

The

LONDON



DIVER

JOURNAL OF LONDON BRANCH
BRITISH SUB-AQUA CLUB

Price 6



Lillywhites

the
Underwater
Specialists

Underwater enthusiasts have come to know that they will always find the most up-to-date equipment at Lillywhites. Divers can be assured that all equipment shown has satisfied our practical diving experts, who, with many years of underwater experience are qualified to give specialist advice on all diving problems.

- All leading makes of Aqualung
- Lillywhites 'Aquacharja' portable air compressor
- Diving suits Masks Fins Snorkels
- Camera cases Knives Underwater watches

Our fully illustrated Underwater catalogue is available on request, send for your copy to see the really comprehensive list of efficient equipment that we can supply. But better still call in and see the department for yourself.

LILLYWHITES LTD., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, SW1 - WHI 3181

IN MEMORIAM

With deep regret we record the accidental death, in a car crash on July 10th, of

ROGER ROSENTHAL

who lost his life on his way to an expedition of the Advanced Diving Group.

A keen and valued Club Member whose unassuming readiness to help wove strong bonds of comradeship, he will be greatly missed and not easily forgotten.

REQUIESCAT IN PAGE

THE LONDON DIVER

THE JOURNAL OF LONDON BRANCH
OF THE BRITISH SUB-AQUA CLUB

VOL.1, No.3.

September-October 1959

Edited by Michael Brennan

Editorial

"Of Mice and Men"

That old saying about "best laid schemes" is never more true than when it is applied to the advance plans of Editors. Over the holiday period we tried, as we always do, to think of something special for No. 3. At last we had it! We would give away a special supplement! Of use, interest and we hoped, beauty. It would contain an historical article, a detailed "How to get there" and specially drawn sketch maps. It was going to be reproduced by special process. It was to be, in short, a hardy work of reference on our most frequently used training site - Arlesey.

Before we all went away on holidays Brian Hesketh did a considerable amount of preparatory research, and it was something in the nature of a bombshell when we heard that Arlesey was no longer in bounds to us, owing to the selfish and indeed criminal carelessness of the public generally, which may have included some of us.

It was, therefore, with some despondence that we started to compile the current issue. To our great surprise and joy we found that contributions were easier to come by, and easier to read than before, i.e. less people had to be chased, and there was a much higher standard. No reference is made at all to the handwriting of contributors, which in the main looks as if it is written on perspex, with a blunt chinagraph pencil, at depth 150 ft.

One scheme for our club, however, must NOT 'gang agley' and that is a CLUBHOUSE. A small shop and basement would do, but reasonably close to the pool. We have all types as Members - Butchers and Bakers and Candlestick makers as well as rice and men. Isn't there anyone in Real Estate who would help in our urgent search?

The Welcome Mat

Returning from my holiday I went to the pool 1 and found many more new faces than I have noticed for a long time. To all new Members "The London Diver" extends a very warm welcome and we hope that you will enjoy your membership, support our Club's aims and objects, become First Class Divers - and make yourselves known to the Editor, who is always looking out for good copy.

Amongst the new Members we have already met is Ole SØNTERGAARD, a Member of the Danish Sub Aqua Club, Ole is a signwriter who is over here for a few months to perfect his English, which sounded pretty good to us. He has promised us an article for the next magazine, but meanwhile if anyone is interested in preparing for the coming season, Ole can give you a lot of gen about diving under the ice.

We should specially like to welcome back to the Branch BARRY BLAIR and DON SHIRES. Both these distinguished divers were early Members, the Secretary tells me 'about March 1954', and both have served in that very exclusive section of the Services known as the Royal Marines (Special Boat Section) where you really do have to know how to dive.

DON SHIRES, as I am informed by Stanley Thomas, married JEAN MADDISON, also an early Member of the Club, and they have "two subaqua babes". He is now with Dorman Longs and we hope to see the whole family regularly. Some of Don's other claims to fame that we have been told about are that when he was Diving Officer he trained George Brookes, our National Chairman, and that he can swim two lengths of the pool underwater! (Which pool?)

BARRY BLAIR, apart from the details above, worked with Jack Atkinson in his underwater centre at Le Trayars, and has become one of the leading underwater photographers in the world. He is the holder, incidentally, of the first 40-metres certificate to be issued by the Club Méditerranée. It is hoped that he will be writing us some articles, and also giving us a lecture some Saturday evening on this subject. Most of us are interested, but few of us know anything about it.

The Diving Officer's Notes

by JIM PHOENIX

The holiday season did not leave Seymour Hall deserted, nor was there any lack of diving. The A.D.G. went to Portland where successful diving was carried out. We even found some Devonian Coral, much to everyone's surprise. There was also a Branch expedition to Arlesey, and on August Bank Holiday we had a full Branch expedition to Portland, when the weather was so kind were able to dive from the Mulberry, Vernon Pier and from Chesil Beach. Don Sizer led a successful Branch expedition to Arlesey and did a first-class job, particularly in regard to safety, since the Branch boat was not available. Recently the A.D.G. was invited by Brighton Branch and given room in their boat. An account of this day will be found on another page.

It is regretted that the owner of the land and the water at Arlesey has had cause to bar EVERYBODY including divers. He has considerable crop damage, hedges and fences have been knocked down, and 'paths' CUT through his crops. We may be fortunate enough to regain permission later in the year, but we have to suffer: nobody can go there.

The search for new diving sites is therefore even more urgent than over. Please let me know if you know of anything may be suitable. Specifications: 40-50 miles from London maximum. Minimum depth 25 ft. Reasonably accessible from the road.

There appears to be some confusion over the taking of tests. The Primary Test is only split into two parts because of shortage of time on Wednesday evenings. If you only take one part of the test, the second part must be taken within a week or the whole test must be taken again. The same applies to Intermediate Tests BOTH parts within SEVEN days!

Members who are uncertain of what comprises the tests please see the Training Officer or myself.

Members who have failed a test are asked to take at least one month before applying again, meanwhile practicing the part you failed in. You will always be told where and why you failed.

A fresh /.....

A fresh course of Third Class lectures has now started. There is a Wednesday and a Saturday course - for details see Notice Board.

The Life Saving Class resumes on Saturday 3rd October at 4 p.m.

The Branch has again been invited to visit H.M.S. VERNON at Portsmouth, where it is hoped we shall be able to carry out helmet diving and use Naval Oxygen re-breathing apparatus. Watch the Notice Board for details. We can only take a limited number, so people who leave it too late to apply will be disappointed - as usual.

It is intended to continue diving, all through the winter - so begin looking out your Winter woollies. Remember we always dive on Boxing Day.

DIVING FLAG

It has just been decided that the official Diving Flag of the B.S.A.C. will be a RED flag with a WHITE St. Andrew's Cross (two diagonal stripes crossing like a multiplication sign).

This Flag is going to be widely publicised via Naval Authorities, Boat Clubs, etc. so if you know anyone concerned please spread the word.

The Flag is flown to indicate: "DIVERS IN/UNDER THE WATER. PLEASE KEEP CLEAR".

PLEASE SPREAD THE WORD NOW !!!!!

+ + + + + + + + + +

FOR YOUR DIARY

4th October - Visit to H.M.S. VERNON. Oxygen Re-Breathing.
11th October - A.D.G. Visit to Brighton Branch.

+ + + + + + + + + +

STANLEY JONES - AN APPRECIATION

In the early days the Club attracted many colourful characters whose company always ensured an exciting dive. There were also quite a number of 'close shaves' due to misguided individualism sometimes allied to technical ignorance and, even then, we had our troubles with Members who enjoyed diving but not the work which went with it.

A D.O. who wanted the jobs done had to either do them himself or spend a lot of time checking those done by other people. As the Club grew so did the burden of work and the situation was beginning to get out of hand when Stanley appeared on the scene.

We soon realised that a very skilful swimmer had joined us, and also a much greater prize, a Member who could be depended on - absolutely.

Stanley accepted many jobs which were always completed satisfactorily and on time and eventually he was made responsible for all indoor training. His was, and still is, a valuable signature to have in one's logbook and the diving instructor could always be sure that the Member who was passed by Stanley would not turn out to be a 'dud' in open water training.

Stanley was never the dashing hero type of diver, he knew his own end never went outside then, but on the other hand he was the sort of diver that D.Os. dream of - reliable, responsible, and rule-abiding.

I would like to put forward the suggestion that in view of his services to London Branch the time is now ripe for Stanley Jones to be offered Honorary Membership of the Branch.

