

# FATHOMS

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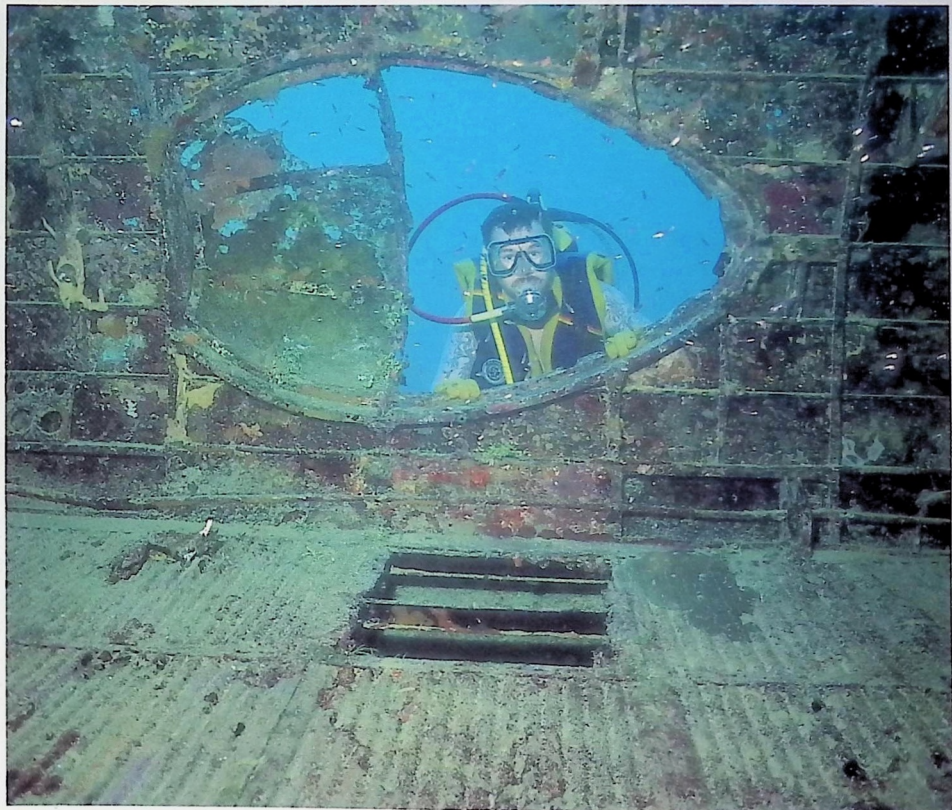
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Safety in Diving

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# VSAG

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

DEC - JAN  
91 92

# VSAG

Victorian Sub-Aqua Group. Box 2526W, G.P.O., Melbourne. 3001 Australia

These magnificent photographs are all examples of Des Williams' work taken on the VSAG trip to Truk Lagoon 1990.

I am sure you will agree that they are all outstanding, so good in fact that I couldn't decide what to keep or reject, so I've used the back cover as well and reproduced them all.

*Yours in Diving,  
Alex Talay*



**Front Cover:**

Chris Llewellyn at Port-Side Gun Port. Betty Bomber Wreck. Truk Lagoon.

**Back Cover:**

1. Alex Talay with Ships Telegraph inside bridge of "Nippo Maru" Truk Lagoon.
2. Chris Llewellyn with lamp on "Nippo Maru" Truk Lagoon.

3. Chris Llewellyn on bridge of "Nippo Maru" Truk Lagoon.
4. Stern of "Gosei Maru" Truk Lagoon, divers from left to right: Neil Medhurst, Justin Liddy, Pat Reynolds & Bob Scott (standing), Ross Luxford, Andy Mastrowicz (back)
5. Alex Talay inside fuselage of Betty Bomber Truk Lagoon.
6. Stern mast of "Gosei Maru". Truk Lagoon divers left to right Chris Llewellyn, Alex Talay, Justin Liddy, Pat Reynolds and Neil Medhurst.

The Victorian Sub-Aqua Group was founded in 1954 and has continued as a strong and active diving club since that time. It is incorporated as a non profit company and has no commercial affiliation with any organisation. VSAG is committed to the preservation of independent diving freedom. It believes that divers must take a responsible attitude toward the protection and preservation of the marine environment but as a general rule is opposed to legislative measures that place prohibitive limitations and restrictions in diving activities.

Local diving is organised on a bi-monthly basis, generally out of participating member's boats. This is supported by weekend camps, charters to more remote locations and annual overseas trips. The club has a considerable investment in diving equipment. Regular functions provide an opportunity for members, friends and families to socialise. Each month VSAG meets at North Melbourne Football Club where bar facilities are available prior to and after the General Meetings. Visitors are very welcome - smart casual wear essential.



# FATHOMS

Official journal of the Victorian Sub—Aqua Group

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### Next general meetings

January - No Meeting.  
Thursday 20th February 8.00 p.m.  
North Melbourne Football Club,  
Fogarty Street, North Melbourne.

### Next committee meetings

21st January - Alex Talay's Place.  
25th February - Pat Reynold's Place.

Editorial submissions to: "The Editor" Fathoms C/- **JOHN GOULDING,**

**13 BIRDWOOD STREET, BOX HILL SOUTH.  
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Don Abell

John Lawler

ASSISTANT SECRETARY:

Charlie Brincat

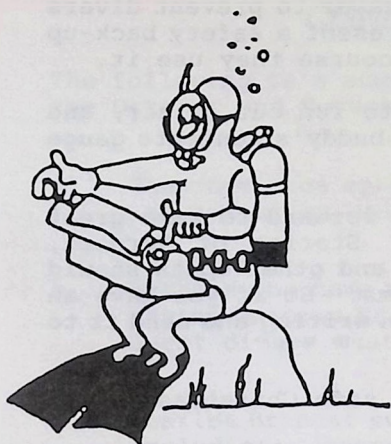
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## EDITORIAL



Once again a diving fatality has made headlines, with the drowning of a diver at Beware Reef, (see Media Watch this issue).

As at the time of printing this Editorial, the likely cause of this accident was due to the victim and his buddy running out of air.

Do you put this down to inexperience, lack of training, inattention to checking contents gauge, poor dive planning, poor

communication before and during the dive, inability to take appropriate action in an emergency, or an under developed sense of self preservation and buddy support??

In the absence of any information to suggest that there was a major equipment malfunction, the answer to the above query is that all of these factors contributed to the fatality.

I remember my early years at Monash University, when Paul Tipping used to drive me and 2 others from Hawthorn out to Clayton in an old 1956 V.W. For all their good points, the old V.W.'s didn't have a petrol gauge. Instead they had a kick switch on the floor, that when activated released a reserve 2 gallons of fuel.

So should we ask - whatever happened to the good old J valves on scuba tanks? These valves had a reserve mechanism, which when activated gave the diver a reserve supply of air.



Whilst this in itself is not the answer to prevent divers from running out of air, it does present a safety back-up for the fool hardy, providing of course they use it.

In my opinion there is no excuse to run out of air, and regular monitoring of your own and buddy's contents gauge is a sound and safe practice.

As 1991 draws to a close, we look forward to some great diving over the Summer months. Stories of Narooma, Wilsons Promontory, Port Campbell and other spots should fill the next few issues of Fathoms. So if you have an interesting story to tell, put it in writing and send it to me.

In the meantime, have a happy and safe Christmas and an excellent year ahead.

John Goulding  
Editor

## **WINE PAYMENTS DUE**

The following members owe money for wine payments:-

Murray Black	2 Dozen	\$ 192.00
Ian Jagger	1 Dozen	\$ 96.00
Mick Jeacle	1 Dozen	\$ 96.00
Paul Sier	1 Dozen	\$ 96.00
Andy Mastrowicz	2 Dozen	\$ 192.00
Alex Talay	3 Dozen	\$ 288.00
Paul Tipping	1 Dozen	\$ 96.00

Please pay outstanding money by December General Meeting.

