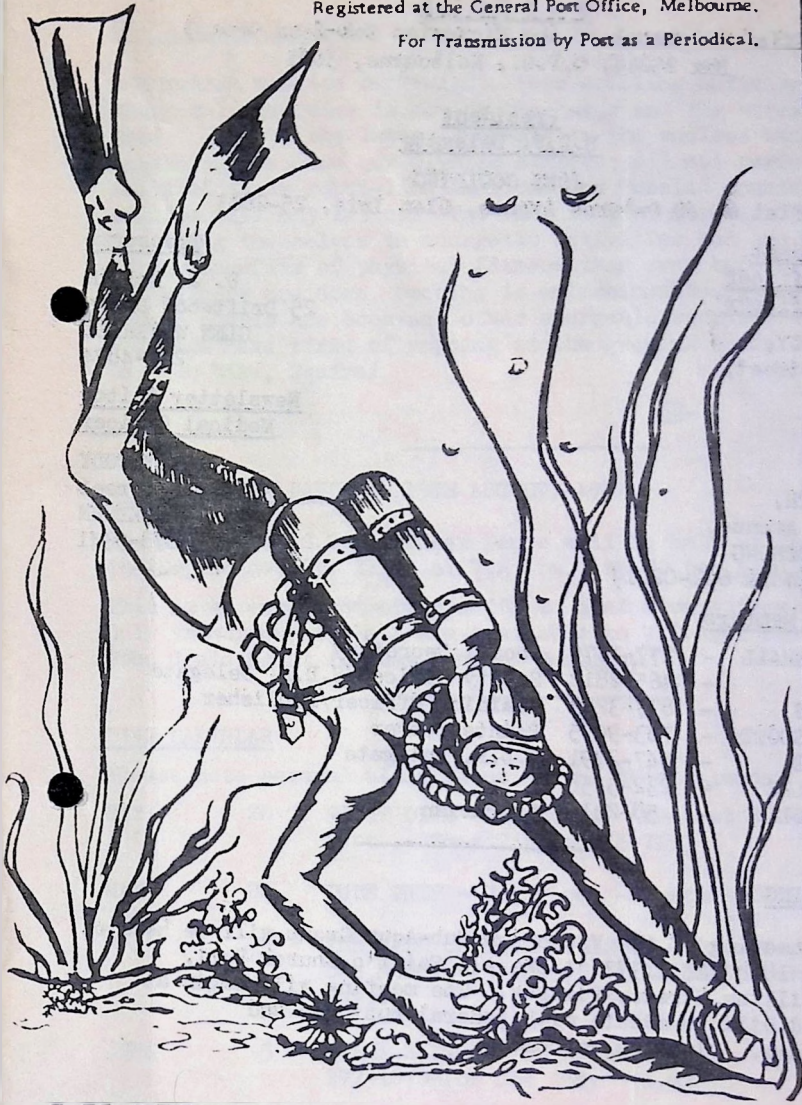


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FATHOMS



VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

F A T H O M S

(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 WEDNESDAY 18th MAY, 1977 at the All Saint's Church Hall, 97 King William Street, Fitzroy. The meeting will begin at 8.00pm and will terminate with general business and refreshments. Visitors welcome.

EDITORIAL

Australian men are overweight, beer swilling unfit spectators whose only exercise is mowing the lawns and the occasional game of golf. So says the latest know-all in the endless band-wagon of knockers. Because our Olympic athletes did not perform the Herculean feats of their robot-like American and Russian counterparts, the critics will not let up. The fact is that more Australians are involving themselves in energetic activities and are more conscious of the benefits of physical fitness than ever before. Football attendances are down, smoking is unfashionable, gymnasiums and squash courts are booming, other energetic sports are flourishing and dogs have tired of yapping at the growing herds of joggers. On your bike, Squire!

ED.S.D.F. DINNER DANCE - 19TH AUGUST, 1977.

The first ever S.D.F. Dinner Dance will be held at The Stoke House. The Esplanade, St. Kilda at 7.45 pm. \$9.00 per head B.Y.O.

This is an excellent opportunity to meet divers from other clubs. Only twentyfour tickets are available to V.S.A.G. members. Pay John Goulding at the May General Meeting.

DIVE CALENDAR

Please note several alterations to the Dive Calendar this month.

