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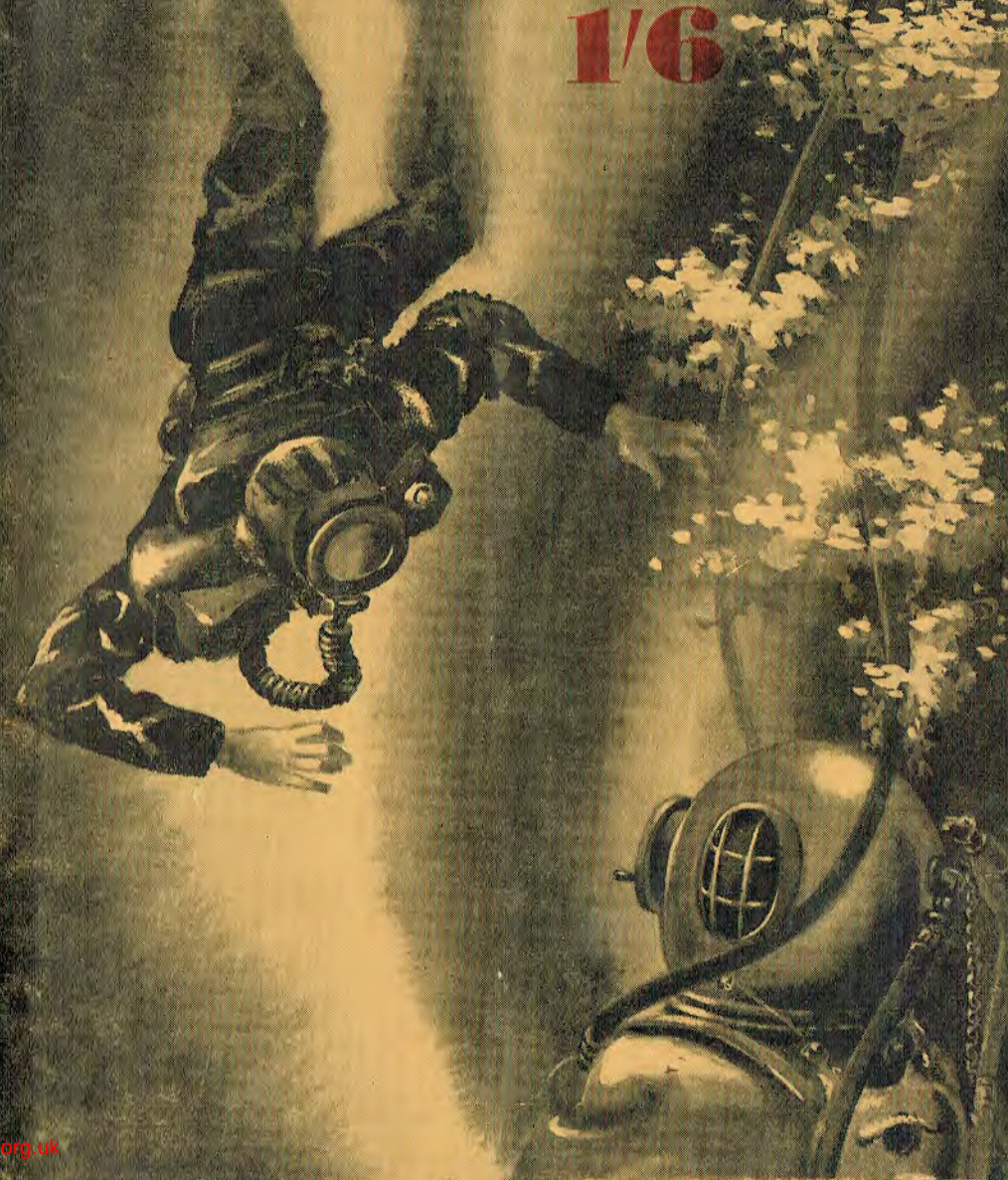
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ROYAL NAVAL

DIVING

MAGAZINE

1/6



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Vol. 7

H.M.S. VERNON

No. 1

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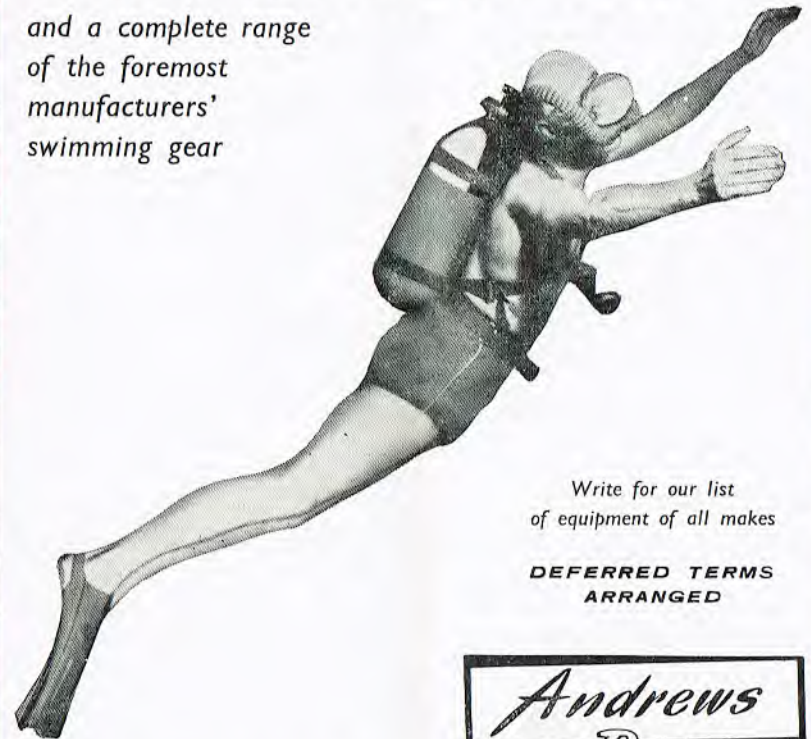
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R.N. Diving Magazine

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Contents

	PAGE
EDITOR'S NOTES	3
UNDERWATER RESEARCH GROUP, NEW SOUTH WALES ...	3
REPORT ON DIVERS' DINNER	5
THE 1958 LONG T.A.S. COURSE	6
ODE TO A DIVER	9
ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION	10
MED. FLEET DIVING SCHOOL	12
'A DIVER'S DREAM'	15
H.M.S. 'RECLAIM'	17
A TRIP TO THE SUN	20
COMMAND B. AND M.D. UNIT, H.M.S. 'LOCHINVAR' ...	23
ADMIRALTY EXPERIMENTAL DIVING UNIT	24
FROM ONE DIVE TO ANOTHER	28
LADY DOCKER'S DIAMONDS	33
YO-YO NOTES (H.M.S. ADAMANT)	34
DIVERS' X-WORD	34-35
A DIVER'S LIFE IN THE GREY FUNNEL LINE	37
FLEET CLEARANCE DIVING TEAM, HONG KONG	39
DIVERS' EMPLOYMENT BUREAU	43

Editor's Notes

IT is to be regretted that this issue of the Magazine was a month late in going to print. This was because we hadn't sufficient material, and even now the number of articles leaves much to be desired.

The committee feels that unless those teams and diving ships which contribute spasmodically send in articles for each issue, it will be necessary to reduce the number of publications each year to three or even two issues. This would be a retrograde step and indeed a black mark against the Diving Branch in general.

As the Magazine is now read in many countries we hope that overseas subscribers will follow the example of our Australian friends and send in articles of general interest.

We can only hope that this appeal will be the last required.



Underwater Research Group New South Wales

DEEP DIVING AFTER HYPERVENTILATION

A series of deep-diving trials has recently been commenced by seven volunteer members of the Underwater Research Group of N.S.W. to observe the effects on the human body in a deep dive without Scuba, with a view to training members to dive without Scuba to greater depths in safety. A half-cabin launch is our working platform. An anchor is dropped at a spot in the middle of Sydney Harbour, 105 feet deep. The procedure is as follows:—

1. Stand-by Divers Down.

Scuba-equipped divers are sent down a heavily weighted 'Guide Rope' marked every ten feet so that they are just in sight of one another. Their job is to keep alert:

- (a) in watching the subject as he descends and again as he ascends
- (b) in keeping an eye on the stand-by diver above and below.
- (c) in watching for sharks, for which Sydney Harbour is notorious.

2. Subject Hyperventilates.

The subject lies flat on his back and breathes deeply and rapidly until he is fairly dizzy and feels tingling in the fingers.

3. Subject Down.

He takes his final big breath and, adjusting his mask, he slips over the side of the launch. Flippers are worn but no lead belt. He swims down the shot-rope to a certain depth and returns to the surface.

Each subject does no more than two dives per day but his dives are progressively deeper. To date, one man has reached the bottom, 105 feet, and returned to the surface without trouble.

A stop-watch is used to record the time of hyperventilation, of descent, and of ascent, of each subject. As soon as the subject reaches the required depth to do his return journey, the stand-by diver at that point signals immediately to the surface. Fresh stand-by divers are sent down from time to time before staging becomes necessary for anyone. This avoids wasting air on staging. The time that each stand-by diver is below is recorded and his observations noted.

Observations.

1. Stand-by divers observed that as each subject descended, his abdomen appeared to 'cave in', apparently due to water pressure forcing his softer parts against his diaphragm and squeezing up his lungs. We would like to know beyond what depth it is inadvisable to dive on one breath from the surface and what would occur if this depth were to be exceeded. Although a man looked most odd at a depth of about eighty feet, nobody reported undue discomfort or ill effects from pressure.

2. One accident has to be reported, apart from which, no other troubles were experienced (all subjects had a gasping sensation as they neared the surface). This near fatal accident involved loss of consciousness under water without warning after a prolonged immersion.

