

FATHOMS

May '82



SAFETY IN DIVING

50c

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VSAG

VSAG divers at Truk Lagoon. Geoff Birtles, John Goulding, Andy Redwood, Yves Corbett, Cynthia. Photo by Des Williams

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

FATHOMS

(Official Journal of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group,
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BARRY TRUSCOTT	- Committee Member	-	783	9095

CLUB MEETING:

The next meeting of the Victorian Sub-Aqua Group will be held on the Wednesday 19th May, at 8.00 p.m., at the Collingwood Football Club, Lulie Street, Abbotsford. Bar facilities are available to VSAG Members prior to and after the General Meeting and meals are served from 6.00 p.m. until about 9.00 p.m. 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 ARE VERY WELCOME!

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Finding myself with two blank pages of this months edition to fill out, I have decided to commence a new section monthly in Fathoms to be known as "A BLAST FROM THE PAST". Brian Lynch sent me a spare copy of Fathoms issued in September 1976 and some of the articles inside are priceless!! So, I now leave you to read a dive report written in September 1976 and for a bit of mystery I'll omit the authors name. If you can't pick up that modest style, then turn to page 24 for the mystery authors name.

Editor

"A BLAST FROM THE PAST"

PORTSEA HOLE - AUGUST 8th 1976:

"This dive was actually advertised as the Eliza Ramsden - Channel Run with Barry Truscott dive captain. However, Bazza had little response during the week regarding the diving to rough seas, high winds, heavy rains and a red alert for small craft on the Bays.

"Despite all of this nonsense and having noticed a High on the weather map early on in the week west of Perth and west of several lows and cold fronts. I told Jenny in my usual hyper-optimistic fashion that after all the storms etc during the week, Sunday morning would be perfect and seas would flatten out overnight. Sure enough no, I wcnot elaborate too much, but Paul, Bazza and myself pushed the good ship 'Marie' off the Sorrento boat ramp and went down past the Quarantine for a spot of luckless trawling after picking up Frank Derksen at Portsea Pier.

"Then back to the Portsea Hole to find we were right on slack water, so over the side I went SH..OUCH!!! It was cold, but that was just the start, the three of us headed straight down the anchor rope, checked our depth gauges on the sandy bottom. My Wilkie read 115ft, Paul's new S.O.S 100ft and Bazza's converted toy compass about 60ft. Or was it meters Bazz? Whatever the depth it was bleeding freezing mate, comparable to the temperatures I sustained in Table Bay on the west coast of Good Hope Peninsula, heavily influenced by Antarctic cold currents

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back in Winter '73. It's days like this a bloke really misses Malinde Reef off Kenya or Ascab on the Red Sea! (Couldn't resist the opportunity that time fellas)

"Back on the sandy bottom we cruised around for 20 minutes before finding the wall and began a slow ascent taking in the usual beautiful flora and fauna, which included a 3ft Grey Nurse. After 25 minutes below, we were quite relieved to hear Frank start Bazz's boat and save us a 200 metre swim.

"To all those divers who rang Bazza during the week but decided to sleep in or sit around the fire that day I really thought you were a bunch of pikers, however, down there on the bottom of the hole, I reconsidered- maybe you were just smarter than we three Spartans!! "

It is interesting to note V.S.A.G. office bearers at the time were;

Pres.- John Goulding	V/Pres.) Justin Liddy
Secrt. Brian Lynch	N/Letter Ed. Alan Cutts
Treas. D.J.McBean.	
Committee Members:	David Moore Max Synon
	Pat Reynolds Barry Truscott
	Carey Ramage Jeff Barker
	Jay Cody

My apologies for the quality of the typing folks but we have managed to fill up a couple of what would otherwise have been empty pages. Bet you can't wait for another Blast From The Past again next month!!!

EDITORIAL

V.S.A.G. just seems to go from strength to strength, in all its activities. We have several reports by members on the Wilson's Prom. trip at Easter, which must have been terrific. And while members were enjoying themselves at the Prom. still other V.S.A.G. members were diving the tropical waters of Vanuatu, and Andy Redwood reports on that trip further in Fathoms.

Mick Jackiw returned from Vanuatu with a new Mikonos IV camera outfit, complete with twin overhead foxtails and hot and cold folding doors. Wait till Geoff Birtles finds out his favourite "deckie" has turned "puss diver", photographing marine life instead of grappling with it!!

Barry Thuscott doesn't do a job lightly and now that he has become organiser of our next V.S.A.G. Xmas trip, he spent a weekend recently driving to Robe in South Australia to check out camping, boating and diving facilities. Good one Eazz, that's what I call spoiling members.

