

FATHOMS

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VSAG

VICTORIAN SUB-AQUA GROUP

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Forthcoming General Meetings

Bells Hotel
157 Moray Street
(cnr Coventry Street)
Sth Melbourne 8:00 pm
Thursday 15 March
Thursday 19 April
Thursday 17 May
Thursday 21 June

(Winter Solstice)

Forthcoming Committee Meetings

Leighoak Hotel
1555 Dandenong Road
Oakleigh
Thursday 8 February
Thursday 8 March
Thursday 5 April
Thursday 10 May
Thursday 14 June

(NB meeting to be held at Milanos Brighton)

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Editorial

I'd like to thank everyone who contributed to this edition of Fathoms - it's a bumper issue with some great articles. For those of you who prefer the lighter side of life, I've still managed to put in a few jokes. There were swags of articles for media watch but we just ran out of room. Once again, to all those who put pen to paper (or fingers to keyboard), thanks. Keep up the good work. To those who haven't seen their name in print for some time - it's about time!



This summer has been the hottest for 55 years but the number of VSAGers diving has declined dramatically. We've been listening to all the reasons why people aren't diving and putting aside those we have no control over ie: too busy at work, too busy, too, the committee have decided to schedule some one-tank dives. This will mean that dive days are not so time-consuming or tiring and hopefully increase the number of divers out on the water. Depending on the slack water time, we've either scheduled the dive later or we'll start at the normal time but be home earlier. Hopefully, this will improve our dive numbers. Check the dive calendar at the back of Fathoms for more details. If you have any other suggestions, please raise them at the next meeting or call any of the committee members. It's your club - we'd love to hear from you.

Let's keep our club active and alive !!

Josie
Editor

BATEMANS BAY THE BRINGCAT WAY

Without Pat's help we wouldn't have got there at all, because Charlie wouldn't have come without the boat! Majority ruled that we would travel via the Hume Highway as far as the turn-off to Canberra, and from there, via Canberra to the coast. I can now tell you that it is at least 80 km longer (with two kids in the back, believe me, it makes a difference!). Anyway, we stayed the night at Gundagai, and had dinner at the RSL there. That was like stepping back 30 years. The convoy arrived in Batemans Bay, mid afternoon on Christmas Eve, after a relatively uneventful trip, apart from the lights falling off the boat trailer in the main street of Albury.

Christmas lunch was a family affair, with three families present, and honoured guests (Pat and Judy's mum) Brincat, De Vries, and Vleugel. Good food, good wine and good company ... what more could we ask for?

Heavy seas and strong winds reduced the number of suitable diving days, but there were plenty of other things to do.

Over the next few days, more club members arrived, Luxfords, Truscotts, Scotts, Jacobys and Tony Tipping, as well as Paul & Chris and family, friends of Peter & Chris

Vleugel. Although few in number, we were a close-knit group, particularly around 5.00pm with the usual VSAG pleasantries well under way.

One day saw all available boats take to the Clyde River, and head upstream to Nelligen for a picnic. Those denied a ride on the water made the trip by car, and a good time was had by all.

The Batemans Bay hinterland is heavily timbered, and traversed by logging tracks, which double nicely as four-wheel drive routes. Another non-diving day saw 3 four-wheel drives embark upon a sight-seeing tour around the head of the Clyde River, and several lookouts. The view from the top was sensational.



Pat, you need to remember not to take quite so much liquid on board next time.

Mogo, a small village 10km south of Batemans Bay, is worth a visit, if you enjoy poking about in specialty shops, however, it was unanimous give the winery a miss!!

As the weather improved, the only dive vessel (Peter Vleugel's boat) was launched several times to enable our intrepid divers to enjoy the sights "Down Under". The water temperature was very easy to take at 23 deg. most days, which made the beach a very desirable destination for the Brincat girls.

North of Batemans Bay is Pebbly Beach, part of Murramarang National Park, a lovely beach, with some unique residents.



New Year's Eve saw a bus-load of partly primed VSAGers descend upon the Batemans Bay Bowling Club for

dinner. Undeterred by the chalk board in the foyer announcing forthcoming funerals (we didn't see any of our names there!) a hearty meal was consumed, washed down by the inevitable liquid refreshments. Those of our number who prefer no crowds, no noise and no smoke were delighted with the venue, as were those who didn't seem to have had a decent meal for quite some time.

After a leisurely meal, it was back to "Shady Willows" to welcome the New Year, in traditional VSAG style.

We were very fortunate with the weather for the duration of our stay in Batemans Bay, it was mostly hot, to very hot, with little rain. Well done, Gerry, and thank you for organizing such a successful event at late notice.

Minority ruled on the way home, and we returned to Melbourne via the Princes Highway, stopping at Nicholson River. We can thoroughly recommend the Retreat Hotel for a meal.

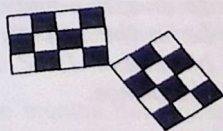
Judy Brincat

EX

IN THE PITS !

The Ferrari F1 Team recently fired their whole Pit-Crew to employ some young unemployed youths from the Broadmeadows area. The decision to hire them was brought on by a documentary on how unemployed youth in the Broadmeadows area can remove a set of car wheels in less than 6 seconds without proper equipment. This was thought to be a good move as most races are won and lost in the pits these days and Ferrari would have an advantage.

However Ferrari soon encountered a major problem. Not only were "da boyz" changing the tyres in under 6 seconds but within 12 seconds they had resprayed, rebadged and sold the vehicle to the McLaren Team.



EX

FLINDERS FANTASIA

SHORE DIVE

27 JANUARY 2001

Excerpt from
New Member Profile
(sometime in 1998)



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN DIVING?

Having watched many dive classes enter the murky depths beneath Portsea Pier as I casually lounged around the pub, I often thought about learning to scuba dive - one day. That day arrived when I was on a working holiday in Cairns. If ever there was a right time to learn to dive, it would have to be in the tropics. So, in November 1992, I took the plunge.



I've been a Melbourne diver for 3 years now and in all that time, I've never dived beneath the Portsea Pier.

Casually chatting about it at the last VSAG meeting, I was surprised at the high level of interest expressed in doing the dive so I quickly set about organising it. The plan was to do an afternoon dive at the pier, loll around outside the pub for a while, maybe have something to eat, then do the same dive at night. After that type of exhausting day, we could all traipse back to my mum's place at Mornington and rest there for the evening, making our way back to Melbourne (or suburbia), on the Sunday morning.

Great plan. Lots of interest !!!

Did the usual ring around on Friday to see if everyone was still interested. Numbers had dropped but there were still enough keen bodies to go ahead with the plan. I had even arranged with my poor, long-suffering neighbour (now boyfriend again), to forego working all weekend and come along with me (no interest in diving at all!!!!). After organising food, clothing etc etc, we headed off on Saturday about lunchtime for the long trip to Flinders.

It was an absolutely beautiful day although the temperature hadn't risen to 40°C so I couldn't even think about going swimming. As Wayne and I waited patiently for the other divers to

arrive – Leo, Lauren (probably only because Richard was coming), Shane, and Richard (probably only because Lauren was coming), my phone rang and of course, it was a cancellation. Leo wasn't coming because he was working on Andy's house. Shame on you Andy! Why weren't you out diving?

Not to worry, that would still leave 3 divers. The appointed meeting time came and went and kept going and still there was no sign of Shane or Richard. I was keeping a keen eye on a young couple in the car park who were gearing up for a dive and considered approaching them to join their dive. Bloody unreliable VSAG divers!

Time marched on!!

Eventually, Shane arrived with his whole family in tow - mother-in-law, wife, 3 kids and assorted paraphernalia required for all and sundry to keep themselves amused on the beach while Shane dived.

You could be forgiven for thinking this dive was organised by the Toyota Land Cruiser Club – not VSAG. Two divers – two troopies. Good taste!

