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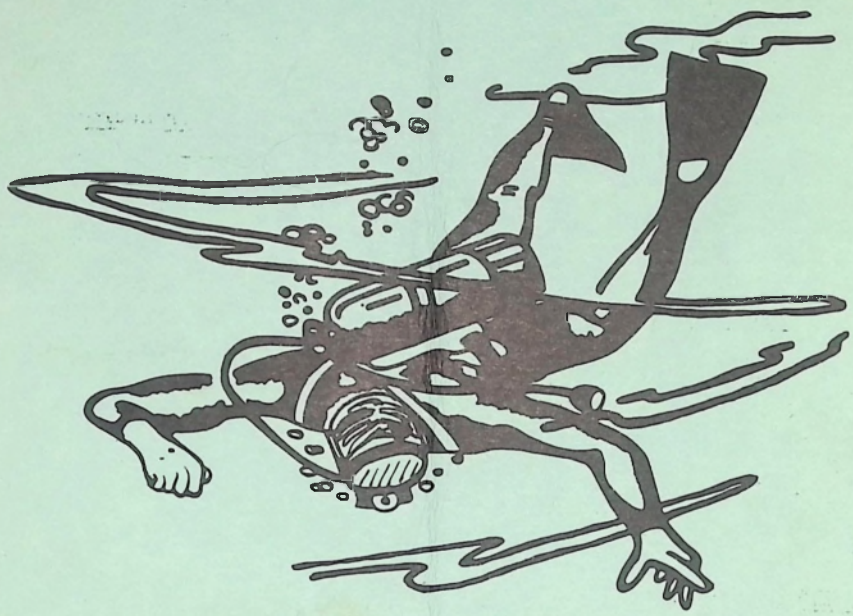
FATHOMS

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SAFETY IN DIVING

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V S A G

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

OCTOBER, 1979

FATHOMS

(Official Journal of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group)

Box 2526W, G.P.O., Melbourne, 3001

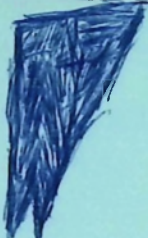
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CLUB MEETING -

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on Wednesday 17TH OCTOBER, 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

With the advent of self-contained breathing apparatus and its subsequent development to its present degree of efficiency, it was only natural that sooner or later these units would be used in sport, indeed without sport it is possible that they may never have been developed.

Man has a natural thirst for adventure and knowledge that must be saturated so it was also natural that most of us would feel inclined to "give it a try".

The cautious amongst us will learn about a subject before attempting the practical side, but unfortunately there is always someone who will go their own merry way. The recent fatalities in this sport should bring to the notice of all that advice is well meant and necessary, that rules are made of experience and regulations are for the safety of all and not for the discipline of the few who feel they should do as they please. All members must realise that it is by their conduct that others will judge the sport as a whole. We must show ourselves to be an efficient body, and we can best do this by keeping ourselves organised, by keeping our equipment in top class order and by taking all possible safety measures.

All members should realise that it is no good "shutting the gate after the bull has escaped," try and anticipate what might happen and guard against it. It should be pointed out that there is no need for fatalities.

For new or intending members, we welcome you and trust that before you start making up an outfit, you seek the advice of those who have. You will save yourself time and money.

By all means state your own ideas too; it is from ideas that advancement in design is born, and we want the best for our members, not second or third.

So here is to a sport that has more fascination, technique and relaxation than any other.

"Dive safely and live to enjoy it"

Taken from first editorial of VSAG Mag. 1956 (August) by J.R. Ager.

Well once again, we start the new diving year with a well maintained safety record, this may be reflected by the respect that we as divers

have to our sport. I believe this respect has been an underlying factor within the club since its conception in 1954. This is visible in our Club's ever first Editorial.

As you have probably noticed on page 1, we have a new committee member in the person of Carl Jironc, on behalf of the committee I would like to welcome Carl to our fold. Carl's acquisition was brought about through the loss of our distinguished editor, Brian Lynch, who has done a wonderful job in organising our monthly gossip sheet. I would like to say personally, that I'll have a hard task in keeping up the standard set by Brian, but a couple of attempts as Substitute Editor, has given me an insight to the task ahead.

Brian, we wish you all the luck on your intended trip and hope you decide to return to the antipodes. Rumour has it that Brian is leaving the country because he doesn't want to attend the Working Bee on November 25th, at the country estate of that distinguished Nobleman of Frankston (who wants his block cleared under the guise of preparing it for a Hungi).

