



DAVID JACKMAN, of Harbord, on one of the mighty waves surging over the Queenscliff bombora last June.

Bridge to the north side (I was strictly a south-sider, coming from Bondi), Lee Cross told me a little about himself and why he wrote his book on surfing.

Lee has been a keen surfboard rider for four years and spends most of his weekends and holidays riding the waves. Since he left high school two years ago he has worked with a North Sydney advertising company.

He believes that surfing should be given more encouragement as a world-wide sport.

So Lee set out to produce a book about the Australian surfer, the best surfing spots, how to ride a surfboard, about the new South Pacific Surf Riders' Club (the first successful attempt to form a club to cater for the needs of the surfboard rider), with pictures and news about the local champions.

And he did just that, with the help of some of his teenage surfing mates.

The dramatic cover shot of a surfboard rider was taken by 17-year-old Terry Flemming, of Bronte, a trainee photographer with the Sydney Water Board.

Illustrations and jokes were drawn by an 18-year-old East Sydney Tech. art student, David Letts, of Newport.

Lee was telling me of his plans to bring out a second edition of the book before the end of the year when we arrived at Fairy Bower.

One of the "Bower Boys" yelled that the "waves were on" and the surf was "too much" (his term for fabulous).

We raced to the top of a cliff overlooking the spot where the boards were starting their journey "down the mine," about one mile off Manly Beach.

The surf looked wild and rough, but the boys had it mas-

tered, and the champs of this area, like "Nipper" Williams, Bob Pike, and Glen Richie (all pictured in the book), dared to ride with no fear of hitting the craggy stone bottom.

We were off again, giving Manly a miss, and were heading for a closer view of the Queenscliff bombora.

The great bombora, where the sea surges over seven layers of rock, nearly two miles out from North Steyne Beach, thunders in a big sea.

It has been conquered by only a handful of boys, including 21-year-old Dave Jackman, of Freshwater.

Three months ago "Jacko" successfully cracked four of the mighty bombora waves. (See picture above.)

Northwards again, we passed Freshwater, Curl Curl, Dee-why, and Long Reef without stopping. The surf was too big and there was danger of losing surfboards, which would go crashing against the rocks and so "ding" (a bang which splits the fibreglass on a surfboard) badly.

The boys told me that Long Reef usually supplies the works

—everything from 3ft. to 30ft. waves. The top man among some mighty locals of this area is Peter Clare, the senior surfboard champion for 1961.

The Collaroy boys were really "hot-dogging" on "Pitt Street" shoots (waves with five or six riders catching them), but we were off to find where the surfboard riders from the south side had "camped" for the day.

We didn't have to go far. As we reached the sands of North Narrabeen we could see cars, surfboards, and riders, and we knew that this was THE beach for the best surf.

Shark scare

North Narrabeen is best known as the "home-water" for Bernard ("The Midget") Farrelly. At 16 "The Midget," a surfboard-maker by trade, is the junior champion of the Sydney surf-riders, and in November he is going to Hawaii to compete in the International Surfing Championships.

Lee Cross and his friends untied their surfboards from the top of the car, changed into their "zip-tweeds," and were off into the surf.

I was at the edge of the water, ready to take my first plunge

of the season, when there was a yell and everyone headed for shore. I looked out to sea about 150 yards and saw three shark fins circling the area.

Everyone was quick to agree to head further north in search of another beach.

But we were out of luck. At every beach the waves were too big for me, so we headed back to Collaroy, where we watched the experts do their surfing tricks.

Some were riding "toes on the nose" (standing with feet on the front of the board), some were going for a "wipe out" (instead of cutting off a wave when it begins to dump, they keep on riding it till they are thrown off the board), and others were crouching in "quasi-moto" style (body bent nearly in two with one hand stretched out in front and one behind).

We knew that the surf back home at Bondi was flat, so the boys finally took me there to learn to ride a surfboard from the instructions in the "Australian Surfer."

I put a jumper over my swimsuit. The sun had gone and a wind was blowing, but I wanted to have just one go at trying to ride.

I found it easy to kneel on the board as long as I kept my



LEE CROSS, 19, author and publisher of the "Australian Surfer," is an expert on the surfboard, too.

hands paddling. I tried and tried to stand up in one action, as the book said I should, but I can't even do that on land!

After about 30 minutes I learnt to stand in a strictly non-feminine fashion (one leg struggling up after the other).

In spite of the comments from Lee and his mates that "the fin must have been stuck in the sand" just because I could stand up, I was sure that I'd be a surfboard rider one day.



BOB PIKE, a renowned "Bower Boy," is hit by a backwash from the beach while cutting across a wave.