

Australian

SKIN DIVING & Spearfishing Digest

Registered at G.P.O., Sydney, as a periodical for transmission by post.

NOVEMBER 1955

1/-





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Australian Skin Diving and

Spearfishing Digest

(incorporating Spearfishing News)

Published each month for the Underwater Skindivers and Fishermen's Association of N.S.W.

PATRONS: R. J. McNiven, O. J. Coilidge, T. C. Roughley.

Founder: R. S. CHARLES

President: S. W. FORRESTER, SNR.

Vice-Presidents: J. BENNETT and R. COOPER

Treasurer: J. BENNETT

Editor: R. COOPER

WHAT'S ON

Club outing to Cronulla and Boat Harbour on NOVEMBER 6th.

A point score competition will be conducted under U.S.F.A. point score comp. rules. Points will accrue for the Vince Waldron Memorial Trophy and Catches will be eligible for the Clubman's Trophy. Competitions times are 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. **sharp**.

Because of the locality there will be no competition boundary restrictions.

Prizes: 1st, 2nd and 3rd are pieces of engraved utility silverware.

The marquee and control area will be at Oak Park.

There will be organised sports from 2 p.m. onward.

The shell collecting competition will be judged as usual at 2 p.m.

The State Championship 3rd Spearfishing Aggregate will be held at Curra-rong, Crook Haven Bight, via Nowra, South Coast, on **Sunday, November 13th**.

Don't forget this is the final round of the Championship. After this competition the sum of accrued points in the three rounds will determine who is N.S.W. CHAMPION.

Competition times: 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Comp. Boundaries: Callalla Creek to Warrain Beach.

Prizes: 3 Silver Engraved Cups for 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the Senior, and 3 Silver Engraved Cups for 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the Junior (under 18 years).

Juniors, please state your age when you sign on.

Competition entry fee 2/- per competition.

Come down early and camp for the weekend. We can have a big fire and a chat on Saturday night.

General Meeting at the Railway Institute on November 2nd. There will be lectures, auction and gear display, so bring along your fancy gun to show the boys, or the old model to auction.



WANTED

**MAGAZINE COPY
HUMOUR, HOW TO MAKE IT
ARTICLES, NEWS, NEW DEVELOP-
MENTS IN EQUIPMENT**

Addresses of all S/fishing Club's executive officers. We find due to lack of correspondence between various clubs we have got out of touch.

We would like to place these clubs on our mailing list but until we get correct addresses no can do.

RETIRING PRESIDENT DICK CHARLES' REPORT

I don't want to say very much about the early part of the year, it has all been said before, but no Committee can work with satisfaction and do a good job if there is dissension among themselves. They must work as a team with wholehearted support behind their leader. Failing which the morale of the committeemen drops to zero and nobody wants to do any work and couldn't care less what happens, which is transmitted to the Association and then things go from bad to worse. To Dick Barton, the late President who, as you are all aware, did work hard and give a lot of his time to the Association. It was just unfortunate that he could not get the wholehearted support of the committee at the time he really needed it. The whys and wherefors of it would fill a book, it's past history now, and I am sure nobody wants to see it all opened up again. To him the Association gives its thanks for all his past work and the integrity he has shown. The job of straightening out the Association's affairs has been a big one, and to bring the life back into the club which it deserves has also been a big job and would not have been possible without the hard work put into it by your Committeemen. The Secretary Ray Cooper has been a tower of strength. He has not only attended his secretarial duties in a fit and proper manner, but has been your Editor of the club's magazine as well which entails a tremendous amount of work. He was lucky that he had two very able assistants, first his wife who did all the typing for him and worked very hard for this Association, and then John Thompson the assistant Secretary, who was another man who worked very hard for us and did a splendid job. And I thank them on behalf of the Association for all what they did. There are three other men in particular to whom I would like to extend the Association's thanks for all the efforts and hard work they have also given to the Club. Pop Forrester the Vice-President, who is always willing to hop in and work when it's needed; Jack Bennett, Vice-President, who always has been a terrific worker for us, and when we were stuck for a Treasurer, took over the job and got the books straight again so that even our accountant said that he had made a good job of them, which is something to be proud of. Bill Morgan the Sports Secretary, who by diligent hard work brought our Trophy list up to date, so that you fella's could receive trophies that you had won and probably forgotten many, many months ago. (Curse him, he cost the Association about £140). Also all your contests and outings have been organized by Bill which, I think, you must admit have been well done. And thanks also go to these men who have all helped in one way or another to make the Association to what it is today. Fred Souter the Librarian; Jack Voss, Bob Taylor, Noel Wilson, Les Hawley although not on the Committee hops in and does his bit for us.

Looking ahead the Association has much to look forward to although not so flush with money as I would like to see. There is a good chance of us gaining some hundreds of pounds from the Australian Convention, which would put us in a good position again. The magazine is a headache and constant worry of trying to make it pay. I am putting a scheme through the Australian body to try and amalgamate all journals of the various State U.S.F.A. into one book run by N.S.W. By this means we should show a profit all the time and be able to pay our Editor something for all the trouble he goes to.

The chance to expand, by means of branch clubs and the admittance of lady members is here, but as I am speaking on these matters tonight I have no need to need to go into them in this report.

A safety code is needed by all Associations using Scuba outfits and it behoves N.S.W. to draw one up and present it to the Australian body so that it can be sent to all States for consideration and decided on at the Convention meeting at Bermagui by this means we can do something to protect the lives of the Skindivers of Australia.

In closing this report I would like to take the opportunity to warn this Association that they must take great care in the handling of their finance and to make every post a winner. And as the winter months come near with the loss of advertising for the magazine it would be advisable rather than make a serious loss, to close the magazine down for that period and get it going again in the Spring if the amalgamation failed. To all members I wish you well and good skindiving always.

Yours sincerely,

DICK CHARLES,

Retiring President U.S.F.A. of N.S.W.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

To those members who were not present at our October General Meeting the General Elections of all Officers were conducted without any need for a Ballot, as it so came about, I was elected President, with J. Bennett and R. Cooper as Vice Presidents.

Fortunately an appeal was made for members to come forward and offer their names, for various positions—which I am pleased to say, resulted in a good response—at the next Committee meeting, it is hoped to form the sub-Committees, and carry on the work of the Association. I appeal to all members to offer suggestions in writing—all of which will be conferred upon. From this, it is possible to obtain some valuable innovations; one idea submitted to me will be dealt with at the committee meeting this month. That is: "That the sum set out for Winners of 'Day Outings' be given as an open order." This would enable the member to select his own trophy; which will be presented at the General Meeting as usual.

