

The
LONDON



DIVER

JOURNAL OF LONDON BRANCH
BRITISH SUB-AQUA CLUB



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EDITORIAL.

"Growing Pains"

One again, regrettably, we have to apologise for delay in publishing, due to the same old cause. Many people have admired our cover, but it is very expensive in it's present form. For this reason we need the advertisers and their money, & while the advertisers are very willing, we have run (perhaps because we are green) into many printing snags and delays. However since without advertising the cover costs MORE than our readers pay for the whole magazine, we can just grin and bear it, and promise to learn from experience.

We can only hope that now you have got No.4 - You will find it worth waiting for. It has been a matter of great pride to us that more and more material of the right kind is coming to us with every issue. For the first time in our existence we have to hold over some material for another issue.

We are very grateful to all the contributors, whose work either appears in this issue or who submitted articles and we beg them, and you, to keep up the good work. Happily we need to stress less often these days that we are more interested in diving as a subject than just plain gossip, fruity thought it may be.

Finally may we once more BEG for assistance in finding a clubhouse. We are a cracking good club, but we COULD BE A MUCH BETTER ONE.

SKIN DIVERS' SURFACE CRAFT by Edward du Cros

(The author was one of the pioneers of the sport of Australia, for some years the Editor of the "Australian Skin Diving Digest", he has served over long periods on the committee of the Underwater Skindivers and Fishermans Association of Australia, is a member of the Underwater Research Group of New South Wales, and his book "Skindiving in Australia" is to be published this next Spring. He is visiting this country for a few months and recently showed us some very interesting slides and movies in colour.)

A skindiver in N.S.W. and Queensland has the choice of operating off the rocks or from a boat, and while dinghies and small motor boats, or outboard engined "runabouts" are a good proposition, it has been found that these small open boats have disadvantages, and there is much to be said for the light specialised craft, which have been designe for the needs of skindivers.

Open boats of orthodox design are likely to capsize or fill up when being taken out or returning through heavy surf. They are also unstable when divers with heavy cylinders are climbing in and out. Many boats are not unsinkable, and there is always the problem of transportation by road, and over rough country any boat that is large enough to be useful.

In 1953 various members of the N.S.W. association designed and started to build specialised craft for carrying divers. They evolved what are now called "rowfloats". These are used in large numbers. A "Rowfloat" is a plywood catamaran, often fitted with an outboard motor, that takes four divers in fair weather, and two or three in rougher conditions. Each of the many branch clubs in the Sydney area has a small flotilla of them, supplemented by trailer-carried 14ft. conventional boats with outboards. The "rowfloats" are rowed by two men sitting side by side on/

side on a long bow that connects the two hulls.

The hulls, which are set four or five feet apart are punt shaped (enclosed) and measure eleven and a half feet long, 15 inches wide and about 10 inches deep. A strut also joins the hulls, and with an outboard an anti-splash tray is added.

The craft negotiates the surf quite well, and there is nothing that can fill with water. The hulls are fitted with straps for aqualungs, and the box contains spare parts, clothing, etc.

The whole craft can be reduced to four or five pieces and can be assembled in a matter of five minutes.

In compact form a rowfloat travels on the roofrack of a medium to large car. Luggage trailers are also sometimes used. A team of skindivers carry the craft in bits from the road to the waters edge to assemble it there, Wingnuts are used to fasten the components, and I should add that the there are rowlocks on high brass angle brackets.

Advantages can be summarised as follows. It is versatile and mobile. It carries more people than a boat of the same size, and divers can operate off a rowfloat comfortably. It is also unsinkable and almost uncapsizable, capable of going through rough water and breaking waves.

Variations on this design have been attempted. There is for instance, an oversize rowfloat which takes seven divers. Another craft has paddles instead of oars and consists of two fibreglass canoes, side by side, with a one and a half h.p. outboard.

Two other experimental craft were made using wing floats from Catalina and Sunderland flying boats, with long reach 3 and a half h.p. Seagull outboards. One of these had a third small wing float up the bow, between the main hulls. Both were very bouyant craft but due to unwieldness, they were not a complete sucess.

In recent years club members in the Sydney area have committed themselves by making many rowfloats, but in Queensland divers of the U.R.G. have evolved craft of quite different design.

Light skindiving craft for aqualung diving by the Queenslanders have one hull and a "turn up" trawler type bow. Length is about 15 feet and construction is of plywood or fibreglass. Inboard motor engines are used and these are sealed, except for a funnel for the air intake.

The success of these craft has been quite spectacular, as they can leave the beach and cut through large, waves with the motors running happily

The Surf Life Saving Association members talked the U.P.G. into selling them one motor-surf-ski for use in rescue work.

The craft that I have described do not quite exhaust the subject of Australian skindiving craft because to these can be added the small tow-man single skis that are used in some areas. These are wider and more buoyant than ordinary surf skis.

In Rockhampton, Queensland, there is a club that takes a flotilla of these which "take off" from a large "mother ship" motor launch to explore islands off the coast.

To sum up I would say that as skindiving develops, the production of small craft specially designed for needs of divers is bound to become a matter of great importance.

In the July-August number of "TRITON" the diving boat of the Norfed branch is shown on page 19. It resembles a big brother of the Australian rowfloat with some extra weather protection, and it should be excellent for English conditions, though it is not a light boat to move around.

For those who wish for further details of the rowfloat design, London Branch can divulge my whereabouts until I return to Sydney in three months time. There will also be more details on this subject in my book "Skindiving in Australia" which will be published in England about next August.

THE DIVING OFFICER'S NOTES by Jim Phoenix

Judging by the temperature recently it would appear that winter is here at last, but the diving activities of London branch go on. Come what may diving is not held up by weather. The only reason we cancel dives is if we can't reach the water (e.g. fog, possibly snow) if we can reach the water WE DIVE,

Recently we have had two expeditions to Laughing Water one led by Brian Hesketh and one by Bill Butland, and both were carried out most successfully. There was a good display of new wet suits (A big increase in weights was needed by certain members - no names required.)

Since my last notes we have also had two visits to HMS VERNON On the first occasion we used the Naval Oxygen Rebreathing apparatus and on the second Standard Diving gear (Tin hats to the initiated). On both occasions we went into the Recompression chamber and underwent a "Pressure Dip", on one trip to the equivalent of 124 feet.

A few weeks ago members of the ADG assisted the R.L.S. Society in choosing the top Police Life Saving team in the United Kingdom. This event took place at the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon Afterwards we gave a short demonstration of lifesaving the 'BSAC Way' Great interest was shown by Police officials

Jack Jolliffe, Tom Elleman, and Tony Sugden recently sat for the First Class Diver examination. Everyone is keeping their fingers crossed for them.

FINALLY - WE ARE STILL (as always) LOOKING FOR NEW DIVING SITES - ARE YOU?

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

Don' forget send YOUR entry. There are two groups
1) Club activities 2) Holidays Separate sections in each for normal and underwater shots. It is hoped to hold an exhibition on Saturday January 23rd 1960, when entries will be judged by a prominent personality. Closing date January 16th 1960.