## COMMITTEE NEWS

The following is a summary of major points raised during the October and November Committee Meetings.

- \* The committee agreed to purchase 3 oral nasal oxygen resuscitation units.
  
- \* Members who have not conformed to the Club policy of having Octopus Regulators will be given one warning. Guest divers must have Octopus Regulators.
  
- \* Charles Brincat suggested possible social activities including: canoeing, B.B.Q. at Hanging Rock, orienteering, night out at restaurant, gliding weekend, Karioke bar night and wine bottling.
  
- \* Doug Catherall will develop a questionnaire seeking members preferences.
  
- \* Sant Khan to confirm arrangement for visit to hyperbaric chamber.
  
- \* Club funds as at 26th November were \$11,505.35.
  
- \* The following non financial members will not be sent further copies of Fathoms:-
  - G. Birtles.
  - W. Cannan.
  - T. Avery.
  - G. Thorn.
  - R. Lawson.\*\*

## TREASURE HUNT - OCTOBER 27TH, 1991

by Don Abell

The improving weather of Spring made the day pretty good for diving. I even noted that some of the group had searched through their dive gear to resurrect the tube of block-out from earlier in the year. The forecast indicated winds of 15-20 knots, but we found a fairly smooth bay when we arrived at Rye.

Five boat owners had listed to dive, but the numbers only justified the boats of Luxford, Lawler and Scott. The V.S.A.G. dive team included Doug Catherall, Mick Jeacle, Barry Truscott, Sant Khan, Pat Reynolds, Martin Taliana, Geoff Lord (Bob's guest), the boat owners and myself.

In good V.S.A.G. style, and taking my Dive Captain responsibilities to heart, I determined a dive plan before we launched the boats, and got the agreement of the three boat owners and most of the divers.

Our first rendezvous was off Queenscliff. On leaving Rye my craft, the Luxford machine (in compulsory attendance, due to a rock 'n' roll birthday party in the boat garage), headed for Queenscliff. The other two crafts seemed to head for St. Leonards. Not a problem! Now Ross's boat is probably the slowest of the three, but when we arrived at Queenscliff we were on our lonesome. So we poured a cup of tea and relaxed.

Shortly after, a radio call from one of the other boats. Where were we? Waiting off Queenscliff! Oh, we'll be there soon.

Lawler headed in from Popes Eye. Scotty seemed to come from Queenscliff. Probably a quick breaky stop.



At Mick's suggestion, we agreed upon a treasure hunt. All agreed except Doug, who only agreed on the proviso that Mick didn't win.

I've never seen so much junk on the ocean floor. I brought up most of it for Baz to check, but he was duly unimpressed. Told me that none were as good as his old bottle, and proceeded to ditch my valuable collection.

On the almost certain probability that he would not win, Mick suggested that we call the other boats and cancel the treasure hunt. He hates to lose!

Lunch in the marina at Queenscliff was particularly civilized. It was here that John Lawler confessed to finding a good bottle, supposedly very old. In fact most divers confessed to similar finds, but J.L. was the only one willing to produce tangible evidence. It would all be decided at the official judging.

So to our next dive. Off we headed. Again we were on our lonesome, with the other two boats heading to destinations unknown. This caused much mirth on the Luxford craft, given my huge statement at the start of the day that, "If all Boat Captains were as clear on the dive plan as I had been, the boats would not split up".

Alas, I concede defeat.

The second dive was a scallop dive, and the scallops keep getting bigger.

Back to Rye pier and those hot showers, or should I say that hot shower. The result is the same.

A couple of quick beers at the pub, and then to the judging of this treasure hunt, but when Ross and I got back to the boat we were the only divers around. We waited a reasonable 30 seconds, and then commenced the judging.

Well it was really a matter of I'll show you mine, if you show me yours. It was not an easy decision, and I had to use my casting vote as Dive Captain.

- |     |              |   |
|-----|--------------|---|
| 1ST | DON ABELL    | SMALL PIECE OF PLATE WITH "PORT PHILLIP SEA PILOTS" EMBLEM. |
| 2ND | ROSS LUXFORD | BEER STUBBY (CIRCA 1990).                                   |

Yes, the competition was tense, but I am sure that you will agree that these finds truly justify the effort we put into our treasure hunt days.

I also feel that it is only fair to consider all protests. They should be directed to me, and must be received by 4.00 p.m. on the day before the posting of this magazine issue.

#### CONCLUSION:

A good day, and I can feel that Summer warmth coming on.\*\*

### ***THE OCTOPUS REGULATOR RULE***

Since 1st October, all V.S.A.G. divers must have Octopus Regulators. A member without this equipment will be given one warning, and will not be permitted to dive with the Club again, until such time as an Octopus device is fitted.

All guest divers must be advised that they will require an Octopus Regulator, and will not be permitted to dive without one. Any member wishing to invite a guest on a Club dive, must inform the guest of this requirement.



**DON'T MISS THIS LATEST MONSTER  
SMASH HIT ROCK 'n' ROLL SHOW.**

**JOIN V.S.A.G. AT THE COMEDY THEATRE  
ON THURSDAY 27TH FEBRUARY, 1992.**

**SPECIAL GROUP CONCESSION PRICE - \$ 27.60.**

**CONTACT:- CHARLIE BRINCAT, TELEPHONE: 898 6683.**

**FINAL CONFIRMATIONS AND PAYMENT REQUIRED BY  
JANUARY 24TH, 1992.\*\***



## TIP'S TIT-BITS

*by Tony Tipping*

### 1991 V.S.A.G. TENNIS PARTY & MILE RACE

Sunday 23rd of November was a beautiful day for this year's Tennis Party. We had a huge turn out, because no one decided to get married the same day, and only one inconsiderate member chose to turn forty and celebrate the night before. Although one of the "Tip's Tit-Bits" reporting staff, who was at the birthday party, assures us that it was a surprise party anyhow.

Nevertheless, young Donald made it to the Cranbourne South Tennis Club the following day rather shell-shocked, got thrashed in the Singles and promptly left, not even saddling up to the left over birthday cake he had kindly delivered. Points Scorer Please Note: Half points only for Don!

As usual, members, spouses, kids, singles and in-laws (Dave Moore's!), gradually rolled up from about 9.30 a.m. until midday, until we had over sixty bodies at least.

The Mixed Doubles (the Blue Ribbon Event going back twenty years), was won by Sam Truscott & Justin, defeating Sam's Mum & Dad, and winning for the second time in three years. Last years defending champs, Maaarg & I, just had one of those days, and besides it wouldn't be right for the same couple to keep winning every year, (we'd also won at Somers back in about 1979). Please take note Sam & Justin!

It was great to have some new members at the tennis day this year, especially Herb & Robyn, (I think they may have tired of my South African impersonations by now). Herb nearly knocked Big Mick out of the Singles. Then Robyn succeeded in the semi finals, only to go down fighting 6-3 to Justin in the finals.

Now I'm always the first to get criticized when it comes to who plays who at tennis, but this year blame Gloria Hayes who drew the names out of the hat. Gloria also did a first class job in getting the tournament flowing and getting the next match started, etc.

At 3 o'clock it was time for the infamous V.S.A.G. Handicap Mile, which boasted 20 starters this year (possibly the most ever).

Unfortunately as defending Veteran Title Holder, I was unable to match Doug, who'd been out training an hour a day, three or four days a week, ever since the slump in building started 18 months ago - not to mention he's given up the fags, has been seeing a dietitian, and he and Max sleep in separate bedrooms from Wednesday to Saturday nights! Well done Dougy - it's a pity the handicappers will probably get at you next year, so you may as well start enjoying life once again!

