts up very easily.

Friday was spent diving at "Piccaninny Ponds", "Ewens Ponds" and "One Tree". At "Piccs." we ran into some divers from the Weapons Research Establishment doing deep diving tests. They were the only other divers in the area all weekend which made for good diving all round. Friday night, we went out near "The Pines" for a spot of dry caving which proved very interesting.

Saturday, it was out to Reg Watson's to dive "1080" and the "Bullock Hole" but after consulting with Reg we were told we could dive "1080" only as the "Bullock Hole" was closed to all dives for the time being. So, after diving "1080" it was back to Mt. Gambier for lunch and then pack up and head back to Melbourne after a most enjoyable weekend's diving.

Thanks to Harvey, Barry and Colin for their knowledge of the area, and the local land owners.

ADRIAN NEUMANN

AN EASTER EGG-SCURSION

It was dark, and the windscreen wipers were beating time to 3XY's weekend of rock and roll, the rain beat down on the road, the car and occasionally if we opened a window on us. All in all it was the usual opening day of the V.S.A.G's Easter camping spree, and we were on our way to Wilson's Promontory.

After having a scenic look at Koo-Wee-Rup, in the rain, Di and I finally made it to Tidal River, which at the time was really living up to its name. We were admitted and then drove around looking for signs of friendly faces. Eventually we located the settlement, with Justin and Keith knitting a tent in the rain it seemed. Passing Liddy's Lodge we skirted Barry's Cara-boat and decided upon the site next to Max's caravan, and with his help we put up our tent. That night the wind and rain hammered at the tent but come morning the tent was still up, the wind and rain were gone and stayed away luckily, and we all began to feel better.

On Friday, we didn't do much except strengthen guy ropes and settle in, and wait for our old late comers Dave and Pat. Justin was again demonstrating how seven or eight into one (tent) do go, and Terry enjoyed himself pedalling between us and the wash houses all day. We did have a stroll on the beach and watched Black Rock club setting out for the Glennies. We were with them in spirit.

Saturday dawned fine and bright, and we filled a few bottles and trundled down to the beach for the first trip out in Dave's boat. There was a fair surf running and for the first ten minutes or so we were kept busy, pulling this boat out, this one in and helping to rescue someone's cruiser which had been swamped when he apparently tried to surf it in. Finally, we got going and moved outside the Bay and round into Oberon Bay, where to our delight we found it to be mirror-smooth, no movement of the boat at all, for which my stomach was thankful. So taking our time we kitted up and fell in.

The bisability was good, around 40 feet, we went huntin crayfish up and down weed covered rock ledges, in through kelp curtains to small caves, but the crays kept well out of sight. We did eventually find a couple and climbed back aboard, to find that Rob and Peter Trott and Terry and Peter Smith had also been lucky, and theirs were bigger than ours too. Back to camp to find that we should have come back for the rest of the crew. When we came to, and amicably solved our differences, we had a fish supper and then went off to the now almost open air picture field, for a good cowboy's night out.

Sunday morning was dullish but fine, everyone got up reasonably early. Terry, Harvey and Barry (D) were up really at the crack of dawn, and away out into the cold waters of Oberon Bay, even before breakfast. Bazza dismantled his super structure, well, most of it and we all set out, this time with no mishaps, except that Peter Smith badly gashed his hand, whilst holding one of the boats in the surf and spent the morning with the doctor, who soon had him in stitches, funny doctor.

Four boats headed for Oberon and we had another look for the elusive crays, no luck this time, although Justin and Ardri did try to ride a sea horse they told us. We then decided to head out for skull rock, and a look at the neighbouring seal colonies. This we did, keeping a leather eye open for carpenters rocks on the way. We arrived at the seals first, and found them perched in packs on huge slabs of sloping rocks, upon our arrival some of them slithered into the waves, and every now and then the sea receded leaving a seal clinging to the rock and then before the next wave arrived they would hop or claw their way up beyond the reach of the water. We didn't venture into the water due to the fact that seals do have some unfriendly neighbours around. The smell was a bit on the heavy side and so we passed on.

As we rounded Skull Rock, we saw that on the seaward side, the island was a hollow shell with a grassy plateau about 70 feet up, with a thin dome of rock curving over it, looking rather as if someone had cut half the land away with a huge knife. There was a rope hanging down from the plateau lip, but not even Justin would venture up it. From Skull Rock we sailed on to the Glennies, passing through a small fishing fleet en route, and Max trolled for a while with no luck.

