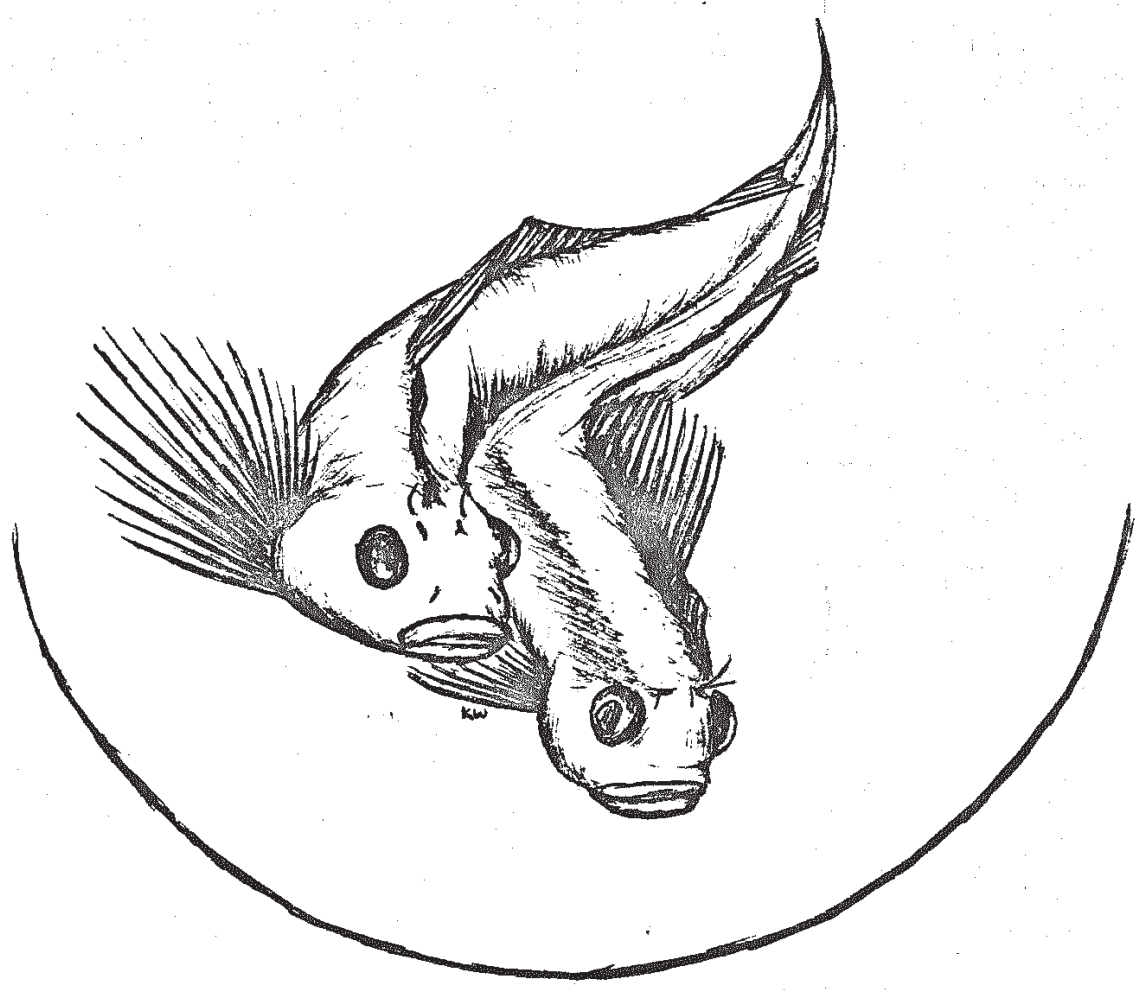


J.J. Lee  
(Please return).

Thanks Gary  
Brian

# FLOTSAM

1978 - No 2



YELLOW BLACK MALE AND FEMALE BLENNIES

ODDS AND SODDS.