The subject hyperventilated for two minutes and was just about to enter the water when he was told to relax as one stand-by diver was not in readiness. Half a minute went by before they were ready below. The subject was still fairly dizzy but the finger tingling sensation had passed off. The general opinion was that he should lie down and hyperventilate afresh until he felt tingling once more. This he did for a further two minutes and then he dived over the side. His last words were 'I'm very dizzy, so watch me'. But as soon as he went in, he proceeded to claw hand over hand down the rope. Stand-by divers saw that he was having considerable trouble clearing his ears in that he often checked his descent and clawed up one or two feet with much swallowing, head-shaking and ear-wiggling. At the fifty foot mark he gave up and started to move upwards. He passed the stand-by diver at the thirty foot

mark and nodded that he was quite all right and it was noticed that his ears were no longer troubling him and that he showed no signs yet of gasping. Suddenly, and without any warning, he blacked out and he was seen to drift away from the rope and slowly sink at about fifteen feet below the surface. A stand-by diver swam out and took him to the surface. He was as stiff as a pole and not breathing; his face and lips were blue and his lips were tightly drawn. There was blood from his nose, but none from his mouth. Immediately artificial respiration (Holger-Neilson method) was started. His mouth on inspection was found to be clear of any obstruction and fortunately no water had entered his lungs. He revived after about five minutes and commenced breathing with difficulty. He complained of pain in the middle of the chest on taking a deep breath and pain high up in the middle of his back on any movement. He struggled to his feet, leaned over the side of the boat and vomited. For an hour he was in a very dazed state, but was able to walk from the landing place to a car 100 yards away; he was then taken to a doctor for a check-up. Two hours after the accident his right eye became very bloodshot and this took three weeks to disappear. X-ray of the chest and back revealed no abnormality, but

the pain recurred momentarily on yawning or sneezing or with certain movements such as getting into a car or lifting a heavy object.

The pain was diagnosed as being caused by a slipped disc and manipulation treatment proved successful. The subject has now completely recovered and has since been diving regularly.

NOTE:

Surg Cdr Miles of the Royal Naval Physiological Laboratory was asked to comment on this accident. We now include his statement.

"If one hyperventilates to the extent of finger tingling a considerable amount of CO₂ is washed out so that many minutes may elapse before the build-up returns to a sufficient level to stimulate breathing again. This is a common trick to increase breath-holding time. Unfortunately, it is possible that if exercise is carried out in the interval the available oxygen in the lungs may be used up before CO₂ rises sufficiently to make it impossible to continue breath holding and consciousness may be lost as a result of anoxia."

"This undoubtedly happened in this case but I cannot see any connection between this accident and the slipped disc."

Report on Diver's Dinner

AFTER the undoubted success of the dinner held in 1957 it was decided to repeat the venture and if possible make it an annual event. That the number attending this year (one hundred and forty-two) was approximately double that of last year is an indication of the popularity and soundness of this decision.

The dinner was held on Thursday 11th December 1958 at Kimbells Corner House, Portsmouth. Before the evening really got under way everybody congregated in the 'Yorkshire Grey,' the divers rendezvous in Pompey, to 'wet their thrapples' and ensure that all outstanding drinking debts were settled. By the amount that was being consumed

an observer must have thought that closing time had been put forward four hours. Eventually, the buzz got round that free drinks were being offered across the road and the resultant rush was a sight to see.

Two emeriti S of D's, Capt W. O. Shelford and Cdr R. Harland, were among the principal guests. The others were representatives from all the leading diving firms, two Norwegian Diving Officers who by good fortune were in U.K. at that time and several Royal Engineer divers from Marchwood.

Although the majority of those attending were from the Portsmouth Command it was very apparent that Chatham, Devonport and Scotland were well represented. Unfortunately, the Scottish contingent didn't wear kilts but there was no mistaking them from the ease with which they drank the whisky while nonchalantly relating tales of haggis hunts.

Throughout the six-course meal, the wines flowed freely, and by the time the speeches were due everybody was very mellow. Cdr J. R. Carr, the present Superintendent of Diving, in his capacity as Chairman welcomed the guests. Capt Shelford replied to the toast and the port was passed once more.

Lt-Cdr H. Wilson, Head of the Diving School, then attempted to

make himself heard above a continual buzz of wisecracks. He spoke on the future of Deep Diving in the Royal Navy and outlined the plans and proposals that have been put forward for the divers concerned. Amid uproarious applause, CPO 'Ginger' Bryant rose to reply on behalf of the steamers. Everybody was full of expectation, as this well-liked figure had spoken so well at the previous dinner. He certainly lived up to his reputation.

Before Surg Cdr S. Miles from R.N.P.L. rose to deliver his speech, the port was passed again. His inimitable style was a huge success and the anecdote which he told will no doubt be retold many times to Divers who couldn't attend.

Everyone now clamoured for Lt-Cdr 'Bill' Filer to say a few words and Cdr Carr obligingly called him. Lt-Cdr Filer had spent a great deal of time organising the dinner and nobody missed this opportunity of showing their appreciation.

After dinner old friends and new divers got together, over ever full glasses and recounted many yarns of past commissions until the dread hour of midnight when the bar shut.

In conclusion many thanks must go to Lt-Cdr Filer for his hard work in making the 1958 Dinner such a success, and also to Kimbells Corner House for being so forbearing against such odds. F.J.D.K.

The 1958 Long T.A.S. Course

FOR the last three weeks of the Christmas term we had the pleasure of introducing most of the Long Course to diving. These stalwart officers were an extremely happy, wise-cracking crowd at the outset, especially during the theory of diving lectures. By the end of the

course, however, their spirits were slightly dampened and due deference was being shown to the course instructors in case any new tortures should be thought up.

In the Wardroom too, it was noticeable that their course officer, Lieut Burstall, was consuming large



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quantities of ale without ever approaching the bar and after dinner was frequently invited to go ashore with his course. To glean a little information on why this was happening he asked the course to write about one of the following.

- (a) Why I like diving.
- (b) What diving can do for you.
- (c) What diving has done to me.
- (d) The rapture of deep water.
- (e) A mid-winter Night's Dive.

(f) 'Horsea, Horsea don't you stop.'

The results of this investigation were most illuminating but another test paper may be set to discover why all the bonhomie, free drink and invitations have ceased since Christmas !

We take the liberty to publish on this page and on page 15 two of the masterpieces with full copyright before the popular press learn of their worth and make a bid for them.

Ode to a Diver

The long course diver went under the sea

In a beautiful rubbery suit ;
He was full of despair
And a gallon of air,
With a hammer and chisel to boot !
He tried to examine those weapons
so odd,

As he swallowed his own catarrh,
'Chisel, Oh Chisel, Oh Chisel you sod !
What a horrible Chisel you are !'

He hammered away for an hour of
the day
At the link on the end of his chain ;
And he lay in the mud
In an ocean of blood

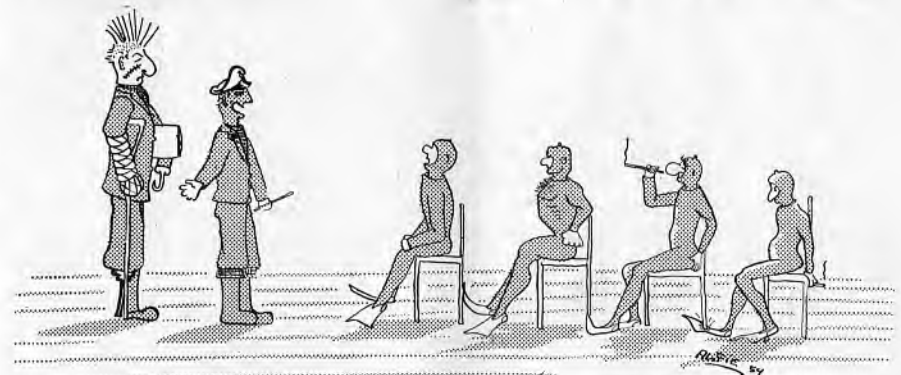
As he hammered his fingers again and again,

As he hammered his fingers again.
The water was chilling,
And he was unwilling,
And the link was unwilling as well !
So he threw it away
And came up for the day,

In the knowledge that diving is
HELL . . ."

An SWD in the *Deepwater*
Didn't dive quite as well as he
oughta,

Said 'P - Please don't scold,
I'm so b - bloody c - cold
I'm really quite good out in Malta !'



And now Professor Green will give us a lecture on 'Sharks and their Habits'

Artificial Respiration

by SURGEON COMMANDER S. MILES

THE term 'artificial respiration' is self explanatory, but to obtain maximum benefit from its application it is necessary to understand the mechanisms involved, the methods available and the occasions which demand its use.

The immediate function of respiration is to provide oxygen for the blood to carry to the tissues of the body. Tissue cells, especially those of the brain and nervous system, quickly become paralysed if oxygen does not reach them. Respiration is therefore vital to maintain life. So equally is the circulation of the blood. If either of these systems fail death rapidly occurs.

Respiration can be maintained fairly adequately by artificial means but a failed circulation can only be revived by the most drastic surgical procedure of opening the body and massaging the heart.

In life both these processes are kept going by the activity of groups of nerve cells or 'centres' in the brain, the respiratory centre and the cardiovascular centre. By some fortunate chance of nature, if the oxygen supply to the brain is cut off, the respiratory centre is paralysed before the cardiovascular centre, and breathing ceases before the heart stops beating. Thus, if artificial respiration can be started in the interval between the failures of the two centres, life can be saved and the respiratory centre will revive. Once the heart and circulation have failed no amount of artificial respiration will restart them because although oxygen may be introduced into the lungs this is useless unless the circulation can carry it to the brain.

