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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 Wednesday 17TH MAY, 1978 at the Celtic Club, 320 Queen Street, Melbourne. The meeting will commence promptly at 8.00pm. Members are requested not to bring drinks up to the meeting room, but reminded that the facilities of the club are available afterwards for a sociable conclusion to the evening. Visitors welcome.

FOREWARD

I suppose that the first point to mention this issue is our new coloured cover. It was certainly well received and gives our little magazine a new look. Now that we have such a splendid cover, perhaps it will persuade some more of you to write the odd article. As you will see this month "Ferrits Friend" has again provided for us a harrowing tale of her "maiden" voyage down the Yarra, and it is stories like these that make the magazine interesting, so be in it!

Safety in diving is our club motto and from time to time we have discussions as to whether we are diving safely or not. Diving is a hazardous sport, and once under the water you are in as alien a world as the surface of the moon. Too often in our discussions criticism devolves back onto the dive captains. Now whilst the dive captains do have specific responsibilities, I feel that divers too have their own responsibilities, both to themselves and to other divers.

Astronauts landing on the moon are fit and well trained, their equipment is the best that can be bought and has been rigorously checked. Therefore it stands to reason that "aquanauts" diving into similar conditions, should be fit, capable and that their equipment also is subject to overhaul and replacement when faulty. Dives undertaken by the club now, can certainly be more physically demanding than some of those done in the past, due mainly to the fact that most dives are with boats which means that previously inaccessible spots can now be reached.

In our training and in fact in any basic diving training, the theory of buddies looking after one another is taught. To be able to look after someone else in the water however, you first have to be able to look after yourself, don't you. In spelling all this out, I am merely trying to show just where the responsibility for safe diving lies. It is of course everyones responsibility, and not just the odd one or two. Make sure you are fit, look after your equipment, check it regularly, replace it when necessary, not only your life, but someone elses may depend on it. Listen to the dive captain's instructions, and should you think that he has overlooked something then tell him so. When we are all doing this then perhaps we will be really living our motto.

Last month it was hello time for our new committee member Neil Garland, this month it is goodbye time to two of our stalwarts. The club secretary Carey Marshall has resigned due to family commitments. Carey has been an active member of the committee over the past few years and as well as her outspoken views she has certainly made the meetings more beautiful. Alan Cutts the club training officer has also decided to call it a day after 9½ long years. Alan's experience will be sorely missed, but he has said that he will be like a library book, available if required. The committee would like to thank both our departing colleagues on behalf of the club for the time and effort they have put into running the club, and whilst we may miss them at the monthly meeting we hope to meet them now and again under the Bay. Our new club secretary is Anthony Carroll, better known as Dave, good luck to him in his new capacity.

ED.

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#### BIRTHS & MARRIAGES

The Club would like to congratulate Pete and Clara Oakley on the birth of their daughter ..... Miss Oakley.

Young Miss Oakley arrived at 1658 hours on Thursday 30th March. Mother and daughter are both doing well, Pete doesn't look so good though, doesn't look as if he's getting enough sleep.

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#### NOTICE

The V.S.A.G. is the organiser of this year's Scuba Divers Federation Annual Dinner.

Its a great opportunity to get to know members of other clubs and swap a few yarns.

So keep Friday September 1st free of other commitments and come along to Tudor Court in Kooyong Road, Caulfield.

Cost \$16.00 head - ALL INCLUSIVE

DIVE CALENDAR

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIVE CAPT.</u>	<u>NOTES</u>
MAY 17	GENERAL MEETING Celtic Club	8PM		
MAY 21	SAN REMO	To be advised	B.Lynch 795-2834	Pinnacles
MAY 26-28	PT. WELSHPOOL	Friday evening	J.Goulding 25-2883 347-7322 Bus.	Deal Island
JUNE 2-4	OCEANS '78	Underwater Congress and Film Festival Monash University		
JUNE 11	ST.KILDA MARINA	10AM	D.Carroll 391-2211 Ext. 247 or P.Oakley 509-4655	Remains of Gelli- brand lighthouse
JUNE 17-18	NAUTILUS Caravan Park, Sorrento	Sat. after- noon	N.Garland 56-4992	Night dive Portsea Pier
	SORRENTO Boat Ramp	Sunday 9.45AM	"	Slack Water Flood Dive to be advised

(Slack Water Flood will be at 11.17am so boats  
must leave in plenty of time to reach dive site.  
Don't be late.)