There were some other outstanding performances in the race. Bill Hayes from 30 seconds, not quite up to scratch (ex-professional athlete), just couldn't match Doug's kick, to take second in the Veterans.

Kerry Talay - 1st Woman - can she run! If she ever uses some of that bounding energy on Alex she'd kill him, and what the hell could you do with a Statesman and a Jag?

There was Justin again - 1st Man (non Vet), however Herb received the prize for second in this Division - only one prize per person.

The kids:- This year Jason Moore got revenge and beat Marcus Tipping (previous winner), and Cathy Tipping led the girls home.

Special thanks to June Scott who ran and encouraged the little ones home for the last 500 metres. Maybe we will have an Over 50's Division for the women next year, seeing as Bazza squeezed a bottle of Port out of me this year. Why not make it a 45-50 year Division?

I'd just like to thank everyone for turning up this year to our 20th V.S.A.G. Tennis Party, and special thanks to Marie for booking the courts. Maybe we can look forward to the next 20 - any volunteers to take over its organization?

Best wishes for a happy and safe Christmas 1991, and hope to see many of you at Narooma.\*\*

## ***VISIT THE HYPERBARIC CHAMBER AT THE ALFRED HOSPITAL***

***TUESDAY 14TH APRIL, 1992 AT 7.30 P.M.***

V.S.A.G. has arranged a visit to the hyperbaric chamber at the Alfred Hospital, on Tuesday evening the 14th April, 1992.

The visit will commence at 7.30 p.m., with a 1 hour lecture about the services provided by the hyperbaric unit. This will then be followed by a demonstration of the chamber.

The exact nature of the demonstration will depend on whether there are any "customers" in the pot.

There will be a fee of \$10.00 per person, which goes towards the running of the unit.

This should be an extremely interesting evening, and warrants your enthusiastic support.

Further details will be provided nearer the date, or in the meantime contact Sant Khan - Telephone: 429 9948.



## ***IMPORTANT FORTHCOMING EVENTS***

1. 7TH, 8TH, & 9TH MARCH - LABOUR DAY LONG WEEKEND.

PORT CAMPBELL.

Plans are underway to return to Port Campbell over the Labour Day Weekend.

Don't miss this great opportunity to dive some of Victoria's most rugged coastline, and explore some of our most historic shipwrecks.

Paul Tipping will be organizing this weekend.

Please let Paul know if your coming as soon as possible.

CONTACT: PAUL TIPPING - 387 2027.

2. 17TH - 20TH APRIL - EASTER.

TIDAL RIVER, WILSONS PROMONTORY.

Don Abell is once again organizing our Easter Trip to Tidal River.

V.S.A.G. Easters' have been getting bigger and bigger over the past 17 years, and each year Wilsons Promontory provides some great diving.

If you can attend please advise Don by February General Meeting.

CONTACT: DON ABELL - 889 4415.\*\*

## **DON ABELL'S ZIG ZAG INTO THE 40'S**

*by Des Williams*

Alex Talay started it all when he advised members at the November General Meeting that it was Don Abell's 40th birthday. Loud cheers and applause followed, and the meeting proceeded.

Following the meeting the lights were dimmed in preparation for a photo slide presentation, when Jeanette Large entered with a blazing birthday cake for the birthday boy - 60 voices chorused "Happy Birthday Don . . ."

A delicious cake complete with scuba diver motif was soon devoured by all present. I wonder if Don actually got a slice? In the crowd was a nervous Nicki Abell, biting her nails and wondering what detail she had forgotten to prepare for Don's surprise party on the following Saturday. Well, the meeting finished and Don was probably thinking "is that all there is" when you move into another decade of life. Certainly not!

Saturday evening 23rd, Nicki was out of finger nails and almost frantic with the suspense, as she carried a smoke alarm buzzer around the house to sleep at all of us guests out in the garden at the first sign of Don, who had been reported as on his way home.

The Donny alarm bleeped a couple of times causing a vortex of guests to enter the house, only to find Nicki had set it off accidentally!! Eventually Don drove up the drive and entered his lounge room, to find it bursting with excited friends and family singing "Happy Birthday".

Don was so surprised, he had to take a quick shower before joining his guests in the first of many Fosters neck oils.

It was a beautiful evening, and the John Lawler special spit roast was crackling in the garage, as Nicki's corralled dogs sniffed the air with anticipation. A sumptuous meal was soon in full swing, as a now much relieved Nicki conducted the "orchestra" of assistants. The buzz of John Lawler's electric knife was audible over the milling crowd, as our "gun-shearer" spit roaster sliced us all a delicious roast.

All this excitement was enough, but Nicki had her trump card still to play. At 8.00 p.m. we were all treated to a piece of living nostalgia, when the original Zig & Zag arrived to lampoon our much admired President and some of his guests as well. They told us there was to be "Nooooo trouble", and proceeded to delight us all with their singing, jokes and ditties.

What a treat to see these guys who haven't lost anything over the last 30 years, when as kids most of us Melbourne born used to watch the Zig & Zag shown on T.V.

Great party Nicki!! Congratulations again Don.\*\*



## **NOTE ON TOWING OF TRAILERS VEHICLES LESS THAN 4.5 TONNE GVM**

Mass limits for vehicles are stipulated in Regulations 711, 712 and 713 of the Road Safety (Vehicles) Regulations 1988.

Unfortunately, these regulations when applied to light vehicles (less than 4.5 tonne GVM) are complex, difficult to understand and open to varying interpretations.

In recent months, perhaps because of increased enforcement, the issue has become important and of concern to the public. A clear statement of the towing limits is required, but because of the nature of the regulations at present this is difficult to provide.

Steps are being taken to clarify the situation and possibly amend the existing regulations, but in the meantime the best advice to give to members of the public enquiring about the towing requirements is as follows:-

- \* "A trailer shall not exceed the maximum load limits imposed by the manufacturer of the trailer, the towbar and coupling equipment limits and the load ratings of the tyres.

In addition, the maximum mass of a trailer should not exceed the towing mass recommended by the manufacturer of the towing vehicle unless the trailer is fitted with brakes capable of being applied by the driver independently of the vehicle brakes (i.e. not over-run brakes) and a suitable load distributing hitch. In this latter case, the mass of the trailer shall not exceed 1.5 times the unladen mass of the towing vehicle.

The manufacturer's recommended maximum towing mass is usually printed in the vehicle owners handbook and may also be obtained from the RACV or direct from the manufacturer. Where no manufacturer's

recommended towing mass is provided the trailer shall not exceed 1.5 times the unladen mass of the towing vehicle.

The unladen mass of the towing vehicle is available from registration records (Tare Mass).

Exceeding the towing vehicle manufacturer's recommended limits will void vehicle warranty and may void insurance cover for both the vehicle and the trailer. Without the additional equipment as above, it might also be considered to be in contravention of Regulation 1502(4) of the Road Safety (Traffic) Regulations 1988 which requires that the mass or dimensions of a trailer shall not be such as to prevent or be likely to prevent the driver of the towing vehicle from safely controlling the vehicle and trailer."\*\*

## **JACK'S TRAVELS - LETTER No. 3**

*by Jack Namiota*

The next leg of our trip was Gallipoli Peninsular. All around this area are war graves from the abortive World War I landing attempt by the allies. The primary object to this campaign had been to strike the soft underbelly of Europe (Churchill), and once it was opened, a new supply line to Russia, would have kept the Germans busy on their eastern front, and so bring the war to an earlier conclusion. Of course it didn't end up that way, the British expected the allies left after eight months of trench warfare. The Turks won, and by the time it was all over half a million men roughly, an equal number from both sides, had lost their lives.

By far the heaviest losses were suffered as usual, not by the British, but by the Australian and New Zealanders, and the nice thing is that the Turks have ended up with a great affection for them.