It is therefore of the utmost importance to realize that to be effective artificial respiration must be started within the interval between respiratory and cardiac failure. In drowning and other forms of asphyxia this interval rarely exceeds three minutes and in fresh water drowning it is believed to be less than in salt water. In most cases some little time will have elapsed before help reaches the victim so that, in all cases where a person is found who has stopped breathing, seconds count and artificial respiration must be commenced immediately. It must take precedence over all other procedures such as examining the patient, giving oxygen, draining out water or removing wet clothing. At the same time it must be insured that there is no obstruction to the flow of air in and out of the mouth. For example, it would be useless trying to give artificial respiration to a victim whose face was buried in wet sand. Even so it is best to have the subject lying prone with the face to one side as this prevents the tongue falling back and eases drainage.

The life-saving requirement in artificial respiration is, therefore, that it should be commenced without delay.

CHOICE OF METHOD

Many methods of artificial respiration are taught, details of which can be obtained from most first-aid hand books. The manual methods are the most useful because they need no additional apparatus and can be started without delay. Of these the most widely used and accepted is that of Holgar Neilson and the

reason for this may be appreciated if the mechanisms involved are studied.

When respiration is paralysed, when an apparently drowned man is pulled out of the water, the muscles which normally move the chest are inactive and relaxed. The position of the chest is then such that the lungs contain about 60% of their maximum capacity of air. The chest wall, maintained by the ribs, is a springy cage which if compressed will force air out and when pressure is released will draw fresh air in. (Schaefer's method which used to be widely taught depends on this manoeuvre alone.) Furthermore, if the chest can be expanded from its resting position, more air will be sucked in, which on release is driven out again due to the recoil of the ribs. A similar effect will be produced if the diaphragm can be pulled downwards. It is therefore obvious that to get the maximum benefit a method must be employed which will both compress and expand the chest.

The Holgar Neilson method does in fact achieve this. It is carried out in two stages with the victim face downwards and the operator kneeling at the head. First the chest is forcibly compressed with the hands on either side of the back of the ribs and air is expelled. Releasing the pressure permits air to re-enter the lungs after which the elbows, which are lying roughly level with the shoulders, are lifted and pulled forwards and upwards. This by means of muscular attachments expands the chest and draws more air in. When the arms are released this air is expelled and the cycle can be repeated.

An alternative which can be used, especially if an arm or shoulder is injured, is for the operator to kneel

beside the patient's buttocks and, after compressing the chest as described, the hips are raised about six inches off the ground or rolled on to the operator's thigh. This arches the back and allows the belly wall to bulge due to the weight of the abdominal contents. This in turn pulls the diaphragm down, drawing air into the lungs which when the hips are lowered is driven out again. Though equally effective this method requires a little more effort to perform than the back-pressure arm-lift technique commonly used.

OTHER METHODS.

As already stated the Schaefer method of back-pressure, though simple to perform, does not give maximum ventilation and is therefore not recommended.

In the Silvester method the patient lies on his back and chest pressure is combined with arm lifting. This gives good ventilation but cannot be recommended because the tongue may easily fall back to obstruct air flow, and drainage of the air passages cannot take place freely.

A well tried and efficient procedure is Eve's rocking method. This simply involves placing the victim on a plank or stretcher so arranged that it can be rocked through 45° either side of the horizontal. It works because the abdominal contents flop up and down causing the diaphragm to act like a piston drawing air in and out of the lungs. Once the apparatus is rigged it takes little effort to maintain and one man can easily treat two victims. It is important however that one should not wait for the apparatus to be rigged but commence manual artificial respiration forthwith. If a second operator is available to set up the rocker the patient may be transferred to it when it is ready and

treatment be continued without interruption.

It is also possible to inflate the victim's lungs by blowing directly into his mouth. This may be done by placing a piece of gauze over his lips or using a short wide tube. The nose must be held at the same time to avoid leakage. This is a particularly simple and effective method when used on young children.

There are also many mechanical means available ranging from simple concertina-like bellows to complicated automatic pumps. They have advantages but if available should only be used by operators who have had experience with them.

RATE OF VENTILATION

Artificial respiration should be performed at a rate of 8 to 12 cycles per minute. Excessive zeal should be avoided and a quiet regular rhythm established which can be maintained without exhaustion to the operator or victim.

When natural breathing is becoming re-established the rate should be adjusted to coincide with and assist the natural rhythm. This applies when the rescued man is still breathing weakly. There is, however, nothing to be gained by giving artificial respiration to a man who is breathing regularly, even if he is unconscious.

USE OF OXYGEN

Oxygen if available should be used in conjunction with artificial respir-

ation especially if the patient is blue. It can be given by a gentle flow through a mask, a short tube in the nose or simply playing over the face, but must not be allowed to delay or interfere with the actual artificial respiration and should not be administered after recovery unless blueness persists.

WHEN TO STOP

In most cases the success or failure of artificial respiration is decided within the first few minutes but it must be continued for at least fifteen minutes before any pause is made to examine the patient. Responsibility for stopping artificial respiration should normally only be taken by a medical officer. It is often advisable to continue it for some considerable time even when the outcome is known to be hopeless in order to meet the natural reluctance of friends or relatives to give up hope.

ADDITIONAL TREATMENT

The early removal of wet clothing, wrapping in blankets, draining away water and cleaning out the mouth is important but even so this must *not* be allowed to hinder the even continuance of the artificial respiration.

Once normal respiration has restarted recovery is usually uneventful but the patient should be carefully nursed and watched for the following twenty-four hours, preferably in hospital.

Med Fleet Diving School

THOUGH we are now well into 1959; we intend to review the past year in this article.

Despite all odds, and frequent ups and downs with ears, wet shirts and 'Please PO I can't breathe', we

trained 208 shallow water candidates of whom 141 finally qualified, and gave 513 exercises to divers of the fleet. It would be interesting to know what happens to all these characters, for ships out from U.K.

never seem to arrive at Malta with any shallow water divers.

Besides the normal training routine we had many interesting jobs to do. Looking for a suspected suicide under *Ausonia* in Dockyard Creek was one of the more unpleasant jobs — happily, much later in the day, the 'lost' body walked on board unassisted.

We searched for a lost anchor in Grand Harbour belonging to a yacht

named *Sarong* which had just arrived. On its recovery the crew asked us aboard to have a look inside and to sign their visitors book. There we learned they were on a world cruise which had started in August seven months before. The crew were all Australians and expected to take at least 18 months if not two years on their global trip. On arrival in England they intend putting into Portsmouth, so *Deepwater* can expect



AB J. LIMBRICK photographed on one of the blades of *Victorious's* propeller during work on various U.W. fittings

a visit as they promised to convey our regards to you all.

H.M.S. *Victorious*, the very latest in aircraft carriers, asked for our assistance in inspection, underwater photographing, and general work on some of their underwater fittings. We gladly went along and spent a very interesting and busy week with their diving team. Underwater photography was quite a change for us and would not have been possible but for the willing and able assistance of a member of the local Sub-Aqua Club who entrusted us with his camera and showed us how to use it. The result was a couple of fine sets of pictures which proved of valuable assistance to the ship's engineers. Thank you *Victorious* for making our week with you so agreeable.

Some of us had the pleasure, along with the F.C.D.T., of going to Rome and Benghazi in H.M.S. *Woodbridge Haven*. This was an interesting break in normal routine and a most welcome change of scenery.

Our feats in the local sporting activity have not been very meritorious since it is very difficult to raise a team on many occasions. Scratch teams are entered for the hockey and soccer leagues and even though we seldom win, we have a go and enjoy ourselves.

At weekends and odd moments, every possible chance to get in a bit of free diving and underwater fishing is taken. Most of the staff have their own aqua-lungs — these are all home-made sets and provide many hours of enjoyment on the various beaches scattered around Malta. A busman's holiday maybe, but in this water we can't get enough of it. We are all eagerly awaiting the introduction of SABA into the Service. Two of us vie for the title 'Fisherman of the Year', after having

spearred two really good groupers in the region of 25 lbs weight. Pictorial evidence is in safe keeping in case anyone disputes our fishy story!

We now have another hound dog which walked into the school one day — I should say staggered, for he was blind and half starved. Successive shallow water classes have assisted in looking after him and we are glad to say that he has regained his sight and is now a spoiled little overfed mutt, who knows the School's routine inside out, and whose favourite pastime is defending the School from all strangers.

After 55 years known life, our old boat, the *African Queen*, has been returned to the dockyard where it is

'PIDDLING PETE'



now being rigged and fitted out (for some obscure reason) as an Arab dhow. We have in its place a 45 ft launch which is ideal for our requirements in all aspects of diving. Our new 75 ft M.F.V. is expected to arrive in the spring.

The social and dance which we held in the late summer — mentioned in the last edition of the DIVING MAGAZINE — was a great success. Our very able compere had no trouble in keeping things going till well after midnight as we were well supported by about eighty

divers of the fleet plus their ladies. A very good time was had by all and we look forward to our next open air session in the early summer, with, we hope, a spot of bathing too. All divers are welcome if you are out this way.

At long last approval for our almost 80% increase in staff has been passed. One of the bodies, a SPO, has arrived, but until about March the staff remains the same with Lieut G. Wooky, PO Clarke, PO Tappin, PO Peak and AB Limbrick. SAHA.

'A Diver's Dream'

THE frost glittered on the guardrails of *Deepwater* and the sea reflected the merry twinkle of the coloured lights copiously streamed around the superstructure. The brightly decorated Christmas tree on the quarterdeck together with harmonious rendering of a well-known carol by the Clearance Divers' Glee Club made a scene reminiscent of the traditional Christmas card.

On arrival at the gangway we were greeted by the cheerful face of the CDI who grasped us warmly by the hand, and thrust a steaming cup of Bovril into the other.

'Lots of time, Sir' he murmured as we went below to the changing room, warm and cosy in the glow of four electric fires. Whilst contemplating this friendly scene the Second Instructor brought in our frog suits beautifully warmed inside, and with gentle hands helped us to get ready. As we finished dressing, another Petty Officer entered, bearing a huge silver bowl, with the words 'All Divers Are a Team' embossed in gold on the side, and from this each of us was poured a tankard of mulled wine. A goodly brew indeed!

