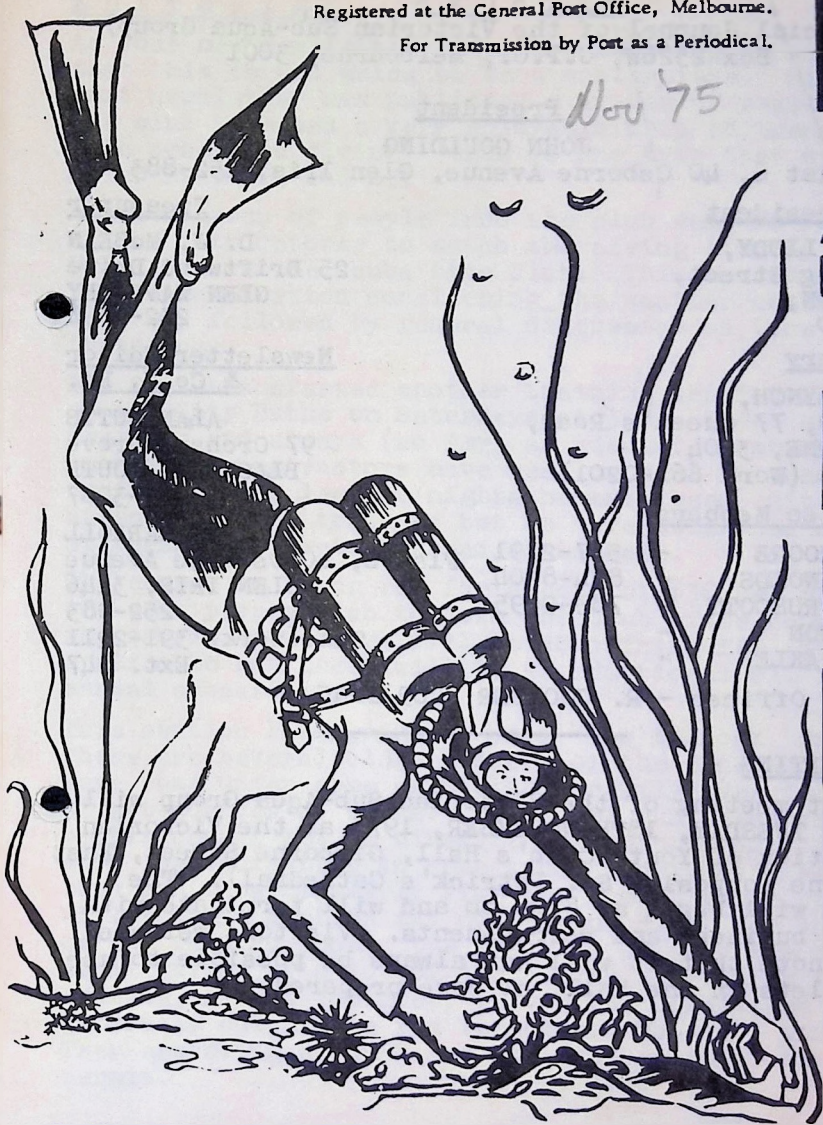


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FATHOMS



VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

FATHOMS

(Official Journal of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group)
Box 2526W, G.P.O., Melbourne, 3001

President

JOHN GOULDING

Flat 6, 40 Osborne Avenue, Glen Iris, 252-883

Vice President

JUSTIN LIDDY,
8 Penang Street,
McKINNON,
58-2310

Treasurer

D. J. McBEAN
25 Driftwood Drive
GLEN WAVERLEY
232-4894

Secretary

BRIAN LYNCH,
Flat 19, 77 Queen's Road,
MELBOURNE, 3004
51-3195 (Work 662-0201)

Newsletter Editor
& Co.N. Ed.

ALAN CUTTS
97 Orchard Grove
BLACKBURN SOUTH
877-3287

Committee Members

DAVID MOORE	-	547-2791		DAVID CARROLL
PAT REYNOLDS	-	874-8204	Flat 6, 40 Osborne Avenue	
BARRY TRUSCOTT	-	783-9095		GLEN IRIS, 3146
MAX SYNON	-			252-883
PETER OAKLEY	-			Tel.(Work) 391-2211
				Ext. 247

Medical Officer - R. COOMBER, 269-2045

CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on TUESDAY, 18TH NOVEMBER, 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

As your new newsletter editor, I am going to assure you that this is not going to be a masterpiece. Since the last newsletter was published a number of people from the club have had a very enjoyable trip to Queensland, with some good diving - this is one trip that we will never hear the end of.