We visited six of the allied forces cemeteries, all with neat little grave stones lined up with military precision, some with a cross, some with the Star of David, and some without any religious identification at all. We looked at the ages on some of them, there were kids of 16 and 17 who died in the war. The upkeep of these cemeteries is permanently paid for by the British Government, and they have a man stationed there to oversee the lawn-mowing and repairs. There was a museum with exhibits of bullets and uniforms, photographs taken during the war, military badges, and so on. One of the exhibits was the skull of a soldier with the bullets that killed him still lodged in it, in the middle of his forehead. Many of the original trenches are still visible in the pine forest. I would have thought that after 76 years there would be nothing left to see. At one point we went down to the beach at Anzac Cove, and Julie picked up four spent bullets all in good condition, and some are still being washed ashore all the time. Sometimes gold rings, bracelets and necklaces



are still found dating from World War 1. There must still be a lot of stuff under the ground which will never come to light.

Since childhood I always dreamed to see legendary Troy, who has not heard about beautiful Helen, Achilles, Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon and of course the Trojan War. If I say no city is more famous than Troy, I am not exaggerating. Many things have been written about Troy in almost every language, and we have all read the wooden horse story at school around the age of 12 or 13. Homer who wrote the Iliad and Odyssey (Story of Trojan War), about 700 B.C., 600 years after the Trojan War, made him elevate what had been conflict between Greece and Asia Minor for control of the Dardanelles.

After visiting Gallipoli, we went towards Troy. About 15 km. before Troy, I noticed a broken down camper van with an Australian sticker. I approached the owner and offered my assistance. What a character he turned out to be. Even today he makes me laugh.

He was a true Aussie Macho Man (so called male-chauvinist - like myself). He looked like Hercules. If you cross Mick Jeacle with Russell Olerenshaw, and make him stand on Charlie Brincat's legs, it will be him - Brian.

He took me for some under-educated wog, and with his movie like voice (similar to our John Goulding's voice), started to give me a lecture of history, ocher style.

Accordingly, Brian explained the Trojan War, starting with a local sea God called Nereus who was married to Doris. This randy bastard had 50 odd daughters and one of them was called Thetis. She was a real horny looking sheila, and all of these other Gods really wanted to get into her lacy French knickers. Only trouble was that if she had sex, she would end up with more power than them, and kick them all off Mt. Olympus. So she winded up marrying this ordinary bloke called Peleus, because no God would have her. They had a wedding reception (similar to Alexander Talay's reception) and invited all the Gods

along, probably to make them all feel really sick, because they had missed out on laying her, or something.

Anyway they didn't invite one of the Gods, or rather the Goddesses, because she was like the Goddess of Discord, and let's face it, she will probably fuck-up the wedding reception. Right in the middle of it all, when they had just finished the sweet pies, lobbed a Golden Apple in amongst them. This apple was engraved, and it said "that it was for the best looking sheila in the district, and no one else could have it".

Well of course all these greedy pricks wanted to have it, but none of the guys qualified, and the Goddesses were all better looking than the mortals, so they decided to have a Goddess Beauty Contest, to find out who was the best looking sort. The next problem was that none of the Gods had enough balls to judge the contest, because an angry Goddess can be a bit of a pain when she is upset. So this Zeus guy, who was the big shit amongst all these Gods (like Don Abell amongst us), suggested that they all go up to this mountain near Troy to hold the contest, because that is where this guy called Paris was. Funny name for a bloke when you think of it, but they did not travel much in those days, on account of not having Holdens and Falcons or anything, and they did not know it was the capital of France.

Anyway to cut a long story short, this Paris guy was up on the mountain looking after the fucking sheep.

He was a Kings son, but he must have fallen out with the old King or something, because Kings sons don't usually look after sheep on lonely mountains, do they? Paris was one of those lucky bastards who was really good with the women, and he had screwed all the good looking girls for miles around (like Patrick Reynolds around Frankston district), and was thought to be the best judge anywhere, when it came to tits and arse. Only three Goddesses turned up for the Miss Golden Apple Contest, there was Hera, Athena and good 'ol Aphrodite. Now some things change over the years, and some things don't, and one thing that hasn't changed

over the years in Turkey is bribery. They all started offering him things, so he would say they were the best looking. They promised him all sorts of things, but Aphrodite, who was wearing this real thin see-through night dress, and looked nearly as horny as Thetis, said she would give him the best looking chic anywhere on earth. Paris, whose brain was controlled entirely by the contents of his underpants, handed over the Golden Apple to Aphrodite, and asked when he would be able to get his hands on the woman. Aphrodite did not deliver the broad, she just gave him the address and said, "I'll fix it with her, you just go and pick her up, she will be waiting for you". Paris picked up his back-pack and left right there and then, did not even pack a spare pair of jocks or anything. When he got there, he found that the woman he had been promised was already married to this King called Menelaus. Aphrodite was not wrong, the girls name was Helen, and she was the best piece of arse he had ever clobbered eyes on. Fuck the King he thought, and he pissed off with her back to his Dad's palace at Troy. His dad was called King Priam.

When Menelaus got home and found out what happened, he got really shitty about the whole deal and left Sparta (that is where he lived), and went to see his brother who had lots of ships. "That prick Paris has pissed off to Troy with my old woman" he said. "Okay, let's teach the bastard a lesson - we'll go over there and burn down the whole fucking joint". So they took a thousand odd ships, an army, and a months supply of sandwiches with Vegemite (by Mr. Kraft), and set off for Troy. None of the ships had engines in those days, only sails, and you could not just rock over to Turkey unless the wind was blowing, which it wasn't. They hung around for days until nearly all the sandwiches were gone, and there still wasn't any wind. Then this guy called Calchas, who was a kind of weather forecaster with connections at the top, found out that Agamemnon had offended the Poseidon God who looked after the winds and sea, and he wasn't going to send even a fart until Agamemnon had given him a sacrifice. "Why didn't you say" said Aggy, and immediately slaughtered his daughter.



The wind came and they sailed to the beach near Troy, no worries at all mate. They pulled the boats up on the beach, had dinner and went up to the palace of King Priam. When they got there the gate was shut, so they yelled for someone to come and open up, but the Trojans told them to piss off.

"I want my Misses back" yelled Menelaus.

"Get stuffed" the Trojans said.

"Listen, I am the King of Sparta, if I don't get my Misses back there is going to be trouble", yelled back King Menelaus.

"I don't give a shit who you are", shouted King Priam.

"We've got her in our possession, and possession is nine tenths of the law".

"I will give you one last chance" yelled King Menelaus. "If she ain't here in five minutes flat, there is gunna be a fucking holocaust around here, and I don't give a shit who knows it".

"Listen to me you bastards", yelled Priam. "We are in here and you are out there. There is no way you are gunna get in, so why don't you just fuck-off back to Sparta. Now I'm going in for my afternoon constitution, and if you are still here when I come out, I am gunna get real nasty".

Now if you have ever bought a souvalaki and did not pay for it, you will know just how excitable these Greeks can be, let alone if you steal one of their wives and won't give her back. It was all out war.

Trojans came out to fight, and the Greeks found that they were not going to be a pushover like they thought. The war went on for nine whole years, and lots of guys got killed. One of them was this guy called Hector, and Achilles did the job on him, because Hector had bumped off his best mate. This Achilles was one hell of a mean bastard

to be on the wrong side of, when he killed Hector, he tied him to his horse and dragged him backwards and forwards in front of the castle. And if you chucked a spear or anything at him, it just bounced off.

There was this River Styx, and when Achilles was born his old lady dipped him in it, and this water was what stopped spears and things hurting him.