Not to be outdone, another conscientious member, Terry Brooks, drove to Apollo Bay to ensure arrangements for our Queens Birthday weekend in June goes off without a hitch. With this sort of dedication by members, it isn't any wonder V.S.A.G. is such a great Club.

My call for articles didn't go unanswered this month and my thanks to everyone who took time to send a news item. Let's see if we can't keep the "ball bouncing" and produce another chunky edition next month.

We hear that Justin and Cindy Liddy are going bush permanently and I guess we won't see you on those diving long weekends any more J & C. Our best wishes for the future and we all hope you will be happy in Goldrush territory.

Also leaving V.S.A.G., but only temporarily I'm told, are Kay Poyner and Chris Rathgeber, who are going to the "Big Apple" for several months. Hope you have a great trip and don't come

back with American accents!

I must admit attendances on dives have been well up since Kerry, Kay, Chris and Hilary came out diving with us. Even some long time members have come out of moth balls to be at dives in perished wetsuits and rusting steel 72's have been in abundance lately.

Well, please don't forget to send in any news items to fill up the pages of Fathoms in June, and remember our general meeting on May 19th where Terry Brooks will screen another underwater movie. You will also hear of coming long weekend trips, snow trip, S.D.F. Dinner Dance, V.S.A.G. dinner and plenty of good dives to keep you busy during our Winter months.

Des Williams

COMMITTEE NEWS

- * Meeting held at Terry and Sally Brooks' home on 23th April at 8.00 p.m.:
- 1. Terry Brooks reported on Long Weekend trip to Apollo Bay in June. Accomodation to be in houses. Terry visiting Apollo Bay personally to check accomodation on 2/5/82.
- 2. V.S.A.G. phone book address to be changed to Bob Scott's home number, instead of Justin Liddy's home
- 3. Dave Carroll reported on faulty valves on tanks purchased by Club recently and will mention at May General Meeting.
- 4. Bob Scott suggested a Club Dance or Dinner and will make preliminary arrangements very soon.
- 5. V.S.A.G. Club printed T-shirts or pullovers to be arranged; cost being investigated.

6. Max Synon suggested V.S.A.G. buy an Oxy-Viva, and current costs are now being looked at.
7. Barry Truscott and Alex Talay reported on recent trip to Robe, Sth. Aust to check out sites and suitability for next Xmas V.S.A.G. trip.
8. It was decided future Committee meeting to be held on Tuesday to enable full attendances in future.
9. Next Committee meeting to be held at Dave Carroll's home on Tuesday 22nd May 1982 at 8.00 p.m. Flat 5, 25 Dover Road, Williamstown.

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FOR SALE

*NIKONOS III complete with Apollo Sports flash and various accessories in good working order. Sell \$500 O.N.O.
Phone: CILNY LIDDY on 578 2310.*

ED's NOTE: The Liddy's are moving to Ballarat, so guess they won't need a Nikonos up there!!

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DIVE CALENDAR

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIVE CAPT.</u>	<u>MEET AT</u>
May 16	Petriana Rock	9.45am	David Carroll 397 2317	Sorrento Boat Ramp
- - - - -				
May 19	General Meeting - Movie Night by T. Brooks			
- - - - -				
May 30	"Victoria Towers"	9.45am	J. Goulding 89 6634	Torquay Boat Ramp
- - - - -				
June 12/ 13/14	Apollo Bay Long Weekend		Terry Brooks 439 3749	

DIVE CALENDAR (CONTD)

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>DIVE CAPT.</u>	<u>MEET AT</u>
June 16	General Meeting	- - - - -	- - - - -	- - - - -
June 20	Heads Area	11.00am	D. Williams 762 1623	Sorrento Boat Ramp
July 4	Submarines	10.00am	Mick Jackiw 736 1730	Sorrento Boat Ramp
July 18	Spectacular Reef	9.30am	Alex Talay 772 3085	Sorrento Boat Ramp
July 21	General Meeting	- - - - -	- - - - -	- - - - -
August	Date to be fixed. Pat Reynolds will be our Ski Bunny Leader for a weekend snow trip - more news next month			

NOTE: Those wishing to dive on above dates must confirm with the Dive Captain the evening before the dive to arrange boat accommodation.

GOING DOWN

Some 33 adults and attendant ankle biters journeyed to Tidal River for the annual Easter Trip and what a great weekend it turned out to be. The weather was superb, the diving superlative and as usual on V.S.A.G. trips the companionship first class.