Another group of people from the club went to Flinders on the 11th October to watch the diving display by the U.I.A.V. and the Scuba Line Club. This was an extremely good demonstration considering the weather conditions. This was followed by general discussion on line diving techniques.

The Club has started another training session for novices at the City Baths on Saturdays at 3pm. There are 9 trainees and always (so far) an adequate number of very interested instructors have been on hand to teach the trainees. The lecture nights haven't been quite so well attended by the trainees but we have still had a good attendance of lecturers and assistants.

The course is being run for a cost of \$30 per person, if the same people wish to join the Club after completing the course then there will be NO joining fee (\$5.00) applicable but there will be an additional \$10 for the annual subscription.

This section I am going to call "Don't Knock 'Em". There are several older members of the club who seem to have come under some criticism recently over their lack of attendances at dives. There are many reasons why people cannot get to dives, these being family commitments, work, participating in some other sport, sickness, or they don't particularly like the diving venue chosen. Whilst these members may not attend dives for one or more of the reasons above, the majority of them are however still giving up a lot of their time by running training courses, giving lectures, on various committees and generally helping to run the club. So don't knock 'em. They are doing as much for the club as their time will permit.

Ed.

DIVE CALENDAR

- NOV. 22 CLARA HOUSE-WARMING & PETER & CLARA'S HOLIDAY DEPARTURE PARTY. Combination BYO food and drinks. Kicks off 8.30 pm at 16 Cambridge St. Armadale. Starters to indicate at Nov. General meeting.
- NOV. 29/30 XMAS GET TOGETHER Don & Irene McBean's Rye Hideaway. If you're coming, get in touch with D.J. for directions. Bring your own food & booze, and tent or sleeping bag if you aren't capable of going home Saturday night. Could be a dive on the Sunday as well.
- DEC. 7 THE SPEKE
Dive Capt. Dave Carroll 252-883
- DEC. 14 TENNIS PARTY at 14 Tower Street
- DEC. 26-
- JAN. 4 EDEN. Eden Tourist Park. Particulars from Brian Lynch & John Goulding

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we have to announce the tragic death in a car accident of Lou De Bono, one of the founding members of the Mako Club. As all of us who knew him realise, Victoria has lost one of its leading and keenest diving personalities. Lou was the recently elected Treasurer of the Cave Divers Association and was the Secretary of the Scuba Divers Federation of Victoria.

He will be remembered as a keen diver, always eager to get into the water, and to quote Phil Webster, SDF president, "The best possible example of the SDF policy of inter-club liason".

He dived with many clubs other than his own, and it was he who first introduced us to the Eliza Ramsden. He will be missed and we extend our sympathy to his wife and family at this time.

MYSTERY DIVES

With all our expendable divers away in Queensland it fell to the survivors of the club to front up to Black Rock on a bleak Sunday afternoon for Carey's mysterious mystery dive.

Stopping only to admire the fantastic diving conditions, 25 knot gale, 8 to 10 feet surf waves, yellow coloured water and zero visibility, we launched ourselves into the sea. Once in, we decided that it would be selfish of us to keep this pleasure for ourselves alone and so we invited everyone else in too, or perhaps threatened would be a better word to use. Even latecomer Ron couldn't wait to get in.

Since the conditions ruled out going out and into the Cerberus and since it also looked as if the Cerberus might be blown into us, we stayed where we were and practised some endurance swimming. The water thankfully was warm and although the diving was out, we all had a good time and as we've said often enough any watery excursion is an experience. Anyhow - the following Sunday we attempted the mystery dive once again. This time the sea was flat and we had no trouble at all in swimming out and diving into the wreck. Unfortunately conditions once inside were not good, visibility was bad, but we did manage to swim the length of the ship underwater, and for some first timers this was no mean feat.

We then exited on the seaward side, climbed aboard and Justin did a conducted tour of the gun turrets frightening the seagulls and us into the bargain. John Marshall disclosed at this stage that his great grandfather had sailed or rather steamed the vessel out from England, surviving a couple of mutinies to get it here, since when it wasn't resting on the sand it was a little unseaworthy, I'll bet he didn't realise that it would end up as a breakwater.

