

APR 74

# FATHOMS

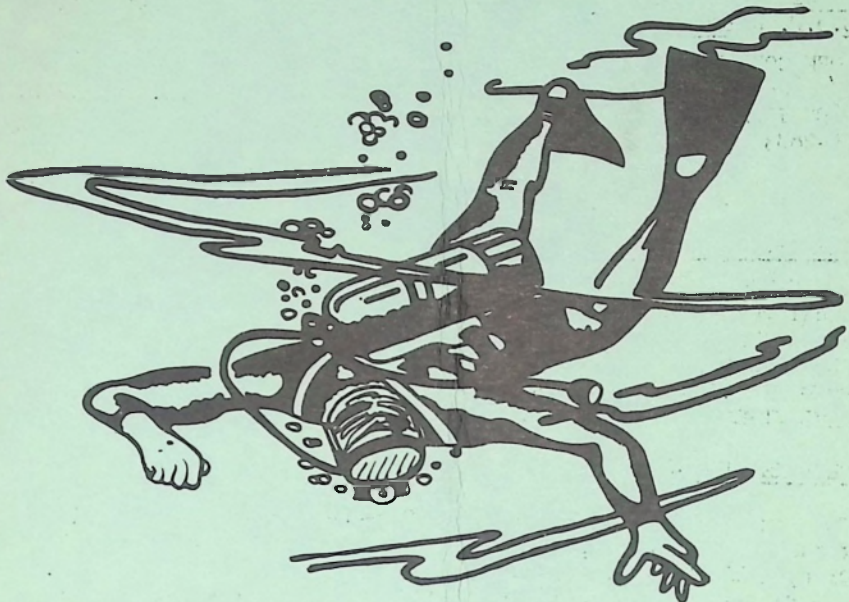
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## SAFETY IN DIVING

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# V S A G

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 APRIL, 1979 at 8pm at the Collingwood Football Club, Lulie Street, Abbotsford in the 2nd floor Function Room. Bar facilities are available to VSAG members prior to, and after the General Meeting and meals are served from 6pm until about 9pm. A list of VSAG members will be provided to the Football Club thereby eliminating the requirement to sign the visitors book at the entrance. Visitors welcome!

FOREWORD

The year is beginning to slip away once more, here we are in April, and almost into our winter diving routines. In endeavouring to widen our diving locations, you will see from the Committee News section that once again we are thinking about diving the Ships Graveyard. When we have contemplated this before we have never been able to contact anyone to actually put us into it. This time we have contacted Geoff Naylor who runs chartered trips to the area. For all those interested you will find details following this editorial, and a schedule will be worked out at our April meeting.

All our hardy athletes survived this years Fun Run, I understand that the worst part of the ordeal was having to put up with Tony's lists of excuses both before and after the run. Despite all his ailments he still ran a good time and as we understand it he must still be running, since we have not yet seen his promised cheque for Yooralla, maybe at the April meeting eh Tony?

The dreaded "Who Next" syndrome has struck once more. This time one of our eternal bachelors will be wed. Maree has finally got her man, poor thing, and she and Johnny will be married in August this year. Our congratulations to them both and may they live happily ever after, and as we often said before "Who Next?" As those of you who were there will know, at the last general meeting it was proposed to make John a Life Member, maybe all this proposing had something to do with the resulting engagement!

The Annual Tube Trip has been and gone. Our roving reporter on the spot told us that with the river being higher than he had ever seen it before, an exciting quick trip left quite a few people breathless during and after it. Talking to one fearless exponent of the racing inner tube, I asked him how it went. "Oh a bit hairy at times, nearly lost the wife at one section." "Was she in trouble" I asked. "Not once she got out of the sack" he replied, but as I pointed out there's always next year. Congratulations to Cindy Liddy for winning the "WHACKER OF THE RIVER" Award, and as we said before better luck next year.

ED.

