

MEETINGS: 3rd Monday of each month at the Haberfield Rowing Club,
Dobroyd Parade, Haberfield. at 8 pm

AGENDA

Sat 26th Feb Club small boat dive at Currarong
Sun 27th Feb Unfortunately cancelled due to heavy rain and local flooding in the Nowra district. (11" of rain fell on Thursday 24.2.77)

Saturday 5 March Party at Tubby's and Dave's. Bring your own everything.
No. 10 Borella Road, Milperra. 6 pm.

Sat 19th March Spearfishing competition against Canterbury Underwater Club
Sun 20th March at Currarong. Camping at Currarong.
Party on the Saturday Night, at which hopefully, a 9 gln keg will be consumed.
Competition on Sunday. Sign on at Gary Ryan's car (white holden panel van - JBU233) in the camping ground. Comp runs from dawn till noon. Don't forget to sign off too! The loser pays for the keg. Competition run along the lines of the NSWUF.
SPECIAL NOTE: tanks and hookahs confiscated on Sunday.

Monday 21st Mar CLUB MEETING: Barry Lines will show some underwater movies.
Also hopefully, the results of the latest slide comp.

Friday 25 March Theatre party: REG LIVERMORE IN "WONDERWOMAN"
Contact Brenda if you require tickets.

FRIDAY 8th April EASTER WEEKEND - 4 days diving - EDEN
The following boat owners have indicated that they will be going.
*Richard Taylor, *Ron Arnold, Terry Zahner, Larry Reynolds,
*Frank Lewgeb, John Hughes, Gary Cameron, Pat Manly, *Peter Harper.

*These boat owners require a crew. If you don't have a ride, get motivated and ring around. Should be a great weekend.
Boat owners will not tow their boats to Eden unless they have a pre-arranged crew.

Monday 18 April Club Meeting

Sat 23rd April (ANZAC WEEKEND)
BBQ at Gary Cameron's residence. Bring your own steak.
Possibly a keg will be on at \$1.50 per head. Salads provided.

Monday 25th April DIVING!!! WRECK DIVE ON THE N.M. MILLER.
MEET AT HABERFIELD ROWING CLUB AT 7 am to launch boats at Leichhard Boat ramp.

May 7th May WEEKEND AWAY AT CURRARONG -- DIVING --
Weather permitting a dive is planned at JOHN YOUNG BANKS.
Peter Harper has volunteered to show divers some new spots.

11th May Club Meeting

Monday 22nd May Club small boat dive -- WRECK --- "UNDOLA"
Currumbutta Bay boat ramp 8 am.

Saturday 28th May MAYA FANCY DRESS NIGHT
BEFORE LATER.

At 10.30 am and Narelle on their newly launched project on parenthood. Reno reckons had it not rained at Wooli for 3 weeks it never have happened.

NEW HEBRIDES A'LA S.P.D. STYLE

Ingredients:

- 10 slack divers
- 10 sun soaked glorious days
- 1 South Pacific Island
- 1 43' cabin cruiser complete with 3 perfect hosts - Bob and Jill Netherwood and son, Dale.
- 1 fun loving, cunning and professional dive shop owner and wife - Daniel and Luciel Casabela.

Method:

Nine S.P.D. members: John Hughes, Karen Nadin, Dick and Brenda Taylor, Gary Cameron, Andy Hughes, Anne Speering, Dave Vickers, Ray Laborie and Mick Turner, made up our dive party.

10th November, 1976 - Departed Sydney Airport for Vila via Noumea. We won't bore you with details of flight but we left Sydney 11.20 a.m., arrived Vila 4.40 p.m.

On arrival, the first hassle we had was a slight but dangerous scene when all luggage had arrived except Tub's and Karen's. It wouldn't have been so bad except that the clothes arrived but no diving gear. Tub wanted to rip the Airport apart and took some cooling down. After phoning the Rossi Hotel, our hosts, John and Beverly Huey, along with Daniel Casabela, the dive shop owner, picked us up and took us to the Hotel which is located in the heart of the town and right on the harbour shore.