We jumped back into the water and swam leisurely back to the pier, surprising a large flathead en route, as we coasted in. Then home before the dreaded rain came down again and that was that, our mystery dive was finally over.

B. LYNCH.

Below is a copy of a letter sent to VSAG from Water Sport Magazine. They would appreciate your assistance in any of the undermentioned facets -

Dear Secretary,

For several months now, the monthly magazine "Water Sport", (Victoria circulation 4,000), has included items of general interest related to SCUBA and Skindiving. In order to consolidate contributions and present a wider coverage, and to provide equal opportunities for all clubs and individuals to express their views, I have been appointed Diving Editor to co-ordinate submissions. It is an opportunity which I am only too grateful to accept, as I see a need for divers throughout the State to communicate through a common medium and it is my objective to encourage such communication. "Water Sport" has given us this opportunity.

There will be no general format or theme for the "Underwater" page - I would prefer to leave it up to you and your club - the divers themselves - to provide the trend. I envisage articles and reports on :

- diving techniques.
 - diving safety.
 - dive reports/expeditions.
 - club news - dives.
 - functions.
 - office bearers.
 - competition results.
 - maritime history - wrecks.
 - museums.
 - marine biology.
 - marine conservation.
 - VUF, SDF, CDAA, SDAA, FAUI, UIAV, news, activities, comment.
 - coming events.
- etc., etc.

"Water Sport" would welcome any diving related contributions as indicated both from clubs and individuals. I also encourage divers to comment on any activities affecting their sport, e.g. conservation, spearfishing, safety, legislation, dive shops and service, dive organisations - in fact anything you wish to get off your chest or support.

To assist in getting things underway, I would appreciate it if I may be placed on the distribution of your club newsletter if you have one. This would normally provide club news and activities which could be supported by any articles the individual member may like to contribute. Photographs should be positive prints, colour or black and white, about postcard size. Correspondence may be received at my home address or P.O. Box 297, Mentone. Vic. 3194 (Home address 2 Oak Grove, Brighton. 3186).

The success of the opportunity to participate in "Water Sport" is entirely up to the clubs and individuals.

I trust I will hear from you shortly.
Safe diving.

Yours sincerely,

Peter J. Stone
Diving Editor.
"Water Sport".

HURRICANE 26/10/75

Seeing I got a late start to the points scoring season, having joined the Club only last week, I've got some catching up to do, so I thought I'd try for an article in the Club magazine. Being a green-horn, I didn't ring the dive captain on Saturday night, and was unaware the dive had been cancelled. Undaunted by the foul weather on Sunday morning, I headed off for the boat ramp opposite D.J.'s. On arrival I was amazed to find four other enthusiasts - Ken, Bernadette and Leo and Carol from Bass Strait. We waited for an hour and in this time the wind moderated, so we decided on a dive at quarantine, as the bay was calm inshore. Ken and Bernadette anchored for a dive and Leo and I had a spin on a manta board, looking for wreck relics. While Leo was on the surface with the board a big grey gull swooped on him twice, then settled on the water behind him and peered into his ear. On closer inspection, the bird decided Leo didn't look too tasty and lost interest. We didn't find any relics, but enjoyed our dive, some of the interesting things being spider crabs, large sand crabs, some butterflyfish, and something Leo described as a sword-shark about four feet long. By two o'clock the wind had died down completely,

so we decided on a dive on the Hurricane. We pulled the boats out at Sorrento, where we found Tony Snushall and Brian Baldock had been lured out by the warm sunshine. Petrol and air tanks were re-filled (with respective ingredients) and we took off for the boat ramp at Tootgarook. The dive was fair, although Bernadette lost her weight belt, and we missed the wreck. Very few scallops were collected but the ones we did find were bigger than those found around the wreck. Items of interest were the variety of shells (many inhabited), several small rays, some sand flathead, spider crabs, and a sleeping whiting half buried in the sand. Although we got out of the water at six o'clock, the sun was still shining, which was much appreciated. Thanks Huey for changing your mind and turning on your best weather.

JAY CODY

The following article is written by Tony Tipping who has just returned from overseas.