SHIPS GRAVEYARD

The dives are organised by Geoff Naylor, and conducted from a fishing boat. The boat takes ten divers and the cost is \$100 i.e. \$10 per head with a full complement of divers. Before actually diving in the graveyard he requires that two preliminary dives be done on two separate submarines to 120 feet. Once these are done to his satisfaction, a graveyard dive to 160 feet can then be undertaken. If we accept this condition, it is proposed that these dives be done on a three week dive cycle, weather permitting of course. Other requirements are :-

1. Regulators must have a balanced first stage mechanism
2. Snorkels must be clipped to mask strap
3. Buoyancy compensators )
4. Contents & depth gauge ) must be worn
5. Watch/knife )
6. Buddy line. Not to exceed 20 ft. (Suggested 5/16 nylon with 3" O ring seal at either end)

This then is the cost and requirements of doing this particular dive. I have included them in the magazine so you will have time to think about them, and they can be discussed at the April meeting. For any other details the club dive captain would be Brian Lynch telephone no. 795-2834.

DIVE CALENDAR

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIVE CAPT.</u>	<u>NOTES</u>
APRIL 28	WRECK SEMINAR	Details -	D.Moore 547-2791	See Advert.
	ALSO			
APRIL 29	FLINDERS	10 AM	T.Tipping	but ring B.Lynch 795-2834
MAY 6	SORRENTO	8 AM	D.Moore 547-2791	Outside Wall
MAY 16	COLLINGWOOD Football Club	8 PM		General Meeting

DIVE CALENDAR (Cont'd.)

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIVE CAPT.</u>	<u>NOTES</u>
MAY 20	VICTORIA TOWERS	10 AM	D.Carroll Work 391-2211 Ext. 247	Ring before Saturday
JUNE 3	SORRENTO	9.30 AM	J.Goulding 819-1739	Outside Wall

COMMITTEE NEWS

At the meeting held at Neil Garland's on Wednesday 28th March the following points arose:-

1. Diving excursion to the Ships Graveyard to be investigated. Geoff Naylor to be contacted for details.
2. A letter is to be sent to SDF asking them to investigate and clarify conditions now prevailing in Marine National Park areas.
3. It was decided to purchase plastic covers for the club aluminium tanks to prevent exterior damage.
4. The new Diver Insurance Scheme to be checked out, to establish just what the policies cover.
5. It was decided that on trips away, compressor filling will be done by all divers on a rota system.

There are two committee vacancies existing at present. Nominations will be asked for at the next General Meeting.

MARITIME ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA

The MAAV is alive and thriving. Work projects have been conducted at Williamstown, the wreck of The Hurricane at Rosebud and at King Island.

If you want to become more involved in wreck diving and learn with others to more fully understand the appreciate shipwrecks and their relics, then have a chat to Dave Carroll (President MAAV) or John Goulding about the MAAV.

WRECK DIVING SEMINAR

Ozone Hotel Queenscliff

Commencing Friday evening 27th April and  
closing Sunday evening 29th April

Costs without accommodation	\$20
Costs with one night accommodation	\$35
Costs " two nights "	\$45

(Note camping facilities are available at  
Queenscliff)

Agenda

- Maritime Archaeology
- Wreck Surveying
- The Law
- Local Victorian Wrecks & Wreck Diving
- Conservation of Material
- Maritime Museums
- Victorian Maritime History
- Research Techniques
- Computer Wreck List
- The Maritime Archaeological Association
- Recording and Photographing Relics

Saturday and Sunday mornings have been left free for  
diving

This promises to be an excellent weekend in which you  
can learn more about shipwrecks and have time to make  
a wreck of yourself!

Contact David Carroll at April General Meeting  
or telephone 391-2211 (Bus.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE SILVER SHIP

A few months ago a shipwreck at least 150 years old was discovered  
on the barren shores of Australia's north west coast near Point  
Clotes. The find was not part of a well researched treasure

hunting expedition, but the result of a chance discovery by a spear fisherman named Frank Paxman.

Paxman and his companions stumbled upon a copper rod protruding from the sand and realising it must have come from a ship, searched the area nearby. They found three anchors many copper spikes and nails, cannons, and hundreds of silver coins. During October and November a team from the Western Australian Museum accompanied Paxman to the wreck site to piece together the story of this mysterious wreck and to salvage its "treasure".

To date a total of nearly 20,000 silver coins have been recovered and through a properly co-ordinated survey of the wreck and its relics, a picture can be pieced together of the history surrounding this wreck.

