

FATHOMS

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VSAG

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

JUN-JUL 97

FATHOMS

Official journal of the *Victorian Sub - Aqua Group*

In this issue:

JUNE/JULY 1997

V.S.A.G. Committee Members		2
Editorial	Mick Jeacle	3
VSAG Diver Profile	C. Llewellyn/D. Catherall	5
Wombat at the Prom	Don Abell	9
Wreck of Courier & Pope's Eye	Doug Catherall	11
Training Ship Arthusa	Neville Viapree	13
Rotomahana dive report	Des Williams	16
The dive of my life	Mick Jeacle	18
VSAG Vanuatu Adventure	Des Williams	22
S.S. President Coolidge	Mick Jeacle	26
Elvis Lives	Kate Caine	30
Deco Stops	Mick Jeacle	32
Dive/Social Calendar		36
Scuba Market		37
Tide tables - March/April 1997		38
Emergency Contact Information		40

Next General Meetings:

Bells Hotel
157 Moray Street (cnr. Coventry Street)
South Melbourne - 8pm sharp!
Thursday 19th June 1997
Thursday 17th July 1997

Next Committee Meetings:

Tuesday 24th June - Des Williams's home
Tuesday 22nd July - Andy Mastrowicz's home

Editorial submissions to:

Mick Jeacle
5 Donn Close
Frankston Vic 3199
Tel: (0359) 71 2786 (h)
9784 3333 (w)
9784 3349 (fax)

V.S.A.G. COMMITTEE MEMBERS

A.C.N. 004 591 575

PRESIDENT:

Don Abell
80 Liston Street,
Burwood, 3125.
Telephone: 9889 4415 (H)
9288 6548 (W)

SECRETARY:

Priya Cardinaletti
10 Wells Ave,
Boronia, 3155.
Telephone: 9761 0960 (H)
9344 5542 (W)

TREASURER:

Doug Catherall
2/33 Patterson Ave,
Burwood, 3125.
Telephone: 9888 7774 (H)

NEWSLETTER EDITOR:

Mick Jeacle
5 Donn Close,
Frankston, 3199.
Telephone: 0359 712 786 (H)
9784 3333 (W)

SOCIAL SECRETARY:

Leo Maybus
2 Olsen Close
Mooroolbark, 3138,
Telephone: 9727 1568 (H)
018 375 102 (w)

SAFETY OFFICER:

Pat Reynolds
14 Nurla Court,
Frankston, 3199.
Telephone: 9789 1092 (H)

PUBLIC RELATIONS &

MEETINGS CO-ORDINATOR:

Des Williams
14 Dorrington Cr.,
Dingley Village, 3172.
Telephone: 9551 3201 (H)
9597 0777 (W)

VICE PRESIDENT:

John Lawler
7 Cloris Avenue,
Beaumaris, 3193.
Telephone: 9589 4020 (H)
0359 757 100 (W)

ASSISTANT SECRETARY & POINTS SCORER:

Chris Llewellyn
4 Bahen Close,
Eltham North, 3095.
Telephone: 9431 1650 (H)
9464 1599 (w)

ASSISTANT TREASURER:

Andy Mastrowicz
15 Soudan Road,
West Footscray, 3012.
Telephone: 9318 3986 (H)
9301 2410 (W)

ASSISTANT EDITOR:

Bob Scott
1 Donn Close
Frankston, 3199
Telephone: 0359 712 206 (H)
9706 7100 (w)

PROPERTY OFFICER &

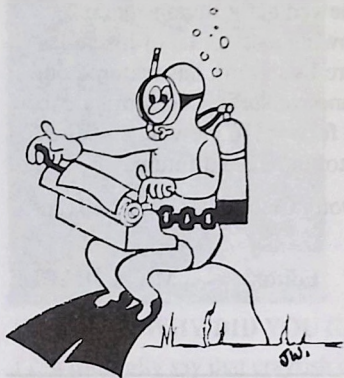
ASSISTANT SOCIAL SECRETARY:

Gerry Devries
16 Vinter Avenue,
Croydon, 3136.
Telephone: 9725 2381 (H)
015 324 608 (w)

S.D.F. DELEGATES:

Don Abell
John Lawler
Des Williams

EDITORIAL



Well another highly successful VSAG trip has been and gone. I say highly successful because everything went according to plan and without the slightest hitch along the way.

Of course this does not happen automatically. There is a lot of planning and organising to do and on behalf of all those who attended I would like to extend our heartfelt thanks to Don Abell and Des Williams. These two fellows worked tirelessly to ensure the enjoyment of others and their input did not cease until we were on the flight home. Well done guys, you truly were magnificent!

I have seen it written many times that to go away with VSAG is to share a memorable and enjoyable experience. How many other clubs could boast a fun filled and hassle free trip when 28 people from different walks of life join together for eight days. The camaraderie that exists within our club is indeed unique and its longevity no doubt is attributable to this.

The diving on the President Coolidge was spectacular. This was largely due to the excellent guidance by Kevin and Mayumi Green, proprietors of Aquamarine. Kevin tried his best to accommodate the wishes of all divers present and if anybody missed out on a particular dive it was only because of limited dive guides on the day. A truly professional operation and one which I would certainly recommend to all and sundry.

Due to the fact that I had an additional four days off when I returned from Vanuatu, I was able to include an article and deco stops in this issue. Thanks to Kate Caine for sending me an article on the Coolidge and to Bill Hayes for providing the photographs. Des Williams has also submitted a short summary of the trip; thanks Des. I have been promised other articles from other members and also from the non-diving wives who attended, and these will be included in the

next edition of FATHOMS for your enjoyment.

No doubt there will be many photographs to be viewed at the June general meeting. Also, Des Williams will no doubt be showing a selection of his slides and this should not be missed. As you are all aware Des' work has featured on the cover of FATHOMS for some ten years now and we are indeed fortunate to have his talents all to ourselves. We can also look forward to viewing an edited version of Dave Moore's video, hopefully in the not too distant future.

Finally, thanks to the other scribes in this issue, Doug Catherall, Don Abell, and Neville Viapree.

Editor. MICK JEACLE

REMEMBER!

V.S.A.G GENERAL MEETINGS

are on the

THIRD THURSDAY OF THE MONTH!

AT BELLS HOTEL

CNR. MORAY & COVENTRY STREETS, SOUTH MELBOURNE

Make a note of these dates in your diary or calendar now.

Thursday 17 July

Thursday 21 August

Come and enjoy a delicious meal before the meeting which commences at 8pm sharp.



V.S.A.G. PROFILE

This month's diver profile features

Doug Catherall AGE: 48

OCCUPATION: Buliding Plus

FAMILY: Husband of Maxine,
Father of Sarah 25, Liz 23

HOW AND WHY DID YOU GET INVOLVED IN DIVING?

I can truthfully say that crayfish caused me to dive.

Port Fairy was where I used to snorkel for crays until Boris (Gary Thorn) and I decided if we had scuba gear we could do a lot better. So we did.

WHAT DIVING COURSES DID YOU COMPLETE IN YOUR EARLY DIVING YEARS?

My first course was with Warrick McDonald before he joined PADI in about 1978. I then crossed over to PADI and did the Advanced and Divemaster courses before going on to an Instructor's course, but I was only passed as an Assistant Instructor and haven't bothered to sit again.

WHEN AND WHY DID YOU FIRST JOIN VSAG?

VSAG first came to my attention when Warrick, Boris and myself joined a group going to Vanuatu. Andy Redwood thought he was the tour captain and other VSAG members were Dave Carroll and Peter Harkin. After recovering from the second most debauched holiday of my life (born again bachelor) I joined VSAG somewhere around 1981.