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of getting acquainted with the VSAG down near Flinders. A couple of loud mouths by the names of Adamson and Tipping reckoned they knew of a great spot to pull a few bugs, whatever they are, and seeing there were no boats available everyone interested should leave their cars by the road about half way between Flinders and Cape Schank then equip themselves bodily for an enjoyable walk across the paddock and down the embankment to the inviting waters below. All seemed very enthusiastic and no one "piked"! Well not knowing much about this "scoober" diving or whatever it is (we don't have any coastline in Uganda my homeland where they call me the "Kampala Streaker") I thought I'd go along enjoy the pleasant little hike and see what happened. Well I enjoyed the walk down to the rocks and watched a couple of divers check the conditions for safety. Barry Truscott was one of them and after battling the swells for some moments he returned to the rocks and suggested to those nervously awaiting his decision that it was all right but for snorkelling only. However an argument followed and half of the group decided to snorkel the other side of the cliff where the swells appeared smaller. I don't know really how this snorkel dive went but I'd say by certain

observations I made after the pleasant walk back across the paddocks between those friendly cows and bulls that most of my new friends were not happy. All I heard later was "how lousy it was to have to go through all that agony to get in that lousy water" and "I don't want to have to do this again", or "to hell with these long walks" (only one kilometre) and "I'm only going on boat dives". It would be far easier if the VSAG did something about getting fit enough so they would enjoy this type of dive - In Uganda our famous leader Field Marshall Idi Amin Dada suggests we go jogging regularly to keep fit OR ELSE - maybe he should come here to supervise the VSAG's fitness program so they could enjoy dives more!

Erasmus B. Black
(The Kampala Streaker)

THE SAGA OF FLYING (ON THE CHEAP) DIVERS

O those divers who can tell only of a car drive-or-commercial flight to Gladstone, listen while I tell a tale of daring-do. It began when.....

Pete Smith said "be there at 5.15am, we take off at 5.30am".

Two hapless divers and a long suffering Clara M.... ventured to Essendon Airport just a little early and watched the dawn. Come 5.15am; come 5.30am, no sign of the others. Where the hell are they? Why should we be the only ones awake? Lets ring Shirley L., cos Justin was to drive the others out to the 'port. Also lets ring P. Smith Esq. Actually Mrs. Smith answered, but not quite as brightly as Shirley L., both told that driver and pilot plus remaining passengers had stayed at Osborne Ave. overnight. No answer at that address. Ah well Justin always appears on the crack of a tinnie!! Sure enough on the second gargle the blue Torana is sighted.

The beautiful dawn turned into a cold blustery day while Pete checked over the Cessna 206 U.B.P., the OLDEST airplane in sight.

Rosary beads, rabbits feet, crossed fingers and toes, muttered prayers; Pete has filed his flight plan, the engine sounds like a sewing machine, and we wait at the end of runway, and....
About wait for the weather to clear.

Cold and nerves make us hungry so we telephone for a taxi to get some breakfast at Tullamarine. Just as we can see the taxi approaching Pete shouts "we'll give it a try". We run leaving the taxi man cursing hoax callers at 7.30am.

I never knew there was a gap at Kilmore, there was, and on that day it was filled with clouds. We had a very bumpy journey to the gap and back to Moorabbin.

At Moor.. Pete filed another flight plan, around the coast to Sydney, a longer route but with a chance of getting north and not missing the boat. (Due to the generosity of the Oakley frame I had to sit beside the pilot.)

Airborne over Gippsland I was introduced to all the lucky charms and incantations a pilot needs to keep using to stay up. Essendon Tower--Uniform Bravo Papa--; Moorabbin Tower--Uniform Bravo Papa; Melbourne departures--Uniform Bravo Papa, etc., etc. Those lucky charms the pilot needs to touch, flap switch, undercarriage switch, trim switches, beacon lights etc. And those two handles that turned right out to side and hit me in the stomach when pulled right out.

I was further initiated to the maps, if there were two there were twenty, covering stages en route. A fiscal map, a frequency map, and something like a road map with lots left out, called a wank map. Pete reckoned if I sat there holding ---?--!!-- and the wank map I would not interfere with the controls.

In-flight morning coffee and sandwiches were passed round as we flew in and out of the clouds following all the towns below us at 6000 ft.

There were two fuel gauges with needles that flicker all over the place that kept most of my attention, but, not withstanding getting lost, I was at least, we made it to Sydney Bankstown Airport.