DON MOODY
D.O. London 1956-57

(Editor's note: Since this appreciation was received, we have been happy to see Stanley, back on his feet again, visiting us at the pool. Although still far from well, we hope his visit did him good, as it did us good to see him.)

+ + + + +

"JUST HOW INEPTUNE CAN YOU GET?" by Ian Unsworth

Everyone has, of course, seen the portrait of King Neptune upon our logbooks and other articles of the Sub Aqua Club. But do you, dear Reader, know the family and social history of this fascinating character? No? Oh, how splendid!

Neptune was essentially Roman in origin, although the Greeks did, and let's be fair, have a name for him - Poseidon. As is common in mythology, Neptune was involved in somewhat of an obstetric complication. His father, Saturn, was the oldest divinity of Roman mythology and supposed to be god of agriculture. So what better union than with Rhea, goddess of the earth?

However, although fruitful, this state of affairs was by no means idyllic. Saturn, Neptune's pa, had usurped the kingdom of his father, Uranus, and Saturn's brothers only consented to this on the condition that he did not bring up any male children. This only sounds complicated because it is! Anyway Saturn always devoured his sons as soon as they were born - even with ketchup a most unappetising, unhealthy and thoroughly ill advised procedure. But Rhea, poor girl, had a brainwave. She concealed her next three male offspring, Jupiter, Pluto and Neptune, and gave Dad instead three stones to swallow, which apparently satisfied him. Ah, the wiles of women!

So young Neptune survived and grew to be a fine strapping youth, but it was his brother Jupiter, who was the outstanding member of the family.

The Titans, a race of giants, made war on Saturn and while this was going on, his son Jupiter overthrow him, conquered the Titans after a ten-year struggle, and became Master of the World. He benevolently gave the Empire of the Sea to his brother Neptune, and that of the Underworld (Hades - not Soho) to Pluto. Neptune, King of the Sea, is usually represented with a bushy board crow-nod and with a trident, being drawn across the sea in a chariot by brazen hooved horses, and attended by sea deities and nymphs.

As time passed, Neptune felt the need of female companionship and he turned his attentions to Amphitrite. He used the disguise of a dolphin - by modern standards, not generally accepted as the decent and gentlemanly thing to do. He apparently assumed many other shapes and forms for like deceptions. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that Amphitrite, daughter of Oceanus, bore Neptune many sons, perhaps the most notable of whom were Triton who calmed the waves with his trumpet, and who founded Britain and introduced and Shipbuilding thereto.

If one /....

If one really looks into the social diary of our 'merry monarch', one finds that he was indeed the most prolific gentleman. Many and varied were his progeny. Some of the stories of his goings-on are interesting. He once entered into a contest with Minerva for Athens as prize. The idea was to produce the most useful article for man. Minerva, who was incidentally goddess of Wisdom, War and the liberal Arts and daughter of Jupiter, produced the olive and Neptune, the horse. The supreme adjudicators found the olive more useful and so Neptune lost Athens to his sister-in-law.

Another feature of Neptune's ability is amusing. You may say think that male/female interchange is comparatively recent. Not a bit of it! Great Neptune changed a maiden into a man, then into a bird, and finally, in Elysium, back to her maidenhood. How's that for a round trip?

Before I end this biography, may I leave you with this thought? How do you imagine that Neptune, King of the Sea, takes to this invasion of his Kingdom by mortals? Kindly? I wonder. You see, no-one really knows what happened to Neptune and so, perhaps, one day one of you free divers may meet him face to face. And when you do, then please tell me how he was when you spoke to him. I'd be most interested.

Thought for the Winter, by Dorothy Svendsen

Now that Summer holidays are over for most of us, and we are at the worst stage of financial cramp, this is perhaps not the best time to suggest getting away from it all in the Winter. But what about a Winter cruise, or just a North Atlantic crossing, Rotterdam to New York there-and-back, on one of the ships of the Holland-Amerika Line? Their new super-duper-flagship will be the "Rotterdam" with indoor AND outdoor swimming pools, and you could continue Indoor Training without interruption for they have underwater observation spaces and about a dozen windows. Situated amidships, and by the stabilisers, the pool users should not have any "swell" trouble! It is only about 25 ft. x 18 ft. with a depth of from 4ft. 6ins. to 7ft., so it should be a home-from-home particularly to our small pool trainees!

More profound depths, more interesting fish life, and more water can be obtained by jumping overboard.

"MEET THE PEOPLE"

The normal policy of this department is to interview two new Members and two old Members in each issue. In this way some twenty-four biographies a year will be published, and in some-thing like twelve years, every single Member will be written up - or dead. So picking the victims is, at best, a haphazard job, with all the new faces around, I have thought that there is a great deal to be taken for granted in this Club you first join. You are trained, lectured, administered, planned for, and written to. All this fairly unobtrusively, it all seems laid on - and in case you don't know it, its all done by volunteers, Members who were as new as you are, yesterday or yesteryear. So for the next few issues I am going to concentrate on introducing some of the workers, and the nearest people on hand are those who sweat out this magazine. At the top of the list, under this heading must come Dorothy Svendsen.

Dorothy, who is married to Branch Member, Norman Svendsen, does all the typing of the stencils and if you count up the pages you will realize that this is a lot of typing. It can't be all that fun either, since she is chained all day to an Admiralty desk with some high-up or other.

This is her third season in the Club, and I asked my usual question about reasons for joining the Club I got a most unusual answer. Her modest ambition was to learn to use mask and flippers correctly as she was going on a Club Mediterranean holiday. Modest? Yes - but then you will find that she has a great appreciation of style, and is currently attending EVENING CLASSES IN STEAM SWIMMING in order to improve her style. That's quite a thought! Because I wonder if some of us will ever be able to swim again - without flippers. Incidentally she recently won a medal in the Admiralty Gala which was held at Marshall Street Baths, and she remarked how much warmer the water was than our home pool. (Funny, others have noticed this too!)

Of course, once having looked below, like all the rest of us, she was lost. She then had to go below, like is currently about to take her Third Class tests. Then? Not killing fish, which she dislikes, but photography, preferably cinè, about which she has more to find out. Someone had better start an evening class.
Dorothy, /....

Dorothy, I'd like you to meet one of our new girls... Jo Jarmain. You should have an interest in common, because, like you, she is interested in underwater photography, but her experiments in this line have to be deferred for a little until she has solved another problem. Jo is one of those strange creatures who like a stone, Negative buoyancy. The Diving Manual says about one in twenty people have this tendency so I don't suppose it is catching.

She joined the Branch in June, and is full of ambition to become a First Class Diver. Most of her swimming, so far was done in Canada, whence she only returned a year ago. There she working in the library of a university in Ontario, but now she has plunged into the dishonest life of an advertising agency. Advertising? That reminds.... Jo, may I introduce Mike Busuttilli?

Like you, Mike has no compunction about making money out of the sucker trade. In other words he wants to make advertising his career too. Mike has cheerfully taken over the production side of this magazine. This entails the duplicating, the sorting of pages, the binding and very likely he, was the chap who flogged you this copy. All in all its a pretty thankless task, but it's taken a, great weight off my shoulders. In every part of our Club activities in which he takes part, he is enthusiast. He has been a Branch Member since March '58, and is one of the most regular and busiest of our Bath Marshals. He is a Third Class Diver who is just about coming up for Second class.

The early Cousteau films (long pre-Haas) fascinated him and he started goggle swimming in 1952, in Spain, and it was only later that he graduated to flippers and snorkel. He is interested in marine biology, as you will see by his interesting article in this issue, and collecting bits of rocks as souvenirs of his dives, which are many. This in the Channel Islands he collected yet another badge for his costume, a forty metres one which included an emergency ascent. He went on this holiday with Brian Hesketh and his charming wife, Lottie. Which reminds me that I have, only have space left to that Brian draws the diagrams Tom Elleman looks after the printing, Paddy Mangin turns the duplicator handle, Reg Day is the Business Manager. To those I've written about and those I've just mentioned, my grateful thanks. Take a bow, Ladies and Gentlemen, and....

MEET THE PEOPLE.

Reports of Club Diving Activities

As this issue of the magazine is separated from our last chronicle by the holiday period, we felt that reporting many events such as those which took place at the beginning of August was a profitless task, and therefore we have contented ourselves with the following account.

A.D.G Dive with Brighton and Worthing Branch, 6th September by Peter Weedon, with additional dialogue by Tim Ingram

Eleven Members of the A.D.G. rendezvous'd at the Palace Pier Brighton at 9.30 on Sunday morning, and proceeded to Southwick Harbour to board Brighton and Worthing Branch's fine diving beat, "Blue Dolphin". We managed to load all the gear and personnel without mishap and in doing so were treated to an instructive demonstration of cargo slings and lashings by Tim Ingram.