The University Club runs all their trips for cost. Last Mokes trip we had twenty divers aboard at a cost of \$7.00 per diver. Last trip it was \$9.00. So the more divers we get the cheaper the trips. On a fine day 20 aboard the challenger is no sweat. Also most commercial Clubs charge divers \$12.00 per head - so you get a better deal with A.U.U.C.

6

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Hear about the man whose parents were a Clairvoyant and a Contortionist and as a result he can foresee his own end.

-----  
Going to print half of this years trips were fully booked so get booked in now. Also to save students money, all but the first poor knights trip has been transferred to another cheaper boat - The Rikoriko - May 7th is still on The Lady Jess. Only one date has been changed - check with Brett for details - also the trips Officers - name is spelt without an (H) - Abraham. Sorry about the last issue (ED).

-----  
Pub nites have not been a success this year - a core of 8-10 members held it together last year and early this year - but we promise more action in the 2nd term - sorry to those who turned up to and no members - We waited to see if new members would arrive and support - and they didn't - so we will try again for them in term 2.

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The world's most stupid man, Mr Brodrick Godbolt, was today found not guilty of trying to gas his wife by throwing her in the North Sea.

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And a man who broke into Brigitte Bardots bedroom and laid his hands on her jewellery - has been found guilty but insane.

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At the end of every term A.U.U.C. has a special Pub Nite at the BIG I. - 7.30pm watch Notice Board for details.

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Remember that A.U.U.C. Main Notice Board is still the one near the Quad. Also if you wish to advertise gear do so - but please make it a small notice.

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Oceans 78 - At the BIG I. - see Briañ Dobson for forms and details.

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May Holidays Camp - could be Spirits Bay if things go right - watch Board for details. See last issue for info about this terrific place.

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Due to popular demand we are trying to arrange another White Island trip in August - 3 days - hopefully.

BRETT FURLONGER (EDITOR).

Hear about the N.Z.U.A. Official who thought a compensator was a Public Servant working for the Accident Compensation Board.

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Thanks Kathy for the cover design and to Mrs Battershill for typing the last Edition of Flotsam.  
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#### FRESHERS CAMP

The weekend before Easter found over 40 divers trekking up to Goat Island. This camp was free to all members. Most took advantage of Club Tents and tanks. A surprise was that 99% of those who turned up were Scuba Divers - thus the club boat was well used. - Since converted to a Marine Reserve the fish life has really improved. Deep water Point was a popular spot. A night dive was a Highlight - picking up sleepy leather jackets is an interesting way of studying fish. Frolics during the night included letting down tents, inflating tents with tanks, drinking, laughing and falling down.

#### EASTER CAMP.

#### BLAND BAY SPLURGE.

We arrived at Bland Bay on the Friday to a neat offshore wind and beautiful fine weather.

Due to few minor technical hitches - camp was not set till approx. 4.30pm, hence darkness was due as soon as the first four intrepid mermaid killers took to the place believed to be a mermaid breeding ground. The water was calm but the night was almost upon us, so we couldn't go too far. Who needed to?

Down to 12m and swim towards shore. Shit; no mermaids. But, in every crack, 1,2 or many crays staring at you, the occasional few boasting their resident moray who won't friendliest. Chris rapidly got sick of crays and took off looking for Kingis, Mark and Brian were content to shine the torch up cracks and smile back at the resting crays who were smiling at them, taking the odd one of course. Meanwhile Keith tried to take on a Packy with 200psi left in his tank. Packy backs into hole, taking Keith's hook and Keith with him. Keith's tank was bending inwards when we got him to the surface, and his hook - well, basically its just history.

After this exciting start, despite the distinct lack of mermaids, Bland Bay promised good during, for when we could get further around the coast. That into the well known Packhorse and Kingi Country.