Most of us arrived on Thursday night to set up camp and after some confusion as to who was camping where, we eventually sorted ourselves out and over a couple of coldies discussed the first dive. Vic Olivera (Intrepid dive captain) decided on Skull Rock.

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Next morning we awoke to a beautiful day and after manhandling our six boats over the sand and fooling around with Pat's dinky toy for an hour or so, we finally set sail. Well, it was my first time seeing, let alone diving this formidable monolith and what an experience it turned out to be. 80 ft. to 100 ft. visibility (and who cares after that) as Peter Kamen and I descended to 100 ft. and looked up to view a host of seals rushing to meet us. Only a diver can know and appreciate the thrill and apprehension as a 500 lb. plus Bull Seal, teeth bared, comes straight at you only to veer away at the last moment. This dive goes into my log book as one of the best dives I've ever done.

After a full day on the water it was back to the river and drag the bloody boats out. A large appreciative audience of camp dwellers watched with interest as a bunch of yelling, cursing, crazy divers hauled the boats out one by one. Back to camp and a well earned rest. Kaye, Kerry, Chris and Hilary cooked up a storm for Tony, Wayne and myself and I'll take this opportunity to thank them again for looking after us so well for the whole weekend, although I did hear Tony complain that he couldn't even crack it for one leg of the quadrella, whatever that means.

The second day saw us at Bum Rock. Once again the sea was glassy and the viz. great. Pat and I only dived it for 10 minutes, but it was all it was cracked up to be. Then it was off to Oberon for a Cray bash, a good dive was had by all and most seemed to snaffle a cray or two, even Pat and I managed to score.

That night it was party time over at the Odd Couples. After a fair quantity of the amber, heaps of lies and the same old jokes we were politely told by the Ranger that bed time was the order of the day, although one of my spies told me that he saw Barbara leading Vic away by the ear somewhat earlier in the evening. I don't know whether he was going to be punished or not, but he looked pretty hairy about it.

Next day it was off to Ramsbottom Rocks and another good dive. Pat's transportation failed again and some swine was heard to comment about rubber bands needing renewal, but I couldn't catch his name. We transferred to other boats and I landed on John's "old Bill"

(otherwise known as the Radio with boat attached). The Rocks were good and an extra on this dive was seeing Hilary's excitement at completing her first trouble free dive of the weekend and also hearing Kelth's bellow of disappointment when after emerging from the depths towing a Port Jackson, tossed it into Bazza's boat and found the girls already departed. Also hearing Tony's plaintive cry of "the bastards bite" after sticking his arm into the poor unfortunate creature's mouth. Bet you wouldn't pull that stunt with a Wobby Tip. After another dive near Oberon it was back to camp and our first spot of real bother.

Dave managed to dislocate his toe trying to pull his boat out and our friendly Doc Peter Kamen took delight, or so it seemed, in trying to force it back into place. This didn't work initially, so we dragged Dave back to camp and to his horror Peter pulled out what looked like a tool box and started rummaging around. Much to Dave's relief he pulled out a syringe instead of a saw and he was fixed in no time at all. That night he was a little light headed and it was hard to tell whether he was his normal self or not.

That night it was a bender at Andy's and all were in attendance. Another good night was had by all and we retired about midnight.

Next morning it was pack up and go after what was one of, if not the best Easter breaks I've ever had.

Signed A.T.

MEMBERS MEDICAL REGISTER

A review of the Register of Members' Medical Certificates indicates many members who either have not submitted copies of their medical certificates or else do not hold a current medical certificate.

Members are reminded that the V.S.A.G. requires ALL diving members to haul a medical examination to standard ASCZ18 every 3 years and a copy of the medical certificate is to be forwarded to the Medical Records Officer.

The current Register includes medical certificates for the following members only:

<u>Name</u>	<u>Date of Last Medical</u>	<u>Next Medical Due</u>
G. Belanszky	19.3.81	May 1984
D. Carroll	20.3.80	May 1983
L. Cole	29.11.79	Nov. 1982
G. Copplesstone	21.1.80	May 1983
F. Ferrante	11.6.79	May 1982
J. Goulding	17.5.79	May 1982
W. Hatch	22.1.79	May 1982
D. Henty-Wilson	17.5.79	May 1982
M. Jackiw	17.1.80	May 1983
M. Jeacle	18.5.81	May 1984
B. Lynch	3.5.79	May 1982
D. McBean	12.11.79	Nov. 1982
P. King	28.4.78	May 1981
A. Talay	16.7.81	Nov. 1984
P. Tipping	7.12.79	Nov. 1982
T. Tipping	2.8.79	Nov. 1982
M. Synon	12.11.79	Nov. 1982
A. Stewart	5.2.81	May 1984
B. Truscott	10.12.79	Nov. 1982
C. Truscott	2.2.81	May 1984
D. Williams	3.12.79	Nov. 1982
D. Smith	30.10.79	Nov. 1982
B. Soulsby	13.10.79	Nov. 1982

In addition to the previous list, the following members have presented Dive Training Certificates which did require a diving medical examination:

K. Joyce	Jan. 1982	-	due again	May 1985
K. Poyner	Jan. 1982	-	due again	May 1985
V. Olivera	Aug. 1980	-	due again	Nov. 1983
A. Wood	May 1980	-	due again	May 1983
J. Large	?	-	?	?