WHAT ARE YOUR FAVOURITE UNDERWATER INTERESTS AND SITES?

A successful cray bash can't be beaten. No gloves, no implements, man against beast.

TELL US ABOUT ONE OF YOUR MORE MEMORABLE DIVES.

Memorable dives? The best dives for me so far have been "The Coolidge" and "The Mikhail Lermontov." Both fantastic wrecks dived in good company. The sea-plane in Port Vila Harbour holds memories of my regulator falling apart at around 100 feet in two foot silted vis. On my second mouthful of salt water I lunged at the shadow to my left and grabbed hold of Boris' fin, pulled him back and de-reg'd him. We continued on and buddy breathed the rest of the dive.

Another was teaching P.J. to dive. Boris dropped us off inside the Heads and seven hours later the Search & Rescue boat picked us up off Chinaman's Hat.

Then there was the 130 foot sub. Labouring to get the last bolt off the last porthole using a very heavy crow bar that Geoff Birtles gave me. I was in a crouched position, lunging up and down with the bar but straightened after tiring and began to pass out. It took all my mental strength to not faint, realising what the consequences would be.

TELL US ABOUT THE INFAMOUS 'FLINDERS' INCIDENT YOU WERE INVOLVED IN A FEW YEARS BACK.

The 'Lost at Sea' story follows. (page 7 & 8).

WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE A DIVER WHO FOUND HIMSELF IN SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES?

Do survive. The best advice I remembered then and on other occasions is DO NOT PANIC. Panic is an unreasoned response to a difficult situation. Remember, there is always time to reason before acting. Stay calm. Survive.

WHAT IS THE MOST ENJOYABLE DESTINATION YOU HAVE COME ACROSS IN ALL YOUR EXTENSIVE WORLDWIDE TRAVELS?

Horses for courses, or places for races?

- * For easy travel, good sightseeing and friendliness - Thailand.
- * For something very different and mystic - Tibet.
- * For cultural diversity and fascination - Outback China.
- * For value for money - Indonesia. (even Bali.)
- * For poverty and rubbish - Vietnam and Nepal.
- * For disappointment - Ireland.

AS A LONG TERM CLUB AND COMMITTEE MEMBER WHAT DO YOU FEEL ARE VSAG'S STRENGTHS?

The mixed talents and backgrounds of the members joining together with a common bond. The fact that VSAG is independent and not seeking to rule the world. We don't live in each others pockets.

WHAT ARE YOUR FUTURE DIVING AMBITIONS?

Just to keep enjoying it and do more.

Scuba diver clings to air tank in sea ordeal

By PETER ROBINSON

A SCUBA diver used an air tank to keep himself afloat during a three-hour ordeal after he was swept out to sea off Flinders yesterday.

The diver managed to stay afloat until he was picked up by a pilot boat, about 2 km off shore.

Douglas Catherall, 33, of Boreonia, and another diver were caught in the ebb-tide while fishing off the Navy's West Head gunnery range at 4 p.m.

When they realised they could not get back to their runaway anchored nearby, the second diver, Gary Thorn, of Fernree Gully, decided to swim ashore.

He took off his air tank and other gear and battled for about an hour before he made it to land.

Mr Thorn had to climb a cliff and pull apart a fence to break into the Navy complex — where he was immediately attacked by marine guard dogs — before he finally reached the alarm.

The Westernport pilot launch and the police helicopter were called in to search for Mr Catherall. He was found shortly after 7 p.m. blowing on a whistle attached to his life vest.

While the police helicopter shone a spotlight on the scene, the diver was hauled aboard the pilot launch.

Mr Catherall said later that he had cramps in the legs but was otherwise unharmed.

The search co-ordinator, Iain Trever-Jenkins of Frankston, said Mr Catherall was fighting fit when picked up.

Mr Catherall said he dived to the bottom to miss the current and get back to the boat but did not make it. When he surfaced, he found his mate's gear and used it for more than two hours to stay afloat.

"I was prepared to stay out all night and swim back with the tide," Mr Catherall said.

"There was no way I was going to give up."

"It's one thing I've been taught from the start — to stay calm."

A Flinders investigator aboard the pilot launch, Mr Tom Deane, said: "We cut the motor down so we could hear any calls for help and at last we heard the whistle."

"We had been searching for more than two hours when we found him. It was a million to one chance against a flounder fish."

He, the luckiest man on earth — his whistle really saved him.

26-5-82
The Age

Diver rescued

A man, 33, was found alive in heavy seas off Flinders last night almost three hours after he was swept to sea while diving for crayfish with a friend.

The crew of a Westernport Bay pilot boat found Douglas Catherall, of Selman Avenue, Fern Tree Gully, drifting half a kilometre off shore about 7 pm after hearing him blowing a whistle attached to his life jacket.

A celebration dinner



DOUG CATHERALL at home today ... with a cray ready for the pot. Picture: TONY TERRY.

By JOHN ROSENBLUM

The Herald 27-5-82

Doug Catherall has a huge crayfish scuttling around his garden this afternoon to remind him of the night he spent talking to himself.

But while the crustacean is destined for the pot, Mr Catherall and his friend Gary Thorn are celebrating . . . and remembering.

For Mr Catherall, 33 of Seiman Av., Foottree Gully, was rescued yesterday after spending three hours in the sea off Flinders.

The pair were scuba-diving for crayfish about 4 p.m. when a current swept them away from their runabout.

That was when he started talking to himself.

"I thought Gary might have drowned. I kept talking to myself and trying to keep cool," said Mr Catherall.

What Mr Catherall did not know was that Mr Thorn had discarded his gear and managed to swim to the shore 1½ km away. He then had to climb a cliff to find help.

Mr Catherall drifted in the icy waters until found by a pilot boat and the police helicopter alerted by his friend.

Both men are experienced divers and had dived at the same spot at least a dozen times.

"It was just an error of judgment," Mr Catherall said.

"It was our second dive for the day and we were probably a little bit more tired than we realised."

Apart from sore legs and a hoarse throat, Mr Catherall survived last night unharmed.

He recalls his moment of rescue after seeing the helicopter.

"The pilot boat which Mr Catherall had not seen before, came close.

"I started yelling and whistling once they got downwind from me and they eventually heard the whistle when they got about 200 yards from me."

The helicopter was called in and spotlighted his position until the boat had him safely on board.

As Mr Catherall climbed on board he was amazed to find Gary Thorn waiting to greet him.

And he still had one of the crayfish they caught.



WOMBAT AT THE PROM TIDAL RIVER 1997

BY DON ABELL

I have been going to Tidal River for so long that I can remember when wombats were a rarity. Great white hunters like Paul Tipping used to lead expeditions in search of the beasts and on odd occasions a sighting would be made - much to the delight of all children and even the adults on the hunt.

It seems these days that it is difficult to avoid them. These nocturnal vermin stride freely through the campsites without varying their direction for even a group of divers around a meal table. The unwary could do themselves a serious injury if walking at night without a watchful eye. I was awoken on Saturday night by the amplified munching of a wombat outside my tent. It could not have been further than half a metre from my head.

Hopefully Ted Drane will be successful and we will all be able to arm ourselves with fully automated AK rifles and we can hunt these pests to their extinction. I propose a hunting party of VSAG members next year fully decked out in pith helmets armed to the back teeth and stalking the avenues of Tidal River. We will stake our trophies at the Rangers' hut and then maybe I will be able to sleep at night.

But I digress.