"RESPECT." Respect for yourself, your friends, your club and for your dive captain. You have elected the committee who in turn have relegated certain positions, and dive captains are a part of this relegation, so it is your duty to respect the authority with which the dive captain commands. It is your duty to inform the dive captain of your intended participation in an activity, whether a dive or a social function.

I hope that we the new formed committee will be able to run the club to your satisfaction.

ED.

DIVE CALENDAR

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIVE CAPT.</u>	<u>NOTES</u>
OCT. 7	GRAVEYARD DIVE	TBA	B.Lynch 795-2834	Barwon Heads
OCT. 14	INVERLOCH	11 AM	B.Scott 328-3036(B.H.)	Inverloch Boat Ramp
OCT. 17	COLLINGWOOD Football Club	8 PM <u>Start</u>		General Meeting
OCT. 28	SORRENTO	TBA	P.Reynolds 232-5358	Sorrento Boat Ramp
NOV. 4	FLINDERS Red monster hunt		P.Tipping 387-2027	Flinders Boat Ramp
NOV. 11	TENNIS PARTY Somers/Balnarring		T.Tipping	BYO Barbie Adults \$1 Semi-Adults 50c
NOV. 18	WALL OR KELP Farm	11 AM	J.Goulding 819-1739	Sorrento Boat Ramp
NOV. 21	COLLINGWOOD Football Club	8 PM <u>Start</u>		General Meeting
NOV. 25	SIR BAZZA'S COUNTRY ESTATE	All Sunday		Working Bee for Hungi

COMMITTEE NEWS IN BRIEF

1. Advertize VSAG to dive schools and dive shops
2. Depth restrictions on novice divers - up grading to be made by Training Officer
3. Training Officer and Safety Officer to work together
4. Divers are to abide Dive Captains order/instructions
5. Members responsibility to phone D.C. the night before for dives and/or social functions
6. VSAG Year Book considered
7. Tickets available for Hungi at next General Meeting
8. Up dating the system for Clubman of the Year
9. Bookings for Christmas Trip to Narooma - deposits required by October General Meeting - Paul Tipping

OVER THE BRIDGE

Tony, Bazza and I usually have an annual competition as to which of us can get the most worn out during the early-year Fun Run. This once a year clash has now been vastly improved upon by the increasing number of fun-runs and marathons taking place in and around Melbourne during the year. Since about 1977 however Tony's health has been declining with this going wrong, and that being strained, lumps coming up here and things dropping off here. So it came as a big surprise when sometime in the wee small hours of Sunday morning the 23rd September I got a telephone call informing me at great length, that he was going to run over the Westgate Bridge, and that Bazza was going with him, to watch over him I supposed. This is just to show you dear reader the machinations of the Tipping mind and the psychological warfare that goes on behind the scene and to introduce you to the 18km Super-run across the Westgate.

The day dawned fair and cool. I arrived at the MCG, parked the car and then received a number and deposited a sweater and a pair of trousers to be collected at Flemington. At this point the organisation was excellent, I do believe it began to creak a bit around the seventeen thousandth mark, just shows you what a bit of sunshine can do. The start wasn't too bad. Mr. Hamer fired the starting gun, and the first few rows moved off followed eventually by the rest of us. Down to Flinders Street and a glance behind to the Hilton corner was unbelievable, the whole road massed back, wall to wall people. Down past Spencer Street and over the Johnson Street bridge, the going nice and easy with the wind blowing us along. We were then on the freeway and approaching the bridge. As we approached it, the length of it looked like a long way to run, but once we hit it the gradient wasn't too bad at all probably having the following wind helped a lot. It was here that I caught up with a couple of the wheelchair entrants, only to have them fly by at about 30mph as we descended the other side.

Williamstown Road was quite a comfortable run, Geelong Road too although now the wind was against us. Finally a right hand turn and I could see that we were approaching the race-course. We crossed the Maribyrnong River by the aptly named "Lynch's Bridge", and then turned beneath it for the last section, which seemed to be corner after corner until we emerged onto the track. Up the straight we cantered, in front of a crowded grandstand, then through the timing chute, and finally we could stop running and relax.

After a drink of staminade I collected my clothes moved onto the platform and caught the first train back to Jolimont. A quick run to the car then off to drop in at the club barbeque on the banks of the Yarra.

Here I discovered Fearless Fred leading his voyage of discovery between the table and the gas barby. After being presented with a beer by John McKenzie and a sausage roll by Marie Truscott, I wended my way homewards for a welcome shower and a rest.