The ship had been constructed of wood with external sheathing of copper on her hull to protect her against toredo worm. She was about 145 feet in length and probably weighed less than 600 tonnes. (Perhaps similar in size to the Eliza Ramsden)

It would appear that the stern of the ship was ablaze either before she hit the reef, and this might explain that the captain was trying to beach his burning ship. Alternatively fire broke out after the ship was blown onto the reef.

There was no cargo to be found and ballast was achieved by the use of many tons of river stones to stabilize her in the huge swells she would experience in the Southern Indian Ocean.

One theory is that the ship may have sailed from the east coast of America, perhaps Boston or Salem, and was carrying the 20,000 silver coins that were readily available from the Spanish colonies in South America during the 13th and early 19th Century to trade with the East Indies or even China.

As the latest coins found are dated 1809 it is believed that the ship could have been American and historians estimate that it sank in 1811.

The wreck has been proclaimed a historic wreck under the Historic Shipwrecks Act of 1976, which hopefully will preserve this wreck for others to view without plunder, and for the full mystery of the "Silver Ship" to be unfolded.

JOHN GOULDING

TIP'S TIT-BITS

Some months ago we sent a reporter out to the stately home of Paul and Rosemary Sier. Now, for those unknown to the Siers - and lets face it there would be quite a few, as Pully usually only logs up about two dives per year these days - they collect antique furniture and Paul in particular among other things has quite a collection of antique guns, of both the pistol and rifle variety. Our reporter, quite familiar with ancient weapons himself (3 years CMF experience during the late 1960's including the Battle of Scrub Hill near Pukker!) was impressed and was curious as to what sort of ammunition was available to Paul's arsenal. "None, man!" replied Paul, "They're just for show!" I've never fired live ammunition in my life!" - Strange? The way his family seems to be multiplying one could hardly consider Paul to be firing blanks!

The long weekend in March once again was blessed with good weather, even down Marlo way. The VSAG crowd arrived in dribs and drabs between late Friday and Saturday lunch time and by the time everyone was organised the wind had got up putting an end to diving on the first day. It was then that the greatest golf hussle in VSAG history was effected at Orbost - he even had the audacity to ask for advice regarding choice of clubs! Watch out "A" team - can't say who it is but during the week he's "King of the Vinyards or Wynnyards!"

Beware Reef was quite a dive - not from Bazza though; was cleaned up in the "crayfish stakes" by a poor old unfit bloke who got out of his sick bed (or perhaps took it with him) to catch the biggest cray and feed the mob back at camp.

Never mind Bazz you made a fine trainer/photographer on the day of the Fun Run; pity about the crook leg, you'd have probably cleaned up the rest of the VSAG troops - it was a disgrace considering all the training I believe they put into breaking the 52 minute barrier.

Last month's water skiing trip to Eildon supplied a few milestones for four VSAG members: Johnny Goulding can do bank starts or whatever they are; Lil Ab's owner/driver got up on one ski for ages (on the 117th attempt); John McKenzie will be looking for a new girl friend - he deserted the shapely-legged Sue for a few tubes and a look at Mandy in a wet T-shirt while floating down the Goulburn; and Mick Jackieu never had it so good in the back of his wagon with two voluptuous maidens - no wonder he couldn't ski



the next day!

By the way, congratulations are in order for Johnny and Maree, Paul and Rosemary Sier, Brian Lynch for defying the odds in the Fun Run and Dave Moore for changing young Darren's nappy for the second time in ten months - in fact it's no coincidence that they were the same two days he changed his own gear!

(Don't you just love a good loser. Ed!)

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### THE ANNUAL MELBOURNE FUN RUN

Sunday March 18th saw the Annual Melbourne Fun Run once again. Sad to relate that this year our number of runners was cut by half, from ten to five, and poor old Bazza had to pull out at the last minute due to an injured leg. He came along though to cheer us on, and to keep us posted on each others whereabouts in the run. Our runners this year were the brothers Tipping and Marge, and myself. Tony as usual was complaining about the poor state of his health, lack of training, tired blood, blistered feet, fallen arches, sore throat and his general run down condition. Since he does this every year, we all disregarded his ailments, and anyway for someone who was dying from a sore throat he could still talk pretty good, and he still looked pretty fit to me. However since the marathon I've realised that he's not the runner he once was, and sadly I feel that he is on the decline.