We geared up and jumped in about half way along the pier. I've only ever dived at Flinders pier once before and whilst I enjoyed the dive, the vis was crap-not good. However, on Saturday, the vis was superb. The water was clear and there were millions of things to see

(5,768 million things if you include the krill).

We coasted along to the end of the pier, watched the little squid basking in the sunlight, found some really large weedy sea dragons, played with the pineapple fish, almost had fingers snapped off by an enormous goat fish, lazed around on the sea grass as we watched a sting ray having lunch and generally just cruised around under the pier, around the pier, alongside the pier and anywhere else that took our fancy.

It was a really fabulous dive with great vis, lots of things to see, no current and relatively warm water. If we didn't have non-divers with us, we would probably have stayed underwater for longer than the 70 minutes we did.

We capped off the afternoon by lazing around on the beach, chatting and indulging in that truly nutritious, great aussie meal, fish and chips. Eventually we packed up and headed off to spend a quiet evening at Mornington and had a leisurely drive home on Sunday.

To those who didn't make it, you missed a good one. To Shane, thanks. To the non-divers, thanks for your patience.

Another two months have passed since I first canvassed the idea of the double Portsea dive / overnight at Mornington option, but I still haven't dived under the Portsea Pier !!

Josie

Mary & Alan Go North!

The Prom was lovely, but the wind kept us from diving all through Xmas. We had planned a couple of weeks off around Australia Day, and headed north to combine some diving with re-visit. We had a flying stop in Sydney, with a quick harbour cruise and Japanese dinner with the brother in law, then 2½ hours drive north to Port Stephens.

We stayed at Nelson Bay to dive the famous shore diving sites of "Fly Point" and "Halifax Park". Port Stephens is a sizeable bay with a narrow entrance and a deep channel, like a small Port Phillip. As such, the sites are dived during flood slack water, as the ebbs are just too dirty. The local dive shops give out tide charts, and provide guided dives free, and we found Pro Dive Nelson Bay to be very helpful and professional.

After gearing up, and a short walk to a clearing in the rocky shoreline, we dipped our heads under the surface to be greeted by hundreds of bream, whiting, mullet and snapper. The rocks give way to a sandy bottom then sponges and ledges at the drop off. Being a marine reserve, the fish life is excellent, too many species to list, and many schools. The fish must be fed often as many are very friendly. I even had a moray leave its hole and swim 5 metres to snuggle up to my leg!

Conveniently, flood slack occurred at 9.00 A.M. and 9.20 P.M. on day one, and we found the water to be slack for around an hour. This meant we could double dive the site in the morning, and

return for a night dive! During the 11 hours in between we tried sightseeing, but ended up freediving the ocean beaches. We also went out to Broughton Islands for a double boat dive. The first dive was at "Looking Glass", which is a split in a small island with a stack of boulders near the entrance, providing a number of swim thrus. After checking out a wall with a few good fans on it, we played in the swim thrus, where I found a 1.8 metre wobby which had a good snap at me! Although there were schools of bullseyes in the caves, fish life was much down on the shore dives. The next dive at "Cod Rock" was typical NSW, white rocks, black urchins, and one spot chromis everywhere.

Continuing North, our next stop was South West Rocks, where we had booked to dive the famous "Fish Rock Cave". A lumpy sea and poor vis were forgotten, as we entered the deep end of the cave amid schools of bullseyes. The odd cray peered out and the bottom was littered with discarded cray shells. Inside the main section is quite large, but devoid of life. The ever growing blue light at the other end was shaded by clouds of bullseyes, and the walls near the large, shallow entrance had a few nice fans growing. The bonus on this dive were the six 2-metre grey nurse sharks circling the entrance. This is not the time of year for sharks around here, so we were lucky. They had no fear of divers, cruising within inches, and providing the best encounter possible. The surrounding area had a few nice fish and a turtle, but we opted

to fight a strong current to return to the sharks on the next dive!

Relo duties interrupted our diving while we visited Mary's sister at Kendall for a couple of days before we headed to Mullaway for the next leg. We had two days diving with Divequest, the first was a bash through lumpy seas to North Solitary Island. The only lee was in "Anemone Bay", but I was not complaining. The bottom was covered in anemone, and of course, clown fish. Hard corals and tropical species were well represented here, along with rays, and a sleepy leopard shark. It was sad to watch the little sargeant majors gallantly defending their eggs, only to see hoardes of moon wrasse wipe them out as soon as they strayed too far away. This is a top dive site.

Our very enthusiastic divemaster, "Pommie", said if we liked Anemone Bay, we would love "Fish Soup". We headed back to North Solitary again next day for a good dive at the Canyons / Southern Mooring site, then on to "Fish Soup". This is another slot through a small island called North West Rock, and it acts as a concentrator for fish schools. The bottom is boulders and sand, and fish schools hang, flow between, cruise over, and even hide under the boulders. Even reef species like red morwong and black spot goatfish were schooling mid water! "Fish Soup" might be an exaggeration, but there were a bloody lot of fish!

Our next stop was Coffs Harbour, and an attempt to dive the rest of the Solitaries with Jetty Dive. Now Mike the owner of Jetty Dive is a professional operator, and seeing Mary's camera setup, he arranged divemaster Brian to

be our personal guide. Brian's task was to find stuff to impress us, so he struck up a conversation to find what we had already seen, and what we hoped to find. His comment at the end of the conversation was "This is like getting gifts for Santa!" In solid rain, we steamed to South Solitary Island, and found a lee. I was surprised to find the hard corals and tropical fish just as prolific here as North Solitary. A highlight was the painted crays under the plate corals, and some blue tang, my favourite tropical fish.

With the wind picking up, Mike opted to get closer to home for the next dive, so we motored back to Split Solitary Island for our second dive. We knew this was typically dirtier, and had less fish than the other Solitaries, but the hard coral was as thick as the Barrier Reef. After playing with some more crays, and the odd ray, Brian earned his keep by producing a couple of Bleekers Blue Devilfish, which were on our list, and made our day complete. It was far nicer underwater than on the wind and rain swept surface, but we were soon back at the shop, gear washed, and having lunch with the staff.

Another bonus was catching up with Andrew Cox, an old time diver who crews for Jetty Dive. He arranged lunch at the shop, and a Chinese dinner with Brian and his wife. Mary takes an album of Victorian photos when we go away, which caused quite a few jaws to drop during our trip. Most divers can't believe we have good diving here as well. We had booked a double dive for the next day, but the weather was getting worse, so we

pulled the pin and headed home. I had 17 good dives, 3½ hours of video, and some freediving over these 2 weeks, plus we made points with Mary's family, and all for less than a grand each! This is a good value trip, which we will repeat again sometime.

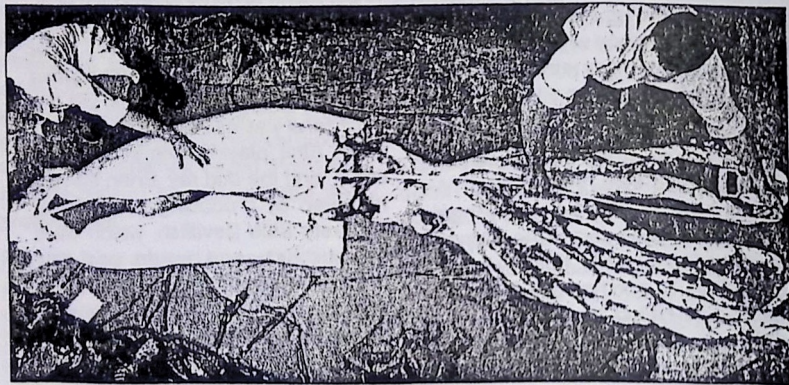


Alan Beckhurst

Comedy Quickie

- | | |
|-----------|---|
| 1st thief | Oh ! The cops are here. Quick! Jump out the window. |
| 2nd thief | But this is the 13th floor. |
| 1st thief | Hurry! This is no time for superstition. |

Anyone fancy some calamari?