This of course will exclude any Annual existing trophies. Similar ideas are invited, so pen and ink, members, and send them along—again. The next year's programme will be discussed by the Sports Committee. Mr. W. Morgan has had this arranging since early this year, and I must congratulate him for the thorough method he has introduced.

In taking over the helm as the Principal Officer, I will try, with your help, to guide the Association Ship in a sage and successful manner, referring to the word "safe", I have noticed quite a great deal of spearmen fishing "solo". As the human being does not see the same as a horse, why not play "safe" and fish with your "mate". Remember you cannot shout out for help below the surface. Again, please cover those spearpoints when not in the water.

I would also appeal to those members who are to be present at the Annual Convention at Bermagui, to do all in their power to assist our Federal President, Dick Charles, to make this an outstanding success. Remember we, the N.S.W. Branch, are the Host State of the coming events before the year's end.

I request you all to be present at La Perouse on 11th December, and assist by your presence at the children's party. A competition will also be held for members. In conclusion, I sincerely hope that our representatives from N.S.W. Branch retains the Australian Championship.

S. W. FORRESTER, SNR.,
President.

DIAMOND RINGS

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SALVAGE

By VIVIAN CUNNINGTON

John Mundy was bored—bored. He lay on his back on the sand, thinking of how bored he was. He drew on his cigarette. It tasted dry and hot. He looked absently at the end of it; he did not really want to smoke; and spat. He watched the tan globule of saliva and sand roll into a tiny hollow and covered it with a quick movement of his hand. Study on boredom, he thought. Contemplation of boredom as an object. A **thing** that comes into a man and takes possession of him. He shivered slightly. It was not yet Spring and he had not warmed up from his recent swim.

He thought of the Morwong that he had tried to spear with the gun that lay at his side, in the water that crashed and gurgled fifty yards from where he lay. The fish that he had aimed at and missed because he had not tried very hard. He thought of his wife. Married twenty years and childless. Wonder why? Never could find out. I like her you know, nice woman. But that's as far as it goes. It shouldn't really be like that. He tried to remember the exhilaration and excitement of their first years together, but it escaped him, like a nearly forgotten dream.

His mind wandered to his business, the source of his comfortable livelihood. He tried to recall the impatient energy that had possessed him fifteen years ago. The urgent enthusiasm that had driven him to work sixteen hours a day and **like** it. The short spells of beautiful relaxation, then back to the engineering shop, eager as ever. He tried to think of the sense of accomplishment that he had felt, but could not. The accomplishment was stale. The place was successful, it ran well, but there was no sting, no bite, no **taste**. Or if there was any taste, it was dull and ashy like a cigarette. He flipped it away.

Looking at the spear-gun at his side and the face mask in the rocky pool to keep the glass from heating in the sun and maybe cracking on sudden immersion in the cold water, he remembered why he had taken up skin diving. For the very good reason that it was necessary for him to take up something. All work and no play makes John a not-so-efficient worker. But underwater swimming had come pretty easily to him. Always a good swimmer and physically

fit, he had been enthralled for a time by the new beauties to be seen in the silent, graceful and sometimes dangerous world below the surface.

When he speared his first fish, a fair sized bream, he had felt excitement but not overmuch. He had known that he would succeed sooner or later. You only had to go about the thing methodically and sensibly, and keep at it.

Swimming well out on a board and diving after big ones was exciting enough, as was working off the rocky headlands in the white water, but it did not relieve the boredom any more. There was no particular point to it. No **taste**. Besides it was probably a bit silly, swimming around where sharks might swim too, no matter how careful you were, and no matter what they said about sharks being cowards. I'm a bigger coward than the sharks, he thought.

His mind drifted back to the engineering shop. I used to run that place but now it runs me. What for? Like uncounted men from the ages, John Mundy had poured with single-minded ferocity, his energy and a sort of unnamed idealism into 'my own business', to find that in this moment, he seemed to hold at last something nebulous, ungraspable. And like the uncounted men he asked—What for?

John Mundy was forty and a tired man: Tired in spirit.

Four dripping and burdened figures approached the little rock sheltered alcove. They began unbuckling and laying down, lead-weighted webbing belts, compressed-air bottles, foot-flippers, face masks, spear-guns, and the rest of the gear carried by the 'lunger'.

John sat up. "See anything?" he grunted. A tall, bony youth pulled off a sodden black sandshoe with a prolonged wet sucking sound.

"Few groper," he said cheerfully. "Been looking at the wreck." He peeled off an old football jumper and dropped it with a sort of slow motion plop on a small flat rock. "Like to go out again after a warm-up."

"What, back to the wreck?"

"Peter's got one of his ideas," said the dark-jowled, curly-black-haired man unwinding rock-protecting bandages from his knees. He was Italian. Everyone called him Sam, but most people could

not remember why. It was certainly not his name. His true name was long and difficult to say. Years before, he had addressed everyone he knew as 'Sam'. Eventually he had tired of the game but it was too late, the thing had boomeranged. He became Sam to the world and so remained.

A squat, powerful looking fellow with enormous shoulders grunted out of his sweater and threw it against the nearby cliff face, where it smacked, hung, and then fell, crinkly arms upstretched for a moment, onto a little patch of gorse. His chest and back were covered with fine, curly ginger hairs. Little beads of water hung to the matted expanse and glistened in the sun.

"Never could understand why that gorilla should wear a sweater," said Sam. "He's got a home grown mink coat and wears a sweater. The natural product would keep anything warm."

"Something new," growled Bob Hardy. "For God's sake think of something new. Or if you can't, have a go at Charlie's cumerbund."

Charlie Brown, the fifth member of the party, was unwinding from around his middle a strip of flannelette of prodigious length. There seemed to be yards and yards of it. He was thin, bony legged and beaky nosed. His hair, bleached yellow by the sun, stuck out in a myriad of blonde spikes. He was about twenty-eight. He had pale blue eyes and a very earnest disposition.

"My kidneys," he began. Derision interrupted him.

"My kidneys," he repeated, "mean more to me than any ridiculous and ignorant comment that you galahs may offer. Later, when all you clowns are down with all sorts of horrible diseases of the kidneys through exposure, you will say why didn't I listen to Charlie. And Peter," he added severely. "You're the medical man. You should be supporting me in this."