DIVERS TALES

No.3 "Beware Italian Lobseter pots" by Harold Gould

It was the first dive of the holiday, Roberto Lasagna and I had taken a motorboat across the Gulf of Spezia from Lerici to Porto Venere, and had found a sheltered bay in which to try the first plunge. Nearby was Byron's Grotto - named not after your Treasurer. but after that other Byron who amongst other things was famous for poetry, and who could swim.

We anchored and then dived into thirty feet of beautifully clear water, and we found immediately below us a lobster pot with one small, forlorn fish swimming in circles inside it There was no rope or buoy attached to the pot, and it seemed to us that it must have broken away We did not realise that in that clear water floats are unnecessary, (the pots are recovered with grapples) So here was our chance to do our good turn for the day.

It was not easy to bring this large lobster pot to the surface, but eventually we made it end just managed to heave it into the boat As we climbed in ourselves we saw two fishing boats rowing towards us Imagining their gratitude, Roberto and I were composing a few casual but well phrased replies A flow of extremely bad-tempered language from the fishermen interrupted our reveries and catching hold of our boat they started to brandish their oars. This was too much for Roberto and he replied with equal fluency and, I suspect, equally bad language

I could see that not only were they not grateful for our help, they were positively enraged. When both Roberto and the fishermen were taking time off to breathe, I discovered they were accusing us of stealing the lobster pot.

Roberto warned them that if they didn't leave go of our boat he would brain them, and to make any complaints to the police at Porto Venere,

On our return to the port, we found that they had taken our advice, and a policeman was waiting to escort us to the Questura. After waiting several hours, the Marshal of Carabinieri turned up. Roberto explained what had happened. I don't think he exaggerated much, but at one point I believe he described me as almost Lord Mayor of London, and President of the British Sub-Aqua Club (It is assumed that Roberto was merely intelligently anticipating the relentless march of events. Editor)

Meantime I was strolling up and down pretending to be terribly indignant though really enjoying every second. It was fortunate that I did not realise how serious it was. Although we had only been in Italy two days, we were accused on stealing fish for the past month, and causing damage estimated at 10,000 lire. Naturally if we paid up they were prepared to withdraw all charges.

After much excited argument the Marshal could see that the fishermen were pulling a fast one, but we had no identity papers with us, and identity papers are "all" in Italy. He could not accept our story until the documents were produced.

So leaving Roberto as a hostage I returned to the boat, intending to cross the bay and get our papers. But it wouldn't start and it was now getting dark I began to get visions of drifting alone in the darkness across the bay, and I decided jail or no jail, they would have to wait for our papers So I returned to the Marshal's offices.

Roberto was most annoyed, he was just about to sit down to a really solid Italian meal with the senior police officers, and I cramped his style. Eventually we left the motor-boat with them as bail, and returned to Lerici by bus.

The following morning, loaded down with passports, letters of introduction to the Mayor of Lerici, the Official Guide to Holborn, Freedom of the City of London, which quite by chance, I happened to have with me, First Class Divers Certificate, Log Book and every legal-looking document we could lay our hands on, we turned up at the Marshal's office Roberto insisted that we have my car just outside the door, where it could be seen best. We entered, deluged the poor Marshal with documents, which he poured over with great interest even though he could not read a word of English.

He apologised to us profusely for the inconvenience we had been caused, but as we left, with a twinkle in his eye, he said it was a bad thing for an English Councillor to be arrested for stealing fish.

MORAL: Catch your lobsters on the hoof

~~606060606060~~

H.M.S. DOLPHIN Sunday January 3rd 1960

Arrangements have been made for London Branch to visit H.M.S. DOLPHIN to have a look round.

This is where the Navy has it's 100 foot escape tower. Unfortunately we are NOT allowed 'up the tower' but we are allowed to tour it and they explain the methods used, We may also be shown over the Base.

We can take up to 30 people, and lady members are welcome.

A notice will be placed on the board soon - make sure you enter YOUR name early.

WRIGHT'S TOUR OF THE MEDITERRANEAN by JACK WRIGHT

How, to get to the localities is always the problem, I will leave that to you and your bank manager. Personally was lucky, Her Majesty's Forces provided the transport. The best time is from mid-August to mid-October. Then you can guarantee calm seas, clear water and abundant fish life. May to the end of July is usually subject to unpredictable storms especially on the N.African coast.

The month of February is usually very calm, after the January storms. The water is however, at its coldest and the fish seem to depart for deep water. That's where you will probably be if you suggest a holiday in February, at least to the wife!

Let's start in Tripoli, Libia. The Libian authorities are very helpful to European visitors but always allow ample time when dealing with any form of Official business. They move even slower than in England! All Government offices close at 1 p.m. during summer months, May to October. Most diving gear can be obtained and serviced at the CRESSI Agency, it is in SCIARA 24 DECEMBRE (24 December Streets). For most air or breathing equipment and French gear, the MIDDLE EAST TRADING CO. behind the cathedral will be found to be well stocked most helpful. There is also a TRIPOLI UNDERWATER EXPLOERS CLUB run by a Mr Codrington. It is located on the coast road to SABRATHA approximately 3½ Kms. from the town centre.

One of the best diving areas to be found lies to the west of Tripoli Harbour behind the Spanish Mole, which the main harbour wall.

A word of warning, if the wind is from the West and veering North, it is the best area to be cut of. Especially in a small boat. There are razor sharp volcanic reefs which lie just under the surface all over the area. That wind is also the worst for underwater visibility, it stirs all the bottom up. The entrance to the harbour from the reefs is particularly tricky for a small boat, due to cross currents. So if the fishermen from whom you hire your boat (the harbour is full of them) does not recommend the trip, take his advice. it's healthier, I know, I tried it

once. It took us three hours to get back inside the harbour! However the prevailing summer wind is Easterly with occasional winds (the GHIBLI) from the deserts. When that blows the best place is underwater!

The area I have mentioned can be reached by two routes. First by leaving the main harbour entrance and steering West by North. The reefs will then be seen directly in front of you, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile distant. Secondly, by taking your boat through the tunnel in the Spanish Mole. It is the one the fishing boats use. This will bring you out through a narrow channel in the landward side of the same reef. If it blows up whilst you are out don't get caught, it's a long way home round the Spanish Mole!

If you have a camera this channel is worth exploring, depth is 25-28 feet. You might be lucky to spot "GRANDDAD", especially early in the morning "Granddad" is a hoary old white grouper who has his home in a deep cave on the left hand side of the channel, about 25 feet down. If you have a spear-gun with you, you are wasting your time! He knows the range of it better than you do. Every underwater hunter in the district has dreamed of landing him, including yours truly, but I think he will die of old age. I don't know who originally christened him. The local Arab fishermen know him well, he has broken more nets than they can remember. I hunted him for 15 months and only succeeded in losing two harpoons. I think he must have a gallery of trophies in the back of his cave, spears, points and various samples of line, and possibly a fisherman as well! For those who are interested conservative estimate of his weight is 85-90 lbs.

Directly opposite the channel is a small rocky isle about 300 yds out. It is the top of the main reef. This islet could occupy you for the rest of your holiday, whether photography, hunting, or just plain looking is your hobby. It seems to be the home of 90% of the groupers in the Mediterranean and it must also be an itinerary of any migratory fish that happen to be around. Tuna, Liche, Barracuda, Amberjack and giant Ray can all be met at this point.