MAY	20	NIGHT DIVE - Cerberus. Meet at 8.00pm. Dive Capt. - Tony Tipping 24-7133
MAY	22	TUBE TRIP - Organiser - Justin Liddy 58-2310
MAY	29	THE WALL or ELIZA RAMSDEN - Dive Capt. - Don McBean 232-4894. Meet 8.30 Sorrento Boat Ramp.
JUNE	5	HORSE RIDING - Organiser - Carey Marshall 277-1679 (or Jay Cody 878-9341)

DIVE CALENDAR (Cont'd.)

JUNE 10-13 PORT CAMPBELL - Dive Capt. - Barry Truscott
783-9095

JUNE 15 GENERAL MEETING

JUNE 19 SIERRA NEVADA - Dive Capt. - Dave Moore 547-2791

JUNE 26 MYSTERY DIVE - MORNINGTON. \$1.00 per head.
Dive Capt. - Carey Marshall - 277-1679

HORSE RIDING

The horse riding day was been altered to the 5th June. Twentytwo horses have been booked and a deposit paid. Deposits are required at the General Meeting from -

Justin Liddy \$6.00; Cindy Tilbrook \$6.00; Jay Cody \$18.00; Bernie Kelly and Ken James \$18.00; Dave Moore \$12.00; Wendy Mason \$6.00; Julie Okle \$6.00; Pete Smith \$6.00; Pat and Jenni Reynolds \$18.00; John Goulding \$12.00; John and Carey Marshall \$12.00; Pete and Clara Oakley \$12.00.

EASTER '77 - as seen from MR 15, Tidal River

With the weather looking pretty bleak to the west and the boat in tow I left work at 3pm Thursday and headed south east just ahead the storm. Sure enough I hit Tidal River at 6pm and quickly set up camp on site 15 which looked the most weatherproof - shortly afterwards along came the Truscott brigade and down came the deluge. Dave and Pat Moore were next to arrive at 8pm but failed miserably at keeping the rain out so by 10.30 we all hit the sack (wet or dry).

My pleasant dream turned into a wet one at 12.30am when Pete Smith unzipped my door and flooded the tent only to inform me that Liddy and crowd were on their way as well as two voluptuous young maidens from the United States!

The following morning I found out that the Lodge was flooded out completely and the Yanks had not arrived as expected. Weather conditions looked to be on the improve but without hope of a dive before Sunday. Good Friday was spent cleaning up after the rain, laying around camp waiting for others to arrive, or as Bazza, Dave and myself decided, hiking 25 km to Waterloo Bay and back. This was some hike - half walking, half jogging and half paddling through swamps and creeks after the 2-3" of rain the previous night. On the way back we collected several large mushrooms which added that little something to our next two nights dinners; in fact Dave even got into the red and gold tops which probably explained why he walked the last 5 km up the hill backwards! They do funny things to some people, those gold tops!

The crew from Liddy's Lodge went to the movies later on, a group of us played cards in the Moore's tent and Di Smith nursed Clive and what was left of a full bottle of Galleano. Dave Carroll was last heard of giggling to himself somewhere between Trevor's circus tent and the ladies loo!

Next day, still not being quite good enough to put the boats in, we all set out led by Sam Truscott, for Oberon Bay and back via Little Oberon and the coast, a round trip of about 16 km. Hightlight of the day was returning to find another tent appropriately set up on Site 15 - Smiffy's two Yank scrubbers had finally made it! A few ales and a night at the movies followed where we saw "Silent Movie" and some other phony underwater science fiction crap - even the projectionist was so bored that he closed up half way through it!

Easter Sunday brightened our spirits with patchy blue sky and slight seas with a south easterly chop. Three boats ready, 12 divers kitted up and off to the Glennies - but Mr. Moore's "Italian Job" once again had problems getting out through the surf and unfortunately Bazza, Paul and Carol missed out on the dive of the trip. Lil Ab and Alan's boat headed out with Smiffy, Dave Hurle, Mike, Trevor, Alan and myself to a calm spot just south-east of Ramsbottom Rocks on the leeward side of the island. What a dive - although no crays were seen this spot seemed to have just about everything else: an abundance of fish species, sponges, corals, chasms and caves together with 80 foot visibility!