Rebecca McIntosh and Mark Norman measure a giant squid at the Melbourne Museum. The squid, caught off Sandy Cape on the west coast of Tasmania, by the crew of an orange roughy trawler, is

12 metres long and estimated to weigh more than 200 kilograms. Live giant squid are never seen as they are found at depths of 500 to 1500 metres.

Picture: JOE ARMAO

Thursday 15 March

VSAG Guest Speaker

Dr Matt Edmunds - Australian Marine Ecology

Matt Edmunds is a Director of Australian Marine Ecology, a private company based at Queenscliff, working predominantly in SE Australia.

He has a PhD in marine biology and is an expert in the ecology of the southern rock lobster.

His company has wide experience in providing government and industry with information to support:

- Environmental Impact Statements
- Fishery stock assessments (measuring and tagging)
- Infrastructure location (pipeline and sewage outfalls, boat ramp siting etc).

The presentation will provide an insight into the demands of scientific diving explaining where, why and how different data is collected to support modern marine research.

***Please support your club
by coming along to this interesting and informative evening.***

A man phones his wife and says "Honey, I've been asked to go fishing at a big lake in Canada with my boss and several of his friends. We'll be gone for a week. This is a good opportunity for me to get that promotion I've been wanting, so would you please pack me some clothes for a week and set out my rod and tackle-box. We're leaving from the office so I'll call by the house to pick up my things. Oh, and can you please pack my new blue silk pyjamas?"

The wife thinks this sounds a bit fishy but being a good wife, she does what her husband asks. The following weekend, he comes home a little tired but otherwise looking good. The wife welcomes him home and asks if he caught many fish. He says "Yes, lots of walleye, some bluegill and a few pike. But why didn't you pack my pyjamas like I asked you to?"

The wife replies "I did. They were in your tackle box!"

What's in a Wreck?

John Ashley

Over the years there have been many discussions, sometimes heated, regarding shipwrecks.

What I mean by this is a person's right to remove items from a wreck site verses government legislation ie the Historic Shipwreck Act. In many cases it's clear cut if you remove anything from a wreck site such as one person did while diving on the Elisa Ramsdon where he found the ships bell and then took it home with him. He could have been prosecuted under the Act. As it was, the police turned up on his doorstep the following day and confiscated the bell. What though if you owned the salvage rights to a wreck or its cargo, for that matter, or even if the person who owned the rights to the wreck or it's cargo gave you permission to help yourself, I would think that if the government tried to prosecute you there would be an even chance that you could fight it in court and possibly win.

What about people who have private collections from these wrecks even though they may be declared to the government either voluntarily or the various amnesties. Was it legal that they took the artefacts in the first place and could the legal owners demand them back? After all, they only have custodianship of the collections, not the right of ownership and that also applies to government bodies.

Should it not be that custodians must be responsible for the conservation of these artefacts before they deteriorate or perhaps hand them over to the government bodies, but that would be

no good because they don't have the resources to do it either. Maybe in order to look after these artefacts we should throw them back into the ocean - where they came from.

There has not been one single case that has gone to court in recent times that I know of to set a precedent for people to have a clear understanding of the matter.

Lloyds of London 'the insurance company' still legally own ships and their cargo because the ships have been lost at sea and no one in their right mind would buy the salvage to a ship or it's cargo and not know where it is.

Lets say for instance some lucky person or a salvage company chanced upon a wreck, found a bell or life buoy or some other form of identification as to the identity of the wreck, bought the salvage rights. It would be an interesting court case to see if they could exercise those rights, especially in Australian waters. We often hear of finds by salvage companies in the Caribbean of Spanish, Portuguese wrecks dating back to the 16th century where huge amounts of money, mainly Spanish Doubloons are found within the confines of these wrecks. Who owns the money? The Spanish government because it's their money, the Caribbean government or the salvage companies that found them. Interesting stuff isn't it?

Usually there is a court case to determine the legal ownership and in many cases a percentage is awarded to each of the parties.



The War Time Adventures of Young Don Tallis

Neville Viapree

Recently while enjoying a good old cup of char with a customer of mine in Hampton, I said to Don, "Tell me a story of when you were in the navy during the war, so I've got something to tell my mates when I go out fishing". "Ahhh", he said. "Wouldn't know what to tell you, don't know what would interest you". "Must be something", I said. "You were on destroyers weren't you?" "Can't think of anything to tell" he said. I thought at this stage that I was not going to get a story here when his wife called from the kitchen "E were torpedoed and sunk three times 'e were". "Aye, three times" says Don. "What" says I. "Three times? Three bloody times???"

"Aye, last time was the worst. I got torpedoed, sunk and then taken prisoner."

"Shit" I said.

Don transferred from the British Merchant Navy to the Royal Navy in 1939 after training at Gosport. He served on fight ships in the Mediterranean on HMS Hood - Kalay and Kipling. On the Kalay, Don served with Lord Mountbatten.

The first time Don was sunk, he ended up in military hospital in Alexandria before going back to sea to be torpedoed and sunk for only the second time. The urgent priority at that time was to keep the shipping supply lines open



to feed Alexandria as the big battle for North Africa was about to begin.

"I can always remember the date the allies invaded Sicily" says Don. "It were 9 July 1943. That were my 21st birthday and I were floating around on wreckage after just having been torpedoed for the second time!! My mate called out Happy Birthday you bastard."

On board his fighting ships, Don and his mates were protecting the allied supply ships and hurting the German navy that was trying to destroy them all.

While on his third ship in the Mediterranean, North Africa, Don was torpedoed and sunk for the third time. His ship went down with a crew of about 96. About 40 were saved and taken prisoner by the German navy.

After much pushing and shoving and very bad over acting from the Germans who continually said in bad English "For you ze war is over, for you ze war is no more". Sounding like something from a bad black and white "B" grade movie. "Real comic opera" says Don. (We would probably call them 'drama queens' today).

I don't know if Don was sad for the fifty odd crew members who had just gone to a watery grave or if he was just happy to be still breathing.

It didn't take long before Don noticed the Germans giving him some strange sideways glances. "Shit" says Don, "they keep staring at my nose. Christ, they think I'm bloody Jewish."

It's pretty obvious that being mistaken for a Jew means you are about to get an introduction to the friendly branch of the local SS or their representatives. Don is not feeling too optimistic about his immediate future and decides he would rather die alone in the desert from sunstroke and thirst rather than be entertained by the SS. First chance he gets, Don takes off into the desert and escapes. Don is a sailor and knows nothing about survival or escape and evasion that is taught to combat pilots and highly trained commandos today.

In his terror, Don has 'legged it' with no jacket, no water, no food, no maps, no compass – no nothing!

Don starts trekking and heads for where he thinks Alexandria is. The British HO, however, night soon falls and the temperature drops from about 50°C to -10°C in the middle of the night so he digs a hole and buries himself to avoid freezing to death.

Next morning, Don digs himself out of his spider hole and starts slogging to where he hopes the friendly lines are. He's only got to cover about **five hundred miles** through the desert with no water and no food. It might appear he's in a spot of bother. Don has already decided he will just keep walking until he drops and dies so on and on he goes! Soon, in a desperate and extremely dehydrated state, he thinks "shit, the hallucinations have already started. I'm dreaming I can hear motor vehicles. "Well" he says to himself "if they're real, and being this far from the English lines, they must be German which will mean a merciful bullet in the back." Then he thought they might be hostile Arabs which could mean having the family jewels sliced off and stuffed down his throat!

"If the sounds are real, I'll ignore them" says Don to himself, "and try to look like I know where I'm going and I know what I'm doing." Not much else he can do, so it's head up and on and on he stumbles. The vehicles get louder and louder – slowly getting closer and closer. Don realises they are very real indeed and slowly playing with him like a cat playing with its prey. The shot in the back has not come and Don refuses to turn around and have a look at his executioners. Finally, with a bull-bar about six inches away from his backside, a British officers accent says, "Jolly nice afternoon for a stroll old chap!" I don't know what Dons reaction was but if it was me, I would have just cried!