As I paused beside my set the Chief rushed up and taking it from me with a cheery 'I'll carry it for you, Sir', preceeded me to the catamaran. The ship's side was brightly illuminated, and it took no time at all for six friendly sailors to get us ready. A pair of warm water-proof gloves were handed to me, and I moved slowly towards the water and gently inserted my right foot . . .

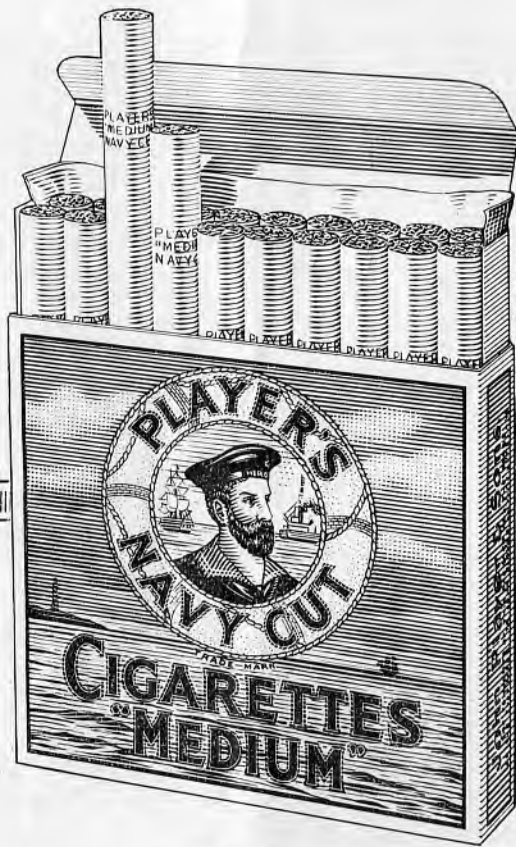
There was a cry of warning from above—

'Hold it Sir. I can see a small tear in your flipper. That could be dangerous. I'll go and get mine for you', and I looked up to see the Instructor running towards the store . . .

There was a stab of pain, and I awoke as a 12 oz ball weight ricocheted off my head, and a raucous voice shouted:

'Get a move on and recharge your bottles — or you won't have time for a third dip before midnight!'

QUIZ: Can you guess the names of the Instructors?



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H.M.S. 'Reclaim' Report of Trials

NOW that H.M.S. *Reclaim* has finished another trip to the Western Isles it is time to admit to our efforts in the past six months. Two trials have been progressed, one to see how Table II responds to the facts of life in cold water, or possibly how the diver reacts to the effects of Table II, and to see how the American version of the same table works under comparative conditions. At the start there was a general impression that the American Table had been devised in warm clear water and would not react favourably to Tobermory in February. However this was not the case.

The other experiment was to determine how far a free-swimmer can be trusted to work out his own stops after heavy work on the bottom. This trial was all done by numbers and one thing that did come out of it is that divers are all — well, nearly all — 'frightfully clever'. Perhaps it is interesting to note that the latter trial had nothing very much to do with the steaming world, but it was they who did the diving. The more that the two sides of the diving branch can get together, the better for all — a Marxist theory but worth remembering.

Firstly Table II trials — we have thus far sampled dives in the 100, 110, 120, 130, 150 and 180 foot ranges. At least 10 dives have been made in each range and decompressed by both American and British Tables. These American Tables are very like our own, the greatest difference being that they rely on a long stop at the shallow

depth, and decompression is usually slightly shorter overall than our table. They are exactly the same as those used in America except that we have brought the times in use to the nearest five minutes as this is thought to be more realistic for practical use. A table at the end of this article shows the detailed results achieved. Minor bends are those that dissipate by themselves or are cured by exercise or a hot bath. Other bends require therapeutic decompression. *Reclaim's* rather blase attitude to bends is based on a lot of experience and readily available equipment if anything should go wrong. A bend outside *Reclaim* must of course be treated in accordance with the Manual — you would be very foolish if you did otherwise.

The other series of trials to try out how a diver's brain works after a time under pressure is in its very early stages, and the only just comment at this stage is that there is no doubt that divers do have brains, some in the Leslie Welch class, and that they do not appear to be greatly affected by pressure, or if you want to be technical, by a mild attack of 'Narks' which is not normally apparent. The tests used were all numerical. One required the diver to divide by three, another asked him to remember a string of numbers and repeat them back, and the third, the now well worn multiplication questions. The problems were given firstly in the Diving Flat, then on the ladder before starting the descent and finally near the end of the diver's period on the bottom. Times and accuracies were recorded and we

have given R.N.P.L. a splendid chance to prove that given numbers, anything can be made to appear possible. Anyhow one thing is for sure, the eleven plus has no terrors for *Reclaim*.

It is far too early to give a valid answer to the results of these narcosis trials, but from a very early appreciation of the results it seems that the diver will remain accurate towards the end of his dive, but is to some degree slower in providing the answer. There is a lot of interesting work to be done in this field before it is possible to reach a working man's conclusion.

One possible outcome of the trials is the use of the S.D.C. as a submerged base for divers. The chamber might be lowered to the near vicinity of, maybe, a wreck, and the free-swimming diver could then leave

the chamber, make a swimming reconnaissance of the job, supplied by bottled gas from the chamber, and return to the S.D.C. to make his report.

Most of the trials were done at Tobermory and in the Gareloch. For various reasons it was not possible to get to Inverary this time. This is a great pity as diving conditions are so excellent there and so many of us are well dug in ashore. However Tobermory provided a lot of off-the-record amusement. The first week there was bitterly cold but the weather was clear and sunny. Parties of six spent alternate nights on the side of Ben More. They had enough equipment to make the Everest expedition look like child's play and from all accounts enjoyed themselves. Turning in at 1900, breakfasting off a nicely done baked bean, and then walking 15 miles

back to the ship seemed to be the height of bliss for some.

Whilst at Tobermory, one of the ship's company got so carried away with the open air life that he stole the ship's motor cutter and departed. He chose to go with a gale warning in force, and after he had been absent all day in bad weather it was most debatable if he was alive. However news was received from the Scottish newspapers that he had reached the Island of Muck. As there is but one telephone on the island a childhood ambition was achieved and we were able to pick up the telephone and ask for 'Muck 1'. Muck is said to have uncharted rocks, unpredictable currents, and a magnetic anomaly. In spite of all this *Reclaim* went to Muck and picked up our errant sailor from his appropriately named resting place.

The sporting life at Tobermory was interesting. We got a little pigeon shooting, scalloping went on unabated as usual, and a rabbit was shot with a bow and arrow by the engine room branch. This was too much for the divers who caught a free-swimming dogfish with bare hands.

The Gareloch was a very different sort of life. The water was just as cold as Tobermory but was very muddy, in fact the visibility was negligible. The redeeming features were the proximity of Glasgow and the fact that we were past the half way mark on the way home.

For the technically minded here is a list of the dives that have been made in the wet since last November, and the results that we have been getting.

Area	Depth (ft.)	Time on bottom (mins.)	Decom- pression method	No. of dives	Bends	
					Minor	Major
Falmouth	120	45	American	17	Nil	2
Falmouth	120	45	British	9	2	Nil
Falmouth	130	40	American	13	4	Nil
Falmouth	130	40	British	13	2	1
Tobermory	180	25	American	10	4	Nil
Tobermory	180	25	British	11	2	Nil
Tobermory	150	30	American	10	3	Nil
Tobermory	150	30	British	14	5	Nil
Gareloch	110	50	American	10	3	Nil
Gareloch	110	50	British	11	2	Nil
Gareloch	100	60	American	10	4	Nil
Gareloch	100	60	British	10	1	Nil

SOLUTION TO DIVERS' X-WORD

Across—(1) Opposite numbers; (9) Arsenic; (10) Wichita; (11) Goon; (12) Flood; (13) Boss; (16) Fasten; (17) Melodeon; (19) Escapade; (21) Divers; (24) Sole; (25) Denim; (26) Lear; (29) Aliened; (30) Flat top; (31) Engagement rings.

Down—(1) Orange Free State; (2) Pistols; (3) Song; (4) Tackle; (5) Newcomer; (6) Mace; (7) Epitome; (8) Stars and stripes; (14) Peeps; (15) Toxic; (18) Addendum; (20) Calling; (22) Everton; (23) Tiffin; (27) Snag; (28) Pair.

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A Trip to the Sun

A requirement was made known in October for a small diving team to visit Christmas Island. Accordingly, in mid-November, after a certain amount of jockeying for position by one or two of the section, and to the bitter disappointment of desk-bound Sir 'O', the team, consisting of Sub-Lt Gould, CPO Farmer, PO Salter, LS Frankland, now a Petty Officer, and AB Lawford, departed from *Vernon* to an air-trooping centre near London, pockets bulging with dollars, in anticipation of a holiday in the States.

The following morning, at 4 a.m., when life is at its lowest, especially after a night in the West End, the troops were roused and sleepily left for the airfield. There a monstrous *Britannia* awaited us but even she looked pitifully inadequate for all the troops who were then milling around in the room, frantically putting coins into an insurance machine, in the hope that the resulting bits of cardboard would act as good luck charms.

However, much to our surprise and, it must be admitted, relief, the plane took the air and within the hour we were all acting as any blasé film star who crosses the Atlantic as often as most of us cross the road.

Time in the air was fully taken up by patronising the duty-free bar, eating lashings of chicken, and helping the hostesses, plus the 40 winks.

After touching down at Gander, and Winnipeg, we finally arrived at Vancouver, in the small hours of the morning, and were taken to various hotels by a fleet of large, luxurious coaches. For many of us it was our first experience of travel in Canada,

and the wide motorways, with their flyovers and bridges, called for many exclamations of admiration.

After a good sleep, and a slap-up breakfast, most of us spent the day and, it must be confessed, most of the night, seeing the town. The licensing laws caused a little bit of confusion. Only beer is served in the bars, whereas in night clubs spirits are the only drinks available. The full horror of this situation was further enhanced in another club where officially no drink at all was available. Fortunately, it was quite normal to walk in with bottle necks sticking from one's pockets like six-inch guns.