1997 saw a turnout of 85 at the VSAG Easter weekend bash. Even with our 22 camp sites we had to squeeze a little. However, some improved car parking techniques would have easily freed more room.

As expected, the early Easter date was accompanied by more unstable weather. The wind was blowing and the sea was rising. Our intrepid divers passed on the Friday and Saturday and took life at a leisurely pace. The weather was okay except for the wind so it was ideal for taking some of the great walks around the Prom.

Personally, I adjusted very easily to the afternoon sleeping routine on both days. Saturday also brought with it the annual routine of doing my administrative functions to collect cash from all those who cannot organise themselves before the weekend.

Saturday night brought a little celebration of most of the 85 people at the Scott caravan. We learned during the evening that Bob and June were celebrating their wedding anniversary. A perfect idea for a party. No overheads and the guests also bring the nuts. (without mentioning any member by name.)

Sunday was a little better, so all five boats were brought into action. The usual boats of Jeacle, Lawler, Mastrowicz and Viapree were joined by the larger Vleugel flagship. There was a lot of interest to follow the launching and retrieval of the boat but everything went off without a hitch. Most boats had five divers on board so everyone that wanted to dive managed to get into the water.

Dive reports were good - Once in protection of the Glennies the water was calm and clear. Divers found caves, swim throughs and plenty of sea life. Even with some chop on the surface for travelling, the day seemed successful.

It was also great to see a few new faces on the trip. Helen brought her son Richard to dive with us and Keith Parsons dived with VSAG for the first time, along with companion Derarca. I won't mention the new 'non divers' because I cannot remember them all. I did notice that Murray Black's insatiable appetite caused him to bring two women with him this year - and both were older than sixteen.

Hopefully, someone with an eagle eye found a watch on the ground. If so, please contact Doug Catherall. It belongs to someone very close to him.

Conclusion: A success for 85 of us despite having only one day on the water. who cares, there is always plenty to do at Tidal and if we could just get rid of those wombats it will be worth trying this venue next year, maybe for the VSAG Easter trip.



THE WRECK OF THE COURIER AND POPE'S EYE

BY DOUG CATHERALL

'THAT WAS THE BEST WRECK DIVE I'VE EVER DONE IN VICTORIA' were the words that bellowed from Big M upon surfacing.

We on JL's boat were somewhat perplexed at the statement and wondered if the "carrot" was fair dinkum. "Yes," said Lewie, "we even got inside the bow and saw some tiling!" Mike waxed lyrical for a further 10 minutes, it was good to see the enthusiasm and hear the divers' stories.

Billy Hayes also had a great dive but his smile wilted somewhat and then vanished as he was given the arduous task of retrieving the anchor from 42 metres (140 feet). The Finn was left to watch and take it easy and by the end of the morning his colour was returning (a heavy night methinks).

As for us on JL's craft, Shane Martin and Paul Tipping led the team down the line (it's the only way to keep them quiet) with Sant and I to follow. It seemed a bloody long way down in poor vis. But fortunately on the wreck it cleared to 25 feet. We were following Sant's computer and taking it easy, but still covered the two boilers. Beyond that were four stanchions before the stem. On the bottom at 42 metres were what appeared to be railway sleepers, but Tippo said the train never came this way. Sant used his torch to check out another cylinder to the side of the boilers and then we ran into the Lloyd's crew and it was time for us to head up and thankfully Sant knew the right direction because I didn't. Finn kept us company on the ascent and plenty of deco was done.

Yes I agree, a good wreck but not to be taken lightly at that depth.

Lunch was taken at Pope's Eye after JL had an uneventful drift dive. Mick and Chris were under starter's orders to be back on shore without fail so they up and left (keeping in radio contact) while we had our second dives at The Eye. Heaps of fish, lovely colours, a strong current to play with and a need to relax and take it easy made it a pleasant dive.

All back safely by 3:45 pm with time for coffee and cakes for some. The sun was still warm and Sunday still to come.

Thanks all for the day.

DC the DC.

PS. What's your phone number Billy?

Ed. Note.

It really was a great wreck dive Doug.

*I agree it was a long way down, exacerbated by
the current. A slack water dive with vis. At around 80
feet would be sensational. A must on our future calendar.*

THE TRAINING SHIP ARUTHUSA

BY NEVILLE VIAPREE

At the ripe old age of 14, I arrived home late one afternoon to be informed that due to some illness and sickness in my family, I had been enrolled in the Royal Navy training ship Aruthusa. Navy training ships were notorious as reform schools and borstals in England.

The Aruthusa was an old ocean going trading vessel similar to the Cutty Sark, although not in the exact same class.

Some time in the 1950's it was positioned on the river Medway at Rochester in Kent and permanently positioned by having its keel cemented into the river bed.

So, this was home for orphans, abandoned boys and juvenile offenders who could not be managed by other institutions. It was not a happy place.

The staff were full time professional navy personnel who were usually transferred there as a form of punishment,

i.e. murdering some innocent native in some "far-off" colony or getting caught with some senior officer's wife or like indiscretion.

Our dress and clothing was full navy uniform and at night we hung hammocks on the mess deck for sleeping.

The ship functioned to same traditions and routines as happened in the days of Nelson at Trafalgar.

Each day at first light, no matter what time first light occurred the duty bugler sounded "stand to" and at this command you had to leap from your hammock and stow it away to clear the mess deck ready for battle combat, as the middle deck was the fighting area where all the cannons used to be.

Before breakfast each morning, cleaning duties had to be done; my allocated job was scrubbing the decks. Sea water was pumped up from the river Medway. The boy who showed me how it was all done said "keep moving - don't stand still," but about a minute

later I said ““my feet are frozen to the deck!” To which he replied “good, you won’t stand still again.” The temperature on your average English winter morning at about 5.00 am was about - 0 degrees centigrade to minus 3 or 4 degrees; cold enough to freeze sea water. Dress for these duties was bare feet and T Shirt.

As you boarded the ship, a huge sign in old English writing said FEAR GOD! It should have read FEAR GOD AND ABANDON ALL HOPE! In the late 1960’s following public outcry all navy schools and training ships for boys under 16 were closed up and outlawed following years of protest over their cruelty and inhumane treatment of young boys.

I clearly remember being told by one of the officers that “we have to beat you, regardless of whether you deserve it or not, because it is good for you.” The standard form of beating was to “spreadeagle” the offender over an old fashioned vaulting horse and administer the punishment from a selection of canes which varied from being as thin as a piece of string or as thick as a man’s wrist.

As with everything in life there was still humour. Once a year the matron/nurse would conduct her testicle inspection. She was by no means a good looking woman, however she was the only woman. She was probably around 220 pounds, fat and ugly. As 100 boys stood in line for inspection with their trousers dropped to their knees, she would lift each boy’s testicles with the end of a very large pencil. She would have a quick look to make sure that the boy was indeed a boy and that his testicles were growing out and down. Now some young gentlemen found this experience too exciting and quickly demonstrated their first publicly viewed erection.

Matron was quite calm and cool about this as with great skill and pleasure she whacked the offending “pride and joy” with all the strength in her wrist right on the fireman’s helmet with her giant pencil. The previously excited victim simply stopped breathing (temporarily) and dropped to the floor shuddering in agony, turning a bright shade of red, not from embarrassment but from great pain. Half a dozen boys falling out of line and rolling on the floor in agony is not a pretty sight unless you especially like that sort of thing. The trousers by this time were down around their ankles, like a scene from Monty Python.

After six months on the training ship *Aruthusa*, I returned home with much relief. I often wonder what happened to the poor little sods who were stuck in those places until they were old enough to become adult sailors.

