



● "This is what an old car tyre looks like after two years on the bottom," John Matthews tells Dr. Bruce Malcolm, both of the New South Wales Fisheries. This is one of the tyres put on the bottom as a preliminary to the laying of the artificial reef. When covered with marine growth, like this one, the tyres will attract more fish to Lake Macquarie, N.S.W., and improve fishermen's catches

buoys the other end. When in position the pipes were released from the trawler and so the units of the reef slid down to the bottom with buoys marking the spot.

The final locating and laying of the reef was done by Scuba Divers who ensured the structure conformed to the pre-determined pattern.

The final configuration is best likened to a horseshoe 50 feet across.

This shape is considered to give most protection and proves very attractive to fish.

A further three test reefs will be laid in various locations and a careful check of progress recorded for evaluation by the Fisheries Department, scientific staff.

This research project will be of great interest and it is hoped find some answers on fish life in Lake Macquarie.

Dennis Robbo's Dilemma or What Happens When A Skindiver Starts Skydiving

by K. Marshall

The morning's fine, the wind is light
(Wish I'd slept some more last night)
Repeat the routines in my head,
Then crawl slowly out of bed,
Mum says, "Breakfast on the table",
"No thank you — don't think I'm
able".

Car horn toots — Smith is here
Hurry and gather all that gear
Out to Camden, keenly observing
Nothing but sky with birds a-swerving
Gee my stomach hurt on that bump
Who the hell talked me into this
jump?

Into Camden, see planes flying
See coloured 'chutes hanging drying
My gear is packed with trembling
hands

The instructor goes thru our final
plans
Then in the Cessna upward soaring
The door is off—the slipstream roar-
ing.

The power's off—the brakes are on
I'm on the wheel and then I'm gone
My head is back, legs and arms are
wide

Oh boy, I'm falling, and down I
glide

The static line has done its job
The chute deploys and around I bob.

I float serenely through the sky
I laugh and shout—my spirits high
I did my jump, I shout "I'm FREE"
Then the radio says, "Listen to me!"
The exit's good, you did just great
But unhook your leg before its too
late.

So I carry out that little manoeuvre
Untangling the whatsi from under the
doover

I'm O.K. now, my radio says
If only I'd stop those to and fro sways
I'm almost down and to land where I
orter

And I sink with the radio saying
IN THE SAND! NOT THE WATER.

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