Don had just been rescued by the one day to be famous, Long Range Desert Group (LRG).

It turned out that "just like a scene from a movie", Don had walked around in a big circle and was heading straight back into the German camp where he had escaped from.

The Long Range Desert Group was started around 1939 in Alexandria by a group of officers and NCO's in their spare time as a sort of hobby. Frustrated that the British army had no maps of North Africa that were of any use to the artillery and other offensive units, they started venturing out into the desert taking compass bearings, making maps and gathering intelligence. Soon, they were going behind enemy lines to take bearings on oil dumps and ammo dumps and kidnapping high ranking officers for interrogation. At one stage, they decided it was more 'fun' to blow up fuel dumps than it was to map them and take compass bearings so using highly specialised light-weight vehicles mounted with hard hitting machines and light anti-aircraft guns, they dressed in German uniforms or Arab disguise and proceeded to 'enjoy' themselves by destroying oil dumps.

Sometimes, dressed up as Rommels elite, they would 'find' a huge long enemy convoy. With their radio blaring 'Marlene Dietrich' singing the German 'hit of the day', they would scream up to the front, speaking German and saluting and waving, ask "who is in charge here? We have a message for the number one man here". With the leader and his command team quickly identified, at full speed, they would scream up and at point-blank range, blast them clean out of the desert and quickly disappear in the blink of an eye.

The list of achievements in the first year from the LRG was staggering. Several fuel dumps completely destroyed, along with a number of huge ammunition dumps, about a hundred senior, high-ranking commanders assassinated, literally thousands of enemy vehicles destroyed and even more important, absolute stacks of priceless intelligence gathered – all by about 25 people in their spare time as a hobby!

When all this was put in front of Churchill and his commanders, they were horrified and disgusted.

An urgent communication was sent to the supreme commander at Alexandria which stressed the disapproval of London's reaction to LRG. The message from Churchill's office read "Such conduct is disgusting, totally un-British, and shameful, ungentlemanly and not cricket (they really said 'not cricket'). All activities of the LRG were to cease immediately or face court-marshal."

This message was, of course, completely disregarded. A few weeks later, a second message came from London.

The LRG was to go full time professional, mainly for intelligence gathering but it was to change its name for security reasons from the Long Range Desert Group to the 'Special Air Service' (SAS).

The founder of the LRG was David Stirling, the man who found Don in the desert.

Anybody interested should be able to get a copy of "Who Dares Wins" by David Stirling from the library. It's the story of how he founded the LRG.

"Did you ever find out what happened to the blokes you were taken prisoner with?" I asked Don. "Yes, I eventually met up again with one of the lads who told him after I'd 'legged it', they were transported to Sicily, Italy before finally being imprisoned in Germany. It was a nasty, hard experience" his mate told him.

These days, Don lives (a little more quietly) in Hampton, *Australia*



Did you know

A car travelling at 80 kph uses half it's fuel to overcome wind resistance?

13 people per year, on average, are killed by vending machines falling on them?

A 450 kg marlin is always female and produces over 100 million eggs each summer?

A baby marlin hatches as larva and is only about 2 mm long?

The record distance swum by a tagged southern bluefin tuna is 13,000 km from the NSW coast to a point about 2,000 km west of Capetown? It was tagged in 1968 and had been free for 17 years. During this time, it grew from 6 to 68 kgs.

The average Orange Roughy (ocean perch) served in a restaurant would be over 100 years old?

Comedy Quickie

Jack decided to go skiing with his buddy, Bob. They loaded up Jack's mini van and headed north. After driving for a few hours, they got caught in a terrible blizzard. They pulled up to a nearby farmhouse and asked the attractive lady who answered the door if they could spend the night.

"I realize it's terrible weather out there, and I have this huge house all to myself, but I'm recently widowed, she explained, and I'm afraid the neighbors will talk if I let you stay in my house."

"Don't worry," Jack said, "we'll be happy to sleep in the barn, and if the weather breaks, we'll be gone at first light."

The lady agreed, and the two men found their way to the barn and settled in for the night. Come morning, the weather had cleared, and they got on their way and enjoyed a great weekend of skiing.

About nine months later, Jack got an unexpected letter from an attorney. It took him a few minutes to figure it out, but he finally determined that it was from the attorney of that attractive widow he met on the ski weekend.

He dropped in on his friend Bob and asked, "Bob, do you remember that good-looking widow from the farm we stayed at on our ski holiday up North?"

"Yes, I do."

"Did you happen to get up in the middle of the night, go up to the house and have sex with her?"

"Yes," Bob said, a little embarrassed about being found out. "I have to admit that I did."

"And did you happen to use my name instead of telling her your name?"

Bob's face turned red and he said, "Yeah, sorry buddy, I'm afraid I did.

Why do you ask?"

"She just died and left me everything."

John Lawler

Monster of the deep captured

By PENNY FANNIN
SCIENCE REPORTER

No one has ever seen one alive. Or, if they did, maybe they never lived to tell the tale. But last week the crew of an orange roughy trawler made a rare discovery when they hauled up a giant squid in their nets.

It was estimated to weigh more than 200 kilograms and was about 12 metres long. Scientists at the Melbourne Museum were yesterday defrosting the squid, which was stored in ice after it was caught.

Mark Norman, a visiting scientist at the museum and one of Australia's experts on squid, octopus and cuttlefish, said that although giant squid had long been mythologised, a live one had never been seen.

They live at depths of 500 to 1500 metres, where the water temperature is three degrees, there is no light and the water pressure would crush a person's chest — factors that have hampered efforts to see these animals in their natural environment.

Information on giant squid has been gathered from specimens caught in deep sea nets or washed up on beaches.

But this has been enough to expose their sex life. "The male has a one-metre-long muscular penis that acts like a nail gun and inserts sperm packages under the skin of the female's arms," Dr Norman explained.

"She stores that until she's ready to lay her eggs. It's not known how she gets the sperm to her eggs."

The store of information on giant squid increases each time one is caught.

"Prior to about 10 years ago, when

orange roughy trawls took off, there would have been 40 caught worldwide," Dr Norman said. "But since the interest in deep sea fishing trawls, they've been coming in faster."

About 50 squid have been caught around Australia, New Zealand and South Africa in the past five years.

Because giant squid are so rarely found, scientists don't know how many there are or how long they live. Dr Norman suspects they may not live longer than 10 years.

The largest recorded weighed 250 kilograms and was 18 metres long.

There are believed to be three species of giant squid — one that is found in the Southern Ocean, another in the North Pacific Ocean around Japan, and another in the Atlantic.

This latest specimen, believed to be female, was caught off the coast of Portland. Museum staff hope to preserve the animal and put it on display.

The squid's body, or mantle, is about two metres long, as are its tentacles. The extra eight metres comes from a pair of feeding tentacles that have spear-like clubs at the end. The tentacles, adorned with toothed suckers the size of golf balls, are tucked away and shoot out when the squid spies food.

Dr Norman said examination of giant squid stomachs revealed that they eat fish up to two metres long as well as other squid.

"Giant squid are the top of the food chain at this depth... they are the lion or killer whale of deep water."



Netted: A giant squid.



In his element: New Zealand marine biologist Bill Ballantine visits the Melbourne Aquarium.

Shark! Top in attacks

Sharks killed more people in Australia last year than anywhere else in the world. Australia also had the second highest number of attacks.

Seventy-nine shark attacks, 10 of them fatal, were reported around the world last year, the highest number in the 40 years records have been kept.