We arrived at the start together with eleven and a half thousand other runners in assorted shapes and sizes. Tony elected this year to run on his own, and so as we moved down to the start I lost sight of him, Brian Dixon dropped the flag the gun fired and the stampede began. Although near the front it was an effort to get going. Just imagine being in Myers at Christmas time, and the whole store starts to run. You are falling over people for about the first mile and then gradually you can begin to see space in which to run, mind you, you keep nice and warm, and the wall of people all round you keep the wind off. Actually even if you don't intend to finish it is quite an experience just being involved in the start, and walking around about 8.45am trying to pick out the famous names, the Ron Clarkes, and the George Perdons of this world.

Unfortunately the run this year was marred by the death of one of the runners near the finishing line. This does highlight the fact

that to call this a fun run is really a misnomer, it is after all thirteen kilometres in length which represents just over eight miles. There are no hills to speak of but it is a long way, and although Tony, Bazza and Pully joke about it, most of you will have seen them jogging their way through most of our trips away, and they do train to run that distance. So if any of you are planning to take on Tony and Co. in their declining years, please train for it.

This year all of us who started finished, little Marg ran a tremendous race, as you will see from her time and Pully got a little nearer to the 60 minutes. Tony despite all his ailments managed to get home in 57 minutes, which for an old has been isn't bad. Incidentally at the time of writing I am still waiting for his Yooralla donation.

	<u>Time</u>	<u>Placing</u>
Brian Lynch	54.02	667
Tony Tipping	57.00	1240
Paul Tipping	62.33	3013
Marg	76.53	7035

BRIAN LYNCH

### MARLO - LONG WEEKEND

For those of you who haven't heard of Marlo before, it is a small seaside resort a few kilometres out of Orbost. It has a General Store and a delightful hotel over looking the river and Bass Strait. This little community was to be the site of our clubs tent city for the long weekend. Myself not arriving till 4.15pm the Saturday due to a high spirited Friday night, found the campsites deserted, except for that cuddly couple Fred and Wendy who informed me that the VSAG Golf Tournament at the Orbost Golf course was on. After setting up my tent I was set for sight-seeing and of course the best place for that was (you got it) the delightful Marlo Pub, where for tea I had an over sized prawn disguised as a crayfish. Slowly but surely the golfers fronted into the Pub with stories of how Paul King had starred in the golf. Sunday morning we were awoken by the wailing of a familiar voice screaming obscenity with meaning of get out of bed or what ever you were in at the time. I arose quickly, but the cuddly couples took a little longer for one reason or the other, but

Paul Tipping was persistent.

After breakfast we set out for the boat ramp with Johnny G as Dive Captain. This would have to be one of the most unusual ramps I have ever seen, a slab of concrete laid out between rocks and boulders with a 10 ft clear way; the boats when in the water had to be carefully turned by manpower so as not to hit under water rocks on either side of the channel. This manoeuvre seemed to be handled alright by our VSAG members and it wasn't too long before all three boats e.g. Barry's, Johnny G's and Tony Tipping's were splashing through the large swell towards our goal Beware Reef and the ill fated S.S. Auckland which sank after the captain of the vessel was unaware of the reef. After circling the reef we anchored on the lee side, because of a large swell Johnny G. decided to have the divers in rotation, in case the picks were to give way the boats would be safe. Before diving we sat as usual watching the swell rise and fall, rise and fall, rise and fall and if by repeating myself makes you feel sick, spare a thought for poor old Tony who decided to discolour the beautiful blue seas of the Bass Strait and after he finished blamed his unsteady condition on the breakfast prepared by his charming young lady Margaret, but we know old Tony just is not as fit as he used to be. Soon after the technicolour sea had moved away the first batch of divers rolled over the side and into the depths but soon after Carl surfaced with an ear complaint which he could not rid (bad luck Carl). Waiting topside for our turn, the swell brought the thoughts of Tony calling for Ruth to be topped off by Barry seeing me yawning and telling me that it was the first sign of sea sickness, then after burping, telling me that was the second sign and I knew what the third sign would be, but I was saved the embarrassment by the surfacing of the first divers with the news that they had found the wreck of the S.S. Auckland and Tony holding a very nice 4lb. cray. Thankfully Johnny G. said it was our turn so your very queasy author rolled over the side into the soothing water with a sigh of relief. After following the anchor rope to the bottom with 40ft. visibility we saw to our right the ill fated S.S. Auckland now in its watery grave broken up but not without its majestic beauty. Over the years nature has clothed this old wreck with some of the most colourful growth it has to offer. It also is a haven for schools of fish of various types e.g. Yellow Tail, Angel and many many other varieties and the roof itself being a playground for a family of seals. The wreck lies at approx. 60 ft. Its large propeller is a sight in itself, its size would be 10ft. across and still connected to the