Would all members wishing to dive, ensure that they comply with the Group's policy on medicals and provide the Medical Records Officer proof that the medical examination has been successfully completed.

Refer all queries to John Goulding.

EASTER 1982 - WILSONS PROMONTORY *by Brian Lynch*

It is a long while since I last wrote an article for the magazine. Since then writers like Peri-scope and his friend Horror, have left little scope for any others; however here we go - Away for Easter to Wilson's Prom, knowing that usually the weather is against our even launching the boats. We arrived Thursday afternoon in a light rainfall, which was the first and last of the wet stuff. We pitched the tents and watched everyone else and Tony arrive, spent a pleasant night punctuated by late arrivals setting up.

Friday morning dawned bright and still, hardly a ripple on the water. We launched the boats easily and under the direction of Victor we prepared to set off for Skull Rock. Pat's boat however, declined to start despite Wayne's attentions, and so we left both Pat and the boat and set off the eleven miles to Skull. Once there we anchored in 90 ft. of water and prepared to drop over and join the seals. Bazza and I drifted down the anchor line to 80/90 ft. where we were joined by five or six seals, one of whom had very large teeth, and seemed to distrust our presence among his lady loves, it seems Tony's reputation had got this far. It was good to look up the kelp-covered wall and watch the seals effortlessly skimming across it in endless curves, talking of which, Kay and Kerrie were there too. We had a look around for crayfish to no avail and surfaced after twenty minutes.

Relaxing back in Dave's boat we watched the others completing their dives, and poured derision on Tony when

he informed us after surfacing that the current was running. Dave, at this stage prepared to pull up his anchor and found that he couldn't, so he steamed back and forth succeeding only, as it turned out, to jam the anchor further and further into a crack between two rocks. Having 500 lbs. of air left, I volunteered to go down and get it, which as it turned out was a dire miscalculation, for when I tumbled in I surfaced some 12 feet behind the boat, so the current was indeed running. Swimming back to the boat was hard work, and after resting on the anchor rope for a minute, down I plunged.

About halfway down with the water streaming me out like a flag I realised that I was using air more quickly than I had anticipated due to the hard work in just getting down. Finally through the now dirty water, I saw the chain and then the anchor stock. Good Ol' Dave had jammed it well and truly into a crevice. I got two good mouthfuls of air, and remember thinking if it doesn't move first off that's it. Well it didn't but then the boat must have, because I was able to free the rotten thing. Holding it out to clear the rocks I was aware that it was becoming increasingly difficult to breathe. I began to ascend, hoping to get more air as the pressure decreased and with one hand on my Fenzy control just in case. Arriving on the surface I found I now had a concave tank, and subsequently also found out I had a perforated ear drum, due to my frantic dive down the anchor line, shades of Tipping!

Three hours later found us on the coast just along from Oberon Bay on a dive for, wait for it Geoff, yes crayfish. The bottom was again kelp covered with small caves and grottos. I swam along wondering where all the fish life was and then turning around found they were all following me, I also saw on this dive a huge starfish with arms at least two feet long. From this dive Andy produced a Grandfather Cray and a couple of smaller (only just) relatives. Then back to Tidal River and the beaching of the boats, which was to become a tourist feature for the

cray bash back on the mainland. Not too much doing, even Bazza came back empty handed, for the benefit of movie maker Kamen and interviewed by multi-media personality Tipping, what a blow. Then back to Tidal River for our last performance of boat recovery, during which poor Ol' Dave Moore managed to dislocate one of his very long toes. Luckily Peter Kamen was on hand to look after him, those two will do anything to get out of pulling the boats in.

The evening was spent around Pat's portable camp fire at Andy and Gail's tent, and we all discovered yet again that Johnny is a ham at heart.