Of the fatal attacks, three were in Australia, two in Tanzania and one each in Fiji, Japan, Papua New Guinea, New Caledonia and the United States, according to a report released yesterday by the International Shark Attack File. AP

Fish ex

By LARISSA DUBECKI

You'll find "one million rings" in the fight to create national parks, says ret New Zealand marine biologist Ballantine.

But while scientists, mentalists and fishermen argue about the benefit of "catch zones", in which all marine life is Ballantine said yesterday, the simplest terms: "Do place we can save for our

The Auckland University Dr Ballantine has been Melbourne by a mar

Victoria's cray.

By RICHARD BAKER

The crayfish boats moored at San Remo's wharf swayed gently as the afternoon tide rushed out of Western Port Bay yesterday — a peaceful sight on most afternoons in the south Gippsland fishing town for nearly 100 years.

But it may become a memory soon, with San Remo's crayfishermen predicting the demise of their industry because of a controversial decision to introduce a quota system later this year.

Rob Cralke, 46, a San Remo crayfisherman for 27 years, said the quota system favored by the Victorian Government to boost crayfish numbers would reduce his yearly catch by 55 per cent, forcing him and many others out of the industry.

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Expert out to hook Victoria on parks

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vation organisation to lobby the State Government and opposition for the implementation of 13 marine national parks and 11 smaller marine sanctuaries in the state's waters.

Establishment of the parks and sanctuaries, covering more than 63,000 hectares, or 6 per cent of the Victorian coast, was recommended in a report by the Environment Conservation Council tabled in State Parliament in October.

Currently less than 0.05 per cent of Victoria's coastal waters receive that level of protection.

Dr Ballantine, who has been involved in the creation of 14 no-catch reserves in New Zealand,

would not guarantee that the parks would increase fish numbers, but said New Zealand fishermen had found their catches improved when setting their nets at the boundaries.

"I believe that in time the fishermen will be asking for more parks because they will see the benefits... It also makes sense for science, education and recreation," he said.

"We've been messing around for 35 years in New Zealand, with lots of trial and error on marine reserves, but here is a chance for Victoria to lead the world."

Dr Ballantine described his career as "like fighting fog — there's no real enemy, you just have

to try to convince people that these things are beneficial".

Was Dr Ballantine hopeful for the future of the world's marine life?

"Yes. It's timing. This business of having fully protected marine reserves is rolling worldwide, but it's slow and sporadic. The question is, are we going to have it in place in time to do our children some good?"

Premier Steve Bracks has said the State Government is committed to establishing a comprehensive system of marine national parks in Victoria.

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Picture: SIMON O'DWYER

Fish quotas on the boil



34 per cent reduction in their annual catch by extending the closed crayfishing fishing season by two months and reducing by 20 per cent the number of pots used to catch the crayfish.

Crayfishermen were also dismayed that the government made its decision on the quota allocation system last year while a parliamentary inquiry into fisheries management in Victoria was still to deliver its report. The inquiry is due to present its findings on March 31.

Fellow crayfishermen and Seafood Industry Victoria's crayfish representative, Mike Parsons, warned that unless Premier Steve Bracks or Treasurer John Brumby intervened, the state's major ports could be blockaded by crayfishermen in the coming months.

rock lobster catch goes on a black market," Mr Parsons said "So if they can't police the quota system over there, how do they think they are going to do here?"

Energy and Resources Minister Candy Brown said when the quota decision was made last year that was necessary to restore Victorian ailing crayfish stocks.

Ms Brown said the sustainable methods favored by the crayfishermen had historically failed to keep stock levels steady and that quota systems were already used in Tasmania, New South Wales and South Australia.

But whether quota systems were in use elsewhere or not was of little concern to Mr Crall yesterday as he went about taking a monster crayfish from his boat

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B L U C C

Salvage plan for Russian sub

LONDON: An attempt to raise the sunken Russian nuclear submarine Kursk is to begin in April. Salvage experts hope to have the submarine, which has two nuclear reactors and 22 armed missiles on board, lifted by August. Also on board are the bodies of 106 of the 118 crew members who went down when it sank in the Barents Sea in August. The vessel lies more than 100 metres below the surface off the Russian coast. The salvage operation is expected to cost more than \$120 million.

ark villages

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Ship's owner fined for reef damage

Running aground near Cairns costs a foreign company \$400,000.

The owners of a Malaysian ship that ran aground on the Great Barrier Reef last year were yesterday fined a record \$400,000 for damaging the reef.

The Malaysian International Shipping Corporation pleaded guilty in the Cairns Magistrates Court to unlawfully causing serious environmental harm.

The charges, brought under Queensland's Environmental

Protection Act, followed the November 2 grounding of the freighter Bunga Teratai Satu on Suddbury Reef, north-east of Cairns.

Similar charges against the ship's first mate, Maishkoo Hussein Khan, were later withdrawn.

The hearing against the company was told that Mr Khan had taken control of the vessel at 6.35am knowing he would soon have to alter course, but became distracted by his wife who was distressed by a phone call from her mother in Karachi.

It was while he was distracted from keeping an eye on the vessel's position that it struck the reef.

The 21,000-tonne container ship was freed 12 days later by tugs with winches connected to anchors set on the seabed, but only after the tops of three coral outcrops were blasted away.

None of the ship's cargo of fungicides, pesticides and other toxic chemicals escaped into the sea, but damage to the coral from the ship and its anti-fouling paint required a million-dollar clean-up, for which the company agreed to pay.

The ship was later allowed to continue its voyage to Sydney after being inspected by divers.

The prosecutor for the Environmental Protection Agency, Graham

Rhead, welcomed the verdict, saying it sent a message to other operators.

"Every time there is a part removed from the reef it is a part that does not regrow," Mr Rhead said.

Queensland Environment Minister Rod Welford said the case highlighted the fact that Queensland would accept nothing less than the highest standards in environmental protection.

It was the largest fine yet imposed under Queensland's environmental protection laws and the second-largest fine imposed in Australia, Mr Welford said.

AAP

AUSTRALIA DAY WEEKEND PHILLIP ISLAND

John Lawler

There is a saying "nothing ventured, nothing gained" and as a result of the committee wanting to find some diving with a difference for the members, it was decided to base the club on Phillip Island for the Australia Day long weekend. Actually the diving was to be out of Inverloch but somehow we never got past San Remo (sorry Gerry Damner!)

Gerry De Vries nominated himself for the job of arranging this venture and what a task it was. First was the job of finding the caravan park. Gerry had heaps to choose from and the one he finished up with was one out of the box! We discovered "The Phillip Island Caravan Park-Newhaven" "The Quiet End of the Island" as the brochure says, and this place had the lot! Grassy powered sites for the tenters, plenty of hot showers, dish wash areas and all amenities were spotless. Onsite vans and five star cabins are also available. Added to all this is the big advantage of having the hotels, take-aways and restaurants just a very short walk over the bridge....no driving! This park would be the quietest I have ever stayed in and I have been in plenty let me say. The park is on the channel so a beach was just a minutes walk away as well. The Newhaven boat ramp is a five-minute drive and has been rebuilt to five star launching and parking.

Most of the group arrived on the Friday night and it was a departure from the norm for this group as we all did our camping with the very bare minimum

of equipment being so close to home and with all amenities at hand.

I had to erect my two person tent which I've owned for six years but only put up once. I had to call on the expertise of Charlie Brincat to step me through the technicalities of this tent! I think I've got the hang of it now!

Mick Jeacle, Annie and Jess were my immediate neighbours and it has not been decided yet who won the snoring competition between Mick and myself although from my point of view I say Mick won by a country mile!!!! Charlie had his family all looked after in their trusty van with annexe and Gerry and Robert Birtles were snug in their small tent. Darren Pearce and John Ashley were staying in another park where Daren's dad has an onsite van. Bruce Dart had one day with us and as he chose to bed down in the DeVries/Birtles tent I would have to award the "Cuddly Trio Award" to these three guys. Pat Reynolds had his van as home and unfortunately was not diving due to a back problem.