shaft. After finding this Johnny G and myself running short of air rejoined the others topside and headed back through the large swell to the ramp and back to camp for lunch and a game of golf. After golf (which I don't want to comment on) back to the Pub for tea. That night everyone sat around Tony T's tent glaring at the succulent cray there was no escape for this meaty morsel and no way Tony could keep this for his freezer. Paul supplied Wynnvale wine and the cray was devoured by 14 people, at least Tony did get most of the legs.

That night the following days dive was talked over and by majority rule I was elected D.C. the majority being Apeds big mouth. So in good VSAG style I said that all boats to be in the water at 8am and 9.30 the next morning the boats were nearly in the water (it was close I suppose). Heading back to Beware Reef was a lot easier than the day before because the swell had dropped and the water was like crystal so we decided to dive the other side of the reef on the wreck of Ridge Park again diving in rotation just to be on the safe side. This time there was no sign of the seals and the reason was very simple. On entering the water with visibility approx. 60ft. you could see the sharks had taken over. Johnny G and myself had a great time pulling their tails (by the way they were only Leopard sharks) until one 2½ft. decided our game wasn't very funny and took a snap at John's hand (by the way John I didn't know you could move that fast). We finally found the wreck which was not as good as the day before but just the same it was covered in the cloak of colour and again a very beautiful dive. We surfaced to find Paul King sitting in the boat with a white face and asking if we had seen his weight belt down there and on the 'no' reply asked again if we saw the sharks we answered 'yes', to this thinking he meant the little ones but he claims to have seen a 10 footer that's why he dropped his weight belt and his wet suit needed a good wash. Fred and Wendy entered the water after our dive and Tony went back to find the missing weight belt, within minutes he returned his fenzy inflated sporting the belt. Old sharp eye Fred had found the belt as soon as he hit bottom. After the dive we broke camp and headed back to the city. In summary I feel sure everybody who dived thoroughly enjoyed the Marlo weeked.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Alais JOHN MCKENZIE

THE CRIPPS EXPERIENCE 20/2/79-7/3/79

Two things stand in the way of the VSAG availing themselves of Alan Cripp's charter boat "Polperro". One is the fact that it has a maximum passenger load of twelve divers, the other is that it is booked out for most of the next 12 months.

If the first of these problems can be dealt with and the second overcome by forward planning you can look forward to a great trip, anyone lucky enough.

Being of Irish extraction I found myself in that position early am on the 22/2/79, along with seven other divers (later to be joined by Peter McGregor of Underwater Explorer's to make eight) heading out from Port Franklin for the Kent Group.

The groundwork for such an experience is, as everyone knows, a superb counter tea followed by extras the night before. This occurred at Port Welshpool and being such a good night repeated itself several times the first morning out. Luckily this was about the only time on the trip that sea-sickness hung about.

The first dive late afternoon on the 22nd Feb. was on the Bulli. She sits in about 55 feet of water just off Eirth Island. It is similar to the Ramsden except reversed. The stern is complete with a huge cast iron prop visible and the upper deck is complete to about amidships. At this point the hull has opened where salvage work has taken place. Forward again for about 40 feet, the deck and hull are near complete again, then opening out so that further on the hull is flattened. It's possible to swim through under the main deck over the whole length that it exists, with plenty of access holes for light and divers. The whole wreck is festooned with gorgonia and other soft corals, sponges and all the rest of the stuff which, with the fish make it a photographers paradise.

Next day was spent on the "Karataine" off Deal Island. This has largely broken up although there was plenty to see. Other dives were held in West Cove on Deal on the remains of an unknown wreck(s) where Greg Leach and Amanda Kent (Latrobe Uni Club) found a bronze rudder hinge and a visit to the lighthouse and museum.