Evening is the best time. The seaward side falls to 12 fathoms very rapidly. It is honey-combed with caves and canyons that take years to explore fully. In 15 months continual diving myself and 3 companions still found new, wonders, every day. I could fill a book and still not cover it. However I leave the islet and reef to you. Good Hunting!

If you wish, to go further, afield then you must hire a vehicle and explore the coast roads leading east and west.

Westwards lies, SABRATRA, where the ancient Roman city can be seen, 75 kms from Tripoli. You will find numerous tracks leading to the sea from this road. After the first 7 kilometres it will be found to be mostly sheer cliff into the sea. At Km 9 and 10 you will find underwater scenery that is well worth the difficulty of reaching the water. From then on until you reach Sabratha any spot is as good as another. If you make these trips there are three things to watch. First take plenty of water, it gets hot and no safe water is available. Secondly there are no garages en route until you reach the main towns. Last but not least, lock your car securely while you are in the water. Better still leave one person with it. I have had things disappear miles from any living soul or so I thought.

One place is worth special mention at 3Kms, not far from Tripoli, behind the Libian Army Ranges. The lagoon there is usually crowded with swimmers, but the seaward side of the reef is extremely good.

To the east of Tripoli is Homs, 115 Kms distant. There will be found the Roman city of LEPTIS MAGNA right on the sea shore. On this road you must travel at least 24 Kms from Tripoli before you hit the coast again. At first glance it is continuous white sand beaches, even, below the cliffs which rise further on. But 300 yds. out to sea will be found a peculiar rock formation, hollow and white, it runs for miles. Average depth is 25-35 ft. It is worth a visit, it used to remind me of an underwater graveyard, everything is so white. Even the fish that live there seem bleached.

Well that's about all for a brief visit. If you are thinking of diving on holiday, why not give Tripoli a chance, It will certainly be warm enough Aug. to Sept the

thermometer seldom falls below 85°F, even at night. Anyway the air fares go down next April.

Next month I will describe Cyprus and Malta from the divers viewpoint.

I hope I have been able to whet the appetites of a few of you.

My main worries now are, how do you keep warm in England and how soon can I get back out there?

~~60606060606060~~

FOOD & DIVING by Ian Unsworth

Dmitri Rebikoff says that good Aqualung divers should not neglect the pleasures of the table. But there is a time and a place for everything.

Diving is a strenuous sport, often in cold or freezing water, and the food we eat should provide WARMTH (both from combustion in the body and from deposition of fat layers mainly under the skin), ENERGY and should build up MUSCLE that we use in swimming. So therefore let us swim along with Rebikoff's advice and on days we are not diving don't skimp meals but eat well and enjoy them.

Eating BEFORE A DIVE is a different story and in fact is pure commonsense. Before a dive be it free diving or skindiving, one should not have any BULKY food, GAS PRODUCING food or GASEOUS drinks. I think this is fairly obvious. One can see that a heavy meal of beef and 2 veg, suet pud and a flagon of ale is going to get in the way by virtue of it's bulk filling the stomach. This is a mechanical effect and may severely limit muscular exertion of leg and tummy muscles. It also feels very uncomfortable to exert oneself after a big meal. Violent exercise on a full stomach may produce nausea and oven vomiting and this is particularly dangerous and Unpleasant at 100 feet.

The question of cramp arises, and although I am not prepared to discuss it in this article, I think it can be taken that there is

no clear correlation between swimming straight after a meal and cramp. However YOU will not be swimming straight after a meal - will you?

Now for the physiological side. This concerns the presence of gas in, or the production of gas by, the food eaten. This includes all gaseous drinks (Soda water, beer, aerated minerals etc.) beans, peas, excess quantities of protein and excess carbohydrates.

If gas is present in the stomach or intestines on the surface, then compression by diving and subsequent decompression by surfacing will result in the same amount of gas. But if gas is produced by putrefaction of excess protein or fermentation of excess carbohydrates during a long dive, then decompression may result in the gas expanding and causing severe discomfort and even intense pain due to the stretching of the gut wall. This phenomenon is not as common among divers, who are exposed to pressures for relatively short periods, as it is amongst aviators.

To sum up:

- 1) No heavy meals just before a dive. If you are ravishingly hungry, have a small bite of something to appease the pangs, but wait until afterwards for the rest.
- 2) No gas producing foods or drinks - if you DO get gas-expansion pains in the tummy, we may have to re-compress you!

So keep eating and keep eating SAFE (with apologies)

666666666666

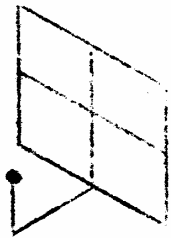


FIG 1

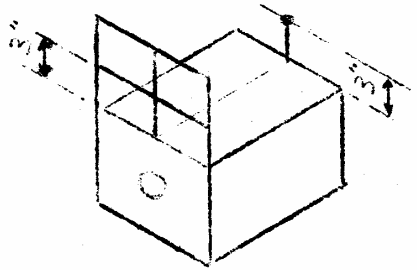


FIG 2

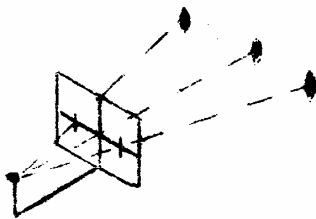


FIG 3

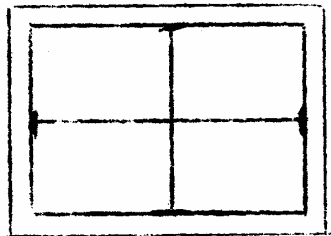


FIG 4

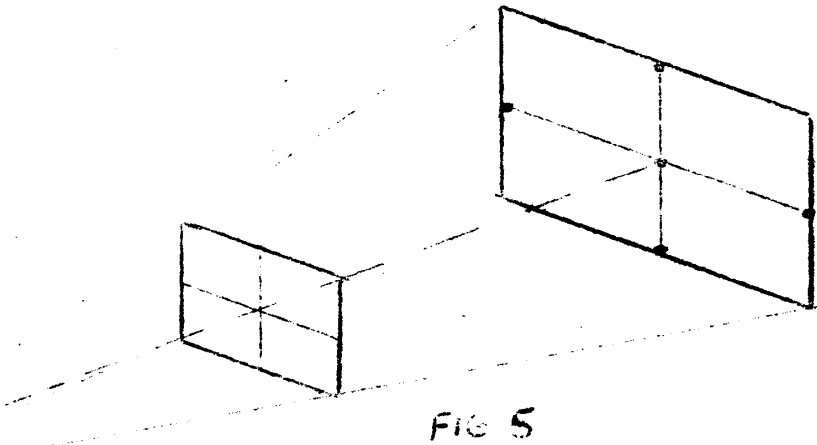


FIG 5



CONSTRUCTING AN UNDERWATER CAMERA CASE by Peter Dick

Part 3: The Viewfinder

The fact that the case in transparent may lead to the belief that the original viewfinder can be used, the main objections this are (a) the finder is designed to work properly when the eye is close to it, not outside the case and behind the diving mask. (b) the picture size is on the average too small anyway to be of any use in composing a picture.

Luckily a viewfinder is easily made by the following method: Diagram 1 shows a viewfinder of the kind known to everyone. By setting up the camera case on a table and aiming at the mantelpiece you can decide how big the viewfinder must be to cover a certain area.