But alas, the next day Hurricane Daisy picked up and the curse of the dreaded North Easterly wind was upon us. For those divers in the camp who had a boat with a bit of size and power were not too hampered by the wind. But for those of us whose diving expeditions included piling four divers one on top of the other in a 12 foot parkercraft powered by a 10 horse sea hawk, with 9.9 horses previously thrashed out of it, coastal ventures were a no/no. That is, we had no life jackets to put on the crayfish for the return journey. (Nice one - Ed).

With a left swell coming in on the jarred reefs pointing seaward, one gave little chance for good vis. But we were pleasantly surprised. Even in the close shore sheltered areas the divers were characterised by splendid arrays of fish, and untold crays.

A night dive was impossible, but what would I give for the chance to - night dive around here. (probably a leg, the sharks school at night around here.)

Chris took up a Hawaiian sling and while having practice shots into space, managed to tin blast a John Dory (Oops, I shouldn't of said that). And for the record, he also managed to get a Kingi, although it was blind, mentally retarded and was being pushed round on the bottom in a wheel chair by a grey nurse shark in a doctors suit.

Given good weather a bit more mobility over the water and another camp at Eland Bay, a really good time by those who went would be had, as was had by those gloating that went at Easter.

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1ST MOKOHINAUS TRIP. MARCH 11TH.

Fantastic weather for diving - 3 hours steaming found us at Simpsons Rock, where we had over 100ft viz. At this time of the year - diving in these conditions seems to make stomach upsets all worthwile. The trip was marred by one small incident when a well loved and highly respected diver, who through no fault of his own was feeling a little unwell, and at the time was sleeping on the roof, was tied down by another diver who finds pleasure in others misery. However this person is not responsible for his unstable nature, indeed, only last week he went to a Nudist Fancy Dress Ball ( uninvited) dressed only in cake and sherry. Naturally he got a Trifle excited. Following this he ran off and was involved in an incident with a topless model in a store window. He was later arrested and charged with a smash and two grabs.

The dive at Nawire Rock was also great - The Elusive Spanish Lobster was seen by many divers. Also Ian Walker again showed his support for a favourite dive shop, when he sunk, bent, then lost his spear into a very large Kingi - maybe you need a better drop of head Ian - HEH HEH HEH. MURRY STEGLIPOWITZ.

2ND MOKOHINAUS TRIP APRIL 8TH.

Once again terrific weather, although the viz was reduced to 40-50ft. Ian found that his new drop off Head was working perfectly, indeed even before it hit the fish, it was dropping off. 1st Dive was at Nawire Rock - I dropped to 80ft and snatched a 5lb RED CRAY - returned to find a large Kingi landed - well done - whoever that was - also the rum munchies were prevalent. I was sighted following the challenger out (probably in anticipation of Peter Scotts chum line). No.2 sighted doing a flip - (probably after sampling - said (hum).

Then a small Hammerhead seen from the boat at Fanal Isãand. No.4 sighted whilst members were snorkling with the dolphins - did it - stop anyone diving you ask - no - 'cos nobody told them. Talking about Dolphins they were with us going out and on the return journey. Hardy members clad only in underwear had a snorkel with them. They became particularly friendly and even leapt entirely out of the water in protest when we departed. The trip back was one of the best yet - lots of food and drink, calm weather, dolphins, birds fishing, kites flying and to end it all, a magnificent sunset. (All for only \$7.00) (Ed).  
Book for the next Mokes Trip.

DISCO/WINE AND CHEESE.

A.U.U.C. 1st Social of the year came off well, although more club members, we think, should have turned up. Anyway there was enough people dancing and drinking to make it a Social and nearly a financial success.  
NEXT POOR KNIGHTS TRIP MAY 7TH \*\*\* (ED).

NEXT MOKOHINAU TRIP JUNE 3&4th

Sorry all White Island Trips are booked, however if the August date is finalised then it will be advertised.

CLUB RULES.