Some came good and ended up as commissioned officers in the Royal Navy but it was a sad start in life for orphans and unwanted children. I'm sure that the vast majority would never have ended up "coming good" at all.

The ship itself was closed as a training school some time in the 1960's and was purchased by some guy who turned it into a floating restaurant. I would have preferred to have learnt that it had been scrapped or sunk.

Ed. Note.

*Good one Nev. I look forward to finding out
more about your experiences on this ship, maybe
over a cold one some day. I hope to see you displaying
your writing talents again soon in future FATHOMS.*



ROTOMAHANA DIVE 25/4/1997

BY DES WILLIAMS

I checked through my log books to find it was 16 years since I last dived the ROTOMAHANA! It was the 18th October 1981, and I dived with Mick Jackiw when V.S.A.G chartered Lance Stevens boat from Barwon Heads. My log records there were 12 of us and the viz was about 70ft that day. Mick and I swam from the four huge boilers towards the bow through the old bridge area where we terminated our dive after inspecting the graceful curve of the clipper bow this old vessel was famous for.

And so, on Anzac Day 1997, V.S.A.G once again returned to see the old "Greyhound of the Pacific" as she was once known.

We had three boats and eleven divers on the most magical day I can remember for a long time. The sun was bright and warm, no clouds in the sky and the sea was flat save for a long swell once outside the Heads. Mick took us to the wreck area with the GPS and we pinpointed the dive with land transits. Mick's shotline looked like it was hooked into the wreck as the line was perpendicular and the buoy dipped under the swells because the line was just not long enough. Even so, the "Carrot" wasn't taking any chances, as he called for a couple of divers to go down first to make sure my land transit work was correct.

Priya and I decided to be first in, as we were confident the wreck lay below! We descended vertically down the drum-tight shotline where the rusting bones of the ROTOMAHANA came into view at about 34M. The viz was only about 6M and it was very dark down there, we planned on 15 minutes bottom time at 42M, so there was no time to lose once we hit the wreck.

The shot was embedded in the wreck between the boilers and the bow. I was surprised to see how the old bridge area had finally collapsed in front of the boilers, as 16 years ago I remember the small floor tiles in this area. We paused at the four enormous boilers, so I could shoot off a couple of photographs. Those boilers really are very large structures and make quite a recognisable photograph. It is now very difficult to think they once produced steam to push this very graceful vessel along in both the Melb/New Zealand and Melb/Tasmanian passenger routes.

We swam aft to the now tumbled down deck housing where it was possible to join a school of bullseyes inside the old saloon. There was a bit of surge through this area due to the large swell running, but we managed a few more photographs. Back past the boilers, we swam on over the tangle of steel frames, which was once the forecastle area, until we reached the stern post where it is possible to clearly see the graceful curve of the famous clipper bow. A few more photographs and we were back to the shotline and making our ascent to decompress.

Everyone else was ready to dive by the time we surfaced. We waited in the warm sunshine while Chris, Andy, Mick, Martin, Darren, Andrew, Ted, John and Anthony made their descent to the wreck. They all returned having enjoyed the dive and made the same circuit as we had done.

It was a beautiful sunny Autumn morning, so we sat back and had our lunches whilst taking on the warmth of the sun. Thanks to John, Mick and Andy for the boat ride.

Details of the ROTOMAHANA are:

Owners: Union Steamship Co of New Zealand

Port of Registry: Dunedin

Tons Gross/Net: 1,727/864

Built 1879 bt W. Denny & Bros, Dumbarton, Scotland

Dimensions: Length: 298.2ft

Breadth: 35.2ft

Depth: 23.7ft

Engines: 2Cy. 47" and 82" - 48"

After being stripped of all valuable items she was scuttled in the Ship's Graveyard in 1928.



THE DIVE OF MY LIFE

BY MICK JEACLE

Well, after some 16 years in the club, I thought it about time to share with my fellow members a fantastic dive that I experienced many years ago. For obvious reasons, I shall not be divulging the whereabouts of this dive, so please don't bother to ask.

This dive was recommended to me by an old acquaintance who was virtually giving up the sport of scuba diving just as I was getting into it. Over dinner one night he casually mentioned that he had dived an old shipwreck on a number of occasions, and that this was a dive that offered about everything that any diver would wish to encounter during the period of his/her diving life.

I was intrigued, and virtually begged to learn more. After a few more jars of the amber fluid and copious amounts of port, he revealed all, and thus I commenced my plans to dive the wreck at the first available opportunity.

Due to the old diver's raptures in describing this dive, I was hesitant and indeed reluctant to reveal my secret to any of my then few diving colleagues. Accordingly, I decided to attempt this dive on my own as I had frequented the area many times before and was familiar with the nearby surroundings.

About three months later, it was all systems go. The boat was packed and accommodation booked, for a two week vacation at this popular seaside location.

Knowing my interests in the sport, the old diver warned me to take at least two catch bags on the dive; one for the artefacts and one for the variety of seafood that abounds in the area. Luckily I took his advice.

THE DIVE

The site was situated some three kilometres out to sea, but was easily located due to the excellent marks afforded me and a good depth sounder. The day was perfect. A very slight offshore breeze, mirror smooth seas and a temperature of around 25 degrees centigrade by the middle of the day.

I quickly located the wreck due to the excellent conditions and a great readout recorded on the chart paper. My heart was pounding as I quickly geared up and did a backward from the old "yellow brick" into the bluest ocean one could wish to see.

Upon commencing my descent to the wreck only 60 feet below, I encountered the first wonder of the day. Two majestic manta ray some twenty feet across and not three feet from me glided by, unperturbed by my presence.

A little way further down, a school of huge barracuda encircled me as they swam as one, their silver bodies glistening in the bright sunlight, and to this day I swear their menacing teeth appeared to be warning me to proceed no further.

But onward I went. It was then that I almost aborted the dive as from out of nowhere appeared a 14 foot white pointer, which on first impression was about to spoil my day. To this day I don't know if he had just eaten his fill, or whether the sight of the big "carrot" was just not appealing to him, as he just afforded me a cursory glance and disappeared into the blue.

With my heart fairly racing, I hit the bottom. Right in front of me lay the most beautiful wreck one could wish to see. She stood upright on a fairly sandy bottom, interspersed with flat rock which more than likely accounted for her upright position.

With great excitement I swam up her bow, and along the deck area and into the first hatch. Upon entering I was amazed at the kaleidoscope of colour and the natural light that portrayed the wreck in all her splendour. As I quickly surveyed the scene, I noticed two large crayfish in this forward hold that were in the 8lb vicinity, but these were ignored as I was anxious to explore the remainder of this truly remarkable wreck. I decided to leave one of my catch bags here and return to it later towards the end of the dive.

Upon finning to the next hold, I encountered a row of beautiful portholes that had to be seen to be believed. What was even more unbelievable was that after no more than a dozen taps with my mash hammer and chisel, the prize porthole swung free and was in my second catch bag. All this within the first twenty minutes of the dive.

I then spent a further twenty minutes swimming inside the wreck itself. Now I'm not big into gorgonians and the like, but every nook and cranny was choc-a-block with the most colourful array of these creatures, and in fact virtually every form of soft coral on this great planet earth.

An inspection of the bridge area revealed the ship's bell, and also the ship's telegraph in exceptional condition. The bell soon joined the porthole in my catch bag, and the telegraph will be there for another day.

At this point, time was running out, and I had not as yet explored the ship's exterior. I swam back to the point of entry to extract the two crayfish seen earlier. To my bewilderment I noted that these crays had crawled inside my open catch bag and all I had to do was quickly fasten the catch.