The sea was calm, and both the sea and air were beautifully warm. After about 45 minutes cruise followed by some 15 delicate manoeuvring the boat was anchored over the diving site, a rocky outcrop out of a flat muddy sand bottom about one and a half miles off the pier. The depth was approximately 50 ft., visibility about 15 ft. and the tide was running at a quarter knot.

Once at the sits the London and Brighton Members separated into two groups which carried out their diving concurrently.

We dived in pairs, one diver on a line to the bent, the other joined to him with a buddy line. This proved to be very successful without tying the knot between the Branches too literally!

We were told by Brighton Branch that any anchors we find were to be brought to the surface and on reaching bottom the bottom most of us found it very easy to find enough anchors to make surfacing quite tricky.

We had one anxious moment when Tim Ingram's demand value went on holiday at 50 ft. and he made an emergency ascent. But let Tim take over at this point.....

'I made /....

'I made signs that I was in trouble to my partner, and hightailed it for the surface. At 15ft. I blew my Beaufort bottle surfaced, and signalled that I was in trouble. By this time my partner, Don Sizer, had surfaced and was assisting me, as also was Ken Pretty who dived in off the stern of the boat.

The safety margin provided by the Beaufort jacket is another argument for using Club equipment and taking Club advice.

Afterwards when discussing the incident with the Diving Officer, he raised a point so obvious then but completely overlooked in the emergency.

"You had a partner," said Jim, "Why didn't you SHARE?"
I felt very small.

"You joined this Club to be trained for such emergencies," he went on. "MAKE FULL USE OF YOUR TRAINING"

We weighed anchor at 2.30 (we're back with Peter now) as we had to catch the tide at the boat's mooring in the river at 3.30 near Soutar's Boat Yard. Pausing at the harbour to drop off the motorists, we than tried to go astern without success and, as Tim says "We sailed majestically down the harbour wall, much to the annoyance of the entrants in a 'News of the World' Fishing Competition" whose lines and rods we collected as we went!

When we eventually managed to stop and tie up, we put a diver over the side and found that the Kitchener Steering Geer had been damaged and we could only go dead ahead. The Pilot Launch towed us to our mooring, and we just caught the tide. Twenty minutes later `Blue Dolphin" was high and dry.

On landing and unloading Brighton Branch very kindly provided us with tea, and thanking them for an excellent if eventful day's diving, we made our various ways home.

-O-O-O-O-O-O-

Gossip

On what diving expedition, by boat, did which well-known diving official reprove a Member for jumping ashore with a loose line. "Make BOTH ends fast!" says he, and taking his own advice, did so - to the boat! BOTH ENDS!

-O-O-O-O-O-O-

SONG AFTER DIVING

by Pat Craddock

Swift rain spits on the black cabin roof

And the whistling air

Is charged with wet

Wind makes frantic patterns on the angry sea

But what does it matter when the soul is free?

There are high, grey ships - the old machinery of war

Rusty wrecks and grinding chains

Massive barges grimed with salt

While cranes come past on the undulating sea

But what does all this matter when the soul is free?

We can remember columns of blurred bubbles

And the grip of icy water

Grey and green and dark,

While the boat rides on to the rhythm of the sea

And isn't it terrific when the soul is free?

THE TECHNIQUE OF SWIMMING WITH FINS

By BIRBECK

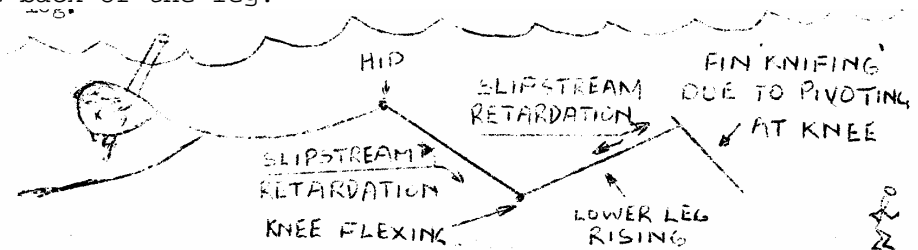
No.2 The Leg Stroke:

I have already, in our first issue, stressed the importance of streamlining when swimming. This is especially true when swimming with fins, because a high water resistance is set up due to the increased speed of the fin swimmer, and, in the case, of the fully equipped Free Diver, due to the difficulty of maintaining a streamlined form.

If the legs are used incorrectly a great deal of resistance and retardation will be set up. One should train to hold the legs fully extended and with the foot fully pointed in line with the general line of the leg. It is best to move the leg mainly at the hip joint and to separate the feet only about 18 inches. Too wide a leg drive spoils your streamlining.

On the down stroke the knee should be flexed only slightly. This will relieve muscle tensions. At the bottom of the downward drive the swimmer should be consciously aware of straightening his leg fully and, most important of all, should hold the leg straight during the whole of the upward drive. The foot must be kept extended and the fins will then propel to full advantage on both the upward and downward strokes.

If the knee bends on the upstroke the back of the lower leg drives against the "slip stream" causing considerable retardation. If the foot is not kept pointed or extended during the upstroke, then the fin cannot propel and only "knives" through the water. If the leg is held straight during the upstroke the "slip stream" slides easily along the back of the leg.



When you first practice on these lines, and if you hitherto been using your legs it will perhaps feel strange. But take my advice and persevere. It is worth it.

.....
UNDERWATER SIGNALS

By JIM PHOENIX

In the last edition of "The London Diver" I dealt with surface signals, used by both divers and snorkellers. Now I shall deal with underwater signals, i.e. Diver to Diver.

It is imperative that signals should be SIMPLE to use and to understand. There has been little uniformity of signals in the diving world, but certain ones have been standardized by the Club, and are now being accepted all over the world.

These BASIC SIGNALS are as follows:

- (1) "Are you O.K.?" and also "I am O.K."
- (2) "I am NOT O.K."
- (3) "Go up" and also "I want to go up".
- (4) "Go down"
- (5) "Washout"
- (6) Pointing.

(1) O.K. signal: Used for both question and answer. The forefinger and thumb are joined in a circle. This most important signal is illustrated in the, Logbook and in the Diving Manual. If you are O.K. you reply with the same signal.

(2) Not O.K. signal: The universal 'thumbs down' followed by pointing to what is wrong, i.e. ears, mask, mouthpiece, etc.

(3) Up signal: An outstretched hand pointing up can be the order to go up or, for example, when a diver feels cold and wishes to surface.

(4) Down signal: The outstretched hand pointing down is normally only used by the Dive Leader as an instruction.

(5) Washout signal: If the diving conditions have got too bad or the Dive Leader wishes to cancel a previous signal, he will cross his arms with hands stretched, palms outwards, and move his arms from left to right. This signal could also be given by a diver TO his leader if he is tired and wants to go 'home'.

(6) Pointing signal: First with forefinger outstretched, used to indicate an object. This signal must be deliberately and clearly to avoid confusion with 'Up' or 'Down'.

These basic signals should be run over and confirmed by every Dive Leader before a dive. Remember that you cannot speak to your companions with normal equipment in our 'Silent World'. These signals are your ONLY means of communication and should be kept to a minimum to avoid unnecessary confusion.

If you know your signals well and give them clearly, your ACTIONS WILL SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

-.------.------.-----.

THREE HOURS AT 50 METRES!

by TONY SUGDEN

It was our last evening in Naples. We had been diving for the Zoological Station there for the past three weeks and had just made our farewells to the staff. As we sat in the van, trying to decide which of the decent restaurants in Naples would admit six apparent tramps, the Director of the Station ran out to us.

Di Lorenzo, the Station's diver, had the bends, he told us. He was now in the Naval Hospital and was about to be put in the decompression chamber. As he was paralyzed from the waist down, it was essential that somebody be in the chamber with him. This person must also be a diver. No other divers were available. Would I go into the chamber with him?

This was surprising. Tim and I had been diving with Di Lorenzo that day. Our first dive had been to fifty metres for twenty minutes and we had decompressed adequately. On the second dive Di Lorenzo had dived alone, but had not exceeded twenty metres and had only spent eleven minutes in the water. Tim and I had also been to twenty metres on our second dive, but had spent an hour in the water including a fairly lengthy decompression. We felt fine.

Although an unspeakable villainous looking man, Di Lorenzo had seemed a competent diver, over-cautious rather than rash, and we found it hard to believe that he was ignorant of the cumulative effect of Nitrogen in successive dives. Later I heard that this had been the case and that he had surfaced twice, rapidly from twenty metres and had spent no time in decompressing.