Some members have asked about Club Rules on trips - Here they are:

- No hurling of tanks.
- No spitting in the cabin.
- Baked Beans must be shared.
- Songs about Cold Cafe Pies and stomach contractions to be sung only to novice divers and then only on the way home.

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Hear about the Irish Rapist who tied the girls legs together so she couldn't run away.  
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POTTED GOLFGREEN'S FOR THE SPORT-MINDED CITY DWELLER.

Ezion Geber & R.U. Stoned.

We were sitting at the bench filleting flounder when along comes this geezer called Geeber, Ezion Geber that is, who reckons he's got this corker idea what needs attendin' to right away. Well we were an easy-goin' bunch so we all cleaned our knives on the cat's tail and hurried down to the pub to discuss things in a traditional atmosphere congenial to higher thought on the part of those in the better-circles, Father Jeremy sprinkled Holy Water in the beer and we ere away.

The Publican recognised us and looked a lot like a Bailliff so we left early, paying this time.

Bert barralled (a modestly descriptive term) us down to the boat and soon we were well on the way. By referring to the dkipper as "Lord Commander", "(sea-aspects)" with appropriate subtle tones of brimming respect, we ingratiated ourselves to the point of taking the liberty of changing his "ships" direction, and while Father Jeremy blessed the new compass course with a liberal sprinkling of Holy Water (the skipper's face assumed a "no turning back now" expression at this point) the rest of feigned sea-sickness to avoid concerned questions from our fellow passengers. Lord Commander locked himself in his wheelhouse.

Nothing much happened on the rest of the trip there. It was however, memorable to many passengers as the time when a small nervous-looking cluster of people insisted on dry-wretching whenever remotely approached by the same species. Boy did we laugh.

At this stage Enoch said stop burbling on and get on with the dive, so if we were going where we once were, we were six hours overdue, but as it was the skipper and conniving associates were looking very pleased, even under the baleful glares of some right mutinous types. Lord Commander (sea-aspects) gave a placating (though pointedly anti-mutinous) speal on the vagaries of sea winds and currents, and how we were indeed fortunate to have been blown here, which was a seldom-dived paradise.

Reassured, the rest of the passengers started getting into their gear while the small nervous-looking-type cluster began checking striped anti-shark suits, jab-sticks, dye-packs, torches, extra assorted knives and a plethora of other sinister pieces designed, as Ezion explained, to allow discreetness while photographing fish. No-one noticed that we had no camera and without further ado, Lord Commander logged each diver overboard, glaring (with much bad taste) at the swimming-bee brigade, then went away and drank Muscato while worrying (needlessly of course) over a particularly ghost-like list of his passengers.

Down the anchor warp they went, spiralling like blade ebony through dark velvet, no sign of bottom in sight, with 100ft viz. Down, down, down feet lightly placed on the bottom, the turn, taking everything in. Valley nightshades, such beauty. Wait. I'm alone dammit, I'm alone down here. There was an ugly moment while I considered slashing the anchor rope and letting them all go to hell, when I looked up, to a frantically gesticulating knot of divers, all back to back, pale faces peering down into the bottomless ink pit surrounding a fragment of zebra-crossing which was me. Was it jellyfish or depth that scared them? Clearing jab-sticks and torches away, I looked at my luminous gauge, 250 trouble-free feet. Couldn't be depth then.

There was no time to lose. The crowd above were getting close to making a crass blunder through over-cautiousness with lip-smacking precision I fumbled the reg out of my mouth and sent bubble-signals to the now near-dangerously agitated mob above. Ezion-geber had appeared with what looked alarmingly-akin to a fishing rod (poor bloke, marked for sure) with a white thing on the line which began slipping down to me. I smiled understandingly, and readied my jab-stick to deal with this new threat; white pointers impaled on fishing-lines pulling Ezion-gebers right out of boats. No way was a mate of mine going to end up squirting out a shark's arsehole. The thing stopped just above me and at last I discerned a message which took an age to read. Their logic was flawless, humbly I made a small gesture of acknowledgement by blasting the slate point-blank with a 12 - gauge cartridge, something which the makers of the jab-stick had not anticipated, and swam upwards.