The V.S.A.G. would like to welcome Milton Robinson and Lesley Gillies who joined our club at the April General Meeting.

Milton was a member of the West Australian branch of the British Sub Aqua Club before moving to Victoria last year. He started diving with our club about 6 months ago and has since brought over his boat and hookah unit.

Lesley grew tired of watching Paul Tipping disappear into the blue yonder and took a diving course last year to see if all Paul's fairy tales were true. Now she's finding out for herself.

We look forward to seeing you both on many club activities.

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### CARBON DIOXIDE (CO<sub>2</sub>) POISONING

This is something that most of us would have suffered to some extent in the past whether during a dive or in a confined area. The following passage is a summary taken from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration Diving Manual on CO<sub>2</sub> Poisoning:

This condition is the result of an excess of CO<sub>2</sub> in the breathing gas. It may be caused by a faulty rebreather or a build-up of CO<sub>2</sub> in the mask. Controlled breathing or skip-breathing (trying to save air) while using scuba equipment is a frequent cause of a number of fatalities. CO<sub>2</sub> poisoning usually comes on so fast that the period of rapid breathing goes to unconsciousness in seconds.

#### SYMPTOMS

Sometimes none; usually accompanied by an urge to breathe and noticeable air starvation; possible headache, dizziness, weakness, unusual perspiration, nausea

#### SIGNS

Slowing in responses, confusion and clumsiness; unconsciousness, possibly including muscle twitching and convulsions in extreme cases

#### TREATMENT

A diver should stop, rest, and ventilate his apparatus. Fresh breathing gas will usually relieve all symptoms quickly. If unconscious artificial respiration (E.A.R.) may be necessary,

likewise recompression, until the possibilities of gas embolism or decompression sickness have been ruled out.

TONY TIPPING

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TIPS TIT-BITS

Surprise of the year so far has been the remarkable attendance of our illustrious "Fathoms" editor Brian Lynch on recent dives - three in a row, in April - not bad eh! Maybe its true what Tipping's been saying for years "you get your best diving in April, May and June!"

Before we leave Lynchy - just as well he's not as good a runner as he is a "bottle-o"; showed us all where to pick them up on the April 23rd Channel Run!

Quote of this month has to go to old Bazza after the Flinders dive on April 9th. It was just a dive, nothing spectacular, the usual Bazza cray, Goulding abs and Tipping's dozen Fosters (with compliments of Lynchy). There we were at Somers gutsing ourselves when Bazza came out with "This is a beauty, a real 'Norm' barbeque!"

Shere Hite, the female sexual psychologist who recently visited Melbourne sure made an impact - not only did she walk out on Mike Willesee during an interview but she turned up to a VSAG meeting "in disguise" two days later and walked out on Johnny Goulding!

The highlight of this years Tube Trip was that experiencing the rapids through the tunnel at Pound Bend - no wonder so many VSAG and Bass Strait members are suffering from the Farmer Giles - the clue is to have a built in floor in your tube, chaps!

FOOTNOTE: Maree James will be disqualified from the Ladies "A" team on all future golf days unless she refrains from using such strong language whilst teeing off!

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ODE TO THE MOUTH

Tony, Tony the Mouth  
 He runs like a butterfly  
 He sprints like a mouse

Tony, Veesag superman  
He calls to the other guys  
"I'm Tony! Catch me if you can."