BRIAN LYNCH

TIP'S TIT-BITS

It all happens again on Sunday 11th November (one week before His birthday) yes, the VSAG annual tennis tournament followed by a barbeque and the now famous Somers Handicap Mile race. This year the three scratch markers are at each others throats once again - plenty of bets, plenty of excuses, plenty of injuries. So far the following handicaps have been decided:-

Scratch: T.Tipping, B.Lynch, B.Truscott
 30 secs J.Cody, P.Tipping, M.Jackieu
 40 secs J.Goulding, R.Scott, A.Whiteley
 60 secs P.Reynolds, J.McKenzie, F.Ferrante, J.Marshall, P.Sier
 J.Liddy, R.Adamson, M.Synon
 90 secs J.Cody (Jnr), M.Ziccone, D.Moore, P.Smith, P.King
 120 secs (max. handicap) M.Truscott, S.Truscott, J.Reynolds,
 C.Liddy, C.Marshall, R.Waldron, A.Wookey, M.Goulding-James

Anyone else who wishes to run in VSAG's fun run please contact one of the scratch markers re a handicap. Last year the Flying Fox, Johnny Goulding cruised home to an easy victory from a 90 sec. handicap so he paid the penalty from the handicappers by being trimmed back to 40 secs; but watch out the bludger could get the double, he's been in training every night doing up to 17 laps of the Simmons Beautyrest chasing his voluptuous concubine!

This year's Treasure Hunt at Mornington Pier was a flop. Why? Because Dave Moore won! Actually the days climax as usual was probably Jon McKenzie's barbeque that followed but if you ask Jon I bet he'll tell you the climax was after we all left!

The SDF Dinner Dance on 14th September was a beauty - good service, reasonable food, plenty of grog, great band, low cut dresses

everywhere you looked and to top it off not one argument on our table! The only poor showing was the number of bum notes struck by the drunk doing the floor show when he sang "I'm forever blowing bubbles." He was suffering from eye strain too!

Congratulations must go to Bazza and Tony for completing the Sun's Westgate fun run last month, both of whom have carried fairly severe injuries lately. I guess we should make mention of Lynchy, too, as he claims to have run it also, although no one actually saw him start or finish the run despite what he's said or written!

The club has lost another young ram to the abysmal depths of marriage; on 16th September Paul and Julie King tied the knot at Emu Bottom and turned on a grand show. Good luck for the future and hope to see you both soon.

Once again the Committee has undergone its annual reshuffle after a marathon Committee Meeting on 26th September attended by Dave Carroll, Fred Ferrante, Paul Tipping and possibly others who went unnoticed! For further details see Page 1!

ROTOHAHAMA - SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 2

This was our last "practice" dive before going for one of the deepest wrecks in the Graveyard. Despite the adverse weather conditions of the days prior to our intended dive, except for some large swells, as we left the shelter of the Barwon, the sea was reasonably calm. We arrived at the dive site, and Geoff Naylor dropped the shot line over, and the first group kitted up and prepared to go. Tony and Dave Henty-Wilson and Justin and Dave Moore disappeared down the line. Five minutes later Justin re-appeared, regulator malfunction at 100'. The others continued the dive, and surfaced some 13 minutes later, no other problems, apparently reasonable visibility, but not a camera-worthy day.

Then it was our turn, Paul and John, Fearless Fred and myself. Down the shotline we went, into blackness at around 100 feet, finally arrived at the shot at 110 feet, since it was sitting right on top of the condensers, it would be very hard to miss it on the way back this time. The visibility was about 10 to 15 feet, there was a lot of fish life, we investigated on both sides of the huge condensers, but due to the poor visibility it was difficult to judge just how the ship lies on the bottom. We started back up the line after our mandatory 12 minutes, decompressing for 2 minutes at 10 feet.

Arrived on the surface to find the boat about 15 feet away.

Once back in the boat, we headed back in, but stopped so that Justin, with a borrowed regulator, backed up by Fearless Fred, could rescue one of Lance Steven's cray-pots. They were soon back on the surface giving the thumbs up sign, and Lance hauled his missing pot straight up. Two two crays inside were handed to our intrepid pair, the pot was re-baited and sent back down to its watery vigil. Justin and Fred reckoned that this was the only way to catch crayfish, no trouble at all.

The boat headed back towards the Barwon, suddenly we were in the middle of some pretty large swells. However since Lance didn't even bother to put his umbrella up we thought he might possibly have done this before. He surfed through the switch backing effect of two large waves, and then proceeded to turn the boat around. Almost magically the seas flattened and we ambled into the Barwon very easily.

It had been a good dive, certainly made more enjoyable for me because of the excellent co-operation from all concerned. The sun shining helped a bit too. We are now looking forward to actually diving into the depths of the Ships Graveyard on October 7th, so until then.