Paris suddenly came into the picture, and fired an arrow at Achilles and got him in the heel, and Achilles died. After nine years Helen must have been getting a few wrinkles. It was up to a Greek called Ulysses to come up with the plan.

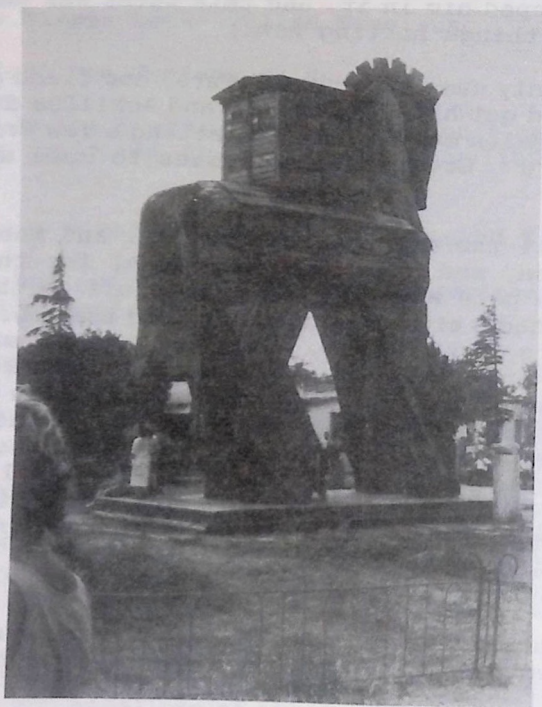
They got all the carpenters together, and made this big wooden horse, and left it as a present for the Trojans, outside the gate and they all pissed off in their boats. This horse had a big hole inside it, and the four other guys were sitting in this hole. When the Trojans saw that the Greeks had gone, they went out and pulled the wooden horse inside, and left it for the night while they all got to celebrate the Greeks having pissed off without getting their hands on Helen. Out came Ulysses and the boys, who killed off the guards and opened the gates. All the rest of the Greeks had only gone off for a joy ride in their boats, and came back as soon as it was dark and ran into the city and killed all the Trojans off. We never heard what happened to Helen.

If old Homer found out how this had been butchered and interpreted, he will probably turn over in his grave.\*\*

#### EDITOR'S COMMENT:

The Editor takes no responsibility for any libelous action that might result from publishing this letter. Nor do I take responsibility for how this article reads, as I was not able to read the original manuscript due to the unusual writing style of the author.

Signed - Editor.



***TROJAN HORSE***



**AUSTRALIA DAY WEEKEND  
REFUGE COVE  
JANUARY 25TH/26TH/27TH**

Bookings are now being taken for the big weekend at Refuge Cove, Wilsons Promontory.

3 days of diving aboard the luxury vessel Rosalia. Exploring the beautiful waters of Wilsons Promontory.

SPACE IS LIMITED TO 12 PEOPLE.

DEPOSITS OF \$ 50.00 TO JOHN GOULDING  
WILL SECURE YOUR BOOKING.

COSTS FOR THE WEEKEND, INCLUDING ALL FOOD AND FUN,  
APPROXIMATELY \$120.00-\$130.00.

Note: Deposits will only be refundable prior to stores being purchased. Late cancellations will only be refundable if the vacancy can be filled.

CONTACT: JOHN GOULDING - 829 2213 (BUSINESS).

Members taking their own boats should notify Bob Scott, who will act as Dive Captain for the private boat divers.\*\*

## MEDIA WATCH

# DIVE TO DEATH

## Rescue agony as air runs out

By MIKE EDMONDS  
and LOUISE TALBOT  
A DIVER drowned in a dramatic underwater scramble after his tank ran out of air at the weekend.

A diving partner tried to share his air supply which also ran out, leaving the pair to swim 18 metres to the surface without oxygen.

The partner, Nick Farmer, was devastated when he reached the surface but discovered Alastair Marshall, 34, had failed to come up with him.

"I will never forget how I pointed for us to ascend but his eyes were just wide as he looked around and

started sinking," Mr Farmer, 26, said last night.

He said it was almost a double tragedy.

"I came up the last 20 metres with no air. It was real close, real close," he said.

The two Traralgon men were part of a group of 17 divers on a weekend trip to Beware Reef near Cape Conron, south-east of Orbost, on Saturday.

The drama began about 10.50am when five men began diving off the reef at a depth of 24 metres.

Mr Marshall, a father of

three and stepfather of two children, and Mr Farmer saw a small shark and spent several minutes chasing it.

At 18 metres, Mr Marshall realised his air supply had run out and swam to Mr Farmer so they could share his air supply as they ascended.

But that tank also ran out of air.

Mr Farmer reached the surface about 11.15am and screamed for other divers who had already surfaced to help.

Mr Marshall's body was

found on the sea bed several minutes later.

He was still wearing weights.

Divers were unable to resuscitate him.

Mr Farmer was the only diver nearby when Mr Marshall ran out of air.

"He signalled he was out, so I gave him my regulator to get some air into him," he said.

"We started coming up when my tank ran out at about 20 metres.

"He started sinking but didn't let go of his weight belt... I think it was just sheer terror on his part."

"HERALD-SUN" - MONDAY 25/11/91

The dive master for the trip, Mr Bruce Paul, of Moc, who recovered the body, said last night Mr Marshall might have lived if he had released the weights.

"If he'd just dropped his weight belt, that's all he had to do, he would have had a chance," Mr Paul said.

"He would have come to the surface and saved 10 or 12 minutes. We could have got him in a boat and perhaps revived him.

"I think he panicked: there was some in experi-

ence, but he was qualified and had done ocean dives before."

Mr Marshall had been diving for about six months.

Mr Paul said Mr Marshall's de facto wife, Helen Purcell, and her two young children who had been waiting at the nearby Marlo caravan park were "terribly distressed".

The LaTrobe Valley Scuba Diving Club president, Mr Peter Graff, said Mr Marshall's death could be put down to lack of experience and attention to time.

"The tanks, which last about 25 minutes, are equipped with two regulators (mouthpieces) for incidents such as this," he said.

"The tanks also have a contents gauge which should be checked at regular intervals.

"They obviously left their run a bit late."

Constable Jamie Lynch, of Orbost police, said the dead man's equipment would be taken to Melbourne for testing.

"However, it seems the man simply ran out of air during all the excitement of catching the shark," he said last night.

# 10,000-year-old paintings found in a French cave

By PAUL WEBSTER,  
Paris, Sunday

One of the most important European archaeological finds of all time was revealed on the weekend when the French Cultural Ministry announced that a prehistoric grotto equivalent to the south-western site of Lascaux had been discovered near Mar-sailles.

The entrance to the six-metre high cave was more than 40 metres underwater and was discovered by chance by a professional diver during the summer. The secret was kept to allow archaeologists to authenticate hundreds of paintings which were at least 10,000 years old.

The grotto will be named after its discoverer, Mr Henri Cosquer, who was diving in the Sor-mu Inlet near Cassis. The first 130 metres of the cave entrance was under water but a huge area

at the back was above sea level.

The diver said the access was extremely dangerous and no one has been allowed in except experts in prehistory.

Mr Robert Chenorkien, the director of the Mediterranean anthropological and prehistorical laboratory at Aix-en-Provence, said hundreds of drawings of animals and men dated from the late paleolithic era and were about 10,000 years old.

"Apart from animal scenes, notably bisons, there are prints of mutilated hands which could be even older," he said.

There was nothing astonishing at the cave entrance being so far below sea level, he added, because the Mediterranean was much shallower in the prehistoric era. The drawings had been preserved because there were cracks in the cave walls which allowed air to flow in.

— Guardian



# Treasure theory switch

Melbourne's exclusive beaches of Portsea and Sorrento could be a sea of shovels this summer as Victoria's only rollicking pirate treasure yarn takes a new turn.