Before the big event  
Tony played it cool  
"You'll all beat me with ease" said he,  
"I've been a silly fool"  
"I haven't been in training"  
The Mouth would often shout,  
"I've been messing with bad women,  
Drinking grog, and staying out."

Amongst the top contenders,  
Was Bazza from the South  
He'd been training very hard  
To close the Champion's mouth

A favourite of the masses,  
Was Lynch from Dandenong,  
Lynch had reached a fitness peak  
And looked very strong.

The other contestants were keen,  
But hardly a threat to the three.  
There were Johns Marshall and Goulding, little Paully,  
Wee Jimmy, his brother, and me

A surprise starter was Smibes,  
Who would prove awkward to beat,  
But the stewards checked Smibes out  
and found him to be a cheat.

The big day came at last  
And all the runners assembled.  
"I am the greatest!" cried Tony  
And the other contestants trembled.

The gun sounded to start the race  
And the excited spectators roared  
Some starters jogged, some ran  
But our heroes soared.



The pace was easy early,  
With Lynchy taking the lead,  
The Mouth tucked in close behind,  
Saving energy he would need.

As the miles went by,  
The Mouth began to falter  
He was coughing, cussing and spitting a lot  
He didn't sound like a bolter

When the finish line drew near,  
Lynchy took off like a rocket.  
Bazza was soon left gasping  
But the Mouth clung to Lynchy's pocket

With accolades echoing in his head,  
Lynchy drew twenty yards clear,  
The spectators shouted encouragement,  
And nothing did Lynchy fear.

But then a strange thing happened,  
As the race drew to a close,  
Tony suddenly needed a pee,  
A nervous condition I s'pose,

Well he sprinted the last twenty metres,  
Like the Devil was after his soul,  
And crossed the line just two seconds  
Before Lynchy reached his goal.

The crowd stood stunned in the bleachers  
Mouths agape behind the pickets  
Some supports were weeping,  
Others tore up their tickets

But the conqueror and conquered closed ranks  
and wished each other good cheer  
As they vocally ran the race over  
And quaffed gallons of beer.

JAY CODY

### TUBE TRIP

Well folks, I don't write very often but I would like to tell you about the great Australian Tube Trip. Well Father, Mumma baby

Ferrit set off for Warrandyte not too bad a day, or was it. Everybody into wet suit, tubes and tins. We all jump into the river and now I know what men mean when they say its freezing! We all get going with three young ones in front, Mumma Ferrit next, then the whole gang. Well I must say we got a little bit in front and I lost the front and back ones, but never mind. I started singing "Yoo-hoo good-day" no answer and by this time I have been gone 1½ hours by myself, but never mind I keep going, where is everybody!

"Hello duck, have you seen any tubes with body's in them?"

"Quack, quack, no Mumma." I keep on going, and then all of a sudden whoosh, whoosh, there I was perched on top of a rock and can't get off the tube because my big flippers were stuck under the rock. "Yoo-hoo anybody there" no answer well then I hope the solo man is around. No? Well then all of a sudden whoosh off the rock. Well conditioned by then, I thought I'd struggle up the bank, pulled on some bull-rushes and ended up with a bunch of flowers and so finally made it on to the bank. "Yoo-hoo anyone around." Then I saw some aeroplanes. Good they must be looking for me but what could I do start a fire or wave some panties, well never mind back into the water. Then I saw a man in a boat - its the solo man! "Have you seen anybody in tubes?" "No lady; but what in hell are you doing." "I am trying to find my friends." "I will take a look for you." But I lost him too! "Yoo-hoo" no voice, nothing! Wish I had a cup of tea; wonder where Ferrit is he must have missed me, ouch that stick hurt. Well up the bank again, bleeding and sore, wait I see a figure or is it a rabbit, no its a man. "Yoo-hoo do you know where the road is?" "Hell lady," there's that word again, "where did you come from?" "Out of the water sir!" "Will you take me back to Warrandyte." "Of course I will I am a scout master." And there they were about 30 scouts all camping for the weekend. Thank goodness for the scouts. Well back at the starting point waiting for the rest to come back, then to my surprise "Where in the hell have you been!" There's that word again. I think I am starting to get mad. "I got a little bit lost." "Lost!" he said. "I have been swimming the ---- river looking for you." What language! I quieten him down and told him my side of the story. He said we went through the tunnel and that's how I missed you. I thought it was a dunny tunnel. Trust me, I went three miles out of the way. Well folks I am sorry its a bit long, but it was a damn long river. We had one visitor, we call him Moses in the