We took off the following morning extremely weary from our day's 'rest' and put down the same evening in the warm, balmy air of Honolulu. This must surely be one of the most cosmopolitan airports in the world. The vivid costumes of the tourists in their mon-mous, a long shapeless flowing robe covering even the feet, are splendid sights. More colour is added by the masses of leis, made from exotic tropical manna-loa flowers, hanging round the neck. These flowers are all shades of silver and purple and were certainly a delight to our jaded eyes used to the greyness of Britain in the late autumn and winter.

Once again *Britannia* took to the air, this time for a 1200 mile trip, due south, to our destination.

A visit to the cabin forward left us mesmerised by seemingly hundreds of dials and small levers, and yet the pilot and co-pilot were quite at ease, being driven by George, the automatic pilot. A look through the windows gave no clue to our speed,

which was then around the 400 m.p.h. mark. Indeed, we seemed to be hanging motionless above the white woolly clouds.

Soon it was time to make the four-mile descent to Christmas Island.

After strict security checks from the vigilant service police, we picked up our baggage and drove off to the camp. En route we had our first sight of the crabs and rats which infest the island. The island itself is the largest coral atoll in the world, and temperatures up to 90° in the shade and over 120° in the sun are registered.

The diving team got down to work the day after their arrival, and were most successful in their tasks,

being spurred on by the half-promise of an early trip home via Australia, Bangkok, Rome and other places of interest. Unfortunately, this did not materialise, but was partly compensated for by trips around the Island by jeep and helicopter.

The return trip was made via Honolulu, San Francisco and Montreal.

We arrived home just a day late for the Divers' Dinner, and a few hours too late for the *Vernon* Ball, much to the annoyance of the wife of one member of the team.

It was a trip full of interest and I'm sure I speak for the team when I say, 'We are all converts to this 'ere new-fangled flying lark'.

T.G.



"Here Boy, good dog!"

A.P.C.

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Command B. and M.D. Unit H.M.S. 'Lochinvar'

HAIL fellow divers, from a Caledonia which has been stern and wild since New Year. At the moment of writing we are still in the vice-like grip of a very severe winter. The unit is being kept fairly busy and recent travels have taken us to Banff, Northumberland, and to dear 'Ould Ireland'. Our 'friends' in *Brenchley* and *Brearley* are sharing the vigours of this wintry land, but *Dingley* has headed south for the flesh pots of Pompey.

Last Sunday was an important day in Scottish history, as on that day we in Scotland celebrated the bi-centenary of the birth of our National Bard, Robert Burns. Celebrations to mark the occasion have been held in all parts of the world, the main dish at these functions being haggis, creamed potatoes and mashed turnips, washed down with the national beverage.

Burns was born on the 25th January 1759, at a small farm at Alloway, two miles from Ayr. He is often wrongly referred to as a rustic ploughman, since he and his

father were tenant farmers. Burns indeed had a fairly good education. He and his brothers were taught at a small school in Alloway, and later, when this closed, had a private tutor called Mr Murdoch. In later years, Burns moved to Tarbolton and thence to Dumfries where he died in July 21st 1796.

As well as writing poetry, Burns wrote songs which are sung throughout the world. Revising old Scottish airs, and putting them to music, e.g. *Auld Lang Syne* was another pastime. It was interesting to hear this song on TV being played by a native band marching through the streets of Katmandu, the capital of Nepal.

Well you may be wondering what the h... Robbie Burns has to do with diving, but he was a very convivial character, and one can imagine he'd have enjoyed a pint at 'Sam's', and would probably have written some appropriate verses about the characters and 'drouthy cronies'* one meets there. Best wishes to all divers everywhere. MAC.

*'Drouthy cronies'—Thirsty friends.

Note to Editor

IM afraid that I have rather lost touch with the good old DIVING MAGAZINE. This has been mainly due to the fact that I have been travelling around a great deal since leaving the service more than eighteen months ago—Tema (in Ghana), Dakar, Las Palmas, Amsterdam, and even a short stay at South Queensferry, where I worked for a few weeks on the new Forth Bridge, an interesting experience — punctuated by daily visits to the local

B. and M.D. Team and even more frequent ones to the 'Stag Head' and 'Forth Bridge Hotel'. Anyhow, I am at present settled in Takoradi, where I am serving with the Ghana Government Railways and Harbour Administration.

I have finished with contract work, which although interesting, and sometimes well paid, completely lacks permanency and is very much on a 'Casual' basis. However, for those just leaving the service, it is

undoubtedly a quick way of gaining experience, and on a seventy hour week basis leaves little time for nostalgic reflection! I must confess that I only discovered all this by accident when working as a foreman in West Africa with a firm of civil engineering contractors—I hadn't got the bus fare home!

I should be delighted to see any 'dip chicks', 'cork heads' or 'paddlers', and if any H.M. ships in which

they may be serving call at Takoradi, I would be glad if they would 'look me up'. Meanwhile, any news from (or of) my old side kicks is always welcome and will receive a prompt reply. So how about it chums? My address is c/o Harbour Authority P.O. Box 1, Takoradi, Ghana, West Africa. See you at the Divers' dinner 1962!

Cheerio and all the very best.
CURRIE-DAVIS.

Admiralty Experimental Diving Unit

THE following changes in personnel have occurred since we last contributed to the Magazine:

Lt-Cdr Filer vice Lt-Cdr Wardle—
Voluntary retirement.

Mr John Plumpton, Mr Fred Noad
vice Mr Nigel Skrine—Tragically
killed in a motor accident.

Mr John Hogg vice Mr Ernest
Cullen—To A.S.R.E.

E.C.D.U.:

Lt Grattan vice Lt Hawke.
PO Macrae-Clifton vice PO Strange
L/Sea Hough vice L/Sea Paxton
AB Vanderson vice AB Sarginson

Lt-Cdr Wardle's retirement with a 'Golden Bowler' is now ancient history though the gentleman himself showed no signs of decay when last observed making the most of his new found wealth in the 'Yorkshire Grey'. His original intention of keeping a pub was quickly dispensed with, when after a trial period in the *Dolphin* at Old Portsmouth he discovered that drinking the stuff was not the way to get richer—quicker.

Harry next took a course in business administration which was also honoured by Lt-Cdr Joe Brooks and it is rumoured that this is the only occasion in the history of the

college that the instructors learnt more than the pupils. The latest news of our ex-Deputy Superintendent is that he has polished up his kilt and bagpipes and departed to Inverness-shire to organise the marine (and presumably the social) side of a civil engineering venture. We wish him every success and feel confident that the Loch Ness monster will soon raise its head again.

Lt Phil Hawke was suitably despatched 'down under' having finished his tour of exchange duty. We gathered from his reluctance to leave, that he enjoyed his stay, though we cannot think why, in view of the varied and peculiar experimental diving trials he was given to carry out. We wish him every success and hope that he doesn't get too soft through diving under the much kinder conditions found around his native shores.

Obituaries are difficult things to write, especially about such good chaps as Nigel Skrine. He joined the Unit in January 1956, being transferred from U.C.W.E. where he had been for several years an Assistant Experimental Officer in Trials Group. He was a first rate colleague, quiet, patient and hardworking and with a

sound mechanical and electrical knowledge. He soon had his teeth firmly into Radio Link, D.U.C.S., underwater lighting and telephone and made an impressive contribution to all of them. He was married in 1957 and divers and civies alike joined in wishing him well. In April 1958 he received well-deserved promotion to Experimental Officer and seemed set fair for a happy career doing a job he liked in a friendly atmosphere.

He was killed, coming in to work in his little old car, on a Monday morning—21st July 1958. It was raining hard and blowing and he was hit by a speedster who took a bend at too high a speed and ran across the road out of control. It seems likely that he was killed instantly and never knew what hit him. He left a young wife and an eight months old baby boy.

His loss was very deeply felt in A.E.D.U. and he is still missed.

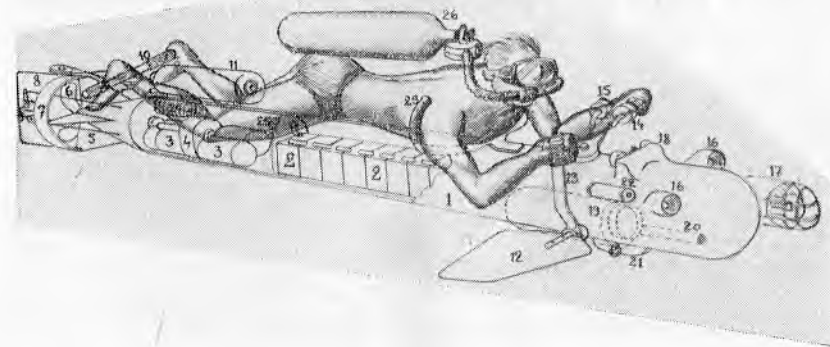
They can't be stopped, can they! By the time the Magazine is in print Ken Sables, Assistant Scientific Officer, will be a married man, the nuptials being celebrated on Saturday 21st March, at St Colemans, Portsmouth.

We are sure that all divers, everywhere, will join us in the A.E.D.U.

in wishing him, and his lovely bride, long life, good luck, success and happiness.

We were most grateful to Jock Cambell, our workshop manager, for a very well organised run ashore to 'The George' at Warnford for the purpose of saying cheerio to Lt-Cdr Joe Brooks, who is being invalided out in April, Lt Rea who has taken over B and M.D. Mediterrean and Lt Hawke who, as previously mentioned, has returned to his native land. Jock also did the donkey work for the Annual Dinner, reported elsewhere in this issue. In case the casual reader might feel that he is borne for social duties only we must stress that he runs a very fine workshop.