Four of us knew of a sandwich bar a mile and half from the airport where we replenished our in-flight stores. The plane was refuelled and we watched the other wee 'planes landing and taking off like rush hour trams. We were slotted into this stream and after a very long run down the runway (Pete's knuckles got very white) we were airborne.

We made Coolangatta towards dusk and stopped overnight. Here the taxi driver warned us of unnamed Melbourne footy teams who had played up, he vouched for us at a Hotel where we had a counter tea, and some retired with clear heads.

The Cool.. to Gladstone flight in the morning was no sweat, except where Pete asked me for a compass course and I gave him one 180° off course, we happened to be over a mountain range with scrub and trees below. Where do you land if you have an engine failure??

We were met at Gladstone Airport by El Presedenté-JG-; must mention that UBP gave way to larger traffic and let Bazza's plane land two minutes ahead of us.

Six bronzed seasoned travellers left a very cloudy Gladstone eight days later on a direct flight to Moree, An hour after we take off Gladstone Airport is closed because of clouds. And we are in clouds, lost. A gap enables us to fly down and around a valley in circles trying to find a landmark, none, so we follow the valley towards an airport on the map at Tooma. Behind Tooma there are three hills. We arrive at three hills but no Tooma and more importantly no airport! A new compass course is worked out by Pete Smith and we proceed to Gayndah Airport, some 100 miles away, flying under the cloud level. From Gayndah as the cloud level is not worsening we follow the railway line to Maryborough and the coast line to Marcochydore. Pete had said to me watch the fuel needles, they had almost stopped flickering, we landed with 8 gals of fuel to spare.

I could tell we were all seasoned travellers. When I was piloting the plane, no one complained of feeling seasick rather airsick. The nose would point up, then down, and at the same time tilt from one side to another as I tried to follow the compass, the artificial horizon, and counter the vagaries of the winds.

We made it as far as Brisbane Airport where we opted to stay overnight as Coolangatta Airport was already closed. Hired a car to get around and pitched into the Atchery Hotel in the evening; Pete S. went off to stay with some friends, we went to a Fish restaurant for a feed of prawns and mud crab.

'Cat' found he liked white wines, cheap and expensive ones, Jeff Barker has some friends who will not speak to him after Cats visit. Demolished a flagon of white single handed and suffered a massive attack of verbal diarrhoea. DJ and I had a walk over one of Brisbane's bridges early in the morning and returned to find a 'blind cat' moaning the old swan song 'never again'.

Pete arrived in the morning, an hour late and we took off. On we flew over the coast line, Pete reckoned on using Sydney Mascot Airport instead of Bankstown. At Grafton Pete estimated we had run into a little head wind and were using a little more fuel than we should but not too much to eat into the reserves. At Port Macquarie and Taree the fuel situation deteriorated further but still acceptable as we could land anywhere en route. Newcastle past coming up to Gosford. Pete said watch the fuel needles all the time. The others in the back were all very happy not knowing what was going on. Over Manly we were told to hold our pattern for 5 minutes. Then moved to the City Harbour Bridge area after Pete informed the tower of our fuel position. In cuts a new voice from the control tower "JUST HOW LONG CAN YOU FLY ON ONE GALLON OF FUEL?" Now everyone in the plane knows of our situation. The atmosphere in the plane instantly changes.

Sydney arrivals slots us in behind an incoming jet, right down the main international runway, and as we turn and taxi at the far end another jet cuts across our path on landing. We had 10 gals left.

A refuel and pie 'n sauce stop, file a new flight plan and we are ready to go. However we have to wait while the Hon. Kerr, Governor General takes off ahead of us and we pip the Hon. B.P. Premier of Queensland. After that prestigious departure from Sydney the flight to Essendon was unmarked, apart from a very little cloud, we arrived at 6.45pm. We were met by Justin and Clara who had been waiting since 5.15pm as the control tower gave them the wrong time of arrival.

A fantastic job Pete, all who flew with you agree. Dave Carroll, Adri Tol, Don McBean, Jeff Barker, Peter Oakley. Ah me, well I am on a diet, I do not want to be up front next time watching the fuel needles!! On second thoughts

I will be watching them anyway from now on.