Thus passed Easter 1982. The weather had been ideal, the diving beautiful, the company well - er - beautiful, and we had hardly seen our children all weekend which Diane declared had been marvellous. Our thanks to Tony for organising the sites and for Wayne's Dad for organising the weather (I think). We have also decided that since our children and Tony seem to wake up at the same time each early morning they should share a tent, preferably, a long way from everyone else. My thanks and I'm sure everyone else's to the gallant boat owners who towed their craft down ready to launch into the surf, the ladies for their company and cooking, Kay for her sand dancing and for everyone for making the weekend quite memorable.

DIVE MT. GAMBIER IN JUNE 1982:

If you are interested in diving at Mt. Gambier in June and have the necessary qualifications, then telephone Keith Jensen now on 460 3672.

It will be a three day trip on a Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

S.D.F. DINNER DANCE AUGUST 13TH:

To be held at the CAMBERWELL CIVIC CENTRE. V.S.A.G. has only 30 tickets most of which will be snapped up very quickly. The

cost is \$23.00 per head for a dinner and all drinks, as well as dancing. Last year's dinner dance was great fun and this year should be even better.

All those wishing to attend should pay Tony Tipping for tickets at the May General Meeting.

MOVIE NIGHT - MAY GENERAL MEETING

Terry Brooks will again surprise us with another underwater movie at our May General Meeting. So be there and romp through the depths without having to go home and wash out your wetsuit.

TIP'S TIT-BITS

Well, it's about time we let everyone in on a bit of gossip and scandal around the V.S.A.G. As usual the first part of the year, Christmas to Easter was pretty active and hectic in more ways than one - the Easter trip to Tidal River being no exception. The trash and the "lies" you'll read about this trip (I'm covered now if you thought you could sue me) should be about as stimulating as listening to a divorced alcoholic prostitute debating the rights and wrongs of incest with a drug addict homosexual, who's recently given up pot for glue sniffing, outside a Methodist church whilst on their way to the VD clinic!

Easter '82 must be one of the club's success stories at Tidal River. We've been going there for 10 years and weatherwise this year was nearly a carbon copy of '79 - remember: dead flat calm seas every day; water-skiing back to the camp from the Anser Islands. If you wish to find out how great Skull Rock is or how many crabs the old Grey Nurse (Bazza) missed or who did what to whom in Bum Rock, I'm sure it'll be covered elsewhere in this issue of "Fathoms".

Ten points to the scrubber who came up with the idea of a "Singles Commune" down one end of the camp. This is where Kerry, Hilary, Chris and Kay shared with three strapping young - maybe not so young but virile chaps but not necessarily in that order! It suited me because I'm proud to admit I neither cooked, washed dishes, made

beds, nor did any other "womens work" (a term that's been flogged to death) for the entire four days. Of course, being a "power crazy camp commandante" has it's advantages: e.g. deciding who slept where and next to whom. Unfortunately, however this Little Hitler, whose goal was to crack it for the quadrella didn't, even get one leg in! Come to think of it he didn't even get a leg over!

For those unlucky readers not included in the 51 plus two buns in the oven (maybe more by Easter Monday) at Tidal River I'm sure you'll all get the chance to see Peter Kamen's two hour epic once edited and censored at a future V.S.A.G. general meeting. It will include underwater sequences of crays escaping gloved hands, (remember, we don't use snares any more, do we?) in-water interviews with Bazza Truscott, a chorus of the old favourite "The Next Time" by the girls, and a Johnny Goulding "This is Your Life" exclusive interview back at the camp. Kamen no doubt financed this cinematographic blockbuster by treating injuries to some of the stuntmen on location e.g. Dave Moore (bruised toe), charged for extra long consultation; after hours rate, Public Holiday excess charge; in an outlying area; use of life support system; wear and tear of blankets, further home consultations and three months of bi-weekly physiotherapy from wife Pam. Peter was later quoted as saying: "Who needs MGM when you're backed by the AMA!"

The non-diving public were treated to the usual fiasco of V.S.A.G. divers (25 strong) pulling six boats out across the sand at low tide. This year three were easy: Max's, Pat's, and Andy's but we had our share of problems with the other three: Dave's, Bazza's and Johnny's. Fortunately the task was made easy by seconding the services of our fair and lovely Fathoms Publisher-in-Chief Rhonda, who just happened to be passing by. I'd give her a job pulling container ships up the Yarra to Appleton Dock any old day!

Terry Brooks sure isn't used to all that female attention he was receiving - stories of a Sheila's reg packing up at 120 feet are old hat, anything to get a bit of buddy breathing in and surfacing arm in arm. The Little Blonde Number, sure wasn't going to be fooled, though he copped a bloody good bolting

and had to sleep outside all night (some blokes have all the luck!) Incidentally, Terry - why were you such a long time at confession next morning?