Make the camera, say 10 feet away from the mantelpiece, on which you place three objects equal distances apart (about 3'). On your camera case mount a piece of perspex sheet, and the sight at the back (diagram 2 shows how). The perspex sheet has a cross marked on it, the centre of which must be placed over the centre of your camera lens. By looking through the back sight, line up the centre of the cross with the centre object on the mantelpiece, now by looking to one side it is seen that one of the objects you put on the mantelpiece comes into line with the horizontal line of the cross, mark this point and repeat for the other side. (Do not despair entirely diagram 3 shows how).

In a similar manner mount two objects one above, and one below the central object on the mantelpiece and repeat the entire process, marking off points on the vertical line of the cross which should now look something like diagram 4, which also shows how to join the marks and arrive at your final viewfinder size. You can if you wish make the finder from wire or just leave the perspex sheet as it is, whichever way you choose remember that the two parts must be mounted in exactly the same position as they were when you calibrated them i.e. the centre of the cross exactly above the lens, and together with the back sight the same distance above the top of the case (3"). Back to the mantelpiece, measure the distance between the outer objects vertically and horizontally this gives you the size of the field that the viewfinder "sees" at a distance of 10' (diag.5) so when you are underwater you know that what is in your viewfinder is of the right size for the camera. To get a size of field at any other distance you can, of course, repeat everything again but 8' is about the average distance you will shoot at underwater.

The UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHER by Lefkos Greco

There have been many books and articles on Underwater photography, but many divers still shy away from the subject because of the supposed technicalities of exposure etc. and the expense of underwater casings. By swapping experience club members can encourage others to have a go.

Peter Dick has been dealing with the simple casing for some time, and good results can be obtained with this type of case with Ilford Selochrome or F.P.3 or Kodak Verichrome Pan film providing conditions are reasonable. More elaborate cameras having adjustable speeds, apertures and focusing offer greater scope, but this should not deter box camera owners. Underwater flash units (built for as little as 30/-) solve exposure problems for most conditions.

One of the basic factors governing underwater exposure is visibility. If no objects fifteen feet away are clearly visible, no matter at what depth, a box camera loaded with a medium sensitive film is useable. Even with 20-25 ft. visibility the subject to be photographed should be no more than 10-15 ft. away, on a level with, or slightly below the camera. Maximum detail is best obtained when the sun is to one side and behind the photographer. If the subject is higher than the camera a silhouette effect is obtained. With bright overcast sky sunlight is evenly distributed, and shot from almost any angle are possible. In British Coastal waters during early and late summer, photos can be taken to a depth of 40 feet and if the visibility is greater than 15 ft., to a good 50 ft.

Visibility is dependent on time of year and day, on the weather and on water density. The season, time of day and weather govern the strength of the light, while the water density determines the distance travelled by the light before it is scattered and absorbed. Knowing roughly some of these factors and having a variety of sensitive films to choose from,

a simple table covering general conditions will suffice for the average box camera.

<u>Weather</u>	<u>Season & Times</u>	<u>Max Working Depth</u>	<u>Film</u>
Clear & slight haze	10 a.m.-3p.m. April-October	40'	FP.3 & Veni- chrome Pan.
ditto	Nov-March. 11 a.m.-2 p.m.	30'	Selochrome & Verichrome Pan.
Cloudy & overcast.	April-October	30'	ditto
ditto	Nov.-March	30'	HP.3 & Tri X
Dull	April-October	30'	ditto
ditto	Nov.-March	20'	H.P.S.

Try the above table and see what happens. The moment you make your first exposure you become one of the diving elite, who are in continuous demand in all branches of the sport. Never underestimate your photographic ability and remember - a little trouble can lead to a worthwhile experience.

THE BRANCH CHRISTMAS CARD

Jim Phoenix informs us that the card is now at the printers and should soon be on sale, price 6d., either from Seymour Hall on club nights or from Jim at 9 Bampton House, Pleasant Place, Canonbury N.1. Order now - don't wait you've been in muddier water than this!

MEET THE PEOPLE

One more "MEET THE PEOPLE" left the selection of interviewees to chance. The first four people I met at the pool the night I was covering this feature. But no more by chance, it appears, than VIVIEN PORJES's reason for joining the club. Although she is herself a hairdresser, her parents run the Princess Restaurant, so well known by many of our members, and some two years ago, it appears that Vivien was first irritated then fascinated by the noisy mob of individualists who assailed the restaurant on Saturdays. Finally, working on the sound tactical principle of "What you can't beat - you join" she became a member. Although not yet qualified as a third class diver, she hopes to prove that she can pass the tests. Meanwhile she says her interests are male and archaeological.

I don't suppose there is much need to introduce Vivien to LEFKIOS GRECO, because he joined the club about the same time. His youthful ambition to be an astronautical designer failed to materialise, but he finds some of the same fascination of space travel in the sensation of diving. Which is as original a reason for joining the club as I have come across so far. He is a stills photographer by profession with a well known studio which makes cartoons, and is an enthusiastic cine-photographer, If you notice him closeted in corners with the Editor, it's ten to one they are dreaming and scheming ways to make training films for the branch. Oddly enough (for coincidence seems to play quite a part in our club) he went to the same school as Tom Elleman, and as far as I can make out they learned to swim together. Even then Lefkios had a passion for photography because in 1955 he made an underwater camera case, before ever having been underwater himself. Service life for the allotted span, however, prevented him from testing it until a couple of years ago. He says that it worked very well, but was too heavy, which proves that most of his theories were sound.

There always seems to be a link between one member and another in this column, and sure enough we find that Lefkios has done most of his diving and underwater photography at Plymouth, and this is where BILL BUTLAND did most of his early skindiving. Bill has been a member for three years, is a third class diver fast approaching his second class ticket, and is one of our most hardworking bath marshals. For the benefit of new members, and as a reminder to some who may have forgotten, we should like to repeat once more that old refrain that bath marshals, in common with all the other officers of the club, serve in a voluntary unpaid, basis. His interest in underwater swimming started in France in 1951, where he saw a Frenchman with a yacht using the basic gear. The yachtsman very kindly let him try with the equipment, and he has been as "gone" as the rest of us ever since. As a civil engineer who builds railways, and therefore gets a privilege fare rate, he has been able to do quite an amount of "foreign" diving but still considers that some of the best diving he has had is down in the West Country.

It is possible that he would be converted, however, if he dived in tropical waters like ANN LEA, who is one of the ten founder members of the Jamaica branch of the British Sub Aqua Club. Ann is (unusually for a woman) a consulting electrical engineer, and plays with the power and light problems of small projects like airports and power stations. It was indeed power stations and their problems which took her to Jamaica. Her interest in diving is, quite properly scientific and is mainly concerned with radio activity and it's effects on coral growth, which really makes the tiles on the bottom of the pool seem dull. Since she has lots of stories such as diving for the Jamaica public works department to find the depth of a reputedly bottomless pit, to reach which you had to climb down a 200 foot cliff! I have asked her to write about diving in Jamaica for our next number, and I am certainly not going to spoil things by telling any more now, but just to tickle your imagination a bit further, think of trying to ride a turtle in the sea, with the turtle getting away in thirty five feet of water.

MORE ABOUT PEOPLE NEXT MONTH.

