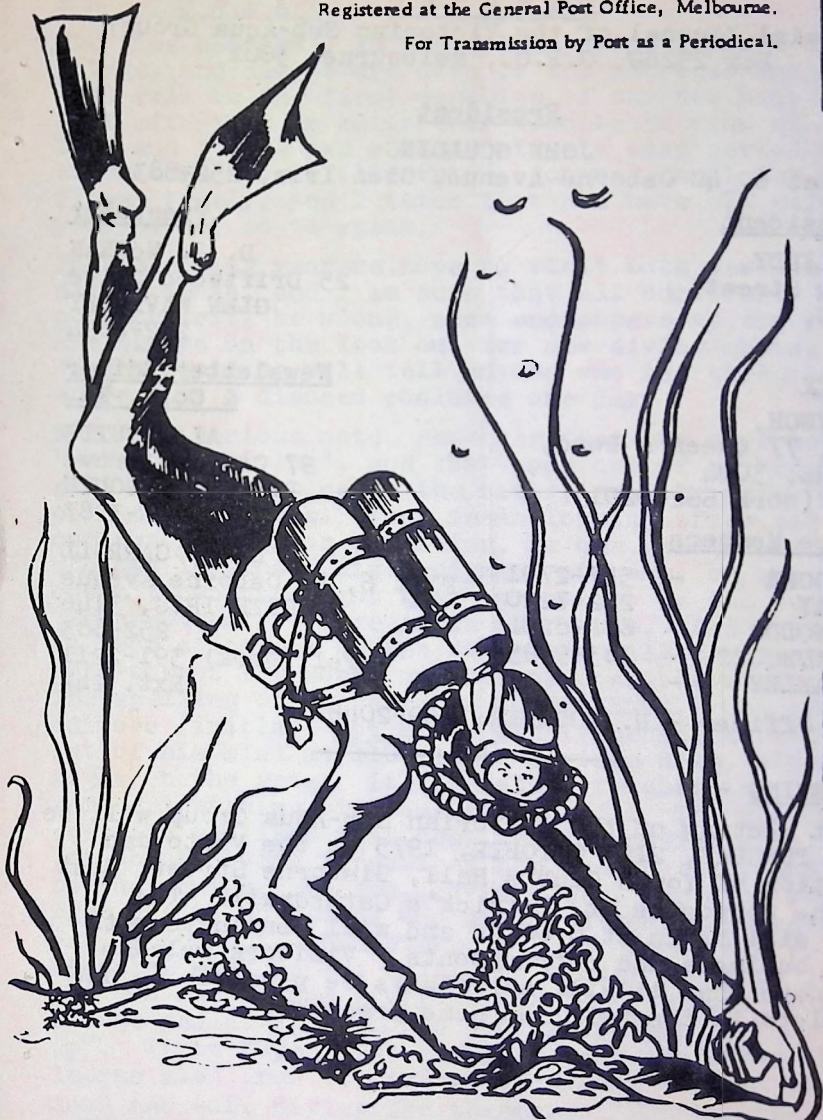


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FATHOMS



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, 21ST OCTOBER, 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

The time has come, as the walrus said, to talk of many things, and now we are down to the cabbages and kings bit. This will be the first magazine of our new year, and our last effort at an editorial. Thanks to many of you, both Dave and I have had a comparatively easy period as co-editors of our illustrious journal, articles have flowed freely, and I think that you have all enjoyed yourselves, so to speak.

In the coming year we hope to visit both new and old diving spots, and I am sure that all our trusty correspondents will be along, pens and papers at the ready. We are always on the look out for new diving spots, and as Johnny Goulding will tell anyone who has three hours to spare, try a disused coalmine one day.