The Director drove at maniacal speed to the docks, where we were shown into a large whitewashed room, containing decompression chambers of various sizes. The door of the largest was open, revealing Di Lorenzo, lying, in his underclothes, on a mattress. He looked very unhappy. The Doctor asked me if I had eaten that evening and I told him, wistfully, that I had not. This knowledge seemed to afford him some satisfaction and he directed me into the inner compartment of the chamber with Di Lorenzo.

The decompression /...

The decompression chamber was not unlike those I had seen at H.M.S. VERNON. Externally it resembled a cylindrical boiler, and was some eighteen feet long and seven in diameter. About four feet six long, and at each end of the cylinder was an airlock, allowing admission to the chamber whilst at pressure, and in the eight or nine feet between these airlocks was the inner compartment. Along each side of this ran a nine-inch wide bench. The floor space between those benches was taken up by a mattress and Di Lorenzo.

Two glass portholes looked into the, chamber and there was another small airlock in the side, through which small things could be passed. Apart from a maze of tubes and valves, the only other objects of interest were a telephone, a clock, and three pressure gauges. These read in Metres of water depth, one giving the central chamber pressure and the other two the pressures in the airlocks. It was now eight o'clock on Wednesday evening.

I arranged myself on the narrow bench and made cheerful signs to Di Lorenzo. He glowered at me, pointed in a heartbroken manner to his legs, and made throat-cutting gestures. The door closed with an ominous clang and high pressure air started to hiss through a pipe in the floor. After handing Di Lorenzo the telephone I settled down to clear my ears and watch the pressure gauge. It became uncomfortably hot and the gauge rose gradually to forty-five metres, where we stopped for a while. Di Lorenzo, who had been recovering the use of his legs since the thirty metre mark, complained of a pain in his right knee. The pressure was raised to fifty metres and, after an excited telephone call to the Doctor, he decided that his leg no longer hurt. The next telephone call was for me. It was the Director of the Zoological Station. He sounded concerned and apologetic, and asked anxiously after my health. Did I realize, he said, that we had to stay in the, chamber until midday tomorrow? I told him, in a voice that sounded very squeaky and emasculated, that I had not realized this, but thanked him for the information.

Then my friends arrived. They peered at me through the portholes, expressed sympathy, made some very bad jokes, described in detail the feast they intended to eat that evening, and passed me books through the airlock. When they had gone, I had fifteen and a half hours still to do in the chamber with only the "Meaning of Evolution" and Dostoevsky's "Letters from the Underworld" between

me and /...

me and total boredom. After an hour the pressure was lowered to forty-five metres, but Di Lorenzo imagined his right leg to be hurting again so back we went to fifty, at which depth we remained for the next two hours. By this time everyone except the Doctor and his assistant had left and when I saw the gauge go down to forty-five metres, I settled down to sleep.

In spite of my cramped position on the narrow bench, I slept soundly until six o'clock the next morning and awoke to see that the pressure had dropped to eighteen metres during the night. At seven the Director appeared, enquired after our welfare and told us that, owing to the additional time we had spent at fifty metres, we would now have to remain for a further twenty-four hours in the chamber. As the van in which we were travelling could not be delayed, he had booked me a flight from Naples to London on Saturday afternoon at the Zoological Station's expense. An hour later the rest of our diving group called. We made arrangements to meet in London to sort out our gear and wished each other pleasant journeys. When they had gone I read until midday, when a dwarf chicken, a bottle of vile colourless broth and two spoons, were sent to us through the air lock. Whilst we ate this noisily the pressure was lowered to fifteen metres.

For the rest of the day we lay restlessly, finding it difficult to concentrate on a book and impossible to sleep. The number of positions in which I could lie on my bench was limited and I was no longer able to ignore the ache in my back. The pressure was lowered to twelve metres and two steaks and spoons were sent in through the air lock. Another bottle of colourless broth followed. For the next fourteen hours I lay in a curious state between waking and sleeping, watching the pointer on the gauge drop to nine and then to six metres. I had become accustomed to the ache in my back, but was very bored.

At seven o'clock on Friday morning, the Doctor came into the chamber to examine Di Lorenzo, who had spent the whole night grumbling and fidgeting. He seemed satisfied with his condition and had the pressure lowered to three metres. Five hours later we were at atmospheric pressure, the door was opened, and I started to catch up on my smoking.

X X X X X X X X X

LONDON BRANCH MAKESS THE HEADLINES

by HARRY GOULD

On the, 25th August, a party consisting of Lloyd Poulton, Brian Middleton, Byron Cowie and myself, went to the small Island of Tinetto, in the Gulf of Spezia, to explore the diving off this island.

Along Roberto Lasagna, we had gone there in the hope of finding some sunken wrecks, as this area had been used for shipping since Etruscan times.

Lloyd and Brian dived first and, on their return, were very excited, as they had found the entrance to a large Grotto, some 70ft. down on the other side of this small island. They went in and found themselves in a very large Grotto, lit from above.

Byron and I then dived and found the entrance again. At its widest, the entrance was about 20 ft. high and 20ft. wide and was in the shape of an inverted 'V'. The outside was covered with sponges and a marine flower of a bright yellow colour. In addition, the entrance was covered with growths of red and blue.

We went in and, for the first 10ft., were in complete darkness; then we came across a large area illuminated by two holes in the cave some 20ft. above the entrance. This was extremely beautiful, owing to the strange formation of the rocks. We then went in further, about another 20 to 30ft. and found ourselves in a very large cavern, probably some 50ft. across at its widest and lit from above by a long narrow opening through which the sun shone down, illuminating one side of the Grotto for a full 70ft.

Byron and I slowly surfaced, not forgetting to look behind at the wonderful view of the light shining through the opening of the cave and found ourselves on the surface in a long narrow fissure, some 20ft. long by about 3ft. wide. We climbed about another 15ft. of rock, which was not very easy with weights and a 70cu.ft. bottle, and found ourselves on the other of the island, looking down on our boat and an astonished Lloyd and Brian.

We went back many times after this and dived on this Grotto, both from the top and from the bottom entrances. We did not know whether we were the first to discover the Grotto, but subsequently, on a visit to the local Mayor, we found that we were indeed the first there.

The Mayor became very excited when we told him of this discovery and, in due course, we found that we were written up in

The Italian /...

the Italian National Newspapers and, in new value, we came immediately under Eisenhower.

By the way, we did not find any sunken wrecks.

ALGHERO - SARDINIA. JUNE 1959

By H.A.M. CRUICKSHANK

On arrival at Alghero, a seaport on the North West coast of Sardinia, I found most buildings prominently date-stamped - some houses bore several markings. These represented the visits by officials of the World Health Organization who selected Sardinia as a Malaria Control area. In consequence the island is virtually freed from mosquitos. I stayed at the Grand Hotel Esit - very good at £3 per head per day (cheaper if by charter party). The other hotel in this class is the Hotel Dei Pini (£4 per day) for greater seclusion.

Alghero is not necessarily the best resort on the island, which is bigger than Wales, but apart from Cagliari - the capital, in the South - is the only place on the direct air routes to Rome and London. At present the youngsters find tourists amusing and even very young children are apt to pester for 'cento lire' 'cigarillo'.

Archaeologists would be interested in the many Nuraghi, small fortresses, dotted about the countryside and said to be up 3,500 years old. Ladies would be interested in the superb 'National' (they vary from place to place) costumes, but these come out on very rare occasions and would probably cost about £400 each to produce to-day.

Swimming is what I went there for and I was delighted with the Grotta di Nettuno at Capo Caccia, about 7 miles from Alghero, cost 1,000 lire boat, 300 lire, ingresso.

One can always hire a motorboat 'Rosina', run by diminutive Giovanni Battista, at the port for 1,000 lire per morning or afternoon. There is a compressor and bottles at Hotel Pini, but one must have one's own valve and accessories.

Spearfishing - same boat - with fins and guns supplied at 1,000 lire is available through Horizon Travel. I acted as observer, but large fish were absent even though the depth and visibility were over 100ft. I went down the anchor chain until pressure (no lung) was painful but alas my new depth gauge failed to register.

There is little night life. One or two dance places were to open 'domani', but did not do so before I left. Basketwork and carpets are cheap, which is processed at

Alghero, /.....

Alghero, is fantastically dear. The combination of the merchant shipping strike and a sirroco lasting three day did, however enable me to obtain a magnificent fan of gorgonia, which will be available for 'our Museum' when we get a Club Room, in exchange for a packet of cigarettes.