A SOLUTION TO THE WET SUIT PROBLEM by B.H.B

The solution is, quite literally, liquid latex, the use of which provides a cheap and easy method of making a reasonably effective wet suit for summer use. Some months ago Copydex Limited were kind enough to provide a sufficient quantity of their product for some experiments. The garment finally produced was used at Paleokastritza this summer; the water there proved to be colder than at Brighton and the "suit" tipped the balance between acute discomfort and pleasurable diving. It was borrowed by more than one B.S.A.C. member, particularly for the dives to 40 metres where protection was really necessary.

Although the Copydex suit cannot be compared with the Neoprene models now being made, it cost very little and can be made in an hour or so. This is how: obtain an old sweater, preferably one with as close as knit as possible; stuff it with paper or put it on a cardboard shape and paint the Copydex well into the texture of the garment. You can wear the sweater for the operation and persuade an accomplice to do the impregnating in this case, particularly if you are a hairy-chested type, take the precaution of wearing a layer of paper under the sweater, otherwise the result will be very painful.

There are some snags, Copydex can be a diabolical adhesive to work with, and if any fold or crinkles develop while it is passing through its tacky stage, it will prove almost impossible to straighten out the garment - the effect being similar to the first rhinoceros' skin in the Just So Stories. Another difficulty arise from the fact that the stuff just isn't intended for making diving suits and is liable to go tacky if it is not properly cared for. The garment must never be left in the sun, nor should it be packed with the treated surfaces in contact with each other. It must of course, by washed, dried and

duly dusted with French chalk or talcum powder after use and especially before being packed for travel. If tackiness develops it can be treated with French chalk or, if serious, by softening the latex with trichloroethylene (or any similar industrial solvent) and scraping and scrubbing away the tackiness as best you can.

There remain one or two minor points. Quite obviously the better the fit, the more effective will be the suit; unfortunately a knitted garment treated with latex loses much of its natural elasticity. It seems that a lightweight sweater of the cotton windcheater type is least affected in this respect, particularly if only one coat of latex is applied. In point of fact, the application of a second coat does not make the suit very much more efficient and seems to make it more liable to go tacky at a later date. If the loss of is such of elasticity is to render dressing excessively difficult, the only answer is to re-tailor the garment after proofing, with a button- or lace-up opening at the neck. The efficiency of the suit is improved considerably if an untreated sweater is worn underneath it. This and shorts will also serve to prevent chafing,

As for diving wearing this type of garment, once the air trapped in it has been vented, there appears to be no effect whatsoever as far as buoyancy is concerned. Conversely, of course, what seems like twenty gallons of water has to be allowed to run out of the suit before the wearer is able to climb up the ladder at the end of a dive.

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LUNGING IN LYSEKIL by Ron Goodwin

In the dim dark days of January, surrounded by the usual pile of holiday brochures, I began the business of deciding, which piece of water to soak the bones in during the forthcoming summer. Tahiti? Trinidad? Tonga? Perhaps a bit too far for three weeks Palermo or Paleokastritza? H'm Paleo, that looked promising said he, as the photographs of Bikinis and bar hove into view.

Unfortunately, my chums decided on a date that I could not manage, not that I would have felt lonely at the camp, but it does help to have someone to natter Anglo-Saxon once in a while.

The days of the calendar sped by, came the end of March, and nothing had been finally fixed My Danish diving friends, whom I met on the Baltic island of Bornholm last year, had very kindly suggested that I accompany them on their converted fishing boat "THYRA", for a diving holiday round Denmark. Attractive as the offer seemed, I felt that I would like to try somewhere else this year. As things turned out, this was not "THYRA'S" lucky year.

Quite by chance, an article was drawn to my attention in a lady's magazine. The paragraph concerned a holiday resort called Lysekil. This resort is stunted in the Swedish province of Bohuslän, which is on the west coast two hours by train north of Göteborg. It is a centre of yachting and fishing, with many little islands. What really caught my eye though were the magic words ... "it is also possible to dive with the only diving school in Northern Europe here in Lysekil."

Postal enquiries to Lysekil Tourist Bureau, provided a heap of information. And from Dennis Osterlund, the diving school leader, came a two page letter, explaining all the details of Swedish waters, and the virtues of Swedish diving equipment. Early in April, arrangements were fixed for an experienced divers training course. It was to be Smörgasbord in lieu of Smørrebrød, Sweden and not Denmark this year.

On a hot sticky evening in July, I arrived at London Airport, feeling rather the worse for wear, and

resembling a christmas tree, with pieces of diving equipment stuffed into pockets and suspended from belts. Despite care, my baggage was over the prescribed weight limit to the tune of four pounds. Whilst flying is obviously the fastest way to travel, it can be a pain in the neck to divers when it comes to solving the weight problem. It seems to be a question of either being resplendent in clean shirts and socks during one's stay abroad, or taking that extra piece of diving gear, and completing the vacation slightly grubby in the laundry department. In my case, the equipment won first place. Perhaps I should say at this point, that all equipment is provided on the course, but the maxim, "Nothing fits you like your own" holds good.

In due course, all the official nonsense was completed, and the "sheep" boarded the Viscount for the flight to Göteborg. After a wait of half-an-hour on the loading apron, in a plane that had obviously spent the whole afternoon roasting on the tarmac, the aircraft's captain announced that some gremlin had completed its vile magic, and would we please return to the recently vacated lounge for refreshment, whilst another plane was made available.

In due course we took off for Sweden, one hour behind schedule. To this day I wonder what my companion passenger thought about me, as I disposed from the various hiding places about my person, a Siebe Gorman diving knife, Beaufort Rescue Pack and the other odds and ends. From his nervous glances, he must have thought that I intended either to cut some extra ventilation ports in the aircraft, or perhaps slaughter all on board and then make my escape by swimming the ocean.

Around two a.m., we were flying through a pink shrouded cloud bank: dawn at last. Shortly, many small islands came into view, this archipelago far below was the tip to begin the collection of oddments and generally wake myself up, since the plane was continuing the journey to Oslo. A quick swoop over the hump at the runway's end, by the plane, found me ready to disembark at Torslanda, the airport of Göteborg. The gremlin of the previous day

still had one mere trick to pull. Our baggage which had originally been top stowage in the first plane, was now overstowed by the Oslo bound passenger's suitcases, the resultant shuffle round in the baggage compartment resulted in some passengers missing their connections. But what did it matter, here we were in Sweden, on a fine sunny morning, at the beginning of our holidays.

Quickly walking through the deserted streets of Göteborg soon brought me to the entrance of the Central Station and a very acceptable Swedish style breakfast. After satisfying the inner man, I boarded a north-bound train for Lysekil. Five other people took seats in the compartment, and soon we rumbled over the tracks into the valleys of Bohuslän.