Peter donned his horn-rimmed glasses and looked more like the medical student that he was. He looked critically at Charlie's skinny frame. "Don't believe you've got any kidneys," he said. "No room."

Mullarimby Point sticks out like the gnarled, warted and calloused finger of a very old man. It protrudes, craggily jaggedly forbidding from the north

coast of New South Wales and points grimly across the Pacific at nothing in particular. It points it seems, simply for the sake of pointing. You have the feeling that this terrible, razor-edged finger likes to stick out into the ocean—simply to see what will happen.

Nearly at the end of the finger—at about the last joint, immediately before the fingernail, lies the wreck.

It isn't much of a wreck these days. Stripped twenty years ago of everything salvageable, there remains a battered hull, half submerged, tortured, torn and rusted by the unceasing sea; ripped and broken remains, sometimes protruding, sometimes submerged in the angry froth that is constantly at war with the sharp-toothed rocks, made mean and destructive by the hopeless inexorable passage of time.

And yet, immediately below the urgency and struggle constantly waged on the surface, there is something like peace. The water still surged forward and back with the certain strength of the ocean behind it, but the bickering and shouting is absent. Here, where the water pushes you toward the rocks like the flat of a great hand, only to release and draw you back again; down in the crevasses and caves and hollows; under the sharp and slippery ledges; in the deep green-black canyons, lie dismembered parts of what was once the entity of the dead ship, like the bones of a great beast destroyed in combat: unrecognisable bits of equipment, pieces of machinery.

The five men stood silhouetted in the late afternoon light, facing the sea and the wreck. The water boomed and sprayed before them and rushed anxious curious around their bare ankles.

"I reckon we could get the bell out," said Peter over the wind. "With the tide down, it wouldn't be more than twenty feet deep where it is."

"You're mad!" said John. "It must weigh a ton."

"Not a ton," Peter answered carefully. "Thirteen, fourteen hundred-weight, maybe three-quarters of a ton, but certainly not a ton. Come back to camp and I'll tell you what I have in mind."

(Continued next month)

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

MATRIARCHY

By KEITH VAGG

So Dick Charles' motion that ladies be admitted as full U.S.F.A. members was successful . . . Hmm . . . I don my black robe and chant a weird cabalistic ritual as I anoint myself with genuine Kings Cross bat's blood ("Truth", Sunday) and I gaze into my crystal ball . . .

I see a big room. The white fog swirls (reception's a bit crook—I'm sending it back to the Cross for repair) and I see a uniformed waiter come obsequiously in bearing a tray of cocktails. He carefully places one in front of each of the figures seated at the large table: He bows low and turns to leave and—heavens! I recognise him! He is T. C. Roughley, our Patron! Again the fog swirls and I see more waiters standing rigidly at attention against the walls, and I know them all! I see Denny Wells, Long John, Bob Lynch, Wally Gibbins, Edward, and three or four more.

The shrouding white mist vanishes entirely and I see clearly the fifteen figures at the table. They are ladies . . . all talking so very loudly and earnestly that the pink frilled curtains are blowing out of the windows.

The large and formidable looking lady at the head of the table bangs the table with a very large mallet and except for the groaning of one of the waiters on whose hand it landed, all is quiet. "Ladies," she grates in a voice like a rasp, "you have all heard, and taken part in, the discussion on the motion which I shall now formulate. The motion is that from today, 1st April, 1960, members are no longer permitted to bring husbands or male friends to the Outings and Meetings of the U.S.F.A. Those in favour scream 'aye', against 'nay', carried anonymously. I congratulate you, ladies, in passing a measure which was long overdue." She beckons imperiously to the nearest flunkie. "Bring more cocktails, fellow, and be sharp about it." "At once, Madame President," replies the menial, and before the obscuring white fog falls again, I see he is Dick Charles.

Two large tears glisten on either cheek . . .

(Please ladies, honest ladies, I was only joking, dinkum!—K.V.)

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

Edward and I weep on the other's shoulder after each issue, lamenting the Page Six

changes our respective copy undergoes 'twixt typewriter and print. Frinstance, last month my meticulously ungrammatical phrase, "when Uncle Edward and me was Editors," so scandalised the printing machine that it came out—"when Uncle Edward and me were Editors," thus turning a hairy chested, teeth missing sort of phrase into a wretched hermaphrodite because the machine neglected to alter "me" to "I".

"Perambulating ash-trays" became "perambulating ash" and sometimes the machine becomes so attached to a word, phrase or sentence it gobbles 'em up to be seen no more. All of which makes Eddie and me horrible sad.

SHAGGY FISH STORY

Dick Charles was recalling one of his spearfishing adventures:

"My muscles of sinewy steel were more than a match for the enormous Groper," he boasted. "Finally, after a three hour struggle, exhausted but triumphant, I manhandled the ferocious monster ashore."

"Ferocious monster!" sneered Denny Wells. "I saw its photo. At most it might have weighed two pounds."

"All right," conceded Dick. "But in three hours of fighting a fish can lose an awful lot of weight."

LEAD BELTS

During our infamous trocus trip to the Barrier Reef in 1950 we were privileged one day to dive with native skin-divers from a Thursday Island pearling lugger. They were a delight to watch in the water. Sinking with scarcely a ripple they became brown shadows effortlessly floating over and amid the coral, searching its ledges and crevices for the well camouflaged trocus shell.

Their sole equipment was simple face masks. No snorkels, no flippers, no big fancy knives and **NO LEAD BELTS.**

They thought the lead belts worn by some of us the funniest things they'd ever seen.

If you can learn to dive without lead (unless of course you're wearing a rubber suit or SCUBA) you may be saving your life because under certain circumstances a lead belt can, and has, become an efficient drowning machine.

If you reckon it's feasible to the cadaverous Vagg to sink sans lead but

November, 1955

WEEK-END CAMP AT NORAH HEAD

Saturday, 1st of October, saw the arrival at Norah Head of many spearmen and their families. Most of the boys camped at the usual spot near the store and by lunch time, there was hardly a vacant site. The weather so far was not the best and at the start of the teams' competition, light rain began to fall.

This competition turned into an inter-club tussle between three Woy Woy and three Sydney teams. The President, carrying an umbrella, called the competitors together at 1.45 p.m. and explained the rules of the competition. Watches were synchronised and all were off to a flying start at 2 p.m. sharp. One team was seen heading out to the Bull on a row-boat while others worked the more local areas. As the competition was on for only two hours many debated whether it would pay to travel far afield. Anyhow all the boys were back on time at 4 p.m. and some very fine hauls were weighed in.