On the 25th we headed over to Flinders Island and dived on the "City of Edinburgh" and then down to Lady Barron on the south east of the island. We spent a day diving around the island, sailed over to look at the 1912 wreck of the Farsund, a complete hull

sitting on a sandbank, and then ripped off to Preservation Island to look at the "Sydney Cove". Because of the fact that we spent about three days filling the site in with sand last April there wasn't much to be seen (and that's the way it should have been) but people seemed to enjoy themselves photographing and generally looking around. Nobody came out with any air left in their tanks.

From there we went further south to Clark Island and spent several days around the west side, diving the "Lederry" wreck, looking for the "Foam" and "Rebecca" and eating crayfish.

On the 2/3/79 we headed northwards again to dive the "Cambridgeshire" off Night Island. This wreck (1872) is very similar to the Loch Ard, but in about 20ft. of water and with none of the rough conditions, the only complication being that it is a slack water dive. Only Peter Stone (Black Rock), Eric Millard (Marlin) and I dived. Maybe it was because we were the only greedy ones or maybe because we went in early, but it was a great dive and we came out several dinner plates richer.

After that the day was spent off Goose Island collecting a stack of red coral stuff for Latrobe Uni, catching flathead and gummy shark, cleaning them and then to Kangaroo Island where we had a night dive and saw fish and stuff.

The rest of the trip continued in the same way, visiting small islands off the main island, diving the "Joseph Simms", the "G.W. Wolf", the "Merrilyn", pier crawling, cutting ropes from crayboats props, dashing here and there and generally having a good time.

Alan Cripps has been fishing the Strait for 35 years and knows most of it like the back of his hand. His experience showed when on the 4th March the weather forecast contradicted his visions of the future and we made a dash off eastwards back to the Kent Group, leaving the Furneaux Group behind to miss what developed into several days bad weather. Back at the Kent Group we spent several hours sailing with a school of hundreds of dolphins and then on to the Bulli again where we were entertained for the duration of the dive by the antics of a seal swimming in and out of the wreck.

Being near the end of the trip and not wishing to become weather bound at the Group we then headed to the Prom, spent a night at Refuge, and dived at Waterloo Bay and Rondoeh Island before heading back to Port Franklin.

The Polperro is a wooden boat 43 feet long, sleeping nine at the pointy end and three at the blunt while the captain bunks upstairs near the controls. He has a beaut compressor set up with the compressor built into the engine room and fills two tanks at a time out on the deck, very quietly. The rates at present are about \$150 a day for up to ten divers and \$180 a day for twelve, food and air (\$2 a fill) extra. The boat has a hot shower closet, a real dunny, refrigerator, ice hold, tank racks, comfortable seats and table, plenty of space and all mod cons including radar, radio and radio-telephone.

All up I went down the drain for \$283 which covered the trip, air (19 fills), grog (far too much), food and 38 hours in the water in 14 days.

It beats hollow evory other trip I've been on, only trouble was the ground rocked for a week afterwards!

DAVID CARROLL

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### FLOTSAM & JETSAM

By the time you receive this edition of Fathoms, Easter will either be almost upon us, or just past. Either way there are bound to be plenty of tales to relate in next month's edition of F & J and don't forget the annual Easter Awards.

Having promised you better things to come in the next edition, let me scramble through some of the more interesting highlights of March .....

Once again our scheduled Deal Island trip had to be cancelled on the March long weekend, but maybe that was a blessing in disguise because an alternate site was chosen, which provided some excellent diving and for one or two members some most unforgettable experiences "its amazing what happens under the light of the silvery moon...!!!"

Marlo is a long drive for a weekend but then again the distance from Melbourne has helped preserve the beauty of the area, and also added to the intrigue of the wrecks of the S.S. Auckland (1871) and the steamer Ridge Park (1881) which are wrecked on Beware Reef some 20 kilometres from Marlo.

Its easy to see how sailors could find themselves coming to grief

on this aptly named piece of rock which stands 5 feet above the water line and is about 100 yards in length.

The very low profile of the reef means that with any sort of swell running it is almost invisible until you're quite close to it. Obviously too close for the above mentioned ships.