Sitting in a corner seat, enjoying the scenery, and travelling in the manner usually attributed to Englishmen... silence I decided to complete my pleasure by smoking a cigarette. This caused not a little stir, not because the compartment was a non-smoker, but because I had used that well-known brand of smoker's match, that Jim Phoenix tries to steal from me. Safety matches are the only ones allowed in Sweden. My nearest travelling companion said "Ah, you are an Englishman,.. Yes?" I had to admit my guilt, and offered a cigarette by way of a prize for guessing right first time. This is not such an easy piece of detective work as you might imagine; since there are many pipe-smoking, Harris tweeded, blue-eyed and fair haired gentlemen in Scandinavia. In fact, once in Denmark, two people in a bus stopped conversing in Danish and continued their chat in English, were their faces red when I said "Cheerio." To watch people at breakfast is no indication either, since I saw several Swedish folk tucking into a repast comprising of: Porridge, tea, bacon and fried potatoes, bread and butter and marmalade!!

My companion for the journey hailed from Stockholm, and was on his way to a summer residence that he owned on the west coast, for a vacation. It appeared he was concerned in the hardboard business, and in particular, exports to England. Since this gentleman had spent nearly three years

in this country at one time, not only had he a very good command of English, but also, was very knowledgeable concerning the many shortcomings of dockworkers and port operations London. In fact I learned many things concerning his business, and the other docks of London.

The train waltzed along, passing through green valleys and countryside interspersed with grey and reddish granite rock. What a contrast it was to stop at some small, well kept, neat, very clean station and buildings; and the ceremony of sending the train on its way! Station official impeccably dressed in his colourful uniform, and white gloves, (British Railways please note and copy!!) a wave of the hand signal, (something like those used on an aircraft-carrier's flight deck), and off we went northwards to Uddealla, a large town standing on the sea. Uddealla, although an industrial centre, with many factories and shipbuilding yards, has a very charming setting which does not in any way resemble Greenock or Port Glasgow. And there are no belching chimneys either.

On to Munkedal, and at last, the last leg of my train journey to Lysekil. The sunshine continued to give forth its pleasing warmth, it really looked that I had chosen the right time to go to Sweden.

Lysekil is a compact town, with two harbours, yacht berths a plenty, cinema, tennis courts, crazy golf, football stadium in fact something to suit everybody's taste. Unless of course you feel it cannot be a holiday without a paper hat decked with questionable phrases and funfair to match. There is everything, fishing, water ski-ing, aqualung diving, dancing every evening, and in August, a bridge tournament and carnival.

Accommodation is available to suit all pockets. There is top grade hotel with annexe at cheaper rates, with or without meals. A few smaller hotels, and of course many local houses that have rooms for visitors. During the peak summer season, reservations are necessary, early ones! Since Lysekil, is a popular place. It is possible to camp, the camp (not visited) lies just outside the town at Gullmarsbaden. All details can be obtained from the tourist

bureau of the town and all enquiries will be answered in a most helpful way.

The first morning, Sunday, leaving the hotel after a leisurely meal of eggs and b, I wandered over to the edge of the harbour. En route to the bathing place, I stopped on the fringes of a small group of people who were peering into a motorboat. To my surprise, nestling in the stern sheets were airbottles, diving suits, valves, in fact THE LOT. Strange how diving gear attracts so many people, in what ever corner of the globe you happen to be. Various folk have registered surprise on learning of my visit to Sweden, and have said "But you're not diving of course". As though this was an unheard of thing to do. I am sure that if some globe trotting explorer could penetrate the depths of South American jungles, he would find the tribes fishing underwater, with blowpipes doubling for snorkels. The point being, diving is a world-wide sport now, and should not be regarded as a pastime for the insane. Anyway back to the yarn.

After a few seconds had passed by, a stocky bearded figure arrived on the scene with further equipment. Since I had not yet met Dennis Osterlung, I wondered if this was he. My enquiry got a negative answer (in English). The man's name was Gunmar, he and his friends were about to set off for one of the islands, for a diving and snorkelling expedition. On learning of my partiality for diving, the ORDER was given to me, to RUN and get my stuff, and "Do not worry about the food, as plenty is available."

--- (to be continued) ---

Part II of this account together with details of some of the swimming tests set will be published in our next number. Some members of the A.D.G. who have already tried some of the "tortures" will vouch for their effectiveness.

UNDERWATER SWIMMING IN DENMARK by Ole Søndergaard

SKOVSHOVERDS UDERSØISKE GRUPPE (S.U.G.) is centred in SKOVSHOVED, a small port which is a suburb of Copenhagen, It was the first sub aqua club in Denmark and was founded in 1953. Membership is about thirty and the rules are very similar to the BSAC. There are now two other clubs in Copenhagen and several more in Denmark, but unfortunately we have no national organisation.

When we first started diving, fins were the only gear we could buy, we had to make everything else ourselves. My first breathing set was made of two second-hand cylinders containing 300 litres of air each It worked without a pressure reducing valve, being adjusted by hand. It was crude but with a little training we could stay submerged for thirty minutes, and it only cost ninety shillings! We used this type of apparatus for three years without an accident. Now, of course, we use modern sets and also oxygen re-breathing apparatus of several Danish manufactures and also from Dreeger of Germany.

Often we can only snorkel because we have transport problems. Around Copenhagen the water is only 50-60 feet and the visibility is not very good, but sometimes on a Sunday when the port is quiet, we dive under big steamers and take photographs of the propeller. There are some fine places within thirty miles of Copenhagen. Helsingør, where Denmark is nearest Sweden, is a very fine place for sport fishing, with 130 feet depth and powerful currents.

The best place for diving in Denmark is Bornholm, a rocky island in Ostersdøn (Baltic Sea). There are several deep caves and for spearfishing you find salmon and some very big pike. Another place where we have had very good dives is Kullen, a rocky headland near the Swedish coast.

There are some interesting wrecks. Two members of S.U.G, worked for three months salvaging fragments from a 300 years old Dutch frigate at Øresund, and

another club has found most of a Viking ship.

Three of our divers have made an underwater film in Italy and for the last three years some of our members have taken part in the Italian fin swimming relay race from Rimini to Ancona (100 kilometres).

Nowdays all our members have their own Danish made dry suits but before this we had to spend the winter until Easter studying the tiles in the pool. Now we dive the whole year round and in winter dress in our suits at home and proceed by bike and scooter to the shore. Undressing would be too cold in ten degrees of frost.

We have had some marvellous dives under the ice, but unhappily on one of these one of our members lost his life.

It is fantastic under the ice. The water is crystal clear and Turkish blue in colour, and the sun is reflected through the ice, and it is even more lovely when the ice breaks up in a spring of bubbles. It is beautiful above the surface, but it is indeed more marvellous below the surface.

(Ole is to be congratulated on writing this article in English. Remarkably little has had to be altered, and he has only been in England two or three months I should hate to go to his country and try to write even a couple of sentences in Danish. Thank you Ole! A first class job Editor.)

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NEWSFLASH

Mrs. NORA GUGEN, wife of our Founder, first Chairman and present Vice-President OSCAR GUGEN has become member number 10,000 of the British Sub Aqua Club, and simultaneously is the 400th member of London Branch.

Welcome back to the, fold to EGLI WAXHOLT who did the underwater shots in the films 'Silent Enemy' & Horizons Below. It is sad to learn he lost his boat and his gear but we rejoice that he is safe.

THE AIR BOTTLE

(a feature in which members can say what they think and express any degree of publishable opinion)

When is a rule not a rule?

The dispute under this heading was aired at considerable length in our number. A further letter has been received, but as it did not (in the Editor's opinion) in any way clarify the issue nor add to the information already published, the Editor does not, propose to publish it. This is not censorship, it is editorial suppression of dull reading, and the correspondence on this subject must now be considered closed.