Yes folks, we had fantastic weather right through Easter - usually the sky empties itself out on Tidal River when we're down there but not this year - maybe just as well as it could have had some pretty stiff competition from some of the goings on I've heard about! I know we all dream Alex, but having to be rescued from nearly drowning in your sleeping bag is ridiculous! Just as well the voluptuous young nurse with the slender H.B. pencil thin figure was there to revive you! Wouldn't have dived with "Shark-bait" Alex for quids!

FLINDERS DIVE - 2ND MAY

What a great day it was too, under the very capable direction of Dive Captain Mick Jeacle, who arranged excellent weather and stood in for Geoff Birtles who unfortunately had unexpected work commitments on the day.

Thanks, Mick for a really good day's diving. There were five boats in all including the "Fire Brigade" and we headed off for the "George Kermodé" wreck off Phillip Island in very good sea conditions. Mick went straight to the spot and over the wreck with his depth sounder.

Visibility was only about 30 ft. at best, but we all had a very close look through the old dredge now in a very comfortable position upside down on the sea floor in 70 ft. of water. Plenty of fish as some 16 divers explored every inch of the vessel, before returning to the boats for a hot cuppa and a sandwich. The sun even made quite a good appearance and brightened the calm sea sheltered by the Island from a northerly wind.

We then moved to a great spot just east of the Nobbles where Mick put us onto a good drop off in 60 ft. of water. Bazza returned with a cray or two and I think everyone had a second dive.

We were then soon zooming back to Flinders in convoy to end a very enjoyable day's diving.

Think we should appoint Mick Jeacle D.C. more often, don't you?

The day was rounded off with a chicken and champagne lunch back at Tony's beach house at Somers, amongst good company and plenty of lles.

Des Williams

===== FLOTSAM AND JETSAM =====

Typist-in-Chief's note: I felt that the following article has always been the elite of the magazine - therefore merits the best layout....Rhonda

If the weather at Wilsons Promontory over Easter had been any better, our Mr. Tips would have been quite "unbearable" instead of "just tolerable". You see, "Tips" who claims responsibility that the magnificent weather was also part of his doing! Still, it was a good trip and Tip's unselfish organising did permit many V.S.A.G. members, wives and kids to enjoy the somewhat crowded, but convivial atmosphere whilst he "roughed it" 100 yards down the track with the "gang of 4".

Skull Rock was our first dive for Easter and again proved to be one of the most spectacular dives on the Victorian coast. The combination of prolific fish life, seals and the beautiful coral gardens provide an amazing contrast to the starkness of the Rock. From there we had a splash with the seals before doing a cray run along the "Prom" coast. Having anchored at a suitable looking site, Andy and I searched for 30 minutes without so much as seeing one feeler. Then! Just as we returned to the anchor - not more than 6 feet away from our chain sat three beautiful bugs which Andy had no trouble in bagging.

Saturday's weather was even better so "Bum Rock" was decided on for the first dive. We had not dived "Bum Rock" before and so

referring to the "BOYS OWN WONDER BOOK OF DIVING" to get the whereabouts of this place, we found the following directions. "Proceed through the opening between Glennia and Dannevig Islands and turn south east until a fine pair of buttocks with a hint of cleavage is exposed over the foredeck to the naked eye."

- CORRRR! It's enough to steam up a fella's face mask. However, a lot was at stake, so we volunteered for cleavages and bums to be exposed . . . just so we would find the right spot.

- Find it, we were just about swallowed up by it, as we thrust the throttle lever down and surged the pointy end of the boat into the cavernous opening. However, once again we also survived, but cannot say the same for a couple of crays that were picked along the coast.

Sunday again was absolutely superb. At Ramsbottom Rocks we found excellent diving conditions before lunch and then headed off to South Point for another go at the crays.

Even though Monday's weather was again brilliant, most of us had completed six dives in the preceding three days and were well and truly satisfied . . . with diving that is!!

Apart from the diving there was the odd party or two and a novel idea for blackmailing members; . . . a movie camera complete with sound recorder.

Andy and Gail hosted a party on Sunday night and managed to obtain from everyone a detailed description of how they spend their working hours. Let me reassure members that by belonging to V.S.A.G. you can call a fellow member to:

- do your accounts
- cure your illnesses
- teach your kids
- engineer your engine
- dig holes!!! - that's me!
- build your house
- fix your wiring
- plan your holiday
- sell you some goodies

As is customary Flotsam and Jetsam makes certain awards for various activities observed over the Easter Trip - and this year we have

had great pleasure . . . and hope to have it again . . . ???