After unpacking we settled downstairs on the terrace, sipping liquid bliss (some got right into it - no names mentioned), where our host, John, talked us into having Coconut Crab followed by Pepper Steak, and a gallon of Spanish wine. Excellent cuisine! Dick Taylor ate the pattern off the plate.

11th November, 1976 - The weather was overcast but very hot and humid. We had arranged with Daniel to meet at the Nautilus Dive Shop to pick up weight belts and tanks plus gear for Karen and Tub. After all the gear was sorted out we got our first glimpse of the "ESCAPADE" - a 43' cruiser used normally for game fishing tours. Boy! what a boat, with a captain and crew you couldn't beat - Bob Netherwood and his lovely wife, Jill, and son, Dale. They were the managers of Hideaway Island Holiday Resort and leased the boat out to parties such as ours. Luxury plus, that's the only way to describe the "Escapade". Bar included, 60¢ a can of "Tooheys" (No Reschs - stiff!).

Diving! Diving! Diving! Packed the boat, set sail for Pango Pango Head. 9.30 a.m. Wondering minds, what's it going to be like? Good vis, plenty fish, who knows? Captain Bob was eyeing Hassleblad's, Mirandas, Cannon's and the odd Nikonos, scratched his head and looked at ten eager, smiling faces. Daniel shrugged his shoulders, out-stretched both palms of his hands and I quote "Oh, Oh Monseur, the money". First in best dressed. Taylor and Tub fought for an 80 cubic ft. aluminium tank - this went on for eight days - every first dive, Tub won seven out of eight. Splasho - no wet suit, strange gear and clear, warm water. The vis was about 80-100ft. Sank to the bottom at about 90 ft. Clown triggers, coral and rock sloping down, fish, fish, fish. Wow! This was great. Sat and just looked around. Noticed all the bods hit the water - Dave, Dick, Gary, Mick, Ray, and then the girls, Karen, Brenda, Anne, then Daniel.

Nobody had trouble taking a roll of film. Dick wracked off 40 rolls of 12, Tub 13 rolls of 36, Gary 800ft. of movie, Andy 7 rolls of 36, Mick 9 rolls of 12, over the 8 days diving. We then sailed further around the island to have lunch and our second dive. While we were anchored we all snorkled while Jill prepared lunch. The meals on the boat were excellent and finger-licking good. Main hot meal, plus tossed salad, bread and butter, Spanish wine, plus paw paw for dessert, coffee. "Burp".

Second dive that afternoon was out from Erakor Inlet. Same good vis as our first and not so deep. The species of fish were numerous - chaetodons, clown triggers, angel fish, lion fish - all the tropical reef fish you would expect to find on the Barrier Reef. There seemed to be a lack of large species such as coral trout, sweet lips, groper etc. due probably to the natives spear fishing.

That night we ate again at the Rossi Hotel - \$3.00 per head for a B.B.Q. tea and smorgasbord and wine. Over there you put ice cubes in the wine to chill it. The B.B.Q. consisted of fillet steak, pork chop, cutlet, chop and two snags - real value. The reason for the B.B.Q. was that it was the staffs' day off every Thursday.

Friday was again slightly overcast but very humid. We left Vila at 8.45 a.m. for Hat Island some eleven miles north. The trip took two hours so we made the most of it for sunbaking and some extra shut-eye. We had been told that Hat Island was ace diving with real good viso and plenty of fish. Well, when we anchored the boat in 80' of water you could see the bottom plain as day. There was a slight current running at about four knots but the viso was at about 150' - no more or less, and fish, Man, you should have seen them all. Very distracting not knowing what to take pics of. You name it was there - clowns, angels, chaetodons, coral trout, sweet lips. Coral reef dropped off at about 120' with gorgonia fans etc., but you can't have it all your own way. The fish were spooky and it was hard to get in real close. We set the same routine as the day before. We'd move and then anchor in close and have a snorkel while Jill prepared lunch and after lunch have our second dive which was also great.

