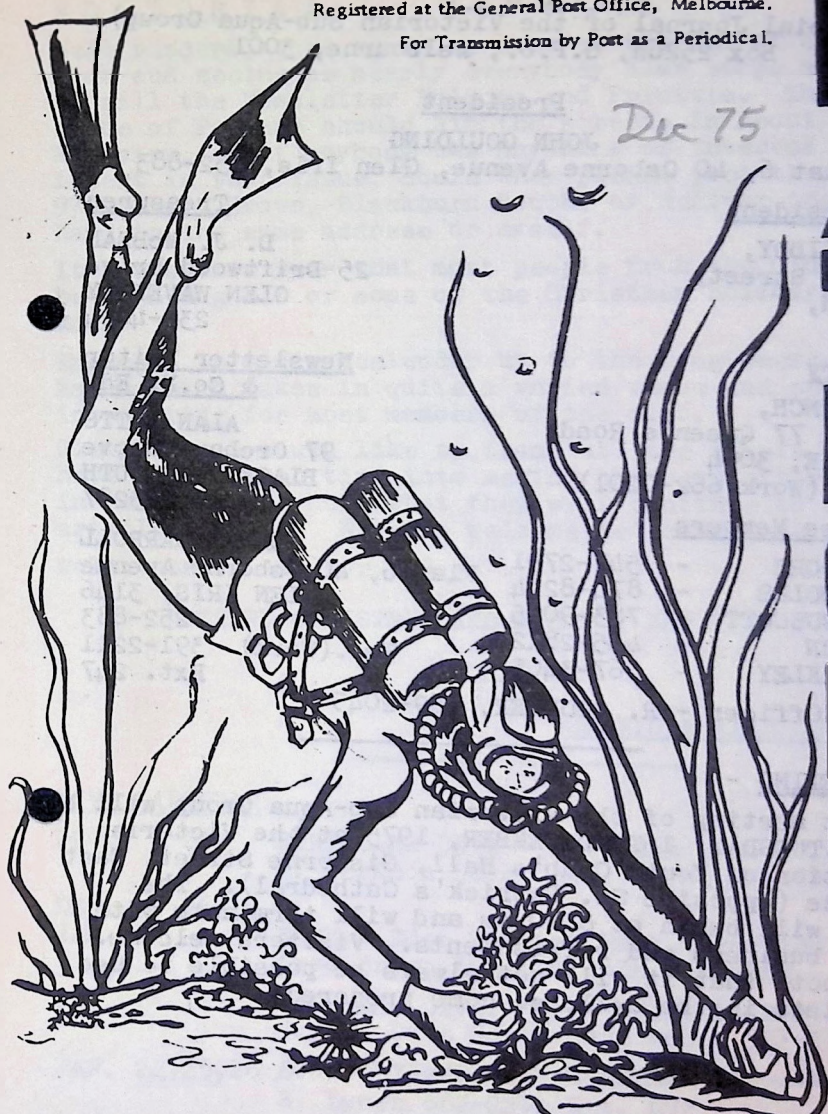


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# FATHOMS



## VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

FATHOMS

(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, 16TH DECEMBER, 1975 at the Victorian Association of Youth Club's Hall, Gisborne Street, East Melbourne (opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral). The meeting will begin at 8.00 pm 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.



EDITORIAL

Well readers, once again we come to the end of another year and seeing as nearly everybody else stops working, so will the Newsletter Editors and Printers. The next issue of Fathoms should hit the streets in about mid February, so if anybody has anything of interest to insert in that issue, could they please post them to 97 Orchard Grove, Blackburn South, or deliver them by hand to the same address or myself.

It seems this year that most people from the Club will be spending all or some of the Christmas holidays at Eden.

Enclosed is a dive calendar up to the long-weekend in March which takes in quite a varied venue and should be interesting for most members of the club.

Glenys and I would like to thank all the people who have put so much time into making the newsletter a success in the past and hope that they will continue to write articles in '76. We also welcome new contributions.

Well, that's all for '75.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU

ALL

GLENYS & ALAN CUTTS

DIVE CALENDAR

- |      |          |  |
|------|----------|--|
| DEC. | 21       | PINNACLES DIVE - Meet San Remo 10.00 am<br>F. Derkson Dive Capt. Phone 47 4896 |
| DEC. | 26-      |  |
| JAN. | 4        | EDEN. Eden Tourist Park. Particulars<br>from Brian Lynch & John Goulding       |
| JAN. | 18       | HOLYHEAD DIVE. Meet Sorrento Boat Ramp<br>9.30. Dive Capt. Dave Moore 547-2791 |
| JAN. | 24,25,26 | LONG WEEKEND PORT CAMPBELL. Bookings<br>B. Lynch 662-0201 Ext. 492             |

DIVE CALENDAR (Cont'd.)