Soon I was outside and proceeding along the port side of the wreck. I felt this strange tapping on the catch bag containing the crays, which was attached to my weight belt. An inspection revealed that there were six King George whiting showing some interest in my crays, so I carefully opened the top of the bag and they swam right in.

Folks, I know this is starting to sound a bit fishy. Honestly, I don't blame you if you are beginning to have reservations about my story's authenticity, Why do you think its taken me some 18 years to tell?

Anyway, I had not swum another thirty feet when I came across this flat rock supporting six of the largest greenlip abalone you would ever see, and around the perimeter were three dozen large scallops just right for the picking. The mud oysters intermingled were an added bonus and I began to visualise the culinary delights awaiting me that evening as I stuffed these items into an already bulging catch bag that could definitely take no more.

A quick look at the old bottom timer revealed that only five minutes remained, after which I must surface to avoid decompression.

With this in mind, I swam towards the stern of the wreck and was indeed amazed to find a human skeleton sitting in an upright position with a gold necklace around its neck and a gold coin in its bony hand. I could not believe my luck as I added these items to my catchbag and commenced my ascent.

But something was wrong. A cloud of intense fear came over me as the brilliant blue suddenly turned dark and I feared the worst as I hung midwater with no protection from the predators of this mighty ocean. I was extremely relieved and overjoyed when, upon looking up, I discovered a Southern Right Whale and her calf not twenty feet above me, joyfully going about their journey to Antarctica. I must be dreaming, I finally thought as I ascended the final few feet thus ending a dive that one could only hope to experience in an entire lifetime. But dreams soon returned to reality when upon surfacing I noticed that my

boat was some 500/800 metres away due to the anchor dragging in the slight current. I was then faced with the dilemma of what to do to retrieve the boat, at the same time endeavouring to retain my abundant catch of seafood and artefacts. No sooner had the thought crossed my mind than two magnificent dolphins appeared from nowhere, beckoning me to take hold of their dorsal fins.

This I did, and in no time they had towed me to my boat and I was safely aboard with the day's catch intact.

From then on I seemed to float on air for the rest of the day as I found it difficult to come to grips with the wonder of the previous hour's experience.

Since that day I have relived that dive a thousand times. Perhaps one day I will return to this site but one could only hope to see such a wonderful array of treasure and sea creatures in one's dreams.

VSAG'S VANUATU ADVENTURE MAY 1997

BY DES WILLIAMS

Giving credit where credit is due! This trip was the brain-child of our President Don Abell and I must take this opportunity to thank him for all of the hard work he put into this, the biggest V.S.A.G overseas trip to date! Don, everyone of the 28 of us had a great time!

Vanuatu is a great location for a dive/sightseeing holiday and we were very well taken care of for the entire trip. It would be hard to beat the friendly service, professionalism and brilliant diving provided by Kevin and Mayumi Green and their staff at Aquamarine in Santo. A huge group of 25 divers as we were, was not a problem for the Greens as they run a world class dive operation.

Our accomodation at the Bouganville Resort for six nights was wonderful. A beautiful tropical garden setting, delightfully comfortable bures (cabins) and out of this world meals. All of this and the pleasure of being looked after by owners Elaine and Yvan Charles. Could there be a more sincerely charming person than Elaine anywhere?

Don had all of the logistics of the trip finely tuned and we had no major hassles thanks to the co-operation of all V.S.A.Gers.

I am sure there will be plenty written in FATHOMS about our adventure in the coming weeks and those who took cameras will be displaying at the Club meeting in June, so don't miss that meeting!

Over the years, the good old V.S.A.G has taken many overseas trips to New Zealand, Fiji, Truk Lagoon, Palau, Solomon Is and Vanuatu (1994) to name a few and always we have had a brilliant diving holiday. Vanuatu this year was no exception! To have more ladies with us this trip was great to see and a special thanks to them: Nicky, Priya, Jeanette, Helen, Pat, Andrea and Kate.

Thanks again Don and of course Ian Lockwood at Allways Travel.



Kevin reckons Old Vieng is not the slow boat, but the slower boat.



Llewly, Bill & Ted aboard Aqua One, not the fast boat but the faster boat.



Bill & Llewellyn buddy up before the dive.



Kate is happy that the two big Lloyds will protect her on the shark feed dive.



Kevin & Mayumi Green enjoy the toga night.

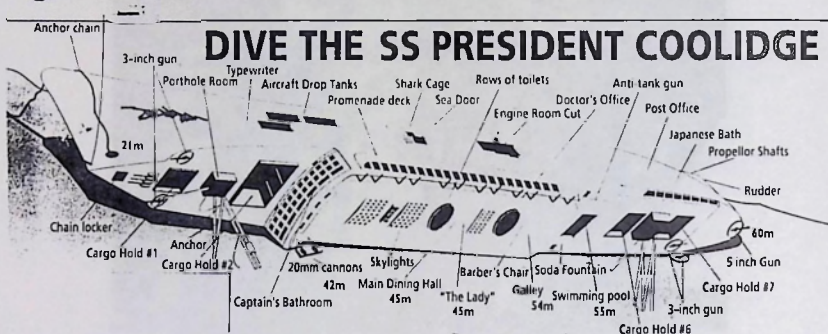


Ted shows Elaine why his Gonads remain firmly tucked away. Can't say the same for Llewellyn's!



SS PRESIDENT COOLIDGE

BY MICK JEACLE



I waited patiently for Divemaster Kevin Green to finish delivering his briefing for the afternoon dive of Thursday, 15th May 1997. Whilst I was on that dive my mind was on the next morning, which was to be the last dive on the S.S. President Coolidge. My eagerness was spurred on by divers' tales from the previous trip to Bokissa Island, and indeed by other members of the current group who had been lucky enough to have experienced this most memorable dive - The Doctor's Office.

Whilst Kevin was receptive of my request, he was unable to give a firm commitment at that point in time as one of his dive guides was out of action with a bad ear. He further explained that he could only take three divers to this site and that it would depend on how many of the group would be diving the next morning. However, I was keen to secure my spot and advised Kevin that myself, Des Williams and Graeme Blanchard were very keen should the circumstances permit.

Friday morning saw eighteen divers from our total of twenty-five willing to dive. This ensured our spot with Kevin as some chose to do their own thing with Kevin's permission provided they did not penetrate the wreck. The smile on our faces said it all as we quickly geared up, at the same time trying to mentally picture what was in store for us from listening to others.

Kevin's briefing followed, and this was clear and precise. The main message was to stick together, watch your finning to avoid disturbing the silt, if you do get separated from the group stay where you are and above all don't disturb the silt in the Doctor's Office. This would ensure that we had a good view of everything that Kevin was going to show us and also enable Des to capture the site on film. Finally, he advised that he would enter from the false funnel in lieu of the usual entry via the sea door situated next to the shark cage.

We entered the water and rapidly made our way down past the bow and bridge area. Gliding along the promenade deck we were able to briefly take in the sight of other divers as they went about their business in clear blue water with visibility of around 70 feet. Soon we were at the designated entrance area where we briefly paused to gather together and also allow Kate Cain's group to exit following their dive to the engine room. Kevin then entered, followed by Des, myself and Graeme. We swam to the left rear side of this 'room' and followed Kevin up and around and past the 'Doctor' sign. Kevin went in first and expertly hovered above the various array of medicine bottles embedded in the silt. Then he directed us to come up one at a time and position ourselves with head and shoulders only protruding through the door. This gave us an excellent view of the bottles and other items which were positioned right in front of us.