We had to swim some 100' or so to this coral dropoff from 4' down to 80' - straight down with coral caves. Stacks of marine flora and fauna with the vis at about 100'. Tub found two large cowrie shells which were ace specimens but returned them as they were still alive, much to his dislike. The girls were diving alright and found numerous species of shells. Brenda always managed at least four or five shells each dive. Karen caught on also and was soon into the shell scene too. Anne was having ear trouble and only dived occasionally.

On the trip home to Vila Harbour we were trolling for surface fish, big ones, laugh mate, it was funny. Four rods and lures, nine fishermen (well, some could fish), so Bob used what they call the peg method. Each rod and reel had a different coloured peg on it and four guys would each receive a corresponding peg, and a timer was put on for twenty minutes. Then they would give the peg to someone else so that we all had a turn. If your reel went off you sat in the game chair and fished. Well picture this, thirty empty tanks and six slack divers grogging on with the four lures out the back, when Andy screams: "You're gonna get a hit Dick" "Whammo!" The surface exploded as the fish hit the lure. Dick sat in the chair, panic broke out. Bods everywhere scrambling out of the way but only getting in the way. Daniel was driving the boat as Bob was crook. All this happened

in fifteen seconds. Dick placed the rod in the socket on the chair as the line poured out of the reel, with 50lb pressure on the brake plus the boat travelling at 8 knots and the rod bent right over. Smoke screaming out of the reel. Dick's back was arched right back. 600lb of fish. "Yahoo" he yells, when arse over head he goes, the line snapping. (Have you ever seen Dick with the shits, all the gigs reckon he couldn't catch a cold at the North Pole in his BVD's). Bad luck. Stiff Cheddar. Poor Captain Bob was real hung up with a severe headache and had us all a bit worried as we thought he might be bent. Next day we worried as he might not take the boat out and we couldn't dive, but it turned out alright; he only busted his eardrum, so they said up at the hospital. That night we dined at the "La Mer" restaurant, eight of us did anyway. Snails, oysters, garlic prawns, fillet steak, plenty of vino. ("Burp", excuse us).

Saturday we left the girls on shore to do some shopping and whatever else they do? Bob left Jill on Hideaway Island so we had an all male crew. Now this was good, you could even swear - bum, buggar, bloody, etc. Hat Island again, 100' vis. large dogtooth tuna, 6' - 8' gorgonia fans in 90' of water. Ray must have eaten too well the night before as he didn't dive due to a bad case of diarrhoea. He sort of had the shits so to speak and spent the day in or on the dunny. On our second dive we saw small Napoleon fish (hump headed Maori) and some real neat caves lined with corals, gorgonias and other marine flora. Saturday night we dined at the Rossi Hotel and boozed up a bit.

Sunday. We dived on the "Star of Russia", a wreck in the Port Vila Harbour. Situated in 130' of water and about 800 yds. off shore, this turned out to be one of our best dives. Anne never dived and her place was taken by an Englishman, Adam, who came from Fiji. The wreck was real easy to find after the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile trip across the harbour in Daniel's 19' Zodiac inflatable. The "Star of Russia" was scuttled in the early '20's and was a three masted steam clipper used to cargo copra. Couldn't find out too much about her except that two large barges are anchored above her and that they are used as moorings when one or more ships are in port. Daniel moored to one of these barges and we all geared up on the flat surface of the barge. All in together down this large linked anchor chain. We hit the top of the deck at 80' and the vis was about 40' inside the wreck and about 20' outside as all the silt was stirred up from the "Arcadia" which was in port the previous day. The wreck was sitting upright with the hull still intact and the teak decking had been stripped off before scuttling, as were all the other goodies. There were still three port holes left but no one was interested enough to take one. Maybe the excess baggage had something to do with it, anyway, a real good, safe dive.