bull-rushes, thanks Ferrit for saving his life! (Good-day)

FERRIT'S FRIEND

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ROCK LOBSTERS LEAD A ROVING LIFE

Larvae of the western rock lobster make an odyssey of more than 3000 kilometres (about 1800 miles) in the Indian Ocean before returning to grow into adults in the coastal waters of WA, CSIRO studies have found.

The CSIRO's Division of Fisheries and Oceanography has been collaborating with WA's Department of Fisheries and Wildlife in a major program aimed at stabilising the rock lobster fishery, a \$32 million industry which is periodically affected by large fluctuations in its annual catch.

Early research had shown that the larvae hatched from eggs held under the female lobster's tail during late spring and early summer.

The larvae, which at this stage are called phyllosoma ("leaf-shaped body") concentrate in the upper layers of water and are carried offshore.

Scientists on a research ship studied the movement of the larvae from this point, to see what factors were necessary for their return to coastal waters.

These studies showed that during their oceanic journey, the phyllosoma moult frequently, in the process growing from 2mm (about 1/12in.) to 35mm (nearly 1½in.).

Returning to coastal waters, the phyllosoma moult into another stage called puerulus, readily identifiable as a lobster, and then moves into inshore weedbed nursery areas.

The CSIRO scientists found evidence that in the period between hatching and returning to the coastal waters, the larvae are carried out into the Indian Ocean by an immense gyre - a clockwise rotating mass of water about 1000 km across.

Where they encounter the WA continental shelf, the waters of the gyre run parallel to the shore, acting as a pick-up-and-delivery service for the lobster larvae.

The newly-hatched larvae are first carried down the coast, then westward into oceanic waters.

After about 10 months, the gyre has carried large numbers of the phyllosoma back to the edge of the continental shelf.

Strong swimmers, the puerulus larvae swim perhaps 40 km across the currents to shelter among reefs near the shore.

They grow in the nursery areas for four to six years before migrating to the outer continental shelf, where the commercial fishing grounds are located.

Extract from - THE BULLETIN, March 28, 1978.

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#### PORT CAMPBELL NOTEBOOK

While many VSAG members headed east on the club's annual Easter sally into Wilson's Prom, Dave, Lesley and your scribe shot across to Port Campbell for a holiday with a difference - to take part in the 'Loch Ard' Centenary. Actually Lesley and I stayed with friends at Peterborough while Dave set up camp at the Port Campbell Caravan Park with SDF Secretary Peter Stone and Torquay Scuba Club members.

Easter Saturday morning at around 9 o'clock saw us at the Port Campbell pier under which was safely resting the  $\frac{3}{4}$  tonne anchor raised a fortnight earlier from the wreck of the 'Loch Ard' off Mutton Bird Island. A large crowd of locals and sightseers had gathered and at precisely 10 o'clock, as planned in hope rather than expectation many months earlier, they were able to enjoy the spectacle of a crane hauling the prized anchor out of the water from a depth of 18 feet below the surface. Fittingly, 2 of the Torquay divers who had located the anchor off the island with the help of an old hand-drawn map on March 12 stood on the arms of the anchor as the raise commenced. Once out of the water and safely on the pier, the world's most unphotographed anchor in the matter of seconds was to become the most photographed as a hundred eager shutterbugs clicked away. The rusty relic was placed on a small flat top truck whereupon it was driven from the pier amidst a thousand cheers and along the main street and thence to the grassy foreshore where seven divers heaved and strained to move it safely down to terra firma. Thus done, any number of speakers including