The winning team comprised only 2 spearmen, Barry May (present Aust. champion) and his friend Allen Martin, both of Sydney, and their catch was 160 points and 7 fish. Second was the Woy Woy team (R. Burford, P. Kemp and N. Simpson) with 97 points and 10 fish. Both catches were remarkable for

a 2 hour period.

Sunday began with strong west to south-west winds, but, pleased to say, sunshine too. By the start of the second aggregate of the championship of N.S.W. at 10 a.m. most of the wet gear had dried out and thirty seniors and juniors lined up ready to go. S. Barrett and I. Ostand were representing the Newcastle Club alongside the spearmen from Woy Woy and Sydney.

Arrangements were made between the starter and competitors to signal with a bright red marker at the light house half an hour before competition closing time so as to assist the spearmen without watches to weigh in on time. The result was very pleasing and no catches were disqualified for being late. Thanks for your flag waving Pop, we really appreciated it. The weigh in was very exciting with dripping, shivering men tipping up bulging bags. Many of the fish were still kicking and had to be handled carefully. Pop Forrester was bitten by an active red rock cod as he was placing it on the scales. Weight of fish indicated that we had a new leader in the senior section of the State championship aggregate, one A. Alliman of Sydney, but a thorough check of results had to be made before the final results were announced.

The Results of the 2nd Aggregate of the Championship of N.S.W. for 1955:

SENIOR: 1st, A. Alliman, of Sydney Club, with 5 fish and 108 points; 2nd, R. Burford, of Woy Woy, with 6 fish and 66 points; 3rd, B. May, of Sydney Club, with 2 fish and 58 points.

JUNIOR, (under 18 years): 1st, P. Kemp, of Woy Woy Club, with 7 fish and 57 points; 2nd, J. Stapleton, of Sydney Club, with 1 fish and 12 points 3rd, A. Taylor, of Sydney Club, with 2 fish and 11 points.

The two special competitions conducted over the whole weekend for the largest edible fish and the largest shark or Ray were keenly contested. The two large silver fruit comports (donated by H. & E. Morton Pty. Ltd., Jewellers, of 280 George Street, Sydney) were popular prizes, and the lads worried not a few wobbies and rays. Up till Sunday morning the sharks were on the small side. The two largest at that time being

continued on page 14

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

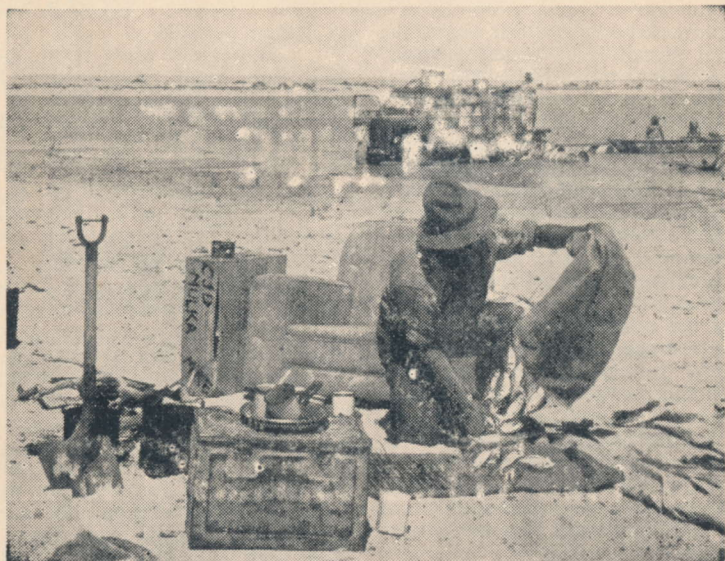
you're beefier and therefore more buoyant, take a look at Goff. (I know it's difficult without shuddering, but steel yourself and take a quick look just the same).

Have you ever seen a more buoyant bag of blubber waddling around loose? Of course you haven't. Could you possibly be half as buoyant? Of course you couldn't. So stand by for the punchline. **Goff never wears a lead belt and there are very very few who can compare with him in and under the water.**

Give it a go.

I'm closing the portable early this month to leave more space for Viv Cunningham's serial, "Salvage".

You will quickly realise Viv's ability as a writer, but as you become gripped by his story, appreciating more and more its obvious authenticity, you will be amazed to know that he has hardly ever donned a face-mask!



Fishing's Simple in the Back of Beyond

You would have to be an enthusiastic angler to enjoy eating fish twice a day for three months.

This was the lot of the SHELL company's film unit, while on location in Central Australia. They relied on their daily catch for their fresh food supplies.

Perch abounded in the back-waters of Cooper's Creek, which flows through this barren area. Much of the pleasure of fishing was denied unit men as they merely had to lower a net and draw in more fish than they could possibly eat.

After the months on location the finished film "The Back of Beyond" was acclaimed as one of the best documentaries ever made.



Fund for Mrs. Turnbull

DONATIONS

	£	s.	d.
D. Charles	5	0	0
J. Voss		4	0
Panting	1	1	0
Seader	3	0	0
Pasco	1	0	0
Goodchild	1	0	0
Frost		10	0
Veetson		3	6
Cowley		5	0
L. Wipper		7	6
F. Sautter		5	0
S. Smith		2	0
Lee		2	0
R. Harding		5	0
B. Taylor	1	0	0
S. Forrester Snr.		7	0
Payne		5	0
O. Porter		4	0
L. Griffin		4	0
Paterson		2	0
Newman		4	0
E. Jaques		5	0
D. Donaldson		5	0
Walcb		4	0
Phillips		10	0

McNamara		10	0
A. Martin		2	0
I. Christmas	1	0	0
K. Bingle		4	0
Sweeny		4	0
Olliffe		11	0
Leckie		10	0
North Shore Underwater Club	1	0	0
Winner		5	0
Picone		10	0
Griffin		10	0
W. Lewis		1	0
D. Landor		1	0
T. McLockland		10	0
M. Clowd	1	10	0
S. Farrell		10	0
N. Pettifer		10	0
R. Cooper	1	1	0

49 Laura Street,
Merrylands.

Dear Mr. Charles,

I wish to thank you and the members of the U.S.F.A. for the very generous cheque enclosed in your letter and for the kind expressions of sympathy in my sorrow.

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. KATHLEEN TURNBULL

XMAS PARTY

SUNDAY, 11th DECEMBER

LA PEROUSE

traditional scene of the U.S.F.A.'s
CHRISTMAS PARTY
will see the Kids and Sparmen in force this year
for the biggest and best party ever.