Kevin then proceeded to display items of interest. Having been forewarned by others that this seems to take forever in a dark, enclosed space 150 feet below the service, and with computer showing huge decompression requirements, I determined myself not to even consider looking at my computer until we were once again outside the wreck. Thus I was able to relax and to enjoy the experience with three other excellent and calm divers, safe in the knowledge that Kevin knew this site intimately, and that our passage out was assured. It soon became clear that Kevin knew exactly where everything was located. To his left sat what appeared to be a ceramic mug into which he reached and removed some glass ampoules containing morphine. These were in perfect condition and one would be forgiven for thinking that they could have come from the pharmacy that very day.

Next there was an eyedropper which Kevin carefully removed from the silt. Removal of the top from the bottle revealed the eyedropper still intact and obviously functional.

Just when we thought the show to be over, Kevin signalled for us to stay put and he gently rose to the ceiling. From here he retrieved two small glass tubes and returned to display these in front of my torch. This he did in a slow twisting motion which revealed the yellow sulphur powder to be also in perfect dry condition as it tumbled upon itself with each gentle revolution. I could tell Des was impressed as his camera constantly flashed as it recorded forever this magic experience.

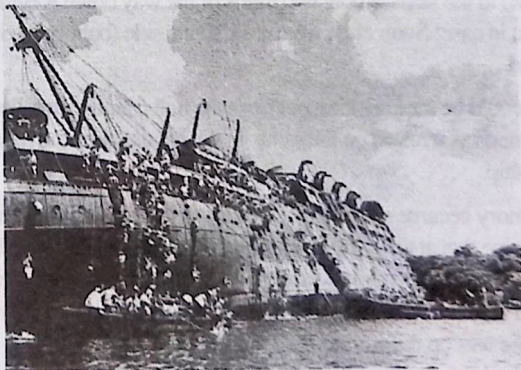
Kevin finally released these tubes to their resting place against the ceiling and then motioned for us to follow as we headed in the direction of the dining room.

Soon we came across a sign announcing 'Dining Room' and we were in this vast black space. The room gave the impression of a deep narrow cavern and it was here that one must remember that the ship is on its side to gain the true perspective. Slowly we swam along taking in the various items of interest, including dinner plates, cups, saucers and also large oval serving plates. I was thankful that Des and Kevin were not disturbing the silt and I hoped I was doing the same for Graeme who was bringing up the rear. About half way along we came across what appeared to be a hexagonal ceiling light about two feet long. This was soon confirmed when Kevin placed his torch inside the light as he gently removed the silt from the outside glass. This was a great sight when we turned off our torches momentarily to accentuate this sole light source. It was not hard to imagine her days as a luxury liner when bespectacled, moustached gentlemen sat beneath these lights enjoying a five course banquet.

Onward we swam. It seemed to take forever to exit the wreck as we watched Kevin reaching into one of his secret hiding places and excavate from the silt yet another artefact. Slowly he raised the object to eye level and it became clear to us just what it was as the silt cascaded from the empty eye sockets and bony jaws of a human skull. The intended seriousness of the situation was enveloped in fits of laughter as Kevin wiggled the bottom jaw, which resembled a scene from an old

three stooges movie. Now before any of you begin to doubt Kevin's perceived disrespect for the dearly departed, I can assure you that the skull most likely came out of a joke store somewhere. However it provided some light entertainment at the end to one serious dive.

We then swam in single file up through the sea door and exited the wreck. It was here that I took my first glimpse at my computer which revealed 1,400 psi remaining, and the decompression bar codes extending well into the red zones. However we were all safe in the knowledge that Kevin had provided two extra tanks of air at the bow in case of need. These were retrieved on the way back to the deco area and we carried out the required stops to see us safely back to the surface. Upon climbing aboard I observed a maximum depth of 153 feet with a total dive time of 59 minutes. Judging by the chatter that followed, it was clear to me that both Des and Graeme enjoyed this dive every bit as much as I did. Thanks for the opportunity to share it with you guys, and a special thanks to Kevin Green, not only for that dive but also for the wonderful week we all shared with him, his wife Mayumi and his dive guides at this most idyllic world class dive location.



Santo is home to the President Coolidge ... arguably the best diveable shipwreck in the world.



ELVIS LIVES

BY KATE CAINE

After many years of hearing how great the diving was on the President Coolidge and how deep and dark the dives could be, I was pretty keen to get against it and see for myself.

So when the May 1997 trip to Vanuatu presented just such an opportunity, I embraced it with open arms. The chance to get deep, dark and silty was at hand.

After a few pleasant dives to depths of 30 to 48 metres jostling for position to get through hatchways, dodging Dave Moore's bloody video camera, there was a suggestion that a small group would be able to dive the stern of the Coolidge - a maximum depth of 68 - 70 metres.

Not being one to let an opportunity go begging, and looking for a bit of an adrenalin rush, I readily volunteered, as did Murray, Robert Birtles and Gerry De Vries. We were excited just getting into our gear.

Kevin Green was our guide as we descended from the boat to the bow of the Coolidge and began our swim down to the stern. About two thirds of the way down Kevin dropped a spare tank of air - just in case! Soon after, we moved to the side (bottom?!) of the ship and descended to the sand.

The propeller shafts could be seen sticking out from the hull (minus propellers) and the rudder seemed enormous as it rested on the sand. Kevin led us under the rudder and around the other side of the ship.

At this point my memory became a little foggy as I think I was probably 'narked' out of my scone, but Gerry tells me that at the point of the stern the riveted plates have begun to separate and you can see inside the ship. Murray had thoughts of exploring cargo hold #6 (at 60 metres and 100 bar) but thought better of it. Robert claims he wasn't 'narked' and felt no different to when he was on the surface (hmmmm??).

Because of the depth we were unable to spend much time exploring our surroundings but it was quite eerie to look up over the width of the ship and see its dark shapes silhouetted majestically above us.

At this point I was alerted to a beeping (umm Screaming) sound which was my computer telling me I was going to die because I didn't have enough air to finish my dive. Murray's was saying the same thing. Gerry and Robert both made a lunge for the spare air as we returned so I guess they were a little more desperate than us.

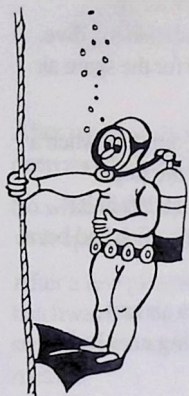
We started our deco, at 12m and were happily ensconced with thoughts of our dive when a crunching noise caused us to look up and see a large boulder rolling down the slope towards us. We dodged out of the way only to be enveloped by a cloud of silt left in its wake. No culprit was ever found - perhaps Boris was a bit cheesed off that no fish had been forthcoming.

The remaining deco time was somewhat less eventful - we all needed extra air and commandeered it from wherever we could. Now that our heart and breathing rates had returned to normal, we were safe to go back to the boat.

By the way, I just want to set the record straight and state emphatically that even though I was 'narked', there is no truth in the rumour that I said I saw Elvis sitting on the stern singing "Blue Suede Shoes!")

Ed. Note.

*Nice one Kate. One must wonder about
Robert Birtles. Then again perhaps its
feasible that a 'killer' doesn't get narked.*



DECO STOPS

BY MICK JEACLE

Chris Llewellyn and Anthony Finnegan arrived at Tullamarine together with wives Rhonda and Debbie and respective anklebiters. As you could imagine they were anxious to check in and proceed to the bar with the rest of the thrillseekers but the girls fancied McDonalds. Begrudgingly they all proceeded to the big upsidedown W but only spent the bare minimum amount of time inside. When the girls weren't looking Chris put his hand up to his mouth to divert his voice and announced that flight NF 16 to Vanuatu was now boarding. That said he jumped up and kissed all goodbye and headed towards the departure gate.