For 50 years, on and off, depending on economic circumstances, treasure hunters have been digging into sand dunes overlooking Swan Bay at Queenscliff in their quest for the legendary hoard of pirate Benito Bonito.

Now the son of a son of a Queenscliff fisherman has claimed the cache is on the other side of Port Phillip Bay.

Mr Douglas Collins, 70, a retired fisherman of Tweed Heads, NSW, says the pirate treasure was buried in a hidden cave in a cliff-face between Sorrento and Point Nepean.

He says the thousands of people who searched the Queenscliff shoreline for the treasure got it wrong. He says a sailing ship could not have entered Swan Bay because it was too shallow.

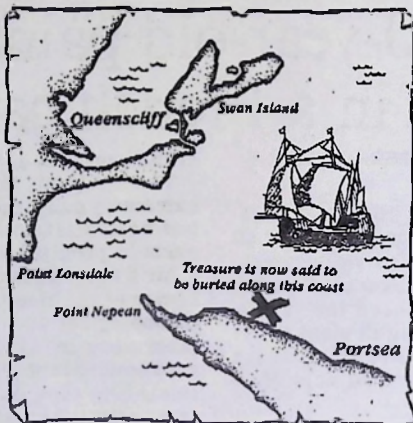
"I heard the story of the buried treasure sitting at the feet of my father, Fred Collins, on the veranda of our Queenscliff home nearly 60 years ago from the first person to search for the treasure, Bob Wallis.

"He was told about the treasure by an old Italian seaman who claimed to be a cabin boy on the pirate ship.

"Bob Wallis was told about a cave, a rugged cliff face, timber standing on end and a railway line.

"He looked for 30 years before deciding Swan Bay fitted the bill. But the old Italian lied to him.

"The treasure never came



across from the Sorrento side. They couldn't have got a ship into Swan Bay. That's the sort of thing you'd know only if you worked the sea."

The Collins family worked court boats in Port Phillip Bay for nearly a century.

Depending on which legend is being related, Benito Bonito was a pirate from an indeterminate era who attacked Spanish galleons off Mexico and fled with loot, including a pair of two-metre, solid-gold statues of the Madonna from the cathedral in Lima, Peru, hotly pursued by a British man-of-war.

Port Phillip Bay became part of the legend via a dirty old beachcomber who used to live on Swan Island in a shack made from old kerosene tins nailed on to driftwood uprights.

In the 1880s he used to buy grog from the Baillieu family's Ozone Hotel with gold coins, but nobody

knew where he got the money.

He was a Genoa-born seaman, known by the kids in the area as "Kerosene Jack", who had sailed before the mast, Jack Kerocini (or Karasino), and died in a Melbourne rest home.

A Hampton "do-gooder", Mr Bob Wallis, visited the old seaman in his last days and was told the treasure story, either in malice or in return for his kindness.

Either way, Mr Wallis believed the old tar and started a tradition of syndicates that have dug the sand dunes every time the economy goes bad.

Historians will not touch the Benito Bonito treasure with a barge pole. The only true believers have been local youngsters, newspapers which have studiously reported each dig, starry-eyed treasure seekers and tourist brochures which spruik the treasure alongside the Queenscliff fort, ferry and restaurants.

Queenscliff Borough became so fed up with dune damage that it banned treasure hunts.

Mr Collins said his father had worked on the Wallis syndicate dig and, as a boy, he had often sat listening to the two men discuss the treasure.

"Kerosene Jack" told Bob Wallis his ship had sailed into Port Phillip and anchored off the Sorrento-Portsea stretch, and he had jumped overboard when there was a mutiny," Mr Collins said.

"The next day he watched the pirates row ashore, bury the treasure in a cave and leave. Somehow he escaped, the sole survivor, the only man who knew where the treasure was buried."

## Moray eel takes diver by the neck

A 27-year-old diving instructor was attacked and bitten on the neck by a moray eel while diving off the north Queensland coast yesterday.

A Proserpine ambulance spokesman said the man received lacerations to the back of his neck while diving off a reef near Whitsunday Islands.

He was airlifted to the mainland in a seaplane and taken to Proserpine Hospital.

A hospital spokesman would not comment on the man's condition or provide his name.

Moray eels are snake-like fish described by marine experts as voracious and willing to attack anything which comes near their large, tooth-filled mouth. Some species have poisonous fangs.


There are 20 species of moray eels in Australian waters and they can grow to three metres in length.

"THE AGE" - MONDAY 28/10/91

## **BLONDE JOKES**

1. **WHY CAN'T BLONDES TAKE COFFEE BREAKS?**  
They're too hard to retrain.
2. **WHAT IS A BLONDE'S PICK UP LINE?**  
I'm sooooo drunk!
3. **WHAT DO BLONDES AND COW PATS HAVE IN COMMON?**  
They're both easier to pick up when they get older.
4. **WHY DOES A BLONDE HAVE T.G.I.F. ON HER SHOES?**  
Toes Go In First.
5. **HOW CAN YOU TELL WHEN A BLONDE HAS BEEN USING THE COMPUTER?**  
There's white-out on the screen.
6. **WHAT DOES A BLONDE SAY AFTER REALLY GOOD SEX?**  
So, are all you guys on the same team?
7. **WHY CAN'T BLONDES EAT DILL PICKLES?**  
They can't get their heads in the jar.
8. **HOW MANY BLONDES DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A LIGHT BULB?**  
None . . . they screw in cars.
9. **WHY DO BLONDES HAVE SO MUCH FREE TIME?**  
Everyone expects so little from them.
10. **WHY DON'T BLONDES LIKE TO BREAST FEED?**  
Because it hurts to boil the nipples.
11. **WHY DID GOD GIVE A BLONDE 2 MORE BRAIN CELLS THAN A COW?**  
When you pull their tits they don't shit on the floor.



SUBJECT:  WOMAN ~ A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

ELEMENT: WOMAN

CHEMICAL SYMBOL: W02

ATOMIC MASS: Accepted as 118 lbs, but known to vary between 100 & 550 lbs.

OCCURRENCE: Copious quantities in all urban areas.

DISCOVERY: Adam . Circ. 01/00/00

**PHYSICAL PROPERTIES:**

1. Surface usually found covered with a painted film.
2. Boils at nothing, freezes without reason or warning.
3. Melts if given special treatment.
4. Bitter if incorrectly used.
5. Found in various states, ranging from virgin metal to common ore.
6. Yields to pressure applied to correct point.

**CHEMICAL PROPERTIES:**

1. Has great affinity for Gold, Silver, Platinum and precious stones.
2. Absorbs great quantities of expensive substances.
3. May explode spontaneously without warning or reason.
4. Insoluble in liquids, but activity greatly increased by saturation in alcohol.
5. Most powerful money reducing agent known to man.