FATHER NEPTUNE

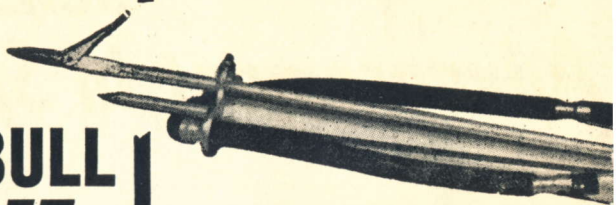
and tame dragon, giant Xmas tree, ice cream, lollies,
shell gathering competitions, prizes for young and
old, beach sports, club competition, prize for the
biggest porcupine fish.

ROLL UP AND BRING THE FAMILY

and don't forget to mark the offspring's name clearly
on the present so Father Neptune has no difficulty
calling them.

Fish Fry and Sing Song in the evening.

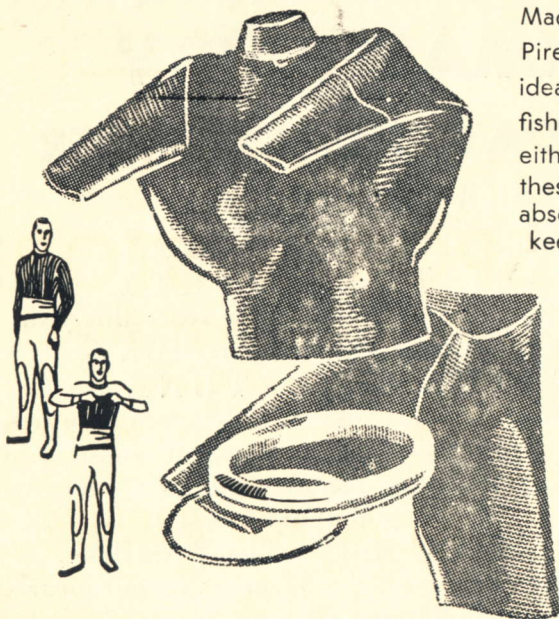
The **TURNBULL ROCKET**



VITAL FEATURES LOOK AT THESE

- ☆ It Floats — a good speargun must.
- ☆ Easy and quick to direct because it is so light.
- ☆ Stainless steel "Sear" type trigger mechanism.
- ☆ Bayonet fitted for protection.
- ☆ Streamlined appearance.
- ☆ Easily converted to double rubbers.

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LEAD BELTS, AQUALUNGS AND SAFETY

By EDWARD DU CROS

How much lead should an aqualung man carry on his belt? Are lead belts necessary to anyone anyway? Well, here are two questions that cannot be answered in just a few words. They also bring up a good many points that readers should find interesting.

To take the second question first I would say that the trend is away from lead belts when a lung is not being worn. If a fellow wants to wear a lead belt he would be well advised to keep the weight down to four or five pounds, and as he gains in skill and experience to reduce same until he can give it away altogether. Holding a gun in one hand of course reduces ability to descend easily because an arm is not in use for swimming. The size and shape of the gun also makes a difference.

It is true, however, that a man who is really skilled in underwater swimming can operate with full effectiveness without an ounce of lead. For him knowledge and ability can take the place of weights. Another factor that must not be overlooked is that layers of wool increase buoyancy and slow you down.

To turn to aqualungs. One might ask—is the lead belt an absolutely essential part of an aquadiver's gear? I would say that on the whole it is, but I have carried out tests to find out to what extent this is so. Aqualunging without a belt is perfectly feasible. I found that you waste energy and have to exert yourself to descend the first five feet. Also it is best to try same when not carrying a gun. You have to swim vigorously throughout the swim (which is undesirable because of risk of non-recovery breathing troubles). Rough water swimming with a lung and no belt wouldn't be at all funny—you would be knocked all over the place on the surface, and would be likely to come to a sticky end against some hard object.

In calm water it is not difficult for a good underwater swimmer; and this kind of operation obviously has its value when taking a friend for his first swim with the gear.

Lead should always be kept to a minimum and nobody should swim with an ounce of lead **more than has been proved to be absolutely necessary.**

How much lead should an aqualung man carry? Well, we will divide divers into three classes—Slim Men (i.e. those of slight build); Average Men and Buoyant Men (a tactful term for those citizens who are somewhat over weight—Fatsos to their friends. Buoyant Men can also be hulking great toughs, sorry I mean guys who are built on the lines of Rocky Marciano). Excluding the long, heavy cyl. Porpoise, for which no lead is necessary, here is a table of weights for types of men and aqualung units:

Single Cyl.

(40)

Small Double

(26)

Large Double

(40)

Slim	4	5	6
Average	5	6	7
Buoyant	7	8	9

A lead belt weighing over 8 pounds should only be used after a great deal of consideration and after careful tests. For those who would say that the above figures are over-cautious, and that these 14 and 16 lb. belts are essential—I would like to point out that Capt. Cousteau himself uses a vast 3 cyl. aqualung—and how much lead? **Four to six pounds.**

Rubber Suits: Extra lead is needed for use with a rubber suit—provided it is of the dry (sealed against water) type. Don't let yourself be talked into taking on the kitchen sink type of belt. More than a pound of 1½ lbs. above the table figures starts putting you in the danger zone. A dry suit can start to leak—they often do—and the difference in buoyancy created can be enough to drown you.

Don't make an expensive belt or one of fine craftsmanship created out of long hours of patient toil. Pride of ownership and worries about replacing your belt could cause you to put off throwing the darn thing away—until too late. It is better to be a live skindiver wearing a simple looking belt . . . The measure of a good quick release device is whether it can be thrown off using only one hand.

Leading safety factors for an aqualung man are: a light belt, mates with you with lungs, or watching you from

H. & E. MORTON DO IT AGAIN

Our good friends H. & E. Morton Pty. Ltd., Jewellers and Trophy Suppliers of 280 George Street, Sydney, have donated two more very fine trophies for spearfishing competitions. These trophies are in the form of two beautiful silver fruit comports valued at 4 guineas each. These prizes were competed for at the Norah Head camp and the results are as follows:

The H. & E. Morton Trophy for the largest edible fish speared over the whole weekend was won by W. Payne with a 25 pound 4 ounce Blue Groper.

The H. & E. Morton Trophy for the largest shark or ray speared over the whole weekend was won by R. Burford with a 210 pound stingray.

the surface, or a craft of some kind up above. With the latter at hand a man can come up and hand in his belt or his lung, or he can hold on and rest (but watch your feet for bites . . .)