BRIAN LYNCH

UPDATE MEDICALS - (3RD MONTH)

The following club members do not have current medicals. These names will be continuously published until medicals are obtained. Anyone who has a current medical and whose name appears here should present a photocopy to the Medical Officer, Neil Garland or the editor.

Andrew Benson
Brian Baldock
Jay Cody
Max Dawson
Carol Croxford
Frank Coustley
Phil Jefferson
Lesley Gillies
Bill Jansen

Rob Adamson
Ian Cockrell
Leo Canteri
Alan Cutts
Ken Callec
Frank Herbert
Carl Jirone
Dave Moore
Dave Hurlo

B. Kelly
F. Lottner
Mick Jackieu
N. Knight
Carey Marshall
P. Matthews
John Noonan
Jenny Reynolds
R. Koper
Peter Smith
John Smibert
Max Synon
Gordon Ryan
Barry Truscott
Peter Smith (Ace)
M. Richardson
Jim Turner
Roma Waldron
Amanda Wookey
Paul King

Neil Garland
John Marshall
M. Matthews
D.J. McBean
Pat Reynolds
Jon McKenzie
Milton Robinson
Peter Saunders
Paul Sier
Peter Oakley
Clara Oakley
Bob Scott
Bruce Soulsby
Paul Tipping
Trevor West
Graeme Hamilton
Alan Whiteley
Lindsay Cole
Rob Woolley

If any name appears for more than 3 months it could jeopardise the diver's position on a dive, subject to the dive captain.

THE LONG ROAD BACK - a personal account of the agonizing recovery of a bend's victim - by Ron Johnson

The date was August 26th, 1972. My wife, my friend Nigel, and I left the wharf with other members of the Auckland Diving Club about 8.30am. Our destination was two impressive rocks called The Pinnacles. They are several miles offshore and rise sheerly out of several hundred feet of water. It is possible to find depths in excess of 200' only a boat's length from the rocks. The Pinnacles and the Poor Knights as a whole are New Zealand's great underwater show ground - good clear waters, plenty of fish life, black coral at greater depths and good all round dive conditions.

I was just over a bout with the flu that had hung on for about 3 months. Later, due to blood tests it was found that I had an extremely high blood cholesterol level and high blood pressure. Physically I would never have passed an insurance medical. (How long since you have had a good medical check up?)

Nigel and I started a slow descent down a deep wall hoping to sight some grouper. We swam parallel to the face of the reef and then descended to about 180' to look at some black coral trees. There were several opportunities to shoot kingfish that were up to about 60 or 70 pounds, but I was not tempted as it was Nigel's first time at this depth.

I was sure I had the situation under control and checked Nigel out. He seemed fine so I pointed out a patch of pure white sand which seemed 40' or so beneath us. We both had about 1500 psi left in our steel 71.2 cu.ft. cylinders.

We hit the sand fairly hard and each breath we took made our air cylinders ring. I did a double take at my depth gauge - it showed 255 feet! I glanced at Nigel's - his gauge only went to 250 feet and the pointer read off the end of the scale. The pressure gauges showed approximately 1000 psi each.

We fully inflated our buoyancy compensators and they barely gave us positive lift. We ascended the face of the wall and picked up the anchor rope at about 150 feet where it draped over the reef. Ascending as slow a rate as possible, we made it to 10 feet where we stopped to drain the last few breaths from our tanks. Our total dive time was 18 minutes.

Upon surfacing, I had rather a tight feeling at the base of my throat and, by the time we had reached the boarding platform, I was feeling nauseous. At this stage, I was sure something was wrong - was it embolism or the bends? Nigel felt fine. We shed our gear and I had to get my jacket off as I felt like I was choking.

I told the skipper to recall all the divers and to try and contact Dr. Slark who was also diving the area. By way of contacting a charter boat near the doctor's boat, we managed a rendezvous. After a quick check over by Dr. Slark, it was confirmed that I had the bends.

By this time I needed no convincing as both legs had lost feeling, and I could feel the numbness creeping up my body. We transferred to a speedboat and were met by an ambulance within 30 minutes. The decision to drive the 100 miles back to the Auckland Naval Base was made immediately, as no one was sure how long it would take to get a chopper into action. During the trip back I developed a bad cramp in my right shoulder and left elbow. The loss of sensation in my arms was almost complete by the time we reached the Naval Base.

A series of X-rays, blood tests, etc., and into the chamber we went approximately 5½ hours after the first symptoms. The decision to try the oxygen tables meant a descent to 50 feet on pure oxygen. Observing no change in condition, we took off the oxygen gear and then went down to 165 feet. The decompression lasted 43 hours, the last few hours spent on oxygen. I emerged from the chamber very tired, possibly in a worse condition than when I entered.