We stayed for a while on the Glennies, and then we were deciding whether to dive again or not, when we saw the water boiling. 'Cuda' belled Max, and began reeling out yards, sorry, metres, of line, and in no time at all we had 4 big barracuda thrashing around the boat. So once again we had fish for tea. In the evening once again some of us went to the open air picture show, whilst the rest of us, mostly the oldies stayed around the camp fire and had a few cans and swapped a few stories.

Monday morning was a bright sunny one, a very good day to take the tents down, so we broke camp and motored slowly home, passing one another every now and then at various refreshment points. A good time was had by all. Those present were: Justin and Denise, Adrian and Judy, Rob and Robin, Keith and Diane, Peter and Diane Smith, Terry, Judy and Family, Max, Pat and family, Bazza, Marie and family, Dave and Pat "the cat". Visitors - Harvey & Barry, and myself and Diane.

BRIAN LYNCH

SANDRINGHAM AND BLACK ROCK DIVE

As it usually turns out, the weather is usually poor, with overcast skies, choppy water or worse, freezing cold and generally undesirable conditions all round, whenever we have a club outing. On the other hand, however, whenever there is no organized diving, then the normal course of the day is to begin with a warm sun, mirror-like seas all day and a quiet closing down at sundown, still windless, warm and so on.

Being two rather intelligent blokes, John Goulding and I realized all of this and decided to put it to the test one day. That day dawned on Sunday, 21st March, the week before the Eden trip, and John, Marie and I all piled into the big blue falcon car and actually got to the water's edge by about 9.00 a.m.

The first item on the list was the hull of the J class submarine at S.Y.C. This 1st War submarine had been sunken there in the 20's as a breakwater and offers an interesting dive if you don't like going into more than 15 foot deep. We asked permission at the entrance to the Yacht Club and walked out on the main jetty until we were over the thing. It looks about two hundred feet long, is largely complete but terribly corroded and rusty and because of the shallowness of the water is largely exposed, the stern section being practically submerged, while the bow is about the level it would be if the sub were floating normally. Inside is an interesting dive, but should be attempted only when the water is at low-tide as this leaves about six inches air gap between the top of the water and the ceiling of the submarine. As it is so cramped and confined inside and so liable to silt up the preceding procedure would be the most necessary safety procedure you could follow.

On the Sunday, however, we swam around the outside of the sub only, felt rather than saw the bronze propellor, swam through the torpedo tubes mouths and generally poked around. I had a good time, I think John did too.

On exiting from the water after about half an hour's diving, John announced that both he and I were going to use up the rest of our air at the Cerberus. Not being at all adverse to that I agreed and half an hour later we were busy dodging speedboats and nearing the hull of the old ironclad. We entered near the stern and noted that the propellers are well and truly gone (which is not what we'd been told recently), and worked our way along inside, sometimes near the bottom and some times below the main deck.

Occasionally, something identifiable would appear out of the muck below and because of the clarity and stillness of the water I wished I'd brought my camera. We finally came out about three quarters of the way along the hull, near the forward turret and because of the shaky condition of the hull near that point, piked on re-entering it again.

As the air wasn't going to last indefinitely and we'd had a great dive, we decided not to be greedy and headed back to shore.

(I might add that on the way back home we stopped for a bite to eat. John and I had one hamburger and Marie had three with the lot.)

D. CARROLL

.. .. .

EDEN TRIP - FIRST DAY

On Wednesday evening of the 24th April, Rob Adamson, Dave Carroll and John Goulding bade farewell to the lights of smog-bound Melbourne and headed off to the ancient mariners' port of Eden on the shores of Twofold Bay.

After making camp at Cann River at 4.30 a.m. Thursday morning, much to the delight of our slumbering neighbours, we snatched three hours' sleep before heading off to Green Cape. There we inspected the lighthouse and cemetery of disowned sailors from the wreck of the LY-EE-Moon (1886). The lighthouse keeper informed us that the wreck was right at the tip of the cape so, with the "Cat" in the lead we headed down the cliff. There was a slight swell coming in and waves were breaking quite fiercely on the outer reef. We were content to remain close in to the small protected area which skirted the main part of the wreck.