- FEB.        8        CHANNEL RUN - SWAN ISLAND. Meet Sorrento  
8am. Dive Capt. J. Liddy 58-2310
- 15        GOLDEN PLUVER BAY TRIP - Organiser  
D. Moore 547-2791
- 22        PORTSEA HOLE - Time & meeting place to be  
advised. Dive Capt. A. Cutts 877-3287
- MAR. 6,7,8        RUSHWORTH WEEKEND - Organiser J. Liddy  
58-2310

CAPE SCHANK DIVE & SOMERS BARBEQUE - CUP DAY

In my usual optimistic manner I told all those who rang on Cup Eve that I'd find somewhere worthwhile to dive the following morning no matter how unpopular we were with Hughie. Rob, the Cat, and I drove down to Somers at about midnight and then flaked out pretty quickly. Next morning we checked the conditions at Skull Rock - R.S. - then on to Flinders Pier to meet a not so eager group of divers. As the wind was blowing hard from the west I assumed the only practical shore dive in the vicinity would be Bushranger Bay at Cape Schank so most of us agreed to drive down for a gander at least, notable exceptions being Lynchy and Frank who preferred to freak out in a fenzy frenzy under the pier. Sure enough only four of us were keen to take tanks in out of about a dozen - maybe that climb flashed back memories of exhaustion and sore backs!! Well I thoroughly enjoyed what I consider is one of Victoria's most colourful marine gardens and so too did Snush, Rob and also Johnny who snorkelled. I reckon the rest of the mob must have become pretty restless as they waited around in the cold while we enjoyed a leisurely dive of 70 minutes with 30' visibility. After the little stroll up the hill it was back to the pad at Somers for a "liquid" barbeque which went down extremely well on top of the mornings efforts. Johnny and Maree even conducted a sweep on the big race with Trevor gaining the booty. Then after the Cup out came the Truscott XI to tackle the rest of VSAG on the unpredictable Sandy Court pitch. You had to be there to see them: we had Johnny being no balled



by the umpy, Chris Truscott bowling over maidens, Justin adjusting his box, Carroll sniffing around the slips and Marie waiting for a chance at short leg! I must give Lynchy the Man of the Match award for his consistent bowling but watch out old timer young Chris and Craig are shaping up like Lillee and Thompson. However there were no real batting heroes - Bazza seemed to be stroking it pretty well but he had to have a runner. By the end of the day I think everyone there enjoyed themselves, but one thing's for sure - no more bowling, it knocked me for nearly a week and I thought I was fit!

### TONY TIPPING

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#### PINNACLES

On Sunday the ninth of November despite threatening clouds over an early morning Melbourne, we set off for San Remo, and our first attempt at locating the famed Pinnacles.

We arrived at ten, and soon we had seventeen divers to fit into five boats, and at eleven we set off with dimly remembered marks in mind and clutching our charts which incidentally did not seem to know about the spot we had in mind.

Out through the channel we sped, and overtook a fishing boat carrying the Southern Argonauts once past them, we turned smartly to port and headed out to sea. At this stage we in Bazza's boat lost most of the rest of the convoy, only Peter Saunders and the Shark Cat to keep us company. We dropped the arm of the depth sounder over the side and began to search for the pinnacle. Thirtysix fathoms of water registered on the machine, over 200 ft., too deep. We tried and retried, until finally by 12.30 we decided to move closer inshore.

Once there we found the Shark Cat and Jay Cody, but Trevor and Max in their respective vessels had returned home. They had tried to find the Pinnacle with their marks, but despite some intrepid snorkelling by Dave Carroll they had been "unlucky" and were trying their luck on the run home.

There were several lobster pot markers around, and anchored in the centre of these was the S.A. fishing boat. When it left we covered the spot with the depth sounder, and immediately the underwater cliff sprang out on us from the paper.

On our third pass we dropped our anchor and it held and we had found what we had been looking for. The weather too was settling down, the sea becoming less choppy and the sun trying to break through. Just as we anchored a second fishing boat full of divers came in sight, and so we quickly began to make ready.

Leaving Peter Smith and a very unwell Rob in the boat, Tony plus camera, Barry and I dropped into the water. Swimming against the surface current we made the anchor line, pausing only to group together, we set off down the line. Our anchor it seemed was deeper than we had anticipated 75 ft., but we were quickly there, leaving the line we spilled over the edge of a weed covered drop-off right into the middle of a large school of small fish, there were fish everywhere.

We dropped gently to the sand, and consulting our depth gauges we were eventually at 135 ft. It was gloomy but the visibility was quite good around the 30 ft. or 10 metre mark. Tony was making funny noises, and snapping away merrily. Then we found a large crayfish about a five or six pounder, but Bazza merely shook hands with it and we went along our merry way. I was enjoying myself with the Fenzy doing most of the work, but the others were having to climb up the rocks, I do believe its fenzyies all round now.

When it was time to come up we ascended slowly, spending a little time at ten feet and then back through the surface. We surfaced to the south of our boat but Jay picked us up and towed us back to the Marie. At least that's what he told us, I think he told Leo he was actually trolling for White Pointers.