I certainly recommend Sardinia for dipchicks.

Tailpiece: I bought a book "Meravighi dei Fondi Marino" published by the Institute Geografico de Agostini - Novara, hoping for something comprehensive on Mediterranean fishes. One-third of the photographs were by Dr.D.P.Wilson of the Marine Biological Museum, Plymouth!

THE LONDONER'S GUIDE TO DIVING IN GUERNSEY

by MIKE BUSUTTILI

If you have ever put down a book on diving in the Mediterranean or Caribbean, turned out your pockets, sighed, and decided that this kind of underwater scenery will have to wait a few years for you; then Guernsey is the answer to your problem. It lies only an hour's flying time away from Gatwick. No currency restrictions or problems, and no language problems. Yet, in places the diver's scenery is comparable with that encountered in far warmer waters. But the waters around Guernsey are warmer than those around the English coast because Guernsey lies in the path of the warm Gulf Stream.

You may think that there is bound to be a snag somewhere. But no, the visitor to Guernsey who intends to dive has only to contact the Channel Islands Aqua-Sports Centre and he has the passport to an enjoyable diving holiday. They will supply any equipment you may require, also transport for yourself and your gear to the diving sites at a very reasonable charge. If you intend to freelance and dive from the rocks they will be glad to charge your bottles.

For those interested I will give a brief guide to some of the more popular diving sites in Guernsey. The guide starts at St.Peter Port and works clockwise:

Castle Cornet, St.Peter Port

Probably the most convenient site for a quick dive before lunch. Easy entry, fishing, interesting scenery, depth 30-35ft. (N.B. depths can vary depending on state of tide).

Bathing Pools, Havelet Bay

Tidal pool for training but the diving is best on a small reef about 200yds. from the pool. Good snorkelling, fair fishing, depth 25ft, about 10ft. over the top of the reef.

Anfre

"Heaven under water" to most people who visit this reef it can only /....

can only be reached by boat, about 10mins. from the harbour. Ecstatic scenery; a reef which is awash at one point yet stretches down to a bottom at about 140ft. Everything to make an interesting dive: coral, Gorgonia, fish, crayfish, octopus, sponges etc. Not for novices as most dives are below 100ft. and strong surface currents may be encountered.

Telegraph Bay

A sheltered bay, easily reached by boat. Weed-covered bottom at about 40ft. Items of biological interest can be found below the weed.

Pea Stacks, Moulin Huet

Can be reached boat or backbreaking climb. Well worth either trip. Interesting scenery, many fish and other forms of life. Depths 60-70ft.

Saints Bay

Easily reached by road. Reef and gully scenery. Many fish, lobsters a speciality. Depth 30-40ft.

Grandes Recques

Popular west coast site reached by road. Reef and gully scenery. Fishing. Depths 40-50ft.

Pembroke and Fort Le Marchant

Two similar sites on either side of Lancrese Bay. Rocky headlands stretching down to sandy bottom. Few fish. Depths 30-40ft.

For those interested, the most common fish are: bass, bibb, bream, mullet, pollack, whiting, and wrasse.

Less common are: archerfish, crayfish, monkfish, porpoise, lobster, octopus, conger.

Many of London Branch have spent their holidays diving in Guernsey this year. Ask any of these how much they enjoyed themselves and maybe you will be tempted to visit Guernsey next year.

APPLY to STANELY THOMAS for your Tickets for
The British Sub Aqua Club

SIXTH ANNUAL DINNER

to be held at Mayfairia Rooms, Bryanston St., London, W.1.
(behind the, Cumberland Hotel, Marble Arch),
on SATURDAY, 10TH OCTOBER 1959

First Class Diving Certificate Awards will be presented.

Reception: 6.30 to 7 p.m.

Dinner: 7.30 p.m.

Dress: Informal.

Licensed Bar. Extension to

dresses, dinner jackets or
dark lounge suits.

midnight applied for
excluding drinks.

TICKETS: 22/6 each, Members and Guests.

A feature in which Members can say what they think, and express any degree of (publishable) opinion.

Sir,

When is a Rule a Rule?

'Ignorance of the law is no defence'. This has been said many times in England and since the abolition of the Star Chamber the justification for this statement has been that no law can be enforced in this democracy which has not previously been published in such a way that all citizens have the opportunity of knowing it.

Under Rule 15 (iii) of the B.S.A.C. its Branches are required to adopt rules which provide for and cover their various activities. It is plain from the context that "Branches" means Members in general meeting and not the Branch Committees or members thereof.

So far as I am aware this Branch has not formulated or adopted any rules in accordance with this Club rule. Therefore our activities are either not subject to any rules at all or are subject to old rules and precedent which may or may not be in accord with present Club rules. If the latter is the case I would like to point out that the old Standing Rules are not generally available and, indeed, their very existence is not known by many Members.

In addition to all this, the Branch Committee has not seen fit to allow the Members to know what is going on - their Minutes have not been on the Notice board for at least seven months.

The following is an example of an incident where lack of information leads to a situation where full play can be given to the kind of petty viciousness which I fear may become common practice all too rapidly.

On 23rd May I was informed by the D.O. that a rule existed to the effect that no person could be trained at Branch meetings except by a recognized B.M. I was further informed that this rule was not generally known, had never been published, did not need to be, and applied only to me and not necessarily to any other Member at the same meeting. The D.O. and Chairman then jointly told me that if I did not comply with this personal, unknown, and illegitimate rule I was forthwith

suspended /....

suspended from Members. This latter injunction happens to be contrary to B.S.A.C. Rule 15 (iii)(d), and is not covered by 17 (iii).

Other equally disturbing incidents have occurred but considerations of space preclude detailing them all.

The real point I wish to make is how much of this off-the-cuff, individually-tailored, rule-making will you, fellow-Member, be prepared to tolerate? After all, it may be YOUR face which does not 'fit' next time.

(signed) Don Moody

Don Moody Answered

(It is the policy of "The London Diver" to offer the right of reply. Don Moody's letter was therefore shown to Jim Phoenix and Harry Gould.)

Jim Phoenix writes:

"It is the general rule of the Club that ALL training is the responsibility of the DIVING OFFICER. In this Branch, mainly because of its size, pool training is delegated to a TRAINING OFFICER.

"It has ALWAYS been our rule that, particularly, aqualung training should be given by official BATH MARSHALS, under his supervision. In this way a required standard is maintained and proper records are kept.

"Don Moody is NOT a Bath Marshal, by his own choice. When he was one, he was continually absent from Marshals' meetings and his attendances at the pool were infrequent.

"The pupil he is so angry about was not a Member of London Branch and Moody was advised of the position, and asked not to continue. Somewhat forcefully he replied to the effect that he would do as he liked. He was then informed that if he persisted he would be barred from the pool and suspended until the next Committee Meeting.

"It must /....

"It must be realized, as a background to the above, that this was by no means the first time he had behaved in this manner, with the same pupil, and had been requested not to do so.

"The matter was raised, in principle, at the last A.G.M. and it was ruled that we could not extend training facilities to Members of other Branches.

"I think most Members will appreciate that, with a Branch as large as ours, some system is essential. There is no conspiracy directed against Don Moody personally although he appears to think there is. There is always MORE than enough work and LESS than enough help available, so volunteers are always welcome.

"If, for any reason, a qualified Member wishes to train a London Branch Member, please see the Training Officer, and if it is at all possible, it will be so arranged. After all, we are a Club - let's act like one."

Harry Gould writes:

"I do not feel that comment is called for. The Diving Officer has described the incident. It is not a question of "faces" fitting, but behaviour and actions in a voluntary Club."

Stanley Thomas writes:

"It is not a rule or even general practice to publish Committee Minutes to the full Membership. In this Branch, however, I have made a practice of putting a copy of the Minutes on the noticeboard for all to see. It appears that Mr. Moody, in his rare appearances at the pool, has either missed them or has arrived at a time when their noticeboard 'life' has ended."

o
o o
o o o
o o o o
o o o o o

o o o The Air Bottle Is still open on Page 28

o o o o o o oooooo

PART 2 Sealing the Camera Case

If everything went well last month's article should yield for you a camera case which has no seals at all. These seals are going to be explained this week.

The back is bolted onto the case through the flange, it takes as many as eight or even ten bolts to accomplish this, so be sure to get the holes drilled in some kind of symmetrical order. A piece of thick, soft rubber is stuck with 'Bostik' onto the back plate, thus completing the seal. Figure 1 gives all the necessary information.