An experienced aquadiver knows how to vary the amount of air inside his own lungs as he manoeuvres around rocks within six feet of the top, and by suddenly emptying his lungs and rounding his back he can shoot down out of danger in the surge. This brings us back to where we started—skill and experience can take the place of sheer weight in defeating buoyancy. Remember that there can be other traps for the over-weighted man. How about the fellow who is trying to climb out with a big double set on his back, too much lead, and he is exhausted anyway?

If you see such a sight—then know that he is probably thinking about goldfish—wishing he had taken up goldfish breeding instead of skindiving.

In conclusion we will take it that you have bought your aqualung, and think that you have arrived at the right amount of lead for your belt.

I suggest you go for a good long swim on the surface wearing your lung and lead belt (with the air supply turned off)—if you are still happy afterwards—your belt is the right weight.

LIFE SAVERS STUDY OUR WAYS

A day at Clovelly Pool by U.R.G. Divers may prove to be a mile stone in Australian Life Saving Methods.

On Saturday, October 8th, divers equipped with aqualungs gave demonstrations before heads of the Australian Life Saving Society. They were present to observe techniques and methods of diving with aqualungs.

Many leading instructors of the A.L.S.S. were there to observe U.R.G. men in action. The visiting instructors also took part in the demonstration.

Mr. A. G. Shoebridge, secretary of the A.L.S.S. said that aqualungs could prove very useful for recovery of equipment, the maintenance of public baths, and for practical life saving.

New row-float produced by Don Linklater may also be adopted, because of its lightness and versatility.

STOP PRESS

NORAH HEAD CAMP IS OVER

NEW LEADERS IN COMPETITIONS State Championship Aggregate (including 1st and 2nd Heat)

SENIOR	Position	Name	Points
	1.	A. Alliman	108
	2.	R. Burford	68
	3.	B. May	58
	4.	N. Langley	55
	5.	R. Osland	48
	6.	W. Payne	44

JUNIOR	Position	Name	Points
	1.	P. Kemp	63
	2.	J. Stapleton	12
	3.	A. Taylor	11

VINCE WALDRON MEMORIAL TROPHY

Leaders	Position	Points
A. Alliman	1.	226
B. May	2.	209
D. Rowling	3.	150
A. Taylor	4.	85
W. Payne	5.	78
R. Burford	6.	66

Note correction of Outing date:

U.R.G. OUTING TO FAIRY BOWER ON 20th NOVEMBER, NOT NOVEMBER 13th as stated.

3rd Aggregate of State Championship to Currarong is November 13th.

● EDITOR'S MAILBAG

Dear ?,

Being Secretary and Editor, who else is there to write to when I write a letter? A problem, but I have solved it. No longer am I the Secretary so next month the new Secretary's name and address will appear, please note this and address all correspondence to him and give my poor old postman a rest—he's bow legged.

Many thanks to Dick Charles and the Committee especially John Thompson, asst. secretary and members for their co-operation. I enjoyed working with them and am grateful for the many friends the job has brought me.

I promised myself that I would see this Association back to the good old days before I wandered off and with ruddy old Dick in there pushing we have achieved this, and with Pop in the chair to carry on the good work, I can say farewell, and thank you and take a back seat.

R. COOPER.



FACETIOUSLY ONLY

Oaklands Park,
South Australia.
30th September, 1955.

Dear Ray,

With the current controversy regarding the admittance of lady members to the U.S.F.A. of N.S.W., the problems that arise concern not only the male point of view (more often a prolonged stare), but also outstanding difficulties fronting some of our less mature wenches. I refer to the female who has found it necessary to resort to what are commonly called "falsies", but technically named "B.I.P.S." and known in army parlance as bust improvers, pneumatic—troops for the illusion of.

Should our lass indulge in skindiving the increase in pressure as she descended would result in a regrettable decrease in size of the pneumatic attachment until the unfortunate female's measurements reached their natural state. Truly a disastrous state of affairs only remedied when she returns to the surface and a full blown figure. I leave it to you to imagine the disconcerting effect a series of rapid ascents and descents would have on a companion.

However, after prolonged thought the problem has been solved! John Lawson's demand valve is the answer. With a small bottle and demand valve connected

to the B.I.P.S. constant volume is obtained at all times and all physiological worries are at an end.

Should there be any doubt as to the success of this venture I need only offer as an example (and what an example) Clothilda, who, as one of my early customers has successfully been pulling the wool over Spivbodge's eyes for some time.

Hoping this will in some small way help yourself and Mr. Charles . . . to settle the argument regarding lady members.

D.F.

U.S.F.A. of South Aust.

AT NORAH HEAD

(Continued from page 7)

speared by S. Barnett and P. Kemp. These two sharks were of identical weight and the boys set out afresh after something really big.

R. Burford of Woy Woy finally came to light with a catch that set our scales arocking. It was a **giant stingray** that weighed **210 pounds**. What a beauty. The Woy Woy club will certainly make note of this occasion. The largest edible fish weighed in was a **25 pound 4 ounce Blue Groper**, speared by W. Payne of Sydney. Several fish were weighed at over 20 pounds and there was much tension till the scales stopped turning.

The shell gathering competition started on Saturday and Dr. Beau Beere (Hon. Professor of Shelljudgery consented to adjudicate). A great variety of shells was obtained on this section of the coast and competitors had plenty of material to choose from. The designs made by the competitors were to be commended. Some were the club name, a replica of the lighthouse, a yacht and star which moved (these shells were alive).

The results of the shell gathering competition were as follows:

Girls: Ann Morgan.

Boys: Richard Charles, Jnr.

Ladies: Mrs. Forrester.

The weather on Monday turned windy and the sea rose. Some of the braver hearts ventured in, to retire to the shore disappointed. Visibility was down to a few feet. By lunch time most of the chaps had packed up and gone to wrestle with the traffic. Taking the week end all around the competitions were very successful. Even if the weather did play up, competition fever was never higher. Thanks for coming along chaps, and giving us your support.

QUIZ CORNER

By The Panel

J.D. of North Sydney writes: I am about to build a rowfloat from the plan that has been printed in the magazine. Can the panel supply a list of materials required to build these floats?

Reply: The panel contacted the designers of that particular rowfloat and they kindly supplied the following list:

Sizes of timber quoted are before dressing and finished size.

7" x 1" Maple or Pine D.A.R. 4/12' sides.