We have recently been privileged to attend two demonstrations of underwater aids to diver propulsion. The first was at Portland where M. Dimitri Rebikoff and his team of assistants demonstrated the Pegasus. This is a battery powered machine which can perhaps best be described as an underwater aircraft with no fuselage. The controls and instrumentation are similar to those of an aircraft and in the hands of the experienced user it will perform the usual aquabatics. Blind flying in





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UK water is hardly the thing for beginners as we found to our cost.

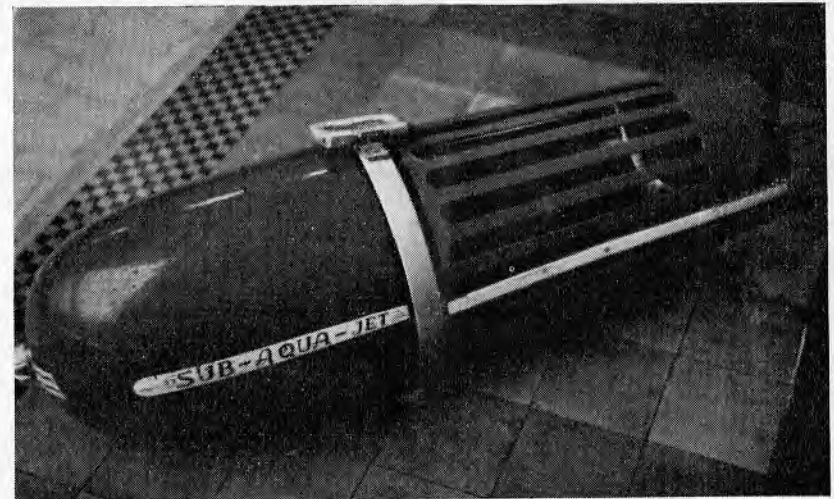
The second demonstration took place at the Great Russell Street swimming baths in London where Messrs Tough Bros Ltd. of Teddington exhibited their Sub-Aqua-Jet. This is a battery powered, propellor driven bomb shaped device which tows the diver along providing he remembers to hold on to the handle. It was simple to operate even in the limited confines of a swimming bath and really gave us a nice ride.

It was difficult to assess whether the outstanding feature of this

demonstration was the Aqua-Jet or the most attractive Sub-Aqua Club lady who demonstrated the machine so ably. Needless to say she did not want for assistants to put on and take off her Aqua-lung.

The outcome of these demonstrations is not fully known but they were of considerable value in assessing the overall problem of diver mobility.

Next time we appear in print we hope to give news of our various projects as far as security will allow. Until then, good diving to everybody everywhere.



THE SUB-AQUA-JET

Principal Dimensions:

Length overall 3ft 3ins
Diameter 12 ins
Weight 85lbs

resin glass of three 2oz matt thickness for the pressure hull.

The Sub-Aqua-Jet is an underwater tug capable of towing one or a number of skin divers. It has been tested to a depth of 100ft but greater depths could be achieved for special applications. The outer casing is of

The hull is divided into two airtight compartments, the foward compartment containing one or two Varley type V.P.T. non-spill heavy duty 12 volt 25 amp hour batteries. This battery can be re-charged at a high rate during a short period if necessary, but a long duration night

charge is ideal. In the case of the two-battery installation the batteries are paralleled together and connected to the 4½" C.A.V. 12 volt motor in the aft air-tight compartment. The motor is controlled by a simple trigger switch in the right-hand handle. This ensures that if the diver accidentally releases the Sub-Aqua-Jet the motor immediately cuts out.

The single battery version achieves a speed of about 2 knots and a duration of about one hour. With the two battery type a speed of about 3 knots is obtained and the duration with economical use is about two hours. Colours are moulded into the resin glass case and

a full range of exterior shades is available.

The carrying handle can be easily removed when the Sub-Aqua-Jet is in use, and a bracket for an underwater camera can be fitted in its place. A bracket can also be fitted on the nose cap for an underwater flashlight or spotlight. Electricity for this can be supplied from the battery. The Sub-Aqua-Jet is easily manoeuvred in the water by movement of the swimmer's body and a very small turning circle can be achieved. The comparatively light weight ensures that the Sub-Aqua-Jet can be lifted in and out of the water by the diver and carried with the handle for short distances.

From One Dive to Another

MY name is Dix Monde and I'm a freelance reporter. Whether my mother had a mental aberration at the time of my baptism or just wanted to be different from the Jones I've yet to find out. Nowadays, this name is well known and much thought of but when I was a kid all sorts of gags were associated with it.

A month ago, I got a red face when visiting the bank. This didn't do my ego any good and my stomach fared worse. The papers were full of divorce cases, murders and bank robberies. What could I write about that would be different? Suddenly it came. A nice juicy scandal was what was needed. The scandal-writers were never in want and always had the most superb dames in tow.

Standing on the threshold of a likely night club several hours later I wondered if my luck was in. If I'd known the outcome Brigitte Bardot

wouldn't have induced me to enter. I'd spent the afternoon at Moss Bros. It's essential to wear a dinner suit at some of the classy dives and I intended to visit these later.

Full of aplomb or, if you prefer, grog, I passed a massive doorman who gave me the full treatment. He sure would recognise me the next time I visited and I wasn't likely to forget him in a hurry. This wasn't an expensive joint but scandal is always found in such places so I'd been told.

A brief glance round assured me that *Who's Who* wasn't represented. Four guys drinking at the bar gave me the once over and never refusing an offer I joined them. In my job this is essential otherwise you don't drink.

They were a motley crew and obviously out for a good time in London. More clubs keep going on the benevolence of these souls who think they're living it up, than you

imagine. Anyway I couldn't live without them so why grumble.

'Hi', I said in their general direction, 'What are you going to drink?'

'This rounds on me', one of them replied. These words were the sweetest I'd heard since my last story was accepted.

After drinking with each in turn and knowing I couldn't escape without returning the compliment, I decided to become friendly. These guys weren't really guys. They were in the Navy. I smelt a story here and if it was as good as those they were already telling I'd make a fortune. Those as you know, are O.K. to hear but too risqué to print. My puns are the rage of the debs during the mating season.

The Navy were in town to investigate the merits and de-merits of the secretaries of several London firms who supplied their equipment.

'What type of equipment?' I ventured to ask, anticipating a not-so-nice reply.

'Diving gear,' the blond guy replied, gently fingering a tie which was suitably beer-stained.

I took the hint and inspected the cloth more closely. It could only have been worn for show. Sartorial elegance had gone by the board. My heart had started to thump none the less. Here was the making of a great story. I'd been on safari, flown in jets, visited the Poles, lived in Montmartre, shot haggis, and listened to a pipe band without a twitch. This was different. Neptune's kingdom had a strange fascination. How strange you'll see.

'Our club tie,' he explained and I acted suitably impressed. Never insult a man's tie or car is my motto. Later when travelling in the guy's

car, I could have added insult to injury but my empty stomach prevented me.

A week later I was met at Portsmouth Harbour Station. I'd accepted with alacrity their invitation to visit the Royal Naval Diving School. This had been given at the end of that memorable evening or 'run ashore' as they called it. I couldn't fathom why but you can see from my nautical terminology I'd already been influenced by the Navy.

'Have you ever seen the bottom of a ship when she's floating?' the blond guy who met me asked.

I hemmed and hawed for a while before sheepishly admitting I hadn't.

'Well we're going to give you that experience this morning.'

'What for?'

The blond guy who seemed to like his hair, which couldn't have been cut for months, regarded me with a look that meant chicken.

'We're divers and if you want a story about us you must go down yourself.' These words were a challenge.

'Is it dangerous?'

'Of course not. My grandfather could do it if it wasn't for his lumbago.'

By now we'd arrived at an old fortress with massive gates and several guards. Trying to get in was worse than getting tickets for *My Fair Lady*. I was given the once over and to make sure the twice over. What a story I'd make out of this. Diving must be top secret stuff, I thought, and here again was Dix Monde making a sensational scoop. Building after building flashed by before the ships and water appeared. This brought me back to reality with a jolt. The water was black and

oily and the fact that snow was falling didn't make the scene any more picturesque.

Suddenly two monsters appeared on the surface. I almost screamed in terror having recently seen in the local cinema *Those from the Deep*.

'What are those things there?' I yelled.

'Two divers on course I suppose. Yes, that's Buster Pants. He almost drowned last week. Good chap that. Never gives up,' Blondey answered proudly.

I forced myself to climb aboard the diving ship *Deepwater*, but kept a wary eye on a chap dressed in suit of armour who was hanging near the gangway. What had he done to deserve that? What had I let myself in for? I was sure that no sea-horse could support that armour plating.

My contemplation was shattered by a human monster standing close by.

'Get into those suits, you shirkers', he bellowed, looking at me.

I was on the point of telling him not to be so insulting when I was trampled underfoot by at least a dozen sailors. They proceeded to go through contortions I'd last seen in native dances while on safari. The result was even more startling. Black magic was being practised before my eyes. There stood a group of the monsters I'd seen in the water. My eyes started bulging, my hair stood on end but Blondey took my hand and led me into a cabin close by. The moment of truth was close at hand. I now knew what a bull feels like once in the ring and I could well have done without the experience.

From a locker all the necessary clothing and equipment were produced. I took out my camera.

'Take your clothes off', growled a Petty Officer who had taken an instant dislike to me. The feeling was now mutual.

I hoped they thought it was the cold that made my knees knock and my hands tremble as I very slowly removed my last link with civilisation.

Regarding my manly physique with distaste the Petty Officer turned to Blondey.

'Sir. We've a job on our hands here. How are we going to get him into a suit?'

I stuck out my pot even further hoping that 'Sir' would recognise the impossibility of the situation. He didn't. They gave me the suit. I couldn't see any buttons.

'Excuse me. How do I put it on?' I asked timidly, thoroughly ashamed of my ignorance.

Horrified I listened to the solution.

'I can't possibly get through that hole.'

Half-an-hour later they disproved my theory. I was thankful for the long woolly combinations which had seemed so ridiculous at first for by now I was so cold I was really shivering.