Sunday arvo, smorgasbord lunch at the luxurious Intercontinental Hotel inland where Dave met his lovely "Naomi" from Melbourne (ah, true love at first sight). (Naomi's a bit short-sighted). Ray dabbled in affairs of the heart also but bombed out. Casanova Cameron wouldn't rev due to a broken heart and glandular fever and Mick wasn't interested. Dick, Andy, Tub, all true to one (anyone). Sunday night bummed around the Rossi and made the place look untidy.

Monday we dived on the northern side of the island at Havana Harbour which took $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours, so we all caught up on a bit of sunbaking on the deck. "Zane Grey", Tub, as we know him matched skills with the denizens of the deep and landed an 8lb barracudda whilst trolling on the way north, which turned out to be the only fish landed by our party.

Our first dive at Havana Harbour was to be our worst as the vis was down to a low 30' and there was not a real lot to see compared to Hat Island. Andy, Ray, Tub, had two remora fish swim around them but no bities. Gary and Dick were fortunate to have the whalers belonging to the remora buzz them but they didn't hang around long. We had lunch at Havana Harbour then moved round further north and had our second dive which also seemed to be milky - 30' vis, much more to see on this occasion, mainly coral trout and big perch with all the other smaller species mentioned before. That afternoon Bob anchored at Havana Station overnight and the diving group travelled back to Vila by mini bus which was waiting for us and pre-arranged the day before. The journey took $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours to cover the 35 kilometre trip. This turned out to be our sightseeing trip which had been organised for us by the Hotel as they had planned a half day tour but as we preferred to dive, they subsidised the bus trip on two occasions.

Tuesday. All aboard the mini bus 7.00 a.m. Arrived back at Havana Harbour 9.00 a.m. Headed north for Horseshoe Bay which we had been told was the very ace diving spot in Vila. The vis was a bit better today than yesterday - about 60' on our first dive. Dick and Tub came across some large lion fish in a cave which went right through the rocky reef. First through best dressed as the bottom was silty white sand and became all stirred up after we went through it. I was busy taking pics in 80' of water when I heard plain as day "Hey! Tubby". I looked around to see Dick pointing to a whaler between him and me but moving away from us both. One flick of the tail and it was gone, vanished into the deep blue. Andy, Ray, Dave, Mick and Brenda were busy swimming in a sandy gutter 30' deep with about fifteen small white tip reef sharks. When we all completed our first tank dive we then went snorkelling in the sandy gutter taking pics freediving with the reefys. Even the girls, Brenda Anne and Karen handled it really well.

Our second dive was at a spot we called "Hole in the Wall" due to a large cave in the face of the cliffs. Here the vis was down to about 30' again but the fish were prolific. Gary shot some film of large hump headed Maori wrasse up to 100lb or more, coral trout, sweet lips. Gary lost the mouthpiece off his reg. in 60' of water. Cool, calm, he held his breath and put it back together - no hurries, no worries. 4.30 p.m. back at Havana Harbour then back to Vila by bus. That night we dined at the La Lagon Hotel which had tremendous decor of native style surroundings in modern air-conditioned comfort and the food, as usual, was excellent. Even ended up a bit pissy as we stayed in the party mood longer than usual.

Wednesday. 7.00 a.m. bus departed, Nautilus Dive Shop. All aboard with two new divers, Corlette and her daughter, Agnes, both from Vila, who replaced Dave and Ray who went whoring. The trip took a little longer this time due to one of the tanks falling out of the boot compartment of the bus. As Daniel says: "No worries, no hurries, insurance will pay for it!" We arrived at Havana Harbour 9.00 a.m., packed all gear on board and were mobile about 9.30 a.m. After a short discussion we decided that Hat Island was the best diving so far and seeing as this was our last day's diving from the "Escapade", we headed south for Hat Island. The first dive revealed that we had made the right decision, 200' vis or more. We were diving in about 80' of water on rocky boulder-type bottom with small coral niggerheads or bommies protruding everywhere. These small bommies contained heaps of life in the form of fish, coral, sponges and marine fauna. Outside of these the bottom was a large rocky desert stretching for as far as the viso would allow us to see.