Access to camera controls is, of course, an important item. Box cameras only need shutter release and wind-on, but the expensive cameras have shutter speed, aperture control and focusing as well, so choose exactly what you consider necessary to take pictures and keep to a minimum the holes you have to drill through the housing. Your flash has to come through the housing as well.

Sealing is accomplished by various seals (Figure 2 showing the majority in common use), so choose one that you can make up easily or can buy cheaply. The makers of "O" rings supply all necessary details as the size of groove etc.

Each individual unit is bolted through a hole drilled in the housing but be careful to position the unit correctly so that it can operate the control (e.g. a lever to depress the shutter release, or a rubber wheel to turn the focusing).

Film can be accomplished either by a friction pad by the cup arrangement shown in Figure 3.

Externally, radio control knobs are good as they can be easily gripped; the shutter release though can be made in the form of a lever to give easier control.

.....

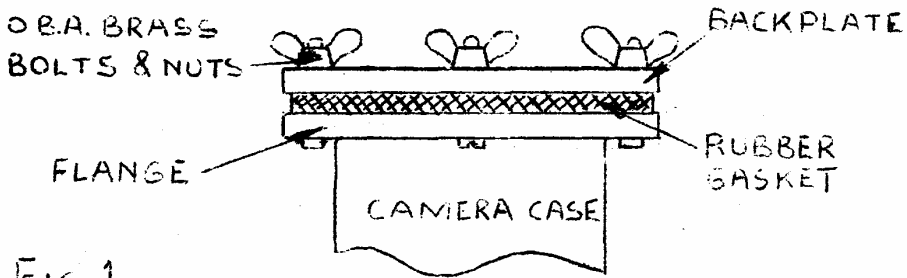


FIG 1.

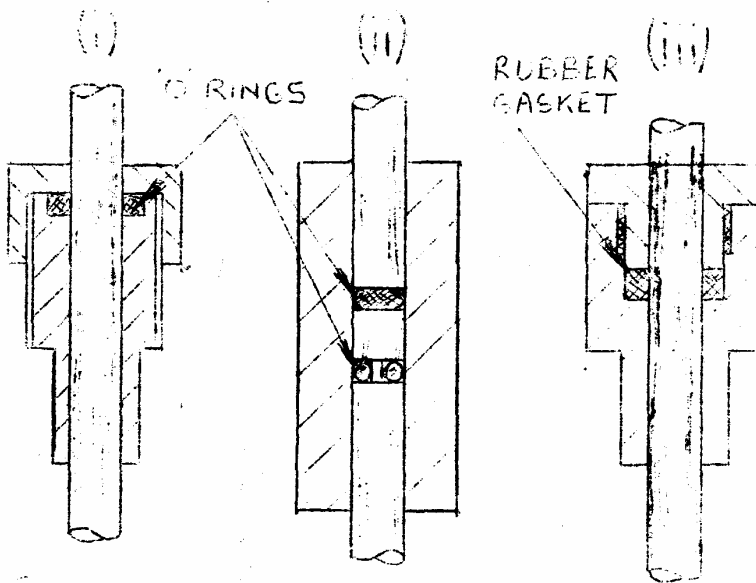


FIG 2.

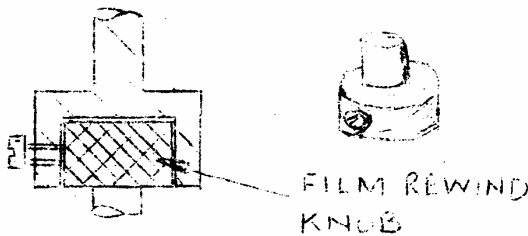


FIG 3.



"By their Fruits ye shall know them"

Sir,

A plea from the heart to people who dive with other Branches or more important, other Clubs.

Keep your mouth shut and be judged by how you dive and act, and not by what you say or claim you can do.

And you NON- or INFREQUENT diving types (Alas! L.B. is blessed too much), remember that a person with only the smallest amount of experience can very quickly pick you out by the slips you would not make if you had had the experiences you so often claim.

(signed) Brian Hesketh

(It seemed obvious that this was triggered by some ghastly experience on holiday. On enquiry, this proved so, and interesting. We hope to publish an article on this subject in our next edition. - EDITOR)

"Down to the Sea! - in slips"

Dear Sir,

How many more times must we turn to the "Air Bottle" and find nothing but grouses and gripes from Members who are dissatisfied with the state of the pool water or the training system? Are we becoming a Club of "pool-only" swimmers? Do these letter writers ever dream of the sea as a suitable swimming or diving place, or is the effort to get to it too great?

I hope these people do not represent the Club Membership as a whole. They forget that they are as much Members of the Club as the Committee and when they make a complaint they are scolding themselves.

It is their duty to help those who try to help them for no-one is under any obligation to train them.

(signed) Diving, Member

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

DIVERS TALES

3. "Treasure Chest"

I don't know what you thought you were going to do with your diving when you could do it, but I do know that few people are interested in free diving because of their consuming passion for the mechanics of a demand valve. I suspect that if this was the Truth Game everyone would admit that at least in their early and blissfully ignorant stages, they had some secret dream. The lucky ones, like me, will have kept their dream. Mine, I freely admit, is the dizziest one of the lot - TREASURE! Go on! Have your laugh, and when you are out of breath - listen to this story!

I learned the rudiments of diving in Bermuda, and if I have not told you before, I'm telling you now that there are thousands of reefs and hundreds of wrecks. Centuries of Piracy, Wrecking, Blockade-running and just plain accidents of Nature have littered the swelled with recorded and unrecorded wrecks. There's not a big-game boat skipper or liquor store clerk in the Islands who can't produce you a chart covered with pencilled bearings and locations. In bygone years they wore just talking points, but the arrival of fins and masks started something that the aqualung has completed. So it is not surprising that anyone who learns to dive in this environment has a leaning towards the magic word 'treasure'.

But perhaps I went too far in this direction, and I've no doubt that my eternal cross-questioning of my 'Mudian friends became a bit boring. After all, Teddy Tucker's fabulous find was already more than two years old, and stale news - to them. They had even abandoned the weekend pastime of trying to follow his boat when it left harbour, to try and find the location of his treasure ship. And here, was I, pestering the daylights out of them, when I could hardly use a snorkel, to take me to explore a wreck.

One day, however my friends agreed that I was now a sufficiently proficient diver to come with them, to the Outer Reefs. The wreck they were going to dive on, whose name I forget, had sunk in October 1812 on a reef about twenty miles out, in a hurricane.

I didn't /....

I didn't ask about treasure. I didn't need to, I KNEW it was there. To give them their due, nobody even suggested that there might be something there. My excitement knew no bounds. I was near useless in the studio and at night I couldn't sleep for dreams. Fortunately the week-end was close and very early on a Sunday morning we loaded our launch.

There were five of us in the party, not including Percy, our coloured skipper. There seemed an air of suppressed emotion amongst the party, and I took it that they were as excited as I. As soon as we left Salt Kettle dock Percy started fitting up his rods and outriggers for trolling. Grinning at my impatience, he said that there was no use in wasting all the day, and I must say I had my fill of excitement when we hit into, fought and landed two dusky sharks weighing about thirty pounds apiece. The fight left you with aching muscles, but if you have ever stood with bare feet in the well of a motorboat when thirty pounds of snapping, writhing, desperate evil lands with a wet thump on the boards nearby, you will guess that there was no stiffness in my movements. From the safety of the hatchcoaming, which is where I landed, I watched the expert use of a rounders bat, imported, and sold in Bermuda under the heading of Shark Pacifiers.

After the stoppage for the sharks who tried to hitch a ride, we had other interludes for some yellowtail, a red specklhind and a couple of Spanish Hogfish. If this was a fishing story I'd give you the details. But its a diving story and we did not arrive at our destination for reasons stated until nearly midday the possible exception of a slight colour variation in the water there appeared to be no reference marks, we were out of sight of land and had not steered a compass course, but Percy was sure that this was the spot and the others didn't seem to have any doubts either, they had often been here before.

I was so excited I forgot everything I had ever learned and had to be helped into my equipment by my grinning friends. Over the side we went into the clear, clear water. Once again the magic of tin Bermudian underwaterscape worked its spell. Of beauty thorn was more than enough, but no wreck could I see, but in the calm of undersea, it didn't seem to matter so much. Suddenly my diving partner beckoned, and pointed, then swam down in a deep glide. The excitement hit me again with renewed force.

I followed /....

I followed him down as fast as I could. At about fifty feet we reached bottom and he pointed excitedly. I nearly knocked my mask off in turning to look where he was pointing. I cleared my mask and looked my fill - at a large and solid brick wall!