A small message for those interested in port-holes. No brass at all was seen, however, the bottom was strewn with steel hull plates, bolts, girdeffs, etc. To do a good dive on this wreck, a boat would be a necessity.

We then headed off towards Eden, stopping on the way to have lunch at the historic Seahorse Inn. This magnificent building was erected by Ben Boyd in 1833 who had great visions of his settlement becoming a rival to Sydney. A whaling station was set up and

this industry lasted until the early 1900's. The whalers of Twofold Bay used killer whales to herd the Right Whales into the Bay in the same way as a stockman would use a sheepdog to round up his flock.

Having done the full tourist bit, we then went on to Eden and set up camp.

Author's Note:

As a small boy my daddy took me to Eden many times. We used to stay in a beautiful old house on the southern shores of Twofold Bay. The house was known as Edrom, and in the mornings you could look out across the sparkling blue waters towards Eden and see the fishermen hauling in their nets full of salmon, tuna, schnapper or other school fish. The water in the bay was beautifully clear and as I snorkelled around under the pier, while mother looked out for sharks, my tiny mind was enthralled in the fantastic scenery.

Around near BoydTown there were ruins of the whaling station and the remains of the chaser boats. The bones of their prey were scattered on the beach.

Today, the beautiful house of Edrom is a Gentleman's Gaol for trustee prisoners. The bay is fouled up with dirty water. Along the once peaceful southern shore a giant chipmill turns magnificent gums into woodchip, whilst the pollution from the plant and the dirt from the hills which have been raped by man, spews into the bay.

The fishermen no longer come into the bay but have to go far out to sea.

The only thing that really hasn't changed is my memory of my own Garden of Eden. The only thing missing years ago was Eve, and damn it all, if she still ain't there.

JOHN GOULDING.

EDEN - 2nd DAY.

After spending the previous night camped amongst a delightful grove of trees, underneath an estimated four inches of rain, we were well prepared for the next dive which we held under Merimbula pier on the Friday.

We entered under a stormwater drain outlet, fully expecting about six inches visibility and were quite surprised with about twenty feet. The next surprise awaited us under the pier.

Being well used to "Flinder's" type pier crawls, we were quite surprised when the first thing we tagged with was a moray eel. Perhaps it was because we were Victorians that it came out to greet us, but perhaps it might have been because John prodded it with his hook, but whichever it was, we both saw our first Moray.

Leaving that thing where it was, we wandered over about ten feet to see two beady eyes peering out at us from inside a small hole. Again Johnny came to the fore and valiantly poked it with his dreaded instrument, while I fingered it a bit, until flushing various colors and spraying all over the place an enraged (or scared) young octopus slithered out, told us where to go and then nicked off.

Forging onwards again, we began to near the pier. At this point we began to find what we thought was shipwreck. The bottom was littered with huge masses of anchor chain, bronze tie rods, bolts and copper sheathing. We found out afterwards that the chain had been used for mooring and the copperware came from an old jetty.

From here onwards our progress was impaired by a few thousand fish mainly bullseyes and salmon, about a pound weight each. For the first few minutes the main school wouldn't let us too close, but after a while we found ourselves totally and individually surrounded by them. I lost sight of Johnny more than once and whenever I tried to photograph him amongst the fish, the view finder showed a broad expanse of golden fish with a few specks of wetsuit here and there and all within a few feet of the camera.

Next on the list came a large squid. Both Johnny and I saw a large shape move underneath a rock slab and imagining it to be another moray, decided to leave it alone, until it moved into the light and we both realized that here was something else to try to poke. Well, we tried really hard and after it attempted to fend

us off for a minute or so, changing colors several times, it eventually came to a climax blushing bright red and came out of its hole to shoot off in the distance.

We finished off the dive by exchanging a few words with some fishermen on the pier and exited as far away from it as we could. The rest of the day was spent in filling the tanks at \$1.50 per 1900 psig and stuffing ourselves with oysters and amber fluid back at the camp at our new home, an on-site van, again beneath another four inches of rain. (This time we stayed dry).

DAVE CARROLL

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EDEN - 3rd DAY

The next day, Saturday, found us ploughing out from Merimbula for a boat dive on the Empire Gladstone, sunk in 1952 of Haystack Rock. Our captain was Ross Buchanan from BRUDG who now dives for abalone in N.S.W. for a crust.