**COMMON USES:**

1. Highly ornamental, especially in sports cars.
2. Can be great aid to relaxation.

**TESTS:**

1. Pure specimen turns rosy pink when discovered in natural state.
2. Turns green when placed beside better specimen.

**HAZARDS:**

1. Highly dangerous except in experienced hands.
2. Illegal to possess more than one.

## TIDE TABLES

PORT PHILLIP HEADS TIMES AND HEIGHTS OF HIGH AND LOW WATERS				PORT PHILLIP HEADS TIDAL STREAM CHANGE			
DECEMBER - 1991				DECEMBER 1991			
Time m	Time m	Time m	Time m	FLOOD	EBB	FLOOD	EBB
1 0642 0.77	0200 1.53	0231 1.32	0231 1.59	0314	0941	0358	1012
1 1240 0.44	9 0738 0.58	1225 0.37	25 0006 0.48	1811	2210	1651	2307
SU 1942 1.32	MO 1330 1.28	TU 1921 1.21	WE 1424 1.40	0407	1035	0453	1104
	MO 1945 0.16	TU 2015 0.10		1713	2315	1756	
2 0039 0.60	10 0235 1.54	18 0045 0.69	0317 1.62	0503	1135	0566	0919
2 0735 0.97	10 1818 0.55	17 0712 1.26	26 0903 0.39	1096	1697	1085	1204
MO 1337 0.35	TU 2025 0.19	WE 2030 1.22	TH 2111 0.18	0697	1321	0703	1308
2049 1.33				1917	2422	2087	
3 0137 0.70	11 0308 1.54	19 0145 0.78	27 0402 1.62	0712	1530	0914	0235
3 0830 1.32	11 0858 0.52	0601 1.20	27 0957 0.31	2013	1928	2105	1418
TU 1440 0.33	WE 1449 1.31	TH 1408 0.28	FR 1615 1.45	0450	1230	0939	0391
	WE 2101 0.23	2145 1.25	2201 0.28	2103	1421	2201	1923
4 0250 0.76	12 0341 1.53	20 0254 0.82	28 0446 1.60	0904	0322	1018	0426
4 0924 1.27	12 0934 0.51	0859 1.16	28 1046 0.26	2148	1909	2254	1622
WE 1541 0.29	TH 1530 1.30	FR 1510 0.22	SA 1717 1.44	0950	0407	1115	0518
WE 2253 1.40	2135 0.29	2255 1.32	2248 0.39	2231	1554	2346	1719
5 0407 0.77	13 0414 1.51	21 0405 0.81	29 0630 1.56	0314	0449	1210	0610
5 1018 1.24	13 1008 0.49	21 1002 1.16	29 1134 0.23	2310	1637	0038	0859
TH 1638 0.45	FR 1609 1.29	SA 1615 0.15	SU 1824 1.42	1114	0529	1308	1908
	2348 1.45	2206 0.36	2332 0.51	2346	1717	0123	0746
6 0513 0.73	14 0446 1.48	22 0511 0.76	30 0614 1.50	1153	0603	1401	2002
6 1112 1.23	14 1035 0.47	22 1118 1.19	30 1221 0.23	0921	0837	0209	0832
FR 1730 0.20	SA 1649 1.27	SU 1718 0.09	MO 1926 1.39	1232	1832	1459	2058
	2235 0.43			0021	0711	0253	0917
7 0037 1.49	15 0518 1.44	23 0653 1.48	31 0017 0.51	0054	0711	0126	0742
7 0607 0.68	15 1059 0.44	23 0610 0.67	31 0639 1.42	0126	0742	1308	1907
SA 1202 1.54	SU 1732 1.25	MO 1229 1.26	TU 1309 0.25	0156	0813	1344	1942
1817 0.17	2311 0.51	1818 0.05	2024 1.35	1420	2021	1420	2021
8 0120 1.52	16 0551 1.39	24 0144 1.54		0231	0847	0156	0813
8 0654 0.63	16 1144 0.40	24 0708 0.57		2021	2021	1420	2021
SU 1247 1.26	MO 1822 1.23	TU 1328 1.33		0231	0847	0156	0813
1902 0.15	2354 0.60	1917 0.06		0311	0926	1553	2151
				1553	2203	1646	2245

ADD 1 HOUR TO TIMES SHOWN FOR OFFICIAL 'SUMMER TIME'

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ADD 1 HOUR TO TIMES SHOWN FOR OFFICIAL 'SUMMER TIME'

## PORT PHILLIP HEADS

LAT 38° 18' S LONG 144° 37' E TIME ZONE -1000  
TIMES AND HEIGHTS OF HIGH AND LOW WATERS

JANUARY - 1992

Time m	Time m	Time m	Time m	Time m
1 0102 0.68	0249 1.46	0107 0.73	0339 1.59	
9 0737 1.31	0944 0.45	17 0724 1.22	25 0937 1.50	
WE 1357 0.26	TH 1436 1.24	FR 1335 0.19	SA 1812 1.50	
2119 1.31	2042 0.23	2117 1.25	2144 0.27	
2 0200 0.76	0317 1.46	0212 0.79	0418 1.57	
10 0831 1.25	0918 0.39	18 0824 1.18	26 1023 0.09	
TH 1454 0.28	FR 1515 1.25	SA 1440 0.18	SU 1705 1.48	
2219 1.32	2114 0.27	2230 1.28	2226 0.36	
3 0311 0.80	0346 1.46	0330 0.80	0455 1.53	
0930 1.19	0950 0.35	0941 1.17	1105 0.09	
FR 1555 0.28	SA 1353 1.25	SU 1556 0.16	MO 1759 1.44	
2318 1.34	2144 0.32	2336 1.35	2306 0.45	
4 0425 0.79	0415 1.44	0445 0.74	0533 1.47	
1030 1.17	1020 0.31	1107 1.20	1148 0.12	
SA 1654 0.27	SU 1632 1.27	MO 1708 0.13	TU 1852 1.38	
	2215 0.39		2347 0.54	
5 0513 1.37	0446 1.42	0536 1.42	0613 1.39	
0532 0.75	1049 0.28	1053 0.63	1230 0.16	
SU 1129 1.16	MO 1715 1.27	TU 1219 1.27	WE 1945 1.32	
1749 0.24	2250 0.46	1815 0.10		
6 0101 1.40	0519 1.38	0129 1.49	0030 0.63	
0631 0.68	1121 0.25	0656 0.50	0656 1.30	
MO 1223 1.17	TU 1802 1.26	WE 1323 1.36	TH 2040 1.24	
1840 0.21	2330 0.55	1915 0.10		
7 0143 1.43	0555 1.33	0215 1.55	0119 0.71	
0722 0.60	1158 0.22	0755 0.36	0745 1.22	
TU 1311 1.19	WE 1858 1.25	TH 1421 1.43	FR 1409 0.29	
1926 0.20		2010 0.13	2138 1.22	
8 0218 1.45	0015 0.64	0259 1.58		
0806 0.52	1635 1.27	0848 0.23		
WE 1356 1.22	TH 1242 0.20	FR 0516 1.48		
2006 0.21	2003 1.24	2059 0.19		

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ADD 1 HOUR TO TIMES SHOWN FOR OFFICIAL "SUMMER TIME"

## PORT PHILLIP HEADS

## TIDAL STREAM CHANGE

JANUARY 1992

START OF		START OF		START OF	
FLOOD	EBB	FLOOD	EBB	FLOOD	EBB
0430	1047	0430	1047	0518	1132
1738	2340	1738	2340	1835	1835
	1143		1143	0636	0100
0516	1937	0516	1937	1947	1249
1837	0045	1837	0045	0756	0212
0621	1243	0621	1243	2052	1408
1937	0152	1937	0152	0926	0315
0728	1343	0728	1343	2152	1517
0204	0253	0204	0253	1010	0413
0831	1439	0831	1439	2245	1619
1285	0346	1285	0346	1108	0505
0927	1532	0927	1532	2305	1716
0212	0433	0212	0433	1232	0554
1017	1619	1017	1619	1808	1808
2252	0512	2252	0512	0019	0638
1101	1701	1101	1701	1255	1858
2328	0547	2328	0547	0101	0721
1140	1739	1140	1739	1344	1945
2359	0818	2359	0818	0141	0801
1217	1815	1217	1815	1433	2032
0930	0648	0930	0648	0220	0841
1251	1840	1251	1840	1520	2120
0100	0719	0100	0719	1607	0922
1326	1624	1326	1624	0907	2207
0131	0748	0131	0748	0343	1006
1402	2003	1402	2003	1658	2300
0206	0820	0206	0820	0432	1057
1442	2040	1442	2040	1754	2359
0240	0854	0240	0854		
1257	2137	1257	2137		
0126	0938	0126	0938		
1627	2226	1627	2226		
0410	1030	0410	1030		
1726	2345	1726	2345		