The Cuddly Couple Award

This year, it's a first for mens' liberation. The Cuddly Couple Award goes to the Odd Couple Max and Keith. These two are becoming regular bunk mates on V.S.A.G. trips and whilst their camp may lack the huffing and puffing that is sometimes heard from the single mens' quarters, they do complement each other in many ways. Who else would think of bringing along a bas powered clothes copper on a 4 day camping trip - Max of course - he did not want to take home dirty clothes to Pam. Poor Max! What a shock he must have got when on returning from his shower he found Keith loading crayfish into the boiling copper! Yet Max our good natured President hardly fluttered an eyelash!! - Good on yer boys!!

The Slowest Moving Creature In Camp Award

Dave Moore came last from start to finish and without any serious challenge is awarded this sought after title. Dave's incredible slowness almost got him into some luke-warm water, when he tripped and fell beneath one of the boat trailers as we struggled to push it through the sand. As the trailer bore down on Dave he wrestled his wiry and well tuned body out of harms way - well almost, the trailer hit him in the foot and dislocated his toe. After a couple of shots of morphine, Dave was in a whirl, but still he clung to his form. He was lucky to pick up a couple of points on Easter Sunday. Dave was a clear 2 miles ahead of the other boats whilst returning to Tidal River from a dive and looked like being the first home and ruining his reputation, when he ran out of fuel less than half a mile from shore and had to have a transfusion.

The Endurance Award

This is a new award and is presented to Marie and Samantha Truscott who manned the shore radio and kept in ready contact with the boats with plaintiff cries of "are you on channel Barry?"

The Superman Award

There were some very eager starters in this particular competition and right from the start I knew that the winner would need the charm of a prince, the smoothness of satin and the cunning of a rat. These necessary attributes were quick to show themselves in one, Alex Talay - however one had to be careful not to pre-suppose the outcome. For a while Mr. Tips, Alan and Wayne showed promise, however it was Alex's consistent efforts that won the day for him.

Once again, we call upon the Inaugural Superman Supremo - The Great Robbie to make the presentation at the May meeting.

By coincidence we happened to meet a charming lady at Easter; an ex-diver who came to see the commotion on the beach as we pulled the boats from the water. "What club are you from" she asked. "V.S.A.G." came the answer, "Oh! really" said the stranger - "I'm Rhonda, your newsletter printer".

- Hi Rhonda - the stranger on the shore - it was nice meeting you.

- Had a call from Reg Truscott the other day. Reg was in Melbourne for an Anzac reunion. (He was Commander-in-Chief of the Deal Islands Defence Forces during the Boer War aboard Her Majesty's Gracious Gun Boat "Mirrabooka"). It seems that Reg has had a cancelled booking for next November and is looking to make up a dive party. Interested members should contact the Secretary.

Signed: TOM SORCE

AIR FILLS WILSON PROMONTORY - EASTER 1982

The following members owe money for air fills provided at Wilsons Promontory over Easter. Members who still have balances of pre-paid air will have these fills deducted from their total.

Air fills are \$2.00 each:

J. Goulding * 4 fills = \$8.00	T. Tipping * 1 fills = \$2.00
A. Talay 2 \$4.00	V. Olivera 3 \$6.00
M. Synon * 3 \$6.00	B. Truscott* 2 \$4.00
A. Mastrowicz 2 \$4.00	K. Jensen * 2 \$4.00
B. Lynch * 3 \$6.00	T. Brooks 2 \$4.00

K. Joyce	3 fills =	\$6.00	J. Large	1 fills =	\$2.00
A. Currie	3	\$6.00	K. Poyner	2	\$4.00
D. Moore	2	\$4.00	D. Abel	2	\$4.00
C. Rathgeber	3	\$6.00	H. Brew	2	\$4.00
P. Kamen	2	\$4.00	Silver Tank		
			No. 2768	2	\$4.00
			(T.Tipping)		

* Indicates pre-paid
air members.

NOTE: Please ensure all payment is made by May General Meeting, or you can post to V.S.A.G. at G.P.O. Box 2526W, Melbourne.

Many thanks to Mick Jackiw who loaned the club his own 7.5 cu. ft. compressor for Easter, which enabled the filling time to be reduced by 60%. Thanks also to Wayne Hatch who towed the compressor trailer.

APOLLO BAY LONG WEEKEND - JUNE 12/13/14TH

This promises to be a great weekend, organised by Terry Brooks. Terry has been looking at a few houses to be used on a share basis. This means we'll have warm accommodation at a moderate cost. If you wish to go on the trip I suggest you contact Terry NOW on 439 3740 and book a room as space is very limited. You must pay all monies at May meeting to be eligible to attend. There is no time to waste, so ring now to avoid missing out on accommodation.