Time for a joke, I thought, and with a sickly grin addressed the civvy hater.

'You'd think I had the shakes P.O. Eh?'

'You'll have convulsions if you go below 33 feet with this set,' he said with a sadistic laugh. I realised then the true meaning of hate. Indeed, I'd been experiencing many new emotions since I'd come on board.

They gave me a rubber hood. My ears and hairs were almost lost in the resulting struggle and I wondered how Blondey managed. I noticed with relief that I was still capable of intelligent observations.

'Now for the set, P.O.'

This was fitted without a murmur. I was unable to speak. Bottles, valves, counterlung, mouthpiece, bypass, were vague background expressions.

My past life flashed before me. I was deep in prayer when they carried me to the side.

The mouthpiece was inserted between my lips. The purpose of this, it was explained, was to prevent me biting my nails under water. The mask was pulled over my head. I couldn't scream. I started to cry.

They gave me some oxygen and slapped me on the back.

'Give him an easy time,' said Blondey poking the P.O. in the ribs and hoping that my steamed-up mask prevented me from seeing his wink.

'Aye, Aye, Sir.' Another big wink.

A rope was now tied round my waist. At least I'll be recovered or at least my body will, I thought, certain that death was imminent. No fish was going to make a meal of me. I hoped they'd shoot the P.O. for murder.

Two flippers were pulled over my feet.

'There you are Sir,' said the P.O. with a chuckle. 'You're a proper merman now. In you go.'

Just then Buster Pants swam alongside. The sight of him was a morale booster. Perhaps I would survive after all. I could see my readers living these terrors with me—what suffering, what courage.

'Please Mr Dix Monde, we can't wait here all day. The bar opens in an hour.' It was Blondey.

I dipped a tentative foot in the water to test the temperature. No pain. I almost died of shock. I let go of the ladder as a result and fell backwards into the murky waves. Buster Pants squeezed my suit and pulled me down. I opened my eyes to see him but I couldn't though I was holding his hand. I looked again. I couldn't see my hands. Terror gripped me. I felt a dreadful pull on my waist. A shark must have bitten me. I couldn't see my legs. So this is what death is like, I thought . . . I must be in hell.

'Are you all right Sir?' Yes I was in hell and that awful P.O. was here to torment me. Another pull and I felt myself turning over. His ugly face was full in my eyes.

'You really must answer the signals you know. Down you go again'.

I'd been reprieved. Full realisation that the nightmare was over suddenly struck me. I hauled myself out of the water and Blondey and the P.O. helped me up the ladder. I didn't mind gibbering. I'd survived the ordeal and was a hero. The crowd who gathered round were all smiles. What a wonderful bunch of men we have in the Navy. They bear no malice at my success. Everybody cannot achieve greatness I thought.

Willing hands undressed me and Blondey took me to the Wardroom for a revive. My spirits had never been higher. I was elated with hope of world-wide fame when my article was published.

'Let's eat', my long-haired friend said.

'What's on the menu?'

'Fish today. It's Friday.'

I fainted.

F.J.D.K.

A watch that stays waterproof 660 feet under water!

ROLEX have produced a new watch for sea-going activities called the Submariner. Particularly designed for deep-sea divers, this special Oyster wristwatch is guaranteed waterproof and *pressureproof* to 660 ft. (200 metres) under water. Incorporated in the Submariner is the revolutionary "Time-Recorder" revolving rim, which enables the watch to be used as a stop-watch. It is invaluable for navigation, speed testing etc., and *indispensable* to divers, who can now tell at a glance how long they have been under water and how long they may safely stay there.




ROLEX

Lady Docker's Diamonds

ON the 9th March, Lady Docker had between £125,000 and £150,000 of jewels taken from her car in Southampton. This was the most valuable jewel robbery that there has ever been in this country. These jewels were in two small boxes, similar to the beauty cases carried by teenage girls these days. One of these boxes was subsequently washed up on the sands of the River Itchin, and the police felt that their investigations into the affair would not be complete without a good search of that area by divers. The police carefully avoided telling the press as to their intentions, but that did not make any difference.

On Wednesday 19th March my team and I climbed aboard the B. & M.D. Land Rover and went to try our luck. I would like to say at this point that the keenness of the party had nothing to do with the possible reward of £10,000, but was the

natural amount of team spirit installed into all CD.s when qualifying!!! (Comment from the Standard side 'CENSORED'.)

There was nothing of interest to be found in the two areas we searched on the Wednesday and Thursday, though diving almost came to a stop when part of Jayne Mansfield's double appeared over the edge of the bridge. I told the team that yonder was not the type of jewel we were at the moment looking for, so the work continued, but with no success.

The Team consisted of:—

- Lt Whatley, R.N.,
- PO How,
- Charlie Chaplin,
- Mike Handford,
- Sarg,
- My dog 'Noodle'.

LT. WHATLEY, C.D.O., R.N.



'Couldn't find a darn thing sir'

Yo-Yo Notes (H.M.S. Adamant)

SINCE our last article we have been mainly occupied with routine inspections and recovering lost articles of value. The submarines in particular have been very good customers as they invariably lose over the side at least one case of film whilst exchanging the latest thriller with their sister ship.

Mine recovery has also been one of our main efforts and as this meant trips to Etterick and Kilbride Bays where scallops are in abundance, we lived right royally. The evenings were spent either in the 'Castle Hotel' at Tarbert or in the local at Anchtolachan sampling the strong Scottish beer. The quiet waters of

Loch Stiven were disturbed by Yo-Yo after this. A torpedo had been lost, but after taking soundings of the area we found it was lying in 240 feet of water, so we've left this job for our *Reclaim* friends.

Loch had frozen over but undeterred we carried on. Anything, repeat anything, we may have to do in future will be a pleasure compared to this.

Recently, we were brought back to reality. Some copper wire was lost at the head of Loch Long. When we reached the area we found that the

The conditions of snow and ice in the area leave much to be desired, but by the time the next issue is due the summer will be with us. Roll on June.

DIVERS'

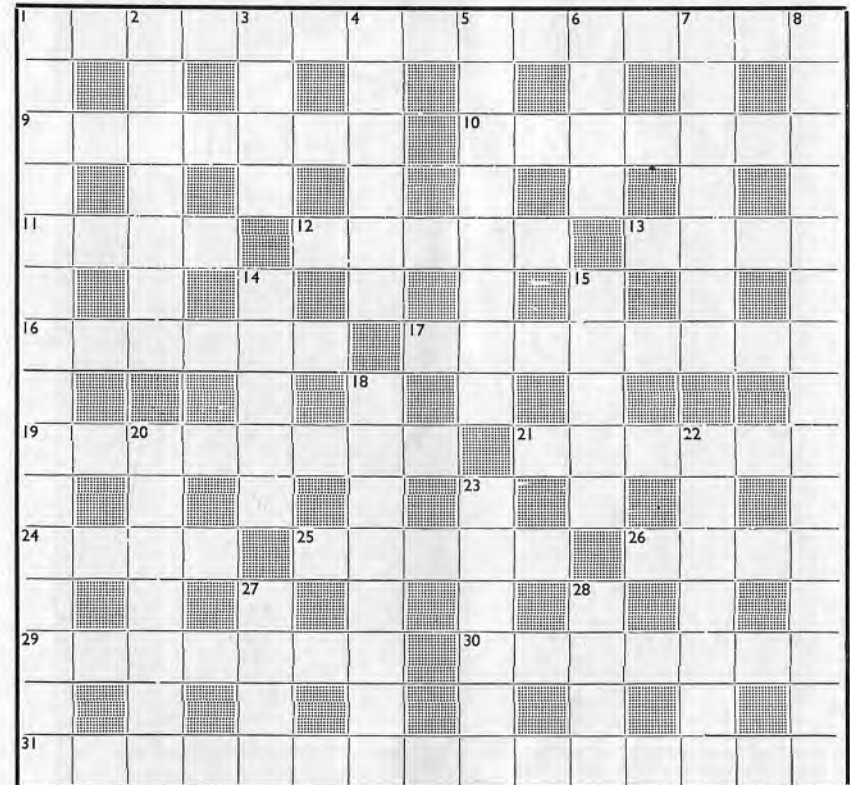
CLUES ACROSS

1. They sometimes part brass rags, but not usually for long (8, 7)
9. Saccharine could be poisonous, without half a popular dance (7)
10. I a witch? No I'm in Kansas (7)
11. Don't stop, funny man! (4)
12. It's wet to put little Florence next to an Ordinary Seaman (5)
13. The chief protuberance (4)
16. He goes without food more quickly (6)
17. Poetry in fruit makes music (8)
19. Cap a seed for a mischievous adventure (8)
21. The rich man embraces the Round-head. Under water? (6)
24. Only a fish (4)
25. Back donkey! I'm after the overall material (5)
26. The king who wrote nonsense? (4)
29. One fib, little Edward—estranged (7)
30. Saratoga — not Sabrina (4, 3)
31. Brides to be get single beats repeated regularly? (10, 5)

CLUES DOWN

1. Do the people here get their fruit for nothing? (6, 4, 5)
2. Do they leave the Shakespearian stage with a bang? (7)
3. Not the price of supper in the N.A.A.F.I.! (4)
4. Come to grips with the rigging (6)
5. He's been here only a dog-watch! (8)
6. Spice used as a symbol of authority (4)
7. Short summary ending the large book (7)
8. Awarded for merit and good conduct in the U.S.? (5, 3, 7).
14. Look both ways when singular (5)
15. Poisonous domestic beast in a nervous movement (5)
18. Something extra for a present-day study on half a soft nosed bullet (8)
20. Somewhere a voice is your vocation (7)
22. This team always put on weight, Can't play for toffee? (7)
23. Squabble in a light meal in India (6)
27. Goes back in Tyneside, What's the trouble? (4)
28. Made by 1 Across in Parliament sometimes (4)

X-WORD



The solution to this X-word is on page 19

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A Diver's Life Afloat in the Grey Funnel Line

THE diving team that formed when the ship commissioned was small. It is easy to believe that the drafting office have difficulty in extracting divers from their comfortable corners in such choice billets as the Diving Section in *Vernon*. A diver, left in a diving school for any length at all, instantly grows roots which are hard to sever. However, on this occasion, 'Drafty' must have had a secret weapon for he managed to extract both PO Robbins and AB Shennan from the diving store in *Deepwater* where they were comfortably settled.