Sir John Holland (History Advisory Council Chairman), Stan McPhee (pioneer diver on the 'Loch Ard'), Peter Stone and Don Charlwood (Historian and Vice-Chairman, History Advisory Council) variously recalled the tragedy that was the 'Loch Ard', speculated on whether the find was one of THE ship's own 4 anchors or merely one of the known cargo of 36 on board, and heaped praise on 22 divers including 16 members of VSAG for their parts in the retrieval of the 'Loch Ard' anchor. It really was a field day for the photographers, and the person who develops the films out at Kodak must be half crazy by now trying to figure out why so many people would want to take so many pictures of a rather unspectacular-looking old ship's anchor.

For those interested in the eventual fate of the landed piece of lagan, it was left on display for a brief period above the beach at Port Campbell before being taken to Warrnambool for fresh-water bathing and subjection to a process known as electro-osmosis and other treatment to be ultimately returned to an as-yet undetermined final resting place in the Port Campbell area where it will be housed for posterity and for the benefit of the people of Victoria.

While the anchor-raising provided one of the highlights of the commemoration other activities were planned over Easter for the 'Loch Ard' Shipwreck Centenary which is being held under Victorian Govt. patronage through the History Advisory Council to commemorate the era of Immigration to Victoria under Sail. We attended a display put on at the Port Campbell hall by the local branch of the Historical Society, which included paintings, old photographs, newspaper clippings, diaries, books, letters, relics and other memorabilia relating to the 'Loch Ard', 'Falls of Halladale', 'Schomburgh' and other old sailers whose final fate was determined on the rugged coastal area which represents the treacherous western approaches to Port Phillip Bay and Melbourne.

One of the events we went to was a rather daring performance of cliff-rescue up and down the sheer 'Loch Ard' Gorge on Saturday afternoon. A fairly full Saturday program also took us to the Port Campbell football club hall for a well attended and stimulating slide evening with local historian Don Walker speaking of the risks and hardships endured by the early immigrants who came to Victoria by clipper via the Great Circle Route, and not the least of whose dangers were faced on the last leg of their journey, in the passage

between Cape Otway and Cape Wickham. The slide talk was followed by a memorable fireworks display on the oval.

The final events on the Easter segment of the Centenary was the unveiling of a plaque set into a cairn, on Easter Monday at the Cape Otway Lighthouse to the memory of Henry Bayles Ford, the headkeeper at the light between 1848-1878, whose proud boast on his retirement was that the light never went out in the 30 years it was under his command. It was parkas and umbrellas for this chapter of the weekend's activities as the area turned on one of its typically foul storms, and the point was not lost on the numbers many of whom, having been caught unawares, ruefully drew parallels with the day and the conditions experienced so long ago by men such as Captain Gibb of the 'Loch Ard'.

Having saturated ourselves in martime history (and only a little salt-water) these divers began the slow trek home along the Great Ocean Road on Monday afternoon. Gazing at the sea below that had claimed so many lives from the clippers of yesteryear, we wondered at the reminders of past dramas which had been relived over Easter.

PAUL TIPPING

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### CHANNEL RUN

On Sunday 23rd April 14 divers arrived at Flinders Pier, but the conditions were against us, with a very choppy sea and the likelihood of it getting worse. The dive was then moved across the peninsula to Sorrento where we arrived at about 11 o'clock. Here we found a calm sea due to the now off-shore wind, and we decided to get the boats in quickly. The weather forecast was not too good and so it was decided to remain near the shore and engage in channel runs off the Quarantine station. This we have found in the past to yield the odd bottle or two.