So now to the diving. Saturday saw the boats of Lawler, Jeacle and DeVries head off to dive the Pinnacles off Cape Woollamai. The weather was ok on take off but started to deteriorate about the time we got to the dive site. Although not very windy, rain fell and it was quite swelly. Divers did the Pinnacle dive and found this to good under but on top Jess and Annie were not too well. Mick decided to head home and I urged the lads to hang

around as I felt the day would improve - which it did after about an hour or so. Diving continued around the small bays and dinner was assured as a result of the effort.

I had introduced some people to the new wave cooking from a smoker and Mick had taken this up. He decided to try smoked abalone done from his smoker and it was simply fantastic!

Bob Scott arrived with June, boat and crew for the day. We also had a lady guest dive with us.

Sunday was in much better shape for diving so Kilcunda was the target for the dive. I always believed this area to be good for hunting but really it was most disappointing. The bottom was ordinary and uninteresting. After the first dive finished the Southerly started to build so we decided to run for the shelter of Cape Woolamai. What exciting diving was ahead of us!

We ran our boats straight out from the North Eastern point of the cape and the depth sounder was reading like a yo-yo. Over the side into amazing territory! Bommies were everywhere and the fish life was also really spectacular and abundant.

I have never dived in such wonderful territory. All the divers were bubbling with excitement after their dives and we

headed home feeling very satisfied with the "new find" dive sites!

We decided to dine in San Remo that night and found a good Chinese restaurant which could take our group immediately. Food was good, company great and a lot of fun. A very windy walk home over the bridge gave us a hint that the dive next day was to be a challenge. John and Priya arrived to join the days diving.

We headed back to the same dive area, however the swells were very big off the point. Mick and Darren took the challenge and dived the area and the rest of the diving was done just inside the point where the swell had settled down to calmer water.

As we had to vacate the campsite and return home, the boats headed back after a one tank dive. All packing was quickly finalised and we headed back to Melbourne.

This was a really great, great fun and dive week-end. The good news is that the committee has decided to book the venue for the Melbourne Cup week-end this year! My suggestion...don't miss it!!!

Thanks to Gerry for his organising effort. Well done. Thanks to all for a great week-end.



Whiz Kidz

Man How old is your father ?

Boy As old as me.

Man How can that be ?

Boy He became a father only when I was born.

Teacher Raymond, your composition on "My Dog" is exactly the same as your brother's. Did you copy his?

Raymond No, Miss, it's the same dog!

Happenings / Events / Happenings / Events /

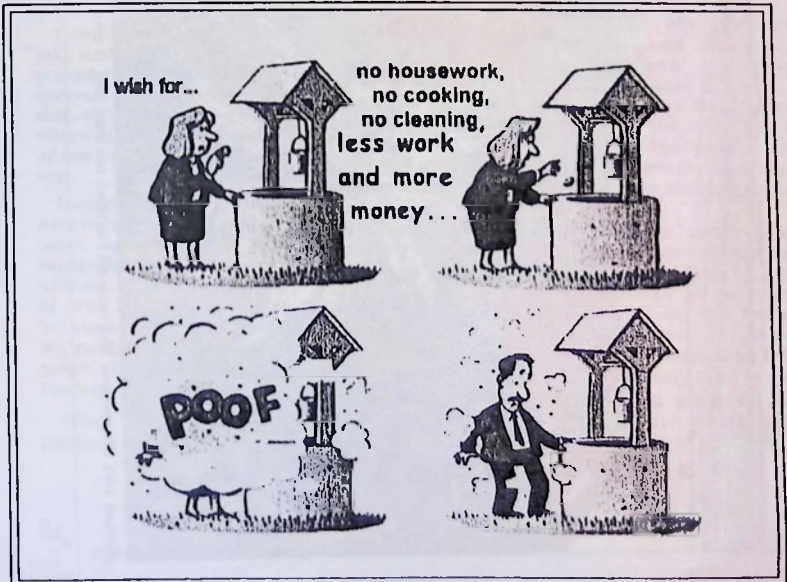
ANNUAL EASTER PILGRIMAGE TO TIDAL RIVER

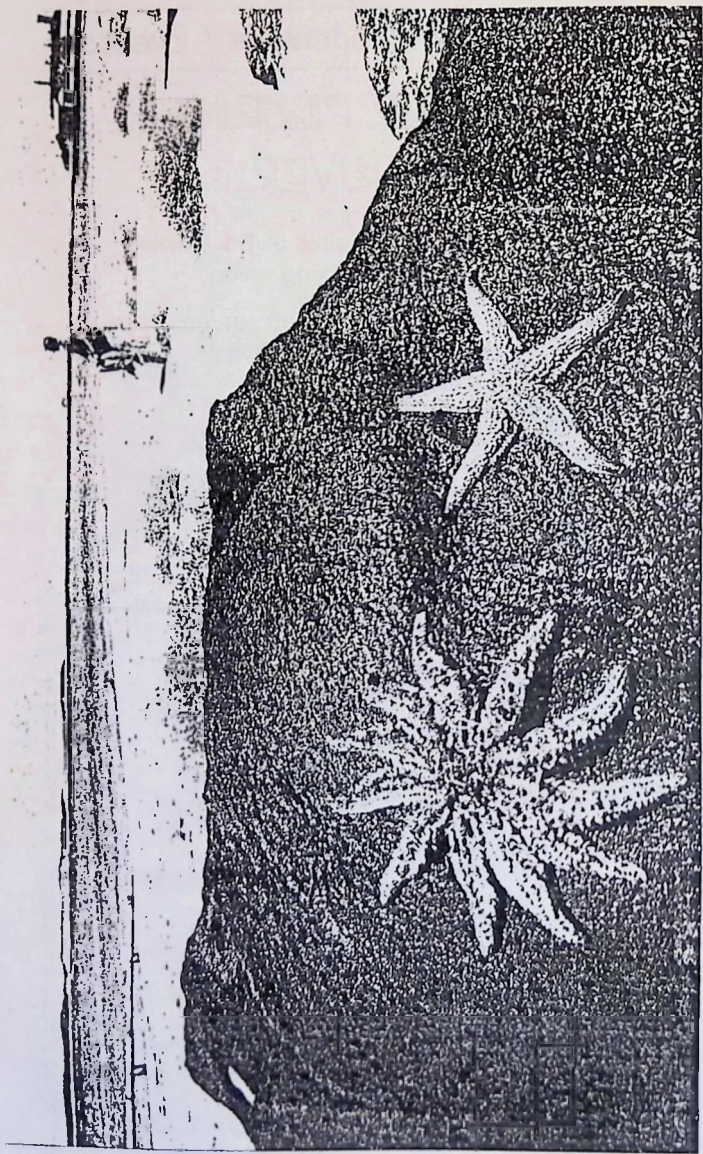
VSAG has once again booked sites at TIDAL RIVER for this annual, record-breaking event.

Sites are allocated on a "first come - first served" basis so anyone wishing to join the festivities should contact Don Abell as soon as possible to secure a site.

Payment is required **NOW**.

For more details, contact Don
0412 140 767 or 9889 4415





Pictures: Slight

Armed and dangerous: The native 11-armed sea star, left, is one of the best defences against the northern Pacific sea star.

Public attacks wrong target in star wars

By RICHARD BAKER

Thousands of native sea stars have been left to die on boat ramps and piers around Port Phillip Bay after being removed from the water by well-meaning Victorians who mistook them for the exotic pest, the northern Pacific sea star.

Compounding the mistake is the fact that marine scientists believe the native species, the 11-armed sea star, to be one of the most effective natural predators of the northern Pacific sea star.

Department of Natural Resources and Environment spokeswoman Lisa Borthwick said fisheries officers began seeing piles of dead 11-armed sea stars in June last year, just after a big public awareness campaign about the health of the bay.