At this stage, Enoch subtly said stop, burbling on and get on with the dive, so we all levelled off at the reef above at about forty feet and checked things out. Liz was there with her fast-moving starfish-getter gun and Father Jeremy with a crowd of suspicious fellow passengers holding onto his heels trying not to get left behind in case whatever it was that was sure to get them got them. I could tell at a glance that there wasn't a hell of a lot that I could do for him anyway, and the reef was all we had hoped for, so the rest of us decided to split up in order to cover as much ground as possible.

Not too soon I found myself in a smallish cave with gorgonians and a large pair of jaws stretching mysteriously out into the void. Inside was a very new ship's anchor which obviously belonged to no-one, and it had no name on it, and I was just about to blow-up my bouycomp and heave when a pulsating swoosh of water brushed the back of my neck. I dropped the anchor, spinning on impulse, teeth barred behind my reg in a ritual sign of aggression designed to impress the fact that it would be sheer foolishness on anything's part to tangle with the likes of me, when Father Jeremy offered a rare Echinoid for inspection.

Too late I found my foot under the anchor, with the rest of me in an intimate arrangement with the cavern floor. Father Jeremy assessed the implications of all this instantaneously but as it was dark in there and he only had 2,000lbs left anyway, he shook his head and wrote on his slate that he thought he should attempt an emergency free ascent immediately. Deja-vu (see Flotsam, Sept '76) struck me deeply as he disappeared into the sunny waters above. I selected a knife and hacked at my flipper until freedom returned along with a flood of choice expletives enough to rock the Roman Catholic Church, and then dragged the anchor out.

With 500 left I met Ezion-geber (still with fishing rod) and when he showed me my DCP I blew a few casual air-rings just to show him that I was in complete control of the situation. It would have been ungracious of me not to accept the spare tank and regulator which he later brought to me at 10ft, so out of consideration for his feelings I exchanged a badly-bent jab-stick and unclaimed anchor for a few pints of worthless air.

We were back on board consuming copious quantities of Simon's warm beer and melted chocolate while we wondered where the hell he was anyway, brooding over the fact that yet again he'd become separated from us (before we left the boat) when a fishing boat smelling like an advertisement for the fact that everyone needs a deoderant pulled up alongside and a suitably fisherman-looking type asked us if we'd lost a diver. We looked over onto his deck, and sure enough, there was Simon, looking sea-sick andf roaring around on the bottom as usual. At this point in time there was a loud explosion of Joy, the Lord Commander seeming unseemingly pleased to see the last person back on board, and glaring at Bert and Liz as they helped Simon back on, wishing for his eyes to be transformed into loaded machine-guns, when all he could do was bow his head as if to say, "Thank-you, Mr Geber, may the sea open and suck you down".

Frankly I think he wasn't good material for this sort of thing but we all got our spoils anyway, me my anchor, and Liz another disembowled evasive starfish (good shot Liz) so we changed, then chugged home happily to another week at the living-lattice brain-centre of modern Marine Science, the "Inter-Continal Hotel".

FERGUS POWER.

## AN APOLOGY

According to one informed person, my short work on the 'John Dory' - short because it was written in a hurry - is semi-bullshit.

Without being too harsh with criticism, he suggested I read up some information on fisheries around the Hauraki Gulf. (Research workers, it appears, have plenty of time to read up about these things). He maintains that John Dory are not solely reef dwelling and evidence suggests that they are not as scarce as I stated.

So here are a few more facts than observations. A fellow rugby player for a North Shore team and commercial fisherman in his spare time told this enlightened research student that he catches large sized John Dory while trawling in about 40 fathoms of water in the Outer Gulf.