Now on a serious note, remember that our club motto is "Safety in Diving", and that each one of us before taking care of anyone else in the water, must be able to take care of ourselves. That means looking after and checking our own gear prior to diving, no one really wants a buddy who has left half his equipment at home, or one who doesn't own the right gear anyway, so as the scouts say, "Be prepared". There is another note. The best of us (a poor statement as the following will show) can fall into one of the worst situations possible when diving. The spelling of the word is COMPLACENCY. One of the two editors (initials not BL) recently became narced not quite out of his mind at 110 ft. in Portsea Hole, after a wild night on the grog. It was rather frightening, but the more frightening bit came afterwards. The person in question realised that despite his knowing a hell of a lot about diving, practical and theory etc., and despite having abused, cajoled, advised etc. for many years on what not to do before and during dives, he became better (so he thought) than everyone else, broke the rules (knowing what he was doing was wrong) and thus jeopardised his own safety and everyone else's. Without wishing to become pedantic, he hopes sincerely that he has "sobered up". It is hoped that everyone else who knows the story learns also from it, and on that note we will end our era. Good and safe diving for the year. "The terrible twins."

DAVE CARROLL
BRIAN LYNCH

PRESIDENT'S REPORT - 16/9/75

I would like to welcome you all to the 22nd Annual General Meeting of the V.S.A.G. Annual reports are usually pretty dreary things because it sounds like a few of us are skiting about our achievements. This isn't so insofar as its not so much skiting as being proud of the club we are.

We as a club, are proud of the fact we have been able to provide such varied and shall we say, exciting dives?

To name a few, V.S.A.G. and members privately have dived and haunted such places as :-

Eden, the heart of Bariboogi Bell Country

Wilsons Prom, which seems to be our favourite Easter jaunt

Phillip Island and the spectacular Pinnacles

Westernport Bay and Crawfish Rock

Cape Schank, home of the elusive Bazza Cray, and of course the old reliable Port Phillip Bay, where we've managed to get in at nearly every point along its coastline, with the possible exception of the Werribee Sewerage outlet!!

Then on down to Cape Otway, Portland, Moonlight Head, Loch Ard Gorge and etc. etc. Some of us even made it back to Mt. Gambier before the old Pic's Permit System ran out.

Further afield, we've had members diving such places as Tasmania, Preservation and King Islands and of course, at least one trip to some place called the Poor Knights. We've even received reports of members diving the Greek Islands, Fiji and other exotic places.

So all in all its been a pretty good year.

A few facts and figures appear in every annual report and here are some of ours.

Over the past year we've had a total of 52 weekends..... and of these 52 weekends the Club has had some sort of thing going on for 50 of those weekends...the other two weekends we had a bit of a bludge.

On those 50 occasions we had 7 Socials, 29 Dives and 14 Training Dives. Added to these were the many impromptu events organised by different members and it all adds up to a pretty exciting sort of a year.

Also this year we had two rather sad events....One was when Paul Sier got married and the other was when I got married. Speaking of marriage, the natural follow on of

that, so I'm told, is that both Brian Lynch and Ron Ccumber are expecting additions to the Diving community (must be something about the English).

Apart from diving trips, we also led a pretty varied social life with such things as Snow skiing, water skiing, trips up rivers, and down rivers and even down a few holes around Rushworth. The value of all this comes out when one thinks a little and realises that what could have started out as a list of facts and figures really lays open what can be seen as the real value of a club such as ours.

You may enter this club as a raw novice knowing about as much as Flipper.

The Club can provide you with basic training like many commercial outfits, AND as a follow on, can also provide you with something you cannot buy and that thing is GUIDANCE from divers of varied experience. Perhaps a better way of putting it is to call to mind the Club motto which is Safety in Diving.

Added to this is the fact that we as a club have brought together people from all walks of life. We have white and blue collar workers, the rich and the not so rich, the talented and the not so talented, the raw recruit and the more experienced diver. Out of this conglomeration of humanity you get a nucleus of people who are prepared to put up with the short comings of such a group, and also you get the occasional group who can't handle it and these stay a while and then we lose them. For this I am sorry, but somebody once said, you can't please everyone. Those that stay and perservere turn out to be fairly good divers, and being a bit selfish, these are the type of people that V.S.A.G. wants. I know this sounds hard but these are facts. Those of you that have stayed, we like to think, enjoy the type of company that V.S.A.G. provided.

Those of you here tonight have somehow learned the unwritten philosophy of V.S.A.G. and seem to like it.