SOJOURN UNDER THE SUN

What's it like to wake up in the morning, look out the window and see a coral island alone in an emerald sea? I had wondered about this for some time, and on Monday 13th October, I finally knew. It meant the start of a whole new experience. Enclosed together with 9 other club members and 2 crew in our floating home, this was to be the sight that made us realise we had left the mainland, left our families, jobs, worries, cold weather and dirty water.

Our first landfall was Masthead Island. A small uninhabited coral island some 40 miles out from Gladstone.

One thing that we all joked about before going to Queensland, was as to who would be chosen to be first into the water.

This matter was easily solved when Jeff Barker plunged in followed by Pete Oakley and Adri Tol. The rest of us were content to nurse our rumbling stomachs which were yet to become accustomed to the roll of the boat. Our first main dive was at the Heron Island Bommie. This spot is one of the most famous diving places in the world and is the subject of an extensive marine research project. The water was teeming with a thousand different species of fish, all keen to get a look at the afternoon visitors. The visibility on this dive was 60-80 feet, and the depth ranged from 50' to 15'. The fish here are pretty used to divers and feeding them with food scraps is what they expect. The Monday night we went ashore at Heron Island, which was a welcome respite from the continual motion of our boat.

Tuesday:

We dived again around Heron and some managed to see the White Tip Reef Sharks which are common along the reef. Again we had great visibility and maximum depth was only about 40 feet. With such shallow water, we were able to do repetitive dives and finished off the day with a night dive back at the Bommie.

This whole area is so alive with life, its impossible to describe everything, but we did get to see some turtles and have a few members who can now qualify as turtle jockeys.

Wednesday:

We headed off to Wreck Island and again were struck with beautiful water and a superb environment. This is a photographers dream, and yet the reality of the diving is something which the camera cannot capture.

The Broomfield Reef Bommie in the afternoon, was considered to be one of the most interesting dives.

Here the coral outcrops rose from the 45 foot bottom to within 15 feet of the surface, and provided a home to thousands more fish.

Thursday:

Broomfield Bommie again in search of some gropers and another general look at the fascinating array of corals and fish.

From Broomfield we moved off to Wreck Reef and dived the wreck of the COOMBRA. The diving is just so good in this part of the world, that this boat still has portholes on her. Even after we left they are still there.

After lunch we went ashore which involved walking through a shark infested lagoon to the smallest inhabited island in the world, and had a guided tour around the island and lighthouse by one of the two inhabitants.

Then its off to North West Island and en route we are lucky to see some whales, surface near our boat. These mammals must have been about 50 feet long and shone with black brilliance against the blue sea. Our skipper, a veteran of previous encounters with whales, declined to follow, so we watched from a distance as these monstrous creatures continued their journey southwards.

Friday:

At 3.30am we up-anchored, and went to Great Keppel Island. Here we did a morning dive which was quite disappointing in comparison to our previous dips. Visibility was poor and we had lost the multi coloured coral scenery which had been so pretty.

So we moved to another part of the island and tried again at an area where Dave Moore had previously seen sea snakes. We were not disappointed. Although the clear water was again not present we encountered some snakes which did not cause any problems.

A Barrier Reef Cruise would not be complete without a taste of some high society so skipper Max shouted us to dinner on Great Keppel. Like a proud father he lined us up outside the bar and let us loose.

They say that we were such a hit on the island the management expressed disappointment that we were not coming back on the Saturday night, and so onto Saturday.....

Saturday:

The last full day of a holiday is always a sad one, but this time we still managed a good day. The day was spent gently laying about in the sun, or picking oysters off the rocks. Some were doing some diving and others were content to sit and fish. I think we were running out of puff and enjoyed the chance to relax.

Sunday:

Being a religious man, and not wishing to do business on a Sunday I paid the skipper on the Saturday. So what do you think happens on Sunday? The anchor winch refuses to work and at 4.45am we are trying to haul up 150 feet of heavy anchor chain. You think thats bad, how about pork chops for breakfast followed by a dive on a wreck which isn't there, and if it ever was, you'd be really lucky to find it in the 2 foot visibility.

Still this last day reminded us of Victoria, and so home we came.

To those who went, you will have your photos and memories. To those who couldn't get there, well suffer the ear-bashing for a while and maybe it'll be your turn next year.