2" x 1" Maple or Pine D.A.R. 28/1'6" frame cross members.

3" x 2" Maple or Pine D.A.R. 4/1'6" nose blocks.

6" x 1 1/4" Maple or Pine D.A.R. 2/5' bonding planks.

3/16" Marine Plywood, 4 pieces 12' x 1'6".

6" x 3/4" Pine D.A.R. 6/4' and 2/1' for the box.

3/8" Marine Ply may be used for the manufacture of this box.

1 1/4" x 8" counter sunk brass wood screws (for the frame)—amount 60.

5/8" x 6" counter sunk brass wood screws (for plywood attachment)—700.

3/4" x 8" counter sunk brass wood screws (for fittings)—72.

1" x 1/8" brass bar for the fittings 1'10" lineal.

5/16" brass rod or brass bolts for the fittings 2/6", 2/5", 4/4", 4/2".

3/4" galvanised seamless conduit (rowlock mountings), 2/5'.

1 1/2" x 1/4" flat steel bar for feet on

rowlock mountings, 8".

1 pair brass rowlocks.

4 sturdy handles for ends of floats (for carrying).

2 drain plugs or corks with vents.

12 — 5/16" brass wing nuts (for cross member and rowlock attachment).

8 — 2 1/2" x 1/4" brass metal thread screws and nuts and washers (for nose block attachment).

2 — 3" brass hinges for box.

1/2 pint of heavy bodied paint for water proofing the interior of the floats (very important).

1 1/2 pints of marine varnish for painting the exterior of the floats (3 coats at least).

1/2 pint of urea—formaldehyde glue and 1 pint of adfast as the glue and seam waterproofing medium.

Tests have proven that 8 feet sculls are the most suitable size.

A fin, though not essential, improves the handling of these floats. It needs to protrude at least 6 inches below the bottom of the floats and be at least 12 inches long. The most suitable material for manufacture is 3/32" brass plate.

2nd ANNUAL BALL

A mighty time was had by all, various characters having to be restrained from going for a quick swim.

In the lesser frequented parts of the boat apart from people more interested in seeing what lipstick tasted like (purely scientific) were a number of gentlemen who seemed to have no further interest in proceedings.

Hope somebody thought to pick them up when we left.

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WOBPEGONG TAILS

Patricia Ryan,

The Strand,

PENSHURST.

We were after crays. They were there in plenty but we didn't bargain for the strength of the opposition.

It was early morning, the sun not yet hot and the wind still asleep behind the cliffs. We had walked across to the southern side of Redhead (South Coast) to where Howard had reported there were crays in the big C-shaped pool in the Bay.

Low tide. The pool lay stretched out like a sheet of clear blue plastic, fringed with rocks and open to the sea only in one small section at the far end. Eager for the first catch, Goff and I slid quietly into the water while the others were still changing.

We slipped through the weeds and over the sand to where the rock ledges promised crays. Goff pointed to the feelers trembling in the ledges, and, as we dived, we saw the evil head of a wobbie jutting out beneath them. We glided over him, only to find another under the next lot of crays, and then another and another. A whole row of the ugly, motionless creatures, alive with crays!

We surfaced.

"Bit like the ten little niggers," said Goff.

"Well, we'd better pop 'em off the same way as the nursery Rhyme or we won't get those crays," I replied.

"Hi, Don, come on in!" cried Goff to the nearest spearman. "Don't say anything to the others yet," he added to me.

Don was excited.

"I've never seen so many! They're horrible. But how about those crays?"

"We'll get rid of the Wobbies first. Pat, you go and tell Scottie and Keith to come in. We need a couple of good men."

But before I could even begin the mission, the water was invaded by the always exuberant Howard.

"They're over here," he yelled, heading for the crays.

"I'll say they are," said Don, "Half a dozen Wobbies!"

Howard took one look.

"I'm getting out," he said. "You fellas can have that all on yer own."

It's not that Howard is cowardly mind—just that he's a skindiver and not a spearman and doesn't much care for blood and thunder tactics.

But the others didn't all have his good

sense. Goff's efforts to keep the fight restricted were in vain. The mob was in the pool before anything could be organised.

"My Gott, this iss some fun!" yelled Joseph, hurling himself into the fray.

Goff and Don hauled out a six foot Wobbie and then Goff settled down to the business of taking the disturbed crays, while the others tackled the sharks.

By this time the pool was a seething tumult of legs and arms and thrashing Wobbies. Three more were landed onto the rocks.

"My Gott, there iss five more here," cried Joseph.

I was out of the pool by now and it really was a comical sight to watch the activity. The perfect example of "How Not To Fish".

Everyone in a fever of excitement; everyone killing and yelling and thrashing and pulling. Blood all over the water; heaving Wobbies all over the rocks.

Goff, gesticulating wildly, yelling:

"For C——'s sake, some of you get out! You'll kill each other!"

But his words were lost in the general tumult.

Everybody was too intent on his own job: Keith shivering with cold, dragging a Wobbie out through the weeds; Scottie doggedly pulling them out one after another in typically methodical manner; Don, cheeks aflame and voice excited, helping the phlegmatic Scottie; Goff appearing and disappearing as he brought up pairs of crays and shoved them into the bag I held in readiness; Howard, stern uppermost and mask in the water, trying to see but not go too near; Marion leaping about on the edge: "I see zem! Ze great beeg shaarks!"

Joseph, alternatively in and out of the water:

"My Gott, Pat, I vas swimming in here yesterday!"

The fun lasted a good forty minutes or so and then the way was clear to go for the crays. The pool strongly resembled a huge basin of milk coffee and the rocks, littered with the carcasses of eight Wobbies, looked about as attractive as a post-mortem room.

But that night, around the camp-fire, as we hoed into freshly boiled crays and laughed about the day's excitement, we were all inclined to agree with Joseph:

"My Gott, this iss the life!"

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November, 1955

Page Seventeen

HIGH PRESSURE UNIT

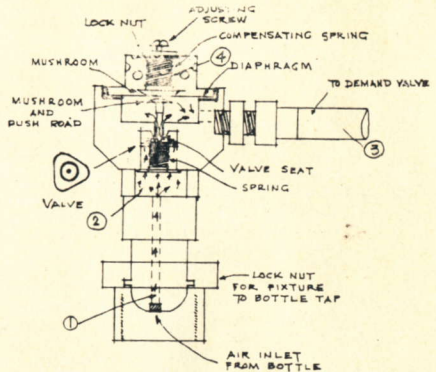
This unit's primary function is to break down the compressed air from a pressure of approximately 2,000 per sq. inch to a useable pressure of between 80 and 100 lbs. per sq. inch depending upon the type of Demand Valve used and the amount of Breathable Air required by the diver.