Karen, Dick and myself swam to the edge of the dropoff and looked down a white, sandy road, as it seemed, amidst the rocky decline. At 120' we still couldn't see the bottom with the vis 200' or more - just a real dark crystal blue fringe and a few dark shadows. One whaler crept up out of the dark blue, stayed on the fringe of visibility, wasn't interested and sank back into the "spooky depths". The diving was 'spot on' as we compared our dives and we decided to stay anchored till after lunch and we had our second dive on the same location but still saw a lot more species of different fish and a couple of good sized moray eels who were very shy.

We've all heard the saying "up and down like a yo yo" well, that was "Taylor the Tick". Shot off four rolls on one tank. We even managed to sneak in a third dive seeing as it was our last dive on the reef. On the 3½ hour trip home to Vila we lounged around on deck and thought of all the good dives we had had in the seven days. Bob and Jill invited us over to Hideaway Island for a farewell party on the Thursday night which we all gladly accepted. Poor Dave and Ray missed the best day's diving but made up for it in other ways "Huma Huma".

It was dark when we got back to Vila at about 7.30 p.m. Daniel invited us out to tea and Dave, Ray, Karen, Brenda, Dick and myself accepted. The others, the players that is, stayed at the Hotel La Charles for tea. This is where the French millionaires dine out but when we got there the place was empty although the food was excellent, especially the \$15 French wine that Daniel and Lucy introduced us to at his expense (or ours). The pace was starting to tell on us as a few players dropped out. "Sarge", Andy, Gary and Mick and Tub fell asleep at the table after tea.

Whilst dining a tremendous clap of thunder exploded outside. Lucy thought it was an explosion of some sort but Daniel said "Rafael" had most probably blown the dive shop after going to sleep with the H.P. compressor running. Rafael was the native shop assistant who stayed up every night till 1.00 a.m. filling 30 tanks and then loading them on the boat at 7.00 a.m.

Thursday morning an all male crew dived on the "Star of Russia". Gary was first in - down to the bottom with his movie camera and filmed the rest of us descending like skydivers onto the wreck. Gary was also first out as he cut his foot badly on the wreck and had to have stitches inserted at the hospital later on. The dive was good value again and this time we saw our only sea snake. That afternoon we washed and packed all our gear, did a bit of shopping and sightseeing. "Sarge" had to buy another large suitcase to bring all the goodies home. The native carvings were really good value and we all invested in those.

Last night in Vila. Boy! what a night. This is where we sorted the players and the stayers. After being met on the shore by a large flat-bottomed punt we were greeted on the island by Bob and Dale and Gwen. A rowdy reception Vila style. We all mingled with the other few guests on the island, drank some jungle juice punch and then had a native feast. Only a few had seconds after tea, it was Huma Huma time - booze, dancing, booze, singing, booze, dancing, cigar smoking, booze, booze, booze, booze. Ray got drunk three times, Brenda flaked out on the table, Dave, Naomi, Gary, Mick went early. Ray sobered up and got drunk again, Bob had trouble keeping up with the pace, Daniel and Lucy retired at 1.00 a.m. Still a few stayers left - more booze, 2.00 a.m. and we were informed no more taxis on shore to take us home. Who cared? - we'll stay the night but at 3.00 a.m. we finally got a taxi to drive us back to Vila. Andy was very drunk the next morning but not half as drunk as Ray was.

Friday morning we said our goodbyes at the Airport to Bob, Dale, John and Bev., our hosts, with promises to return next year. Hungover and a little fatigued we boarded the jet for Noumea. The stop-over in Noumea was dull compared to Vila, the people arrogant, the town dirty. No comparison - an anticlimax to a real good holiday. Back in Sydney on the Saturday, very tired but still in Vila.

A special tanks to Sue Price of Bali Magic Carpet Tours who organised our trip to Vila, well done.

TUB.

Method: Remove cobwebs from diving gear. Get camera gear out of hock. Remove excess baggage at airport (Reynolds tried to hide in Gary's kit bag) and rev good and proper for 10 days.