Unfortunately the heavy seas prevailing made it necessary for us to enter the land side of the main hull where there was less wreckage but some protection from the swell, however, we all soon forgot about that as we wended our way amongst batches, bollards, porthole holes and other wreckage, heads down and behinds up looking for anything which glinted. Eventually a piece of brass strapping appeared, which wasn't bad, as apparently the wreckage has been worked over by everyone from professional salvage divers to sports divers over the previous twenty years. After this we headed back to shore, Rob hanging over the side further reducing visibility and crowds standing on the pier shouting "Look at the doivers!

Being time for feedbag we then descended upon the local Fleece place and met as John put it, "the only decent grouse-looking Sheila-bird I've seen in N.S.W." However, she was sailing under false colors, as she was actually another expatriate, being from Bazza's home town. That night we tried for an all-time record and scorched our way up the coast, visiting every pub, R.S.L. Club and golf club for about thirty miles. However, we

didn't see any more contenders for Miss East Coast and decided that N.S.W. must be devoid of female scenery.

DAVE CARROLL

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EDEN - 4th Day

On the Sunday we agreed to have another look at the Le-ee-Moon and headed out to Green Cape, with for once, the sun shining and no wind at all. This time, however, it was not at all suitable for diving despite the seemingly ideal conditions as huge swells were breaking heavily over the whole area, including where we'd been on the Thursday.

We decided to move further up the coast into Disaster Bay and checked out the site of the "New Guinea" but piked at the last minute at the thought of the long walk and climb necessary before the dive and the possibility of getting drowned dead in the area of white water which we would have to swim in, as at this stage the wind had come up and the bay looked particularly uninviting. Back to the car we climbed, found it bogged and had to unload it, push it up a hill and carry everything up by hand. At this stage we unanimously agreed to give N.S.W. a miss and headed back to Victoria, arriving at Lakes Entrance in the early afternoon.

That evening we became real tourists. We covered Lakes Entrance from one side to the other, looked at the boats, saw the ferries come in, watched the scallop boats unloading (32 of them), ate a lot of shellfish, talked to the locals, discussed sharks with another bloke (when he found we were divers), and finally fell into bed very late that night, our little holiday over.

DAVE CARROLL

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ALVIN PURPLE

Thursday, the 18th saw the club congregating outside Hoyts Mid-City for a bash at the cultural side of Melbourne. As I had understood it, this was an educational film which every young lad should see. As it turned out this was correct, I never knew that borrowing or lending sugar could be such an illuminating experience.

In fact, everyone who came, enjoyed the film. Brought back memories of those bygone days when Tony was still in Melbourne, he really did like going to the pictures. In a nutshell the film is about a true blue Australian boy, who unfortunately for him is pursued by members of the opposite sex, from his most tender years, until because of this failing he becomes the partner of a rogue psychiatrist aiding the treatment of neglected females.

As I said before, this was an educational film and I am sure that a lot of us learnt something. There was a very good turnout of club members and their families and showed that some of us do think about other things than diving, under the sea, that is.

So I leave you with this thought. "I did it for Alvin", he really must have been too tired.

BRIAN LYNCH

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

This month Flotsam & Jetsam celebrates its first anniversary, and what better occasion to start the ballpoint rolling again than to comment on the happenings at Wilson's Prom.

Undaunted by last year's beastly weather, the VSAG rolled up in force again.

Who better to lead the field than Vice President Liddy, and his travelling circus. His was the only tent with a trapeze hanging from the ceiling, and with the number of people sleeping inside its a wonder that no-one finished up, up the pole. All the same it was a welcome site to arrive late at night in a down pour of rain and see Liddy's Lodge settled in amongst the tea-

tree.

The quality of housing was vastly superior this year. The Stewarts and the Neumanns both erected spectacularly colourful abodes which upgraded the appearance of the place. Not to mention Bazza's Carabote which confused most people who had not seen it before.

Terry's evergreen, actually green and white combi, showed everyone that 4 people could sleep in an area of 5 square feet.

Perhaps the pride of place should go to Lynchie's Retreat. With spotlessly clean green floor, indoor plants and Queen Victoria style bed, its no wonder that the old boy barred all those with dirty shoes. Which reminds me of Dave Moore. Dave's forever wishing he had a wooden boat like Bazza and so he even went as far as building a top deck superstructure to make the plastic boat look more like the famed CARABOTE. And talking of Dave, the reason he wears socks in the shower is so they'll be clean enough to wear into Lynchie's Retreat.