Beautiful Bermuda

Bruce McFadden writes from Bermuda, thus filling the Editor's heart with nostalgia. He has at last given his new address so perhaps some of his old chums may like to cut away his grouse that he never hears nothing from nobody. Incidentally he hopes to be re-joining London Branch in an active capacity early in the New Year. His address is B.L. McFaden D.M.I, Navy #138 - MCB 6, c/o FPO New York, N.Y. USA

URGENTLY REQUIRE

Unfurnished Flat or Maisonette for two B.S.A.C. members contemplating permanent diving partnership. Situated in the London Area.

PLEASE communicate with P.C. WEEDON in person, or by telephone at WELBECK 6157 after 6 p.m.

FOUND AT ARLESEY

On 3rd October 1959, a metal Chromium plated depth meter and compass, on green plastic strap.

Claim at Letchworth Station, Herts

DIVING IN THE "STRONG COUNTRY" by Lefkos Greco

Two hundred and twenty two miles from Hyde Park Corner there is a city named Plymouth. From our viewpoint it is the fairest city in the country for it can offer the finest diving in England. If one Saturday morning you wander along to Phoenix Wharf you will find an old disused fort, and if you look carefully into a dark hole in the wall you will probably see some signs of activity. This is the Plymouth branch.

Don't be misled by the apparent youth of the branch. There are about twenty members, twelve of whom form the keen hard core. Most of these are about twenty one years of age. These boys do two and three dives a week all the year round, so they consider a hundred dives a season shows a slight lack of enthusiasm.

Within a month or so of joining, a member is expected to furnish himself with one major item of equipment. In this way the two club lungs are rarely used until the second dives of the day. There is never a shortage of gear either lungs or suits. The atmosphere is "Go ahead to say the least.

You will probably find that you can make a private arrangement with club members for a weekday dive, and on Sundays there is always a branch expedition. Normally they can fill your bottle at the club, where decanting by candlelight is the fashion.

Many diving sites are close at hand, and these are listed. Depths vary from 20 ft to 155 ft. Visibility is normally about 30-35 feet at most sites. In the summer it is not necessary to wear more than a woollen sweater for a single bottle dive. In fact a dry suit in these circumstances would be very uncomfortable. There is an abundance of sea life.

The man to contact in Plymouth is BRUD MARTIN, 9 Crescent Avenue, The Hoe, Plymouth.

After you have been there you will want to go again. If you want good diving go to the "Strong Country".

PLYMOUTH DIVING LOCATIONS

<u>SITE</u>	<u>VISIBILITY</u>	<u>DEPTH</u>	<u>DETAILS</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Heybrook Bay	30-35 ft	20-30ft	Rock, weed & sand bottom. Bass & perch.	
Stoke	30-40 ft.	40ft.	Rock, weed & sand bottom Bass parch Lobster & Squid	A car and a long walk are necessary Boat desirable.
Plymouth Hoe.	10 ft.	45 ft.	Rock, weed & mud. Lobster & Flatfish.	
Meustone	30-40 ft.	50-110ft.	Rocky, weed, shingle bottoms. Sponges. Sea urchins (coloured). Bass, pollock, perch & congers.	Boat nec. Variety of dives all round Meustone. Newton Ferries embark point best.
Millbray Pit	10 ft.	155ft.	Steep pit. Mud starfish, sponges. lobster, Flatfish etc.	Boat nec. 2 ft. visibility Below 100ft.
Whitsand	30 ft.	75ft.	Big wreck largely intact Starfish, Bass pollock & perch. Safe to enter wreck.	Boat nec.

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU No.1 by Mike Busuttili

If you are ever faced with the choice of passing up a good dive or using a leaky valve - be warned - forego the dive. Leaky valves may be useable in the pool or in shallow water but at depth they become booby traps.

I was left with this choice in Guernsey this year. We were diving from a boat and the gear had been aboard since the day before. My regulator had been fixed to a twin-tad and the set had been laid flat on the deck, generally the safest position. Unfortunately, due to space restrictions, a similar set had been placed on top of it. When I came to test it I found that the first stage had been pressed slightly inwards, putting the levers out of alignment. This caused a slight leak which would not normally have made the valve unusable. However, as there was no spare set available I decided to use it.

Four of us went into the water and went down the anchor line to a reef at about 115'. As usual on deep dives we were not wearing weight belts because we always found ourselves heavy on the bottom as we were. The anchor, a plough anchor, was lodged in a crevice in the top of the reef. We left the anchor and went down another 20' to a small hollow. At this depth my valve was losing much more air than it would at the surface. The gauge needle moved alarmingly with every breath and I decided it was time to leave. The others still had plenty of air left so I let them know imply my condition and then make my way back to the anchor. Surprise! The anchor had moved on and left no trail. After an unsuccessful search for the anchor cable I found myself with 115' of water above me and about 15 ats. in the bottle, meanwhile the leak was getting no better I realized that my air would last longer at a lesser depth so I started slowly upwards, As I rose

my buoyancy increased and with no anchor line to hang onto I began to gather speed. The leaky valve was now giving me much more air than I wanted so it was difficult to reduce buoyancy by breathing out or taking only shallow breaths. The only course left open was a free ascent, As soon as I broke surface things returned to normal and I found myself with enough air in the bottles for the short swim back to the boat. But remember, if you ever use a leaky valve under these conditions, then

THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

It is hoped that other divers will contribute short descriptions of incidents in their underwater careers, which will forewarn the rest of us (Editor)

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CHRISTMAS PRESENT WORRIES

Are you still worrying about what to send that member from East Cheam Branch who lent you his snorkel tube in the Med this year? Well - you can relax - send him a British Sub-Aqua Club Car Badge. Even if he hasn't got a car he can always find a use for it. For instance on the headboard of his bed, or as many members do, just stick it on the wall. Still a few left, on sale at the door on Club nights, or by return post from 27 Sefton Road, Petts Wood, Kent, post 9d extra.

JUGOSLAV HOLIDAY by John Halfhide.

Starting on a holiday of any sort in Jugoslavia is more of an adventure than for most European playgrounds, due to the uncertainty of any plan turning out as expected, though when you get there the food, the wine, the weather and the people soon combine to make you realise how pleasant life can be when lived so much slower and carefree.

To plan a diving holiday therefore requires a lot of thought to be given to the provision of equipment and spares, all of which are unprocurable since the aqualung is almost unknown, although they have some of the world's best spear fishermen.

Bernard and I set out fully realising these conditions. Five days before leaving home we were informed that a high pressure pipe from the compressor supplied by the travel agents had been broken, and though it was expected to arrive in London in time to be repaired, we insisted on having a spare made to take out with us. On arrival at our hotel, true to all our predictions, there was the damaged pipe still waiting to be sent off.

Our first object was to have the compressor unsealed as it was held in bond by the customs; this ceremony was achieved with much hand-shaking and, back-slapping and numerous zlivovic. Without this compressor, a days journey into Italy is the only way of getting air supplies.

The diving was all that we could have hoped for, visibility being excellent, with the water temperature reasonable. The marine life is as good as anywhere in the Mediterranean. We saw many large fish including monk fish, scorpion fish and dentex, besides the numerous shoals of multicoloured smaller ones and a number we were unable to identify. Scallops and lobster provided extra courses to the excellent meals we had on the hotel terrace.