We had four boats, and under the respective commands of Tony, Pete, Milton and Jay we commenced our runs opposite the old ruined jetty and on an incoming tide drifted down towards the Quarantine Station itself. We were on lines to the boats and so could be in communication with the surface if necessary. To begin with the bottom was sandy, with just the occasional small ray peering out from under its protective sandy coat, and the depth was a very constant 50 feet. It is an effortless and in my opinion a nice

way to dive, as you skim over the sand it is like flying. The only problem we found Jay and I, was bumping into Fred from time to time, and Fred can be just as numerous under the water as he is up top.

At the start of our drift there was nothing apart from the sand and some flat rock, but as we approached the end of our run, we began to find little oasis of weed, bottles and some relatively new beer cans. In succession we picked up a plate, bottles and a small earthenware pot, after this it was time to come up with our booty. We met with the other boats, and then proceeded to Portsea Pier to give Karen a dive, leaving Tony and Milton to do their run on hookah. Under the pier we again met with success extracting an old Marchants bottle from the sand. Then it was back to Sorrento haul up the boats and a quiet drive home. My thanks to the other divers, for an enjoyable day, and also to Max who wasn't there for once which meant I got my bottles home in one piece. (Only kidding Max.)

BRIAN LYNCH

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PROVISIONAL REPORT ON 1976 AUSTRALIAN DIVING DEATHS (Cont'd.)

Case SC 7/76 Three friends went scuba diving together off a wharf jetty. The water was clear but cold, with depth about 40-50ft. They swam underwater in visual contact about 5m apart and surfaced when one became low on air. They all surfaced normally and started to make their independent ways back to the jetty. There was by now a 2ft. "slop" to the water. A witness on the wharf heard what he described as a "a gurgling yell" and looked down to see a diver on the surface paddling feebly with his hands, his face held up out of the water. He was seen to let his head fall forward and his face submerge. Another witness saw the victim estimated as being 30 ft. from the jetty, on the surface attempting to release his tank; his mask was half full of water and water was going into his mouth. The alarm was raised immediately. The two other divers, who were approaching the steps on the other side of the jetty to that chosen by the victim, were told their friend was in trouble. One of them said that he was too exhausted to re-enter the water because of the rigours of the return swim, but the other discarded his tank and swam to offer help. The victim was now about 15ft. from the jetty, unconscious and without tank and weight belt. He was brought out of the water and resuscitation attempted, but without success. It seems probable that death

occurred before removal from the water. Check revealed that very little air remained in the tank. None of this trio had any buoyancy aid. Although the victim was accounted to be a fairly experienced diver in fact his 2 years of diving had been largely with hookah apparatus, and the statement that he was in good health was qualified by the doctor performing the Autopsy who described him as obese. He was only 32 so this doctor was surprised that such a sudden death had occurred and suspected some cerebral haemorrhage and therefore limited his examination to the cranial cavity. As no such disease was found, drowning was diagnosed.

Case SC 8/76 Being an excellent athlete and swimmer, and having tried the use of snorkel and scuba (for 20 minutes) some 6 weeks previously, this healthy 18 year old youth accepted the opportunity offered by two others to again scuba dive. Their experience is unknown, as is also the source of the equipment used. The dive was to be off a rocky shelf that continued out to sea as a reef. It was a waveswept entry point such as experienced swimmers of all types would have totally avoided. One of the scuba divers and the victim entered the water but both were soon hit by a succession of unexpectedly large waves and tumbled about in the wash. The buddy felt the victim grab at him and observed on looking round that he looked dazed and no longer had the mouthpiece in his mouth. They were now being pounded on the rocks and only reached the shore again through the assistance of the third diver and the luck that one wave washed them sufficiently high on the rocks to make escape possible. It was stated that onlookers offered no help either at this desperate time or later with resuscitation attempts. There was possibly a little delay before effective resuscitation was initiated but it was continued efficiently when lifesavers and a rescue helicopter arrived, and continued in transit to a nearby hospital. Consciousness was never regained and death occurred three days later from the effects of cerebral anoxia and aspiration of water.