Over lunch I stood up to the barrage of laughter and jokes about my "treasure trove". Their carefully planned legpull was based on a wreck, just as they told me. The brig, whose name I've forgotten (I'll forget my own name next) had been carrying a cargo of firebricks and millstones and the neatly stacked firebricks, their wooden hold having long since rotted away, had provided me with my 'brick wall'.

When there was a lull in the laughter I asked where we should be diving in the afternoon, and generously they gave me the choice. The laughter was renewed when I chose to stay where we were. Perhaps I was bloody-minded under a surface good humour, or perhaps it was because in telling me the story of the ship, they had mentioned that she was blockade-running during the American Civil War. She was out of Liverpool bound for Charleston to fetch back badly interrupted supplies of cotton to England, and it was rumoured that she might have carried large sums from the cotton-spinners of Lancashire to help the cotton-growing rebels in the South. Whatever the cause. I was determined to examine the wreck more closely.

Discipline amongst 'Mudian divers is somewhat loose by our standards. We all went in together, and while the others were busy spearfishing I went back to my brick wall.

As I swam around it seemed to me that there was a geometrically exact heap of bricks, except for the righthand edge where it had tumbled untidily into a trough in the reef. There was then a gap and then a mass of pillars of round stones which I took to be the millstones. It occurred to me that the gap between the stacks was amidships, between what had once been the cargo holds. If there was to be anything interesting then it might be in that gap. But don't think I have anything sensational to report, I haven't. I searched with only the vaguest shapes to confirm my theory until my air was nearly exhausted. Then suddenly, lodged in a crevice, its shape almost unrecognizable because of coral encrustation, I saw a small iron bedstead.

Now on such a small ship as this there was obviously only one person who might have such a luxury - the Captain, and that I

was now /...

was now in the area of his cabin. If there was any truth in the blockade-running story, it would be here that the money was kept. Disregarding prudence I kept searching until increasing difficulty in breathing made me beat it for up. As I went I saw what I had been looking for, a large and heavily padlocked iron box.

A feeling of triumph kept me calm and confident as I made my way topside but gradually this gave way to panic as I realized that I should not have enough air to surface. My recently acquired "skill" deserted me, and I have to confess it, I blacked out. The next thing I know was that I was lying in the launch, spewing my heart out after a little old-fashioned artificial respiration. The diving discipline of my friends may have been loose but, fortunately, not their observation.

After a couple of largo doses of blackstrap rum, which cures anything in Bermuda, I felt a bit better and told my friends what I had seen. In a muzzy I thought that it shook them a bit. They moved and held a muttered conference, and when they came back they said that I must have been imagining things. I had not, they said, left them at all, that I had been swimming with them all the time until I got into difficulties, that I had got a touch of rapture of the deep with its strange imaginings, that I was to have another shot of rum and sleep it all off.

Well, what with exhaustion and blackstrap rum I did sleep, and when I awoke I more than half believed whole thing had been delirium. But in the days that followed I tried to persuade my friends to take me out again so that I could see for myself, without success. Strangely enough, not one of them, not even Skipper Percy, was sure that they could find the spot again, and they could not remember the name of the brig.

I was already in my last few weeks before leaving for England, and as the weather blew up, they passed without another chance.

As I sit here in my study at home, remembering all this and writing it down, I wonder if that iron box is still there, and I wish I could remember the name of that ship, because as I told you I've still kept my dream. Perhaps I did imagine it all. And yet, when I look up from my desk I can see a brass plate which I fixed to my door when I came home. All it says is "Captain".

©1959 Michael Brennan

fsdfsdfsdfsdfsdfsdfs

SWIM WITH FINS THROUGH THE WEEK
Greater London Area Baths Sessions

Full Members of the Club are welcome at all the following Branch Bath Sessions.

BUT please respect your Host's baths discipline and training.

Day	Branch	Time	Location
Monday	HOUNSLOW	<u>Summer</u> 9 to 10.30 pm <u>Winter</u> 8.15 to 9.45 pm	Isleworth Baths, Twickenham Road, Isleworth.
	CROYDON	8 to 9 pm	Caterham Barracks, Caterham. (Ask at Guard Room)
Wednesday	LONDON	8.30 to 9.30 pm	Seymour Baths, Seymour Place, W. 1
	EAST LONDON	8.45 to 9.45 pm	Walthamstow High Street Baths.
Thursday	CROYDON	9 to 10 pm	Croydon Central Baths, Scarisbrook Road.
Saturday	LONDON	5.30 to 7.30 pm	Seymour Baths Seymour Place, W. 1
	EAST LONDON	8 to 9 pm	Cathal Road Baths, Leytonstone.
Sunday	KINGSTON	2 to 4 pm	Kingston Baths, Denmark Road.

EVERY MEMBER OF THE CLUB A GOOD CITIZEN?

A report, published at the end of July by a Committee set up by the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, says under the heading Swimming: "Non-swimmers are a potential social menace, and it is the duty of every home and every school to teach boys to swim".

ORMERING TIDES

by Mike Busuttilli

The Ormer is a marine gastropod (snail), similar to the Californian Abalone but rather smaller. They clamp themselves to rocks and in this position they take in oxygen by pumping water under the edge of their shells and discharging it through a row holes in the top of the shell. Guernsey is the northern limit of Ormering for they need the stability of temperature offered by the North Atlantic Drift.

They are considered a delicacy on the island. The foot of the snail is cut off level with the shell as this is the only edible part, the black skin is scraped off and the flesh is beat to tenderize it. It is then fried in batter and served. The shell also has its value for it is a rich Mother-of-Pearl. In its rough state it is widely used in garden decorations with the inside of the shell showing. The outside of the shell is normally rough as this is the animal's rock camouflage but it can be cleaned by immersion in Sulphuric-acid. This displays the pearl finish on the outside. In this form it is often mounted by jewellers.

Before a diving club sprang up on the island ormers were collected from the rocks at low tide. This was a rather arduous task for the collector had to be ready to catch the falling tide even if it came in the early morning. He would then wander along the shore looking under rocks and at the end of the day he would consider himself lucky if he had three or four dozen. The divers brought a new technique to this age-old pastime. They would anchor their boat in waters where the "paddlers" had never been. Then they would take dawn a large, wire-mesh collecting basket and a large metal hook or knife for prying the Ormers loose from the rocks. They would come up only to empty the basket or change their bottles. This is very tiring work and not for the inexperienced. A day's Ormering by this method would yield about two hundred dozen Ormers which would fetch a price of four to five shillings a dozen. The island Police, and Fisheries officials were highly suspicious of this trade and thought the law was being broken somewhere. How else could these divers bring in such fantastic yields? The law stated that only Ormers whose overall length was greater than three inches could be taken and only on day of the full moon and the three days following it, and on the day of the new moon and the three days following it during the period October 10 - April 30 inclusive. These periods were known as Ormering Tides.

The divers were careful to keep within these

restrictions /....

restrictions and the officials soon gave up trying to catch them out. However, there, was one official who decided to gauge their entire load in one day. He came aboard the boat when it came into harbour one afternoon and started measuring the Ormers. When the divers returned to the boat next morning he was ready to give up, not one had been under three inches.

Commercial Ormering has been in existence for several years now and there is a group of people on the island who believe that if it continues at its present rate the Ormor will soon be extinct. But this is only a "topside" opinion coming from people who have never seen Ormers in their underwater profusion. The Members of the Channel Islands Aqua-Sports Centre see it mainly means of making money to pay for their diving equipment.

Ormer diving has yielded many good yarns such as the occasion when the divers went Ormering in Sark as it was not an Ormering tide in Guernsey. They planned to sell the Ormers in where they are of equal value. As soon as they had had finished diving they dashed back to St. Peter Port in the Club boat, a trawler, so that they could land someone to make arrange with the fishmonger in Jersey. They could not land the Ormers in Guernsey without breaking the law so they had to carry straight on to Jersey. They were heading for a jetty owned by a quarrying firm which happened to be the nearest point on the coast. It was dark when they arrived so they unloaded the two sacks of Ormers and headed back to Guernsey. As luck would have it they were seen by a coastguard who reported that an unidentified restrictions vessel had landed two large bundles, probably contraband, on the jetty. The Jersey Police arrived soon but could not find the sacks in the dark so they decided to come back later. When the quarrymen arrived in the morning they were surprised to see two sackfuls of delicious Ormers. No one present claimed them so they decided to share them out amongst all present, then each man set about preparing and eating an Ormer breakfast. Just as they finishing the Police arrived to look for the mysterious bundles. Of course the "contraband" was tucked away in the stomachs of the quarrymen. Several days later the C.I.A.S.C. received a letter from the quarry manager requesting them not to dump any more Ormers on the jetty as it had resulted in a loss of working hours while the quarrymen had their Ormer breakfast.