Is record white pointer just a Fairy story?

A widely held belief that a 36½ ft white pointer shark (*Carcharodon carcharias*) taken off Port Fairy in Victoria during the 1880s is the largest of its kind ever caught has been questioned by an American biologist, Dr John E. Randall of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

THE length of the Victorian white pointer was a scientific 'best guess' based on a study of its jaws, held in the British Museum.

The second largest white pointer on record was caught off Havana, Cuba, and was accurately measured at 21 ft.

Dr Randall thought the unusually big difference in length between the two sharks was rather odd.



Dr Randall went to the British Museum to examine the jaws from the Port Fairy specimen. He found that, although they were impressive — the perimeter of the largest upper jaw was 47-1/5 in. and the height of the largest tooth was 2½ in. — he did not feel they were nearly as large as one would expect.

He then went about assessing the true length of the '36½ ft' shark in an indirect manner. Having measured the perimeters of the upper jaw and the heights of the enamel portion of the largest teeth, he did the same for numerous other jaws from sharks which had been accurately measured.

He used the distance from base to peak of the enamel part of the teeth as a measure of tooth height because in intact jaws this was the only part of the teeth protruding. He did not want to break the specimens when making his measurements.

To find jaw specimens he travelled to the Museum National d'Histoire Naturelle in France, Scripps Institution of Oceanography and the California Academy of Sciences on the Pacific coast of the United States, and the Northeast Fisheries

Center on the Atlantic coast. He also was sent measurements from the jaws of two large specimens caught off the coast of Australia.

(This is a good indication of the wide range throughout which the white shark is found.)

Dr Randall finally had 16 upper jaw perimeter measurements and 17 tooth-enamel-height measurements of individuals from 5 to 15 ft long.

He then drew two graphs: in the first the y-axis was a measure of the upper jaw perimeter and the x-axis the length of the shark; and in the second the y-axis was a measure of tooth-enamel height and the x-axis again the length of the shark.

He plotted after this the two sets of jaw measurements as a function of the shark's length. In both cases the points all lay in an oblique, straight line — illustrating that the larger the teeth and jaws, the greater the shark's length.

For the jaws of the 36½ ft shark the length corresponding to the largest tooth enamel height was 17½ ft and the length corresponding to the largest upper-jaw perimeter was 17 ft. Randall then averaged the two. The resulting length was only 17½ ft, slightly less than half of the original estimate.

Actually there is some evidence that white sharks may reach lengths over 21 ft.

Colin Ostle of the Western Australian Department of Fisheries and Wildlife at Albany has measured widths of bite marks on dead whales made by white sharks of known lengths and, in a similar way to Dr Randall, has estimated the lengths of extremely large individuals.

He has measured bite widths up to 24 in. and, according to his calculations, such bites would have

been inflicted by a shark of about 25 to 26 ft in length. To date, however, no shark of this size has been directly measured.

Weights were available in addition to lengths for many of the white sharks from which jaws examined by Dr Randall were taken. Weights ranged from 56 pounds for two five-foot young caught off Durban, South Africa, to 7 100 lb for the 21 ft shark caught off Cuba.

The increase in weight outsteps the increase in length as the sharks grow larger.

In very large individuals a difference in length of a couple of feet may result in a difference of several thousand pounds. For instance a 17½ ft shark caught off New York weighed 4 500 lb while the 21-footer, which was only 3½ ft longer was 2 600 lb heavier.

Dr Randall also shed further doubt on earlier estimates as to the length of the prehistoric shark, *C. megalodon*. Enormous fossilised teeth of this species are found throughout the world in fossil deposits. They have led to the belief that these sharks reached lengths of from 60 to 100 ft. Randall measured the tooth-enamel height of the largest tooth from the United States National Museum and found it to be 4-7/10 in. Such an enamel height corresponds to a body length of only 43 ft on his graph. Although considerably less than 100 ft long, this enormous aggressive predator still must have made swimming risky for the large marine reptiles of the Upper Cretaceous geological period.