It takes a special breed of person to dive with us and somewhere along the line we've done the right thing because the figures speak for themselves. We are a successful club and we manage to have good dives only

because you, as members, make it all possible and as President I would like to thank each and everyone of you for making this Club what it is today and hope that you continue to dive and enjoy the company of V.S.A.G.

That's about all I've got to say and that's probably too much but there are two (2) more things I'd like to say.

Firstly, I would like to thank the following people, firstly the boat owners (Bazza, Dave, Trevor, Max, Morris, Peter Saunders) and John Goulding, our very hard working secretary, D.J. who managed to keep the books straight. All those who helped Pat and Alan in Training. Dave C. and Brian for producing the Newsletter (and more lately Glenys Cutts). Dave Moore as Social Secretary, Ron Cumber as Medical Officer, our S.D.F. Delegates and all of you who have helped in any way.

Secondly. At this stage of the proceedings we should pause for a moment while the Clubman of the Year Award is presented. This award was instituted some 4 years ago to try and revive interest in Club activities. Somewhere along the line it seemed to work as the results speak for themselves. Looking at the results its good to see such names as Frank Derkson, Trevor Cowley, Carey Ramage and John Marshall, who although relative new comers managed to amass a rather impressive number of points.

Also figuring prominently are Tony Snushall, Morris Gagliardi and Peter Oakley.

Special mention must go to Bazza who always managed to amass an impressive total even with family commitments.

Anyway to get down to the business at hand - in 3rd place Brian Lynch; in 2nd place John Goulding and taking out the honours is Dave Moore, and if he's awake I would like to present him with this shield with congratulations from all.

JUSTIN LIDDY

PRESIDENT

DIVE CALENDAR

- OCT. 12 MYSTERY DIVE
Dive Capt. Carey Ramage 56-5085
- OCT. 21 GENERAL MEETING
- OCT. 26 HURRICANE WRECK
Dive Capt. Pat Reynolds 874-8204
- NOV. 4 CUP DAY REGATTA ON THE YARRA
9 am North Rd. ramp
B.B.Q. and Race broadcast
Tour organiser Max Synon '465-2812
Entry fee....at least ONE bottle of
Champagne.
- NOV. 9 SAN REMO 9am Fishermen's Co-op.
Dive Capt. Brian Lynch 51-3195
- 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 Sat.
nite. 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 St.
- DEC. 26-
- JAN. 4 EDEN. Eden Tourist Park. Particulars
from Brian Lynch & John Goulding.

APPEAL APEEL

The Club is endeavouring to compile as many past FATHOMS magazines as possible for the library. So far we have a good selection (everything bar those named below). If any one has any of the following issues, could you part with same? They will be immediately bound and added to the others in the library. Missing, (believed never collected

JUNE 1974 and onwards

FEB.74; MAY 73; DEC, MAY 71; NOV,70; SEPT, JULY, FEB.69

DEC,NOV,SEPT,MAY 68; DEC,APRIL 66; OCT,AUG 65 and

ANYTHING BEFORE. (Please deposit copies with P. OAKLEY)

New Committee

President	-	J. Goulding
Vice President	-	J. Liddy
Treasurer	-	D.J. McBean
Property Officer	-	J. Liddy
Social Secretary	-	D. Moore
Secretary	-	B. Lynch
Safety Officer	-	D. Moore
Training Officer	-	A. Cutts
Librarian	-	P. Oakley
Medical Officer	-	R. Coomber
Newsletter Editor	-	A. Cutts
Co. N. Editor	-	D. Carroll
S.D.F. Delegates	-	J. Goulding, J. Liddy, D. Moore
Points Scorer	-	B. Truscott

WEEKEND AT SHEPPARTON

June and I left Melbourne at about 9.30 Saturday morning, arrived at Shepparton at 11am and then spent nearly 1½ hours trying to find accommodation, but every motel, hotel seemed to be booked out. It seemed that every man and his dog was at Shepparton what with school holidays then a dog dang indoor bowls convention, it seemed that we may have to shack down in the truck. I guarantee I went into every motel and hotel in the area and came out sober to be told sorry, booked out, except one and he had two left, both singles. Hell it was only one night.