To our skipper Max Allen and crewman John Patrick (to whom we will send a copy) we thank you for your hospitality and being such a great couple of bastards. To anybody interested in making such a trip then the man to contact is:

Max Allen
P.O. Box 27
Gladstone
Queensland 4680

Telephone 079 791 377

and finally our thanks to the good ship "Murphy Star", which much to our amazement didn't roll over.

JOHN GOULDING

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Who would have guessed that it takes 3 hours longer to drive from Gladstone (Q'ld) to Melbourne than to fly. Well those hardy souls who flew back with Pete Smith arrived back in Melbourne at 6pm, and those who strolled back by car arrived about 9pm. It wasn't a case of over speeding on the road, but lets just say that the car drivers didn't get lost!!

Carey Ramage joins the ranks of celebrated dive captains, by leading a mystery dive in gale conditions with zero visibility. Never mind Carey, someone might tell you about the ill-fated coal mine dive in 1974. The dive captain that day is still waiting for another chance. To those people who select dive captains, let me say that if Carey and John G. were given the job to do between them we'd probably finish up in the Merri Creek - Hmm perhaps that's not such a bad idea!!

There's been a hum of activity recently around Liddy's factory. Word has it that a major boat building job is underway. For further details speak to Dave Moore.

On the subject of sharks; the film "JAWS" will be coming out soon and has a viewer rating of N.R.D. - "Not Recommended for Divers" - Any'ow if you do venture to see it remember:

- You must be a financial member to resign from V.S.A.G.
- Tanks and diving gear will be bought by this writer or swapped for a set of wooden golf clubs.
- Tennis lessons will be available from the writer after Sunday morning prayers.

If this fails you should re-read an earlier edition of Fathoms which included the article "Who's afraid of the

Big Bad Shark" by C. Ramage (S.F.E.). S.F.E. standing for "Seems Feminine Enough" and not "Shark Fighter Extraordinaire".

There's some movement around Mulgrave way these days. Brian and Di Lynch have recently purchased a brand spanking new indoor dunny surrounded on all sides by a charming house. Look out if Lynchy invites you over one Saturday and suggests you just wear casuals - you see gardening is not a formal task at the Lynch's!!

Look who's joined the Club? Who? Oh yes Tricia Cody's husband - what's 'is name.

Well truth is, he never got one, a name that is. You see his dad, Mr. Cody took one look at him when he was born and was about to exclaim JESUS!!! When all of a sudden the Reverend arrived and Mr. C. cut short his exclamation after the first letter. So our friend finished up getting called J. (pronounced JAY)

Having had my little say I'll now retire to my corner for another month. Don't forget to come to all the beaut dives and doings etc. and remember chaps next to your wife your club is your best tool.

IDA KNOW

THANKS

The members of V.S.A.G. would like to thank Dive Den for making available a model for demonstrations of mouth to mouth resuscitation, and thanks also go to Ron Coomber for the demonstration.

At the last committee meeting 29/10/75, it was decided to reproduce a copy of requirements for A, B and C Grade Certificates, with amendments.

"C" Grade Diving Certificate - No Amendments

- 1) Demonstrate knowledge of Emergency Hand Signals. This to be performed in the water.
- 2) At a depth of 8 feet remove unit, swim under water 50 feet and then surface.
- 3) Reverse above procedure and recover unit, surface and then swim 50 feet on the back without using the unit.
- 4) Remove mask at a depth of 8 feet, replace, and clear water from the mask whilst using unit.
- 5) Ascend from 10 feet without using lung, with very special attention to exhaling.
- 6) Swim 100 yards, NO diving equipment or swimming aids to be worn. Any swimming style may be used, but the swim must be completed without a break.
- 7) Swim 50 feet underwater without using a mask. At least three breaths must be taken from unit before surfacing.
- 8) Demonstrate the requested method of resuscitation.
i.e. Holger Neilson or Mouth to Mouth

Tests 1 - 7 to be performed in the sea

Tests 1 - 7 to be carried out at the same test

Test 8 to be carried out at a place to be selected by the Diving Committee.

"C" Grade Diving Certificate only allows holder to dive to 60 feet.