Deepwater is strictly a native's ship. She is one of the few of modern design having no engines. No one has ever actually accused any particular diver of removing them, but it is evident that at some time there was such a man, probably newly returned from years abroad, who decided that he could not afford to run any risks.

AB Robinson and AB Bragg completed the team of standard divers, Bragg coming from *Theseus* and Robinson from *Sparrow* and a two year commission on the South Atlantic Station. AB Hemmings and AB Morton, shallow water divers, made up the number to six.

The first necessity was to increase the size of the team, and with this in view, six volunteers moved into *Terror* at the beginning of September 1956 to qualify as shallow water divers. They were left behind when the ship sailed for Penang and Port Dickson and it was to be some little time before they rejoined us. The ship sailed west from Port Dickson,

as is well known, and it was not till 28th September that L/Sea Slater and AB Keen, the two on the course to qualify, flew to Aden to rejoin the ship. They did not have long to wait for a job since, on the following day, they were sent down to clear a manilla that was fouling the rudder.

Apart from this piece of work, and a few exercise dives in Aden and Kamaran (where the sea was reported to be teeming with angry and poisonous fish but wasn't), little diving was carried out during the Red Sea period. The ship would not stay still long enough.

Diving activities started again with the beginning of the refit in Hong Kong. More divers were needed. Plenty of volunteers had come forward to take the three week course for shallow water diver but no opportunity to train them presented itself till the ship was taken in hand for refit.

The Fleet Clearance Diving team gave every assistance and a good deal of their time towards the training of our classes. The standard divers from the ship worked in the school during this period, helping with the training of the classes. It is hard to keep a diver out of a diving school. There seems to be some fatal attraction between the two. Maybe it is the instinctive urge, born in every diver, to keep himself within shouting distance of a recompression chamber. Be that as it may, it is doubtful whether the Clearance Diving team, with their various commitments on the station, could have coped with three full courses during the refit without the added help of

the Fleet Diver 1st Class and our own divers.

By the middle of July the diving team had been increased by seven. L/Sea Witts, LME Adcock, AB's Diaper, Hodge, Vaughan and ME's Davies and Marriott having qualified during the refit. With the increased numbers it became possible to carry out some more extensive and interesting diving exercises. The majority had the opportunity of exploring the after end of the ship's hull by night, feeling their way round and getting to know what it was they had just cut their hand on, or bumped their head against.

The end of July and the beginning of August, our last few weeks in Hong Kong before moving south to Singapore and Pulau Tioman (again), gave several opportunities for diving, both alongside and at Stonecutters Island. This last was usually a popular spot. Popular with the divers, that is. The Range

Warden was a little put out on one occasion to find a party of strangers brewing up a potmess on his preserves. He was, nevertheless, most hospitable once the situation had been clarified.

Pulau Tioman, with its crystal clear water, provided no opportunities for diving when the ship called there for a post refit work up. It had always been well known that sharks existed in those waters, but this visit was the first occasion on which sharks were sighted swimming round the ship. Sometimes six or eight at a time, there was nearly always a shark to be seen cruising around. It was felt — keenly by some — that in view of their having got there first, the waters of Pulau Tioman were the rightful preserve of the sharks and that therefore the divers would not poach.

On the ship's return to Singapore at the beginning of September, ceremonial company training and

preparations for the inspection figured so largely in the programme that time for diving was cut to a minimum. Then, following immediately afterwards came the passage to Hong Kong, the Admiral's inspection and the cruise to Japanese waters. Here was the first opportunity to give the recently qualified divers the chance to complain of cold water instead of hot oxygen. However, the water was not really cold and one could see disappointment on the faces of the old 'hands' who had been heard to mutter

from time to time such words as 'Wait till they have to break the ice on Horsea Lake next winter' and, 'Dcing the course out here, they don't know what cold water is'.

All the same, cold water or not, the prospect of the return home is much on everyone's mind, and we wish all the divers a happy return and plenty of diving. T.E.R.K.

An extract from the paying-off magazine of H.M.S. Newfoundland, Far East Station.

Fleet Clearance Diving Team Hong Kong

SEVERAL changes have occurred in the heirarchy of the team since our last report. L/Sea Bob Lusty has taken the reins from L/Sea Blaycock and AB Tom 'Dooley' Wannerton has relieved AB Sharpe.

L/Sea Blaycock and AB Sharpe excelled in extra mural sporting activities whilst out here. The former won many back-stroke swimming championships and with a little more effort should have won the Colony 'Championship. He represented the Royal Navy at swimming and water-polo and the seaman at athletics and football. Sharpe also represented the Navy at water-polo and took a very active part in swimming, football and athletics.

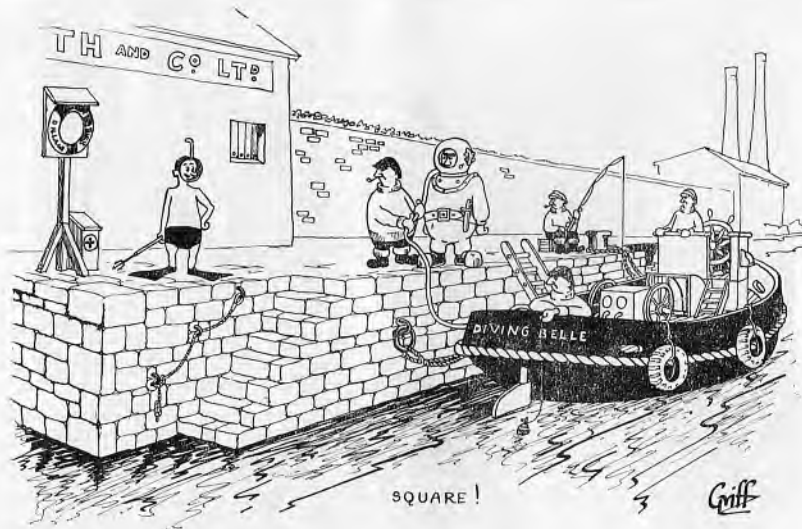
Although these two were outstanding, the rest of the team were no less successful in their sporting activities. Lt 'Wanchi' Checksfield turned out for the Wardroom in almost every sport and CPO McKinlay, handsome and sober as ever, represented the Royal Navy at water-polo, hockey and cricket.

L/Sea Cobb, AB Harrison, borne for light duties and AB Le Cornu also represented the seaman at various sports.

Leaving aside sport we now turn to the sordid details of 'Shop'. Training classes continue as before and we are often visited by SWD's from the ships. PO Brown with his circus from H.M.S. *Ceylon* paid us a fleeting visit. Exercising H.M.A.S. *Quiberon* and *Queenborough*'s teams was most interesting as they used their 'Hooker Gear' which most of us had only read about.

Unfortunately, we find that the standard of the SWD's from ships leaves much to be desired. Almost 90% are not suitable as divers and their equipment is normally in a disgusting state. It would appear that the qualifying course should be made even stiffer and a higher standard set as a pass requirement.

Several salvage jobs have also been done. A gunboat, sunk during the Japanese occupation, was inspected before being raised. When it was taken to the breakers yard, a mine



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was reported to be inside. We rushed to the scene. After investigating among all the mud and smells that go with everything out here, it turned out to be an old sweep float. Nevertheless, the manager of the yard insisted on pushing out the boat and quite a party developed.

Not long after, we received a police call for assistance. Some misguided person had thrown pitch into an underground reservoir. We didn't know what it was at first and a very hazardous time resulted in finding out. Two attendants were required for each diver: one at the manhole top who attended the diver's attendant who was up to his waist in water.

An old pewter mug was salvaged from the bottom of Hong Kong

harbour which has the following inscription: Sgt R. Stringer, R.A.E.C. from WO's & Sgts Mess, Advanced Base, Korea 1956. We will be delighted to return this to the owner if he is a subscriber to the Magazine.

There have been several runs ashore ensuring that the coffee stall profits are maintained. The only 'boozy' story worth telling is that one of the team left the beer issue in a bucket over the side of the ship. Unfortunately, when we got underway the culprit forgot to take it in and we had to do without. Le Cornu wasn't very popular.

Recently a junior seaman asked to be taken off course. When asked why he replied. 'I don't like the Chief shouting at me.'

What a life we have MAC.

Miss Madelaine Thompson, Surg-Cdr Miles' assistant at R.N.P.L. for the past two and half years, has recently married Mr Norman Bradburn of the R.N. Scientific Service, on the 7th February to be exact.

Alas, she is leaving R.N.P.L. and going to Malta to be near her husband. So we of R.N.P.L. must now search for another fair damsel to beguile divers into doing strange tests.

On behalf of all divers, the staff of the R.N. DIVING MAGAZINE would like to wish Madelaine and her husband every happiness.





TRAMPS' BALL, 'TAMAR' CHIEFS' MESS

Divers' Employment Bureau

The Bureau continues to function, and if you wish your name to be recorded please forward the undermentioned to the Employment Bureau.

Applicants must be either serving R.N. Divers or Ex-R.N. Divers who are subscribers to the *Diving Magazine*.

Full Name

Rating..... Off. No..... Age.....

Time Expired or Expires.....

Private Address

Willing to Serve Abroad.....

Diving Rate..... Date and Place Qualified.....

Equipment Experienced in.....

Diving Experience.....

This information will be filed and referred to as and when diving employment is required. The Bureau does not assure you of a job, but it will advise applicants on vacant diving situations.



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