So after we unpacked we found Ian's stacked shack and I mean stacked. There was of course Ian (thanks pal for a good weekend) J. Liddy and cook Shirley, A. Cutts and Glenys, J. Liddy and Book; there was what seemed to be Tony Snus and Candy the walkabout pom, two friends of Ian's (sorry can't remember their names), and Justin's dog Deefa.

So after all the introductions and what have you, it was pull a ring thing or two, a nice lunch cooked by the girls and after we prized Justin out of his book, we flew over to Monichione's winery for a few samples of some very nice reds and whites and then it was time to head back to Ian's for more eats and another can or two. A few games of pool where one husler called Alan C. cleaned me up 5-1.

Back to the pub for some slumber and up again at 8 am for breaky and then out to Rushworth for a B.B.Q. lunch and a lck at a few mine shafts.

We arrived at a pre-determined spot at 10.30 I think. Justin, Alan, Tony and myself popped up and down mine shafts like rabbits in a burrow until we found one that seemed to have no bottom in it, so being the inquisitive type we had to go down to investigate. Justin and myself got down this black hole tethered to a rope until we ran out of rope. At this time we were down 140' -150' and decided it was too dark and hot to go any further, so we scrambled up again a short time later. 2 hours I was told on a number of occasions by a very angry, hungry, thirty and worried woman.

When we had reached the surface, we found that Candy had done her thing. She had gone walk-a-bout looking for the lost tribe of Wher-R-U's.

Anyway after a quick search, she was found safe and well. By this time Don and Irene plus family had arrived so we then set about making our barbeques and after everybody had eaten their fill, Ian R. said he would show us another field not so many miles away, which he did, and also demonstrated the art of gold panning. June, Irene and the kids went for a short bush walk down the hill a bit by which time June and I decided it was time to leave, so we bid all the bold adventurers farewell and headed home arriving there at 7pm.

FOOTNOTE - Justin did finish his book.
Thanks gamp.

BOB SCOTT

SHEPPARTON WEEKEND

I would like to tell you a little story about a weekend at Shepparton. We started off from Melbourne about 9.30 Saturday mornng and arrived there about 11 o'clock. It took us 2 hrs to find a dinghy little hotel room, everything else from tent to caravan was taken, so the ferrit, you all know who I mean, said, "Let's find Justin and friends" which we did and after Shirley had cooked us a good dinner we all decided to go see the winery. Not having seen a winery before, it was very interesting, but I tried one too many and was a little heavy headed. Good

on you Justin, you made the grade. His dog loves it too, wine tasting I mean. Anyway on Sunday morning up bright and early after a sleepness night with one thousand and one semi's racing through the main street, talk about counting sheep, its got nothing on semi's. Started off to Rushworth to do some gold mining but to our surprise the boys decided to do some earth diving "be back in $\frac{1}{2}$ hr love", but nearly two hours later I was going to call the fire brigade, but all of a sudden up popped four little heads, mad ● and sc's. What did they find, you tell me. Not a bull but a cow, and a dead one at that! It was a good weekend.

FERRIT'S FRIEND

PORTSEA HOLE - Sunday 14th September, 1975

A beaut day, everyone on time, well not quite everyone, the boats in the water by nine o'clock, and over the hole by quarter past. There the water was oily smooth, we anchored the boats with a lot of Bazza's line out so we knew we were in it. Into the water in pairs and down the anchor line.

Visibility was good, around 25 to 30 feet. At the bottom on the sand the anchor lay in 110 feet of water with the line going almost straight up. Arriving on the bottom we regrouped, this gave us time to get used to the 4 atmospheres which were squeezing in on us, before some of us set off for the rock wall which was to the west.

Barry, Tony and I swam across the bottom and at 85 feet began coming to the first of the rock fall continuing on up an ever increasing sandy slope we arrived at the rock face. There were a lot of fish on this level and many tucked away inside the deep rock ledges. Tony was flashing away merrily lighting up the bright colours around us momentarily. There were some fish deep inside a fissure with a flucrescent blue line along their sides flashing back at us. Then it was time for us to return to the surface we swam back towards the boats inside the lip of the hole at 50 feet and then slowly came to the top where we had a bit of a swim to the boats against the beginnings of the current.