As usual it was party time on Sunday night and we all turned out in force in Trevor's big circus tent. Jack Liddy and Cindy having returned with young "Bill" there was much talk of an early Monday

dive in the same area out at the island. The night kicked on, and the wine flowed (mostly down Debbie's throat i.e. the Yank Debbie.) At about midnight I escorted her back to her tent before some drunken fool tried to take advantage of her - I believe this happens quite frequently at these resort areas.

Next morning as planned three boats hit the water, Lil Ab, Bill and the Italian Job and headed off to the same spot - unfortunately visibility had dropped to about 40 feet but no one complained - in fact Carol and Wendy seemed quite ecstatic at what they saw, and I'll bet they weren't the only ones! On our return to shore it was pack up and head back to Melbourne or Somers or wherever one was heading.

TONY TIPPING

RE-CYCLING

Due to the tanker drivers strike, our skiing and 'Deliverance' type river trip were cancelled. This of course leaves us with a gap in the magazine, as I was informed by our beloved President IDI Goulding. So write something, anything was the imperial command. Not too easy when I haven't been diving much lately. However, due to the petrol strike I did manage to do something out of the ordinary during this week and so with my arm twisted up by back here it is.

Back in the dream time, just after the start of the strike I was lucky enough to fill my car's tank with petrol. Not being an optimist I didn't expect the strikers to go back before the long weekend just so's Pat could go skiing, and so I calculated that by only using the car for work and by not using it for one day I could last out the week. By which time I hoped Bob Hawke would have worked his usual miracle and petrol would be flowing once more.

I decided that for one day I would cycle to work, no point I thought, in absorbing all Tony's fitness ideas and not use them in time of emergency. Now for me to cycle to work is not your usual 'round the corner' type ride and there we are. No, it involved a round trip of about 40 miles or 66 kilometres which of course sounds longer. The last time my bike was used in anger as it were, was when Dave Moore rode it up and down the street, when he was supposed to be helping us move house.

So I embarked on a quick series of training rides, just up the road and back, more to get my bottom used to the saddle than anything else. I replaced parts (of the bike) and inner tubes, and on Tuesday night it stood gleaming in the garage. 'It' was ready to go. Listening to the news, the strikers were still locked in with Uncle Bob, there was only a slight wind forecast for Wednesday, but the temperature was to be 9 degrees.

The morning awakening was rude and cold, well it was cold and I was rude. I shaved, showered and dressed, it seemed I was getting ready for one of Justin's snow-ski days. Thick socks, track suit, etc. etc., a quick breakfast and then at first light I was ready. Wheeling the bike out I realised how cold it was. Without more ado, I leapt upon my metal steed and headed off downwards Melbourne. The hardest part, as all our merry athletes will tell you is the first mile or two, a little voice kept saying, go back and get the car you fool, and my fingers were becoming number by the second. However, as the miles began to roll away under the wheels, the voice receded, my fingers began coming back to normal and I began to enjoy the exercise. Doubtless my enjoyment was heightened by the fact that there were few cars on the road and the air fresh.

The scene changed however as I reached the inner suburbs. I began to smell the carbon monoxide and the traffic became somewhat heavier, but I was well into the swing of things by then and anyway I was nearly at the end of my outward journey. I arrived at work one hour and ten minutes after setting out which is quicker than travelling by car in the peak hours. I still had to make it back home though, but I was not too sore anywhere and felt confident of making an equally swift journey back home.

I left work in bright sunshine and headed back to Dandenong Grass like the song says. There was more traffic around, and at Caulfield I got a puncture and so my return ride was a bit slower than the mornings effort but I arrived in one piece and I still had enough petrol to last out the week. As we all know now, because of my mighty effort the tanker drivers had decided to go back to work and the petrol drought was over. In conclusion, I enjoyed my ride but I don't think that I would like to do it when all the normal traffic begins to flow again, but remember next time you pass a cyclist don't run him down, it might be me.

BRIAN LYNCH

I would also like to take this opportunity albiet a couple of months late to congratulate Terry Smith on his effort to take out the Birdman award during the Moomba festivities. Terry didn't win, but he and his kite certainly made a big splash. A word of advice from an experienced onlooker, next year let Michael or Warick ride the up draughts over the Yarra, they could even make the far bank.