The best find we had was an amphora in perfect condition, fairly dose to the shore. This took some time and energy in raising, as it was full of mud. All rumours, which preceded our return to London, that

full of gold coins, were alas, unfounded!

The language difficulty was a cause of much amusement, it took us a number of dives, and much hand-waving from the boatman, to realise that the blackest sponges are the only ones worth having, and not those that appeared to be clean and white, also that care has to be taken to see that it is not a crab with a sponge-like growth on its back that you are grabbing.

Although many people there, can now speak a smattering of English, and most of them German or Italian, our efforts at Serbo-croat were rather miserable. It took the whole of the holiday to find out that something sounding like 'dog fish' was, in fact, 'shark'.

For anyone thinking of going to Jugoslavia, a good opening gambit at the bar is 'Molim, dwa Pivo!'

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SCIENCE REPORT by Bob Bannerman

This is mainly addressed to many now members who have joined our ranks in recent months, but it will do older members no harm to read it as well. If you have studied the first few pages of your Diving Logbook carefully you will know that the objects of the British Sub-Aqua Club are threefold, namely to further underwater exploration, science and sport. It is with the second of these that I am concerned, and I should like to encourage any of you who have other scientific interests or hobbies to combine them with your diving activities if possible. The word "scientific" covers quite a wide variety of things here. A well known example is of course, underwater photography but there is also an interesting field to tackle in underwater sound communication. We would welcome too, a few experts, such as biologists and geologists, who could help to improve our knowledge of the things we find underwater on diving expeditions. These are just a few examples of what can be done to expand the scientific side of club activities. If you can contribute in some way to this I shall be very pleased to hear from you.

ANOXIA by Alan V. Broadhurst

(The following is reprinted from a recent memorandum by the Club Diving Officer, because it shows how even highly experienced divers can become too confident. In the bulletin of the Confederation Mondiale des Activities Subaquatiques, on the same subject, one of the victims is described as "an excellent free diver (he would never dive with an aqualung) and endowed with unusual will power". Of the other victim it describes how, while training, "he moved away from the group and on returning to the village it impossible to find him". Study the words we have underlined. The moral is obvious. Editor).

"We have repeatedly stressed the stupidity, futility and very real danger of attempts to increase underwater breath-holding too far. The following illustrates very clearly the tragic consequences of ignoring the dangers of Anoxia.

Subsequent to the World Spearfishing Championships, held in Malta, several National Champions were invited to Caprera to take part in another spearfishing contest. Among them were the Champions of France and Portugal.

The week prior to the competition was occupied by practise. Towards the end of the week, on the same day, and within an hour of each other, both French and Portuguese champions were killed. Killed apparently by anoxia.

The French Champion was alone underwater, but tended on the surface by a boat manned by two fishermen. After repeated dives to 50, 60 and 70 feet he spotted a large, merou in a dark crevice some 60 feet down. He surfaced and told the boat to return to camp (some two to three miles away) to fetch his underwater torch so that he could search out the fish. When the boat returned the fishermen found him dead, floating on the surface, without his mask or fins.

The Portuguese champion was diving with a party from a boat, but was actually hunting alone. He just disappeared and was not found until next day, sitting on a rock in

thirty feet of water with a dead merou on his lap.

Discussing this matter with the United States team coach (himself an ex-champion) Peter Browne, Deputy Club Diving Officer, reached the conclusion that these highly trained champions whose usual skin diving depth is 60-70 feet have trained themselves to such a pitch that they can actually resist the DESIRE to breathe and so ignore the warning symptoms of anoxia.

(The C.M A S bulletin also indicates that the skin divers were using weight belts. One further quote may be appropriate. "As his friend the year before, at the same place, he met his death with victory and the grouper of 30 kilos which he had pulled out of it's cave with considerable effort was the last he was to conquer." Pretty hollow sort of victory! Editor)

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NEWS FLASHES

Don't forget the traditional Boxing Day dive At Laughing Water. Hangovers cured, and provided. Lunch available in the restaurant. We hear there is to be a party afterwards, so watch the Notice Board.

Americans can now buy wet suits in red, yellow, green black or ANY COMBINATION of these colours. Human Angel Fish!

Duration record now held by 24 year old American woman. She is now 62 hrs 14 mts older, and we hope, wiser.

Florida divers have now taken the game of ice hockey underwater. If we have a white Christmas might play ice hockey at Laughing Water - underneath instead of on the ice

Advertisements

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FOR SALE latest BRAND NEW "Narator" swim fins, with heel. blue, £2 or nearest offer. Charles Gilbert PAD 2197 or WIL 4870

THE BRITISH SUB-AQUA CLUB LONDON BRANCH

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THE LAST PAGE

It is with some regret that we announce the passing of the COMPETITION PAGE. Entries, whatever the subject were so few and far between that we set a competition in the last issue on the subject of "WHY OUR READERS DON'T ENTER THE COMPETITIONS". The only entrant was one which we propose to treat as a joke, in the very worst taste, and therefore ignore.

A previous limerick competition did produce a further couple of entries - just about two months after the competition closed. We did get a flattering comment in "Triton" and also some verse on the set subject of the limerick competition. To which we are constrained to reply.

"WHO IS SYLVIA - BEN?"

Flattered by the interest of TRITON,
That six may claim our prizes doesn't frighten.
By examining their various sex and sizes then
We should find out, without a doubt
WHO IS BEN?

When Greek meets Greek

A classic encounter which would have appealed to Homer occurred recently at Seymour Hall. It was with great joy we noted a member of Aberdeen Branch trying to talk our Treasurer, who also comes from Aberdeen, into the principal that visiting members swim free. He paid.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

On behalf of the Committee and all officers of the Branch, "THE LONDON DIVER" wishes you all Seasonal Joys and as Prosperous a New Year as you need to get all the diving you want - in the places where you'd like to go.

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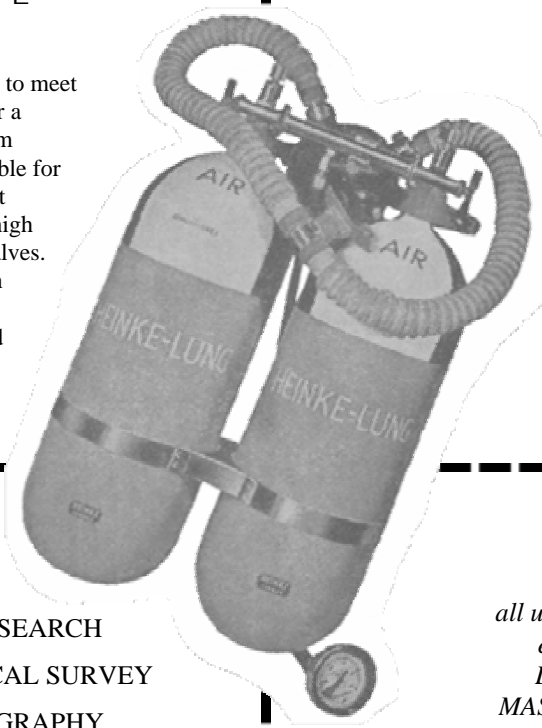
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