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Upon arrival at Port Vila we were transported to our accommodation at Kaiviti Village Motel.

It was here that we witnessed the fact that even Don Abell can become stressed, and who could blame him. You see we were supposed to have been allocated 14 rooms for the night but Don was informed by manageress Joy (by name and not by nature) that she ignored this request as it did not fit into their plans. It was then left to Don to allocate beds to all with little help from Joy. When Ted Cornish chipped in to try to help he had his head bitten off and beat a hasty retreat. Anyway, despite Don's unfortunate condition we were soon settled by the pool where the obligatory cold one was consumed, which soon soothed away the tension.

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On the way to Vanuatu we were fed at the strange hour of 4.20 pm. Accordingly, when most of the crew proceeded to a restaurant and bar across the way from Kaiviti Village a few of us chose to stay behind and partake of a light snack and a few more beers. This was shortlived as when 10 pm. arrived the shutters went down very quickly and then we were requested to leave the area. Having just bought our last drinks, we thought it fair and reasonable that we could finish these by the pool. Not so. The dragon lady even proceeded to demonstrate to a new native employee how to get rid of stragglers. I'm happy to say we kept our cool and proceeded to join the others at the restaurant.

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The mood there was far better. All reported that the food was indeed tasty and the service was friendly. Barry Truscott in particular seemed quite jovial as he constantly jibed Chris Llewellyn about his brand of malaria tablet (Larium). Barry pointed out to Chris that he thought that this brand could prove fatal for deep divers. Chris was not perturbed and in fact had the last laugh as he only had to take one tablet per week. We didn't know it at that point in time but Doxycyclin was to later be the cause of many an upset stomach.

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Speaking of stomach upsets, Bazza was the first to succumb to the dreaded "Bali Belly."

It was around 4.40 am when I heard him calling for Raaaaaaaalph! in the bathroom of our room being shared by myself, Barry, Ted and Bill. I must admit I didn't expect this from the old bloke and therefore erroneously accused Ted of the dastardly deed. However Bazza soon owned up stating that no doubt the fish was off. Not one person in the entire group was prepared to accept this explanation though and he was the butt of many a joke whilst we awaited our transport to the airport. This was to continue as he urgently called for a duty free bag on the Twin Otter at 8,000 feet. Bewdy Baz!

.....

Gerry Devries proved to be a very generous fellow when it came to lending various items of dive gear on the trip. For instance he lent Llewly his spare battery pack and torch on the proviso that should his fail then Llewly would return the spare. Well, Gerry's packed it in after the first dive and when this news was relayed to Llewly he showed no sympathy whatsoever. It was then that Swoff stated that his globe was stuffed, so Gerry gave him his only spare globe. Andrea simply shook her head, in the same manner that she was observed to do on many other occasions when Gerry emptied the entire contents of his hip flask into a half glass of coke and ice.

.....

Thank goodness I was on the early flight out of Vila en route to Santo. Whilst there was only supposed to be one hour between flights, not only was the second flight delayed by some forty minutes, it stopped at some other island in between. By the time the crew arrived at the resort we had already enjoyed our first dive on the Coolidge. Their tough luck for the day was further extended when the second and slower dive boat broke down with a broken fan belt. The sight of these poor souls

when they returned to the resort, led by Robert Birtles, was indeed pathetic. I invited Robert to comment but he simply retorted "well, we all had a very drawn out day!" By this time most members of the "A" Team were three parts pissed and very relaxed.

On day two following lunch, I happened to mention to Llewly that I had not had occasion to turn on my recorder, and could he please provide some funny story. Well he did better than that as he informed us all that he was going for a lay down for ten minutes. "Hang on" he said, "the bride's going too." At this point we all turned to see Finn setting off along the path to the cabin, with Llewly in hot pursuit.

.....

Snoring was a hot topic of discussion during this trip, especially during breakfast. For my part, having experienced an earthquake in Vila I was convinced there was a number of tremors during our first night at the Bouganville Resort. These I awoke to no fewer than six times during the night as my bed shook quite noticeably. It wasn't until the next morning that I learned that Ted was shaking the bed to stop my snoring. What threw me was the fact that he did not utter a word. A couple of nights later Robert Birtles was observed at 2.30 am sitting by the pool to escape the antics of John Lawler, and on the last night Ted chose to sleep under the stars when he heard my dulcet tones emanating from our cabin from some forty feet away. Bill Hayes would have been proud of me.

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Following one of the morning dives, a number of us were sitting on the front verandah of the restaurant enjoying the magnificent view over the water towards Aore island. During that morning dive I had observed Kate charging around between divers at the deco area endeavouring to purge their regulators. I queried her state of mind at the time, and asked her was she feeling a bit frisky? She responded by saying "Didn't you like me trying to give you a purge Mick?" Murray Black was sitting opposite Kate at the time and he informed all and sundry "Kate gave me a purge this morning!" Murray ended up extremely wet as a full glass of ice water exploded into his face. I'm not sure whether any purging continued after that.

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Llewly was quite excited at the prospect of going game fishing on the proprietors' son's boat and booked a half day for four people on the Friday. Not long after we

discovered that the shark feed was to take place on that afternoon, and as we did not wish to miss that dive the fishing trip was cancelled. Michael (son) then endeavoured to arrange alternative times, which even included picking us up at the dive site one afternoon and fishing for two hours or so. When the Friday was mentioned, Lewy was quick to advise that the toga party was set for that night and he couldn't possibly consider fishing as he had to hurry back to have his bikini line plucked. You see Finn has these very small tweezers and the job was going to take at least an hour and a half to complete.

.....

However, Michael was successful in taking one group fishing - that of Colin Kay, Robert Birtles, Robert Swoffer and Darren Pearce. Take off time was around 4.30 am following the toga party and only about two hours sleep for some. I believe the seas were mountainous and by no means suitable for a six hour jaunt some twelve kms offshore. But fish they did. To cut a long story short, the old blokes were shown up completely by youngster Darren Pearce, who caught the one and only fish for the day; a five kilo (or so) dog tooth tuna. To hear Darren relate exactly how he brought this fish to its doom at the Melanesian feast whilst slightly under the weather was hysterical. Somehow, his account of events did not seem to match those relayed by the other blokes. Don't worry Darren, me suspects a note of extreme jealousy on their part.

.....

On the last night in Vila, and following the Melanesian feast, a small gathering appeared in our room as somehow these fellows were still thirsty. I myself was quite knackered and lasted only until midnight. I was thankful that our unit covered two stories and as I climbed the stairs to my separate room to the cries of "come back, ya weak bastard!" I could see that Finn and Lewy were in the play mode. Even Ted begged them to go to bed at one stage as the party was taking place in the lounge room atop Ted's fold out bed. I learned the next morning that the boys carefully tucked the three foot wooden pig in Bazza's bed whilst the old bloke slept. But was he asleep? When they returned a short time later to inspect Bazza's reaction to the pig, it was discovered that the old bastard had removed it and placed it in with Bill Hayes.