BEACHMASTER

PROGRESS POINTS FOR THE CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR AWARD

T. Tipping	485	J. Marshall	120
J. Goulding	440	P. Oakley	120
B. Truscott	400	T. Snushall	100
P. Tipping	390	C. Oakley	70
J. Liddy	360	J. Reynolds	70
K. Jironc	320	D. McBean	70
C. Tilbrook	310	R. Adamson	60
M. Synon	310	B. Baldock	60
D. Moore	300	D. Barker	60
P. Smith	290	B. Kelly	50
B. Lynch	240	J. Barker	40
C. Marshall	230	A. Whiteley	40
J. Cody	230	K. James	40
D. Carroll	220	F. Derkson	40
R. Scott	150	J. Noonan	20
A. Cutts	150	B. Jansen	10
P. Reynolds	130	R. Baid	10
		G. Ryan	10

THE WALL, RIP AREA - 1st May, '77

This article is going to sound like a plug for the private dives i.e. the dives between club dives. Sure enough, according to the weather charts on the previous Thursday and Friday you could have bet anything you like on the weather being perfect for a dive - smooth seas etc., a high over S.A., but no such luck! A cold front sprung up from somewhere on the Saturday afternoon and need I say more.

Sunday morning dawned conditions on the improve, four boats in the water at Sorrento and eight VSAG divers plus 2 ring-ins - not a bad ratio! Being a conscientious dive captain I paired everyone off and wrote it down on official VSAG letterhead: Peter Smith with Dave Carroll, Kelvin Fyfe with Max Synon, Johnny & Bazza, two guys from another club (Mario and Glenn), with myself and Ron Coomber going in after the first pair surfaced.

Bazza located the Wall with periodic swells of about 6 feet rolling in and with much fussing around two boats quickly hooked anchors. The dive itself was not a patch on my three previous dives at this spot firstly because the visibility was only about 10 feet and secondly Ron and I did not find the actual drop off! In fact only Max and Kelvin got a glimpse of what we were there to see - not to worry, at the 70 foot mark there were several delightful ledges and caves which provided the usual abundance of fish, corals and sponges.

The other highlights of the day were provided by Bill's defeat by Lil Ab in Heat 2, and last but not least watching Dave Carroll demolish 4 Four'n Twenty pies in 45 seconds! Well Done Lil Ab and Dave!

Getting back to that mention of private dives, you ask Paul T. how it was on the Eliza Ramsden April 17th or the Portsea Hole April 25th - one of these days we'll get better conditions on a club dive.

TONY TIPPING

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

With winter just around the corner it's interesting to see some of our keener members taking appropriate measures to keep themselves warm during the cold weather diving period.

One chap who keeps expounding about "The best diving is during April, May and June" has bought himself a new Bermuda Blue wet suit. It is made from specially dyed blue rubber so as to match the colour of the wearer's skin as he turns blue with the cold.

Then there's the chap who used to open the bar on his boat - (when he had one - that is) after a dive, now shivering about the cold and complaining that he was only down 1 hour and 40 minutes and had to surface before his thermos of coffee went cold!

Such a life for some!

I have promised the Editor a short article this month, because of publishing deadlines so will concentrate on the main issues.

Easter 1977 at Wilsons Prom. What a time to remember, and remember we will with our Annual Easter Awards:-

The Slowest Man in Camp Award -

Without doubt this award goes to Dave Moore, for his unique backward movement on the last leg of his return hike from Waterloo Bay.

The Cuddly Couple Award -

Definitely this award goes to Paul Tipping and Lesley, the noises that came from their tent embarrassed even the WOMBATS.

P.S. This award is to be presented by last years winner - Robbie at the next meeting.

Miss Personality -

To Debbie Buttons - (Yankie model) - told us jokes we'd never even heard - what's more some of us even understood them.

Mr. Perseverance -

To Trevor West, did he have to put in some work!!

Mr. Endurance -

To Clive Brooks - Just a dozen cans and a bottle of Galleano, all before breakfast. Was also heard muttering - "I'm no good on an empty stomach". Wonder what he meant?

The Ace of Hearts Awards -

This year this award will be shared by Marie Truscott and Tony Tipping. Marie captained the winning "500" game, but T.T. played his cards fairly well on the Sunday night.

Did you hear who won the 1977 VSAG Tube Trip, and who surprisingly stole the "Whacker of the River Award?" - No, well keep watching this space to find out when it can be rescheduled to a time when a bunch of ratbags wont hold the community to ransom.

U.R. AWACKER