+ + + + + + +

COMPETITION PAGES

Results of last month's Limerick Competition

Strictly speaking there were NO entries for this competition Brian Hesketh (the sole entrant!) have first prize for the following doggerel, which is splendidly "on the ball" as far as the subject set is concerned, but is much longer than a limerick should be (i.e. FIVE lines):

"There once was a lad namely Michael B.
Who underwater thought he should see
So jumping in with manly vigour
He came across something he couldn't figure.

"With a huff and a puff he tried to clear
But only drank water like wot it was beer.
A sight to be seen from a lad so frisky
For up to now hold only drunk whisky.

"With a face so purple to the surface he swum
To see why water and no air had come.
Then red was his face, as from his mouth he took the bung
For it was of his snorkel, and not of his lung."

??? Final Attempt ???

In all our competitions we have only received TWO entries, so it would seem that competitions are a waste of space. However there, is one last chance. The usual offer of three free swimming prizes for the best reasons offered in answer to the query:

WHY DO MEMBERS OF LONDON BRANCH NEVER ENTER
??? FOR COMPETITIONS ? ???

Christmas Card Competition

We have been asked to publicise this competition which is being organized by JIM PHOENIX. He wants designs for a Branch Christmas card, with the possibility that it MIGHT be adopted as the National Card for the Club at large.

CONDITIONS: Designs MUST include the New Diving Flag, which should be prominently featured. All entries to JIM PHOENIX, 9 BAMPトン HOUSE, PLEASANT PLACE, CANONBURY, N.1, please - and not to us. In case you haven't read the rest of the magazine, the new Diving Flag is defined as being a red flag with a white St. Andrew's Cross. Any queries to JIM please - 'phone CAN.8456.

Photographic Competition

Also sponsored by Jim. He sent me a (for him) well-written slip of paper which had the subheading (after the above) of "Flash". He should be on Television.

Ignoring what I hope was his unconscious gag, here is the text of his announcement.

"It is proposed to have a photographic competition in the New Year, this to be (unreadably) divided into two parts. CLUB ACTIVITIES and HOLIDAYS. There will be two sections 'surface' and 'underwater', so now is your chance to get out and get that photograph. Further details as to date, prizes, etc., will be published in the next edition of "The London Diver"."

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

APOLOGY

Stanley Thomas, our Honorary Secretary, has asked us to publish his sincere apologies to anyone who was inconvenienced 'by his incorrect announcement about Swimming arrangements for Wednesday, 16th September.

In fairness to Stanley we feel we should explain that pool bookings are made several months in advance and at this time of the year the habit of steam swimmers to hold galas makes the timetable rather complicated.

By the time you read this, however, the Winter Season will have started, and all meetings will be in the Small Pool, while everything from poodles to all-in-wrestlers exhibit themselves in the Big Pool.

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

(contd. from Page 39) Magazine by Post

(Advert.)

fff

fff

We really haven't got the staff, but if you are away for any length of time or in any other similar circumstances, we shall be happy to post you "The London Diver". Six Issues: 5/- including postage. If the Treasurer reads this he'll go mad, I haven't charged for envelopes, but there, it's a fait accompli, it's too late now. Absent Members keep in touch with your Club. Members, take out a gift subscription for your overseas friends.

CHEAP AT 5/-

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-

"HE'S JUST RIP"

(Editor's note: The following eulogy, written in mauve ink, was handed in to me by some contributor who apparently wished to remain anonymous, because he did not sign his name. Examination of the handwriting, (sic) the blots and the phraseology lead me to suppose that it is written by Peter Dick. If it is not, I apologise - to Peter Dick.)

When I first joined the Club I was keen, very keen. I had in point of fact disrupted the Public Libraries system completely and finally turned to the B.S.A.C.

The first few sessions were terrible as I watched the experts do their performances in the pool. Even so, one stood out, maybe it was the light shining on his bald head as he knelt at the bathside for at least half an hour, splashing himself with water and gazing into the cool depths.

Suddenly he was gone, only to surface some hours later with a big smile. At this I would toddle off to change muttering "I'll never make a diver."

One day I heard a story about this man/fish. It appears that his habit on a dive is not to breathe until he has reached thirty feet. Once he almost came unstuck when he found that his air was not turned on. Panic? Not on your life. Thirty feet down he, simply took the lung off, turned on and replaced it. I was carried home after that, spewing up words to the effect of all mad I tell you".

In December 1956 a set of training dives were carried out at Highgate Ponds, in water of Temp.38°F. (Please note Highgate is the home of the musclemen, and they gave us some wonderful fake wrestling matches ending by a mass suicide attempt in the lasting some .02 seconds.)

Rip's second rubber (suit?) had so many patches on it that it looked like it had chicken pox this time. Though it was done for Kaput, he stayed in the water twenty minutes. When he got out, with a characteristic rub on the nose, he said "Not too bad."

The others had to fight off several thousand raving muscle men while I was carried away screaming "He's not human I tell you, he's not human."

"Of course not," said someone, "He's just Rip."

(Editor's further note: to new Members. Rip is the Father Confessor of a semi-exclusive gang within the Club, known as the "Camden Town Group". These pages are open to all Members and so we hope, one day, to be privileged to publish a treatise on their aims and aspirations.)

x x x x x x

If you have any equipment to sell or anything you want to buy put an advertisement on this page - Rates to Members 1/- per item per issue

Brand new U.S. Cornelius compressors, 3 stage, delivery 0.4. cu.ft. at 1,500 P.S.I. This unit is fitted with a 24-volt D.C. motor which can easily be adapted for mains use. The compressor is fitted with an automatic pressure relief valve. Whole unit fan cooled.

Compressor complete with motor guaranteed	£18	0s.	0d.
Filters	£5	0s.	0d.
Transformers and Rectifier	£12	0s.	0d.

B.O.G. Tested cylinder fitted with a cylinder valve, shot blasted and zinc sprayed, painted standard colours:

750 litre	£4	12s.	6d.
40 cu.ft.	£10	0s.	0d.
70 cu.ft.	£11	15s.	0d.

Triple sets 100 cu.ft. complete with harness £30.

H.P. Manifolds standard fitting with a contents gauge take off heavy chromed £4. 0s. 0d.
 Cylinder couplers to fit standard harness chromed £2 0s. 0d.
 Standard cylinder valves £1 7s. 0d.
 " " " with $\frac{1}{8}$ " gas contents gauge take off £1 18s. 9d.
 H.P. Contents gauge and tubes ex-W.D. 17s. 6d.

Write: P. J. Lovett, or 'phone Works:
 82 Warple Way, ELG 5757
 Rayners Lane, ext. 240
 Harrow, Middx.

Car Badges

There are still a few old Members, and quite a few new Members, who don't appear to have heard about our Car Badges. At 10/- each you can't afford NOT to have one, even if you are an entrant for the Soap Box Derby.

Magazine by Post (contd. on page 37)

THE BRITISH. SUB-AQUA CLUB - LONDON BRANCH

			<u>Home 'Phone:</u>
President	H.A.Cruickshank	K 002 Du Cane Court London S.W. 17	
Chairman	Harold Gould	42 Hanover Gate Mansions, Park Road, N. W. 1	AMB.6438
Hon.Secretary	Stanley Thomas	37a Huntley Street, London W.C. 1	MUS.2291
Hon.Treasurer	Byron Cowie	27 Sefton Road, Petts Wood, Kent.	
Diving Officer	Jim Phoenix	9 Bampton House, Pleasant Place., N. 1.	CAN.8456
Training Officer and Assistant Diving Officer	Ron Goodwin	68 Headstone Road., Harrow Middlesex.	
Acting Training Officer	Tom Elleman	5 Devonshire Mews West, London W. 1	HUN.0302
Equipment Offr.	Paul Howden	189 Gloucester Place.	N.W. 1
Asst.Equipment Officer	Jack Jolliffe	45a Midhurst Gardens. Hillingdon, Middx.	Uxbridge 8129
Scientific Officer	Bob Bannerman	46 Mount Park Road, Ealing, W. 5	PER.4687
Dry Meetings	Ken Pretty	9 Victoria Parade, London N. 10	TUD.9258
Magazine Editor	Michael Brennan	Chimneys, Rosemary Lane, Thorpe, Egham, Surrey.	CH6.2152