However, I have not been proven entirely wrong, so have faith in your Scientific Officer. Further penetration into the depths, (pun) of the argument reveal that this remarkable fish is semi-pelagic and inhabits reefs unknown depths.

In fact, it appears that what I and other divers have observed of John Dory, together with Charles Dubby the rugby player/fisherman and his trawling experience - not much is known of Zeus Feber.

SCIENTIFIC OFFICER.      KATHY WALLS.      ←

I thought it was Zeus Japonious (ED).

### NZUA AND THE NEW DIVER.

Recently an alarming development has occurred regarding NZUA Policy. This applies to the proposed licencing of divers by the NZUA. What this in effect means is that all New Zealand divers will have to hold a Basic Scuba certificate, issued by the NZUA. Why you ask, well the NZUA reasons are basically two-fold. Firstly in the words of the NZUA Vice President "we wish to screw the non-affiliated divers for their money". His reasoning well so the non-paying divers do not reap the benefits that NZUA creates for affiliated members. Frankly I find it hard to conjure up a picture of a non-affiliated diver rubbing his hands gleefully together laughing at the benefits others have paid for. As an affiliated diver last year, I thought the NZUA was only responsible for spear fishing championships. However this year spokesmen from NZUA are visiting clubs telling them what they do throughout the year. The speech usually lasts about 10 minutes. As you know the club this year decided not to affiliate, after this occurred other clubs began to be visited - draw your own conclusions. To get basic scuba certificate you must be a member of NZUA. Get the picture - this move will benefit two groups :

- a) NZUA more money coming into NZUA puts them in a more powerful position. Is this going to benefit divers - well if they control our certificate (which incidently means if you don't hold in the future you won't get air fills), it could lead to further bureaucratic hassles i.e. all divers must wear NZUA approved compensators or else - licence revoked for 3 months ?
- b) Commercial organisations will benefit, because they operate NZUA courses. If they get a monopoly then prices will be controlled by them.

Secondly, the reasons for certification, safety. This may be true but you will never eliminate risk from sport, it is I believe against individual liberties to legislate against risk. Last week in Alexandra a rugby player was killed in a game, should all rugby players be certified as members, of a potentially dangerous sport? By forcing divers to sit an examination will not make them better divers, people should be given a choice, that's democracy. People should be able to walk into a National Park, climb a mountain or whatever, and if risking their lives is part of it, then so be it, Ed Hillary risked his life to climb Everest, nothing venture, nothing win - NZUA are making it hard to venture. Rescue organizations will always exist. Forcing people to sit exams will not prevent

*Rugged  
individualism.*

accidents. If NZUA have real confidence in their courses then there would be no need for decompression chambers. Incidentally Alan Fowler (NZUA TREASURER) does not hold a basic scuba certificate (whats good for the goose)

Lastly consider the plight of the older diver. A person who has been diving for over 30 years and now finds some young academic telling him he needs to get a certificate to be a better diver after 30 years experience.

However NZUA in their wisdom have catered for this person all he will have to do is :

- 1) Pass a medical.
- 2) Sit an examination.
- 3) Pass a sea test.

How does that differ from basic scuba? - well you tell me.

In conclusion, it is my personal opinion that since turning professional NZUA is a haven for aspiring bureaucrats, their budget has more than tripled and our money is going to support this organization, and that they no longer represent the average New Zealand diver. After all there are more non-affiliated divers than members.

Furthermore if this scheme is instituted then diving will become a sport of the rich and the academic. I only ask that club members consider this when voting next year.

BRETT FURLONGER.

SKI AND UNDERWATER SPORTS CENTRE ARE VERY FRIENDLY PEOPLE GO AND SEE SMILING MALCOLM HALL ABOUT GEAR. THEY HAVE BEEN GOOD TO CLUB MEMBERS IN THE PAST.

Thanks to Marilyn Lawson for the typing.