We climbed into the boats and Ron Coomba was complaining about the taste of his soup so he threw the soup overboard

and kept the plate, compliments of the Australian Navy. Then we drove off down the Bay where the wreck recovery crew began the serious business of wreck locating under the assistance of Dave Carroll with the direction of Bazza.

At this stage our boat returned to Sorrento and what happened after that is another story; but it was a good day, a good dive excellently controlled, in which everyone participated. Those present know who they were and a good day was had by all including Deefa.

BRIAN LYNCH

A DAY IN THE SAGA OF A DIVER'S GAL

5.00am. Alarm goes off.

"Wcman, get up".

"I want coffee, and toast, with marmalade."

"Gee, how unfair can ya get."

Five minutes of slavery, wondering why the gas will not work without first putting a match to it. Ten minutes later, 2 poor excuses for slices of toast are produced as well as coffee, to me dearly beloved.

"Hey, what's with the toast? There is not enough sugar in my coffee."

"Listen here you chauvanistic..... S H U T U P." Silence reigns, one can almost hear him thinking, maybe if I keep this up she will not come, mmmmm.

"I want my jeans, skivvies, underpants and socks AND not those pale blue ones either, the black ones."

It finally emerges from bed, "oohh".

Serves him right teach him not to drink so much the night before.

"I'll never drink again."

"I must ring Johnny."

"Johnny, how ya going, up yet, gee we are nearly ready to go if the Misses hurries up."

By this stage I am fully organised.

"How much beer in the fridge? Good. Pack it will ya love. No, well it looks as though I will have to anyway, you would only put in lemonade, or shake the beer or something."

Endearingly it is carried to the car fridge, then to the car. Half hour later, "What are you doing?"

"Packing the beer, what do you think, and be careful when

you get in you don't shake it."
Silence reigns as we finally leave. Speedo hits 130 kph.

"What's the hurry?"

"Do not want to be late."

We are one hour early. We arrive at destination, not a soul to be seen other than the milkman doing his early morning rounds.

"Sure you have the right venue love?"

"Of course, I am sure, think I am stupid." No further comment to that one.

"Gee, they are late aren't they?"

"I told you we were far too early."

"Well, all the more time for a tinnie or two later love."
Hmph!:

"Here comes Bazza, ya bewdy."

Bazza yells, "Geez ya mug fancy arriving this early any one would think you were keen."

"There, I told you, didn't I."

"Go and bite your b...."

Dave arrives, with boat and Pat.

"Hello Moore, finally got here did you?"

"Well, what's your hurry."

"Hello Johnny, geez ya look awful. Yeah we did drink one or two didn't we."

Peter Oakley arrives, saying "Anyone for a Southern Comfort.....?"

Trevor?

Voice to be heard "I'm never going to drink again."

Snush can be heard saying, "Nor me."

Finally they are assembled, in all form of disarray and fitness. They enter water. We sit in car and it is freezing. It is peaceful, just sitting talking, knitting etc.

"Where's the beer? Come on everyone rip a top or two off, no Pete not that shiela's."

They have arrived. A few hours elapse.

"Dear, can we go?"

Two more elapse.

"WE ARE GOING NOW." "Guess whose Missus is getting stroppey," who me!!! We do - go that is. We arrive home.

"Love, one or two of the fellas are coming back for a

"Hey, what's the idea of throwing a tinnie at me, and what is your caper, it is a full one."

Rips the top off.

"Here come the others. Hi Johnny."

"Hi there man."

"Thought Snush would be here, likes the odd tinnie or two he does."

By this time I am preparing tea.

"Hey, woman....."

and so on and so on

OOD AVEM

This is only meant in fun, really it is, truly.

SHIRLEY LIDDY

FLOTSAM & JETSON

The V.S.A.G. has passed another Club Financial Year and once again we reported a new record for club outings, attendances, financial dealings and all round activity. Congratulations to Dave Moore who impressively won the coveted clubman, or should we say "clubperson", of the year award. Word has it that Dave has fixed the shield on the ceiling of the bedroom and from now on will spend his Sunday mornings lying in bed and gazing upwards. If this be true it ought to mean that there will be some pretty stiff competition for the award this year.