ADD 1 HOUR TO TIMES SHOWN FOR OFFICIAL "SUMMER TIME"



## PORT PHILLIP HEADS

LAT 38° 18' S LONG 144° 37' E TIME ZONE -1000  
TIMES AND HEIGHTS OF HIGH AND LOW WATERS

FEBRUARY - 1992

Time m	Time m	Time m	Time m	Time m
1 0221 0.75	0317 1.44	07 0255 0.73	17 0255 0.73	25 0425 1.50
0844 1.14	0926 0.25	0923 1.16	17 0923 1.16	25 1037 0.07
SA 1512 0.32	SU 1539 1.35	MO 1553 0.22	TU 1732 1.49	TU 1732 1.49
2239 1.21	2128 0.35	2309 1.28	2242 0.45	25 2242 0.45
2 0338 0.78	0348 1.43	0418 0.65	0501 1.44	26 0501 1.44
0950 1.09	0955 1.21	1057 1.20	1116 0.12	26 1116 0.12
SU 1619 0.33	MO 1616 0.37	TU 1650 0.23	WE 1817 1.40	WE 1817 1.40
2340 1.23	2200 0.40		2320 0.52	26 2320 0.52
3 0459 0.74	11 0420 1.41	0010 1.35	19 0010 1.35	27 0540 1.36
1058 1.08	1024 0.18	0534 0.34	19 0534 0.34	27 1156 0.18
MO 1723 0.31	TU 1657 1.35	WE 1213 1.30	TH 1904 1.32	27 1904 1.32
	TU 2235 0.45	1802 0.23		
4 0931 1.27	12 0452 1.37	0102 1.44	20 0102 1.44	28 0000 0.59
0610 0.66	1056 0.16	0641 0.38	20 0641 0.38	28 0000 0.59
TU 1200 1.11	WE 1741 1.34	TH 1317 1.42	FR 1238 0.26	28 1238 0.26
1819 0.28	2312 0.53	1905 0.23	1955 1.23	28 1955 1.23
5 0114 1.32	0527 1.33	0149 1.50	21 0149 1.50	29 0045 0.65
0704 0.56	1132 0.14	0738 0.24	21 0738 0.24	29 0706 1.19
WE 1254 1.16	TH 1830 1.30	FR 1415 1.52	SA 1325 0.33	SA 1325 0.33
1907 0.27	2353 0.29	1957 0.25	2049 1.17	29 2049 1.17
6 0147 1.36	14 0606 1.29	0231 1.55	22 0231 1.55	
0745 0.46	14 1215 0.14	0828 0.13	22 0828 0.13	
TH 1341 1.22	FR 1930 1.25	SA 1509 1.58	SA 2043 0.29	
1947 0.27				
7 0218 1.40	15 0640 0.67	0311 1.56	23 0311 1.56	
0822 0.38	0654 1.24	0914 0.06	23 0914 0.06	
FR 1422 1.27	SA 1306 0.16	SU 1559 1.59	SU 2125 0.34	
2023 0.28	2043 1.22	2125 0.34		
8 0247 1.43	0138 0.72	0348 1.54	24 0348 1.54	
0855 0.31	0757 1.15	0857 0.04	24 0857 0.04	
SA 1500 1.32	SU 1410 0.19	MO 1646 1.55	MO 1646 1.55	
2056 0.31	2200 1.23	2204 0.39		

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ADD 1 HOUR TO TIMES SHOWN FOR OFFICIAL "SUMMER TIME".

## PORT PHILLIP HEADS

TIDAL STREAM CHANGE

FEBRUARY 1992

	START OF			START OF	
	FLOOD	EBB		FLOOD	EBB
1 SA	0523 1854	1158	18 TU	0738 2030	0144 1054
2 SU	0644 2000	0109 1505	19 WE	0864 2132	0252 1607
3 MO	0759 2057	0220 1411	20 TH	0959 2227	0352 1611
4 TU	0905 2147	0321 1510	21 FR	1057 2314	0444 1706
5 WE	0959 2227	0408 1601	22 SA	1149 2387	0520 1756
6 TH	1044 2303	0447 1644	23 SU	1237 1842	0613 1842
7 FR	1122 2395	0520 1723	24 MO	0037 1323	0653 1925
8 SA	1158	0551 1758	25 TU	0115 1405	0731 2007
9 SU	0007 1230	0622 1834	26 WE	0152 1447	0809 2049
10 MO	0038 1306	0652 1908	27 TH	0290 1500	0948 2132
11 TU	0110 1341	0722 1946	28 FR	0310 1617	0929 2220
12 WE	0144 1419	0754 2027	29 SA	0356 1707	1016 2314
13 TH	0220 1501	0830 2112			
14 FR	0300 1552	0911 2205			
15 SA	0347 1655	1000 2311			
16 SU	0448 1805	1104 2411			
17 MO	0609 1920	0028 1227			

ADD 1 HOUR TO TIMES SHOWN FOR OFFICIAL "SUMMER TIME".

**DIVE/SOCIAL CALENDAR**

<u>DATE</u>	<u>EVENT/LOCATION</u>	<u>DIVE CAPTAIN</u>	<u>MEET AT</u>
19 Dec	General Meeting - North Melbourne Football Club (Meet beforehand at Black Prince Hotel, 99 Curzon Street, North Melbourne).		8.00 p.m.
29 Dec	Flinders Area	S. Staddon 429 9948	Flinders 9.30 a.m.
12 Jan	Heads Area	D. Abell 889 4415	Sorrento 9.30 a.m.
25/26/ 27 Jan	Refuge Cove (See separate notice).	J. Goulding	
<u>Note:</u>	THERE IS NO GENERAL MEETING IN JANUARY.		
9 Feb	Flinders	J. Lawler 569 9851	Flinders 10.00 a.m.
20 Feb	General Meeting - North Melbourne Football Club (Meet beforehand at Black Prince Hotel, 99 Curzon Street, North Melbourne).		8.00 p.m.
23 Feb	Nepean Point Limestone Caves	P. Reynolds 789 1092	Sorrento 9.30 a.m.
7/8/9 March	Port Campbell	P. Tipping 387 2027	Port Campbell
19 Mar	General Meeting - North Melbourne Football Club (Meet beforehand at Black Prince Hotel, 99 Curzon Street, North Melbourne).		8.00 p.m.
22 Mar	Sorrento Heads Area Submarines	S. Khan 429 9948	Sorrento 9.30 a.m.

<u>DATE</u>	<u>EVENT/LOCATION</u>	<u>DIVE CAPTAIN</u>	<u>MEET AT</u>
5 Apr	Pinnacles	J. Goulding 829 2213 (B)	Stony Pt. 9.30 a.m.
14 Apr	Hyperbaric Chamber (See separate notice).	S. Khan 429 9948	Alfred Hospital 7.20 p.m.
<b><u>NOTE:</u> THE APRIL GENERAL MEETING WILL NOT BE HELD ON THE 3RD THURSDAY OWING TO EASTER.</b>			
17-20 April	Tidal River Wilson's Promontory	D. Abell 889 4415	Tidal River

### **NEW TERRITORY:**

Are you sick and tired of the same old dive sites? The same crayfish hunt, followed by lunch, followed by another crayfish hunt! Great if you really like crayfish - but for those of us who don't find amusement in repeated decapod hunts **NEW TERRITORY** is what we need.

V.S.A.G. committee is now looking at finding new dive sites and new reasons for dives. If you have any suggestions, please mention them at the December meeting and let's get some extra spark back into our dives.

New territory will also mean that crayfish hunts will be more profitable for those who love to search ledges for a meal as well.

Be prepared to discuss at December meeting.





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