V.S.A.G. TRIP TO VANUATU (WOMBATS IN PARADISE)

What is there to say? Wine went, wine came back; no one got bent; fishes and corals were seen; wrecks dived; there's one divorce imminent; a sure case of alcoholic poisoning; three incipient cases of pox . . . all in all it was a great experience!

"Wombat-of-the-Trip" award must go to Doug (Quack-Quack) Catherall who proved that real macho divers dive 5 different sites a day - on 2 tanks! (Eat your heart out Birtles, you pussVictorian Crayfish Basher) - I believe even the girls are getting more than you, these days, mate?

Well, we staggered off the Air Vanuatu plane at about 3.00 In the

morning on Saturday, 3rd April an uneventful - if alcoholic trip. At least one of the party (an old Truk hand) drank himself into a stupor when he realised the only thing these hosties were dispensing was rum punch! And Doug-Doug nearly got thrown off halfway when the fourth hostess he had asked to join the mile-high club with, burst into tears and told the Captain.

Vila greeted us with rain when we arrived, a foretaste of the rest of the trip. Unfortunately the rainy season had extended this year, so most days we had some periods of torrential downpour. (Still, it was a good reason to stay in bed, eh Douggy!)

A few hassles with the accommodation when we arrived, as Tony Newly forgot to tell the hotel who was coming, but then we were able to hit the sack. First dive was Saturday afternoon.

We had a full week in Vila - certainly long enough for people to look forward to going up to Santo to recuperate. Hat Island, Møle Reef and the 150 ft. wall in front of Hideaway Island offered spectacular reef diving, while confirmed wreckies like Carroll and Jackiw made several dives on the "Star of Russia" a hulk in Vila Harbour. Still others (who shall be nameless, eh Doug-Doug) got off on the skindiving possibilities at the local discos.

So, after a last frenetic spurt of activity at the Intercontinental, it was up at 5.30 a.m. for the plane to Santo, Saturday morning (Easter Saturday). The last night - wow did it rain! But, it seems coral islands must soak up the water as we didn't have any problems taking off in the morning. Still, taking off always feels much easier than landing, but we managed to do that too without any problems.

Alan Power, the dive tour operator, was there to meet us at the airport and it was up, up and away to the "Coolidge", just stopping at the Hotel Santo to check in and deposit our non-diving gear. First dive was an orientation tour of the front part of the ship, along the starboard (upper) promenade deck, where G.I. helmets, boots, gas masks, rifles etc. are to be found in the silt.

That afternoon we dived at "Million Dollar Point", where the Yanks dumped an incredible mass of trucks, jeeps, tanks, guns, gas bottles, etc. when they left Santo. It covers a slope 100 yds wide down to 150 ft., amazing!

All our other dives, most of us did eleven all told - were back at the "Coolidge". The sheer size of the ship is hard to grasp until you've had a few dives on it. 650 feet long, 22,000 tons, lying on its port side - next time you see the "Fairstar" in port, remember it's smaller! The bow is at 60 ft., the stern rail at 180 ft., with 240 ft. to the sand at the stern: so much to see and too little time at depth to see it.

You certainly don't come to Santo for any other reason than to dive the 'Coolidge', though. Forty years ago there were 250,000 U.S. troops - and the place has always looked back. Decaying Quansit huts line the main street, interspersed with tumbledown chinese emperla selling everything from duty free grog (black label scotch at \$14 a bottle) to machetes to sacks of Australian rice.

Still, after the excesses of Vila, being on the edge of civilisation for a while had a soothing effect....after too long a while everyone was going slowly nuts. Six full days is long enough amusing yourself, isn't it Doug-Doug!

Back in Vila on the last Friday, with a day and a half back in the fleshpots before flying out Sunday at 4.50 a.m. We managed two last dives with the Nautilus crew, one on the flying boat, in 130ft in the harbour; the other on a beautiful stand of black coral 161ft down off the Pango Coast.

A fine way to end the 1982 V.S.A.G. Tour and certainly not the last time I'll be up there. Where else can you combine great diving during the day with great diving during the night. (Yes, Douggy, or the other way around!)

AVA GONOW

(The Aussie Battler)

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By the way Tip, I'm now not sure whether I should take an immediate crash diet, or get a job as a wharfie, maybe the wharfie would be more lucrative.... Rhonda

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ANSWER: Tony Tipping was of course our mystery writer
of this months "Blast from the past" item.