Firstly the air comes from the bottle at maximum capacity (See 1). Then it goes through the unit to chamber (2) where a washer with a number of Holes allows equal distribution to the compartment that Houses the Valve and Valve seat. This is a critical section of the unit, unless the valve seat is properly made and the valve properly polished, a creep will develop and the demand valve will consistently blow off and a great deal of air will be wasted. A breath of air taken from demand valve (See 3) causes air to rush from the reservoir in the unit, in turn a heavy spring (See 4) comes into operation and pushes on Diaphragm, which in turn forces opposite mushroom to move and forces the thrust rod through the valve seat on the valve. This is pushed away from the seat, and as it can be seen from Diagram it has 3 flat sides to allow air to go through past valve, without restriction.

After sufficient air is passed into reservoir chamber following the breath of the operator being taken, the air

pressure builds up in this section, forces the diaphragm which then allows the valve seat to fall back into position so that it completely blocks off the orifice leading to the chamber which acts as reservoir.

On the top of the cap of the unit which holds the high tension spring and



mushroom, there is a Plate on the top against which is screwed an adjusting screw, the reason being, if screw is closed in, the more it is closed the greater the pressure exerted on the spring, thus causing a greater pressure of air to be needed to close off valve seat. Thus the air pressure is raised to the required pressure the operator needs in the demand valve.

PROGRESSIVE REPORT ON ANNUAL COMPETITIONS CONDUCTED BY THE U.S.F.A. OF N.S.W.

The Vince Waldron Memorial Trophy:

The leaders are:

Barry May	151 Points
D. Rowling	150 "
A. Alliman	118 "
A. Taylor	85 "
A. Quinn	82 "

The Stamina Trophy:

Carl Cassidy with John Dory 3 lbs.
1 oz. (only entrant).

The Cecil Hay Trophy:

No entry.

The Edward du Cros Trophy:

No entry.

The Mates Trophy:

No entry.

The Dick Barton Trophy:

No entry.

The Clubmans Trophy:

The leader is B. May with 151 points.

The Marlin Trophy:

No entry.

The Mermaids' Trophy:

No entry.

The Under Water Photographic Competition:

No entry.

U.R.G. ACTIVITIES

We start this month with a word of warning. The frightening potential danger that lurks within a diver's air bottles is a point often overlooked.

This came to light at a recent U.R.G. meeting when U.S. methods of aqua-lung diving were explained. For the benefit of those not present, as well as a reminder for those who were there, we draw attention to the following facts.

Loaded high pressure cylinders are lethal instruments. Here are two examples to show this:

Two cylinders charged with 2,000lbs. of air are known to have caused property damage and great danger to people handling them.

In each case, the cylinder valve was broken off by accident.

One tank was jetted through a four-inch concrete wall.

The other cylinder was jetted through the air for three city blocks, ploughed a hole in a front lawn and then crashed through the side of a house before its energy was expended.

SO TAKE CARE

The above instances are documented facts—so it should be pretty obvious that precautions must be taken when handling cylinders.

Make sure bottles are always securely tied, locked or blocked, especially when being moved in an automotive vehicle.

This prevents valve or cylinder damage and the consequent disastrous results that can follow.

Other precautions, too, should be taken. Above all, commonsense counts.

SHARKS GALORE

Sunny September 24 (a Saturday) saw 15 U.R.G. divers go into action collecting marine specimens for the Taronga Park Trust. The day was a great success, both from the point of achievement and sheer sport.

Five Port Jackson sharks were bagged—about four feet each.

And there was the one that got away.

The near miss was in the shape of a seven foot Wobbegong which skulked in the shaded mouth of a cave near Balmoral.

Five divers (including photographer) moved in with a net and encircled the

cave's mouth and started to entice the shark out.

They didn't have long to wait.

After some prodding the cave dweller charged out—straight into the waiting folds of the net.

But not for long. A few lusty lashes of its tail, and the shark had thrashed its way clear and was away.

Incidentally murky conditions underwater made photographs impossible.

On the surface it was a different story as the following Monday morning's "Sun" showed.

Specimens collected included eight queen anemones, a few sea horses, an octopus. Hunting locale was the Bradley's Head-Balmoral-Mosman area.

LEARN HOW

Make this a date to remember—Fairly Bower, 10 a.m., Sunday, November 13.

This is the time and the place where breathing apparatus manufactured by U.R.G. members will be tested.

Honorary diving instructors will assist those not fully proficient with the methods and technique of diving.

After lunch the ladies can explore the depths with glass viewers from row-floats—safe on the top.

Ever thought of making a compressed air gun for use underwater?

These are available already overseas, and one will be on the local market soon.

However, those who don't want to wait, or, which is more probable, get a kick out of doing it themselves, will find a small foam, carbon dioxide extinguisher now on the market holds possibilities.

Complete with trigger-release mechanism and weighing a couple of pounds, the extinguisher lends itself to rapid conversion to a power gun.

First step is to remove the trigger assembly and add an elbow joint to give the required pistol-grip form.

A stainless steel tube makes an ideal barrel (resists corrosion), this being screwed into the joint.

Although we hope we don't sound like plugging the stainless steel industry, this commodity is recommended (hang the cost) for the spear as well.

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sively and safely. Organised clubs and enterprises can make arrangements for the filling of cylinders on site anywhere in Australia.

Underwater cylinders, provided they are approved by the Standards Association of Australia, can be filled and routinely tested at any CIG Branch throughout Australia. Further information or service will be gladly given on contacting your nearest CIG Company.



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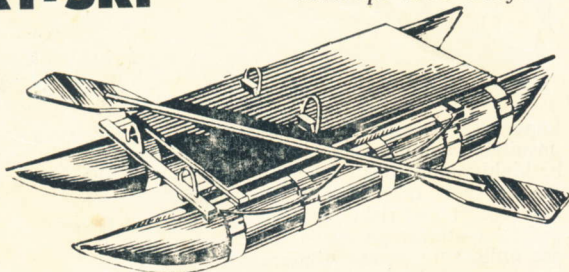
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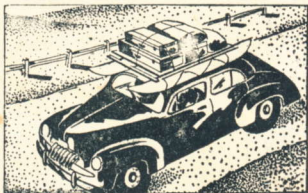
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