"The northern Pacific featured heavily in a clean-



Star appeal: Marine expert Mark Asplin with a bay native.

up-the-bay campaign and people automatically assumed they were doing the right thing by throwing out sea stars when they came across them. "Unfortunately, they picked the wrong ones," Ms Borthwick said.

But the public were not the only ones to confuse the two sea stars. A recent edition of a Geelong weekly newspaper published a

front-page story urging divers and anglers to remove northern Pacific sea stars from the bay. The photograph accompanying the article featured an 11-armed sea star, not a northern Pacific.

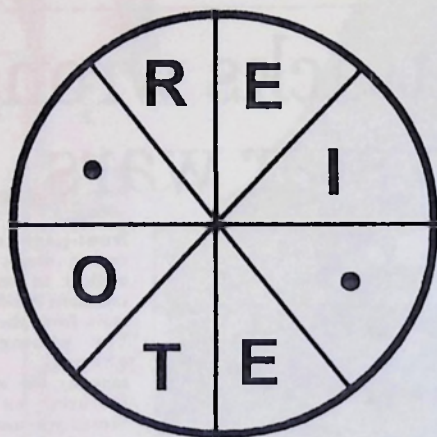
Ms Borthwick said although the sea stars looked little alike — one has five arms and the other has 11 — the public seemed

to believe that any sea stars close to shore must be the pests.

Marine and Freshwater Resources Institute marine ecologist Greg Parry said numbers of the northern Pacific sea star in the bay had risen to 90 million since it arrived in 1995.

He said the pest was causing great damage in the bay, eating out vast reserves of shellfish.

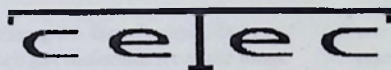
A LITTLE MENSA MESS



Fill in the
missing letters
to find an 8
letter word

A man was on holiday in Spain with his wife. The police were called because his wife had fallen to her death from a 9th floor balcony. The policeman was suspicious after he had examined their belongings, saying "I believe that this will be a murder case".

Why did he say that?



Environmental Consultants



Cetec & 3AK Marine Pest Day

Sunday

1st April 2001

Port Phillip Bay is being invaded!!

**YOU CAN BE PART OF HISTORY and THE
FUTURE:HELP TO DEFEND THE BAY**

*600 divers, 400 boats and lots of shore staff and
supporters are needed to investigate a critical area of
Port Phillip Bay for flourishing marine pests.*

Ballast water from visiting ships has discharged into the bay. With it come foreign marine pests such as Japanese Kelp, Giant Sea Worms and Northern Pacific Starfish.

Something needs to be done – Collection, surveillance and research.

Has the starfish pest has increased from 0 to 100 million in 4 years??!

**Cetec and 3AK are calling all boat owners, divers and
helpers to show you care for the future of the Bay on**

Sunday 1st April 2001, the Cetec and 3AK Marine Pest Day..

Pre-registration is essential so call Cetec now on

03 95449111 or Fax 03 95449122

cetec@a031.aone.net.au

Lincoln Hall

When scuba divers get wind of the new antidote to the bends, they may well decide to stick to snorkelling.

It's a gas, gas, gas

Sometimes friends can be found in strange places, but rarely does a buddy dwell in such a definite "no-go zone" as that inhabited by *Methanobrevibacter smithii*. This bacterium is part of the merry band of germs that live in our intestinal tract and are called gut flora. Along with digestive juices, they perform the important task of breaking down foodstuffs. Among gut flora, *M. smithii* are the rearguard, so to speak, hanging out as they do in the colon. By the time foodstuffs have reached the colon, they have been processed and there is light at the end of the tunnel. Any nutrients still present have missed the boat in terms of contributing to the body's energy levels and waistline. In the colon, the only processing that goes on is for dispatch,

and at this important stage *M. smithii* convert hydrogen to methane. In short, they produce works of fart.

Not surprisingly, little is heard of this microbe in social circles. Somerset Maugham wrote that women in literature don't have rear passages, acknowledging an enduring conspiracy of silence. But now this silence is about to be shattered by *M. smithii*'s performance in the arena of scuba diving.

Researchers are investigating how *M. smithii* might help reduce the risk of decompression sickness (DCS). Commonly known as "the bends", DCS is an ever-present threat for scuba divers, as it is caused by the pressure from the mass of water above. This pressure interferes with the body's chemistry,

increasing the blood's capability to absorb gas molecules from the lungs. As a result, more of these gas molecules find their way into the body's tissues. This only becomes a problem when the diver ascends and the gas molecules are released from the blood and tissue. Bubbles can form and may cause blurred vision, paralysis and even death unless the diver resists the urge to swim directly to the surface and instead makes a gradual and strictly timed ascent. Oxygen is not a problem in DCS as it bonds to haemoglobin in the diver's blood, then is metabolised and expelled as carbon dioxide. There are no such mechanisms for dealing with nitrogen, which is a major component of air, and so a rapid ascent can cause nitrogen to bubble in the blood and tissues in the same way that carbonated drinks bubble when the cap is removed from the bottle.

The danger of DCS is even greater at extreme depths where air becomes too dense to breathe and where a great deal of time is needed to ascend to the surface safely. Divers deal with the high air density by mixing their tanked oxygen with helium or hydrogen (rather than the nitrogen and carbon dioxide mix of normal air). Neither helium nor hydrogen can be metabolised, so both are likely to cause the bends. However,

our friendly bacterium can come to the rescue by converting hydrogen and carbon dioxide to methane and water. This is not magical alchemy but simple chemistry, as methane consists of carbon and hydrogen atoms, and water of hydrogen and oxygen. As we all know, both water (as urine) and methane (as flatulence) are readily expelled via purpose-built orifices.

Researchers who experimented with mice breathing a hydrogen/oxygen mix in hyperbaric (high-pressure) chambers found animals that had *M. smithii* introduced into their colons were able to reduce five per cent of their hydrogen burden – sufficient to reduce the risk of DCS by more than half. Similar results were obtained from pigs and, not surprisingly, more methane was found to be produced from animals inoculated with larger quantities of *Methanobrevibacter*. The pigs suffered no long-term ill effects and their gut flora eventually returned to normal.

The upshot is that divers can look forward to a future where they will breakfast on bacteria-laced Wind-Bix, where the bends will be the province of the careless, and where the fitters of dive boat ventilation systems will do a roaring trade. ■

MENSA puzzle answers

Hotelier

The man had a return air ticket but his wife only had a one-way ticket.



ComedyCornerComedyCornerComedyCorner

Parrot Steal !

A woman goes into a pet shop to buy a bird. The assistant shows her a beautiful African Grey parrot.

"What about this one, Madam? A beautiful bird, I'm sure you'll agree, and it's an absolute steal at only \$20."

"Why is it that cheap?" the woman asks.

"Well", replies the assistant, it used to live in a brothel and its language is a bit fruity". "Oh, I don't mind that", said the woman, making her mind up, "I'm broad minded and it'll be a laugh having a profane parrot".

So saying, she buys the parrot and takes him home.

Once safely in his new home, the parrot looks around and squawks at the woman "bugger me, a new brothel and a new madam" "I'm not a madam and this isn't a brothel" says the woman indignantly.

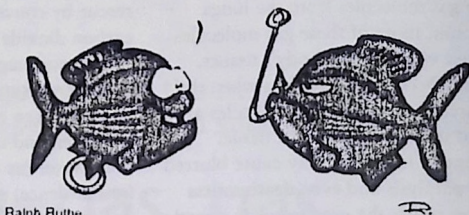
A little later the woman's two teenage daughters arrive home. "A new brothel, a new madam, and now new prostitutes" says the parrot when he sees the daughters.

"Mum, tell your parrot to shut-up, we're not prostitutes" complain the girls, but they all see the funny side and have a laugh at their new pet.

A short while later, the woman's husband comes home.

"Well bugger me, a new brothel, a new madam, new whores, but the same old clients. How ya doin', Dave?"