Talking about getting too close to things. Ask Paul King how many teeth did the Beware Reef shark have that chased him from the water. Poor old Paul, no one would believe him, not even Fred and Wendy who were the last 2 to dive, and nonchalantly asked Paul "whether the shark looked hungry" before they themselves entered the water for their dive - and right in the middle of all this shark confusion, was John McKenzie, swimming around grabbing them by the tail, to shoo them away from parts of the wreck that he wanted to investigate. I suppose that Paul may have been correct in what he saw for two reasons. His dog "Monty" spent a very comfortable previous night beside him, and you know what all the "experts" say about dog smell attracting sharks! Secondly there were a lot of small sharks at Beware Reef and I suppose somewhere they had to have a father!!

Interesting though, Paul is just back from Tanagalooma where he managed to do some wreck diving and again had a confrontation with a shark ---- you'll just have to keep away from those dogs, Paul!!

It was back to the Goulburn River on March 25 for the Annual Tube Trip.

Once again some of the newer faces were present to experience an event unique in the diving world to V.S.A.G. and the "newies" mixed it with the "oldies" for a day of tubing.

John McKenzie knew there was a prize to be won, but no one told him that it was a Whackers Prize and not a line honours prize.

Consequently John lead the field almost from start to finish and at the end wondered why nobody was cheering him...

Last years winner, Scott Reynolds snaked down the river in a rubber raft but not even he was quick enough to retrieve the tins and tubes that went missing along the way.

At nearly the half way mark the judges were having a tough battle to decide the likely winner of the coveted Whacker Award, however Cindy clinched the deal magnificently with a superb display of



invested submersible tubing which left everybody gasping ---- particularly Cindy!!

The water skiing at Eildon on the previous day proved to be popular with some novel styles being shown.

According to Dave Moore, the skiing was just rubbish, and went further to prove his point by skiing on a rubbish tin lid.

The Truscott boys and Warren and Vicki Synon demonstrated the agility of youth on skis and made Tony absolutely envious at the ease with which they zipped around on one ski.

At 9am the 18th March Brian Dixon fired the starting pistol to get the 1979 Coca-Cola Yooralla Fun Run under way. This year the V.S.A.G. fielded only 3 member runners; Brian Lynch, Tony and Paul Tipping, and I believe our first supporting female runner Marg Ziccone.

Bazza was a last minute withdrawl from the race with a knee injury so instead of running, he and the family came along to support our team.

With a mighty demonstration of physical fitness and psychological will power Lynchy raced home in his best time over to be the first V.S.A.G. runner over the line, yet again leaving Tony floundering in his wake.

Alan Robinson is one of very few men in the world who has stood on the ocean floor shovelling bullion into sacks. Where was this? At a place called Hedge Point on the Western Australian coast. And the bullion? Part of the immense wealth from the wreck of the Dutch merchantman "The Gilt Dragon".

Robinson who like many other treasure hunters have struggled to find it, says that "looking for treasure is like standing under a shower trying to light a \$50 cigar with a \$100 note". With the sort of wrecks we mainly dive on one might say that looking for treasure is a waste of time, but it sure is enjoyable being there.

See you down below sometime.

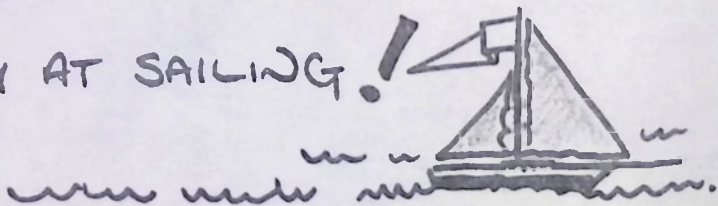
GENERAL STRIKER  
(The Union Boss)

EXTRA!  
~~EXTRA~~. EXTRA

EXTRA!  
~~EXTRA~~

A SAILING DAY IS TO BE ORGANISED WITH THE BASS STRAIT DIVING CLUB! THIS IS TO BE ON A SATURDAY TOWARDS THE END OF APRIL. TIMES, DATES AND DETAILS FROM COMMODORE JAY CODY AT THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING.

WE BEAT THEM AT GOLF.  
WE BEAT THEM AT TUBING  
NOW THEY WANT US TO BEAT THEM AT SAILING!



Colin Whittlock .



'You men are  
all the same  
— I suppose  
you'll be in the  
bathroom for  
ages again  
...?'

i didnt know  
that when  
I agreed to  
marry you  
JOHNNY KIMS!!