This month's diving got off to a good start with some cray hunting out from Flinders near Cape Schank - although this was not a club dive a few bods turned up thinking that Bazza, for once a passenger, would lead them to the cray country he loves so much.

Well it's a good thing we weren't depending on him for a feed and its also a good thing that if you like abalone, the day was not a waste - foodwise.

The winoes of the club got a chance to get amongst it recently when Justin led a troupe to Shepparton and a local winery. We hear that the whites were well received, but the EYES were for the reds. - Well anyway the EYES were RED the next morning. Still our Hardy (Vintage '72) lot managed to do a trick or two at pot-holing in the disused mines around Rushworth.

During the month we farewelled English visitor Candy Roberts who has returned to the UK. Candy asked us to say thanks to all those who made her stay so enjoyable. - We don't know quite what she meant but Tony Sunshine said he had a "hand in it". - Someone ought to tell that boy

that hands are made to go in gloves.

On Sunday 14th September we dropped into the Portsea Hole. This day was to prove really outstanding dive-wise. The sea was flat and the visability was excellent for the bay.

After the Hole we moved down the bay to do a channel run to look for spare wrecks. Johnny and Justin got a line on an old admiralty-type anchor but the marker buoy failed to reach the surface, because of the swift current. So after some lunch and a ski, we returned to the scene and darted around checking out every white spot on the water. Then on slack water our buoy bobbed up about 200 yards away and led us back to the anchor.

For those who doubt the authenticity of the legendary Baraboogie Bell, there was an article in the HERALD recently which referred to this ancient ship. Apparently there's a cruiser on the Gippsland Lakes which takes its name from our phantom wreck.

To all those contemplating the summer trip to Eden, get in touch with Dave Moore or John Goulding. Who knows what belles we might find this year.

To all my buddies and buddettes who wrote in with suggestions about what I could do with this column, could I suggest that you try it first and if you like it, then give me your Sorbent. That way you wont only have to read it, but you'll also save money in the bargain.

HANS UPPYABUM

SPECIAL FILM NIGHT

A special film showing has been organised
in conjunction with the Melbourne University
Underwater Club featuring

"THE UNDERWATER WORLD
OF
IRVIN ROCKMAN"

(Author of Underwater Australia)

This promises to be a very interesting evening,
and what's more its FREE

DATE TUESDAY NOVEMBER 11TH

TIME 7.30 PM

VENUE LYLE THEATRE - REDMOND BARRY
BUILDING, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY

(Situated in Tin Can Alley - Off Swanston St.)

ALL WELCOME. SO PLEASE SUPPORT THIS

OCCASION

FINAL POINTS SCORE POSITION FOR 1974-5

<u>Name</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Position</u>
D. Moore	1022	1
B. Lynch	927	3
A. Cutts	302	17
B. Truscott	687	5
T. Smith	76	25
M. Synon	560	8
D. Carroll	699	4
N. Lees	117	22
P. Sier	70	26
A. Neumann	24	36
R. Parker	12	39
R. Coade	12	39
C. Ramage	345	12
T. Cowley	319	14
P. Smith	102	23
P. Rainbow	12	39
I. Cockerell	32	34
B. Deegenhardt	22	37
H. Allen	335	13
J. Liddy	655	6
W. Jansen	99	24
D. McBean	309	16
J. Goulding	967	2
R. Coomber	124	20
W. Gray	47	30
M. Phillips	42	31
P. Partridge	2	47
M. Richardson	3	46
R. Scott	319	14
P. Reynolds	382	11
K. Stewart	12	39
B. Hooper	36	33
P. Oakley	570	7
F. Derksen	550	9
J. Marshall	253	19
R. Addamson	290	18
G. Ryan	10	43

Points Score (cont'd.)

<u>Name</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Position</u>
T. Snushall	405	10
T. Tipping	120	21
M. Gaglihardi	60	27
B. Baldock	50	28
G. Oake	70	26
C. Harvey	10	43
B. Kelly	20	38
K. James	40	32
K. Saunders	50	28
J. Barker	30	35
F. Coustley	10	43

Dear Pat,

the next committee meeting
will be held at Johnny's flat on
weds 29th October, where we will
be discussing training, for the
coming year.

regards.

Brian