Hey, I like your piercing !



Ralph Ruthe

Silence Is Golden

Brother John entered the Monastery of Silence and the Abbot said, "Brother, this is a silent monastery, you are welcome here as long as you like, but you may not speak until I direct you to do so." Brother John lived in the monastery for 5 years before the Abbot said to him, "Brother John you have been here for 5 years you may speak two words"

Brother John said, "Hard bed." "I'm sorry to hear that," the Abbot said, "We will get you a better bed."

After another 5 years, Brother John was called by the Abbot. "You may say another two words, Brother John"

"Cold food," said Brother John and the Abbott assured him that the food would be better in the future.

On his 15th anniversary at the monastery, the Abbott again called Brother John into his office. "Two words you may say today."

"I quit," said Brother John "It is probably best," said the Abbott, "You've done nothing but bitch since you got here."

DIVE CALENDAR

Date	Event Location	DC	Phone	Meeting Point	Time
MARCH					
10-12	Refuge Cove	Andy	9809 0984		
11	Heads Area	John L	9589 4020	Sorrento	9:00
15	General Meeting	Guest Speaker		Bells Hotel	8:00pm
18	Lonsdale Wall	Meg	9499 6654	Sorrento	9:00
25	120' Sub	Pat	9499 6654	Sorrento	9:00
APRIL					
1	Nepean Wall	John L	9589 4020	Sorrento	10:00
13-16	Tidal River	Don Abell	9889 4415	Tidal River	
19	General Meeting			Bells Hotel	8:00pm
29	George Kermode	Andy	9809 0984	New Haven	9:30
MAY					
6	90' Sub	Peter V	5974 3191	Sorrento	9:30
13	Eliza Ramsden	Gerry	9725 2381	Sorrento	9:00
17	General Meeting			Bells Hotel	8:00pm
20	Commercial Dive	Scotty		TBA	TBA
27	Lonsdale Wall	1TANK Meg	9499 6654	Sorrento	9:00
JUNE					
9-11	Beechworth Winery Weekend		Gerry	9725 2381	
10	Local diving	John L	9589 4020	Sorrento	9:00
21	General Meeting			Bells Hotel	8:00pm
24	120' Sub - 1TANK	John L	9589 4020	Sorrento	11:00
JULY					
19	General Meeting			Bells Hotel	8:00pm
NOVEMBER					
2-6	Melbourne Cup	John L	9589 4020	New Haven	
DECEMBER					
7	VSAG Christmas Party		Helen	9417 7513	
25	Christmas at - TBA		Gerry	9725 2381	

Port Phillip Heads (Pt. Lonsdale)

Lat 38° 18' Long 144° 37' Time Zone -1000

Times and Heights of High and Low Waters. Add one hour for Official Summer Time

March - 2001

Time m	Time m	Time m	Time m
1 0346 1.40	9 0403 0.63	17 0500 1.37	25 0015 1.20
TH 0944 0.21	FR 1043 1.17	SA 1105 0.11	0615 0.53
2 1610 1.37	SA 1638 0.24	SA 1804 1.41	SU 1224 1.16
2154 0.34	2358 1.32	2318 0.46	1832 0.42
3 0418 1.37	10 0524 1.30	18 0537 1.30	26 0055 1.26
2 1015 1.17	SA 1200 1.26	SA 1144 1.17	0657 0.43
FR 1649 1.37	SA 1756 0.22	SU 1848 1.32	MO 1313 1.26
2230 0.39	11 0054 1.39	20 0615 0.53	1915 0.40
4 0525 1.29	11 0830 0.39	19 0615 1.22	27 0131 1.32
1123 0.13	SU 1047 1.15	MO 1222 0.24	TU 0732 0.34
SU 1820 1.31	SA 1732 1.35	SU 1305 1.37	TU 1356 1.35
2348 0.52	2308 0.46	1858 0.21	1950 0.39
5 0503 1.25	12 0144 1.46	20 0040 0.59	28 0207 1.36
1203 0.13	0727 0.25	TU 0700 1.14	0805 0.26
MO 1915 1.27	MO 1404 1.47	TU 1305 0.31	WE 1437 1.43
2348 0.52	1950 0.22	2028 1.17	2026 0.39
6 0333 0.59	13 0229 1.49	21 0129 0.65	29 0243 1.38
0651 1.20	0817 0.15	WE 0753 1.07	0839 0.20
TU 1252 0.16	TU 1559 1.53	WE 1356 0.38	TH 1516 1.48
2023 1.23	2377 0.25	2128 1.13	2100 0.40
7 0128 0.67	14 0309 1.49	22 0232 0.69	30 0316 1.36
0752 1.16	WE 0933 0.08	TH 0900 1.02	0913 0.16
WE 1352 0.20	WE 1549 1.55	TH 1503 0.44	FR 1555 1.50
2140 1.22	2023 1.23	2120 1.12	2137 0.42
8 0239 0.67	15 0347 1.47	23 0355 0.68	31 0351 1.36
0912 1.14	0946 0.06	1016 1.02	0417 0.13
TH 1509 0.23	TH 1636 1.53	FR 1628 0.45	SA 1634 1.49
2253 1.26	2201 0.35	2328 1.15	2215 0.46
	16 0424 1.43	24 0518 0.62	
	FR 1027 0.07	TH 1126 1.07	
	FR 1720 1.46	SA 1740 0.44	
	2240 0.40		

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Port Phillip Heads - Tidal Streams

Lat 38° 18' Long 144° 37' Time Zone -1000

Times of Start of Flood and Ebb (Slick) Water. Add one hour for Official Summer Time

March - 2001

Time m	Time m	Time m	Time m
1 0007 flood	9 0157 ebb	17 0125 flood	25 0255 ebb
TH 1237 flood	FR 0736 ebb	SA 0713 ebb	0915 flood
1845 ebb	2010 flood	2037 ebb	SU 1501 ebb
2 0036 flood	10 0255 ebb	18 0201 flood	26 0350 ebb
FR 1311 flood	SA 0854 flood	SU 1436 flood	MO 1551 ebb
1928 ebb	SA 1416 ebb	2122 ebb	2212 flood
3 0108 flood	11 0342 ebb	19 0241 flood	27 0402 ebb
0657 ebb	FR 0949 flood	MO 0818 ebb	1025 flood
SA 1346 flood	SU 1534 ebb	MO 1516 flood	TU 1635 ebb
2014 ebb	2209 flood	2211 ebb	2248 flood
4 0142 flood	12 0422 ebb	20 0325 flood	28 0432 ebb
SU 0724 ebb	MO 1037 flood	TU 0857 ebb	1058 flood
SU 1425 flood	MO 1636 ebb	TU 1602 flood	WE 1717 ebb
2105 ebb	2254 flood	2308 ebb	2321 flood
5 0219 flood	13 0500 ebb	21 0422 flood	29 0500 ebb
0758 ebb	TU 1121 flood	WE 0945 ebb	1131 flood
MO 1511 flood	TU 1731 ebb	WE 1700 flood	TH 1800 ebb
2210 ebb	2335 flood	2353 flood	2353 flood
6 0305 flood	14 0534 ebb	22 0013 ebb	30 0528 ebb
TU 1840 ebb	WE 1203 flood	TH 0549 flood	1206 flood
1507 flood	WE 1821 ebb	TH 1055 ebb	FR 1842 ebb
2326 ebb	2137 ebb	1816 flood	
7 0406 flood	15 0013 flood	23 0116 ebb	31 0026 flood
WE 1719 flood	TH 0608 ebb	FR 0732 flood	0555 ebb
	TH 1243 flood	FR 1233 ebb	SA 1243 flood
	1909 ebb	1936 flood	1926 ebb
8 0045 ebb	16 0048 flood	24 0211 ebb	
TH 1101 ebb	FR 1321 flood	SA 1400 ebb	
16-6 flood	1954 ebb	2039 flood	

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