Now to the Easter Awards.

The undisputed winners of the Cuddly-couple competition - Brian and Diane. Lynchy believes in the old adage of taking Di everywhere he goes because its damn easier than kissing her goodbye.

The VSAG's answer to the Stawell Gift is The Slowest Moving Creature in Camp. This must go to the Liddy, who was so slow to move out of Bazza's boat after launching it, he missed out on recovering the trailer from the surf and pushing it back up the beach.

For the most courageous act, the panel has no hesitation in nominating Adrian, who with only an oar for armament, successfully fended off two marauding boats who bore down on him at high speed.

The most creative cook in the camp goes to Dave Carroll who found 17 ways to do jaffles. The one thing that stumped Dave was trying to cook some of Max's barracuda in a jaffle iron.

Apart from all the fun of camp life, we found time to do some diving and meet up with old and new faces by name of Adri Tol, Barry and Harvey from Ringwood and Rob's mate, Peter Trott.

Moving back before moving forward, we had an interesting Dive at the Winchelsea Coal Mine prior to Easter. Dive Captain Goulding has now assured himself of never being asked to nominate a dive

location again. With wild inspiring ideas of 300 foot visibility, we found this rather large lake inviting until we hit the water. Visibility was one foot near the surface and zero below 10 feet. Together with the coldest water I've ever been in, the roar of the trail bikes and the absolute hopeless venue, Goulding would be well advised to stop seeking members to go with him to his latest recommendation - The Black Hole of Calcutta.

The latest dive weekend has been a split round, some venturing to Eden, others to Mt. Gambier and others to Frankston. Have not been able to catch up with all the news but it sounds as if those who were able to get away from Melbourne had the best time - dive-wise anyway.

We've got some pretty good dives coming up soon so hope the attendances are good.

Until we meet again, remember big brother is watching.

IVOR STICKYNOSE

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TIPPING AGAIN

Sinoia, 10/4/74

Dear VSAG,

Air ya garn! Well so far so good as far as hitching from Cape Town to Cairo goes. Sinoia is in N.W. Rhodesia and this cave (postcard photo of a grotto) is the best dive I've had since PIC, as far as visibility goes anyway. One problem - I've only been able to snorkel unfortunately, as it'd be a bit rugged lugging around a tank as well as a pack thru Africa! So far the highlight of the trip has been Victoria Falls because it was in flood - there were a few ruggedies in the area too, which helped. From here Stoopy and I hitch to Mariba Dam, then on to Mozambique.

Hope you're enjoying great dives - I envy you all at times.

TONY

The following article has been borrowed from RINGWOOD UNDER WATER GROUPS MAGAZINE - "UP! UP AND AWAY!"

The following condensed version of an incident with a compressed gas cylinder vividly illustrates the havoc such articles can produce if badly treated. It also points out the need for anchoring such cylinders wherever practicable.

While a painter was moving a 220 cubic foot, 900 psi, leaking compressed gas (CO²) cylinder the damaged valve section separated from the cylinder projecting the painter who was hanging on to the cylinder across the room.

Although he used all of his strength to wrestle the 220 lb. cylinder into submission, it proved too strong and after spinning furiously on the floor for several seconds, it took off at high speed along a passage.

During its mad escapade, in the next few seconds it

- knocked down another compressed gas cylinder bending the valve which fortunately did not break;
- wrecked a scaffold causing another painter to fall seven feet (he received multiple fractures to his leg);
- chased an electrician along a passage and when he sought refuge in another room turned at right angles and continued the pursuit much to the horror of the electrician;
- travelled in all a distance of more than 150 feet.

The errant cylinder finally fell into a truck loading bay where it spun harmlessly until the gas was expelled.

Rockets regularly project men and machines, to the moon and back but only after the most rigid safety precautions have been undertaken.

Perhaps our compressed gas cylinders won't take you to the moon but they contain sufficient energy to be lethal projectiles.

.. ..

The above was copied from a SEC's Chief Safety Engineer's newsletter. You may note that the cylinder concerned was 220 lb. 900 psi. Could you imagine what could happen with a cylinder of 40 lb. 2500 psi ?

A. T. NEUMANN