Then it was our turn to wait as Jay and Leo dived down to inspect the Pinnacle for around ten minutes. They had already had a dive to 115 ft. so they were only swimming around at 75 ft., but there is still plenty to see at that depth, fish and small caves in the rock.



Then they were up, and gone, the Shark Cat was gone, but we remained, our anchor fast in the rock. So it was a quick return down the line, to free the stubborn pick, and then an easy ride up on the line, plus a little air in the fenzy to clear the top of the larger Pinnacle, and that was that.

Back to San Remo for lunch, a cold beer and a chat, then back to Melbourne. Unfortunately not all of us had found the Pinnacles, but those of us that did were well satisfied.

BRIAN LYNCH

TRAINING REPORT - OCT.-NOV. 1975

I am writing this report just a little prematurely maybe, because it's two days before the trainees sit for their theory exam. Still, being a bit of an optimist I'll carry on and hope that they don't all fail.

This has been one of the largest training sessions we've had for quite a while, with a total of ten trainees. Of these, one dropped out after the first session due to family commitments and one is on a refresher course, leaving eight raw novices to face the terrors of the deep. Also, just for a change we have a few lasses along. Perhaps that might explain why there were so many members so eager to help out.

Another first is the fact that Max's daughter Michelle has taken up our noble sport. I think it's the first time that Max has taken a spear gun into the water.....  
in the City Baths??

We had a total of 4 sessions in the City Baths instead of the usual 5 which indicates the proficiency of the trainees. This was followed by 5 lectures on the various aspects of diving and so far only one sea dive due to bad weather.

As far as the pool training went we managed most times to hold our ratio of one to one which seems to be the ideal thing. Also for the first time we didn't stick to the schedule as laid down in the book but rather took them along through the various stages as they became proficient.

This system seems to work pretty well as I didn't hear much moaning except when it was announced we were going to do another 10 laps or so!!

There were a few problems with the lectures but this is understandable when you're teaching a totally new subject. I think we got the point across. We'll see anyway on Thursday.

The Club has benefited also from this in several ways. Firstly, of course, we made a few dollars on the deal, secondly we'll probably score a few members and thirdly and perhaps most important, those that gave their time to help in the instruction probably learnt a bit more and realised that just because they have a "C" card doesn't necessarily mean they know it all.

All in all, it was a pretty demanding nine weeks (ends) and both Alan and I would like to thank all those who came along and gave so much of their time.

Instructing

the

Instructed

Alan Cutts  
Justin Liddy  
Frank Derkson  
John Goulding  
Brian Lynch  
Max Synon  
Trevor Cowley  
Carey Ramage  
Dave Carroll  
Dave Moore  
Pat Reynolds

David Hurle  
Michael Bennett  
Roslyn Cheslett  
Michelle Synon  
Peter Brown  
Robert Leury  
Darryl Poole  
Bruck Purois  
Janet Speed

Once again, THANKS.

ALAN CUTTS  
JUSTIN LIDDY

P.S. Following on the writing of this little report, both Alan and I are happy to report that the training course has had a 100% pass rate. Special mention must go to Michelle Synon and Darryl Poole for topping the class by about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ %!!



FLOTSAM & JETSAM

The first Tuesday in November; a day of upmost importance in the annals of Australian Heritage. You guessed it: Melbourne Cup Day, which is religiously observed by most members of VSAG as a day to get together, blow some bubbles and drink some bubbly.

We got away to an early start with a good line up at Flinders in the Cape Schank area. It was Tipping('s) Time to lead the field down the usual goat track which this sore footed beast loathes. Bazza, claiming to be suffering an injured ankle from a recent encounter with a skate board preferred to run in the maidens race, and stayed high and higher all day.

Rob A. a veteran of previous cliff picking assaults showed great ingenuity in making the climb half clad.

Enough of the fun though. For it was back to Tip's place at Somers for a great Bar-B-Q and the traditional game of cricket. Refreshments were served during the game which helped give the whole thing a touch of class, especially when Tip's neighbour friend joined us!

The same week it was down to San Remo to dive the Pinnacles. This was to be the case of "What are the marks and where are the Pinnacles".

There's one person in this club who knows where it is but doesn't know what it looks like. For after snorkelling down at a place which was eventually found to be the Pinnacle, returned to the surface and claimed, "Just eed and stuff". Never mind though, at least he had a look, and maybe next time when we tie him to the anchor and make him snorkel the area again he will be able to recognise the spot.

Tuesday 11th November we watched some slides shown by Irvin Rockman. The clarity and detail of these photos was astonishing and I'm sure his tips and comments were helpful to all those camera buffs in the club.

This is the last issue of Fathoms for the year, and we would like to thank the V.S.A.G. for providing an enlightening newsletter which permits such views as expressed in Flotsam and Jetsam to be published. The standard of the magazine has risen steadily over the years.