White pointers have the disturbing habit of occasionally attacking fishing boats. Even a 15-footer has been known to grab a small boat by the propeller and fling

it about like a cocktail shaker. Many fishermen have speculated about the results of a white pointer the length of three Volkswagens end-to-end trying the same thing.

But it now seems that fishermen need no longer worry about being attacked by a white pointer 36½ ft long. The biggest shark likely to menace them would be only about 25 ft. That must be a great relief!

This 5.2 m (16 ft 10 in.) white pointer was killed with a .303 power head after a group of abalone divers chased it in shallow Hall's Bay on the South Australian west coast for several hours in a 5 m open aluminium boat.

Photos: Phil Win,
Port Lincoln Times.



Jaws to jewellery

SHARK'S teeth round your throat — it might not appeal to everyone but many of the world's fashion-conscious are happy to pay for the privilege.

At least one Australian jewellery-maker, Ian Burt of Sydney, is reported to be selling white pointer teeth necklaces mounted in sterling silver for \$1 000 each and mounted in 18-carat gold for \$5 000.

Even in Port Lincoln, where big white pointers are almost commonplace, single teeth on a chain are selling for \$18 each.

It is hardly surprising that many fishing boats are now carrying large hooks in their gear lockers. A set of jaws from a white pointer can bring the same price as two tonnes of tuna.

Fishermen have been receiving \$600 or more for good sets of jaws although one buyer, described as 'an American with more money than sense', is said to have paid \$2 500.

But it is far from a one-sided business. Mr Burt reports that the fishermen employed to hunt sharks for him between Eden and Albany have lost one six-metre boat to a white pointer already.

TERRIGAL DIVING SCHOOL in association with A.C.T.U. New World
Travel invite you to:—

EXPLORE THE PACIFIC

Les and Fran Graham, names synonymous with safe diving invite you to join them on one of these fantastic dive tours.

MANA ISLAND — FIJI

Clear, warm, coral diving at its very best, previous tours to Mana have enabled us to locate the best dive sites. Come with the people who know Mana Island, an idyllic tropical island with first class accommodation. The 12 day tour includes:— Airfares, Accommodation and ALL meals on Mana Island for only \$655, plus a day for duty free shopping in Nandi.

Tour (1) 12 days departing Sydney, Monday 10th April, 1977.

Tour (2) 12 days departing Sydney, Monday 29th August 1977.

PACIFIC TOUR — including TRUK LAGOON

As featured in National Geographic and U.S. Skin Diver Magazine, TRUK offers the discerning diver the opportunity to dive in this unspoiled paradise and explore the Japanese Wartime wrecks. This 13 day tour, via Nauru and Majuro, features 8 days in TRUK. Departing Melbourne, Saturday 2nd July 1977. Further details available from — Terrigal Diving School or A.C.T.U. New World

RABAUL in P.N.G. — (For the very experienced diver only)

The charts show some 57 wrecks in Rabaul Harbour, many of them in perfect condition (except for a few torpedo holes). The diving is relatively deep and participants in this tour must have proof of diving ability and experience. For the diving tour of a lifetime, Rabaul is a must.

12 Day Tour departs Sydney, Monday 10th October. For further details contact Terrigal Diving School or A.C.T.U. New World Travel

The cost of diving at each of these locations is very reasonable and for the most part cheaper than in Australia. For further details contact:—

A.C.T.U. New World Travel,
323 Castlereagh Street,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

or

Terrigal Diving School,
The Haven,
TERRIGAL, N.S.W.

NOTE:— Prices quoted are based on current Airfares and subject to alteration at short notice.

BOOKING FORM

TO: A.C.T.U. New World Travel
323 Castlereagh Street,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please Reserve places on Tour No. 1 to MANA ISLAND, ☐

..... places on Tour No. 2 to MANA ISLAND. ☐

Enclose cheque/money order for \$65 as deposit.

Please send further details on TRUK Tour ☐

Please send further details on RABAUL Tour ☐

Place tick in whichever box is applicable

Name

Address