Taken from Project Stickybeak by Dr. D. Walker

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#### COMMITTEE NEWS

Resignations from the Committee were received from Alan Cutts and Carey Marshall, and were duly accepted by the Committee.

Alan Cutts will continue as publisher of the Newsletter "Fathoms".



David Carroll was appointed Secretary.

The committee reaffirmed the procedure for raising complaints or objections about dives. This procedure is as follows:-

A person wishing to object or criticise about the manner in which a dive or club activity is being conducted must raise the matter with the Dive Captain or organiser ON THE DIVE or at the place of activity.

Regardless of the nature of the complaint or the action taken by the Dive Captain or organiser to resolve the complaint, the person who has raised the matter must bring it to the attention of the Committee.

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### FLOTSAM & JETSAM

Back in May 1973 an article appeared in Fathoms which was unsigned and made uncomplimentary remarks about a certain member's boat that was named after his wife. There was also reference to the fauna destruction programme carried out by another member's driving skill at Wilsons Prom. Even further this article derogatorily referred to "The Cuddly Couple" and "The Slowest Man on Land". Undaunted by the retaliatory action of his victims which included crabs in his diving boots, and chewing gum stuck in his snorkel an article bearing the same title appeared again in the next month's issue of Fathoms, and then again the next month, and so on until this month we are 5 years old. In that time there have been 55 consecutive editions of Fathoms and Flotsam and Jetsam has appeared in 54. We missed one edition; that was when nothing happened!

On a rough estimate, and believe me most things are pretty rough about F & J, this is about 35,000 words give or take a few thousand, and anyone who claims to have read them all should make himself known to the author to be awarded the "Lifetime Endurance Award".

So with 5 years of experience to be guided by, lets proceed to see what sort of mess we can make with the last month's activities.

Tube trips come and tube trips go and this years expedition will no doubt be a memorable one for those who attended. Bass Strait Diving Club members were again well represented and added to the

air of refinement of this cultural expedition down the Yarra. Last year's winner of the Whacker Award had lost form and also his way and so was unable to make the presentation to this years winner - Scott Reynolds.

It was back to diving again on the 9th April down at Picnic Point near Flinders. Always commenting about the lack of punctuality about certain people Tony Tipping was the last to turn up at Flinders, arriving a good 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  minutes after the scheduled meeting time. After the rubbishing had subsided Tony claimed that he had to get George ready!! That's strange I thought his boat was called "Little Ab"!

As is usual Barry Truscott had success whilst the other divers looked on enviously to see how he did it. Maybe Baz and Leo Canteri work as a team. Leo was in the boat with a bug in his stomach and was feeding the fish whilst Bazza was down below getting a bug to feed the family.

On the 16th April we headed off to the wreck of the "Sierra Nevada" but large ground swells prevented diving in this area. So across to the Pt. Lonsdale side of the Rip where the wrecks of the Holyhead and George Roper provided plenty of scope for probing around. Its true that we've dived these wrecks many times but sea patterns do strange things with the sea floor and there is always something different to see. Ask Little Freddy, Round Pete who both found an old pottery bottle. Little Freddy's is home on the mantlepice but Pete's is still on the wreck....

With the fine Autumn weather we enjoyed during April it seemed a shame to abort a Flinders dive on the 23rd April just because the wind was blowing from the south west. So across to Sorrento went the V.S.A.G. and were met by a flat calm sea and a great opportunity to do a drift dive to search for bottles and other relics along the old sea lanes inside the Heads. This proved to be quite successful as many old bottles, an earthenware jar and a plate were salvaged. To my mind it also gave us a few tips about the eating habits of the boating Portsea types. There is always the presence of beer bottles and cans but scattered among these dead marines were old cans of caviar, pate de foie gras, and carlsberg beer. However not all is rich and glamorous about Portsea; nestled in between a hungry looking stingray and a sand crab, was an empty can of baked beans, paper label intact. - Perhaps Dave Carroll

has been diving after all!

WAYNE N. FOGG

(The pessimistic weather forecaster)

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