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DIVE/SOCIAL CALENDAR

DATE	EVENT/LOCATION	DIVE CAPTAIN	MEET AT
19 June	General Meeting Bell's Hotel Cnr. Moray & Coventry Streets, Sth. Melbourne		8.00 pm
22 June	90 ft submarine	Andy Mastrowicz 9318 3986	Sorrento 9.00am
6 July	Coogee wreck	Gerry Devries 9725 2381	Sorrento 9.00am
17 July	General Meeting Bell's Hotel Cnr. Moray & Coventry Streets, Sth. Melbourne		8.00 pm
20 July	Courier wreck (one tank dive)	Doug Catherall 9888 7774	Sorrento 11.00am
26 July Saturday	Night Dive - Rye Pier	Leo Maybus 9727 1568	Rye Pier 5.00pm
3 Aug	Ship's Graveyard	Mick Jeacle 0359 712 786	Sorrento 10.00am
17 Aug	Lonsdale Wall (One Tank Dive)	John Lawler 9589 4020	Sorrento 11.30am
21 Aug	General Meeting Bell's Hotel Cnr. Moray & Coventry Streets, Sth. Melbourne		8.00 pm
31 Aug	Nepean Wall (One Tank Dive)	Priya Cardinaletti 9761 0960	Sorrento 12 noon
7 Sept	Fathers Day Social Function	Gerry De Vries Leo Maybus	TBA
14 Sept	George Kemode/Pinnacles	Bob Scott 0359 712206	Newhaven 10am
18 Sept	General Meeting Bell's Hotel Cnr. Moray & Coventry Streets, Sth. Melbourne		8.00 pm

28 Sept	Goorangai wreck dive (One Tank Dive)	Andy Mastrowicz 9318 3986	Sorrento 10am
Dec/Jan	Christmas trip Robe, S.A.	Andy Mastrowicz 9318 3986	

NOTICE: BOAT OWNERS INTENDING TO BRING THEIR BOATS
PLEASE RING THE DIVE CAPTAIN BEFORE 6.00 PM ON EVENING
PRIOR TO THE DIVE.

DIVERS PLEASE RING BETWEEN 6.00 PM - 7.00 PM.

FOR NIGHT DIVES (USUALLY SATURDAYS) PLEASE RING BY 8.00 PM
ON EVENING PRIOR TO DIVE.

SCUBA MARKET

FOR SALE - DRY SUIT VIKING MEMBRANE DRY SUIT

MODEL: 90X with integral hood
(the sports model that replaced Leo's)
SIZE: 1 (up to 70/75 kgs, 1.6M/1.7M)
N.B. Designed for a small/medium man.
Very good condition - done 50-60 dives.

Comes with "wooley bear" thermal suit, socks, bonnet, instructions
repair kit and strong carry bag.

PRICE: \$450 the lot
Phone: Sally or Sant on 9817 3214

TIDE TABLES

TIMES OF FLOOD AND EBB. The tables of Times of Flood and Ebb give the times when the rate of change in the sea level at Point Lonsdale (Port Phillip Heads) is a maximum, each time approximately one hour before the tidal flow at the entrance to Port Phillip Bay changes direction, this time is given in the column marked "Time". The direction of this flow is indicated by the words "flood" and "ebb" in the column "Start". Thus the word "flood" indicates that the tide starts to flow into the bay, at the given time in the "Time" column. The word "ebb" indicates that the tide starts to flow out of the bay at that time.

PORT PHILLIP HEADS (PT. LONSDALE)

LAT 38° 18'

LONG 144° 37'

TIME ZONE -1000

LAT 38° 18'

LONG 144° 37'

TIME ZONE -1000

TIMES OF SLACK WATERS

AUGUST - 1997

	Time Start	Time Start	Time Start	Time Start	Time Start
1	06:45 flood 13:49 ebb FR 16:38 flood	9	00:17 flood 06:11 ebb SA 12:15 flood 18:45 ebb	17	07:12 flood 13:44 ebb SU 17:18 flood
2	00:26 ebb 07:46 flood SA 14:55 ebb 18:17 flood	10	00:54 flood 06:51 ebb SU 12:42 flood 19:13 ebb	18	00:18 ebb 08:14 flood MO 14:43 ebb O 19:14 flood
3	01:26 ebb 08:41 flood SU 15:45 ebb 20:11 flood	11	01:32 flood 07:34 ebb MO 13:06 flood (19:41 ebb	19	01:33 ebb 09:08 flood TU 15:30 ebb TU 20:49 flood
4	02:25 ebb 09:25 flood MO 16:24 ebb 21:24 flood	12	02:14 flood 08:19 ebb TU 13:30 flood TU 20:12 ebb	20	02:47 ebb 09:57 flood WE 16:13 ebb TU 21:59 flood
5	03:19 ebb 10:11 flood TU 16:57 ebb TU 22:18 flood	13	02:59 flood 09:09 ebb WE 13:55 flood 20:45 ebb	21	03:56 ebb 10:41 flood TH 16:54 ebb TU 22:57 flood
6	04:07 ebb 10:46 flood WE 17:27 ebb 23:01 flood	14	03:51 flood 10:06 ebb TH 14:22 flood 21:25 ebb	22	04:59 ebb 11:20 flood FR 17:35 ebb FR 23:49 flood
7	04:50 ebb 11:18 flood TH 17:53 ebb 23:41 flood	15	04:55 flood 11:13 ebb FR 14:58 flood FR 22:13 ebb	23	05:57 ebb 11:59 flood SA 18:17 ebb SA 23:40 flood
8	05:30 ebb 11:47 flood FR 18:19 ebb	16	06:04 flood 12:30 ebb SA 15:51 flood SA 23:10 ebb	24	06:40 flood 06:54 flood SU 12:33 flood SU 19:00 ebb

TIMES OF SLACK WATERS

JULY - 1997

	Time Start	Time Start	Time Start	Time Start	Time Start
9	05:12 ebb 11:33 flood WE 18:40 ebb 23:48 flood	17	05:27 ebb 12:19 ebb TH 15:07 flood TU 23:00 ebb	25	06:03 ebb 12:13 flood FR 18:56 ebb
10	05:53 flood 12:04 flood TH 19:08 ebb	18	05:32 flood 13:48 ebb FR 15:51 flood 23:53 ebb	26	00:46 flood 07:02 ebb SA 12:48 flood SA 19:36 ebb
11	00:29 flood 06:34 ebb FR 12:34 flood FR 19:36 ebb	19	00:73 flood 07:34 flood SA 17:10 flood	27	01:40 flood 08:02 ebb SU 13:22 flood) 20:18 ebb
12	01:10 flood 07:16 ebb SA 13:01 flood 20:03 ebb	20	00:53 ebb 06:31 flood SU 15:46 ebb) 18:57 flood	28	02:35 flood 09:06 ebb MO 13:55 flood 21:02 ebb
13	01:51 flood 08:02 ebb SU 13:27 flood (20:31 ebb	21	01:57 ebb 08:23 flood MO 16:24 ebb 20:58 flood	29	03:33 flood 10:17 ebb TU 14:27 flood 21:48 ebb
14	02:36 flood 08:51 ebb MO 13:50 flood MO 21:01 ebb	22	03:01 ebb 10:10 flood TU 17:01 ebb TU 21:53 flood	30	04:35 flood 11:20 ebb WE 15:00 flood 22:36 ebb
15	03:26 flood 09:48 ebb TU 14:13 flood 21:36 ebb	23	04:04 ebb 10:54 flood WE 17:39 ebb 22:56 flood	31	05:40 flood 12:33 ebb TH 15:39 flood 23:30 ebb
16	04:23 flood 10:58 ebb TU 18:11 ebb WE 22:14 flood	24	05:05 ebb 11:35 flood TH 18:16 ebb 23:52 flood		