"B" Grade Diving Certificate

- 1) Log 20 hours over a period of 6 months, at least 10 hours to be recorded at official outings.
- 2) Dive to 25 feet using mask, snorkel and flippers only.
- 3) Swim 200 yards, NO diving equipment or swimming aids to be worn. Any swimming style may be used, but the swim must be completed without a break.
- 4) Clear mask at 40 feet.
- 5) Recover a body from a depth of 20 feet, bring body to the surface and tow for 50 yards.
- 6) Compass swim. Take a bearing on the destination from the surface with a wrist compass, maintaining the arm in a position in front of the body that can be held while swimming. Submerge and maintain this compass bearing, and make due allowances for drift. The important thing is to maintain an equal swing of the compass either side of the desired bearing. Take a back or reciprocal bearing at destination and return to the point of departure. The minimum distance covered must be 100 yards.
- 7) At a depth of 30 feet swim 100 feet sharing mouthpiece with partner. It is recommended to link arms whilst this system is being practised.
- 8) Swim 50 yards with face mask blackened out. Swim to be conducted following a rope laid loose on the bottom.
- * 9) At a predetermined depth and location, show full use of lifeline signals both as diver and as attendant. (Moved and passed 29/10/75)
- *10) Demonstrate capability and duties of a dive captain. To be held at a predetermined location. (This test to be moved at next committee meeting.)

"B" Grade Diving Certificate allows holder to dive to 120 feet

"A" Grade Diving Certificate

- 1) Log 100 hours, at least 50 hours to be recorded at official outings.
- 2) Dive to 40 feet using mask, snorkel and flippers.

- 3) Swim 300 yards. NO diving equipment or swimming aids to be worn. Any swimming style may be used, but the swim must be completed without a break.
- 4) Clear mask at 80 feet - ON A LIFE LINE
- 5) Recover body from a depth of 50 feet, bring body to the surface and tow for 100 yards - ON A LIFE LINE
- 6) Compass swim. Take a bearing on the destination from the surface with a wrist compass, maintaining the arm in a position in front of the body that can be held while swimming. Submerge and maintain this compass bearing and make due allowances for drift. The important thing is to maintain an equal swing of the compass either side of the desired bearing. Take a back or reciprocal bearing at the destination and return to the point of departure. The minimum distance covered must be 150 yards - ON A LIFE LINE.
- 7) At a depth of 50 feet swim 100 feet sharing mouthpiece with partner. It is recommended to link arms while this system is being practised - ON A LIFE LINE.
- * 8) Swim 100 yards with face mask blackened out, swim to be conducted ON A LIFE LINE.
- 9) Directed swimming on lifeline from a pier or boat.

Any section of "A" Grade Certificate that mentions life lines, has to be moved next committee meeting.

The Club has not laid down a maximum depth for "A" Grade divers as they should know their own limitations.

At the committee meeting on 29/10/75 it was decided to incorporate the "Life Line" for "A" and "B" Grade divers. "C" Grade divers would not be taught the use of the life lines because they have more than enough to think about, without having to think about the signals.

● ALAN CUTTS

LIFE LINE SIGNALS

- (a) From Attendant to Diver
 - One Pull: To call attention. Are you alright?
 - (This signal precedes all signals either from the attendant to the diver or from the diver to attendant to attract attention prior to giving the appropriate signal)
 - Two Pulls: Am sending down a rope's end (or as previously arranged).
 - Three pulls: You have come up too far. Go down slowly until we stop you.
 - Four pulls: Come up.
 - Four pulls followed by two bells: Come up, hurry up or come up, surface decompression.
 - Four pulls followed by Five Bells: Come up your safety float
- (b) Directional signals from Attendant
 - One Bell: Stop, or search where you are.
 - Two Bells: Go to the end of your distance from your jackstay.
 - Three Bells: Face shot, then go right.
 - Four Bells: Face shot, then go left.
 - Five Bells: Come into your shot or turn back.
- (c) General Signals from the Diver
 - One Pull: To call attention. Made bottom. Reached end of jackstay. etc.
 - Two Pulls: Send me down rope's end (or as previously arranged).
 - Three Pulls: I am going down again.
 - Four Pulls: May I come up?
 - Four Pulls followed by two bells: I want to come up. Assist me up.
 - Four Pulls followed by five bells: May I come up my safety float?
 - Succession of more than Four Pulls: Emergency Pull up. Only to be used in great emergency and need not be answered, but carried out immediately.
 - Succession of Two Bells: Am fouled and require assistance.
 - Succession of Three Bells: Am fouled but can free myself if left alone.