To be continued next edition.

Submitted by - FRED FERRANTE

VSAG CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR PLACINGS

1.	860	Tony Tipping	150	Jon McKenzie
2.	770	John Goulding	140	Leo Canteri
3.	665	Barry Truscott	125	Alan Whiteley
4.	630	Paul Tipping	120	Rob Woolster
5.	570	Fred Ferrante	100	Paul Sier
	535	Dave Moore	90	Don McBean
	480	Wendy Mason	75	Pete Oakley
	420	Peter Smith	70	Wayne Hatch
	400	Mick Jackieu	60	Carey Marshall
	395	Brian Lynch	50	John Marshall
	380	Carl Jironc		Dave Henty-Wilson
	330	Amanda Wookey		Rob Adamson
	325	Max Synon	40	Alan Cutts
	280	Neil Garland	30	Jim Turner
	270	Anthony Carroll		Bill Jansen
	250	Leslie Gillies		Craig Dunster
	240	Justin Liddy		Phil Jefferson
		Cindy Liddy		L. Cole
		Roma Waldron	20	Frank Coustley
	175	Jay Cody	10	Brian Baldock
	160	Bob Scott		Julie Okle

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

At this time of writing the newspapers are full of the American-like climaxed style with which Bob Hawke has announced his decision to run for Parliament. The Hawke-Hayden relationship resembles in some

ways the Kennedy-Carter situation, and if I was a betting man, I'd put a dollar or two on Teddy Kennedy making a run for leadership also. You might ask "What's this to do with diving?" Actually nothing, but it's just another example of the Americanisation of the Australian way of life.

Let's hope we don't get too influenced by the Stars and Stripes culture. Did you see recently where divers at Maine in the US decided on a submarine dive and found themselves being shot at by US Navy guards. You see the submarine happened to be one of those nuclear powered jobs and was equipped with 16 Poseidon ballistic missiles. The divers were not your usual gentle underwater observers but a couple of anti nuclear lobbyists who undoubtedly wanted to paint some mind boggling slogan on the sub. Sounds more exciting than our recent submarine dives off Barwon Heads!

The submarine dives yielded mainly photographic treasures but not so the annual V.S.A.G. Treasure Hunt dive at Mornington. With visibility down to about 12 inches it was only the brave, hardy and above all else mad, that leapt from the pier in search of the 1000 points for a crayfish. Where in the world did Dave Moore imagine we would find a crayfish. It was nearly impossible to see any sort of fish. If only those poor folk who sit patiently on the pier rod in hand and basket at the ready could only see the barrenness under that water. The whole day was made very worthwhile by the barbeque that followed back at Jon McKenzie's.

Needless to say who won the Treasure Hunt? Why Dave Moore of course. If my memory serves me correctly he also won the last car rally we had - he organised that too.

Our congratulations to Brian Lynch for winning the V.S.A.G. section of the Westgate Super Run on September 23rd. Lynchy covered the 18 kilometres in 69 minutes - a good 10 minutes ahead of Bazza and Tony. Well done fella's your fitness and dedication should be an inspiration to all of us. We hear that the next V.S.A.G. supported run maybe the Somers mile, and this year we hope to have a few of the girls along to chase after.

To the first girl across the line this column will provide a bottle of champagne and of course the usual hug and sloppy kiss!

The summer diving season will soon be with us, so for all those who phase down their diving during the winter, make sure you and your gear are in good working order for the months ahead.

Don't forget about the V.S.A.G. "Hungii" to be held at Bazza's block on December 1st. Bob Scott has promised to provide a Maori chef for the occasion, so all we need is Tony (Sunshine) Snushall to do his "keep away the rain" dance and we will have the makings of a very memorable day.

Congratulations to Paul King and Julie Hemsworth who were married on September 17th. Paul has been a V.S.A.G. member for about a year and its good to see yet another of our boys take the plunge in a different way. We hear also that Amanda Wookey is also about to get hooked. Some of you lads better hurry or else the only fish left will really be the ones in the sea.

MURRAYD BLISS

"REFUGE COVE"

SATURDAY 17TH AND SUNDAY 18TH NOVEMBER, BASS STRAIGHT DIVING CLUB, have three VACANCIES for their annual Pilgrimage to Sunny Refuge Cove.

Mode of Transport:- THE GOOD SHIP MIRABOOKA

For Further Details Contact:- J. Cody on 846-1313 (AH)

COST less than \$40.00
